The joy o' life—it's an elusive thing, made up of laughter and hot heart beats and the blue of sky—and such a little thing may mar it all.

The pages of this section of jests and knocks and little pokes of fun, are not pages of malice or sarcasm. But, oh, the funny happenings of a college campus. We looked, we laughed. And into the pages of this Cosmopolitan (we called it that because—oh, just because) we slipped those rifts of laughter.

We want you to look beneath the raps and little oddities, to feel the spirit of goodfellowship that holds us all close together. We want you to laugh with us, not the laughter of ridicule, but the laughter of pure mirth, the laughter of the joy o' life.
THE WOMAN'S QUESTION

With apologies to Elsa Wheeler Whinn

Sometimes in the still gray of the still unborn day,
I wonder, dear.
Have I the right to trust you of the common dust?
Am I the Seer?
When by my yard-stick true, I seek to measure you,
I know but fear.
Would my bright, budding faith be to you but a wraith,
Easy to crush?
Would you kill the deep flower of my inherent power,
With the full ecstacy of a four flush?
Have I the right to fear your inborn taste for beer?
Your love of sport?
Or are these but the sign of a degenerate line?
Things of this sort?
The Mountain Dryad

With Apologies to JACK LONDON.

Here we find this inimitable author at his best. It is a story of the outdoors—a story of a MAN for MEN. You cannot read this story without a quickening of the pulse, a tightening of the throat.

The sounds of his valet poking about awakened Leo Corst from a slumber which only the thoroughly healthy can enjoy. In his confused semi-consciousness he tried with difficulty to decide what his valet could be doing at that ungodly hour; then satisfied that she was engaged in nothing more mysterious than sweeping out the half or the apartment of his neighbor roomer, or perhaps in abusing a beefsteak to make it tender, he lazily turned his noble head and looked at his clock. It struck five minutes after ten. With a bound he sprang out of bed.

A wonderful man to behold was Leo Corst—truly a man's man; and as he stood there with his pink striped nightshirt hanging listlessly to his powerful knees, his brawny hands spasmodically scratching his neck, and his beautiful teeth bared by a prodigious yawn, he looked altogether like an Arrow collar ad with its hair uncombed. Several times he filled his lungs with the fresh morning air, and then lazily pushed his large, capable feet into his embroidered carpet slippers.

"My morning's exercise," he muttered, "My bath, and then—"

A moment later he was in the center of the room with a large dumbbell, weighing fully four pounds, in his hand. This he pushed out and back twice with each hand in masterly movements, and then with a sigh of fatigue tossed it into a corner. And with his bathrobe flung carelessly over his arm he repaired to the bath, his valet discreetly leaning on her broom with her back turned as he passed.

Never would Leo Corst feel like Leo Corst without his morning's shower. Once in the bathroom he turned on the icy-cold water and got the Ivory soap ready. He placed the index finger of his left hand into the shower and, shuddering, turned and finished washing his hands in the wash basin. Then, after protruding his Arrow ad head through the door to make sure that his valet was not looking, he finished his toilet by brushing his two rows of strong white teeth with her toothbrush (which was of excellent quality) and her Pebecco toothpaste.

A few moments later found him again in his bedroom dressed for his morning's walk. His dress was scanty, for he sprang from a hardy race. He wore only two suits of woolen underwear over three suits of B. V. D.s and four pairs of woolen socks.

After a hearty breakfast of a slice of toast and a cup of tea he went forth, braving, undaunted, the cold Hellgate winds. The bracing air coursed through his veins exhilaratingly as he turned his tanned face and rugged form toward Mount Sentinel, and soon he was swinging resolutely up the mountain trail. His progress was interrupted frequently by long rests to regain his superb strength, but after two or three hours' climb he at length reached the M and flung himself down between its sheltering arms, well-nigh exhausted. He was shivering with the cold, which well shows how he had exerted himself in the climb.

( Editor's Note—The writers neglected to state that Corst had also put on his spectacles and a rough suit of corduroy when dressing.)

He started to blow his nose but was arrested in the act by the sound of a low moan from behind a pile of boulders. It
was a silvery feminine voice, made a little nasal by a bad cold. Corst lowered his handkerchief and looked cautiously around. Then, taking the precaution to make sure that the way down the hill was unbarred, he slowly rose to a standing posture.

“Wassat?” he said hoarsely, his whole manhood creeping into his voice.

“It’s me,” said the voice feebly, clearing its throat. He whirled with alacrity and picked up a boulder. His magnificent right arm was raised, when he caught sight of a girlish figure lying in a heap in the snow. He removed his hat, and then, (He also had a hat—Editor.)

“Madam,” he said, bowing slightly, “May I be so presumptuous as to ask what you are doing here?” The tone was well-bred and low—that of a real gentleman.

