Xmas 1927

SOPHOMORE ISSUE

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Axis Club
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The Axone
SOPH NUMBER

Vol. VIII Number 2

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The Axone is published quarterly by the students of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, Nineteenth and Spring Garden Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Subscription, One Dollar; single copies, thirty-five cents. The Editor reserves the right to make minor corrections in accepted manuscripts. The Editorial Staff is not responsible for personal opinions expressed by contributors. Entered as second-class matter at the post office, Philadelphia, Pa. All business communications should be sent to The Axone, Philadelphia College of Osteopathy.
It seems to the Axone that some effort on the part of the Student Council could better conditions in Saturday morning clinics.

Roll call seems to be taken at a most opportune time, when the class is out enjoying a hot, substantial (?) breakfast. After running down, missing breakfast only to find out that nothing is “on,” then running out for coffee and dunk, to come back and find the roll has been called—it is enough to exasperate the dumbest student.

A specified time for roll call could easily be adjusted. Better still, the honor system of attendance could be worked out very effectually in this clinic. To most students the work seen in our clinics is more than interesting for here the actual gross pathology of disease, and the methods of combating such is demonstrated by skilled men whose knowledge has been collected here and abroad.

We see no reason why the Saturday morning clinics cannot be regulated as to roll call or the installation of the honor system in attendance be established.

President Bowlby, of the Student Council, the Axone asks: Why—Why—Why?

“We hold a great treasure. It must be protected.”

This significant statement came towards the end of President Coolidge’s speech at the Union League Club on November 17th.

These words were more significant because of their context. The statement that our great national treasure must be protected, was preceded by a plea for a greater navy, more submarines, an auxiliary merchant marine of fast cargo boats, under private ownership.

How many of us, interested in the Osteopathic profession, listened in as Cautious Cal outlined a means of keeping the United States aloof from the rest of the world?

How many of us sidetracked the entire issue of a greater navy, and its subsidiaries, and in its place, substituted Osteopathy? Not many, I will venture to say.

Just as President Coolidge said, “We hold a great treasure. It must be protected,” I fell off into a dream. A dream of “our future.”

We, as Osteopaths, hold a great treasure. We are slowly, but surely gaining a recognition that we honestly deserve. Time was, when we suffered along among the “has-beens,” without a feeling of confidence, without an assurance of ever reaching that goal of success, and without a faith, that we really needed.

And now that we have that assurance, that confidence, and that faith, we know that we lead in the healing art, we must maintain our standards. We must not remain standing, we must keep on the go. We must present to the world our Truths. This will help us to protect our treasures.

Those of us who are preparing for the osteopathic profession must bear in mind, that a complete knowledge is a necessity. If we are to lead the “pack,” we must keep on our toes, and have at our fingers’ approach, and not at our pen’s approach, the fundamentals of our science, in only a complete fashion.

We must prepare ourselves for any uprising, just as our Chief Executive outlined in his oration. We must master Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, Symptomatology, and the many other sciences, to a perfection, just as Uncle Sam means to
create a navy of A-1 abilities, and to build a
marine outfit surpassed by none.

These are our objectives, and in the words of
our former President, Woodrow Wilson, "The
man that knows his stuff, gets to the top."

Those of us who are in the field of Osteopathy,
answering to the call of the sick, need bear in
mind, that they are our army, our navy, pro-
tecting and battling for the greatest treasury in
the world, Osteopathy.

You, Osteopathic Physicians, are our generals,
our leaders, and our fighters. You must lead on,
and we will follow!

Handle each case as if it were that of a brother,
or a sister. Do your utmost in diagnosing, and
treating the ill. Present the Osteopathic Concept
to the world. Do not commit "crimes" to us,
who are awaiting our turn to step into uniform,
with bayonet in hand, and challenge the world.

I have driven around my subject, with more or
less of no avail. I have lost power towards the
end, to bring forth the necessity to know your
goods, and know how to bring it out.

Folks, this was the outcome of this short dream
that I went thru on the night of the
17th of November. How I felt, I cannot reproduce in
words, but it brought to my mind a feeling, that
it is a great life, if you don't awaken.

B. Gross, '29.

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it.

Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer
When ever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure;

Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid
And be a grateful debtor.

Long, long ago a boy took a girl for an auto-
mobile ride. After they were out in the country
on a lonely back road the car stopped. (It really
did.) The boy jumped out, lifted the hood and
fixed the motor, closed the hood, jumped in the
car and drove the girl home. (Are you disap-
pointed?)

FRATERNITIES THEIR USES AND ABUSES
By O. J. Snyder, M.S., D.O.
Pres. State Board of Osteopathic Examiners

Fraternities have strongly modified American
college life, and have always exerted a wide
influence. Students join them at a susceptible
age, and regard the obligations of membership
with sentiments of profound loyalty. Young men
of similar tastes and aspirations, drawn into close
association in this manner, form enduring friend-
ships. But so strong is the bond that loyalty
to the fraternity not infrequently is rated above
loyalty to the college or the real advantage of
the individual. The system tends, moreover,
to create the outlines of an aristocracy in the
college community, a condition which in some
cases promotes discipline but in others militates
against it. Jealousies and animosities provoked
by the arbitrary processes of selection and exclu-
sion have occasionally attracted unfavorable
attention. In some states laws have been passed
to prohibit college secret societies, and the
authorities of not a few institutions have likewise
barred them. Each student entering Princeton
is required to give a pledge to "have no connection
whatever with any secret society, nor to be present
at the meetings of any secret society," so long as
he remains a member of the university, except
being made for two specified literary organiza-
tions.

It is clear, therefore, that the college fraternity
is an institution with two aspects. It is based
upon a natural human instinct, and in general
its aims are legitimate and its influence salutary.
Yet, exclusion of the system from some universi-
ties and its limitation in others testify to the
existence of defects in the theory. Too often
there is manifest a tendency to create divisions
where there should be unity, to set up group
distinctions where the spirit of democratic
equality should prevail. However lofty the aims
of such secret orders, they frequently become
instrumentalities used to promote the influence
or advantage of their members, to the detriment
of non-members and consequently to the impair-
ment of college discipline and progress.

While any sweeping criticism of the fraternities
in the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy would
be manifestly unjust, since in many respects they
are faithful to the highest aims they profess, it is
unfortunately true that in certain instances
their influence has been harmful to the student
body and obstructive of sound management.
The need is for the societies and their members
to exemplify more truly the real spirit of fraternal-
ism—not to serve selfish or exclusive purposes,
but the larger causes of helpfulness to those who
need it and of advancement of the college and the
profession.
“All the strong powers of Dante were bowed. To a child’s mild eyes That wrought within him that travail From depths up to skies Inferno, Purgatory And Paradise.”

