Fashion is a cunning jade. While strong-minded females have in vain been bawling long and loud for woman's rights, and with tooth and nail doing their utmost to pull man down from his preeminence, Madame la Mode has quietly slipped, and almost unconsciously, into the prerogatives of the opposite sex. Pulling on the masculine boots, she strides *manfully* through our dirty streets "in spite of wind and weather," and now buttoning herself in a fashionable coat or jacket of the day, she elbows our Broadway dandies with the conscious air of one who would say, "I'm a better man than you."

Harper's Weekly, Jan. 17, 1857

Alas, Poor Del

The three of us were lapping 'em up at the Old Town Ale House and got on to the subject of burial, finding out that each had willed his carcass to a medical school. Paul Romaine, long-time book dealer and friend of Hemingway and Fitzgerald, has assigned his to Northwestern University. I, an unemployed printer, favored the University of Chicago, where I understand they are most interested in brains and skulls—far be it for me to deprive them of an exceptional specimen.

But we were upstaged dramatically by that funny, farcical, facetious Del Close, an original cast member of Second City and its present director. His body will wind up at the University of Iowa medical school. There is a strict proviso that whatever happens to the rest of him, his skull must be given to the drama department to be used as Yorick in the *Hamlet* graveyard scene. With due credit in the program.

Hank Oettinger
Chicago, Ill.

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