THE HOKUM
of
I.S.T.C.
The WINTER NUMBER
PRICE 30¢
You’re Certain of---
having only the best of food served you
it being cooked “Just the right way”
feeling you really had something to eat
the prices being very reasonable at—

The Black Hawk Coffee Shop

Make reservations with us for your dinner dance

In connection with the Black Hawk Hotel, Cedar Falls

All In Favor —
Temperance Lecturer—“If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will be choose to drink?”
Soak—“The water.”
Temperance Lecturer—“And why?”
Soak—“Because he is an ass.”
—Chaparral.

H. S.: Is it easy to get through college?
Collegiate: Oh, it’s just a matter of course.
—Wisconsin Octopus.

“Your driving is atrocious! Why don’t you stay in the road?”
“I’ve just had the car washed and I can’t do a thing with it.”
—Boston Beanpot.

They walked along the beach, holding hands and laughing like two unsophisticated youths. Suddenly she turned to him and held open her arms. He drew her close to him, kissed her with all the first fires of passion. No one would have guessed they were married. 

They were no.—Centre Colonel.
"Am I really the first girl you ever kissed?"
"Absolutely, my dear."
"Heavens; I can never marry a man that knows so little about women as you."—Columbia Jester.

Wear and Tear.
Editor—What you need is more local color.
Authoress—Oh! I just painted up an hour ago!

A Neatish Reply.
He—I've an awful cold in my head.
She—Well, that's something.—Brown Jug.

"For the last time I ask you for that dollar you owe me."
"Thank goodness, that's the end of that silly question."
—Syracuse Orange Peel.

The verse she writes may be uncouth;
Of gracefulness it bears no signs;
But tho' her rhymes are bad, forsooth,
Who does not love to scan her lines?
—Illinois Siren.

Men and women have poise and self-assurance in evening clothes, only when they know they are spotlessly clean and correctly pressed.
Letting us go over them after each wearing and giving them such attention as they need, is worth a lot more in satisfaction than it costs in money.
Our list of customers includes many of the most fastidiously correct dressers of this vicinity.

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NEW CLOTHES
A Complete Line of Suits and Top Coats for Spring
H. N. ISRAEL

Parman's
For
SOCIETY PINS
SPECIAL ORDER WORK
COLLEGE JEWELRY
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We anticipate and strive to satisfy every jewelry-need of students of I. S. T. C.

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ELMER H. PARMA
Phone 163  311 Main St.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS
Hokum's Page of Theatrical Attractions

What young girl hasn't dreamed of fame and fortune behind the footlights?

THERE'S COMEDY
Gloria flipping flapjacks in the lunch room.
—The winning of the potato race, etc.

THERE'S CLASS
Marvelous gown creations.
The gorgeous floating theatre.
The magnificent scenes in natural technicolor.

There's Punch, and a supporting cast of 1000 people including Ford Sterling and Lawrence Grey.

GLORIA'S GREATEST CHARACTER ROLE

And Say—for More Fun!!
Harry Langdon
in
"BOOBS IN THE WOODS"

REGENT TWO DAYS
Friday, Saturday—Feb. 19–20

Reminiscent.
She—Would you really put yourself out for me?
He (anxiously)—Just try me, Fair One.
She—Then please do it, for I am very sleepy.
—Drexerd.

I Don't Mean That Way.
She—"I see where the president is going to stop necking."
He—"Well, I guess he's getting pretty old for that anyway."
—Frivol.

"Are you a trained nurse?"
"Yes."
"Well, let's see some of your tricks."

Advice On When To Study.
Don't study when you're tired,
Or have nothing else to do.
Don't study when you're happy,
Nor study when you're blue.
Don't study in the day time,
Don't study in the night;
But the rest of the time it's up to you
To study with all your might!
—Frivol.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS
A Cutting Remark.

He—"I wonder how long I could live without any brains."

She—"Time will tell."

---Frivol.

Fraternity: "Who is that homely girl over there with the tall, dark person?"

Brother (coldly): "That's my sister!"

