



YOU'RE THE MAN

A certain member of a certain year forgot to shave the hollow between his nose and upper lip one evening on which he was fussing. A few days later when he went to shave perchance his fingers happened on the self-same spot, and the impression his finger tips obtained so tickled his fancy that he decided to allow the scattered, sprouting bristles to remain unharmed.

Day after day their length increased, until, about six weeks later, they might have been discerned by an observant person.

One morning his room-mate grabbed him by the shoulders, pulled him around towards the light, and, after much peering through his glasses, exclaimed: "Say, did you not forget to shave that spot on your upper lip?"

"Why, you blind bat, that's a moustache. You had better go down this afternoon and have your lenses changed. It's dandy, too. Why, I've had it six weeks—Don't you think it improved my appearance?" he inquired earnestly, surveying himself in the mirror.

"Well, it isn't noticeable enough to sway the balance either way," answered his ingenuous "wife."

A week later someone else perceived the pubescent growth.

"I say, did you not forget to shave this morning?"

Always that, "Did you not forget to shave." No one possessed enough

originality to say, "Why, you're growing a moustache. How nice. You look quite natty in it."

And because no cruel person was malicious enough to raise a mob of barbers, the hairs prospered and soon could be distinguished at a distance of five feet on a bright day. But the odd thing about them was that they did not match, the hair on this gentleman's head, which was a light brown; the facial hairs were red, nice bright red—No one in the residence possesses such a moustache. It is distinguished looking.

So, curious readers, if you wish to discover the owner of these fine bristles, just saunter around the halls and when you meet a good looking chap with light brown hair and an especially nice Tamworth-red tuft on his upper lip, tap him on the shoulder and say admiringly: "You're the man."

College spirit demands that you back the advertisers who back you. Look them up.

To a Hand

O Hand, thou wert a lovely Hand!
How beautiful, how sweet!
To think I held thee but last night
So dainty, fair and neat!
Thou pretty Hand, to my sad breast,
Didst highest gladness bring,
When gazing long I saw in thee
Four aces and a king!