The child may, with the loftiness of truth born of naturalness, smile very kindly upon the adult whose experience and so-called intellectual endeavors often cover him in an armor of untruths or partial truths. The parent consumed in the tasks of the day forgets that the child is a human being, fundamentally, very much like older human beings except that experience is lacking to modify or temper the emotional life of the child. They love and hate with all the unbridled ardor of heroes of the silver screen. They plan and devise with the cunning of little animals. It is of major importance that this fact should be realized and more carefully approached and more often.

Analyzing human life, we cannot but be deeply impressed that it is without end. The idea of a beginning or an end is undoubtedly another delusion of mankind. Human life, considered from the viewpoint of one of this day and generation, has three stages. The first is so-called hereditary or ancestral adaptation to environment; the second is intrauterine life, in which the state of health of the mother is a great factor in the child’s future health; the third, as we know ourselves, individuals in this immediate world of ours. In view of this background of thought, would it not be wiser to avoid the elixirs of the mercenary scientist or charlatan and lend your efforts to the new life existent in the child?

The nervous structure of the child is delicate, yet strong, and eagerly reaches forth to acquire what it may. Great care must be exercised that this experience be of the proper nature. In adult life, there are many phases of life we ordinarily shun. However, when brought more in contact with it we accept it with fair good nature and finally, though insidiously, become a part of it. This is even truer of childhood and youth, when experience is lacking to show that which is and that which is not desirable.

“The hell to be endured in the hereafter of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habit they would give more heed to their conduct in the plastic stage. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, never to be undone. Every stroke of virtue or vice leaves its ever-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle in Jefferson’s play excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, “It won’t count this time.” Well he may not count it, but it is being counted, nevertheless. Down among his nerve cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used for or against him when the next obstacle or temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is in strict scientific literalness wiped out. This works both ways, for the good as for the bad. As one becomes a drunkard by so many separate acts, so may we become saints in the moral and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres.

Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keeps safely busy every hour of the working day he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can, with perfect certainty, count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones in his generation in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Between all the details of his study, if he does study, the power of judging in whatever special class of matter will have built itself. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together.” (James.)

The parents should seek those perfectly trained and gifted as teachers to gradually develop the child’s adaptation to the world in which it lives. It is an everlasting need to present graduated obstacles to the child as early as possible to keep the faculty of effort alive. These obstacles should be chosen as of such a nature as to develop traits of character and habit that will stand him in good stead when the child is a man. Care should be taken not to necessitate too much effort, for at no age of the game is it easier to burn out a body or mind than in youth and childhood.

Music, literature and study of fundamental religion should be utilized to develop fineness of character. There are many playgrounds and many games to be played which, when persistently indulged in, will build an athletic body. We might add that hard work and study will develop a body or mind than in youth and childhood.

The newly made violin has certain elemental (Continued on page 9)
THERAPY BY MAIL.

By Russell C. Erb, B.S., M.S.
Associate Professor of Chemistry

I am a candidate for Congress.

If elected, which I honestly do not think will happen, I intend to introduce a bill which will prohibit, inhibit and exhibit all the writers of advertisements of quick, sure-cure methods of therapy sold by mail for popular home-consumption. Probably the only two things worse than the evils produced by our nationally advertised patent medicine remedies, are hemorrhoids and a mother-in-law learning golf.

A casual glance at the average widely-circulated periodical in this land of democratic freedom controlled by the Republicans, will reveal a super-abundance of advertising from the mail order “quack” doctor. The items I am about to present will be given regardless of names and companies and if anything I say, causes any fall-off in their respective sales, I shall gladly stand suit and serve a term in prison to accomplish the purpose. Malicious mischiefness has been my favorite sport up until the advent of auction bridge.

I am now sitting at my roll-top desk with my solid granolithic head in one hand and a magazine in the other.

The first ad that catches the eye, both eyes in fact, is one that questions “Why lie awake nights gasping for breath?” A very good asthma question we admit, but list to the answer. “$1.00 Asthma Treatment Free. You pay nothing now or later for it.” This we say is the right philanthropic spirit.

Geologically speaking did you know that gall-stones are easily removed by mail? The ad says so. Gall Stones and Gall Bladder Irritations have been treated “successfully over 30 years.” by a Dr. Paddock of Desk 90 in Kansas City. A man with 30 desks for 30 years must be making out fairly well as a gall stone crusher.

And now come the groups of ads requesting you to “throw away your trusses.” Their new “device” draws the separate muscle fibres together, heals them, etc. and in fact everything is simple. The beautiful part of it is you wear it free.

Ah! Here is one captioned “Female Troubles,” just as if men had none. You write for their free book and “you may be made well again.”

Not even the amorous song of a feline can make us get up, but look at this. “Getting Up Nights Can Be Stopped.” Evidently night strolling is very common but relief is in sight by using “Prostone” in a plain wrapper without obligation or cost. Just tell your friends and the whole neighborhood will be saving carpet at night. Another company gets a little more personal by asking “Were you in and out of bed half a dozen times last night?” which can be adjusted by “one free 85-cent bottle.” Probably another urine container, the bottle we mean.

But the next ad is just the reverse. Here they don’t get up and they call it Anuresis. And the remedy they advertise is “Better than Spanking.” It has proved “a blessing for 34 years” and can be renewed at the end of that period just like a copyright.

A new book by the Liepe Pharmacy tells “How to Heal my Sore Legs at Home.” Reading further we find “Sore Legs Healed While You Work.” Assuming that you work at home, evidently.

And here is the “No Joke to be Deaf” ad with Geo. P. Way still wearing the artificial medicated ear drums, that resemble discarded nursing bottle nipples. If you write to him he claims he “will tell you a true story.”

Married couples will be delighted to know of “That Baby You’ve Longed For” and then at the bottom “In A Plain Wrapper.”

Bumster’s Worm Syrup, “To children an angel of mercy” and we will humbly testify “a boon to fishermen.”

The biggest shock is when you read your own friend’s testimony of some quackish nerve cure. That’s just what happened. A woman of about 60 writes that “I feel like a young girl again.” Her pictures is appended. I knew her when kidney plasters were the fad. I know she neither spoke nor wrote that testimonial and if she really feels like a young girl after drinking such bunk, give me the old women.