Frat: "My, what a wonderful dancer!"

---Frivol.

Student: "Say, Prof. I won't be in your class for a couple of days. I've some guests coming."

Prof.: "Yes, and you've got another guess coming."

---Frivol.

"What right have you to ask me for a kiss? Leave this house immediately and never speak to me again."

"Before I leave, never to see you again, may I ask one favor?"

"What is it?"

"Will you please take your arm away from my neck?"

---Frivol.

Editors may toil and work
Till finger tips are sore,
But there remains some fish to say,
"I've heard that joke before."

---Frivol.

Voice on Phone—John Smith is sick and can't attend classes today. He requested me to notify you. Dr. Wilhelm—All right. Who is this speaking? This is my roommate.

---Frivol.

I'm offering a prize for the laziest man in college and I think you will win it."

"All right. Roll me over and put it in my pocket."
All by myself in the morning,
All by myself in the night,
I sit alone in a cozy morris chair,
So unhappy here, knowing n'one anywhere.
All by myself I grow lonely,
Waiting for someone to call.
I'd like to rest my weary head
on somebody's shoulder;
I hate to grow older—All by myself.
TO HIS LYRE

Ad Lyram
Horace: Book 1, Ode 22.

"Poscimur. Si quid vacui sub umbra
Help me a little while;
Ere you are laid away, O Lyre.
You know the campus soon will tire
Of serious drivel.

Remember how that Lesbian guy
Pulled off, of old, the subtle razz?
And how the populace would sigh,
"He sure can jazz!"

If you lie down the mob will dub
Me tuneless, and I fear their taunts;
Snap out of it—let’s give the pub-
Lick what it wants.

Headline—"University professor stops flirting."
Doubtless the students will follow his example.

Conductor—Watch your step, Miss.
Sophie—It is not necessary; there are several sapheads behind doing that.

A New Game.
Waiter (at the Greasy Spoon)—Milk or water?
Student—Don’t tell me please; let me guess.

Start Studying.
Prof. (in the middle of a joke)—Have I told the class this one before?
Class (in a chorus)—Yes!
Prof. (proceeding)—Good. You will probably understand it this time.

Watch—What is a boob?
Fob—A boob is a man who kisses a girl fifteen minutes after he meets her and then allows her to persuade him that she has never been kissed before.

Perhaps it was just the power of suggestion, but anyway the Yell Leader shouted at the girls’ rooting section: “Now go to it girls, show ‘em you’re Purple and Gold Supporters.”

“Gal, dju get them flowers I sent yu?”
“I didn’t get nuthin’ else.”
“Djju wear ‘em?”
“I didn’t wear nuthin’ else.”
“Then what dju pin ‘em to?”

The Woman Pays.
He had drained her dry, and what had she received in return? He had never given her anything—she had never even been to a picture show. With an angry toss of her crumpled horn she kicked over the milk bucket, and rushed madly out of the barn.

Prof.: “I want to see you get an “A” on this exam, young man.”
Bailey—“So do I. Let’s pull together.”

“That’s the guy I’m laying for,” muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

Room: “I found a half dollar in your bed this morning.”
Mate: “Yes, those are my sleeping-quarters.”

’26—“That girl is like tissue paper!”’
’27—“How’s that?”’
’26—“Tearable!”’
Getting a "Kick" Out of College

He Had A Reason.

Co-ed: "You poor fish. Don't fold your napkin in a cafe."

The Date: "I gotta, to get it in my pocket."

Just To Save Time.

Officer: "Your Honor, the bull pup has gone and chewed up the Bible."

Judge: "Well, have the prisoner kiss the bull pup—we can't wait around here a week for another Bible."

Six Hints To Girls.

1. Some girls get hurt by jumping from in front of cars; others by jumping from in them.
2. The easiest way to get rid of a pest is to let him see you out with your second date.
3. In marrying, beware of the three "A's" as poor providers: actors, authors and athletes.
4. Some marry for money; others quit for alimony.
5. The perfect fiancee is also a fiancee.
6. Modesty consists in wearing a short skirt, keeping one's eyes bashfully lowered... and meeting thereby the gazes of those who wear long trousers.

