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MAY, 1931

PRICE 25 CENTS

The Wisconsin Octopus



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ARROW GORDON OXFORD SHIRT

ARROW
SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

Guaranteed for
PERMANENT
FIT!

\$2.50

NOW, for the first time, you can buy new, improved Oxfords—the leading shirt fabric in the leading colleges. Good-bye to old-fashioned shirts that shrank out-of-fit the moment they were laundered. Gordon Oxford shirts are Arrow tailored and Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk. That means just this: Gordon Oxfords are *Guaranteed for Permanent Fit or your money back!* Think of it; cool comfort, good looks and guaranteed fit in genuine college shirts instead of the old “Shrink, shrink, shrink.”

Gordon Oxfords come in plain white as well as in colors to suit your individual taste. The following models are most popular among college men:

PARK—with regular collar attached and band cuffs.

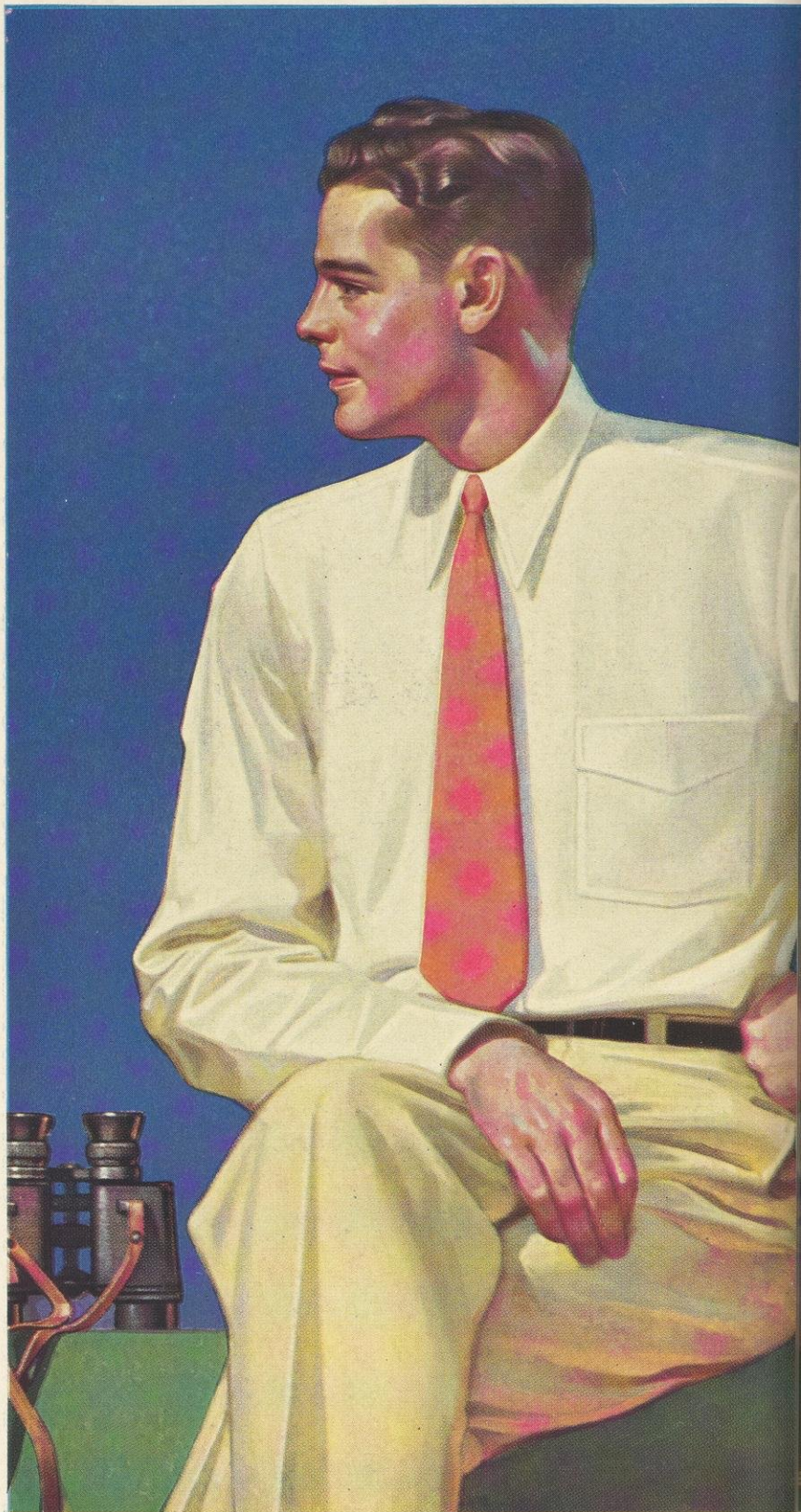
GORDON—with button-down collar attached and one-button lapel pocket. French cuffs.

GORDON R—with button-down collar attached and one-button lapel pocket. Regular band cuffs.

CAMPUS—Bandless shirt with 3¼-inch collar attached. Regular band cuffs.

“Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars”

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.



ARROW

Sanforized
Shrunk

SHIRT



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BIG BOW-EY!

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Maytime is Fun Time

In Maytime there's no end of things that one can do to break the tediousness of reviewing and of stuffy classrooms. Picnics, golf, canoeing, a dip in the lake, are all diversions that come with May days. The Co-op knows that you are going to be a participant in these activities, and knows that you are going to need equipment for them. To you this page is directed to tell you that the Co-op has any item for every sport, and as fairly priced as is possible.

For Water Sports

Bathing Suits
Beach Clogs
Bathing Caps
Beach Robes
Beach Equipment

For Golf

Clubs
Bags
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For Tennis

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Nets
Balls
Trousers
Sneakers

For Sportswear

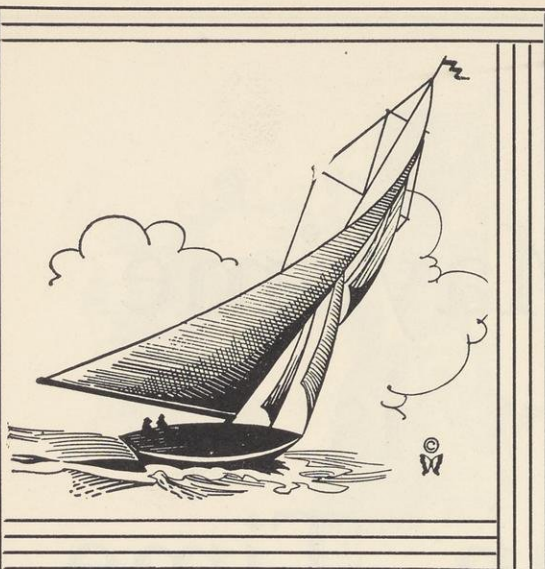
Sport Coats
Flannels
Sport Shoes
Sweaters
White Caps

Watch The Co-op Windows

THE CO-OP

The Student's Store

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

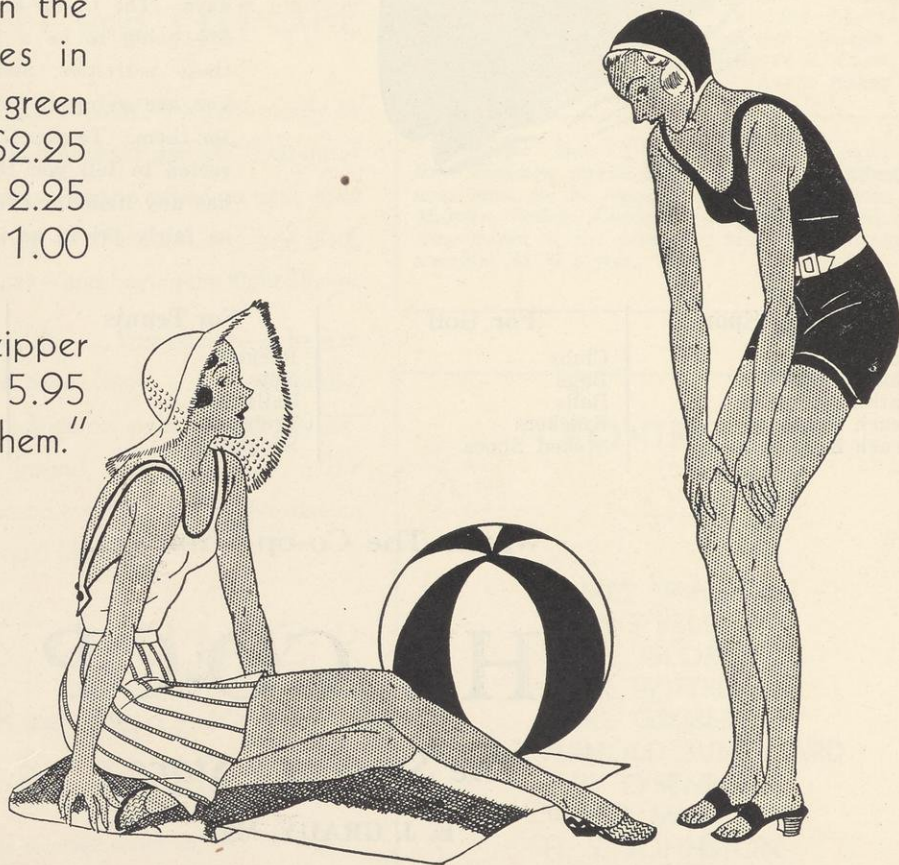


"Don't be foolish of course I bought it at **Simpson's in the Co-op**—and the suit hasn't any back."

"Have you seen the beach ensembles in gay orange or green
 Beach pajamas \$2.25
 Beach robes 2.25
 Beach hats 1.00

matching
 Overalls with zipper backs 5.95
 You can't resist them."

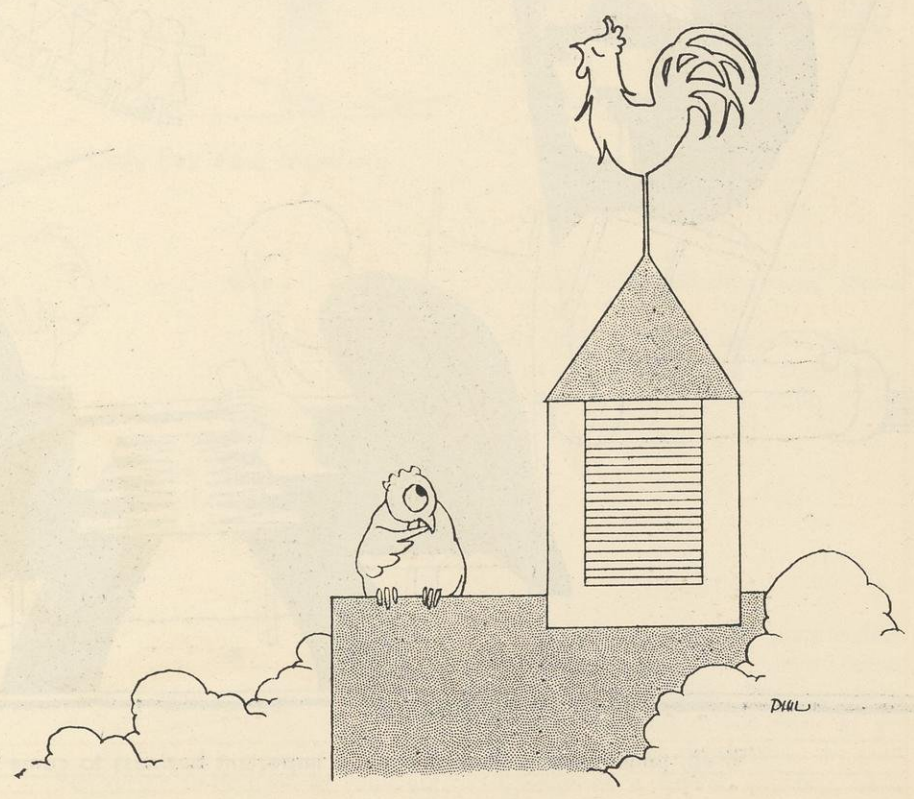
"I should say my suit does fit wet or dry . . . it's a **Spalding** and this year's colors are simply stunning
 Scarlet Farrell
 Orchid Canary
 Ocean Green
 Navy Black
 for \$5.50"



May » » »

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"Well, gentlemen, is there any more important business to come before the board?"

He was the college champion Tag player, but then he had a game leg.

It is indeed a marvelous age in which we're living. Just think of it—if da Vinci, Angelo, and Cellini were alive to-day all three of them would probably be Chicago gangsters.