And so the ads go on and on. Statistics show that corns and faces are lifted; the blood pressure lowered; the overweight put under; the under over and so on ad infinitum. The cures, the reliefs, the young girls made from old material, the new men made from old glands are increasing in number with every mail. Soon every letter carrier in the United States will be given a doctor’s degree. To prevent it all—

I am a candidate for Congress.

CHESS AND CHECKER CLUB

This secretarial is primarily an appeal for membership to this organization. If you have any knowledge of the game, it is our desire to have you display your skill on the team. There are three vacancies. Can’t you fill one? Hand your name in to the secretary.

Wm. Desotnik, Secretary.
"RAH RAH TEAM"

Many, many years ago, in a game of football, played at Princeton, the visiting team was ahead in score. The Tiger team could not seem to pull together for the last minutes of the game. The victory seemed to be clinched by the opposing school. Then, from the Princeton stands a small group of rooters began one of the school cheers. Not once did they stop. They used only three words, "Rah, Rah, Team!" The yell was soon taken up by the entire stands, and became monotonous, but to the players it instilled new life. Above the signals, above every play, and even drowning out the cheers of the opposing side, came these slow, but inspiring words, "Rah, Rah, Team!" The men began to play as though inspired, and in the last few minutes of play, scored enough points to win the game.

Such is our game of life. We are all anxious to boost the fellow who is near the top, but why not a cheer to the chap at the bottom of the heap? When the cheering stops, the game loses color, players drag, something seems to be missing. When the cheering starts, the game is real, the air is full of inspiration, and to the player, the prize is bigger, the effort is greater and therefore the victory is easier to reach.

Does a winning team need cheers? If people would only stop to answer this question, and act on the result of the query, perhaps men would be inspired to greater things. When victory is in sight, a team seems to play better, and something within the heart of each player rises to urge him on. When victory is far away, there comes to each player a feeling of despondency. This is the time, when cheers from the stands are needed, and certainly when they can do the most good.

All the world hates a knocker. Yet, do we realize that we are knocking when we fail to support our fellow men, to whom the promise of assistance has been given. Shakespeare said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely actors." Yes, we are all players, and what a disappointment it is to play without a cheery word from a team-mate. No person can enter wholeheartedly into a task, without feeling that back of him is a cheer from the stands; that somewhere are those who care. Don't be a knocker, be a booster!

And finally, if you have played the game fair, and you have given support and a helping hand to the rest of our team-mates, when the game ends, you will go out with a cheer, and the cheers which you have given, and the cheer that was last given for you will not die out, but will re-echo from wall to wall and person to person until the day comes when mortal cheering will die out forever.

B. Gross, '29.

CONFIDENCE

If you have ever had the good fortune to know a successful man before he had achieved his success, you probably will have noticed one outstanding trait in his character—confidence. Confidence may really be regarded as potential success. It is a prerequisite to greatness. Jones goes to college "just knowing" that he will lead the class—and he does! Smith (whose intellect is, at least, equal to that of Jones) doesn't know whether he can make the grade, but he's going to "try hard to pass." He either does, and does no more, becoming one of the many mediocre students; or he doesn't and becomes one of the many failures. Jones rarely worries—he's too busy studying; Smith rarely studies—he's too busy worrying.

Whether the matter at hand is a difficult examination, a commercial venture, or a social engagement, confidence is your greatest asset.

All other things being equal, the one who knows he is going to succeed—does!

THE CHILD

(Continued from page 7)

vibratory qualities. In the hands of a master musician it acquires, after years of playing, those finer vibratory qualities that make possible a wonderful beauty of musical expression. Likewise, a child begins with certain elemental qualities which, guided with forethought and patience, will respond in the most gratifying manner.

"Amid the soul's Grave Counsellors
An invincible boy
Laughs under the laurels and purples
the elf
Who snatches at his job and
Orders Caesar's legions to bring him
The world for his toy."

A. E. in Irish Statesman.

Dr. Lutz has promised the Editor that he will follow up his case which he reported on in the first issue of the Axone. Dr. Lutz will continue on the Diagnosis and Treatment of the patient. This will appear in the next issue. The next issue is the Junior Number, and will contain many new innovations, among which is an interview with one of the most prominent of Osteopathic surgeons in the country.

The Editor.
CO-EDITIS

E. Barnes, ’28

Etiology: Pretty eyes, pretty hair, pretty teeth, etc.

Definition: Co-editis is a very serious, contagious inflammation of the heart found in males only.

Occurrence: It occurs at any age after puberty but is most fatal about the age of 23.

Symptoms: Very variable. Prodromal symptoms are loss of appetite; insomnia; pains around the heart; staring condition of the eyeball; general inability to accomplish anything. During the acute stage we find the following symptoms: open mouth; eyes glued on corners; palpitation of the heart; financial embarrassment; call-like expression on the face; inability to go to bed nights; inability to get up in the morning; love for poetry; undisturbed by autos, street cars, lessons, Anatomy or foul odors.

The above symptoms occur during the absence of the Co-ed but when the cause of the trouble is around we have the following manifestations: increased heart action; mental alertness; hyperactivity of the glands; ferocious appetite; wagging tongue; dogged footsteps; ready smile; increased peristalsis; financial worry.

Pathology: The pathology is confined mainly to the pocket book of the infected male. This item becomes small, very small or microscopic. It often is indurated or it may become hardened. (It's all the same thing so what's the cliff.) After a time the pocketbook ceases to function and often metastacises takes place to the patient's roommate. This may occur early in the disease. The supply of nutrition via the checkbook becomes exhausted and this is followed by headaches and night sweats.

Treatment: There are two types of treatment.

1. Direct or specific.

2. Prophylactic or preventative.

First let us consider the Direct or Specific treatment. The disease may be cured by marriage or instantaneously by a kick in the pants, or both.

The Prophylactic treatment is very simple. Whenever the patient feels an attack coming on he mixes the following preparation:

- Carabolic acid 1 glass
- Castor oil 2 glasses
- Jolpe ½ glass

After mixing well, put into a pan and heat until the mixture boils. Then take this valuable formula off the stove, throw the mixture out and eat the pan T. I. D.

This will often abort the attack. If no results are obtained it may do the patient some good to look at some other co-ed for a while until his mind clears.