Frosh, See This, and Profit Thereby.

Three days er vacation he started a theme. Not a thought had he stirring, not even a scheme. So he started to write—let his pen go at will, and for three solid days it had never been still. He wrote, and he sweat, and he cussed a blue stream and the product resembled a pipe-smokers dream. The opening words, like a marathon race, began at a pace that might take him some place; but the lines reeled and staggered, went hither and yon, and the first morning found him weak, thin, pale and wan. Paul Revere made a ride that the books still relate, but his pace was a snail's to this freshman boy's gait. Young Lochinvar thundering out of the west had proven his charger's blood in the test. But our frosh's great effort outstripped either one, not in results he'd gotten, but in work that he'd done. He sweat, and he worked, and he worked and he sweat, but now in the end whatinell did he get? Sore eyes, aching bones, and a touch of T. B., stiff neck, indigestion, and then—an F. That was last year at Christmas, so he took a nice rest, threw a lot of good parties, and made A in his test.

—Stone Mason.

No Fruits In The Hothouse.

"Do you like indoor sports?"
"Yes, but father won't let them stay long."

At 8 A.M.

Stude—You see, I got up bright and early for your class, sir.
The Dean (sadly)—Early, perhaps, but not bright.

Gov't. Prof. — Well, how were your examinations?
Second G. P. — A complete success. Everybody flunked!

The Modern Version.

She: "And what do you think Sir Walter Releigh said when he placed his cloak at Queen Elizabeth's feet?"
He: "Step on it, kid—step on it!"
Out Of The Depths.

He was away at college and his letters had always arrived so regularly, but now what was wrong? Twelve days had passed, and no word. Why was he silent? What was wrong? Could he have forgotten her? And yet she felt in her heart that he could love her only,—that there could never be another, and she loved him so. How could he be so indifferent! Of course, he sometimes became so blue and discouraged that he had frequently fallen into the very mires of despondence, and sometimes in the past she felt that perhaps she had hurt him. Perhaps this time she had truly wounded him, without the least intention,—if she could only see him to talk it over. She wrote numerous letters, but no answer, but finally after several frantic notes, she received this:

"Dearest one: . . . . . . , and I just can't keep the news from you a moment longer. Try to forgive me, dearest girl, but the temptation was too great. I could resist no longer. I yielded—I have grown a mustache."

Christie.

And The War Was On.

"John dear, I am to be in an amateur theatrical. What would folks say if I were to wear tights?"

"They would probably say that I married you for your money."

Supposed To Be Fresh.

Stude: "What's the matter with this coffee? It looks like mud."

Waiter: "Yes, sir, it was ground this morning."

English Prof: Tomorrow we will take the life of John Milton. Please come prepared.

Serves A Good Purpose.

Mus: What purpose does that bridge serve on your violin?

Tune: Oh, that's to get my music across.

He Loved Him Not.

Steamboat Captain (who had just fallen overboard): "Don't stand there like a dumbbell! Give a yell, can't you?"

New Deckhand: "Certainly sir. Captain! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Captain!"

Ample Explanation.

Dreamy music,
Balmy air,
Teasing eyes,
Wavy hair,
a seat on the porch
Just built for two:
Cherry lips,
What else could I do?

New Sheikh Grammar.

"How could you punctuate this sentence? Phyllis coming down the street in a split skirt smiled sweetly at the boys!"

"I would make a dash after Phyllis."

Butcher Boy Blues.

I never sausage eyes as thine,
And if you'll butcher hand in mine,
And liver round me every day,
We'll seek some hamlet far away,
We'll meet life's frown with love's caress
And cleaver road to happiness.

