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WISCONSIN DOGTOPUS



YOU ARE
ENTERING
PARIS
ILLINOIS
WELCOME

ABERT
DICK & DON

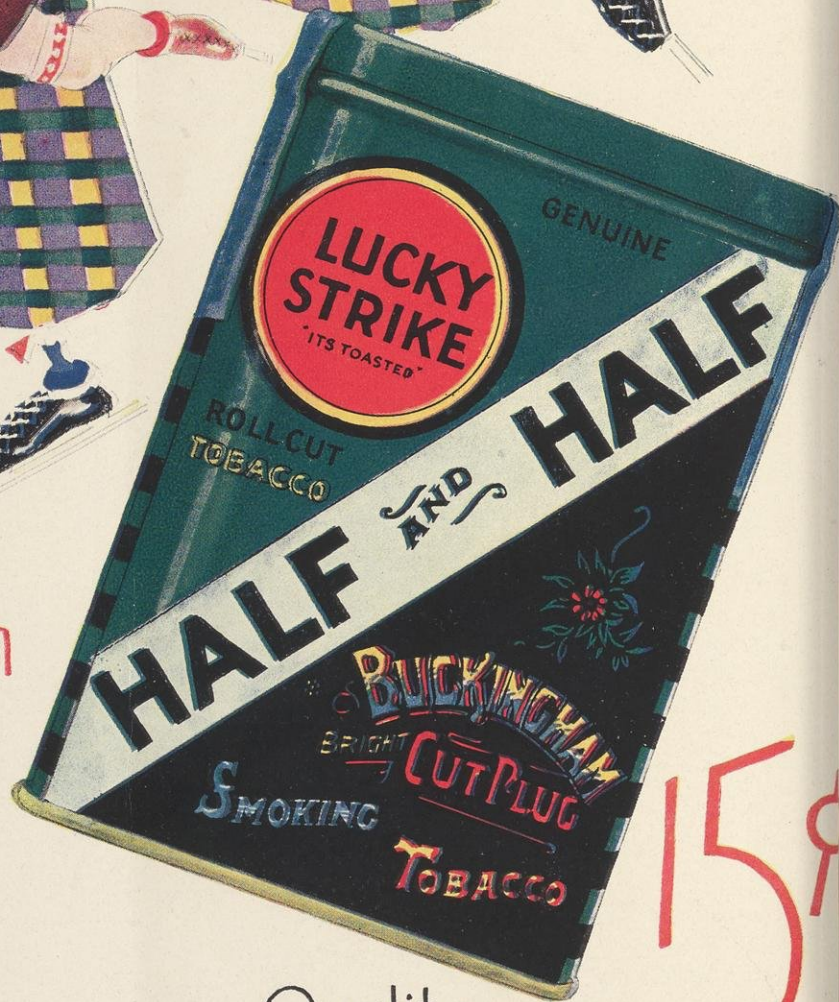
Travel
Number
25¢

OF THE
WISCONSIN



John
Kell

"pretty smooth
like
Half and Half"



Quality

15¢

THE FIRST DIFFERENT SMOKING TOBACCO IN A GENERATION

GELVINS



What Ho!

Put the flannels in moth-balls, and come in prepared for a sight restful to the eyes. The most colorful spring selections ever, and the best quality yet.

Gelvins issues no engraved cards of invitation to the big spring fest. You're all invited without further notice. If you're peerading extensively, come early.

Gelvins of Madison

644 State St.

Apparel for Wisconsin Men

Students, Alumni and Faculty

Walter A. Pocock and the Park Hotel has made this wonderful connection for you and Madison---Intercollegiate Alumni Hotels

Introducing an international effort sponsored by the alumni organizations or magazines of more than 90 colleges and universities to coordinate alumni interests and activities in a selected group of hotels, each of which is specifically prepared to cooperate with alumni organizations and the individual alumnus.

Main Features of the Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel Movement

At each Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel there will be maintained a card index of the names of all the resident alumni of all the participating institutions. This will be of especial benefit to traveling alumni in locating classmates and friends.

The current issues of the alumni publications of all the participating institutions will be on file at each Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel.

Reservation cards will be available at the clerk's desk in each designated hotel and at the alumni office in each college or university. These reservation cards will serve as a great convenience to travellers in securing advance accommodations in other cities.

The managers of all Intercollegiate Alumni Hotels are prepared to cooperate with individual alumni to the fullest extent.



WALTER A. POCOCK
Manager

PARK HOTEL
200 Modern Rooms
Popular Prices
Cafe and Coffee Shop

Our Success Your Gain

Of course you can go to EUROPE

STUDENT ~

14 splendid student tours under the expert management of an old established agency. 44 to 64 days of unequalled interest in Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. June to September. \$485 up.

STANDARD ~

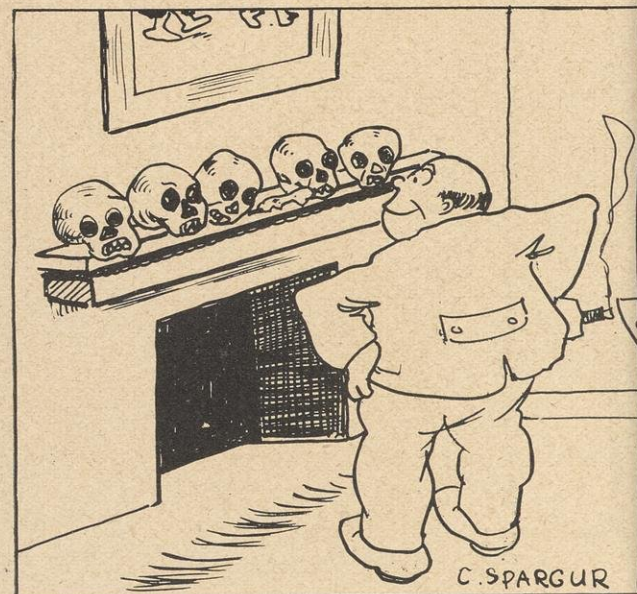
30 Splendid Inexpensive Tours under the management of an old established American company. 59 to 85 days; routes include Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Iceland, Norway. June to September. \$855 up.

Mrs. N. W. Parham
819 Irving Court
Madison, Wisconsin

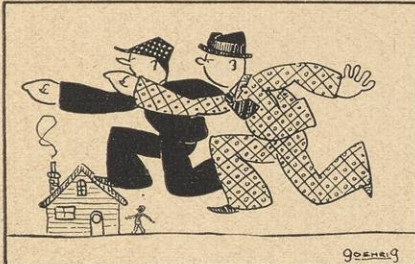
Read in a Student Tour Prospectus:


"This is a real summer pleasure trip, games, parties, dances, and University Courses conducted by the management."

What tha-----?



The careless motorist, just returned from darkest Africa, takes a tip from the Bushmen.



Guy with HAT--What's the rush?
Goin' to a fire? 

Fellow with Cap--Naw--Got a heavy
date with "Brown Eyes" Going to

knock her cold with one of Capital City's cars--Some class
to them, I'll tell the world.

Capital City Rent-A-Car

434 West Gilman

Fairchild 334



"Ah, Wun Lung Shy, what if we could go to some
fair land where we would be free—free to live our own
lives, free to love,—a new land, where we could live on
the soil; what would you do?"