WHY OSTEOPATHS DIE YOUNG

E. Barnes, ’28

We learn by the experiences of others. At least our parents tell us so and we read about it in books so often that after a time we begin to believe it. If you, kind reader, have never benefitted before by somebody else's experiences, take what you can get out of the following conversation. This dialogue is between a patient and her efficient doctor. The scene, of course, is in one of the clinic stalls. Begin reading—

Dr. (peppily): “Hy 'uh, Mrs. Blank. How'd you feel today? Now you just step right in here and take your—your—well—put your kimon on and I'll be right in after I wash my hands.”

(Patient does as instructed. Doctor forgets to wash his hands but raps on the door anyways.)

From within: “All right, doctor.” He goes in. Now we hear something like this:

“Did you bring that 24-hour specimen today, Mrs. Blank?”

“No, doctor, I didn't (sound of Dr. gnashing his teeth). You see, doctor, there was so much that I couldn't carry it all myself, but my husband will bring it in our delivery auto next time.”

“But I told you I only wanted a little bottle full.”

“Oh! so you did. I forgot all about that. Isn't that funny? Ha! Ha! Ha!”

“Try to bring it in next time.—Now if you'll just lie down on your stomach we'll see what's wrong—on your stomach, please.”

(Sounds of grunts given off by patient while she complacently lies on her back.)

“Oh! so you did. I forgot all about that. Isn't that funny? Ha! Ha! Ha!”

“Try to bring it in next time.—Now if you'll just lie down on your stomach we'll see what's wrong—on your stomach, please.”

(Sounds of grunts given off by patient while she complacently lies on her back.)

“On your stomach, I said.”

“I always get mixed—He! He! He!”

(Silence for a few moments.)

“You know doctor, I'm losing weight terribly. I'm getting so thin I don't know if I get a stomach ache or a backache. What do you suppose is causing it?”

“Why?(thinking hard now)—You've got a lesion here that's causing it—I guess.”

“What's a lesion?”

“Not legion—lesion—l-e-s-i-o-n. Why—that's a lopsided vertebra. It leans over on your stomach nerve and makes your guts—I mean stomach—do a jig.”

“Oh!” (Silence again.)

“Is that tender there?”

(Continued on page 20)
The Axone

Class Jottings

JUNIOR NEWS

We're off! The Junior Prom Committee has been appointed and work begun. It consists of Dr. Thornbury's chairman; Drs. MacDaniel, Gross, Thomas, Leonard, Ortleib and Brunner as co-assistants. Harry has been looking over the town for the biggest and best ball room. Orchestras have also been given the once over. Harry says there isn't an orchestra in town good enough for us—this is to be kept under the proverbial hat—he might import one from New York.

We are expecting to make this the big event of the year, and we trust the other classes will join us in making it so.

We wish to thank the freshman class for the dance at which they entertained the school. We all enjoyed a lovely evening, and we think the freshmen certainly made their dance a notable affair which will be long remembered by the whole college.

Dr. Blawis has been progressing splendidly with the year book, and we do not doubt it will be a marvelous success. She has some plans which she will not communicate to anyone; and we can be sure "Betty's" surprises are worth while. We are all anxiously awaiting the unfolding of these secrets, and hope the whole school will join us in anticipating the best book the school has yet put out. Betty has helping her McDaniels, Business Manager; Gross, Associate Editor; Kallmeyer, Circulation Editor; Thornbury, Art Editor; Manley, Sports Editor; Menninger, Advertising Editor; Smith, Photograph Editor. Any member of this committee will be glad to receive any informal snapshots or jokes of interest to the student body. With this team working with Betty, we can expect nothing less than the best.

CLASS NEWS

Mussolini has traveled over here to the United States to take up Osteopathy. He thinks it may help him if he accidently should be actually shot one of these days. Osteopathy does do wonders you know. One thing we can remark about him is that he has a very unusually inquisitive turn of mind, and is continually asking questions.

In case you do not know it, Mac is our shining light in Dr. Smith's class—as well as in Dr. Mary Patton Hitner's class, and to make a long story short, our shining light went out one night before Dr. Smith's class—and how!

Our mascot is with us in the form of a little boy in short knickers and lumber jacket. The only thing that spoils it is a mustache and a little hair.

New athletic meet taking place during classes! Who can chew gum the longest and loudest? We think Mac wins. Frank runs a good second.

If at any time our professors find the class pre-occupied they can attribute it to the fact that every one is planning what to buy the family, etcetera, especially et cetera, for Christmas.

We have added a member to our class apparently. However his name does not appear on the roll and he strangely disappears during class. It is rumored we can attribute his presence with us to his interest in a variety of trees commonly known as Pines.

The Kandy-Kid, Marion, seems to be more interested in a certain member of our class than in her confectionaries. This does not detract from the popularity of the Kandy-Shop, however.

Dr. Drew told us that he once met a woman who knew what she wanted—very unusual for a woman.

Why is it we never think of Osteopathic treatment as a cure for anything until the last moment?

The following 29's are bringing glory to the college in athletic endeavor: B. Thomas, "Speed" McKevitt, "Cy" Corwin, Norm Loughton, L. Robertson and Jack Gauer in basket ball. Marion Ortleib and "Milly" Pine amongst the girls are representing the class on the wooden way. Bill Menninge is manager of Varsity Base Ball.

All in all we are settled down by now, and are enjoying our college life in that little room over in 1818. With Frank Dobbins at the piano, "Dot and Ruth", Marion and Milly on the dance floor and Charley Norfleet rendering a vocal selection now and then, we certainly do have a good time. Especially when a prof doesn't show up for a class once in a while.

Prominent among Juniors:

Springy and Marion.
McKevitt and the old briar.
Flexion and Extension.
Rotation and Sidebending.
Lally and the ten-after-the-hour bell.
Frank and the piano.

The next issue is the Junior issue and don't forget it.

When jolly good fellows and jolly good girls get together, a jolly good time is had by all.
DEAR READER:

It has long been the desire of the AXONE to lead amongst other college publications. In our effort to do so, we find it necessary to create a greater interest in the magazine.

To create this interest we also find it a necessity to introduce new and interesting novelties. This section is one of many we have planned for your approval.

In this section we are pleased to introduce to you some of the leading figures of our college and hospital life.

We thank you,

THE AXONE.
DEAN EDGAR O. HOLDEN, A.B., D.O.

We acknowledge and revere him as a sympathetic leader with inspiring visions; as one who tempers justice with mercy in the administration of duty, yet unflinchingly upholds the standards he is entrusted to represent; an untiring worker with ambitions not for himself but for the College and Osteopathy.
Do You Know?