Hardships of the Modern Dance.
EDITORIAL

With the Winter Number The I. S. T. C. Hokum makes its second appearance on this campus, and we want to point out to those who thought the Hokum was a publication for Homecoming Day, only, that that day was chosen as the best day to bring out the first issue of T. C.'s own Humor Magazine, and with the support of the Student body, the Faculty, and the merchants of Cedar Falls, this college will have its own magazine for all time. Right here we must say that the Faculty and Student body have responded wonderfully to the subscription campaign inaugurated in January and that is the primary support needed to make this venture a permanent thing on the campus. A member of the Faculty pointed out that: "Iowa has its Frivol, Ames its Green Gander; I see no reason why T. C. should not have its "Hokum." And it is just on such sentiment as this told to us by many friends of the publication that we have based our work, and has urged us to keep on despite the fact that it has taken more of our time than we could really afford to give to it.

This brings us up to the second kind of support that the magazine needs in order that it may build for permanency. We realize that this issue does contain many faults, and we expect criticism; as a matter of fact we hope that our mail will be flooded with constructive criticism of our efforts, and the best kind of criticism that can be offered is in the way of suggested points for the improvement of the next issue and actual contributions. If you read something or see something which you think you can write better, or draw better, send it in, thereby making this publication your own, which is the staff's aspiration. Contributors of jokes, short stories, art work, or cartoons will be given full credit. Watch for our ads concerning the next issue in the College Eye.

ANOTHER FACTOR OF SUPPORT

An exceedingly important factor is the advertising and the merchants of Cedar Falls feel with the many others that have encouraged us that this is very good thing for the school and for them, and they have taken space enough to make publication possible. These merchants support every publication of the college that is worthy of support, aid all our athletic teams, our debating teams, musical programs, in fact every college activity, and the readers of this magazine can do no less than support them by patronizing every advertiser in this magazine.
True Confession No. 1

She fascinated me, that first day I saw her, in the "Gym" on Registration Day. I never did know why it was that she did fascinate me, perhaps it was her eyes, which were of a tantalizing blue, perhaps it was her hair,—a golden blond which she wore in a straight boyish shingle, (I remember she later marcelled it), perhaps it was because she was just herself, young, eager, exuberant, ready for anything and eager to play. She seemed in that first glance of mine to be the essence of all that was good and pure.

To me she seemed a re-incarnation of Eve, possessing the natural grace which Eve must have had, walking unflothed, unshod, in Eden.

After my first glance of admiration I told myself, proudly, that here was a girl who was different, who really was as a girl should be, one who really knew what counted and what was superfluous and superficial. Before I knew it the milling throng of students had swallowed her up and I saw her no more that day. I knew then that I should be greatly interested in her and tho' I doubted much whether I could care for her I felt tenderly towards her.

I was not unpleasantly surprised the next day to find her in one of my classes. I even hoped that I might be able to sit near her but that seemed impossible. I was seated tho' so I could see her every move and action. Each glance of mine in her direction only served to make me feel that my first impression of her were right.

I remember too, how each day I looked forward to her coming and when she cut the class, the hour seemed to drag. I've often wondered why.

I never grew to know her like I might have. I always thought I would rather imagine her as I wanted her to be rather than perhaps be disappointed.

Oh, how my fraternity brothers used to razz me when I told them what a nice girl I had found. I didn't mind so much then but later when I found that some of them had met her, it rather hurt me to have them speak of her. The fellows grew to know of this admiration of mine and refrained from speaking of her. They used to tell me that if I knew her better I might not feel as I did. I refused to listen to them.

Then almost overnight I lost my good opinion of her. Coming from breakfast one morning, I failed to recognize her on meeting her. I noticed then that she began to dress loudly.

One day I passed through the Auditorium Building and saw her sitting on the seats in front of the Chapel, I had never known her to do this before but I thought nothing of it. I found out later that she sat there constantly—I really didn't like the girl that did that.

Yesterday, I saw her with a guy who is distinctly a lemon. Those are sad things, such as that.