"Start a laundry."

Fair Prices and Friendly Service

Brown's Rental Library

OVER 800 titles, carefully selected from
the best of 1925, 1926, and 1927
fiction.

EVERY type of story is included in our
selection. You'll be sure to find just
the one you want.

RATES are surprisingly low—only 3¢
per day, with a 10¢ minimum charge,
and no deposit.

"Come in and browse"

BROWN BOOK SHOP

621-623 State Street

Buy Everything Possible On Your Co-op Number

They're Here Spring Suits and Top Coats

Every day we are getting in our new line of men's spring wear, and already we are besieged by those who want to get the advantage of the large selection we have to offer.

New Colors---New Weaves

The colors and weaves this spring are decidedly different from anything yet shown. Light colors, however still prevail, but the novel weaves are more attractive, and will meet the fancy of the college man.

They're Smart--You'll Like Them

Joe Ripp knows the demands of the college folk, and he is right there when it comes to helping you select your spring apparel. Fashioned up to the minute, these Suits and Coats are decidedly smart. You'll like them, and we advise an early choice, thereby assuring you of just what you want.

The UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Manager
STATE at LAKE

Buy Everything You Need On Your Co-op Number

Inquiring Reporter: What do you think about necking in colleges?

Student: I've always enjoyed it very much.



She: Do you love me?

He: No, but I do love your dog.

"Why do these rabid women prohibitionists fail in their efforts to make the country dry?"

"Well, offhand, I would say that one look at most of them would drive any man to drink."



The Student Tour in Venice

Rule 37598: Baths not given by the company but fortunately they reach Venice on Saturday.



Instructah: Robert, use a sentence containing the word 'ink'.

Small Blah: Yes sir, never allow a fly to get India ink.

Start
This
Semester



With Rider's Masterpen

That's the Write Start!

Just touch Rider's Masterpen to paper. Real writing pleasure begins and writing troubles vanish. The Removable Feed for easy cleaning, the unbelievably large Ink Capacity are features which make Rider's Masterpen the best pen for the write start this semester. Get yours today.

RIDER'S PEN SHOP
650 State Street

Charter



BAILLIE
O'CONNELL  **AND MEYER**
MADISON ~ WISCONSIN

H o u s e

Announces
A
New Shop

To serve the men of the University of Wisconsin.

We will endeavor to offer "Just What You Want" in exclusive Clothing and Haberdashery.

The prices will be well in keeping with the college man's purse.

109 State Street





Swing up the Hill in the Springtime in a debonnaire two-piece suit, conscious that its youthful charm is as flattering as it is correct!

About these Suits

- ¶ Tweeds, Twills, Mannish suitings.
- ¶ Navy, Black, Dusty Shades.
- ¶ Short jackets, satin trimming, single breasted, double breasted, link button fronts, contrasting jacket and skirt, and vest fronts.

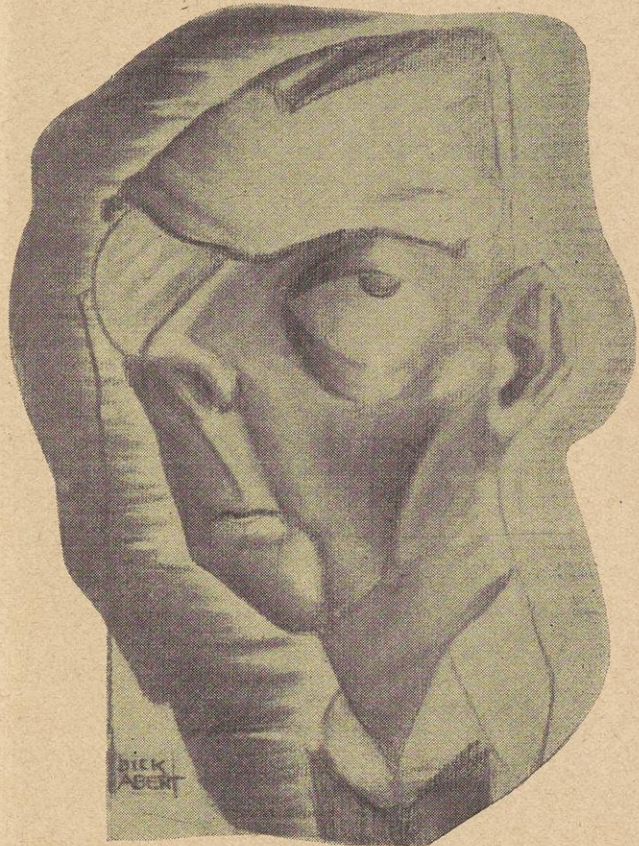
Presenting -- The Tailored Suit for Spring

Sponsored by New York debutantes as the correct attire for street wear, offered at

\$29.50
\$35-\$39.50-\$45 up

Simpson's

23-25 North Pinckney Street



Portrait of an Englishman waxing merry over a good joke.

Beauty and the Beast

by John Powell

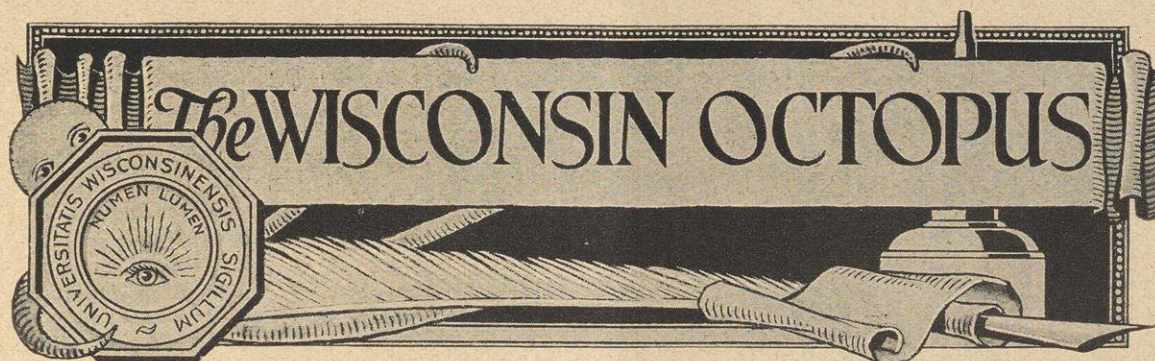
*"Maidens' hopes" are all one hears
What about the maidens' fears?
Dreams that cover hidden tears?*

*When she says she fears to love
Sees the Dragon with the Dove
It is a grief she's thinking of.*



*In a legend of the East
Beauty overpou'd the Beast
And her fears forever ceased.*

*For love's kiss is a weapon true;
Dragons vanish, grief goes too—
Maidens will know what to do.*



At the Cafe de la Paix

First American: The menu says that we can get Champagne for ten francs a pint.

Second Ditto: Do you think it's good stuff?



French customs officer: Any cigarettes, cigars, chewing gum or towel checks?

Collitch man: Good God! And I thought I left the brothers behind!



The person who sows wild oats eventually weeps.



The shieks in Egypt make their shebas walk more than a mile for a Camel, so the girls prefer Dromedary dates.



I went to Europe and I brought back: Three dozen assorted etchings of Gothic Cathedrals.

One GENUINE English woolen suit.

One Swiss clock, that strikes every fifteen minutes and yodels the hours.