PETER H. BREARLEY, D.O.
President of Phila. County Osteopathic Assn.
Prominent Figures
in
Our Corridors

M. Francois D'Eliscu, B.Sc., D.P.E.

Athletic Director

Russell Erb, B.S.

Associate Editor "The Osteopathic Digest"
Alumni Heads

J. Ernst Leuzinger, D.O.
Secretary of P. C. O. Alumni
1928-1928

Paul T. Lloyd, D.O.
Treasurer of P. C. O. Alumni
1927-1928
Seniors

Juniors

Sophs

Frosh

Edward A. Green, A.B., D.O.
College Registrar

Foster C. True, D.O.
In charge of our clinic
Fraternities and Sororities

ATLAS CLUB

The Styloid Chapter of the Atlas Club have pledged twelve members of the Freshman class. The rushing season ended in a one hundred per cent victory as every bid extended was accepted. We welcome pledges Snow, Wilson, Smith, Reichelmann, Davis, Bicker, Rickard, Flack, Adams, Bradford, Schaeffer and Baldwin to the role of the fraternity.

At the first meeting after the rush season, Dr. Dufur presented the fraternity with an exclusive showing of motion pictures taken at the Atlas Rush Banquet. The pictures were very interesting and quite amusing as some of the boys do not "take" so well.

Dr. Rothmeyer demonstrated some interesting foot technic at one meeting.

Dr. Flack gave an interesting address to the Chapter December 8th that was very instructive as are all of Dr. Flack's talks.

We wish to thank the above Faculty members for their words.

New officers for the ensuing year were elected at the first meeting in November.

IOTA TAU SIGMA

Since the last writing Delta Chapter's numbers have increased. We had the privilege of pledging seventeen new men. Every man seems to have the spirit and we have had many good times together.

Dr. E. G. Drew has been with us on many occasions. A few weeks ago he gave us the first of a series of lectures to be continued throughout the winter. The lecture was very instructive and helpful and Delta Chapter is looking forward to the next lecture.

Dr. Donald K. Acton, a brother who graduated two years ago, is at the present time in our hospital, having had an appendectomy performed. Brother Talmadge is taking care of his practice.

LAMBDA OMICRON GAMMA

After a successful week of rushing, Lambda Omicron Gamma announces the following pledges: the product of the rushing season: Drs. Rudnick and Baker, of the Senior Class, and Otto Desotnik, Pecow and Goldner, of the Freshman Class.

Bro. Drs. Apatoff and Melnicoff, recently announced the opening of their offices in this city.

Bro. Dr. Kohn gave a brief talk on his experiences as interne in the hospital, after one of our recent meetings. Bro. Kohn urged the boys to enter into competition for internship and there is no doubt in our mind but what Dr. Kohn's talk has created an interest.

We are anxiously awaiting the advent of the Interfraternity Ball on the 16th of December. Many of us have pledged to attend this final social event of the year.

PHI SIGMA GAMMA

With the din of rushing season past Zeta Chapter finds itself with fifteen pledges. The new men now pledged and consisting mostly of Freshmen are Randolph, Weisbecker, Rohr, Cathie, Peters, Berg, Berger, Bowden, Bartholomew, Sikorski, Stratford, Jamison and Kell, all of the Class of 1931, and Lally and Price, of the Class of 1929.

The chapter is very thankful for a generous donation of furniture recently acquired through the courtesy of Harry Hessdorfer.

We are looking forward to the completion of initiation ceremonies before the Christmas vacation.

The chapter wishes the student body and faculty a merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

THETA PSI FRATERNITY

Theta Psi takes pleasure in announcing the pledging of Mr. Lovelidge, of the Freshman Class.

During the past months we have been visited by several of the field members. Brother Friedland, of Pitman, N. J., gave us several interesting incidences occurring in his practice. Brother Peters writes that he is enjoying his work in Boston. We are all looking forward to the Ball, and have assured the committee of our backing.

Theta Psi bids a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the student body.
On the evening of November 21st, the following Freshman girls received the First Degree of induction into the mysteries of this organization: Misses Avery, Chapman, Keitsch, Kratz, Massy and Pobiers. Also Miss Norma Minnerly, of the Class of '29.

The Kappa Psi Delta Sorority will entertain the Faculty, Field Members and Student Body at an "open meeting," on Friday evening, December 9th. Dr. Flack will be the speaker of the evening, choosing as his subject "Ethics in the Profession." Following the lecture there will be a dance. The School Orchestra will furnish the music. Refreshments will be served.

"Please walk this way, madam," said the bow-legged floor-walker as he showed the lady to the ladies' underwear department.

WHY OSTEOPATHS DIE YOUNG

(Continued from page 10)

"No—that's a button."
"Oh!"

(More silence—then suddenly—)
"Here—where are you putting your hands, young man!! Be careful what you do!"
"Pardon me ma'am. I just washed my hands and I can't do a thing with them."
"Now you be careful." (Silence again.)
Next: "Take a deep breath please. Now let it out—take another—let it out—etc."
"Say! do you know what you want?"

(Conversation ceases while treating tables squeaks suspiciously).
Then suddenly: "Oh Doctor! Pardon me! I didn't mean to do that."
"Oh—that's all right. Things like that are apt to slip. Don't allow yourself to be embarrassed."

"It's real embarrassing when it happens in church."
"Yes, I suppose it is. Now supposing you lie on your right side."
"Yes—supposing I do—then what?"

(Table groans while patient moves.)
"Now relax—relax—don't tighten up like that—there—ugh!"
"Ow!!! What'n'ell did you do?"
"We got that legion—lesion—alright."
"My goodness, I hope you don't find any more legions like that—I meant lesions. I forget so easily, but I'll remember that from now on—lesions."
"Do you ever get any pains there?"
"Here now! you know my heart is alright. You just give me a treatment."

(Silence for a long while.)
"Doctor! your sense of touch must be very acute to pick out all those legions."

(Proudly) "Lesions—yes—well we practice so much and on so many different people that it is second nature, almost."
"I think you're wonderful."

(Silence again.)
"How are your bowels, Mrs. Blank?"
"Fine! how are yours?"
"Do you have regular movements?"
"Oh, yes! Yes indeed!—But of course I always have to take something. My medical doctor gave me pills to take—one three times a day. But that's impossible. They're so small you know. So I just take some salts every night."
"Salts aren't physiologic."
"No—they're quite reasonable."