He didn't snicker a bit when I sat down at the piano—maybe it was because he had three quarts of pre-war Scotch hidden in the darn thing.

Sorority Sister: Here comes the mailman!
Absent-minded Prof's Daughter: What other kinds of men are there?

Player (after fifteen yard penalty): Say what was I penalized for?
Referee: Flagrant use of the hands.
Player: Say, how kin youse smell 'em from way over there.

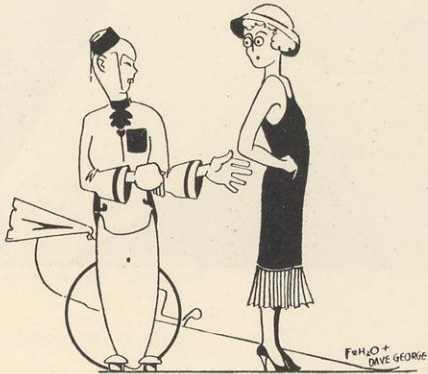
Upper: Did you go to the pantomine last night?
Lower: Yes, but my seats were lousy. I couldn't hear a word they said.

Forensic Embarrassment

"And now, Miss Klutz," said the debating teacher, "will you please show me the outlines of your rebuttal."

Famous Cases

Nominative -----
Hopeless -----
Effi-----cy.
Just got in from Wauk-----sha.
In-----of rain.
Suit-----
A ----- in the cellar.
-----ino.



Lady Pay Your Mandarin

Al Smith: You are now standing on the eighty-sixth floor of the Empire State building.
Lord Ailingsworth: Topping, my dear, positively topping!

You've got to be good to flunk out of the reform school.

They were some distance from shore when the boat filled with water and sank.

"Do you think you can swim to that buoy?" he asked.

"If I can't it will be the first buoy I haven't made," she said.

"Bring me those two insignificant looking persons," shouted the cannibal chief, "and let's have a small fry."

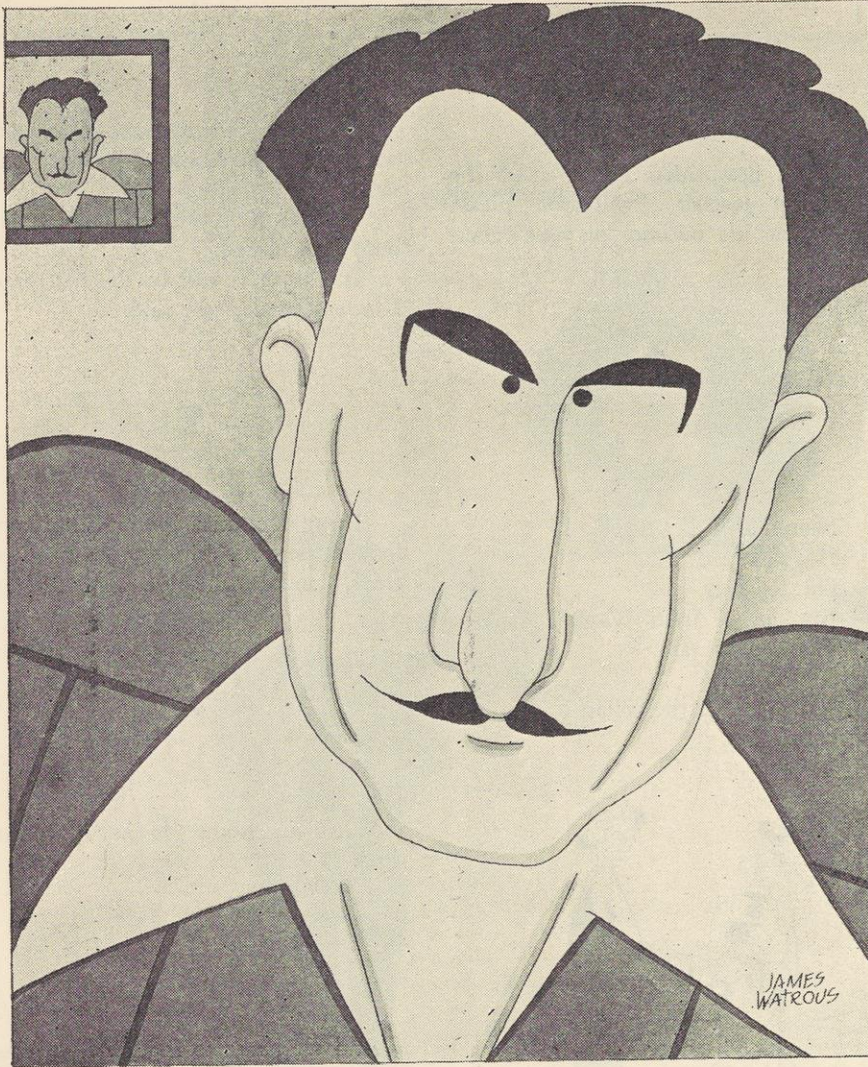
When in Rome do as Mussolini does.

And we pause to inquire if gypsies are called love people because they live intense?

"It must have been the moon," mused he
As triplets climbed upon his knee;
"The moon!" she cried in dire dismay,
"It was the whole damn Milky Way!"

Canoe?

If you want to get any place in life, they say, paddle your own canoe. Don't be a drifter. But on warm moonlight nights if you want to get any place with a date, forget the paddle and be a drifter, my boy, be a drifter.



frank zozzora

Through the mediums of the Daily Cardinal broadcast and Harry Wood's Music and Art section of the Deet, Mr. Frank Zozzora, demagogue of the Art School, has branded "Modernism" as being "ugly and insincere". This is taken by the editors as a direct blow to the very foundation upon which the policies of this magazine rest, that of giving to the student public the "latest" and "smartest" work found in art circles.

Mr. Zozzora offers his students spicy tidbits to the whine of Rudy Vallee on a portable. Perhaps the reason Mr. Zozzora accepts Rudy's modern tempos may be found in the fact that both artists are "Yale men".



"Is my father in there?"

A Fraternity Man Decides to Get a Summer Job

Wonders what kind of work he can do.
 Thinks he wants a vacation with pay.
 Decides to go to Europe.
 Decides to write to Steamship lines.
 Goes upstairs to type letters.
 Discovers brother is using typewriter and besides he discovers he can't find the addresses of any Steamship lines.
 Decides to stay at home for the summer and play around with Marge at home.
 Goes downstairs and sits in on a three hour poker game.

"Ah, yes, my dear, we had a perfectly delightful time at the picnic. The grass is so green and nice—of course it was a little wet from the rain the night before, but that didn't matter. The weather was ideal too—although I must say it was frightfully hot out there in the open—that is before the wind blew up. It was so serene and nice—except for a few mosquitoes, but who cares about them anyway? Yes, my dear, we had a perfectly delightful time at the picnic."

"Let us ferret out the facts of this case," said the famous detective.

"Why you damn weasel!" replied the murderer.

Spinster's Luck

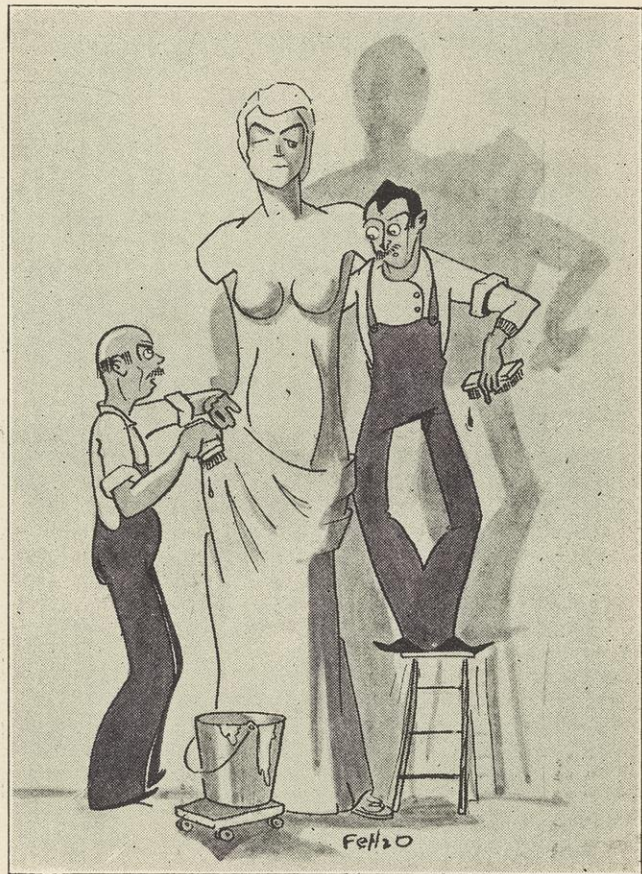
She looked beneath her bed each night,
 And prayed that she might find
 Some person lurking there beneath
 To prove that love is blind.

One time the neighbors heard her scream
 In mingled joy and fright,
 And then there came a terrible hush
 Which lasted through the night.

But in the morning it was learned
 What had occurred that night;
 The man had mixed his numbers up
 And then had died of fright.

If the past of now is then, and when then was present it was now, how old is a man of twenty-five years after his wife's birthday?

"Going down," said the elevator girl, and a stock broker fainted.



"Remember, Bill, yer a married man!"

Bitter Sweet . . .

By H. S.
Johnston

The great gaunt stage was bare to the drab back wall of dirtily white-washed brick. Its slender tentacles of rope lost themselves in the gloom of the flies, broken only by a small yellow bulb, far above, on the grid. The scene assumed that pathetic air common to theaters in the early morning

hours, before rehearsal is under way.

As usual, Barry was there before anyone else. He surveyed the gaping rows of empty seats, and visualized rows of gleaming shirt fronts, and white shoulders, sitting in them. The opening night—if there ever was one—would be the most momentous in his life, for Barry was the author, as *Variety* put it, "of that new and promising show, 'Sky High', now in rehearsal at the Odeon, opening sometime in November".

He sat at the little table where Mr. Bennett usually hunched himself over the manuscript, with a dead cigar stub in his mouth, bawling at the principals from time to time, and jotting

down notes for Archy, the electrician, and Joe, the carpenter, or answering Barry's timid questions about changes in the dialog.

"Sky High" was in that stage of production when cast and chorus are being integrated for the first time, and everyone is stark mad, except perhaps, the chorus girls, who are used to it, and having learned their dances, merely move here and there under the storm of orders and curses from the manager.

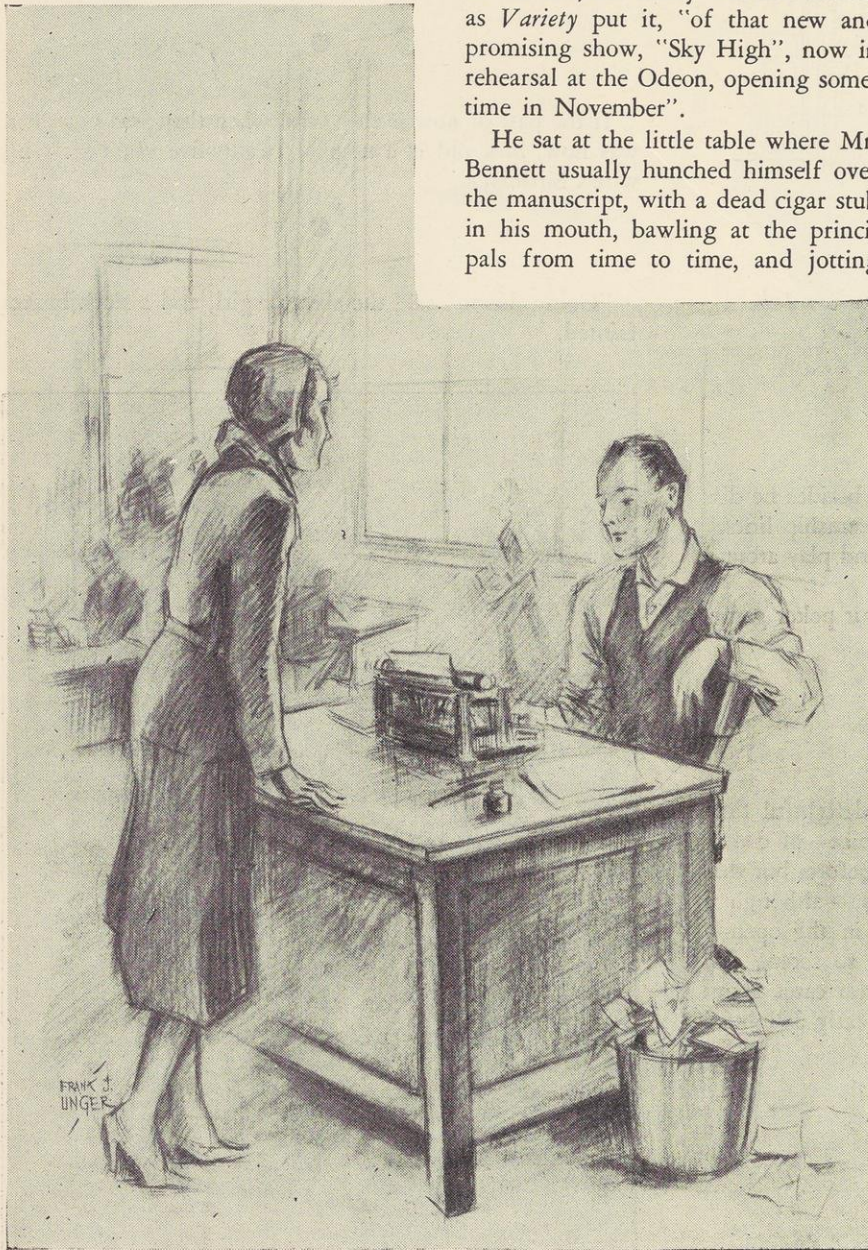
Barry smoked and waited. Presently Archy appeared and pulled the handle that protruded from the front of the shining switchboard, below the neat little enamel sign that said, "Foots", and the long row of red, blue and white eyes blinked into life. Barry stared at the pock marked floor of the stage, roughened by prop screws. If the show didn't go over, he'd be out of luck. He'd be broke, and then—there was Joan.