Three Spanish shawls.

One water color painting of St. Peter's Cathedral.

Four Parisian rag dolls. (For my girl)

AND

One quart 15 year old Johnny Walker.

—R. G.



Timid Voyager: I say, boy, is the danger of tipping very great?

Steward (hopefully): Well, it's sorta against the rules, sir, but I don't mind if y' do.

Fable

"I will give you anything in my store for half price," said the French shopkeeper. "I never like to make a profit from our good friends the Americans."



"Do I need a haircut?"
"Oh, that's it! I thought you had a fur cap on."



"Yes, I've seen all the tough spots in the world, the Limehouse in London, the Rue St. Antoine in Paris, the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, Suicide Row at Monte Carlo, Red Square in Leningrad, Shanghai, Singapore, Mexico City-----"

"Say mister, wasn't youse ever in Chicago?"



"You kiss?"

"I do."

"Merci."

"Beaucoup."



Une femme who danced up in Montemartre

Found her dress coming partly apartre

She cried, "Oh, mon Dieu!

I'm afraid I'll show thrieu

And you know that would just break my heartre."



"Let's have the missionary over for dinner tonight."
 "Hell, I thought we'd finished him at lunch."

Pascha: Who was that woman I saw you with last night?

Sultan: I don't remember. I'll have to look up my personnel sheets.

Fair Voyager (to Second Mate): Where is your officer's cap?

S. M.: They're down at mess, but you got me wrong, lady; I ain't the skipper.

Ways in Which a College Man May See Europe

1. Fall for one of these Student Tour propositions.
2. Go with his mother, grandmother, and Aunt Hannah.
3. Get a job on the Levi Nathan as bellboy.
4. Join the Men's glee club.
5. Ship on a cattle boat and play nursemaid to a flock of seasick cows.
6. Read the Geographic and watch the Rotogravure sections.
7. Win a Rhodes Scholarship.
8. Volunteer to swim the channel.
9. Join the Navy.

—R. G.

A Song of Travel

*I might tell you a tale of Waikiki,
 Of the moonlight nights on the sand.
 Or describe the life back in Paris,
 But I doubt if you'd understand.*

*I might boast of the trip to Bagdad,
 Of the wonders seen in Siam.
 Of the freezing cold of Alaska,
 Of the cherry trees down in Japan.*

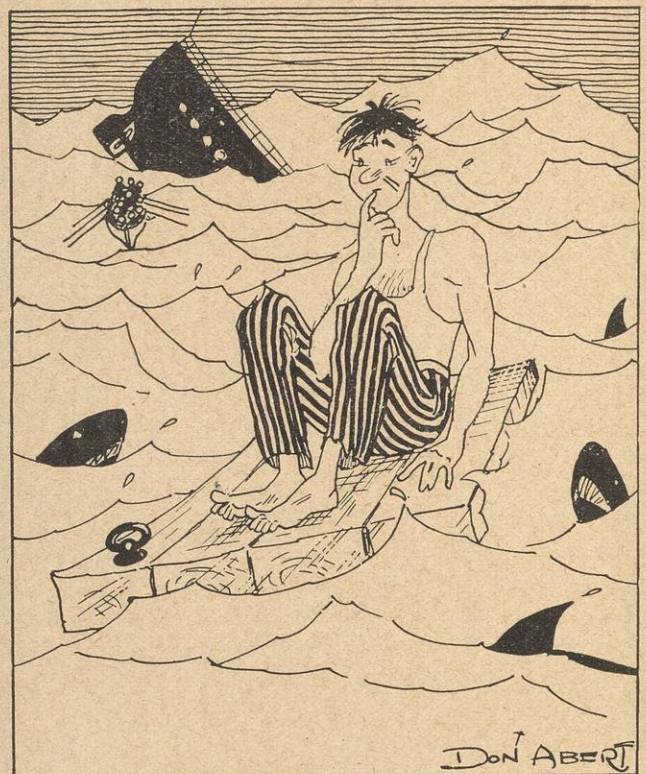
*There's no place in the world like Cairo,
 Or the isles of the sunny South Seas.
 And the sun-kissed shores of Papua,
 Or the hills of the Peloponeese.*

*Go see the gondolas of Venice,
 And whirl the fandango in Spain.
 See the land of the Midnight Sun,
 Or float lazily down the Seine.*

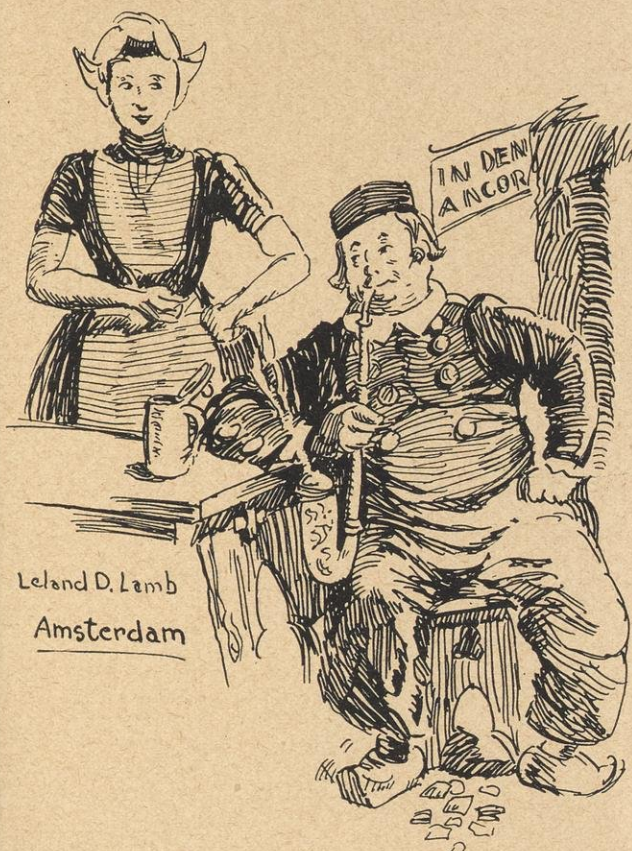
*I might tell you a tale of Waikiki,
 Of the moonlit nights on the sand.
 Or describe the life back in Paris,
 But I'd doubt if you'd understand.*

*You think that I've seen all these places,
 So far flung—so near—such variety.
 Ah no! You are sadly mistaken,
 I sell tickets for "World Tours Society."*

—W. F.



"Oh, jiggers, I just know I've forgotten something!"



"I'm glad I was not born in England."
 "Why?"
 "Because I don't know any people there."

Pome

Up in the highlands of Scotland,
 Up where the pertwees' sing,
 That's where I'm gonna raise Hades,
 And have my Highland fling.

Dry Wit

Was it Shakespeare or Major Hoople who so aptly
 put it: "Desert, desert everywhere; and not a bit to eat!"

It is in the American section of Milwaukee near the
 United State's consular office. A man with a black bushy
 beard is seen following a beautiful young school teacher
 disguised as a beautiful young school teacher. The beau-
 tiful young school teacher is aware of this attention, she
 turns, draws out a gun, and glares at the stranger of
 the black beard.

"Come, now, quit following me before I shoot!"

"Well, lady, if you don't gimme back that chewing
 gum you just sat on, I don't care if you do shoot me, it—
 (sniff) was my mother's!"