The girl raised her head in surprise at the sound of such a gentlemanly voice, so much, she thought, like the sound of the wind whistling through the telephone wires. Corst was astounded by her amazing beauty. Hers was the kind of beauty that had caused Washington to cross the Delaware and had led Clark to sacrifice his life in the writing of Jim Jam Jones. Her lips were damp and red and were trembling like currant jelly at a Thanksgiving dinner. In her eyes was the purple sunset’s glow. Her voice was like the sweet liquid sound of water dripping into a sink. Tears dripped from her eyes, freezing as they fell—in fact her feet were buried by the icy pellets. Corst tried in vain to make his grace impersonal, but after looking at her, spell-bound for a moment, his great presence of mind called him from his trance.

“Madam,” he cried, “What is the cause, I beg of you, of this great grief?”

“Oh-h-h-h!” she cried, her voice intermingled with sobs, “I’m all br-broken up.”

Leo looked cautiously to make sure that no one was coming. He thought he would comfort her. He dropped a piece of Sen Sen into his mouth that his breath might be sweet.

“I th-think my b-b-back and my two l-legs are b-b-broken,” wept on the maid-
en, applying her cold handkerchief to her dainty red nose. “I was on top of Sentinel and was—oh, dear—was climbing a tree when a leg—I mean a limb—broke and I fell, and did not stop r-r-rolling till I got way down here. Oh-h-h-h, how I suffer!”

Glancing above her, Corst noticed the marks the girl’s rolling body had left in the snow. Evidently she was telling the truth. What should be done? His mind worked with all the speed of a frisky dray horse. Where could he get aid? The thought of Ade reminded him of the forester’s cabin at the top of the hill. There he could telephone for help. In less time than it takes to tell it he had caught her up in his manly arms and was striding up the steep ascent. His long training for the mile run on the Varsity proved valuable to him now, and four hours and thirty-five minutes later found him in the cabin. He hastily deposited his precious burden on a shelf in the corner and repaired to the telephone.

He rang, he shouted, he raved and he swore. We hate to admit it, but he did. But no response. At last, almost in despair, he turned and flung himself upon the comfortable pine bed and surveyed his fair companion on the shelf ruefully. Then,

“Tell me,” he said, his voice quivering with emotionless anxiety, “what is your name?”

“Just call me the Mountain Dryad,” she said simply.

Catching sight of a stove, Corst was reminded that his feet were cold. With a word of excuse to his companion he took his axe from his back and passed out the door.

A half hour had elapsed when his athletic frame again darkened the doorway, which he had thoughtfully left open. In his arm was the stick of wood he had gathered. In a few moments he had a fire built and was warming himself by its feeble glow when, suddenly remembering the injured girl, he glanced to the shelf. He sprang to his feet in amazement and passed his hand before his eyes to make sure that he was seeing correctly. Impossible! Yet—

She was gone.
Echoes From Boyville

Spring Proves Too Much for Penrod

Penrod as a small boy was irresistible, but Penrod in college is even more amusing. He has grown up a notch, but his propensity for mischief and his ingenuity have grown accordingly. Penrod in carefully creased trousers and spotless collar is the same Penrod as the boy who was the terror of school and the king of Boyville.

With Apologies to BOOTH TARKINGTON.

Penrod was in college. Heights of learning held no terror for him. The days of “Wednesday Madness” were passed. The reckless boy soul of him was conventionally garbed, the impudent boy mischief of him was conventionally suppressed. He could take detailed notes on a lengthy lecture, he wore a fraternity pin, he knew the proper procedure at formal balls, he lingered long with the black-haired colleen of his choice. Penrod had grown up.

The fellows no longer called him Penrod, they had shortened it to Red. But the Red of college days was all that the Penrod of boyhood days had been.

It was dark that night, the night that Red banged the door of his home shut behind him and started for the frat house. The damp fragrant odor of April was in the air and it tugged at the small-boy instincts of Red. Had he been the Penrod of old days he would have turned a series of cartwheels or walked on his hands or rung all the doorbells along the street or tincanned the minister’s dog. The aching sweetness of the spring crept down into his throat, and the muscles tightened with an old, half-familiar thickening. His memory groped blindly back to the days of boyville and the chilly waters of the old forbidden swimming hole on sunny mornings, and the hoarse croakings of monstrous bull-frogs on its bank at night. He used to be able to imitate that guttural gurgle and Higgie and the other boys used to try it, too, but they never could do it like he could. He wondered if he could still make that queer satisfying croak deep in his throat, and he experimented with one half-hearted “Gunk.” The deep mutter stimulated him and he paused on a darkened corner to practice. “Gunk,” he rumbled, and warming again to the old joy of it, “Gunk, Gunk.” He had forgotten the arclight on the corner and the cement beneath his feet. For a few seconds he had even forgotten the political fight at the University, and the laughter of the black-haired Patsy. His whole thought was centered in his throat, in trying to pull out that old sonorous gurgle: “Gunk, Gunk.”

Red was a small boy again.

“Yay—Red,” the voice was close at his elbow. Look wha’ I found.”

Red stopped short. “What is it, Higgie?”

“Black paint.” The words stood out, glaring with possibility. Black paint.

The boys swung softly into step. There is a magic about the possibilities of a stray can of black paint that makes for silent tread and darkened alleyways and morning (from other sources) by curses, suppressed mirth, usually succeeded next many and vigorous.