Girls like Joan didn't often enter the lives of young men such as Barry was. For Joan was a Mason, and lived on Park avenue, with a mother, who, at fifty, still kept a ghost of her youthful beauty; and a father who owned a seat on the stock exchange and could obtain good whiskey in prohibition days. The Masons were people.

Barry had met her one night at the Chez Pierre Club, where he had gone with Sherralton Bills, who worked on the same paper with Barry. That was before "Sky High" had been tapped on to the crisp sheets of white paper.

Sherry was good egg in spite of the Bills millions. That was why he chose to work for a living, and why Barry barged around with him now and then.

"How do you do?" Barry had murmured, while gazing into the depths of two of the blackest eyes he had ever seen. Joan's face wavered ever so slightly—Barry was a little tight—but he could make out the blonde hair and contrasting black eyebrows. He



"Barry! I know what the Matter is. You think I'm too high hat for you, don't you?"

wondered if they were dyed. He found out later that they weren't.

"You're Barry, eh? I'm going to like you." Joan was breezily informal.

They danced quite a few dances. Joan was good, and Barry had never received any complaints.

"Tell me about yourself," she had invited.

"Well, there isn't—", but she stopped him. "Oh, yes there is, lots. Tell me everything. Where did you come from? What do you do? What are your ambitions? Please!" It was a command.

"I write, I am someday going to turn out a successful play, and I come from Chillicothe, Ohio. But I'm not going back. I'm on the Trib with Sherry. Sometimes I think I'm a rather rotten newspaper man. I have dreams and hopes—they're too vague to tell much about though. You'll think I'm a nut."

"No, Barry, I think you're very nice." He liked the way she used his name so familiarly.

"Thank you, you're frank, at least."

"I believe in it. I can't stand people who aren't."

"Good. I'll tell you what I think of you. You have beautiful eyes, you are interesting, I want to see a lot of you."

"You can, Barry."

Her arm was around his shoulders. Everyone danced that way at the Chez Pierre. Even girls like Joan. It seemed to lie a little closer when she said he could. Perhaps he imagined it. He looked down at the mistiness of her hair and the ivory smooth round of her cheek.

All around the whirl of the night club was going on. The bitter-sweet sounds of the saxophones as they sobbed in grief, or crooned softly; the silent shuffle of feet on a waxed floor; the clink of glasses; and the rustle of conversation. Things didn't interest Barry. Joan did.

His heart sank when he realized who she was. He'd often seen headlines with her father's name in them, the man who made and unmade fortunes. What a break, for he sensed that he was going to love her, very much.

It was a week before he saw her again. And that was when she came

into the Trib office and demanded why he hadn't called her.

"I thought you'd be busy and I didn't want to bother you."

"Barry! I know what the matter is. You think I'm too high hat for you, don't you?"

"No, no—I—"

"That's it, you can't fool Joan a bit. Listen, I want to see you, please." Like a general giving orders to his aide-de-camp.

Barry gave up. She certainly was rushing things. But of course, he didn't mind, he was helpless.

After that Barry saw a great deal of Joan. He was asked to the Mason's very fashionable mansion, and had the good fortune to meet with Mrs. Mason's approval. Joan's father he rarely saw, and never talked to for more than two minutes at a time.

It was Joan, of course, who inspired

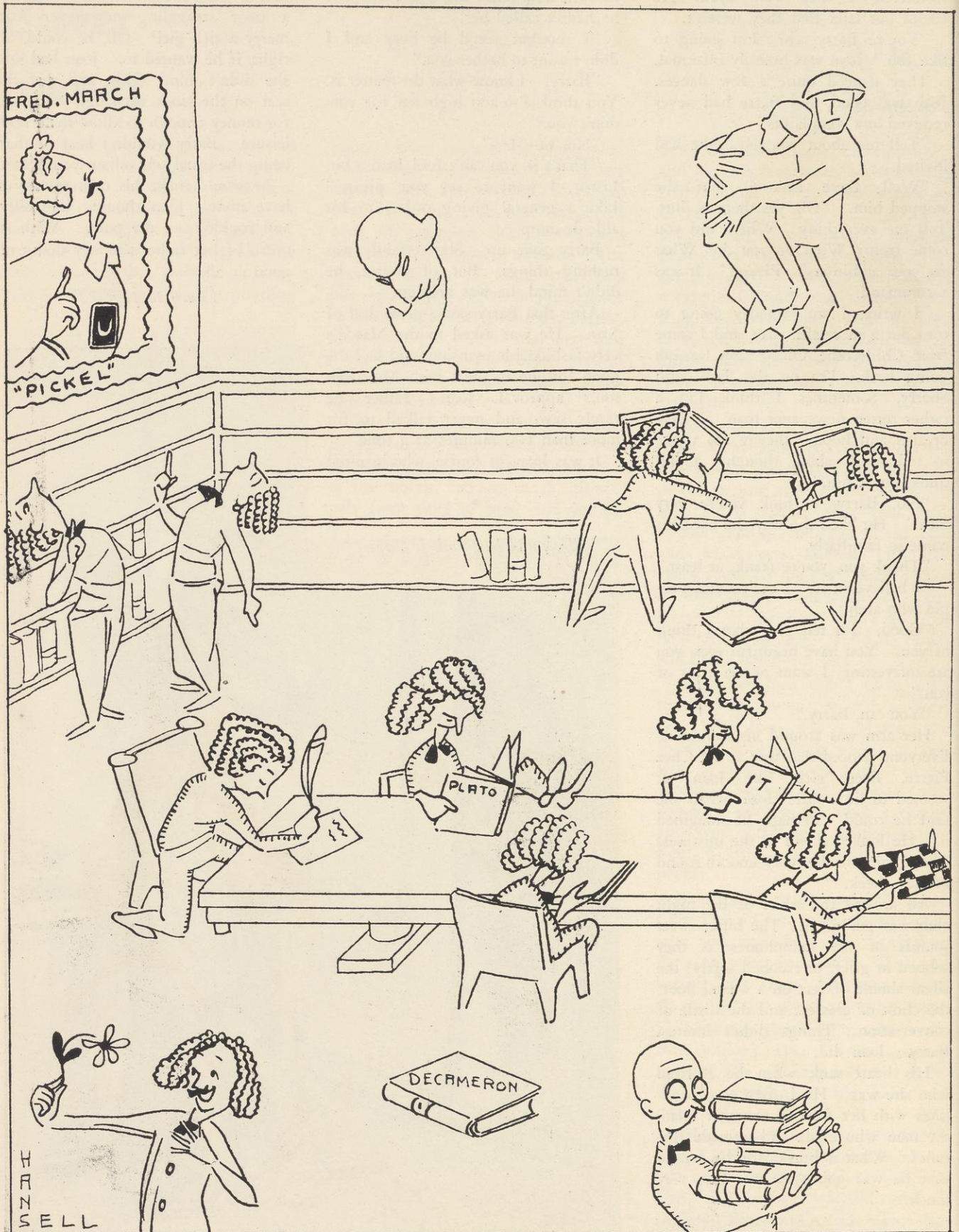
him to write the show. For how could a poor struggling newspaper man marry a rich girl? Oh, he could, all right, if he wanted to. Joan had said she didn't mind a bit, and that the seat on the stock exchange was good for money enough to allow them both leisure. Barry wouldn't hear of that, being the usual self reliant young man—he would make his own money or have none. Joan thought him silly, and couldn't see the point. With so much of her father's money doing no good at all.

(Turn to page 22)

Illustrated by Frank J. Unger



"I surrender, darling . . ."





"Isn't he fascinating? They say he hasn't taken a bath in ten years!"

Life of an Artist

- Night draws on.
- Artist draws model to studio.
- Model draws off clothes.
- Artist draws model.
- Model draws artist.
- Artist draws sign.
- Model draws conclusions.
- Artist draws model aside.
- Model draws line.
- Artist draws out check-book.
- Model draws pay.

Sophomore (proposing to a D. G.):
Please won't you marry me?
D. G.: What are your prospects?
Soph: Oh, about two 'Tri-Delts
and a Kappa if you refuse.

▲
Fraternity Life
at Wisconsin
ALPHA
DELTA
PHI
▼

Places worth visiting:—

- The last row of a movie theatre.
- That hidden little nook within driving distance of town.
- The upstairs rooms during any house party.
- Any rumble seat.

The old pioneer urge of "Go West, Young Man, Go West" won't be nearly as effective as formerly now that Clara Bow has a nervous breakdown.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but who trusts a bird in the hand?

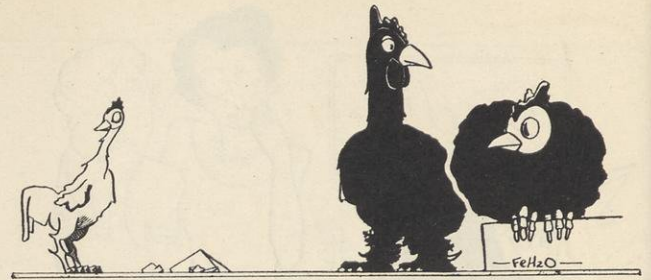
"See that man over there? He's a big key man from the house."
"Yeah?"
"Sure. The janitor."



"Say, are you going to stay in there all day?"

How to Cram For a Final

Go to the last lecture to find out what the course was about. A good prof always reviews the course on the last day. (If he isn't a good prof the exam won't be so tough anyway.) Look around for some lonesome girl in the class and ask her to a dance. Borrow her notes that same night. Read them through and then ask her what they mean. Listen carefully to what she has to say, but contradict her from time to time just to make her think you have a mind of your own. Then if you still feel afraid of the exam, poison the prof's wife, and he'll give you an A out of sheer gratitude. (To some scholars will come the thought of poisoning the prof. This practice has been *de trop* since 1898 when a class in embryology at Amherst poisoned the prof and the assistant gave the exam instead. And you know how assistants are.)



"Yes, Maude, little Archie was an incubator baby".

Haberdashery Clerk: And right here, Sir, we have some fine imported cravats, but if you're looking for some really distinctive hose and a chapeau, won't you step this way, please.

Customer: Well,—er—ah—yuh see I ain't much interested in them things; all I want is a pair of socks, a tie, and maybe a hat.