Peculiar . . . These French

I met her in Paris . . .

Shimmering twilight in le Bois . . . the leaves of
 the trees whispered of love . . . romance was in the
 air and the stage was set for a rendezvous. I walked
 alone until . . . She came . . . so petite, so charm-
 ing and oh! so Parisienne. It was just another case of
 love at first sight.

A questioning glance . . . a little nod . . . and
 we were walking together. How long we walked in
 silence, I don't know, but I was first to attempt speech.
 I had studied French in college. But I was bold, and
 drawing closer to her, I whispered softly, "Cherie je vous
 aime."

She looked at me doubtfully for a moment and said,
 "What in hell's the matter with your English?"

Peculiar people, these French.

"Don't you think Helen puts on too much?"
 "Yes, but it may be the weather."

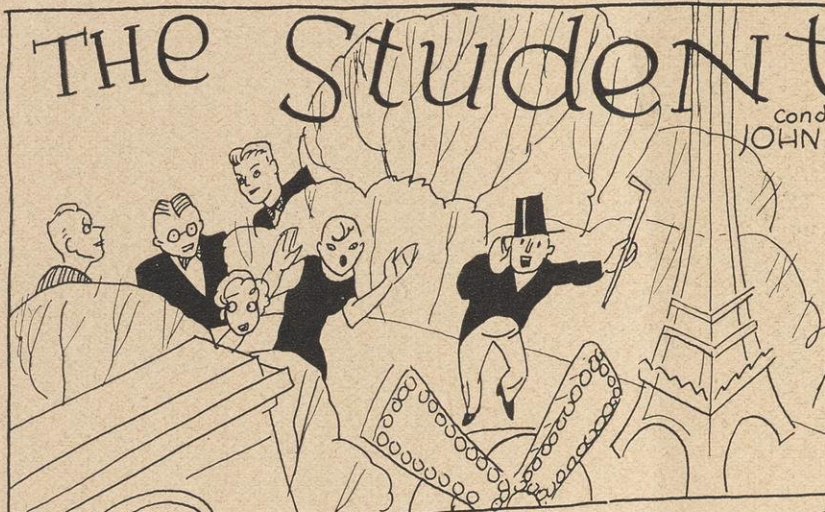
Waiter: We serve only fish here on Friday, sir.
 Sir: Holy Mackerel!
 Waiter: No, deviled herring.



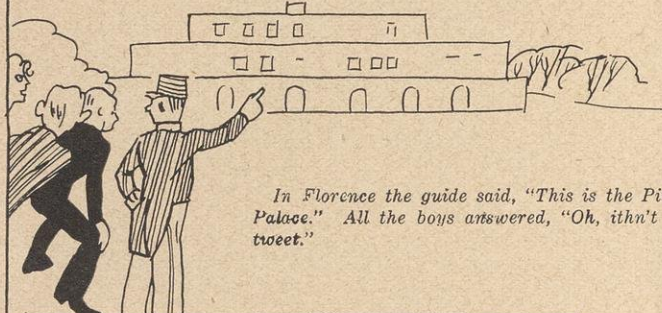
Don—How much money did you spend in Paris?
 Key—Franc-ly, I don't know.

THE Student TOUR

conducted by
JOHN ALLCOTT & VIC SEASTONE



We got to Paris just in time to see the Eiffel Tower, the Folies Bergere, the Dolly Sisters, and the Montmartre, before turning in. The swim over from London was very tiring to the boys. The next day we went to a suburb called Versailles. Being built especially for the Peace Conference, it was just beautiful. We heard of Notre Dame, another nearby place; but didn't have time to do any more villages.



In Florence the guide said, "This is the Pitti Palace." All the boys answered, "Oh, itn't it treet."



In Rome we discovered that the guide could not take a joke, when we asked him if the Michael Angelos on the ceiling of the Vacuum were originals. We saw their big stadium, which they call the Coliseum, where they used to have all the marvelous old Roman sports (before they died, ha-ha). We looked all over, for the leaning tower of Pisa, but we couldn't find it.



We arrived at Venice during the most dreadful flood. We went sightseeing in a boat, and saw lots of Venetian atmosphere, and more barber-shops! Our evinrude pointed to a little arch with great pride, he said it was a Bridge of Size. My, he certainly would get a kick out of Brooklyn Bridge all right.



In Seville we went to the bull fight. I prefer the stock yards, myself for it is not efficient to take an hour to kill one bull. It was awfully hot here, and not a drop to drink. That is, there was water. And we were broke by now. And so we drank—water.



Aged in the Wood

"What makes you think that Chateau is an old cheese factory?"

"Look at the molding on the wall."

"Are you going to Europe on the Paris?"

"No, I'm going to Japan on the contrary."

First Voyager: What's the matter, sea sick?

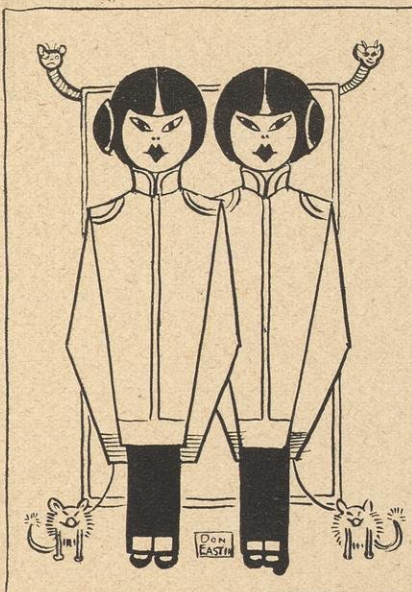
Second Sufferer: No, breaking in Dunhill's to save duty charges.

Impressions of the Colosseum

Tex Rickard: Baby, I'd like to have had a share of the gate receipts at the Christian massacre.

Red Grange: Not nearly as good as the Illinois stadium.

Harvard Man: Wonder if it was some Princeton men who broke all the stones off the end?



"What does Singapore?"

"Singapore what?"

"That's what I want to know."



FANTASY

'Neath Southern moon
I heard her croon
A song of ecstasy
Lost all too soon
That night in June
A dreamy fantasy

O, winsome maid
Because you played
Love's melody for me. . .
I love you maid
The song you played
Still haunts my memory.

O, dreamgirl mine
Fair Columbine
Pray tell me truthfully
Did you design
To make me pine
Or was your song for me?

—G. S.

This is no Bull

"I hear that Tom went steerage to Europe."

"Quite true, he worked his way on a cattle boat."

"Did you see the Seine in Paris?"

"Yes, and a lot that weren't."

From what I hear about Europe I think that Americans pay twice as much to be insulted there as they do here.

"Did you see the Gulf of Arabia?"

"Sure, but I didn't play any."