“Black paint.” Red echoed the words softly, joyfully. “Black paint.”

One block, two blocks—their rubber-soled “sneakers” made no noise on the walks. It was Higgie who spoke first.
“Wonder how the election will come out tomorrow?”
“Dun’no.”
“Luck’s kinda going against Sam. It’s beginning to look as though Templeton’ll have a walk-away.”
Red merely grunted. He was absorbed in the possibilities of that can of black paint.
On down University avenue they walked. The dormitory might be improved with black trimmings, or the library draped in mourning, or——

It was a blur of white in the rear of the Theta house that interrupted Red’s plotting. With stealthy steps he crept around the corner of the house and with stealthy steps Higgie followed him. A clothesline stretched invitingly the length of the backyard, and on that line were pinned many garments. There they were, a prim white row of them.

Red looked up, then he looked down. White garments, black paint. He did not look at Higgie, there was no need.
The arc light a block away flared palely. In the Theta house a telephone burred and upstairs someone pulled down a curtain.
Silent footsteps crossed the yard. A brush swished noiselessly in thick, oozey, drippy black paint. A letter of black splashed into the clean white of a silk chemise with a neat, easy slap of satisfaction.

Red painted with swift, sure strokes. There was no smile, no comment, only the white garments and the black, black letters——
V-O-T-E F-O-R (Red’s face was sober) T-E-M-P-L-E-T-O-N.

The back door of the Theta house swung open and two girls stood sharply framed in the light.
“Don’t you think we’d better bring in the clothes?” It was Donna’s voice, and Alpha’s drawl, slow, melodious, reassured her:
“Oh, they can’t be dry yet and it won’t hurt anything to leave them out until daylight. I’ll set the alarm for six and get up and bring them in before any of the boys pass in the morning.”
The door closed again and a key clicked in the lock.
Along the shadows of the street two darker shadows moved.
“Say, Higgie,”—Red’s voice was innocently sober—“Say, Higgie, rem’mber the old frogs down on the edge of the swimming pool?”
“Uh-huh.”
A long pause.
“Say, Higgie, c’n you do this?” The first utterance was a half paralyzed croak, then deep, resonant, throatily twangy the triumphant gurgle rumbled forth:
“Gunk. Gunk—gunk.”

---

**SPRING**

A blue of water and a blue of sky,
A sun-splashed world, a lazy May wind’s sigh,
The soft, warm green of budding grass and tree,
The low song of the water rushing free,
The gorgeous wild flowers by the sun awoke,
The hazy grayness of the bonfire’s smoke,
The shrill, clear wild-song of the mating bird,
A woman’s tender laugh, a man’s grave word,
A drowsy fragrance over everything,—
The blood pounds hotly to the call of spring.
The Campus Tour

Everybody hold his own ticket, please. Don't crowd, don't push. Everyone have his own ticket ready. Step well forward. Ladies sit down. Let those who will stand that they may be called gentlemen. Bury the secrets told you on this trip deep within, lest some wily Iota Nu find one who knows the pass word and is not a bearer of the IN pin. Yea, verily, so long as Red Stuart is crowned by that conflagration, so long as Varsity Brown remains a rah rah hold any brain rush you may pick up while on this trip with us tight within your heads.

Stick to your seats ladies and gentlemen and curse softly when in fear of tipping. The moth eaten buildings surrounded by the trees are the University. The University was founded some time after Columbus discovered the Delaware and given a few buildings which have not been replaced to this time. The building with the Ingersol is University Hall. Some hall. It is an architectural wonder.

Notice the boys on the steps. They are freshmen. A finer set of gentlemen never sat on a patrol wagon. I'm wrong. They are not all freshmen. The one with the face, yes the one doing all of the talking is Bill Long. Bill is endeavoring to get them to pay their Y. M. dues. Bill is all right. He rassles and swears and also throws the javelin. This all goes to show that a man can be a member of the Y. M. and still be a regular guy. Bill used to be a rounder, but now he has Billy Sunday faded. Besides that Bill wears the Iron Cross of Sigma Chi and is Senior class president.

You, looking among the trees, you will see an unpainted wooden building. That's the gym. Every Friday night the boys have a dance at the gym, a four-bit dance. A dozen of the boys who fuss, drag their girls to the gym and creep to the music of Sheridan brothers' two-piece orchestra. About three dozen stags go to the A. S. U. M. dance later in the evening and yell, "Robber Dance," and dance away with the regular fussers' girls, causing the R. F.'s to gnash their teeth.

In the gym there are two shower baths. Whenever anybody at the University needs a bath he goes to the gym. On Saturday night there is an awful rush.

The brick shanty over there is the Library. All of the students on the steps are "lawr" students. They make a practice of sitting on the steps that they may make slighting remarks of those who furnish the amusement. The one with the suffragette face is O'Sullivan. The prize fighter on his right is Moose Griffin. You don't know the University till you know Moose. He is one of our lights. He goes out next year. The ugly looking guy talking to the little kid is Donoghue. Mort is from Butte and is proud of it. That's what makes him so noisy. The small child he is talking to is Joe Harris. Joe meets a classy dame and falls. Yes, Madam, I will hurry by, but I don't think he would like your type.