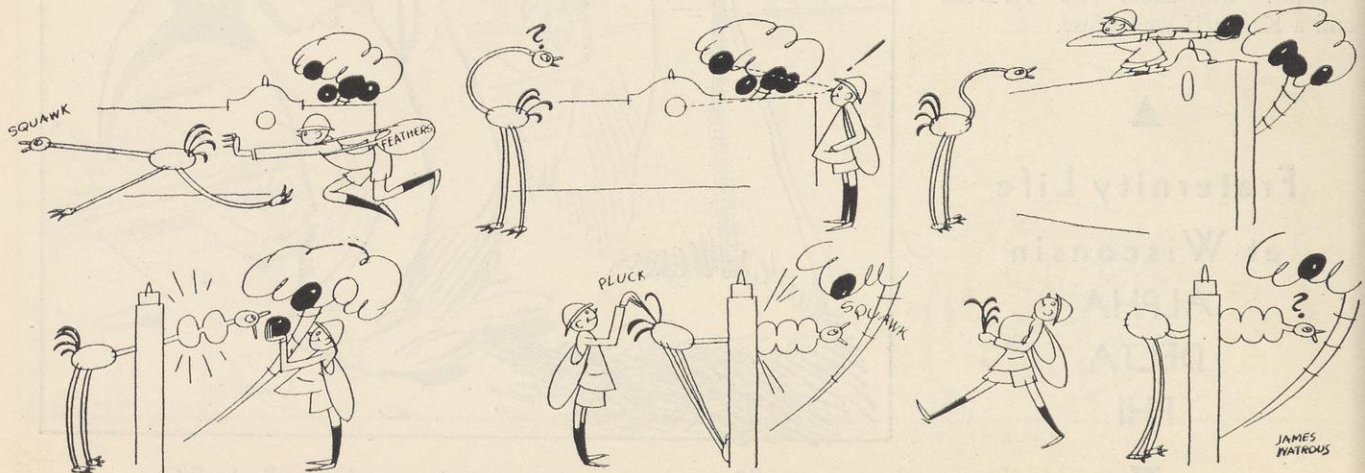
"It's entirely too opaque."
"And horribly blase, I should say."
"Terrible technique!"
"However I like the execution."
"Yes, and what a devastating effect it produces."
"One could almost term it grotesquely adorable."
(Ed. Note:—Now we ask you just how in hell this painting does look?)

"My wife has found a new use for worn out 'Time' magazines. She kills flies with them."
"Why, any magazine will do that."
"Oh no, time softens the hardest blow."

Pet peeves:—
Blind dates at sorority formals.
Near Beer.
Picnic lunches.
Dumb song lyrics.
Unexpected out-of-town guests.
The talkative, but unattractive, girl next to you in class.
Perspiring waiters.

The plumber's face flushed, but being a good plumber, there was no noise.

"I had a date with a girl last night and she got me all hot under the collar."
"Fast, eh?"
"Naw, she dropped a cigarette butt down my neck."



The candy
people like
best ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
and why




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Delicious cream caramels with a rich chocolate coating.



Chocolate Covered Cherries
Maraschino cherries in fondant cordial.




Chocolate Covered Brazil Nuts
Sweet, crisp selected Brazil nuts, chocolate coated.




Bitter Sweet
Orange, vanilla and coconut cream, covered with semi-sweet chocolate.




Chocolate Covered Almonds
Whole almonds encased in pure vanilla chocolate.



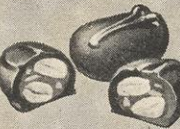
Jordan Almonds
Tinted sugar glazing whole almonds. Rose, violet, lemon and orange.




Chocolate Pecan Caramels
Crunchy, chewy nut caramels, chocolate-coated.




Walnut Clusters
Another nut and chocolate combination of rare delight.




Peanut Caramels
The piquant tang of peanuts combines with creamy caramel enfolded by chocolate.




Chocolate Walnut Halves
Whole half-meats of walnuts imbedded in chocolate.




Almond Dates in Milk Chocolate
Arabian dates stuffed with Spanish almonds, milk chocolate coated.



Almond Caramels
Chopped almonds in rich cream caramel, chocolate covered.



Chocolate Caramel Nougat
Double tiers of nougat on caramel in chocolate.




Bitter Sweet Orange Cream
Delicately flavored orange cream center with a tangy coat of rich, dark chocolate.



Chocolate Covered Cream Mints
Smooth mint cream with rich semi-sweet chocolate coating.



Cream Milk Chocolates
A smooth milk chocolate from the Bonnybrook collection.



Honey White Nougat
Squares of chewiness delicately flavored with pistachio, almond and honey.

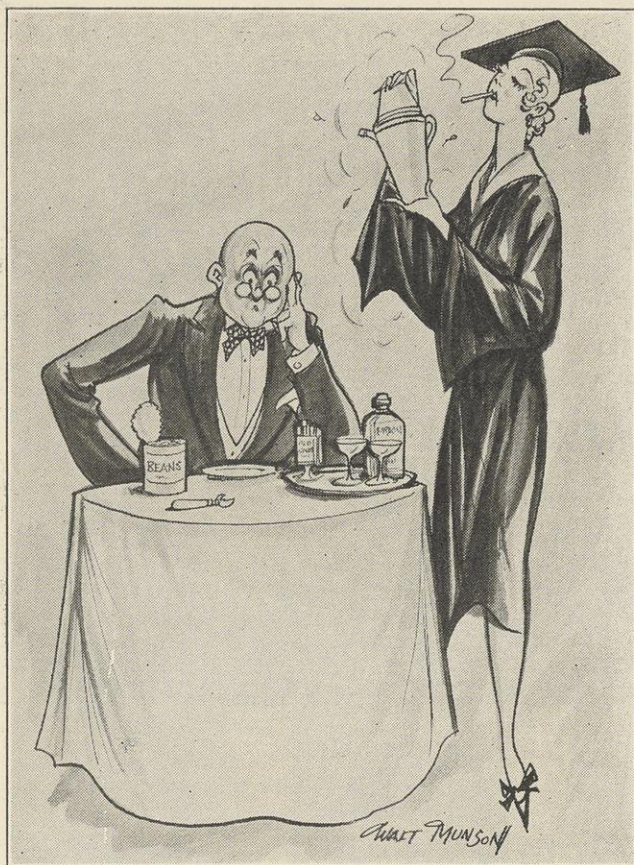
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"Special University of Wisconsin Package"



The Home-Ec Graduate Prepares Dinner for her Father

Spring Song?

Rose's are red,
 Fern's are green;
 Violet's are blue—
 It's now plain to be seen.

In these times of depression the only good tips on the market are asparagus.

"Give a sentence mentioning Hawaii in it."
 "When I meets the boss he says Hawaii this morning."

"I adore you," said the girl.
 "The heck you do," said the boy, "Do you think I want to be slammed?"

"Give a sentence using the word miscellaneous."
 "Miscellaneous sure raising plenty hell in Italy."

Ted Lewis: Ah Rudy! Oh Rudy! Ah-h-h-h I'm so glad, so glad, to see you, Honey . . . Oh Honey!
 Rudy Vallee: Indeed, Ted, my dear, it giveth me good cheer to greet you on this d-a-a-a-a-a-y, and may all your cares flit easily awa-a-a-a-a-a-y.

Silas the Wise Sez

In crew, ten strokes a minute is a dead-beat.
 A razzed quartet are generally four flushers.
 A comma can make a big difference. For instance:
 He held on tight. He held on, tight."

Navy track coach (to candidate):
 "So you're coming out for track? Can you run very fast?"
 Plebe: "My dear sir, I travelled with the fleet all summer."



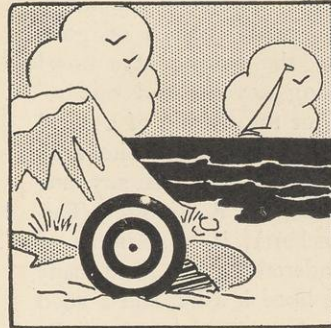
I send her scented *billet doux*
 Her *billets* are per cented, too;
 My *billets* tell of great amour,
 Her *billets* mean a shopping tour.

"Dear me, Harold, this cottage cheese tastes funny."

Enjoy Sports and Spectator Sports



*in a Summer
Pastel Frock*



Pastel Linens and
Eyelet Embroideries

\$5.95

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Pastel Silk Crepes
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Collegienne
903 University

Gin and Bitters . . .

By Prof.
Paul Fulcher

It is a little difficult to say which involves the greater breach of good literary taste, the writing of a novel about a living novelist and one recently dead, or the writing of a novel about a living novelist who writes novels about other novelists. At any rate, *Gin and Bitters*, by "A. Riposte" (Farrar and Rinehart), is an example of the latter undertaking. A good many people have liked it a lot, and a good many others have liked it not at all; both views, I think, are over-enthusiastic.

Mr. Levenson Hurler, the central character in *Gin and Bitters*, is a small sallow man, with eyes like black currants. Possessing no real talent, he nevertheless manages, with the aid of a complicated card index system, to put together from his observations and experiments on his friends and acquaintances a series of novels and plays which give him a considerable vogue. The friends, needless to say, are unconscious that they are being so used—unconscious, that is, until afterwards, and then they become very conscious indeed, and usually cease being either his friends or his acquaintances.

It is all too obvious that in many respects Mr. Hurler and his novels and plays are meant to suggest an author recently reviewed in this department. When one reads of Lizzie of Lambeth, of a novel about an artist who lived in the South Seas, of another about a great literary figure recently dead and another lesser one still alive above the dark tumult,—when one reads all this, one is reminded of neither Bennett nor Wells nor Galsworthy but of somebody else.

Personally, I did not find *Gin and Bitters* as intoxicating as I had hoped. There was too much bitters for my taste, and the gin was of a sort one ought to speak sharply to one's boot-legger about. Cakes and ale made a

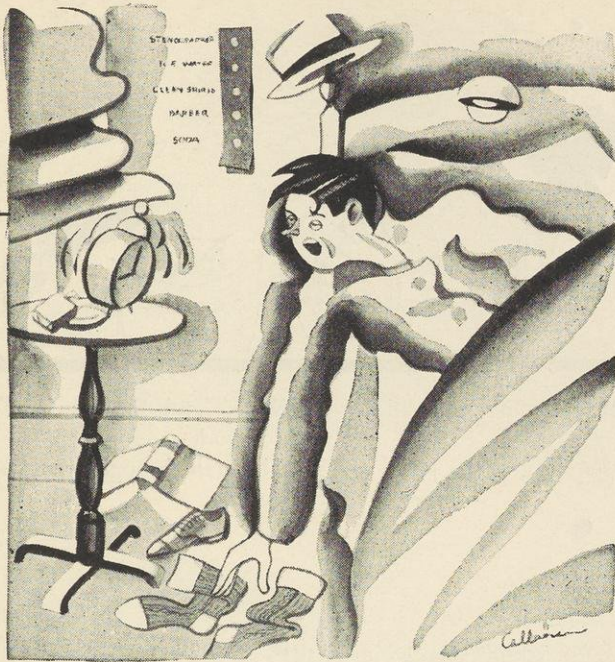
more palatable combination for me. The author whom the pseudonym "A. Riposte" conceals will, the publishers tell us, shortly reveal himself. Most of us, I think, can endure the interim without excessive palpitations of curiosity. We can also await without impatience the appearance of a novel called *Yeast and Raisins*, by U. S. E. Fleishman-Ricochet, a novelist who will write a novel about novelists who write novels about novelists who write novels.

Don Juan in America, by Eric Linklater (Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith), is a good-natured and diverting medley, which in the course of its deliberately improbable adventures manages to take in nearly all of the more obvious absurdities of the contemporary American scene. Juan Motley, the hero, is a direct descendant of Byron's Don Juan; Mr. Linklater has even given us the family tree in detail to prove it. The hero is perhaps the weakest part of the story. Aside from his inevitable amorousness, he has few of those qualities that made the Juans of Tirso de Molina, Moliere, Corneille, Mozart, Goldoni, Byron, and Shaw the memorable young gentlemen that they were. Nor is the fact that young Motley is a Juan, literally and metaphorically, very important in its relation to his American adventures. One suspects, and the suspicion is confirmed by several modern novelists, that Juanism is quite as possible in Norway or Japan or Java as in the United States; indeed, the Juan of Mr. Linklater's novel commenced Juan before leaving England.

The satire in the story is usually too near burlesque to be really satire, but it is always diverting and swift, usually

good-humored, and seldom really penetrating enough to arouse even the most touchy national pride; we have ourselves for so long been making fun of the same things that Mr. Linklater finds ridiculous that we are quite willing to accept him as a new comrade in laughter. We greet his advent among our good-natured critics as we would that of a man who has just come upon a joke long familiar to us, and we are prepared to share it with him. On the whole, Mr. Linklater is no more unfair than any writer of burlesque must be to make his point; unfairness by omission is essential to the type.