Moral:
Do not dress loudly.
Do not sit on the Chapel steps.
Do not date lemons.
—Dech.
A Lament

I weep
and watch
along the street
the drab
monotony
of feet
in rhythmic
alternation
one two
one two
all over town
as one goes up
its mate
comes down
in sad reiteration
and salt tears
course
don my cheek
when I reflect
that every week
tuesday follows
monday
and thursday comes
year after year
right after
wednesday
has been here
then friday
saturday
sunday
I know not why
they make me moan
these sad facts I
have always known
but yet
their pathos lingers
often when marks
the months go by
and sit for years
and cry and cry
and count them
on my fingers

A Nosey Question.

Lecturer (speaking at girls college on evils of smoking): "Now are there any questions on the subject you girls would like to ask?"

Voice from back of room: "Yes; how do you blow rings through your nose?"

"Did you ever hear of a potato clock?"

"No."

"Well, every morning I get a potato clock."

The First Kiss.

Mary (after the first kiss): "Don't you think I'm awful?"

Clarence (meditatively): "Oh, you're not so bad."

To be able to neck gracefully while driving an imported roadster 78 miles an hour may not exactly be a practical accomplishment, but one must admit that it is an accomplishment.

Run Along Home.

First T. C. Modern: "The cheek of that conductor! He glared at me as if I hadn't paid my fare."

Second T. C. Modern: "And what did you do?"

First T. C. Modern: "I just glared back at him as if I had."

Death Where Is Thy Sting?

"Would you like to take a nice long walk?" she asked.

"Why, I'd love to," replied the young man caller, joyously.

"Well, don't let me detain you."

Clothes make the man — like her.

Lost Is Found.

Prof.: "Where did all the cooties go after the war?"

Student: "Search me."

Knew Her Proverb.

He: "Would you scream if I kissed you, little girl?"

She: "Little girls should be seen and not heard."

The Passing Event.

Ed: "So you think the modern co-ed is passing out?"

Ned: "I know it. One passed out on me last night."

Just A Slip Of A Girl.

A banana peel,
A flash of hose,
A little squeal,
And down she goes.
The Washington Ball

Then

With great splendour of clothes and manners our progenitors gathered for the ball accompanied by an orchestra of perhaps two musicians. They spent the swiftly flying hours with the quadrille, the gavotte, the schottische, and the minuet consisting mostly of the courtesy, and other genteel movements. The style of dress was very different among both sexes.

Now

How times have changed,—Gone are the airs of yesterday and with them the dances. Now we gather at the ball accompanied by a splendid band which discourses a brand of music characterized by the almost savage beats of time, and we dance equally well to the rhythmic clapping of hands or to the music. The custom of dress has changed among both sexes.
Old Stuff.

First Bimbo: "Say didja know the prohibition officers raided the library last night?"
Second Bimbo: "Migosh, no! Why?"
First Bimbo: "They found whiskey in the dictionary."

Running True To Form.

Isaacstein, Senior: "Abie, what for you go up stairs two at a time?"
Isaacstein, Junior: "To safe my shoes, fadder."
Isaacstein, Senior: "Dot's right my son. But look oudt you don't split your pandts."

Why is it that when a fellow isn't fresh they call him a egg?

Thoughtful friend: "My good man, you had better take the street car home."
Illuminated One: "Sh' no ushe! Wife wouldn't let me—hio—keep it in the houshe."

Mary had a little light,
It was well trained, no doubt,
For every time a nice boy called,
The little light went out.

Youth: "Doctor, I'm continually thinking of my girl. Cannot you advise me how to get her off my mind?"
Doctor: "Marry her, young man."
Youth: "What good will that do?"
Doctor: "Then you’ll have her on your hands."

"What does the buffalo on the new nickle stand for?"
"Because he hasn't room to sit down."

"The boy that gets this job must be fast."
"Boss I'm so fast that I can drink water out of a sieve."

Kildee: "Say Bailey, what is the definition of a hug?"
Bailey: "A round about way of making love."
Poor Man, Poor Fish.
The Prof and I do not agree
I think he is a dunce
He says that man was once a fish
I wonder why the once?
—Brown Jug.

Stein: Can you spell avoid?
Cohn: Sure, what word is it?
—Maniac.

College men are a lazy lot,
They always take their ease,
And even when they graduate:
They do it by degrees.