"Why didn't you marry the Cherbourg girl,

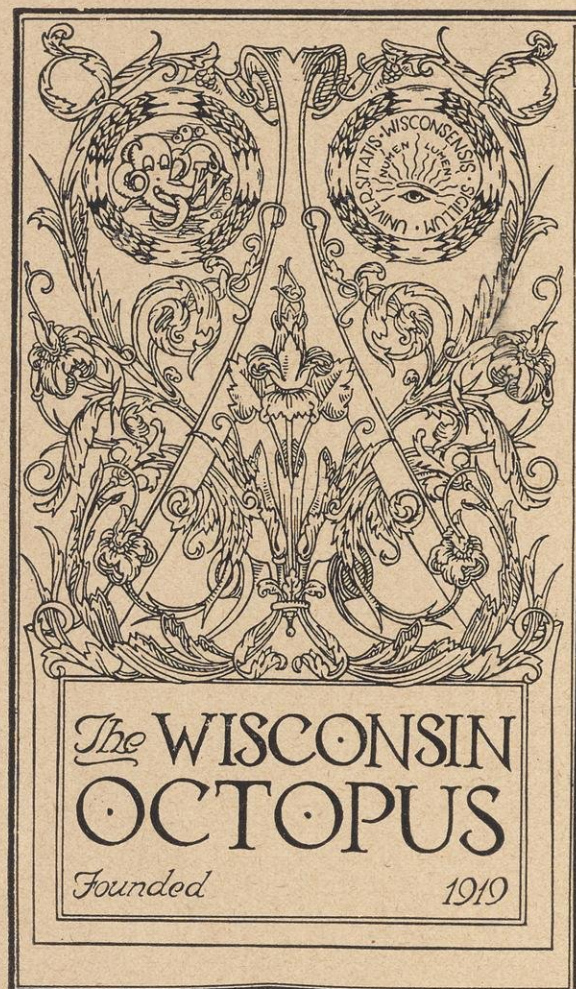
The girl in the beautiful red?"

He glanced at his questioner—then with a smile—

"I wouldn't Havre," he said.



Good Old Southern Hospitality.



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Vol. VIII

FEBRUARY, 1927

No. 5

HOUSE MOTHERS—WHY NOT

We speak of Communism and of Common Property like Something very far away, which WE would never see; we thought the Facts were quite remote from any Theory of that Kind. But our proudest Institutions seem to have the same Idee; the Scale is smaller, to be sure; but, fundamentally, if Communism's different it's only in Degree, not in Kind.

The Institution which I cite is the Fraternity, where Everybody's Everything is common as can be, and those that don't see what they want do want what they see—or can find: Ties, Suspenders, Razor-Blades; Sugar, Spoons, and Tea; Books and Cars and Telephone-Calls, and Wealth and Poverty; Loves and Hates and Quarrels—yes, and Dates, especially—even blind!

So when with Laughter long and loud you Scoffers come to me, with "Hell! House Mothers! Such a blank blank dash Fraternity!", I dare to dream that even you quite possibly could be more refined if, being Products of a Group, you'd with that Group agree to share, along with Brotherhood, the holdam Family, and add a Mother to the rest—I'm derved if I can see why you'd mind!

\$10 in prizes offered in

OCTY'S BIG "BEST-WIT-OF-THE-MONTH" CONTEST

The Wisconsin Octopus announces with pleasure the inauguration of its "Best-Wit-of-the-Month" contest. This is your great golden opportunity to exercise profitably your abilities to portray the brighter side of life.

And so we are awarding one dollar each for the ten best pieces of humor submitted by students, the winning wise cracks to be published in the Collegiate Number of Octopus which will appear on the campus on March ninth.

It's really very simple. You are not limited to any specific type of humor. Nor is there a limit to the amount of copy you may submit. Hand in one joke or a hundred if you choose. But your humor must be original!

Copy should be typewritten on one side only of quite an ordinary sheet of paper, and may be deposited in one of the contribution boxes on the campus or handed in to the Octopus office in the Union building. It must bear your name and address so we may know where to send the prize. The contest officially closes at noon Saturday, February 26. The prizes will be awarded, announced, and promptly paid on March 9, the date of the appearance of the Collegiate Number of Octopus.



The Correspondence Student Joins a Student Tour

SONG OF THE SEA

By John Powell and Louise Ploner

1

Lad and Lass by the
Steamer's rail
(Sound of the open sea!);
Young hearts caught in
Emotion's glow,
Stirred by the red blood
that never runs slow
—And stilled by Memory.

2

For this is the girl of the
Sailor lad's dreams
(Sound of the open sea!)
Eyes understanding and hu-
morous mouth,
Pride of the North and
warmth of the South,
And a spirit high and free.

3

Days he'd spent with Hula
Lu
(Sound of the open sea!)
First made him dream of a
girl like this,
Who'd give him her soul
when she gave him her
kiss
—But no so easily.

4

And like Marie, in Her veins
would flow
(Sound of the open sea!)
Wine of warmth and tender-
ness,
But for him she'd save her
"Yes"
—To Love, and Loyalty.

5

He left them both in tears,
to find
(Sound of the open sea!)
The One at last—the One
Supreme—
Only to find she makes him
dream
Of Lulu and Marie!



OUR HERO IN PATAGONIA

By Don Trenary

THE wind blew chill o'er the mountain side, where three lone men and two dogs struggled through the blinding storm and the coal-black night. It was cold, and the men drew their mufflers tighter around their necks and the dogs hid their heads in their collars . . .

This, however, had nothing to do with Our Hero and the Nabob of Banchub, who, at that precise moment, happened to be walking through the Gobi desert, hunting for a half dollar a traveller was reputed to have lost there in '96. The Nabob had just heard of the death of two of his favorite diamond mines, and so was feeling rather depressed. Our Hero, on the other hand, was feeling as sprightly as a cricket, although he could make no noises by rubbing his hind legs together, and as happy as a coed who has angled a date out of her roommate's best man.

Faster they walked, leagues and leagues were put behind them, the American, the National, and the League for the Protection of the Working Girl.

"Wonderful desert," said Our Hero casually, kicking a rattlesnake out of the way.

"It would be," replied the Nabob, resting all five chins on his hand, "if it weren't for the sand."

After the brilliant crack chronicled above, and credited to the Nabob (although it really was, between you and me, a product of the author), they pursued their way, which had run off in the meantime and was playing postoffice with a group of prairie dogs. They finally lured it back by making a noise like an Alpha Phi paying a house assessment, and wandered on upon their quest and the desert's dusky face, much to the discouragement of the desert.

The sun, however, was beating down intensely, and the down got into the eyes of Our Hero and the Nabob, causing them to duck (pun; down, duck, see?) so they finally got into a group of cacti that matched the boti the Nabob was wearing, and leaned against a friendly cactus for a rest.

But hark, what is that noise that sounds like thunder and swells from the left in reverberating echoes? Noth-

ing at all, there is no noise, it is just a little joke of the author's.

But between two grains of sand immediately in front of the Nabob's left foot glided a pack of wolves, who eyed the pair hungrily. Our Hero and the Nabob were not a bit frightened, they had belonged to the Wolf Patrol in the Boy Scouts. But, being interested in all branches of sport, they started off on a little foot race,

with the wolves ranking third to one hundred forty-sixth, inclusive. They were, you see, hunting for a door to keep the wolves away from.

But look, from the other side, and completely surrounding the fleeing pair, comes a pack of Spondulian Whippersnappers, an animal noted, as everyone knows, for its habit of jumping twice backwards and then snapping, making it the symbol of the Democratic party.

Our Hero and the Nabob of Banchub were completely surrounded by animals. What were they to do? They found themselves in a dilemma, but this did not help them any, as the fool thing would not start.