In one or two quite unimportant details, however, the author struck me as being so utterly misled that I found myself amused at the disproportion between my irritation and its cause. One example will do. Mr. Linklater assumes that we half-sole shoes and repair watches badly, and that these things are done much better in England. Waiving the fact that we could side-step the charge by blaming the Italians for the one and the Swiss for the other, the charge simply isn't true. A London cobbler once almost wept at having to remove from my shoes a pair of rubber heels which were not entirely worn down to the quick; and I almost wept when I found that he had replaced them by something that consisted of a little rubber circumference around a chunk of wood. And a London watch-repairer sent me home with an iron rivet through the most delicate innards of my watch. These things are nothing in themselves, but they start bigger and better wars. No, Mr. Linklater, make all the fun you like of our colleges and our gangsters, our senators and our titled movie actresses; parody *Strange Interlude* and Arthur Brisbane. But leave us our shoes and our watches, or there will be no more hands across the sea.



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"Sleep, blessed sleep"—the college man craves it—and saves those extra golden minutes by wearing Holeproof Autogarts. Just pull them up and there you are—trim and fresh for the rest of the day. The Autogart is a part of the sock and outlasts it, too. That's going some because the sock is a Holeproof — with the famous Holeproof extra wear — and those snappy new patterns for which Holeproof is famous.

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"Check your bag, Mister?"
 "Yes, and put it on ice."
 —Drexerd

"How did your dog come out in the race?"
 "He was left standing at the post."
 —Tiger

"Where did I come from?" asked the rosebud.
 "The stalk brought you," answered the rose.
 —Rice Owl

Savage Stuff

Wife (in letter home): I have a fine room here with running water.
 Husband's Answer: Leave that Indian and come home at once.
 —Bison

The Wild Hare

The thoughts of a rabbit on sex
 Are practically never complex.
 A rabbit in need
 Is a rabbit indeed;
 And his actions are what one expects.
 —Lampon

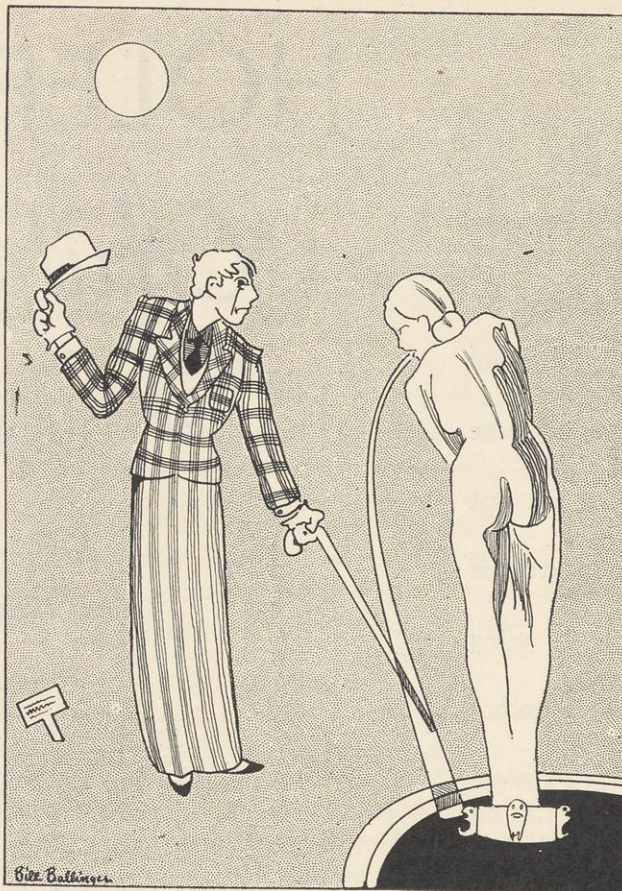
Girls, when they went out to swim,
 Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
 Now they have a bolder whim,
 They dress more like her cupboard.
 —Tiger

"Here today and gone Gammorrah," said Mrs. Lot as she looked back at the burning city.
 —Lord Jeff

"Did you go to Oxford?"
 "No, I'm still hungry."
 "Hungry?"
 "Yes, I never finished Eton."
 —Columns

The Rushing System

That has stood the test of time.
 Of handling greenhorn freshmen
 That antiquated line
 Of "Who's the girl whose picture
 Hangs upon the wall?"
 And "You're the kind of freshman
 We'd be proud to take this fall."



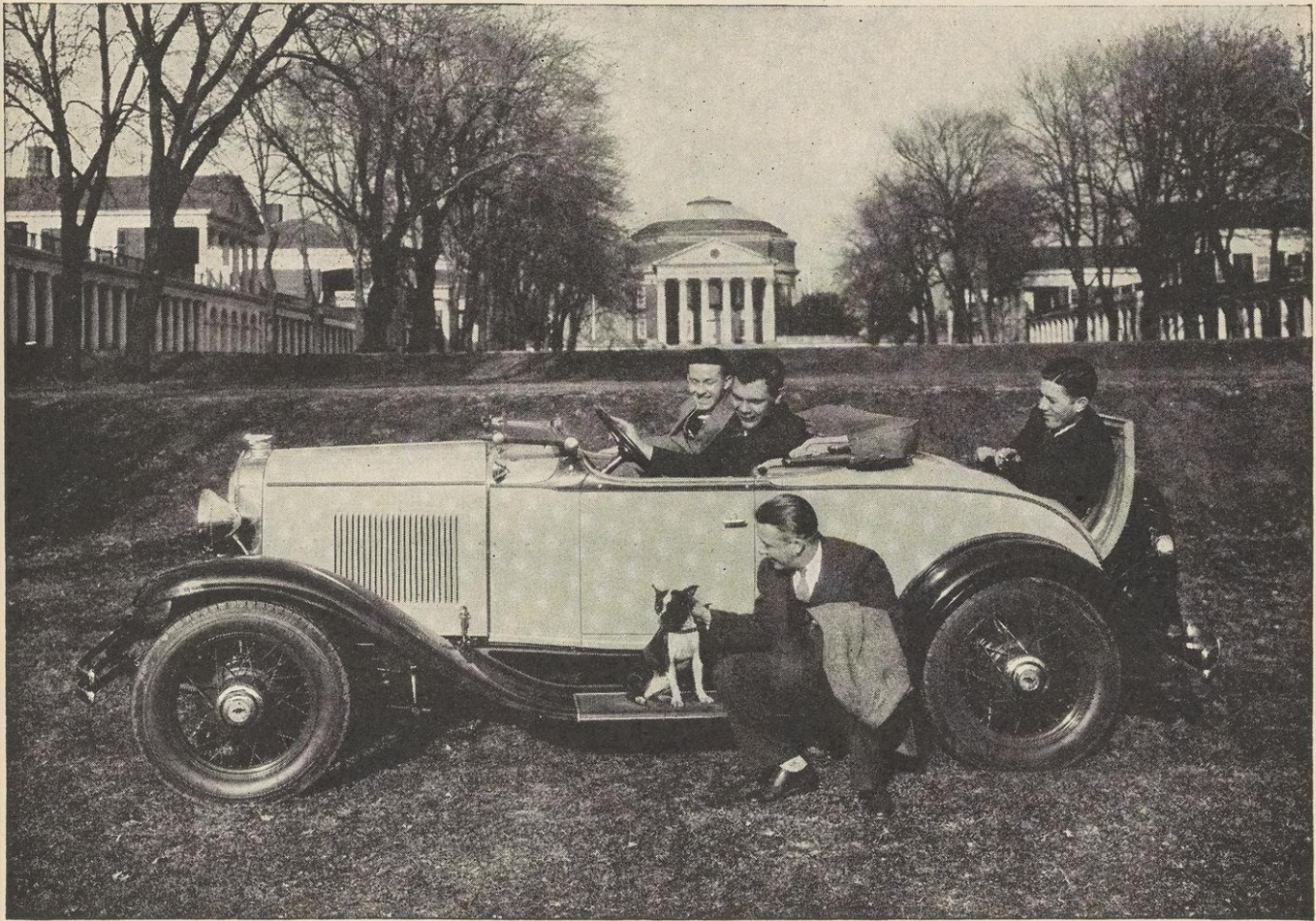
"Ah, success at last, happily exclaimed the artist as a horse-fly lit on his just finished portrait of a jackass.
 —Log

"I hear that when Mrs. Smythe died she left \$70,000 in her bustle."
 "My, my, that's a lot of money to leave behind."
 —Purple Parrot

The scene is a dress rehearsal of "Noah's Ark." Hundreds of people and animals are running about. But above all the confusion can be heard the shrieks of the electrician: "What lights shall I use? What lights shall I use?" And the heavens open and a voice comes to him, "The flood lights, you sap."

"Say, do the Thetas know you're out?"
 —Wis. Octopus

—Purple Parrot



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Now, in smart personal transportation it's the new Chevrolet Six—the finest performing car that Chevrolet has ever built. Lightning getaway, all kinds of speed and power, fingertip handling ease, downright dependability and operating expense as low as the lowest. What's more, here is the best-looking inexpensive automobile you have ever seen—long, low-swung lines; smartly styled new Fisher bodies; happy new color harmonies;

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Summer Sportswear of Unusual Distinction!



Pete E. F. Burns presents a notable showing of summer sportswear and informal apparel. Natural color flannel slacks in grey, white and tan—Harris Tweed sport coats tailored especially for us—sport shoes made in special lasts. Of course, haberdashery and accessories show the same summer attractiveness. You are invited to see this exceptional assortment of summer clothing.

Pete E. F. Burns.

608 State Street

CLOTHING—HABERDASHERY—SHOES—IMPORTED APPAREL

(Continued from page 11)

"God, Joan, can't you understand? It's just something in me that won't let me. I'm no beggar. I'm young and strong and able to fight my own way up. I don't want some one to put me there."

"Well, it sounds all right, dear, but I'm afraid you'll have to work awfully hard and an awfully long time before you'll have enough money to keep me in luxury. I told you I'd live on your salary, but you won't let me do that either."

"No, I won't, because I know what would happen. You'd get tired of it mighty soon, and we'd fight, and be divorced, like all the other people who try something they aren't used to."

Joan was rapidly becoming angry, and approaching the point of tears. "I don't see why you have to act so, Barry darling. You're ruining everything."

"You'd hate me if I didn't. And anyhow I think you're spoiled. If you really want me you'll wait a while. If I don't make good, I'll jump off the bridge."

"Barry! Don't talk that way. I am not spoiled. I'll give you one more chance. Will you or not?"

"Joan dear, I can't."

He hadn't seen Joan since that stormy day.

He felt curiously weighted down and empty at the same time. Some-

thing inside of him was missing. "Sky High", however had gone on into the production stage. The peculiar part had been that Sherry had urged him to go to Bennett first, and he'd taken it almost immediately. Lucky stiff, that's what he was. A show actually going to open. The boys at the office saw little of him, though he was still on the staff.

People gradually filtered through the door at the side of the stage, that Archy had opened to the morning light, what little of it managed to find its way into the dirty alley. The chorus girls clattered up the iron stairway to the dressing rooms, to appear a few moments later in some sort of rehearsal dress, usually a short gingham romper suit of the type worn by children, or satin shorts with a silk blouse. Bennett sauntered in, the ever present cigar shooting upward at a belligerent angle.

"G'mornin'," he muttered at Barry and sat heavily in the chair which Barry hastily vacated for him.

The pro hooper came in almost on Bennett's heels. A little man, one of Wayburn's workers, who was beginning to do a few shows. He was feeling good, and rattled off an intricate tap step as a preliminary to bellowing, "Hey, Al, get on this music box here, and let's run through the first act quick, they oughta know it by now perfect. Lines, girls, c'mon, step on it, we're late now."

The choruses formed and the piano started to pound out the opening. This was what Barry liked. The rhythmic tapping of thirty-six pairs of toes, the graceful kicks, and the even shuffle. It looked like a show when the choruses started in. There were some nice girls in the chorus, but Barry didn't see them. He even failed to get "that way" about the leading lady, who had a string of conquests long enough to reach from New York to Chicago if they all passed out, and could be laid end to end.

The principals came in one by one, the little comedian first, and the prima donna last.

Rehearsal dragged on.

Finally it was over. They straggled out. Bennett grunted, stretched and got to his feet. "Well," he snorted, "not so bad, and not so good. But we'll open by the fifteenth sure. In Atlantic City. Play a week and open here the twenty-second. It looks like a winner. We got the actors and the dancers, and the book isn't so bad, I've seen worse. G'by."

He left Barry standing in the glare of the foots, thinking.