"How come you passed Mable up on the street
without speaking?"
"I didn’t recognize her."
"Didn’t recognize her?"
"No, she had on different colored hosiery."

Damda: That girl is like a snow bank.
Phi Data: Yep, she looks cold, and is cold, but
melts easily.

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Filling
Station

Burns' Cafe
Just North
I. C. Depot

HAVE YOU SEEN—
The New Underwood
Portable Typewriter
It's More Than A Portable—
It's A Real Typewriter
Weighs Less — Costs Less
Convenient — Compact — Simple
Standard
Come in and look it over

BERG DRUG CO.
"EVERYTHING FOR THE STUDENT"

Kirk Oleson, Mgr.

Thoughful.
She: "Tell me, have you ever loved another?"
He: "Why, yes, of course, dear. Do you think
that I'd practice on a nice girl like you?"

A grapefruit is a lemon that had a chance and
took advantage of it.
"What is Arduser going to do when he gets out of college?"
"Well, from the way he can sleep while his roommate pounds an Underwood at night he ought to enjoy a job as night watchman in a boiler factory."

There was a girl named Suzanna, who got caught in a flood in Louisiana. She sailed down stream on a washing machine, while her mother accompanied her on a piano.

"It will all come out in the wash," said the contractor as he looked at the bridge he had just built.

---H---

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ICE CREAM, SHERBETS
LUNCHES, HOT COFFEE
Foss, Johnson & Webster’s Fudge.
ALWAYS FRESH
Fourth and Main.

Lee Dry Goods Co.

ROLLINS HOSIERY
SILK UNDERWEAR
McCALL PATTERNS

Novelty Goods
and
Dry Goods

Menagerie.
My little germs came back to me!
I had an awful cold, you see
And gave them all to Jack, and he
Gave them to Dot, some to Marie—
Marie came to my house party,
I caught them from her beau—he—he
Was Jack you see.

---Frivol.

Time To Leave.
Lecturer—Allow me, before I close, to repeat the immortal words of Webster.

Hayseed (to wife)—Land sakes, Maria, let’s git out o’ here. He’s a-goin’ to start in on the dictionary.

---H---

I Wonder.

Tad—I’m going to kiss you good-bye until tomorrow night.

Pole—But how are you going to breath?

---Frivol.

---H---

A co-ed eating with her boy friend at the Tip Top was telling him a story in which a dachshund figured. She was unable for a moment to think of the word.

"It was one of these long German dogs."

Boy friend (dropping his fork): "Oh, frankfurters!"

---H---

Julian—"Has a man ever kissed you while he was driving?"

Juliette—"I should say not. If a man doesn’t wreck his car while he is kissing me, he isn’t giving the kiss the attention it deserves."

---H---

Facetious Fancies.

Leslie Walter overheard talking to Irvin Vaughn.

"Yes," said Les, "you have some tall buildings here in Cedar Falls, but they don’t compare to the buildings we have at Farley. Last summer they built a building having 1000 stories."

Vaughn (in disgust): "Applesauce, whoever heard of a building with 1000 stories."

Les: "Haven’t you ever heard of a library?"

---H---

"Would you enjoy taking a long walk."
"Why, yes, I enjoy walking."
"All right, hop in."

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS
"That'll be enough out of you," said Prof. Abbot as he finished dissecting a frog.

"The old gray hair ain't what it used to be," said the old lady as she finished pouring on the dye.

Walter: 'Yes, I came from Farley and they are so tough down there they wear stove lids for buttons and sewer lids for watch charms.'

"Willie, you may eat all the jelly you wish, but stay out of the traffic jam."

More Truth Than Humor.

Genevieve was the sweetest girl I ever knew—but she had a skinny neck.

Alice was a wonderful chum, but the poor dear had bowlegs.

Helen was charming, but she was a little short for me.

So I took Genevieve, who never had a thought in her head, but is a raving beauty, to the Ball.

Second Hand Information.

He was a young 'un in college;
Loose with his mouth to begin,
He learned a lot about women,
We learned about women from him.