But a thought suddenly flashed into the Nabob's mind, and he grasped his watch and set it furtively. Closer and closer came the animals, until the pair could see the whites of their eyes. Then the Nabob, with a fine show of carelessness, exhibited his watch. The animals glanced at it, put their tails

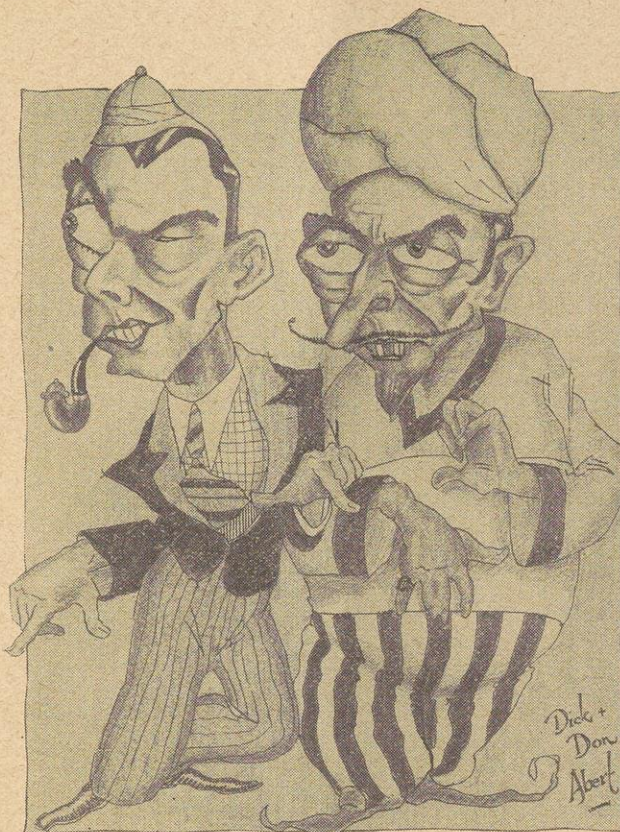
between their legs, and slunk away. You see, according to the Nabob's watch, it was still four hours till dinner time.

The pair walked on, arm in arm, until thirst assailed them. Then Our Hero rolled up his sleeves, took out his handkerchief, said "Abacadabadunk" twice forward and once backward, and took two bottles out of the Nabob's ear.

"Have some pop," said Our Hero, at which the Nabob laughed heartily. It was not what he said, you see, it was the way he said it.

Then Our Hero reached into his back pocket and took out two straws, one of which he handed to the Nabob.

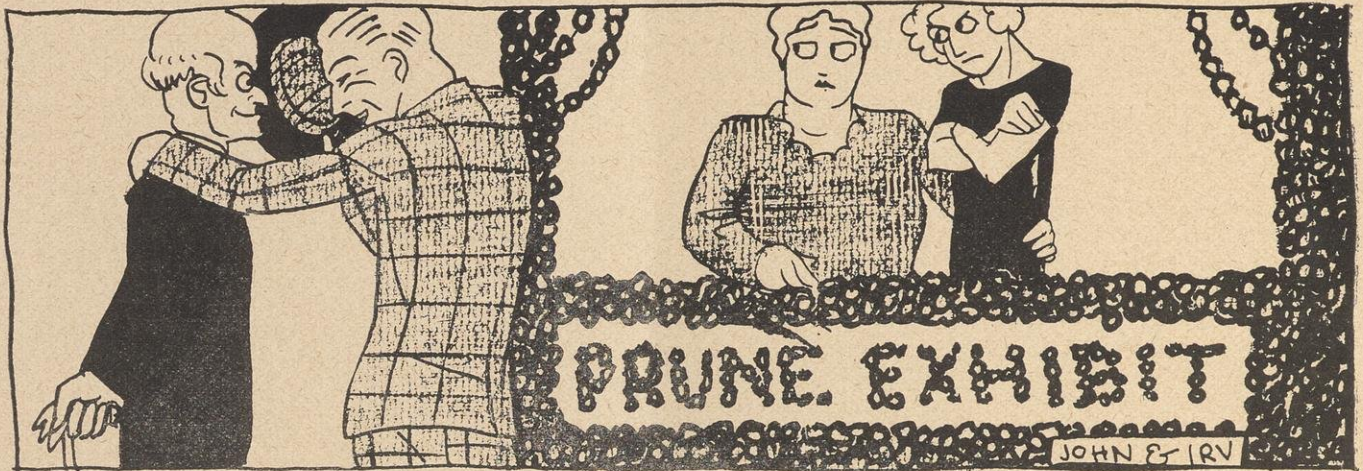
(Continued on page 47)



"Wolves!" cries our hero.

"Cripes!" says the Nabob, "And us with no door to keep them away from!"

UNCLE JASPER GOES TO THE WORLD'S FAIR



Everyone was excited when the World's Fair was opened. Uncle Jasper electrified the town by announcing that he was going. Half the folks in the village went down to see him off. Just before the train started and while Uncle Jasper was standing on the rear platform, his straw suitcase in hand, Ed Derfer called out, "Watch out for them women in the city!"

Uncle Jasper cocked his hat a little on one side and replied, "I haven't the slightest doubt, Ed, but what I shall make a number of 'fair' acquaintances." Ed said he stretched his suspenders all out of shape by laughing so much.

On the way Uncle Jasper got into a heated argument with an old gentleman who turned out to be a History professor. Finally the old professor asked in squeaky wrath, "Well, sir, if you are so well acquainted with the world's history, tell me when it was that Anthony and Cleopatra lived?"

Uncle Jasper thought deeply for a moment, then with a twinkle in his eye he retorted, "My dear professor, such dates are merely a series of figures to me, merely a series of figures."

The old gentleman appeared somewhat puzzled for a

moment before he finally caught on and burst into an unscholarly cackle. Arrived at the exposition the two were somewhat overcome at its magnitude. As Uncle Jasper explained to the boys later, "It was a most harrowing experience to plow one's way through the crowds."

A group of Scotch Highlanders were giving an exhibition in one of the buildings. Uncle Jasper, perceiving that one of the dancers was losing his garment, called out in a low voice as he pointed at the man, "Your kilt!"

The man stared at him strangely for a moment, then tapping his forehead replied in a high falsetto, "No I'm not! I shot you first! Bing!"

Uncle Jasper and his companion then 'skirted' the Hawaiian exhibit and were walking down the Midway Plaisance when suddenly rounding a corner they were nearly swept off their feet by a sea of people in the Carnival of Fun parade: Yelling, "Fete's against us!" Uncle Jasper grabbed the professor by the arm and ducked into the California building. A small room was set aside for the prune growers display, "But," as Uncle Jasper told the folks afterwards, "We didn't go in because I saw it was 'plum' full."

"Rather a sleepy town, this Bagdad."

"Yeah, they even wear night gowns all day here."

"Do you smoke a pipe?"

"No, I smoke tobacco."

First Laddie: I dinna ken wa father does at the peanut vending machine.

Second Laddie: Hoot Mon! He's counting the peanuts ta ken wither he got as monie wi the first penny a' wi the second.

"Did you just get a haircut?"

"No, all of them."

All puns of or pertaining to traveling bags have been barred from this issue.

"What was the boy we saw in Amsterdam crying about?"

"He probably got in dutch with his teacher."