(After that comes silence again. Now we know why they have summer schools for kids.)
"Say doctor—you know I think I have high blood pressure. I read about it on a medicine bottle and I have all the symptoms—headaches, spots before the eyes, sleeplessness. I don't have vertigo but I get awful dizzy at times. Do you think I have a pressure?"
"Naw! your pressure is alright."
"Nevertheless I still think I have it."

(The treatment goes on.)
"Maybe my legion is causing my high blood pressure—eh?"
"Yes, it might be causing it but you haven't a high pressure."

(Mumbles from the patient.)
"I think I'll have to change my kimono next time. This one needs washing I think. Still it should be washed in four years—do you think so doctor?"
"No—not so very dirty. But of course it may be a good thing to wash it now and then."

(Pause.)
"Look at all the pimples on my arm. What's that doctor?"
"H-m—looks like Urticaria."
"I bet that's serious. You don't suppose it comes from that legion do you?"

And so it goes, ad infinitum (which means for a heluva while). The poor doctor must humor his patients who are given to new whims every five minutes. Experience tells us that the best thing for such people is to shoot them at the first five minutes of treatment. It relieves both the patient of questions and the doctor of answers.

Moral: Don't be an Information Bureau; be an Osteopath.
BASKETBALL

The basketball team, after practising three times per week for the last four or five weeks, seems in all probability to have the best team that the college has had in years. In looking over the prospects of a successful season we have back with us three regulars who have upheld P. C. O. basketball reputation for the last three years plus a wealth of substitutes, amongst the outstanding of these are Thomas, Von Lohr and Jennings.

Our captain this year, Reid Laughton, is a steady player at all times. He is a very hard worker and a fine shot when near the basket. Reid is a man who is able to make his way through any defense, therefore valuable as a guard. He is one of the best guards P. C. O. has ever had.

Sullivan is another three-letter man and he plays center. He fits in the center position wonderfully, and plays a fine game at all times. "Sully," as he is called, is a good jumper, follows the game at all times, and cool no matter what is going on; these are the qualities which make "Sully" one of the best centers we have ever had.

Bradford, the last of the three-letter men, plays forward. The records show that "Brad" is high scorer of the trio, in fact high scorer of the "26" team. Brad has come through in style from past records. He is fast, cool, heady and a willingness to try are the things that make Brad a real basketball player.

"Reds" Ellis, a freshman, will no doubt win the other forward position. While playing for West Phila. High School he was voted by sports writers a place on the all Phila. High School Basketball team. Good luck, Reds.

The other guard position on the team seems to be in doubt. Parker, a Sophomore, a star at Rutgers Prep., for four years, would easily clinch the position but a bad ankle has kept him off of the courts the last few weeks. It is now a fight between Von Lohr, Thomas and Jennings, the former having the edge over the other two.

Great credit must be handed Coach Secor for the efficient manner in which he is handling the varsity, also to John Devine, the manager, who has been elected the second successive year to manage the team. He has one of the best schedules P. C. O. has ever had on the court. If everything works out to perfection the team will go away on an extensive trip during the Christmas vacation and play the Osteopathic colleges of Chicago, Kirkville and Des Moines.

The varsity opened the 1927-28 season with a 39 to 14 victory over the South Jersey Law School on Saturday evening, December 3rd. The game was played on the latter's court at the Camden Y. M. C. A.

At the start of the game it looked like a close one but the experience of our boys brought them through the first half when we led 19 to 9. Coach Secor tried different combinations so as to get the best working team. This was in evidence during the second half, when our boys started to play real basketball. The future lawyers saw, but did not feel the ball very often during this half as our boys played such a good defense as well as offense.

Before the game a rumor spread throughout P. C. O. opponents that "Reds" Ellis could not be shut out from the floor. They thought they would shut him out for the evening but he only made eight baskets and six fouls for a total of 22 points. Ellis and Sullivan proved to be the stars of our team. The former had 22 points while "Sully" "26" captain, had 12 points.

The starting line-up was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Forward</th>
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<tr>
<td>Ellis</td>
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<td>Warner</td>
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<td>Sullivan</td>
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<td>Von Lohr</td>
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<td>N. Laughton</td>
<td>Guard</td>
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Substitutes:

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<tr>
<td>R. Laughton</td>
<td>Thomas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gauer</td>
<td>Culbert</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
FRESHMAN BASKETBALL

The Freshman basketball team is rapidly progressing, thanks to the very few who are taking time from studies and work to uphold the name of the Class of '31.

The team as a whole shapes up well, the passing being fast and accurate and the defense fairly strong at this time of writing. But one thing is lacking and that is a tall center, although Bradford, now the only man in this position, is a sterling floor man and a dead shot. The other Beaver College, Jenkintown, will open the coming season with a game with Nash, Helen players are working, speaks well for the best squad as a whole is in good condition and this, coupled with the eagerness with which the material in the coming games. One coincidence appears—Kell and Dannin have been pairing up as a hard working pair of forwards, with Stratford at the guard and Pecow, former Newport, R. I. star, holding the back guard position in fine style. Otto, former Oakland, N. J. star, is fast rounding into shape after a long lay-off and is giving the others a tussle for a guard position. The coaches, McHenry and Secor, are now working on finer points with the boys which will help materially in the coming games. One coincidence appears—Kell and Stratford both having played with Lewisburg, Pa. High School, and Pecow and Dannin, coming from the Rogers High School team, New England champions in 1925. The team as a whole is in good condition and this, coupled with the eagerness with which the players are working, speaks well for the best Freshman team ever put out in the history of P. C. O.

GIRLS BASKETBALL

On December 13th the Girls Basketball team will open the coming season with a game with Beaver College, Jenkintown, Pa.

The prospects for this year are good, owing to the fact that we still have the following valuable members in school: Y. Minch, captain; M. Ortlieb, H. Peterson, Virginia Norment, "Pud" Pobiers, J. Price and L. Barton. The Freshman class has a number of basketball enthusiasts among them are—Bee Kratz, Karleen Nash, Helen Pobiers and Corrine Knibbs.

Much appreciation is extended to Secor, the most popular sophomore in athletics, from the manager and the team, for the coaching so far this season. It is hoped that both he and Dr. John L. (Pud) McHenry will be able to be with us permanently. The manager of Girls' Basketball urges everyone who is in need of exercise to come out and play on Wednesday afternoons. The more the merrier is the old saying and holds true in this case. Those people who are especially interested in getting letters this year, if they are faithful in their practice will be given a chance to go on the floor, in order to play the required number of games.

