

To The Lovelorn Aunt Agatha's Advice

Dearest Aunt Aggie:

I'm just a shy young girl, away from home and Aunt Aggie, I'm, I'm I'm in love. Aunt Aggie he's so cute and says the darriest things. I know you'd be crazy about him. I'm not going to call his name, cause he might not like it, I'll call him "Olie" and you will know who I'm talking about.

Aunt Aggie, I'm in love with a boy back home named Luther and he loves me too. When I left home to come up here to school, I promised Luther that I'd always love him and would never let any of these wild city boys touch me, but Olie is so cute. Luther has a farm and every thing that would make a country girl happy, but you know the farmers have been having a hard time lately. "Olie" is going to be a big business man when he gets out of college, he gets out next week if the faculty discovers that he was drunk last week. "Olie" won't tell me what kind of business he is going into but he says he is going to sell giggle soup. I don't know what kind of product that is, but I imagine it is good, because "Olie" says it is made from corn. You know corn has lots of food value and people look for such as that now.

Please tell me which one to marry: I want the one who will make me the best husband and make me the happiest.

NELLY BLY.

My Dear:

Your problem is about the easiest to solve that I've had yet. Just write to your boy friend back home, Luther, after Olie gets started in his business, and tell him that you are sorry (you will be) but your affections have changed and you are going to marry "Olie" who is going to be a secret service man. By doing this you will aid Luther in his farm work. He will neglect his crops and won't be bothered with the well known "overproduction."

"Olie" will always be leaving town to attend to business just out of Atlanta. Of course this business will be important and he will have to stay there for at least two years, that is if he is a good boy while he is there. In this spare time you can enjoy life on the money "Olie" has managed to save while in active service.

Dear Aunt Agatha:

I have always boasted about knowing just what to do at all times, but now I'll have to admit that I'm "in a fix" and don't know the proper thing to do. Maybe your advice on the matter will be worth hearing whether I'll take it or not.

First I'll tell you something about myself. I am about the most handsome man on the campus, I say about, there is no doubt about it, I AM the most handsome man on the campus and everybody knows it. I am big and strong and could make any college team in America, only I don't want to get hurt and mar my manly beauty. Oh well, if I tell you much more about myself you will be falling in love with me and won't be able to give me the best advice.

I am strong and all that sort of stuff but I have fallen by the wayside and fallen in love with one of these modern Cleopatras. In one of my weaker moments I broke down and told her that I loved her, but she was untruthful and said that she did not and could not ever love me. Do you think she loves me? I can't understand why she doesn't love me. I told her that she loved me and she still denied it. What must I do?

IMA BEAR.

I can't understand why any woman of average intelligence could afford to tell you that she did not love you. I'd tell you anything to get rid of you. Maybe she can't see your manly beauty as well

THE COLLEGE PRESS

(Continued from Page 1) but in Chicago they are not. Out of 750 freshmen at the University of Chicago the first eleven ratings went to boys.

Men are not the only beings that will be lead to destruction by the weaker sex. The Purple and Gray tells us that the General Electric Company has perfected a machine that perfectly imitates the buzzing of a female mosquito. They assert that the male mosquito will follow this buzzing to his destruction.

as you can, or maybe it's you who can't see.

If your penmanship is very good, try writing to her, if your penmanship is good, maybe she will fall in love with you because then you will have at least one thing that is good. I would suggest that you have a friend of yours, if you have one, write the letter for you, have it typed, and then don't mail it. With this method I'm sure you will please the fair young maiden. If you ever want to write to me again, please use the same method.

WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY—

(Continued from Page 2)

locks, ransacked desks, and conducted themselves in a generally disgraceful manner. By students we do not designate the entire student body. On the contrary, we are of the firm belief that the general run of Maryland students are honorable and above the disgusting episodes which characterized the recent exams. Nevertheless, there are a certain number of individuals connected with this university who conducted themselves in an entirely reprehensible manner.

Aside from the purely moral aspects of the situation, there are several real reasons why individuals ostensibly pursuing the quest of knowledge at Maryland should refrain from burglarizing instructors' offices.

In the true sense, examinations are unimportant.

Examinations are only a ruler whereby an instructor may gauge a student's relative increase in knowledge in a particular limited subject. By some insidious arrangement, too much stress has

been placed upon these final rituals. Not only are they at best, necessary evils, but they are veritably forced down the throats of the students in a summary fashion.

Students do not gain by final examinations. They are the invention of instructors to offer a grading ladder.

Students add to their sum total of knowledge throughout a semester, and this amount stands the same, regardless of the outcome of the exams. Moreover, a student may conceivably add considerable to his store of information without delivering a high examination grade.

Furthermore, when examinations cause the semi-annual resort to burglary, quiz emphasis has reached a deadly point.

If students will adopt a normal, or even an indifferent attitude toward final examinations, they would be doing themselves a favor. The Almighty "A" has only a temporary and a pedagogic value. It is meaningless. In reality "A" does not signify superior knowledge. It merely designates superior exam concentration.

Exam burglary, beside being dishonorable and a nuisance, is a

waste of time.—Maryland Diamond Back.

THE CAMEL COMES DOWN FOR ANOTHER DRINK

After a flurry of straw-balloting on the ever-present question of prohibition, the public settled down with the idea in mind of allowing congress or any other publicly compensated orator to wrangle over the matter. Following in the wake of the most prominent of the recent pseudo balloting, The Literary Digest has begun another attempt to locating the true public sentiment on the question through the medium of a secret ballot where the citizen may vote dry or wet without exposing his ballot.

Just what advantage any publication or organization could hope to derive from such steps is rather vague. After fourteen years of concentrated attacks against the plausibility of continuing the Volsteadian experiment, the passingly intelligent should realize that the exponents of both sides of the controversy have attained the highest degree of prejudice and are incased in an impregnable argu-

ment-proof armor. There is no doubt that the publication is gaining an unlimited amount of publicity from this repeated balloting, and if they are using it for that purpose they are to be congratulated in getting the scoop on the idea. If any other angle is being striven for, it can only seem but fruitless to our immature calculations.—The Plainmen.

CUBS CLOSE SEASON LOSING TO G. M. C. FIVE

(Continued from Page 1) ing to Coach McNabb, the best prospects are: Mosley, Etheridge, Smith, Ellison, Kasserwitz, Fowler, McQuaigh, and Hazlehurst.

Washington—(IP)—A theory that the first warm water puddles formed after the cooling of the earth were infested with the first life on this globe, is put forward by Dr. Assar Hadding, Swedish geologist, in a paper published in the annual report of the Smithsonian Institution, made public recently.

In the size and hospitality of its audience America is a writer's paradise.—John Erskine.

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