Can you imagine the American who went to Europe for a change, and who ordered a glass of water in a Paris cafe?

Insane asylums do not exist in Arabia because there are nomad people there.

Bo—Do your chorus girls lead a wild life?

Flo—Yes, but in spite of it they're in pretty good shape.

"Do you like Browning?"
 "Browning wot?"
 "Browning *what*?"
 "Yes, I ain't no home ec."

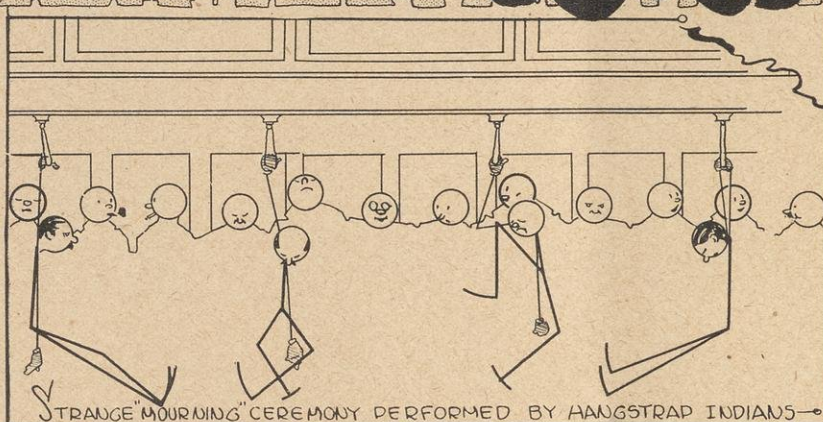
We stood before the Igloo door
It was nearly time to go.
I asked the miss a single kiss
I could not Eskimo.

*She: Don't pay any attention to him, dear.
He's nothing but a tight old Scotchman.*



JOHN ALLCOTT

ODD SIGHTS UPON OUR WORLD



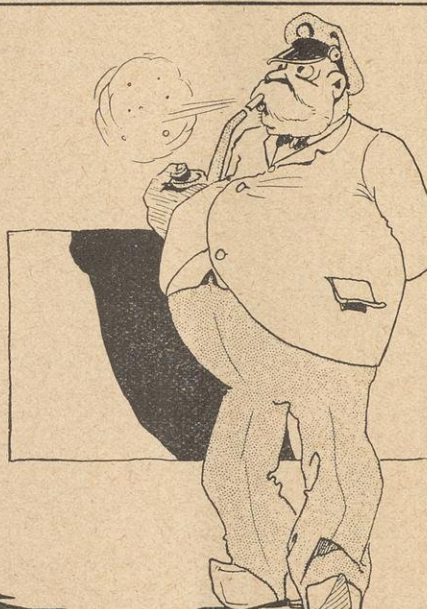
STRANGE "MOURNING" CEREMONY PERFORMED BY HANGSTRAP INDIANS—



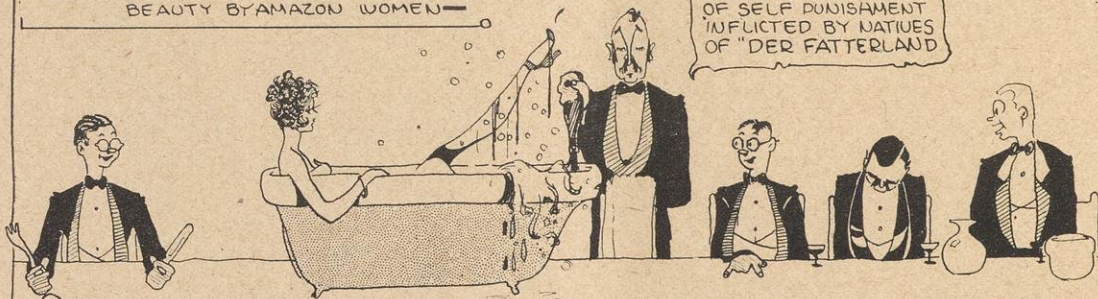
OLD FASHIONED FOLK DANCE PREVALENT AMONG UNCIVILIZED ESKIMAUX OF LADLAND—



ODD HEADRESS CONSIDERED HEIGHT OF BEAUTY BY AMAZON WOMEN—



BARBAROUS METHOD OF SELF PUNISHMENT INFLICTED BY NATIVES OF "DER FATTERLAND"



QUAINT CUSTOM PRACTICED IN "ARID" REGIONS OF NORTH AMERICA—

REID WINNEY
+ IRVING THRESSLER

RECENT BOOKS

William Ellory Leonard Goes to the Show Boat

(Octy wiggles its tentacles in happiness, for this brilliant new department is initiated by William Ellory Leonard, one of the cleverest of America's true critics, and who is, in the bargain, a lauded poet.)

I sometimes take a moment in class from the more learned and technical activities (for which the Commonwealth of Wisconsin has employed me since 1906) to comment on some current book I've just read. But my classes are small, and such wisdom as may be in my recommendations has had little influence, I guess, on this Campus. So when the Octopus asked me to lead off in this new venture, its Book Review Page, I recognized an opportunity. Not since I edited the Boston University Beacon in 1897-8 have I felt so important.

I don't read all the new works, even of my friends, Floyd Dell and Hergesheimer; but I read Edna Ferber's *Show Boat* (Doubleday Page), in spite of the fact that several years ago the President of the Rotary Club of Jakeville, Indiana, had told me that she was a "sweet wholesome writer". *Show Boat* is a strong book, crowded with men and women, frequently wicked, alive in their oddities comic and tragic,—a book as American in setting and spirit as Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*, of which it reminded me more than once. And it opened up to me a world about which for a fact I knew nothing at all.

Does any reader of the Octopus know what a *Show Boat* was—and (here and there) still is? Has any reader, I wonder, ever seen a *Show Boat*—one of those floating theatrical palaces of gaudy gilt and dazzling window-lights, tying up at the small-town wharves up and down the Mississippi and along its innumerable tributaries of the still more benighted hinterland. Well I, at least have seen one—Edna Ferber's. So it is that



literature may itself become experience for us. I have seen an actress in that harum-scarum troupe bear a child on that *Show Boat*; I have seen an actor draw his knife and cut his mistress' finger and suck the blood (a bit of exciting melodrama off-stage); I've seen them acting *East Lynn* and all the good old repertoire on the dark waters, to the wharf-loungers and farmers and farmer's wives and children, stilling deep hungers in starved humanity. These were your genuine strolling players, loving the footlights and the stage business, eager for the laughter and tears of the crowd, yet not taking themselves or their art too seriously. I've heard the band marching off from the gang-plank into the towns, with all its brass and blue, like the circus parade I used to watch up Front Street in my home-town in Jersey. And I've walked with a pretty actress out into the

afternoon woods and gathered wild flowers with her—and for her. Which surely even a grey-haired professor may do without criticism—while he's reading a book. And I've felt the fascination of the great swirling river, with its snags and sand-bars and those unlighted waves behind a boat, even behind a *Show Boat*, into which so many have fallen and never found rope or shore.