Now, turning round you may see Science hall. There is no good reason for the name for all the students do is hang out of the windows. The one who is looking at the slim ankles of Kattie Sutherlin as she walks across the green is Clark. The severe gentleman next him is a Hoel. A's a regular student. Sometimes he gets as high as a B-plus. He is a member of the dramatic club, too. They say that a word from him will sway the whole club. He's some there at making love off the stage. Ask any of the girls. Sometimes he goes over on the bleachers.

No, madam, those are not the woodshed and the barn of the University. The one on the right is the Journalism Building. Step over close and peer into the
The Campus Tour

windows. This is where the Kaimin is written. The young gentleman is Rior-
dan. He is a Junior and also a contributor of $5 to the publication of the Sentinel so we are unable to tell the truth about him. That fellow holding his head and rolling on the floor is Percy Stone. He’s thinking. In a minute he will get up and tear off a joke on the Underwood. See, what did I tell you?

See the cute little red-headed girl. That’s Peg Garvin. She’s a real girl. P——dink goes with her so that he can get jokes for the Kaimin. Peg likes jokes. Just think of the time she spends with P——dink. At that she has re-formed him. He used to be popular with all of the fellows. So popular that he was elected class president during his Sophomore year. Then he started going with Peg.

Do not mind that odor friends—we shall be out of it in a moment. It emanates from the carefully selected one-fifth-of-a-quarter seegar that you see clutched between the teeth of that person standing on the edge of the sidewalk to your left. Professor Trexler is his name. He makes rules governing the social conduct of the students, having especially prepared himself for such responsible work while touring Europe. If you wish to know the details of his trip ask anyone who has taken a course under him.

Come back here. Don’t get within ear shot of that building. That’s the forestry building. The foresters are rough necks. They chew, swear and smoke indiscriminately. Corrupted characters become foresters. They are the riff raff. Take for instance Sanderson, over there on the porch. That one with the grin. He’s a football player. Can’t you see his sweater? His friends say he wears it to bed as well as all summer. It gets pretty warm at the formal dances and looks cumbersome with full dress, but at that he is as fine a man as the Sigma Nu worm ever decorated.

The queer looking boy with the blond bristles is Lansing. The one who looks as if he had been hit on the head with a pile driver is Stuart. He is short because he packs around a head of hair that hits you directly between the eyes. It stuns the onlooker. The only thing that saved the Sophs in the Fresh-Soph massacre was Red’s hair. It paralyzed the Fresh.

Verily, we must not tarry here. You stand the Dorm.

Shhhhhhh! Go easy on that whistling. Can’t you see that every co-ed in the building is hanging out of the windows thinking that you want a date with her? The one in the middle second story? Isn’t she a bird, though?

The girl letting the Listerine bottle from the third story to the second by a string is Brenda Farrell of Billings. She lives at the Kappa House. You ought to see all of the boys fall for her. The minute that she dropped off the train the boys were there with open arms. Jimmy Adamson was first on the job, with Charley Tyman playing a close second. Then Mort came in and played heavy, but a Cadillac is no poor rusher. They all say that competition is the same thing that war is.

Here, you girls will have to get off. This is no joy ride. Go ahead, driver. Let go of that man’s hand, Frances, and get off.

Stop that Charlotte.

This is where Betty lives. Not only will you find the Betty and Perk here, but Verne Robinson, Harold Jones, Toot Hopper, P. Dink, Wolfe and many others, including the Theta girls. Originally it was the Theta House, but gradually so many of the boys got the habit of hanging around there that the girls moved to the library. All they do now is eat and sleep at the house; otherwise it is a sort of an inter fraternity club. The question has come up several times as to whether the boys should install pool tables in the house. It was definitely settled when it was found that the cheapest pool table they could get would come to $58 second hand. At that time it was decided to put the eight dollars the boys had and the sixty-five the girls had into a fund to buy wood, to be burned exclusively in the fireplace.

Go ahead, Oscar, that we may show the ladies and gents the Shrine of Sigma Nu. This white shanty, gents, is the Shrine of Sigma Nu. It is primarily
a fussing fraternity. All of the boys are married or about to be. If you tell them they aren’t in enough activities they point to Sandy, Sheridan and Wingate as football men, or with inflated chest to Temp, A. S. U. M. President. Once in a while they gather a likely looking bunch of frosh and have a fireside. One of the boys plays some of the soulful stuff on the mandolin. Everybody yawns, which is the signal to spring the little surprise which is macaroons and chocolate. Everybody says, “Swell time,” and beats it to get the girls in at ten.

That’s Buddy on the front porch. He’s their dog. We’d better go on or he will follow us. He doesn’t care who he follows. Any Saturday night you can find him waiting in front of the Louvre.

Up here is what the boys call the Sigma Chi House. Here’s Greg Powell. Let’s go in.