The opening in Atlantic City was the usual nightmare. The performance went along, and that was about all. The running time was too long and Barry had to cut some of the scenes, for Bennett said he wouldn't

(Continued on page 30)

Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies

LUCKIES
are always
kind to your
throat

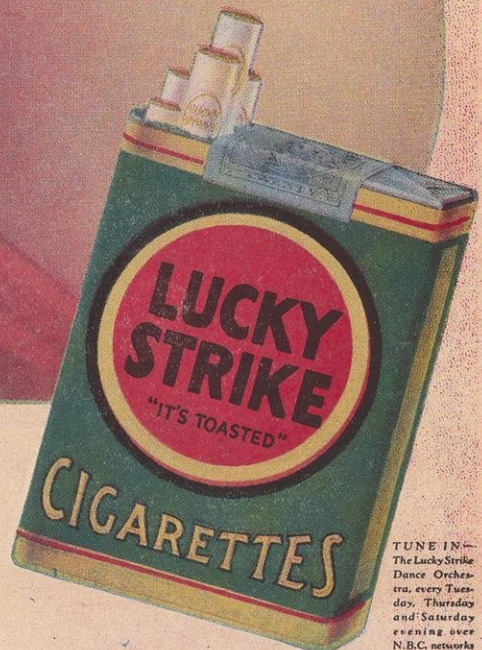


The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply, take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE — made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED" an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



TUNE IN —
The Lucky Strike
Dance Orchestra,
every Tuesday,
Thursday
and Saturday
evening over
N.B.C. networks

TRUE EXPOSE

The red menace of Soviet Russia was apparent in the petition circulated recently by student communists aiming at control of the OCTOPUS, University of Wisconsin humor publication. Dick Daring, said to be implicated in the Adams Hall May Day riot, was the ringleader of the whole affair, and figured prominently in the Union elevator crash yesterday when three bales of petition paper intended for use as spitballs for members of the editorial staff to throw at members of the business fell down the shaft amid the tumult caused by an exciting, though bloodless, fight between the associate editor and the censor. Dora Dewdrop, staff secretary, was quoted as saying, "While I have only the best interests of the magazine at heart and bear malice towards no one, I unhesitatingly name Daring a ruthless creature who is evidently trying to become a contributor to our book." And it is indeed true that Daring's recent interest in fencing, knife-throwing, and blackjack manipulating would tend to substantiate Miss Dewdrop's startling accusations. However, two staff mem-

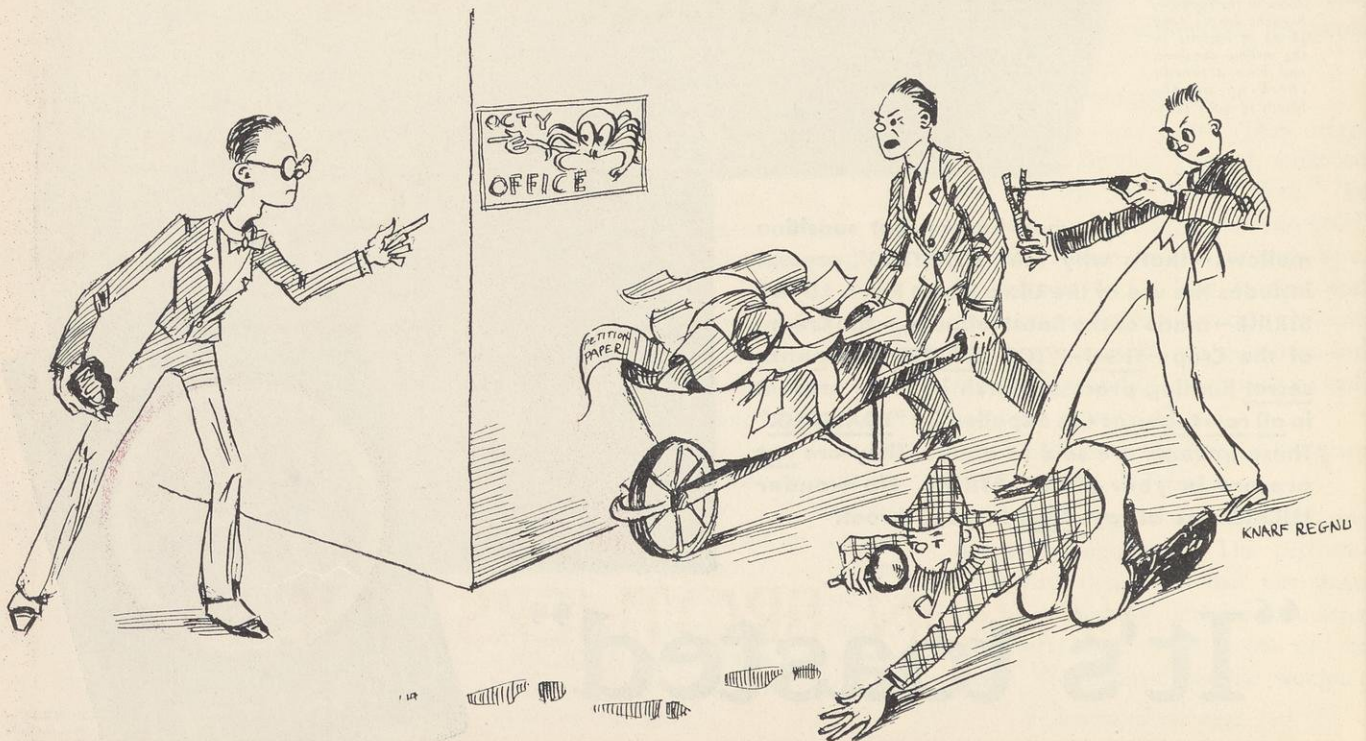
bers absolutely denied any break whatsoever when interviewed at a late hour in an ambulance. The advertising manager was more committal when finally reached for a statement as he vigilantly guarded the business office barricade with a new, patented sling shot especially designed to sling mud and sling it well. "It was merely a malicious gesture on the part of the Union janitor," he said. "He has evinced ambitions of becoming editor; however I am thoroughly convinced nothing will come of it." With these words he dodged a well directed shot from the publicity manager's pea blower.

The dynamic art editor presented a different angle of the scene. "Art for art's sake", he growled when pressed (at the point of a dagger) for a statement. "I have worked on this book for three years, and have not even been mentioned for the office of staff stenographer—an open thrust at my aesthetic competency. It was with no personal feeling at all and with only the most sincere interest in the book that I assisted in drowning the circulation man-

ager for he was a splendid chap. However one must not let the personal element enter in." According to the printer the art editor is only trying to have his aunt's jokes published. Quite a paradox, indeed! Meanwhile the entire business staff is mobilized waiting marching orders from Moscow. Caught while mounting a machine gun on his neat, little Mack truck the business manager declared that the facts would vindicate him, and that he was bound to emerge "unscathed" and "unbesmirched" from the maze of "filthy denouncements" emitting from the office of the exchange editor. "I'll wring the sucker's neck!" he boldly declared. At this juncture our conversation was interrupted by the explosion of a time bomb supposedly planted by the cashier. I hurried away from such a sudden deluge of horror.

Dick Daring was not biding his time in idleness, and appeared with several petitions branding many of the staff members with "gross neglect of

(Continued on page 34)



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 "brim full,"
 of
 Suggestions!



Here's One - -

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Practically the smartest thing out! Fisk creates a straw that has all the cool crispness of panama, and yet the soft flattery of suede . . . and presto! it looks like a "million dollars"! But it only costs \$6.50 at Baron's, and comes in chalk white, the palest eggshell, and sand.

\$6.50

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HERE'S a hair dressing that takes cowlicks like Grant took Richmond.

Fitch's Lov-Lay not only puts every hair in its place, but does it safely, without forming a coating over the scalp and clogging the pores. Unlike most hair-laying preparations Lov-Lay does not harden on the scalp because it contains an antiseptic non-drying oil.

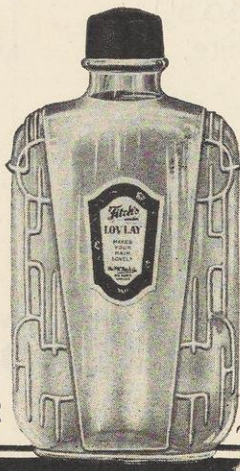
No wonder Lov-Lay is a wonder! It is made by the world's largest manufacturer of hair preparations in scientific laboratories under the supervision of a graduate chemist. Its formula has been approved after careful analysis by a committee of famous medical authorities. Every bottle bears the Seal of Chemical Purity.

Make your hair lovely with Fitch's Lov-Lay. Just a few applications a week will keep your hair constantly well-groomed.

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Fitch's
Lov-Lay
 RULES
 UNRULY HAIR



We hear that some of these tough guys are taking their Packard eights straight with an Austin for a chaser.

—Pitt Panther

"I see by the papers that a gal in London demands a divorce because her husband trumped her ace."

"Dear me, London bridge is falling down!"

—Kitty-Kat

"What's your daughter's average income?"

"Oh, about 3:30 o'clock in the morning."

—Longhorn

She Loves It!

An elderly maiden from Loa
 Got caught in the coils of a boa.

The snake squeezed and squeezed,
 And the maid, not displeased,
 Cried, "Go on and do it Samoa!"

—Utah Crimson

"Gentlemen, I think that we glue manufacturers must stick together."

"The feeling is mucilage."

—Froth

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns and turns and turns.

—Dirge

Related

Prof:—Say, boy, I told you to bring me Washington pie and you brought me chocolate pie."

Waiter:—Dat's Washington pie; dat's Booker T. Washington pie.

Mugwump

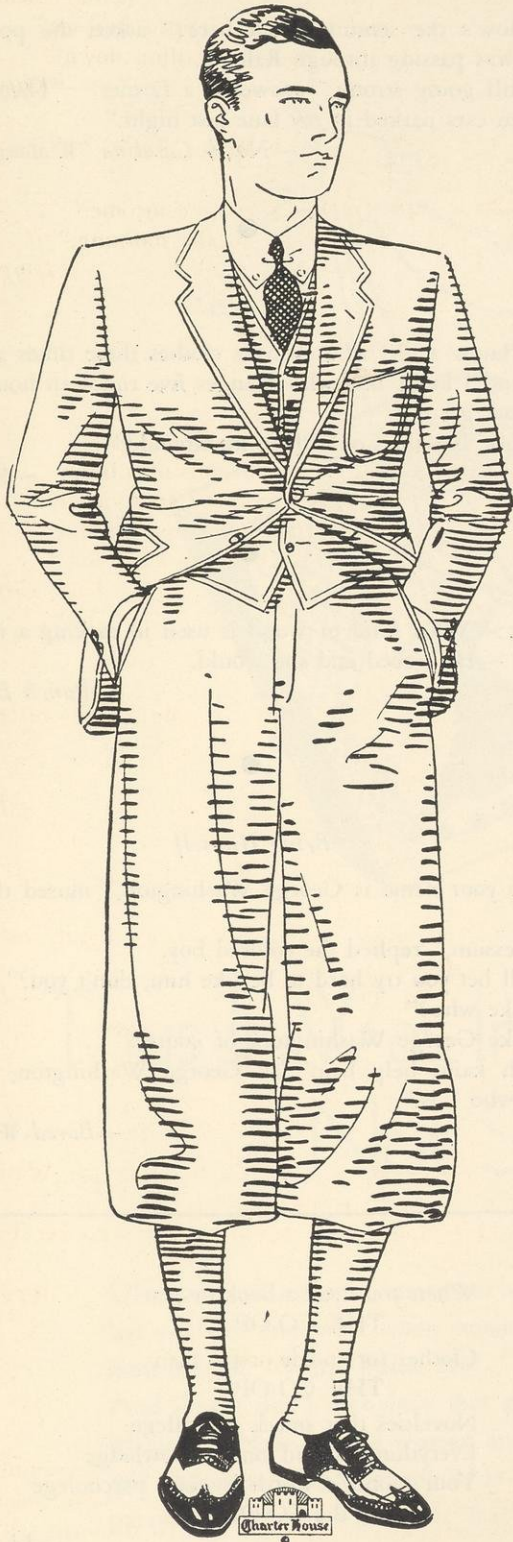
We Bid \$100

Abe was at a dance and lost a wallet containing \$600. He got up on a chair and announced: "Gentlemen, I lost my pocketbook with \$600 in it. To the man what finds it, I will give \$50."

Voice from the rear: "I'll give \$75."

—Medley

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FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS

WHETHER IT'S WHITE FLANNEL AND SPORT COATS FOR EVENING OR GOLF SUITS IN LINEN OR WOOL FOR AFTERNOON---WE ARE READY TO SUPPLY YOU.

NOT JUST ORDINARY APPAREL BUT GARMENTS THAT ARE DISTINCT AND AUTHENTIC IN STYLE AND COLOR--AND AT A MODERATE PRICE.

TEN STYLES OF BOB SMART SPORT SHOES TO CHOOSE FROM AND ALL AT \$5.00 AND \$6.50.