Excited.

"Were you excited on your wedding day?"

"Excited! Say, I gave my bride ten dollars and tried to kiss the preacher."

Hitch your wagon to a star, but it is a good stunt to pad your trousers.

Hist. Prof.: "Mr. Bailey, tell me what you know about the Age of Elizabeth."

Bailey (sleepily): "She'll be nineteen next week."

Rastus was proudly sporting a new shirt, when a friend asked: "How many yards does it take for a shirt like that?"

Rastus: "Why, I got three shirts like this out of one yard last night."
## Professional Directory

### Doctors

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Specialization</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C. A. Bairnson, M.D.</td>
<td>Physician and Surgeon</td>
<td>360</td>
<td>311½ Main St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cecil C. Grant, M.D.</td>
<td>Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat</td>
<td>900M</td>
<td>Citizens Savings Bank</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. S. Hansen &amp; A. A. Rhonalt</td>
<td>Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>305½ Main St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. L. Hearst, M.D.</td>
<td>Physician and Surgeon</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>301½ Main St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. N. Mead, M.D.</td>
<td>Physician and Surgeon</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>805 W. 22nd St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. J. Thierman, M.D.</td>
<td>Physician and Surgeon</td>
<td>734</td>
<td>401½ Main St.</td>
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### Optometrist

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<th>Specialization</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dr. L. C. Holman</td>
<td>Optometrist — Eyesight Specialist</td>
<td>217</td>
<td>Odd Fellows Bldg.</td>
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### Dentists

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Specialization</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>Address</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dr. E. D. Jack</td>
<td>Dentist</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>Citizens Savings Bank</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dr. J. J. Jensen</td>
<td>Dentist</td>
<td>97</td>
<td>Over Cedar Falls National Bank</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dr. W. C. Martin</td>
<td>Dentist</td>
<td>95</td>
<td>Over Graham’s Dry Goods Store</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dr. A. E. Meswarb</td>
<td>Dentist</td>
<td>338</td>
<td>Over Berg’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. J. A. O’Connor</td>
<td>Dentist</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>Over Berg’s College Hill Store</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. W. D. Wiler</td>
<td>Dentist</td>
<td>336</td>
<td>Over College Inn</td>
</tr>
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</table>

### Lawyers

<table>
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<th>Name</th>
<th>Specialization</th>
<th>Phone</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Merner &amp; Merner</td>
<td>Lawyers</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>Cedar Falls Nat’n Bank Bldg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. B. Newman</td>
<td>Lawyer</td>
<td>300</td>
<td>Citizens Savings Bank Bldg.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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*Patronize our advertisers*
"Just saw a two headed calf at the circus yesterday."
"A mere nothing! I saw a two headed girl on the Phi Omega Pi porch last night."

Lil: I hear Sarah is eating yeast for her complexion.
Mil: That's strange—I've heard it was used for reducing.
Lil: Sarah's complexion can stand it.
   ---Iowa Frivol.

An Usher (in movie): Where do you wish to sit, up front, halfway, or in the back?
An usher: If you please, sir, I'd like to sit down.
   ---Pitt Panther.

The reason that we never hear of women after-dinner speakers is that they can't wait that long to tell it.
   ---Colorado Dodo.

"It's the little things in the world that tell," said the fair damsel as she pulled her younger brother from under the sofa.

Man (in barber chair): Be careful not to cut my hair too short—people will take me for my wife.
   ---Iowa Frivol.

Can This Be Fare?
"What do you take me for?" said the man as he reached into his pocket to pay the taxi driver.
   ---Nebraska Awgwan.

Back In Ioway.
Well, Iowa City can make one boast, anyway. Atlantic City has only one boardwalk. Iowa City has two.
   ---Iowa Frivol.

