

Dear Weenie:

How can I become President of Student Council?

Signed—Artie Sohn.

Dear Artie:

Shoot everyone else in school.

My dear Weenie:

I am a blonde and considered good looking. Here is my trouble. I go out with a boy who says he loves me dearly, but every time he sees another girl he flirts with her. Do you think such a man can be honest with me?

Signed—Din Morris.

Darling:

Men are cruel. Be the whole show or nothing; don't be the prologue. Better divorce him.

Weenie.

Dear Weenie:

The best sorority in the world is Delta Delta Delta. The moon is brightest at Harvest time. Do you think I am falling in love?

Signed—Swede Hanson.

Poor Swede:

The best thing for "snakes" is black coffee and regular hours.

Weenie.

Dear Weenie:

Is there anything else I can do to be different?

Signed—Mary Belle Shriner.

Dear Mary Belle:

You can't be any different; you were born that way.

Weenie.

Miss Weenie:

I was always conscientious and God-fearing, but lately I am becoming discouraged. Do you think this is due the prominence of materialistic teaching in college?

Signed—Red Knobloch.

Red, my boy:

Take her out, feed her gin and make her confess.

Weenie.

Weenie, Old Pal:

Is there anything the Tri Delts can do to get some good girls next year?

Signed—B. G. Keller.

Dear Bige:

Say, Babe, every girl you ever got was all right 'til she went Tri Delt.

Weenie.

Dear Miss Weenie:

The girls I go out with all say they like me, but I never seem to get any farther. What do you suggest?

Signed—Bill Ammerman.

Why Bill:

Aren't you ashamed? Have you tried Listerine?

Weenie.

Dear Weenie:

Everyone tells me I am pretty, and I have plenty of dates, but the boys never make advances. Do you think I am too demure?

Signed—Mildred Eichert.

Mildred! Mildred!

It's thoughts like those that ruined the rest of the Kappas. Stick to your guns.

Weenie.

Dear Weenie:

I have been married a year, but my husband insists on keeping our wedding a secret. The situation is becoming embarrassing and I don't know what to do.

Signed—Dorothy Chambers.

Dear Dottie:

Men never like to acknowledge their mistakes. You can't change human nature.

Weenie.

Dear Weenie:

I was married last summer. Before our marriage my husband was as sweet and considerate as could be. Now he acts as if he doesn't care. What can I do to win back his worship?

Signed—Martha Davies.

Listen Martha:

A little child in the home lets in the sunshine of love.

Weenie.