Greg, “Well, well, I AM glad to see you. Come in and sit down. Sit down, darn you. I say sit down. (Pushes him into chair.) What’s that? You sat on someone’s hat. What did you sit down for? Here look at our scrap book. What’s your home town? Has your father got any money? Did you have any bad habits? Meet Mr. Crawford, Mr. Collins, Mr. Streit, Mr. Gault and Mr. Busha. They are positively the most important men in the University. Fact, by gosh. Prexie says the U would go to the dogs without them. Come in and see our gallery of famous Sigma Chis. (Leads the way to other room.) Here’s Lincoln, Sigma Chi; Washington, in fact all the great presidents. See all these actors and governors. These actresses would be Sigs if women were eligible. Fact. Oh, must you go. Well, come around at any time, we’re always glad to see you.”

Now ladies and gents you can appreciate that college is really worth while.

Shhhhh. Be quiet. We now approach the Kappa tomb.

This is the lair of the Kap-paws. Hold your breath in passing. Kap-paw, to explain briefly, is a famous organization for women only. It is much like Sigma Chi in that it is the greatest body of its kind in the world. It is owned and controlled exclusively by the alumni, of which there are many. It is the ambition of every girl to graduate so that she may have a voice in the administration of the chapter’s affairs. No, that fat girl is not the house mother; she is a member. Anne Rector and Grace Mathewson are also members. Irene Murray used to be, but she passed Kap-paw up for Sigma Chi. There are others who wear pins and pay their board.
The young lady says, “What’s this?” This is the home of Little Blitzie Benz—truly, the Iota Nu house. Blitzie sleeps alone. He slept with a freshman one night and during the night Bentz accidentally rolled over on the frosh’s leg. He mashed it and amputation was necessary. Here’s where the athletic captains come from, Robertson, Stanley and Daems. All you have to do is become an Iota Nu and you have the honor thrust upon you.

The Iota Nus have a Victrola. When you go over there they make you sit around and listen to records brought over by Lewis and Clark. What’s that, Ed? We’ll have to go. Ladies, Bentz is tubbing some of the upper classmen, and they are apt to try to talk him out of it.

Gentlemen, before we go farther on the trip I must ask that you promise and vow not to leave and go into the house that we next visit. All right, your word is as good as an A. S. U. M. check.

“Come on in and sign the guest book, people, that’s a dear.” That’s Cosette Lamb with her head out of the second story window of the D. G. house. “Come on in, all of you, the house is rather mussed and Fay hasn’t done her hair up yet, but you’re welcome. (Over her shoulder). Put on your shoes, Marguerite, Flora has a new case. We are all simply mad about him. Have you seen Ray anywhere? Oh, do come in! I’ll play if you do. Flora, look at the beautiful curley hair that man has.”

Ladies and those others, would that I could take you to Kelley’s that you might see the boys study room, but the last bunch of sightseers I took in stole a couple of billiard cues, so we will disband here.
Miss Violet McDonald — Photo by Colville.
Miss Marie Johnson

—Photo by Colville.
Miss Theodosia Sherburne
Miss Helen M'Carthy

—Photo by Colville.
"A GIRL OF STRIKING APPEARANCE"
The Color Thief

Who but Harold Urey, the great scientific detective, would have been clever enough to find what lay behind a petty theft? Here we have an amazing robbery, seemingly small, but behind it—. Read for yourself and see what Gussie Shirt saw.

With apologies to ARTHUR B. REEVE.

“Professor Urey, I am in trouble.” Jean Slowe stood before the great detective, her face colorless, her manner agitated. Her fingers clutched at her beaded purse, her usual complacence had turned to a worried fear.

“I—I’m in desperate trouble.” Her throaty voice broke hoarsely.

Professor Harold Urey pushed a chair toward her and she dropped into it limply, burying her face in her arms.

“What is it?” The great detective’s voice was kind, his manner full of reserve power.

For a few minutes the girl lost her control and sobbed wildly, despairingly.

“Tell me, what is it?” This time there was a command in Harold Urey’s voice.

Miss Slowe stifled her sobs, her hands clutched in an effort to regain control. She gulped resolutely as though to begin her story. Then for the first time she saw me, standing half in the shadows of the room. She hesitated. Professor Urey understood and nodded toward me,

“That is my assistant, Gussie Shirt. He is a friend of mine and almost trustworthy. He is a reporter for the Kaimin and can be relied upon to keep the news a secret.”

Reassured she plunged into her story, with a new break of emotion.

“They’re gone; Oh, they’re gone. You must find them and bring them back to me.”

“Bring who back?” cut in Urey quickly. I, too, leaned forward, instantly alive with interest, the keen thrill of the chase shivering through my body. I moved closer to Urey. The girl turned her face toward us and I noticed how haggard she was. There was no color in her cheeks or lips, her face was ghastly, save for a strange, half-oily shine. I had seen her often before, but always her cheeks had glowed with a warm color, and her lips had been temptingly curved and temptingly red. What a contrast. My sympathy welled up, swiftly impatient at Urey’s calm coolness. His voice broke in now, hard and cold like the hard coldness of his intellect.

“Who has disappeared?”

“It’s—it’s Mary Pickford and Charley Chaplin.”

“Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin—” Professor Urey echoed the words slowly. His eyes narrowed, then he shot sharply at the girl.

“Tell me about it, every detail.”

“Well, you see I went to the show last night with my sister. It was late when we got home, about midnight, and I went straight to bed. This morning when I hopped out of bed to dress for school they—they were g-gone.” Again a sob caught thickly in her throat.

“On what floor do you sleep?” the detective questioned.
D-down s-s-stairs.
And the windows?
I always sleep with them open.
I smiled at the simplicity of the thing. But what had all this to do with the mysterious disappearance of Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin?
You were not disturbed during the night?
Sobbing, Jean Slowe shook her head.
Where were Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin? Urey was watching her keenly.
On the chair by my dressing table.
And they disappeared between midnight last night and seven this morning.
Urey's manner changed, he became more kindly, more human. Don't worry, Miss Slowe, we'll have them back for you in a short time. Everything will be all right.
He smiled one of his rare smiles and the girl looked up at him through her tears and thanked him gratefully. The door closed behind her and Urey turned to me.
How on earth did Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin ever come to be mixed up with Jean Slowe?
Urey smiled, an indulgent, tolerant smile. My dear Gussie, Mary Pickford is a rare brand of face powder and Charlie Chaplin is the newest rouge. They have not yet reached the western markets and Miss Slowe bought hers in New York. They can be obtained in no other city in the United States and consequently she values them very highly. The loss to her is most grievous. Seeing her today you can understand why. Once having used these particular brands of cosmetics she will be satisfied with nothing else, and without them she can go nowhere, do nothing. The case is the more serious because—he had crossed the room and was going through a card index—Ah, here it is—because a certain young man has begun to take an interest in her, and she is very anxious to have that interest continue.
I listened, astonished. Urey stood by the window, deep in thought. Then suddenly he turned to me with the decisive gesture of a man who knows exactly what his plan of action is to be.
Gussie, take that Camel out of your mouth and change that green, orange and purple tie for a more moderate one. Go to every drug store, department store, novelty store, clothing store and shoe store in town and buy up every kind of face powder and rouge obtainable. Don't miss a single one. Go to the M. M. and buy a black dress for a stout lady, get one about 48 inches by five feet. But also a grey wig and a pair of glasses. Don't lose a minute, for the co-ed prom comes off tonight. On your way down stop in the library and send Marie Johnson to me.
Silently I slipped out of the room, my Camel and my tie still safe, then I remembered. I had no money.
Say, Urey, I called back, You'll have to lend me some cash.
Charge it to Forestry, he answered abstractedly.
My afternoon was a novel experience, but I came back with the black gown and the grey wig and the fifty-seven varieties of powder and rouge. I carried them into the laboratory. Urey was waiting for me with further instructions.
Get a half dozen men on whom you can depend and kidnap Miss Corbin. Don't bungle the job. She must not be hurt, but she must be kept out of the way until tomorrow morning. About seven tonight go to the gymnasium and conceal yourself some place where you can see everything but will not be seen, and watch carefully for any unexpected developments.
Puzzled, I left the room. But I consoled myself with a Camel and hastened on my way to Kelley's, where I was sure of finding the very men I needed to earn out the desperate plot. They hailed me genially as I entered the door, and I drew the bolder and more hardened ones off into a corner. Bill Long, Morrie Bridge- man, James Friauf, Leo Horst, Merle Gallagher and Alva Baird—rough men they were, and desperate, and they fell heartily into my plan.
The kidnapping was easily accomplished—a ring of Miss Corbin's doorbell, the application of chloroform, a swift and silent blanketing of the windows—and Miss Corbin was safely out of the way. I dismissed my companions with hearty thanks and a Camel apiece, looked at my wrist watch, and
hurried to the gym, for it was already a quarter after seven.

Once in the gym I looked about for a hiding place from which I could see the entire floor and all that took place. High up near the ceiling was a narrow iron brace. It was far from inviting, but I scrambled up and consoled myself with a couple of Camels.

I didn't have long to wait before the door burst open and in came a group of girls, laughing, talking, jesting. I knew they were girls from their voices, but their attire was varied. The hall was filled with a din of greetings as the crowd gathered, a motley crowd of co-eds disguised in all the freak costumes of ingenuity run amuck. I choked with laughter and nearly fell from my precarious perch. I clutched desperately at the narrow rod, cold shivers running through me at the thought of what that fall would mean.

When I looked again at the floor beneath me, my eyes fairly bulged from my head. Standing at the door greeting the girls, in all her sweet dignity and calm was—Miss Corbin. My head reeled. How had she escaped? How had she gotten there? Her manner was composed and unruffled, she greeted the co-eds affectionately, kissing each girl as she entered. What had I done? How had I blundered? Had I upset all the plans of the great detective? He had told me explicitly that she must not be allowed to appear that night—and here she was. I felt faint and dizzy with a sense of failure. Again I looked down at the floor below me. The girls were filling their programs, girls who could scarcely be recognized as such in their masculine attire.

