

**DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL**  
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migration, to talk about the two candidates. "It is going to be a hot summer," said one old farmer two months ago. He was right.

Each candidate set to work. Coolidge feels sure of the New England States, but is spending his time in the West. Tompkins took in the middle west, as a starter. His political friends are caring for the far west. The South is solid as usual.

Candidate Coolidge has the following planks in his platform: (1) Strict enforcement of the prohibition law, (2) No dates between single people (3) A marriage tax of \$10,000 per couple and (4) high tax on movies. He started his campaign with much success, and was followed by the crowds, but as soon as Tompkins got his "Big Berthas" to working the country went wild. He feels sure of Ohio and Ill., among the doubtful list. This week he has been in western New York. The crowds have stormed the halls to hear him everywhere. Friday, at Albany, where he was scheduled to speak twice, he was forced to address five audiences. Last night thousands were turned away from the gardens. Thus the demand for him there again tonight. He will probably spend the rest of the week in that city.

The New York Times, a strong Republican paper, has been conducting a straw vote of the country. Sunday night this vote stood: Coolidge 3,000,000, Tompkins 7,228,350. The majority of the Republicans votes are in, but the Solid South is yet to be heard from. The big Republican papers appear disappointed. Things look too much like a walk-over for the Democratic man.

Campaign manager Woods said last night that Tompkins was gaining popularity daily. His platform is appealing to the nation. "I believe that our man will beat 'Cal' five to one in November." We have not entered the New England States. We will not try to take away the home votes" he said. McAdoo wires that the West is piling up strong for Tompkins. "Al" Smith says New York will go Democratic this year.

"Wilson gave his life for the Nation. He fought for the League of Nations. He stood for Democracy and justice to all. He lost but his cause has not been lost. With the election of Tompkins the United States will soon take her place at the table of nations," said Oscar W. Underwood Sunday while passing thru Chicago.

The country apparently is in a mood for a change in the administration this year. The Republicans must go. Too much "Tea Pot Oil" scandal, and graft. A constructive Democratic administration, headed by a man of Mr. Tomp-

**Hick Mills Writes Great Book on Love**

**Receives Fine Recommendations From Prominent Members of Student Body**

Mr. J. L. Mills (known on the campus as Hick) has recently written a great book on Love, entitled: "How to Win the Elusive Maiden." This great work has met with instant approval. The book is selling so fast that the publishers are working overtime so as to supply the demand. The book retails for \$5.00 and according to Mr. Alan McCutcheon, the budding young love artist of our campus, says that much of his success is due to Mr. Mills' book. Dr. Thorne Sparkman, a member of the illustrious "Scrub Faculty" has read Mr. Mills' book and highly recommends it. Dr. Sparkman says that Mr. Mills' ideas about Love exactly coincide with his own. Prof. Karesh, M. A., LL.D., Ph.D., says that he finds only one fault with "How to Win the Elusive Maiden." "It would be a real literary masterpiece if it contained a few appropriate Spanish love verses," says Prof. Karesh. Mr. W. J. Thomas, after reading Mr. Mill's masterpiece, said: "Now I know how to handle that dear young lady at Coker." These are only a few of the numerous ones who have been benefitted by Mr. Mills' great work.

Since the success of his work has become so pronounced in a financial way, Mr. Mills has bought himself a new light green Stetson hat which he wears everywhere. This has caused consternation among our co-eds. They are now getting up a petition to beg Mr. Mills to discard his headpiece. A young co-ed walked up to Mr. Mills the other day on the campus and said in a sweet voice: "Mr. Mills, please don't wear a hat. We Co-eds simply adore your bright red hair." Needless to say Mr. Mills has purposely lost his hat.

The University of South Carolina is highly honored in having Mr. Mills in her student body. Alas! Mr. Mills has one drawback, one obstacle to overcome before his success will be supreme. *He is from Camden!*

—U.S.C.—  
Miss Burbage got a hundred on a math quiz. Something had to burn up.

kins' type is what is needed. Carolina students are preparing to declare a general holiday the week before the election and stump the country for Purley. Hurrah for the South! Fifteen for South Carolina. A University student is going to be the next president of the United States.

**Formula Derived For "The Co-efficient of Expansion of Boiled Prunes"**

**Charles F. Mercer Proves to be Great Creative Genius-- Students in Their Praise of Him Take Columbia By Storm--Call on Governor and Mayor**

The boarding house world will be revolutionized in its entirety by the startling discovery made last evening by Professor Charlie Mercer of the Physics Department of the University of South Carolina.

The entire student body was aroused from its peaceful (?) slumbers at 2:00 A. M. by the joyful and boisterous shouts of "Eureka! I have found it!!" Even the nightly crap game in tenement --- was adjourned to investigate the source of the turbulent uprising. Hundreds of students poured out into the main quadrangle from the doors of every tenement and started on the run for Maxey monument from whence the shrieks seemed to come and where the once dignified professor could be seen turning handspings around the base of this historic stone.

When all of the students had gathered around the memorial monument the erstwhile gentleman began to take notice of his audience. Entirely unconscious as to the informality of the situation and the varying degree of undress evident in his hearers, he at once began to explain this unusual outburst.

As near as ye reporter was able to write down the speech on a friendly nightshirt, this is the substance of his discourse:

"Gentlemen: and Mr. --- I am reminded upon this occasion of the joke they tell about the Johnstown flood (general He-Haw). Well, to proceed, after many hours of untiring analysis and painstaking research, not to mention the countless hot dawgs consumed I have at last derived the formula for THE COEFFICIENT OF EXPANSION OF BOILED PRUNES. I have fearlessly laid my life and happiness in the welfare of the boarding house habitue. During my experiments the safety of life and limb was constantly endangered. With your gracious permission I shall attempt to explain how I made my discovery.