She: Why are you always reading the printed side of blotters?
He: Oh, I find them quite absorbing.
   ---Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

'28: After a co-ed, what looks funnier?
'28er: You—after a co-ed.
   ---Desert Wolf.
The Dizzy Dumbelle.
"No, John," she pleaded, "I don't want to go for a ride."
"But you must, Betty, or I'll never speak to you again."
"No, now, don't you coax me, 'cause I won't go. You remember what happened the last time."
"Aw, come on, Betty, just once. Gosh, don't be 'fraid."
"For the last time, John, I say no. You know how those rides affect me."

So little Johnnie jumped on the merry-go-round by himself.

---

The New Language.
At Victoria Station a clumsy porter dropped a portmanteau on the foot of a Frenchman.
"Name of a dog!" exclaimed the injured one vehemently.
"Ow many letters?" asked the porter.

---

Beyond Endurance.
"So you're goin' t' break it off with Joe College, Mame? Why?"
"No tact, dearie. He insists sit-tin' around talkin' about Themistocles and Atlantis and Catherine II, when he knows how low I think horse racin' is."

---

Bro. 1: "Why does Ethel close her eyes when I kiss her?"
Bro. 2: "She probably knows that she can trust you in the dark."

---

Maniac.

Making It Clear.
Two elderly men, both extremely deaf, met on a country road. Dave had a fishing pole in his wagon. When he saw his friend Jim he stopped his horse.
"Goin' fishin'?" shouted Jim.
"No," Dave replied, "I'm goin' fishin'."
"Oh," said Jim. "I thought mebbe you was goin' fishin'."

---

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CIGARETTES CANDY NEWS

Real News to Father.
"You ought to be proud to be
the father of such a large family,"
said the principal of the boarding
School to her visitor.
"What on earth—large fami­
ly?" gasped the father.
"Yes, indeed. Your daughter
has had eleven of her brothers here
this term to take her out."

"Well, some of the girls may not
be deep thinkers, but they do give
us a cosmetic urge."

No Joke.
When it comes to this cross-stuff
there—s:
Cross-words,
Cross-looks,
Cross-eyes,
Cross-patch,
Cross-grain,
Cross-stitch,
Cross-overs—but the worst cross
you ever run into is the double­
cross.

Rolling Their Own.
The boys when needing cigarettes
in crowds or when alone,
Take paper and tobacco sack,
And calmly roll their own.
The girls, since garters are passe,
As we have all been shown,
Pull down their hose below the
Knee
And deftly roll their own.
These boys and girls will woo and
wed,
And when they've older grown,
Within a carriage, down the street,
They proudly roll their own.

Women's faults are many;
Men have only two—
Everything they say, and
Everything they do.
—Notre Dame Juggler.

Campa: "Are you going to be
busy tonight?"
She: "I don't know. This is
my first date with him.
—Ames Green Gander.

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Bud: "I was talking to your girl yesterday."
Jim: "Are you sure you were doing the talking?"
Bud: "Yes."
Jim: "Then it wasn't my girl."—Bison.

Fay: Harold isn't a bit superstitious.
May: How so?
Fay: Why, he still goes with Mabel and he has not a ghost of a chance.
—Oregon Orange Owl.

Ask Dad—He Knows.
Dear Editor—I went auto riding with a strange man last night. Did I do wrong?
Answer—Probably.—N. Y. Medley.

Story.
Once there was a man who didn't fight with his roommate.
He lived alone.—Cornell Widow.

Here Comes The Tide.
Him: "You should see the altar in our church."
Her: "Lead me to it."—Sun Dial.

Coeds (noticing sign in the library)—"Only Low Talk Permitted Here."
First Coed—"Fine. Now I can go on with that story I was telling you."
—Iowa Frivol.

"Does your son write any poetry?"
"Well, most of his cheque book stubs read 'Owed to a bird.'"
—Iowa Frivol.

Won—What were you doing in that accident down the road?
Too—Oh! Just scraping up an acquaintance.
—Flamingo.

Simple Everyday English.
English Prof.—Will someone tell us how you could express the thought: "Do not count your chickens before they are hatched"?

Erudite Stude—I would render it this way: Producers of poultry should refrain from taking the census of their prospective young fowls anterior to the period when incubation has been completely accomplished.
—Purple Parrot.

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