I looked again at the door, at Miss Corbin. Several girls had just come in and she greeted them in turn. Again the door opened and this time a girl entered, alone. I looked and looked, certain that I had never seen the girl before, struck by her beauty. The warm color of her cheeks charmed me, the full red of her lips tantalized me. She bowed gravely, half shyly to Miss Corbin who leaned forward to kiss her. Their lips met. Miss Corbin's body straightened tensely. Her tender embrace changed to a vice-like grip. The girl struggled, but Miss Corbin was the stronger and forced the girl back against the wall. There was a swift movement, a wig of golden brown hair dropped to the floor revealing the smooth black bouffant of a college boy. He wrenched himself free and fled for the dressing room and out the back door, followed by the shrill screams of the girls. A boy had made his way into the sacred confines of the Co-ed Prom. A boy had dared break the traditions of the girls' frolic. The hall was in a commotion.

But the music started, irresistible, tantalizing music, and the girls formed for the grand march.

I looked again for Miss Corbin. She was coming from the door of the dressing room, as composed, as unruffled, as dignified as ever. I watched her in admiration. But what was she trying to do? Her hands slipped along the skirt of her gown. She was feeling for—pockets. Remembering that she had on a dress she shrugged her shoulders in the old unmistakable way. I shook with laughter. That old familiar gesture of Professor Urey's, the black gown, the grey wig—I laughed till I rocked perilously on the narrow brace.

* * *

"On the contrary, my dear Gussie," Harold Urey explained to me later when he, Jean Slowe and myself had met by appointment in the laboratory, "my method of procedure was quite simple."

Jean—for I felt I knew her well enough by this time to call her that—was busy before a mirror applying to her cheeks the warm red color and to her lips that tantalizing glow. And before her on the laboratory table lay two boxes, one labeled Charlie Chaplin, the other Mary Pickford. She pursed her lips carefully as she applied the color, and I puffed furiously at my Camel to keep my composure. Professor Urey was busy in a corner setting up some new apparatus. He made his explanation slowly while he worked. I listened curiously, but my thoughts were more of Jean than of the strange story of intrigue he unfolded.

"Of course these articles of Miss Slowe must have been stolen by some one who knew of their existence, and that
naturally would be some young man. Motive was furnished in the co-ed prom, therefore it must be at the co-ed prom that I would have to apprehend the thief.

"You probably know that there is a great difference in the taste and odor of the various face powders and brands of rouge, caused by the wide variety of chemicals used in their composition. No two are made of exactly the same materials, therefore no two would taste exactly alike. This fact I read only recently in a treatise entitled: "A Comparative Analysis of Rouges and Face Powders Commonly in Use," written by the celebrated French scientist, Lapeyre, who is an indisputable authority on the subject.

"There was only one thing to do, I must become acquainted with the odor and taste of every kind of rouge and face powder obtainable in the city. These, I had you, Gussie, purchase for me, and I learned to distinguish them by applying them each separately to the face of Marie Johnson and proceeding to become intimately acquainted with them.

"Miss Slowe, you remember, bought her particular brands of cosmetics in New York City, and they could be obtained in no other market. Therefore, the brand which I was unfamiliar with was the brand used by her and stolen by the color thief. There was only one way in which to sample the various makeups present at the co-ed prom, and there was only one person entitled to kiss the various makeups. Miss Corbin must be kept away, and I must take her place. The rest was easy. The disguise was perfect. I kissed each girl as she entered, and each pair of rouged lips or powdered cheeks tasted and smelt familiar until a tall, good looking girl entered. I kissed her as I had the rest. The cosmetics were strange, of an unknown quality. I had found the thief."

The work of Harold Urey had been skillfully done. He had worked without a flaw, swiftly and surely. It was generally known about the university that Walter Davis had gotten into the co-ed prom disguised as a girl, but it was never suspected that the benign and dignified chaperone at the dance that night, was not Miss Corbin, but was no other than Professor Harold Urey, the great scientific detective.

---

**IN**

**Next Year’s Cosmopolitan**

**We Will Publish A Thrilling Romance**

"**Be Mine, Grace?**"

**By Norman S. Streit**

If you have ever been in love, or expect to be, or are in love; you can really appreciate this tale.
The Fable of the Rah Rah Sport and the Primrose Path

With apologies to GEORGE ADE.

Illustrations
With apologies to JOHN T. McCUCHEON.

ALL the Regular Fellows called him Kewpie. He was as wide as he was tall and built, the fellows said, like a Brick Blockhouse, especially that part above his Neck. The Kewpie part of it was evident on the face of him, and after blinking at his Crowning Glory you would lay a Hundred, Fifty and Ten that some Cut-up had Redinked the Danderine Bottle.

Kewpie lived in a Flail Bedroom, but his Ambition was not confined to the four bare walls. It soared along the Primrose Path where the Gay Young Bloods wore Clawhammers, and Pumps and silken Paris Garters. He longed for the day when the Exclusive Fortnightly would slip him a Bid, and with a Regular Queen on his arm he would glide smoothly and gracefully down the Polished Boards. He knew he could Cut some Ice with the Janes once he got started, for he had heard Marie Johnson say that he was the Cutest Thing she had
ever seen and that he would make a Swell Mascot on the Radiator of her new Ford.