SMART ACCESSORIES FOR THE SUMMER WARDROBE.



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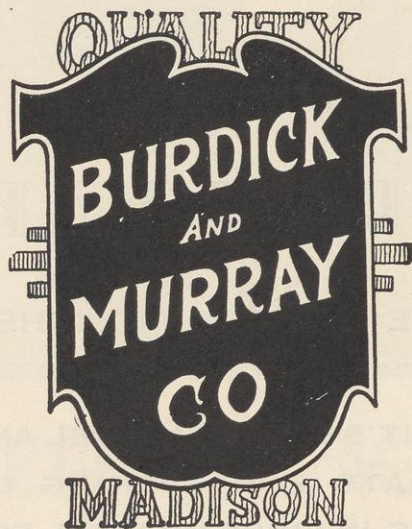
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BURDICK & MURRAY CO.—feature SHIRLEY LEA FROCKS—ROTHMOOR COATS—HODGES HATS and PEACOCK SHOES for smart women and misses.

"If it comes from Blum's it must be Good."

**Give Gifts of
Jewelry
for Graduation**

HARRY T. BLUM

Jeweler

316 State Street

"Goodbye, Rachel, when I come back from college I'll probably be kissing you and everything."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

"How's the sentiment out here?" asked the politician who was passing through Raleigh.

"Still going strong," answered a farmer. "There were sixteen cars parked in my lane last night."

—North Carolina "Watagan"

Oh, Yes!

"I know a girl who changes clothes three times a day."

"And I know one who changes five times an hour."

"Aw, get out."

"Sure, but she's only three months old."

—Siren

She:—What kind of wood is used in making a match?

He:—He wooed and she would.

—Punch Bowl

Being Himself

"So your name is George Washington," mused the old lady.

"Yessum," replied the colored boy.

"I'll bet you try hard to be like him, don't you?"

"Like who?"

"Like George Washington, of course."

"Ah kaint help bein' lak George Washington, 'cause dat's who I is."

—Bored Walk

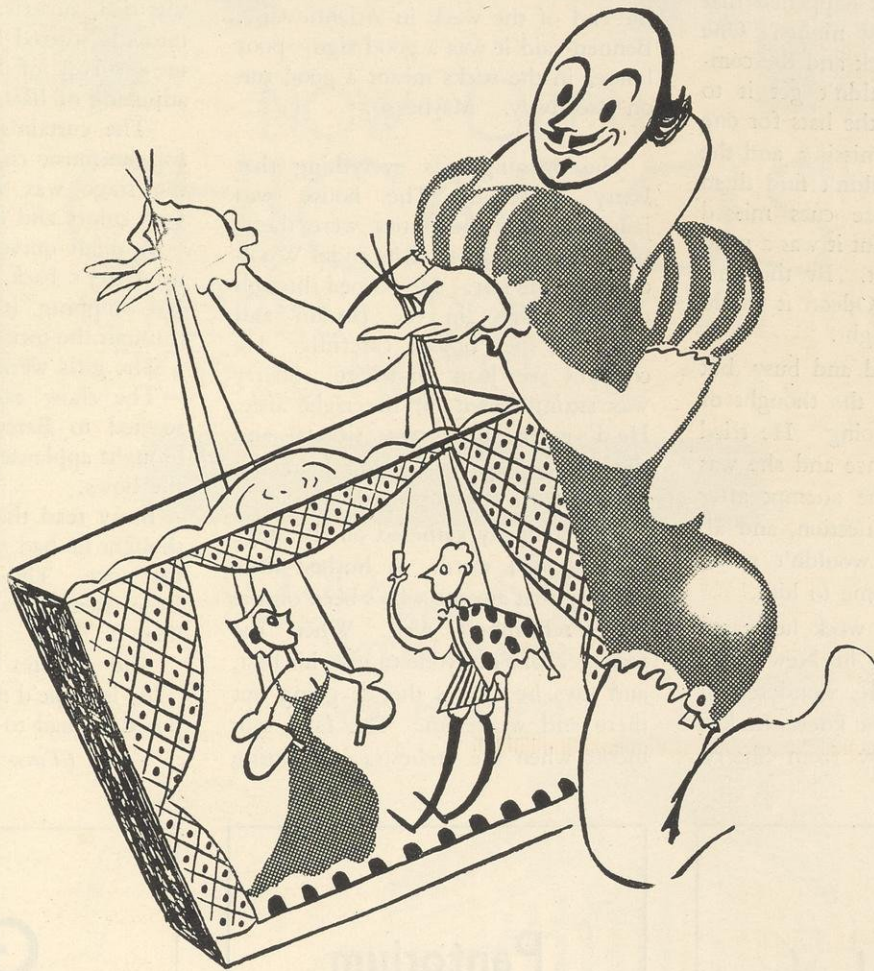
When you need a book or pen
THE CO-OP

Clothes for co-eds or for men
THE CO-OP

Novelties that smack of college
Everything to aid one's knowledge

Your money's worth is good psycholege
At the CO-OP.

—Adv.



Thus It Was In Shakespeare's Day Not So In Our's!

Of course, you cannot remember way back in the dim, dark Shakespeare days . . . but you can remember when women used to boast about what they paid for everything they bought. Why, Portia said, "Since you are dear-bought, I will love you dear." And if you don't recognize that statement, then you simply aren't up on your Old Masters. Now college women are too smart to see dollars getting away from them, and getting nothing to speak of in return. Look around before you leap into your purse . . . and we'll wager that you'll do your shopping at MANCHESTER'S!

(Continued from page 22)

take out any of the numbers, they were too good.

All the little things happened that always happen on first nights. One of the trick scenes stuck and the combined stage crew couldn't get it to work right. Two of the hats for one of the numbers were missing, and the wardrobe mistress couldn't find them anywhere. There were cues missed and lines dropped. But it was a good show, insisted Bennett. By the time they got back to the Odeon it would be smoothed up all right.

Barry was interested and busy, but he knew it was only the thought of Joan that kept him going. He tried to call her long distance and she was out. He regretted the attempt after he had made the connection, and almost hung up. He wouldn't go to her, he'd make her come to him.

By the end of the week he was a wreck. The opening in New York was on Monday. He wondered if she'd be there. For he knew she had heard about the show from Sherry,

who was an ally tried and true, and besides, it was in all the papers.

He was a little worried. The houses hadn't been very good towards the end of the week in Atlantic City. Bennett said it was a good sign—poor houses in the sticks meant a good run on Broadway. Maybe so.

The opening was everything that Barry expected. The house was jammed. All the critics were there. George Jean Nathan, Alexander Woolcott, and the rest. He peeped through the tiny hole in the curtain and searched the house carefully. He couldn't see Joan anywhere. Sherry was sitting down on the right aisle. He'd given him two tickets and thought perhaps he'd bring Joan, but he was with a strange girl.

The company gathered on the stage for the final word. A hushed little meeting that anyone who's been on the stage remembers well. When the manager asks everyone to give his best, and says he knows they're going out there and wow 'em. The fatal moments when the orchestra is emitting

strangled noises, and the asbestos has gone up.

The choruses were lined up in the exits for the opening. A shoe ribbon was tied, an extra bit of resin ground into the scarred boards. A last minute's survey of hooks and eyes, and adjusting of hats.

"The curtain's up! Shhh! Ready for the music cue—let 'er go." And the stage was suddenly overflowing with colors and beautiful girls.

A small quiver of nervousness ran up Barry's back. Here was the test. No stopping it now. He watched through the tormenters.

The girls were certainly stepping it.

The show ran off quickly, so it seemed to Barry. The final curtain brought applause. The company took the bows.

Barry read the papers in bed. He thought he had a right to be luxurious for once. The reviews were good. Even Bennett would have to admit that.

And still no sign from Joan.

At least he'd made good, so he supposed he had to give in and call her.

(Turn to page 34)

A Mother's Week End

Would not be complete
without giving her an
opportunity to mouse
around at the

MOUSE-AROUND GIFT SHOP

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May We Offer Suggestions
For Graduation Gifts

Pantorium Company

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20% Discount on
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\$5.00 in Advance Gives
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Gifts for Graduation

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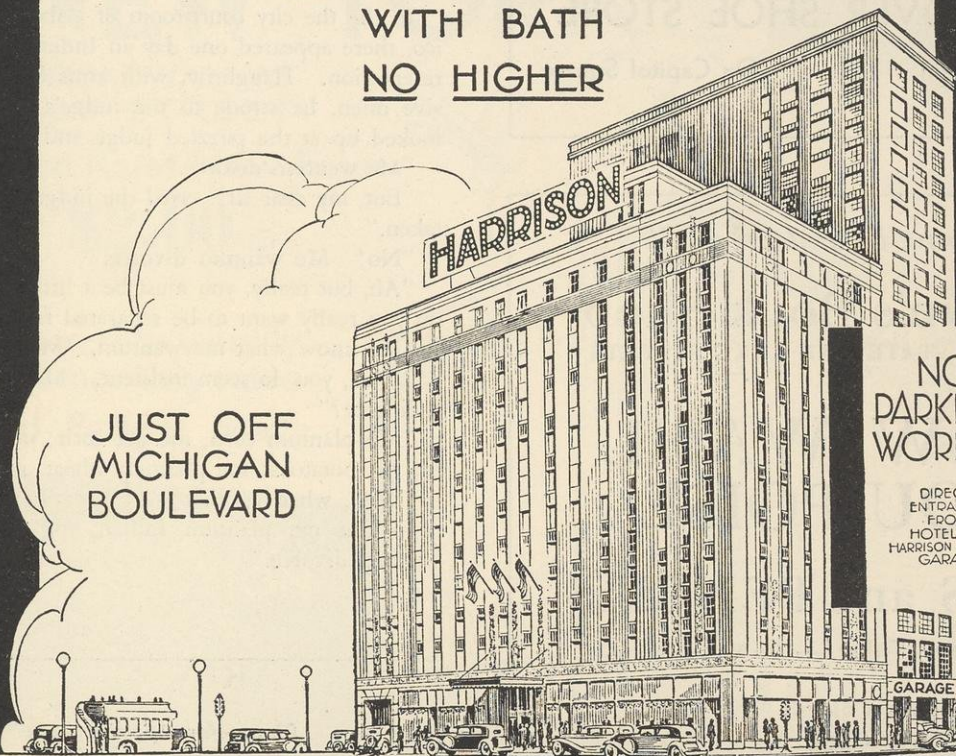
130 STATE

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NOW OPEN
CHICAGO'S
 NEWEST DOWNTOWN
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RADIO AND RUNNING ICE WATER
 IN EVERY ROOM

\$2.50 AND \$3.00
 WITH BATH
NO HIGHER



HOTEL
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HARRISON STREET JUST OFF
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Walk-Over



ELBA

There is coolness and comfort in this smartly tailored model. The material—Black and White Duoduck; the trim—Glove Calf in strikingly novel pattern.

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Brown's Book Shop

CORNER STATE AND LAKE STREETS

NEW WAHL EQUIPOISE

PENS and PENCILS

Greater Value — Lower Cost

New Colors
New Clips
New Shapes
Lower Prices

On display at

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

CORNER STATE AND LAKE

May:—How was the party last night?

June:—Oh, we had an uncorking good time!

—Mercury

Ambition is a thing to be shunned. Take the example of the street cleaner who was over ambitious and had his face kicked in.

—Sun Dial

"How much cider did you make this year?" inquired Sandy.

"Fifteen bar'ls," replied Jock.

Sandy took another sip.

"It's a shame that you dinna have another apple, you might have made another bar'l."

—High Tension News

As Ye Sow Shall Ye Reap

In the the city court-room of Alberquerque, New Mexico, there appeared one day an Indian chief from a nearby reservation. Haughtily, with arms holded, and with passive mien, he strode to the judge's bench. Solemnly he looked up at the puzzled judge and then spoke forth:

"Me wantum divorce."

"But, my dear sir," cried the judge, "surely you are mistaken."

"No! Me wantum divorce."

"Ah, but really, you must be a little hasty. Think now, do you really want to be separated from your dear mate?"

"Me know what me wantum. Me wantum divorce."

"Well, you do seem insistent. May I ask why you wish a divorce?"

"Me plantum corn, me get corn; me plantum potatoes, me get potatoes; me plantum wheat, me get wheat—"

"Well, what has that—"

—"But me plantum Indian, me get Chinaman. Me wantum divorce."