"The countless thousands who have in the dim years of the past suffered a real tummy ache as a result of over-indulgence in that luscious and tempting morsel, the PRUNE, can now demand unlimited quantities of that most perfect fruit of nature; all because of my unusual discovery.

"For years the significance of the wrinkles in PRUNES has remained an insoluble mystery. Many theories have been advanced only to fall by the wayside upon application. This indeed has been the goal of every scientist in every land and of every generation. You may well feel proud that one of your fellow compatriots has at last made it possible for the University Mess Hall to feed its boarders on absolutely nothing.

"This revelation has come by no accident, one has to but scan the extremely simple formula to perceive that it is as clear as mud. Beside it 2x2 is more complex than the Wienstein Theory of Revolution.

"Simply: Proceed by way of Main Street to Woolworth 5 and 10c store, casually purchase a Santa Claus mask and hasten home. Place the mask upon the face and slip quietly behind the bowl of prunes on the pantry shelf, of necessary wear balloon dipped, rubber tired shoes. Seize one of the smaller specimens between the ear and the kitchen table, then flee to the sanctum of the laboratory.

By a fusion of the particles BVD to those of SIMP and the consequential reaction PDQ involving the problem of whether green cheese bought on Monday can three yards of cloth sometimes. Should one go insane (crazy) while testing this theory there is the lunatic asylum. Above all don't forget finally to pour steaming hot ice water. If this doesn't obtain the desired results then by the addition of a quart of carbohic acid you will have made the best home brew you ever tasted. Oh boy! What a kick!"

Cries of "Hear! Hear!" interrupted the distinguished speaker. The ever enthusiastic students could wait no longer. They lifted this World benefactor to their shoulders and began their triumphant march in the general direction of Main Street.

Songs and shouts proclaimed to the

heavens and to anyone else within the radius of two miles the boon which this great man had given to long suffering humanity.

The disciples of law and order in the shape of the entire Columbia Police Department (all both of them, including the chief) sought to stem the tide of youthful exuberance. Their efforts were as naught, one might as well have bade Niagara to stop its downward flow. The silver tongued oratory of the great man had completely enthralled the tea hounds, dingle pickers, bumpkins, hummers, darlings and now the guardians of the peace. (?)

One of the wiser (?) ones turned in the fire alarm. The high powered Ford truck came tearing down the street at the terrific speed of 18 gasps per hour, throwing clouds of dust to the sky. The fire department clung desperately to the wheel as he rounded the corner. There was a shriek of the brakes and then everything broke loose.

The subsequent march to the Governor's mansion (?) is now a part of history. The SLENDER form of his honor shivered as he stood in the scorching rays of the midnight sun and listened to the wonderful properties of MERCERIZED PRUNES.

Resolutions were adopted on the spot now marked by a large boulder, to broadcast the glad tidings to a weary and waiting world and the extemporaneous meeting was adjourned after the singing of the national anthem of "How Dry I Am" (Maybe) during the rendition of which Mayor Coleman of Columbia, passed around his two gallon silver encased emerald studded pocket flask.

**DO YOU RECOGNIZE**

- U.S.C.—
- The tall blonde with spectacles and fainting spells?
- Flaming Youth, or the Girl with the Checked Dresses?
- Pearley, the Boy Beautiful, or His Mother's Jewel?

**SPECTATORS LEARN FOOT-**  
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were very much surprised that the bawl did not split in half. He then lined each team up on its own goal-line. The entire faculty was thus placed on the field, for it seems that the number of players is limited only by the number of people who care to

participate and have the moral courage and physical stamina to survive.

Bellhop placed the bawl in the middle of the field, stood on his head (which was the signal for the fray to commence), jumped up and was over the wire fence in three seconds flat.

The two teams charged toward the middle of the field with heads down. In the middle the opposing teams met in a head on collision, with a noise like a clap of thunder. There was a mighty crack and the wire fence on one side of the field went down, for "Old Drag" had gotten slightly off track and had boxed a fence post. This slight matter was adjusted, the undertaker called and the victims carried off the field, and then the survivors of this charge retired to their respective sides of the field.

Again the on-rush, and again those players not so hard of cranium were carried from the scene. This time, however, Professors Green and Smith started pulling hair. The referee in-



mediately interfered and stopped the wrangle.

Again and yet again the two teams charged, and at sun-set "Yates and Stonewall" were the only players left in the fray. These two tried time and again to cause some damage to each other, but all in vain. This was, perhaps, because each is rather hard-headed as to the lack of value of the subject taught by the other. At last the game was called because of darkness.

Last night the members of the faculty staged the biggest of the many liquor parties for which they are famous. "Pat's" little toe was sprained, but that was the only lasting injury received in the game.

This morning "Coach" issued a call for candidates for spring practice. It seems that we are losing our college spirit, for Tom Graham was the only candidate to report. Let's the rest of us hard-heads go out, co-eds included.

—U.S.C.—  
**We want our streets paved.**

**University Styles That Are Correct**

WHETHER the demand of the collegiate man is for the three-button coat with short vent—or the English collegiate style, with wider shoulders and long rolling lapel—or the new broad coat with loose, straight back—they are all to be seen in our Collegiate Room, cut along authentic lines,

—authentic because they have the endorsement of that group of University men who are acknowledged as setting the style standards for their own individual type.

**J. L. Mimnaugh & Co.**  
Columbia, S. C.



MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY

**"The Marriage Circle"**

Starring Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjon, Harry Myers and Creighton Hale.

THURSDAY -- FRIDAY -- SATURDAY

Gloria Swanson in

**"A Society Scandal"**