But the Cash was Low and he didn't wear out his Hobnails going to the phone to answer calls for Dates, so he spent long hours Chairwarming at Ownie's. Here he could pick up the Chalk for the Regular Fellows, laugh at their Jokes and hold their Coats when they got ready to leave.

When one of the boys would ask him what time it was, he would tell himself that he was Getting Along Famously. He bought a Tie like Gregg Powell's, used Ed Stanley's brand of Tooth Powder and affected the Languid Droop of Herr Schlegel.

Minutes later he emerged from his room with all the Luster of a Celluloid Finish and a Noisy Tie.

The lights of the cabaret seemed as Bright and as Dazzling to Kewpie as the Whole White Way. It looked like a Bad, Wicked place, that Cabaret, and all the Naughty people in town were there. There the Wild and Abandoned Company of Progressive Young Men had flocked. All the Highlights of Rah-Rah Society were there and even a Bold Faculty Member has risked his Reputation at a Corner Table.

Kewpie pressed his nose against the cold glass of the window to get his Bearings before he should make his Entrance.

During the fall he saved his Dimes by the simple process of leaving them Home in the Dresser Drawer in the Sock that didn't have a Hole in it, and by Christmas he had fully Four Six-Bits. And all the time he was Watching his Chance to make his Debut.

The Golden Opportunity came when on New Year's Eve, in Kelley's, P. Dink let slip that the Gay Young Bloods would gather that night at the Palace Cabaret. Kewpie burned the Cement to his room, and Ruthlessly emptied the Sock. Ten

He Opened the Door, Non—Chalantly he Sauntered across the room. Solomon in all his Wedding Glory had never a Peep with Kewpie. He wondered how many of the Dolls were Lamping him. Perhaps there would be some Little Girl there All Alone.

There Was. She Smiled. Kewpie rattled the pile of Nickles and Dimes in his pocket Reassuringly and sat down at her Table. He Frisked his mind for something to say and looked to the table where the Four Hundred were seated
for a Cue. He found it. Before them were some dozens of empty Glasses. Kewpie was not Wise to the fact that they were only Lemonade glasses. He took the Cue but followed with the Wrong Lines. He held up two fingers grandly, and the Aproned Menial Bowed and Scrapped before him.

"I say, Heinnie, slip us a couple o' Aviations, heavy on the Irish," he bellowed in a Ten-Pound voice. "And before you go, get this, keep the River Shannon flowin' this Direction."

Every Rah-Rah in the place twisted his Neck to get a Glim at Kewpie. Kewp Glowed like a Redheaded Cherub, sure now of his Entrance into the High-Light Heaven of the Regular Guys.

After his Fourth Aviation he Confided to Birdie that he was a Social Lion.

"Some Ly-in," she muttered Thickly in her Glass.

When next the Waiter Showed, Birdie asked for Chicken-Soup.

"Reg'lar or for you?" asked the Waiter.

"For me."

"Mumm's?"

"Mumm's."

Champagne was higher than Kewpie had ever before Flown. His Four Six-Bits looked Sick. But the world was Primrose-Hued to Kewp. All the Desirables were smiling at him. At Him, Kewpie was In—All In.

"Shay, Birdie. Lizzen," Kewpie Drooped Picturesquely across the table. "Let'sh get shum shouveniers for the boys Nisch Boys, all Friendsh of mine."

The Giddy Creature across the table shook her finger at him as he Slipped the sugarbowl into his Pocket. "Eazy on the Shop Lifting Stuff, Kiddo. S'long. Think I'd better be beatin' it." Through the Fog Kewpie waved her a Blithe Farewell.

The Proprietor weighed Two Hundred. Over a Vast Expanse of Chest and Expense of Stomach he Glowered at Kewpie.

"Just a minute, Little Boy, let me look in your Pockets."

The Proprietor's Glower Penetrated the Fog.

"Whash y' shay?"

While his eyes Blinked Innocently Kewpie's left hand Slipped Dexterously into his Right pocket. The sugar bowl Came Forth but the Sugar remained. One by One he drew forth knives and forks which formed a Hedge around the Top of his Hobnailed Boots. Kewp played the Innocent Young Thing and showed the Proper Amount of Surprise at each new Discovery. When the salts and peppers shook down from his sleeves, he was A-ghast. The Flgons which were in Storage around his Modest Thirty-two brought Bitter Tears to his eyes—they were Empty. So, also, was the Durkee Bottle in his vest pocket.

Ten Minutes later a Big Man with a Blue Coat, Black Mustache and Big Feet, helped Kewpie Climb the Unsteady Boards of the Good Ship Palace. Poor Kewp was carrying Considerable Candle-power.

"Well, Brows, 'twould seem I'm pinched."

Not an Eye Wobbled in his Direction. His Voice grew Plaintive. "Aw, c'mon, be good shportsh, dig me outa th' Cooler."

But None of the Regulars Knew him.

MORAL: The idea that an intimate acquaintance with J. Barleycorn puts the Gloss on a College Education went out with Hoop Skirts.