After several years' anticipation we now have the suits. They are in keeping with the colors of the school—maroon and gray. We now feel that we will make a good showing this season and hope that our dazzling appearance will contribute to our success in the games.

We have the following games scheduled:

- December 13 - Beaver College.
- January 10 - Glassboro Normal.
- February 9 - Beaver College.
- February 16 - Darlington Seminary.

We also have a chance to play neighboring teams in practice games—St. Boniface College, etc.

A. A. NEWS

Since our last writing Dr. D'Eliscu has departed for the Orient, and this has been a hard blow to the athletic outlook for the year. In the past Dr. D'Eliscu has shouldered more than his share of responsibilities and we are learning to appreciate more and more just what he meant to P. C. O.

It is up to the student body, as a whole and individually, to start where Dr. D'Eliscu left off. If we all do just a little more than we ever have done, all boost a little and forget to knock—perhaps we can still have our premier year in athletics.

A good way to start boosting is to get behind the basketball team. Let them know that you want them to win. Every game within or near the city should be attended by the entire body of students. We wish it were possible to have Dr. Green call the roll at all our games.

Prospects for the basketball team are great. Secor knows the game and knows how to handle men. By the time the season opens our team will rate on a par with the best in the city and will be worthy of your backing. So go to the games and show your interest by your presence.

The varsity basketball squad has played two practice games, one with Cooper High School faculty and the other with South Jersey Law School. We easily won both games.

The third annual Cross Country Run is past history. About 100 entries participated and it was a great race. The Meadowbrook team, J. C. Orrey and J. K. Mullen, showed great form in winning their events.
The competent assistance rendered by Neo Senior
lockers. Dr. E. A. Johnson, Dr. way they handled the various teams in our utmost importance in running a meet of this type.
Society was brought into noticeable view by the a well marked and guided course, which is of our checkers who were all the services of their cars and Herb's Ford to placeSecor, whose efficient efforts certainly did assuremented the college upon their run for as they expressed it, “We are always treated with the best type of Hospitality at P. C. O., and we enjoy your run more each time that we come here.” The management wishes to express its appreciation to our Captain, Reid Laughton and Ralph Secor, whose efficient efforts certainly did assure a well marked and guided course, which is of utmost importance in running a meet of this type. The competent assistance rendered by Neo Senior Society was brought into noticeable view by the way they handled the various teams in our locker rooms. Dr. E. A. Johnson, Dr. Orin Copp and Dr. H. C. Ulrich voluntarily offered the services of their cars and Herb's Ford to place our checkers who were all P. C. O. men, that offered their services. The management again wishes to express his appreciation of the services of all these fellows for he realizes that it is this type of co-operation that is necessary to succeed in any of the functions of our college. Dr. F. A. Lang, who incidentally is an ex-cross-country star of no small repute, and who is now a track coach, was on hand to see that all was well. Also through the efforts of Captain La Cune, of 20th and Buttonwood, we had ample and efficient police protection at all the cross streets.

Our Athletic Director, Dr. D'Eliscu, left in a worried state of mind over this meet for Japan, but when he finds that the whole school worked so nicely in our annual run, I am sure he will realize that his "pep" still exists in this college.

That an extensive track schedule is intended for our boys this year is to be noted and Dr. F. Harter, this year's track manager, wants each and every fellow to get into condition for the indoor meets and our ultimatum for this season, a "first at the Penn Relays."

**TENNIS**

Several members of the squad have been working out on the Penn A. C. indoor court. Our first indoor match is to be held on January 16, 1928, at the Penn A. C. The match will consist of two doubles and two singles encounters. An indoor tennis schedule is of great aid in keeping in trim for the outdoor season, and we are very fortunate to have the privilege of playing at the Penn A. C.

The spring schedule as it stands now is as follows:

- April 9—Haverford at Haverford.
- April 13—Fordham University at Phila.
- April 16—Haverford Jr. Varsity at Haverford.
- April 18—P. M. C. at Chester.
- April 19—Drexel at Phila.
- April 25—Ursinus at Collegeville.
- May 11—Juniata at Phila.

The probable line-up January 16th will be as follows:

- First singles—Ed. Barnes.
- Second singles—Dick Davies.
- First doubles—Barnes and Davies.
- Second doubles—Daiher and Bowby or Von Lohr.

It is good psychology to put the Seniors and Freshmen in one and the same building. Both classes are just beginning to realize how dumb they are.

Mose: "How cum yo' are writin' dat lettah to de United States Gov'ment?"

Sam: "Ah was shot in de War and ah wants mah Gov'ment competition."
It is considered good etiquette to start off a Humor column with a Scotch pun, so here goes:

A Scotchman wouldn't send his little son to school because the teacher made him pay attention!

Bobs: "What made you oversleep this morning?"
Alibi Ike: "There were eight in the house and the alarm was only set for seven."

"What's the matter? You look all knocked to pieces."
"An Osteopath owed me forty dollars and I let him take it out in trade—Ow."

"How did the burglars get into the undertaker's office?"
"They used a skeleton key."

"What's the matter, Izzy?"
Izzy: "Oh! Oh! This high cost of living. I get constantly bills for materials, paint and shingling."
Joe: "Building a house?"
Izzy: "Oh! No!—daughters."

History Prof.: "What caused the Era of Good Feeling?"
Student: "Doane's Liver Pills."

Shades of Dr. Still!! "Etiology" is diagnosis by use of the eye—ask Peters, he knows. Brilliance runs in the Peters' family but it ran right by this representative.

Phi Sig Pledgee: "Hey Hughes, where's the shower bath at?"
"Runt" Hughes: "Darn it, I've only been here a month."

Mrs. Swell: "Linda, be sure to put plenty of nut meats in the cake."
Linda: "No mo' nut crackin' for me, missus; I'se don' near broke ma jaw."

Caller (to little daughter of the house): "I'll give you a nickel for a kiss!"
Bright Kid: "No, thanks. I can make more by taking castor oil."

"Mother, mother turn the hose on me," said Johnny as his mother put his stocking on wrong side out.

Colored Parson (in pulpit): "And furthermooah, dey's gonna be ah wailin' and ah gnashing ob teeth on de last day."
Mandy (in pew): "Lord, Gawd! Ah ain't got no teeth!"
Parson (with finality): "Teeth will be furnished."