—Mugwump

Phone for Appointment Fa. 79

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Finger Waving Marcelling Manicuring
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**GARAGE IN
CONNECTION**



ATKINSON SERVICE

(Continued from page 30)

Then he decided to give her until the end of the week.

It was on Saturday that he received a call from Bennett, who asked him to drop in at the office. Something to do with the royalties.

Bennett occupied a richly furnished office on the twenty-fifth floor of the Paramount building. Barry had been there many times, so he walked through the reception room. Bennett was there, talking on the phone. He motioned Barry into his private sanctum.

Sitting at the desk was Joan.

"Oh, uh, hello—" he stopped. Joan was smiling at him sweetly.

"Barry dear, have you tamed down now?"

Barry gasped. "You mean, have you? I never was—"

Let's not quarrel again, darling, and anyway, we have to talk business."

"You—talk business. What do you mean?"

"Why, we've got to decide on the royalties."

"I'll decide them, I'm the brains of this family."

"Yes? Well, you may be the brains, but I'm the manager. You've got to come to my terms on the royalties."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, because I own the show!"

"You own it!"

"Certainly. Why do you think Bennett took so quickly? He thought it was a rotten piece, and I had to beg him to do it, even with me taking all the risks. He thought I was crazy."

"Joan, did you really float the show?"

"Yes, Barry."

"You, you . . ."

"Don't swear at me Barry, I won't have it. If you say a word I'll cut you off without a cent, and then we can't get married." Joan's black eyes were snapping. She laughed. "Kiss me, Barry, and tell me when we'll have it, in June, please?"

"I surrender, darling. And the next show I write you can put up some more money." Bennett saw the two shadows merge behind the frosted glass of the door.

The End

(Continued from page 24)

duty," a "dilly-dally attitude," "perverted sense of humor," "acting favorable towards birth control," eating sloppy marshmallow sundaes in the office," and "bringing girls into the office." The entire staff signed each petition. Not being satisfied with this, Daring has openly defied the Union janitor in questioning his ability to draw the covers for OCTOPUS. By the way, this cover proposition is a sore spot with one of the girls on the staff who insists on posing for them. "With my only consideration for the good of Octy I brand the janitor as an insidious creature," she was heard telling the survey manager as she was coming from a meeting of the Campfire Girls. The survey manager corroborated her statement with the following, "Not permitting the personal element to enter in and with the true "Live and Die for Octy" spirit I insist it was all for the best that I slit the throats of three members of the Board of Control. They were appre-

(Turn to page 36)

—the girl whose chief aversion is to pet is often our pet aversion.

—Wasp

1-c (back from leave):—Had a terrible time with my flivver.

2-c:—Yeah?

1-c:—Yes; I bought a carburater that saved 30 per cent of gas, a timer that saved 50 per cent, and a spark plug that saved 20 per cent, and after I went ten miles my gas tank overflowed.

—The Log

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Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.



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(Continued from page 34)



"Yes, Hubert loves rowing."

There's something sort of pathetic about a horsefly sitting on the radiator of a truck.

—Malteaser

Accept No Substitute

"Your daughter is expected to come around all right, sir; we are giving her artificial respiration."

"My God! She's all I've got; give her the real thing."

—Harvard Lampoon.

"What do you do on a cold night?"

"I reach for a blanket instead of a sheet."

—Mountain Goat

There once was a Mr. and Mrs.
Without any marital blrs.

Now she dreams of krs.

While he reminds.

"A hell of a waste of time thrs!"

—Jack-o-Lantern

Prof. (taking up quiz paper):—Why quotation marks on this paper?

Frosh:—Courtesy to the man on my right, Prof.

—Log

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Mother: This letter from Jim is rather short.
 Father: Yes, so is Jim or he wouldn't have written.
 —Bowl

Joe: John ate something that poisoned him.
 Jack: Croquette?
 Joe: Not yet, but he is pretty sick.
 —Green Griffin

"Why is it your son rides in a car, and you always go on the street car?"
 "Well, he has a rich father and I haven't"
 —Exchange

"Young man, take your hand off my daughter's knee."
 "Excuse me, sir. I was just going to say what a nice joint you have here."
 —Voo Doo

First Hen:—That big rooster has been making love to me.
 Second Hen:—Did you give him any encouragement?
 First Hen:—Just egged him on a bit.
 —Rammer-Jammer

Elephant:—What killed the laughing hyena?
 Giraffe:—Some college students came in here and he died of over-exertion.
 —Dirge

Efficiency

It seems that one of the employees of Henry Ford dreamed that Henry died. He dreamed that he saw the black casket being borne by six of Henry's oldest and most faithful employees. As the casket came by, Henry raised up, looked around, and offered the following suggestion: "If you would put rollers under this casket you could lay off five men."

—Sour Owl

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332-COLLEGE COMICS



Page Mr. Peanut

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SALTED PEANUTS

I enjoyed my visit, son! G'bye and write often!
Thanks, Dad! That's mighty generous of ya!

—Judge

They tell me that in spite of the depression that the
livery business is very stable.

—Froth

An' the judge says, "Thirty dollars or thirty days, which
do you want?"

An' I says, "Give me the thirty bucks, Judge, I needs a
new suit."

—Lorghorn

She:—If you try to kiss me, I'll scream.

He:—Not around all these people.

She:—All right, we'll go some place where they can't
hear me.

—Battalion

And a million different stories
Of alumni famed so far—
Authors, soldiers, presidents,
And members of the bar.

And, "I hope you've noticed, freshman,
That of all the clubs at school,
We're the only one who hasn't somehow
Broken rushing rules."
So they stand around and pat themselves
And say, "Thank Goodness, men,
The lead pipe rushing system
Will never come back again."

—Belle Hop

In New York:

"Your name?"

"Boyd."

"Any relation to the explorer?"

Ski-u-mab

Dum:—She's a virtuoso, they tell me.

Bell: Don't let them kid you; I've been out with that
baby.

—The Log

Mother, to little Betty, aged nine):—Betty, what are
you doing with my lipstick?

Betty:—I'm making a new design for a stamp, mother.
We're going to play postoffice.

—Wet Hen

Evolution of a Rusbee

First time at House: Mr. McDonald.

Second time: McDonold.

After Pledging: Hey! Scum.

As an Active: Mac.

Reunion Week: That old buzzard? Think his name
is McDonkey or something.

—Exchange

Flora:—Times have certainly changed.

Dora:—How come?

Flora:—You know that story about Pharaoh's daughter
finding Moses in the bullrushes?

Dora:—Yes, but what's that got to do with it?

Flora:—Well, imagine a girl getting away with that
story today!

—Beanpot

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—*Showme*

Mrs. Bunk:—I caught your daughter kissing the ice man this morning.

Mr. Bunk:—Good heavens! Wasting time on him when we owe the grocer fifty dollars.

—*Skipper*

Where I come from, big boy, they call Trader Horn—
Trader Beep Beep!

—*Dirge*

She was only an archer's daughter, but she could handle her beaux.

—*Lord Jeff*

Him:—Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?

Landlady:—Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman.

—*Dirge*

"So's your old man," snorted the Ugly Duckling.

"The joke's on you," brayed the Little Red Hen, "I'm an incubator chicken."

—*Log*

"I guess I don't rate here," said the bottle of alky, mournfully, "this makes the third time this evening I've been cut."

—*Voo Doo*

"I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs?"

Electrician: Yeah, it was one of those quick change scenes with the stage all dark. She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights.

—*Sun Dial*

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—*Parry's Pickings*

●
Still Undecided

"You say he's funny looking?"
"Why, his ears were so large that for four years we didn't know whether he'd walk or fly!"
—*Burr*

●
Notice (outside second-hand store): Mrs. Molinsky, having cast-off clothes, now invites inspection.
—*Yale Record*

●
Bum:—Say, but, can you let me have a dollar and five cents for a cup of coffee?
Gentleman:—What?
Bum:—Yeah. The dollar is for the cover charge.
—*Beanpot*

●
"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," wailed the henpecked husband. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the floors, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons through my night gowns just to fool the baby."
—*Whirlwind*

●
They were on their honeymoon. The bride cuddled a wee bit closer, and sweetly whispered, "Herbert darling, have all of your bachelor friends congratulated you?"
"Some," he freely admitted, "but seventeen of them thanked me."
—*Dodo*

●
She never said "No" . . . yet she has "Athlete's Foot."
—*Burr*

●
First Cat: Do you believe in prenatal influences?
Second Ditto: Sure, look at Mrs. Brown's brat. Bow-legged as a pair of ice-tongs.
—*Battalion*

●
She:—Do you feel sick?
He:—No, but I'd hate to yawn.
—*Wet Hen*

●
"Have you read the new book on college petting?"
"No, what is it?"
"It is called, 'The Wanderer of the Waistline.'"
—*Missouri Outlaw*

●
Fellow (holding one-half of one pair of twins):—You say their names are Al Smith and Herb Hoover?
Proud Momma: Yup.
Fellow:—Well, er, guess this one must be Al.
—*Longhorn Ranger*

●
Gunnery Officer:—See that man on that bridge over there three miles away?
Gunner:—Yes, sir.
Officer:—Let him have a couple of 75.'s in the eye.
Gunner:—Which eye, sir?
—*Army and Navy Journal*

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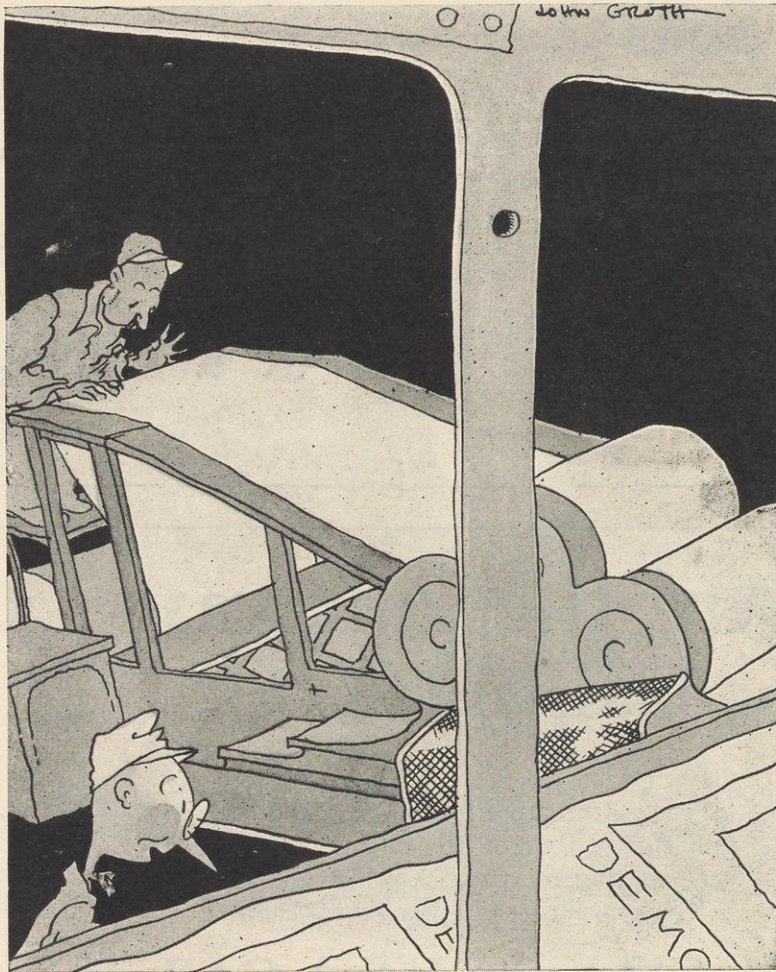
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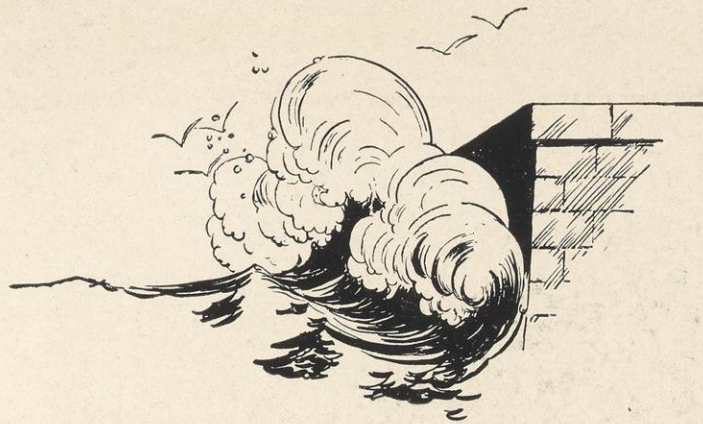
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