Sick One: "This tonic ain't no good."
Well One: "Why?"
Sick One: "All the directions it gives are for adults and I never had 'em."
One of these pretty, modern, young school teachers of low inches was writing a lesson on the blackboard. She had to stand tip-toe and stretch every inch to reach the top of the board. A snicker from the class interrupted her and turning quickly she caught Jim Clark giggling.

"James, why are you laughing?"

"Oh teacher—I could see almost 2 inches above your knee."

"You may go home for the rest of the day James—you're a bad boy."

She resumed her writing only to be interrupted again. This time Bill Daiber was the chief offender.

"William, why are you laughing?"

"When you reached up Miss Scot, I could see about four inches of your leg above the knee."

"You may go home for the rest of the day William, and don't come in until you have a two thousand word essay on "Etiquette."

Whereupon she turned around once more. After writing a few words she dropped the eraser and stooped to pick it up. Immediately there was a commotion in the class. Turning around she saw Morton Engel running up the aisle saying, "Oi teacher—I guess I'm expelled."

"Hey, room mate, where are my golf socks?"

"Golf socks?"

"Yeh—those with eighteen holes."

"Hey, you lousy frosh!" cried the great big Atlas man. "Shut that door, where were you brought up, in a barn?" Silently the frosh closed the door, then ran to the bed, threw himself down and in great sobs shook the bed. The Senior noticed his crying and his hard heart was at once softened. To make amends his said, "Aw, forget it, kid. I was only fooling. I didn't mean to say you were brought up in a barn."

"Wh-why that's just it," said the frosh. "I was raised on a farm and every time I hear a hog snort, I get homesick."

"I'm in Swift Company" cried the new meat packing house employee. "Wh-wh-where do ye-ye-you g-g-get off at?"

"De-De-Detroit."

"Wh-wh-what's t-t-taking ye-ye-you th-th-th there?"

"I-I-I want to see Professor S.S. Smith to see if he can hel-hel-help my stuttering."

"Y-y-you w-will find he is a d-d-darned gu-gu-good m-man, it w-was h-h-him that q-q-cured m-me."

The crowd pushed and surged around the entrance to the morgue. A new body, as yet unidentified, had been brought in. A man elbowed his way through the crowd, spoke a few words to the caretaker and was admitted. A few minutes later he reappeared.

"Was he your brother?" asked the caretaker.

"Yes."

"Well, how can you identify him?"

Wiping off a tear the man chokingly replied: "He was deaf in one ear."

Several centuries ago they had jokes marked on stone that read something like this:

Ten lions and ten martyrs.

Ten lions and five martyrs.

Ten lions.

"It ain't going to reign no more," said the executionist squad as they faced the Mex. president.

I asked her for a date
And she said no.
She said she was staying
At Helen's house all night.
Now that's mighty
Funny,
For I kept a date
With Helen
That night!

Have you ever heard the napkin ring?
A Tonsilectomy may be defined as an easy way to earn twenty-five bucks.

"Holy smoke!" bellowed the minister as his church burned.

"Gee, I'm facing death every day in this wicked city," said the Soph. dissector.

"As we go to press," said the Editor, ironing his trousers.

Guinea pigs may come, And guinea pigs may go; But Oh! Those rabbits!!!

"London is the foggiest city in the world." "I've been to a place foggier than London." "Where was that?" "It was so foggy I didn't know where it was."

Now that the Thanksgiving holidays are over the National Druggists Association reports a big increase in the sale of Cascarets. As the Daily News would say—Why?

A traveling salesman received the following wire from his wife: "Twins arrived tonight. More by mail."

He mixed his peas with honey, He did it all his life; 'Twas not because he liked the taste, But it held them on his knife.

The very cute little chap on the cover of the Frosh number of the Axone was probably premature and not a little cross-eyed. At least the stump of the umbilical cord was very noticeable.

Do we want a five-year course at P. C. O.? Not unless a "pension fund" is instituted.

Mr. Erb wants to know if the blind students studying music sit on Braille sheets?

Mother: "Billy, why don't you like your new little sister?"
Billy: "Aw! she's all wet."

"There's a motion before the house." said a man in the bald head row as the actress shimmied.

Oh Doctor! "As normal a pregnancy as you or I could have—"—Doctor Evan's Obs. Lecture.

Teacher: "Give me a sentence using the word avaunt." Sammy: "Avaunt what avaunt ven avaunt it."

Oph: "Gertrude Ederle is suing her business manager."
Poh: "Ah, I see, a swimming suit."
“What are you blushing about, little girl?”
“I was born over a fire house.”

Since the last issue of the Axone we have noticed a decided change in some of our clinic patients as to dress. None of them want to be known as “Anatomotion Ann.” It pays to advertise!

Mac: “Hoot, ar' ye’ the mon what saved me wee laddie frum drown ding?”
Bum: “I am that, sor.”
Mac: “Weel, where's his hat?”

Mrs.: “So Marjory is dead! Gone to join the great majority!”
Mr.: “No—I guess she was a good woman.”

Hi: “Why is the post office all decorated today?”
Si: “Seth Jones' boy graduates from the correspondence school today.”

Real Estate Agent: “Well, now, what do you think of our little city?”
Prospect: “I'll tell you, brother, this is the first cemetery I ever saw with lights.”

THE
EDITORS
AND
MANAGEMENT
OF
THE
Axone
WISH
YOU
A
Merry
Christmas
AND
A
Happy
New Year
Who'd ever think a big concern,
Which is so cussed could ever earn,
7% on stock.
Well P.R.T.

What do you say when day is done,
And then must wait in boiling sun (daylight time),
God bless * * . $ P.R.T.

And who can ever count the jars
That are handed out in Mitten cars,
You bet I know—not P.R.T.

And now we're jammed into a bus,
We block the street and raise a fuss,
Who'd ever think of such a thing?
Why P.R.T.

And so we call a Yellow Cab,
'Tis but another Mitten stab,
They charge us once, they charge us twice;
Who? P.R.T.

When everything is runnin' right,
And the whole day is one delight,
Oh, heaven, who can bungle the whole damn thing,
'Nobo dy but our P.R.T.

KUJER.

ODE TO OUR NEWLYWEDS
To miss a kiss
Is more amiss
Than it would be
To kiss a miss
Provided that
The kiss you miss
The miss herself
Would never miss
But if you try
To kiss a miss
With whom a kiss
Would be amiss
You'd better always
Miss the kiss
And
Kiss the Mrs.
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