The Father of Waters is really the chief character of *Show Boat*—Miss Ferber's chief act of creative imagination. A lady of my acquaintance remarked naively after laying down the book, "Why, I've lived on the shores of the Mississippi all my life and it certainly made no such impression on me." To which, being a tactful gentleman

(Continued on page 35)



Willie: "Mother, may I talk likth the college boyth?"
 Mother: "Why of course dear."
 Willie: "Well, then, where in the hellth my dod dam raincoat?"
 —Cannon Bawl

Cannibal Prince (rushing in): "Am I too late for dinner?"
 Cannibal King: "Yep, everybody's eaten."
 —Annapolis Log

"What are you rushin' for?"
 "I ain't no Russian, I bane Swede!"
 —N. Y. U. Medley

He—"How about a little ride, Cutie?"
 She—"Are you going north?"
 He—"Yes, I am."
 She—"Give my regards to the Eskimos."
 —Denison Flamingo

Necker: I'm sorry, dear, but you can't kiss me now.
 I just had my tonsils taken out.
 Neckest: Yes, that may be going a little too far.
 —Carnegie Tech Puppet

Koslominoff: "A moment, my sweet one. What flat are you singing in?"
 Madam Olga Petronavich: "This ain't no flat, it's a theatre."
 —Brown Jug

"Mac complains that his feet continually go to sleep."
 "That disease must be spreading. The last time I saw him only his toes turned in."
 —Cornell Widow

Admiral Berry and wife are out taking a walk.
 Sentry—"Halt! Who goes there?"
 Mrs. Berry—"We're the Berry's."
 Sentry—"Don't give a damn if you're the cat's meow. You can't go by here."
 —Georgia Cracker

Temptation

When first I danced with Johnnie,
 He begged me for a kiss—
 I said "Non, non," though well I knew
 The thrill that I would miss.

We danced through flying hours
 And again he said "Please, dear!"
 I could not then refuse him for
 The "Oui" sma' hours were near!

X—What's that statue of?
 Y—Alabaster.
 X—But it says Aphrodite under it.
 —Washington Dirge

—Annapolis Log



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For
"best thoughts"
in sweets consult
the Sampler!



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Just so is the modern Sampler a selection from ten boxes of candy which have proved most popular in the eighty-four years experience of Whitman's in candy making.

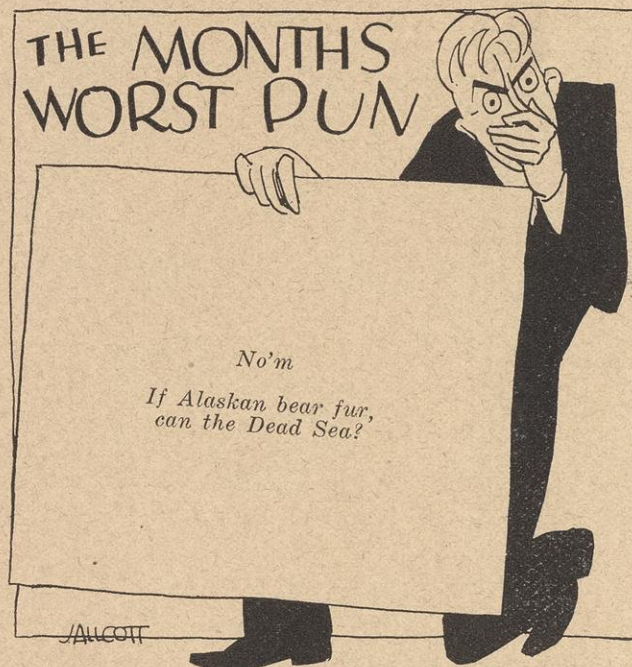
The people who buy fine candies really selected the contents of the Sampler.

Which may explain why it is America's best known and most liked candy assortment.



**Special
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All Whitman packages can be purchased at Whitman agencies—usually the leading drug stores.



Belligerent cop (to couple in parked car): Wot's going on here, eh?

Flustered young man: Er—that is—n-nothing, officer.

B. C. Well, get goin', get goin'.

And so they did.

Jim: Why isn't Ted back in school?

Jack: He was at a party in Venice last summer and fell into the gutter on the way home.

1st Senator: Have a mint?

2nd Incompetent: No, I'm not to be bribed!

National Anthem of Arabia:—"Tenting To-night."

"Can you play a trombone?"

"No, but I can show you a nice setting-up exercise."

Orpheus: So you're not on speaking terms with your roommate?

Morpheus: No, he persistently wakes me up when I'm trying to study!

"Johnny, stop poking little Edward!"

"I ain't pokin' him, Ma, I'm countin' his measles."

Did you ever hear about the guy who smoked his pipe in cold weather to get a frosting on the cake?

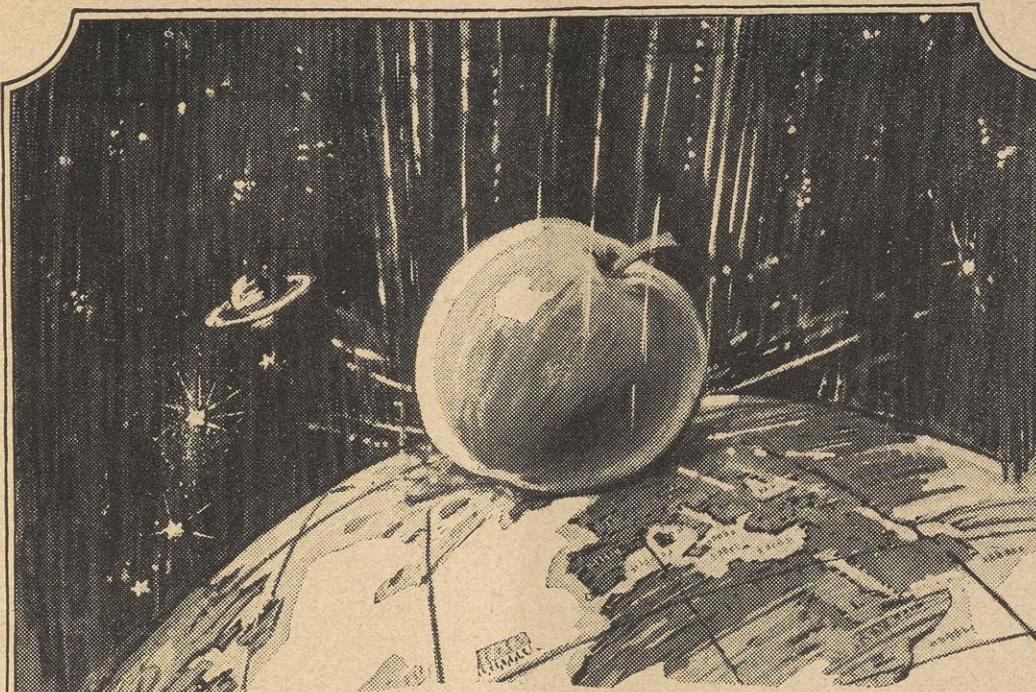
"What countries are you visiting this summer?"

"Paris."



"Pray, little rose petal, whither are you going?"

"I cannot tell thee, sir, I'm a stranger in these parts, too."



The apple that rocked the earth

“I wonder why?”

In Isaac Newton's mind that question clamored for an answer. Many men had seen apples fall, but this man with the question mark mind found out why they fall—and his answer has helped us to understand the workings of a universe.

Would that we all could get a bite of that apple if it would inspire us too with the “I wonder why” attitude!

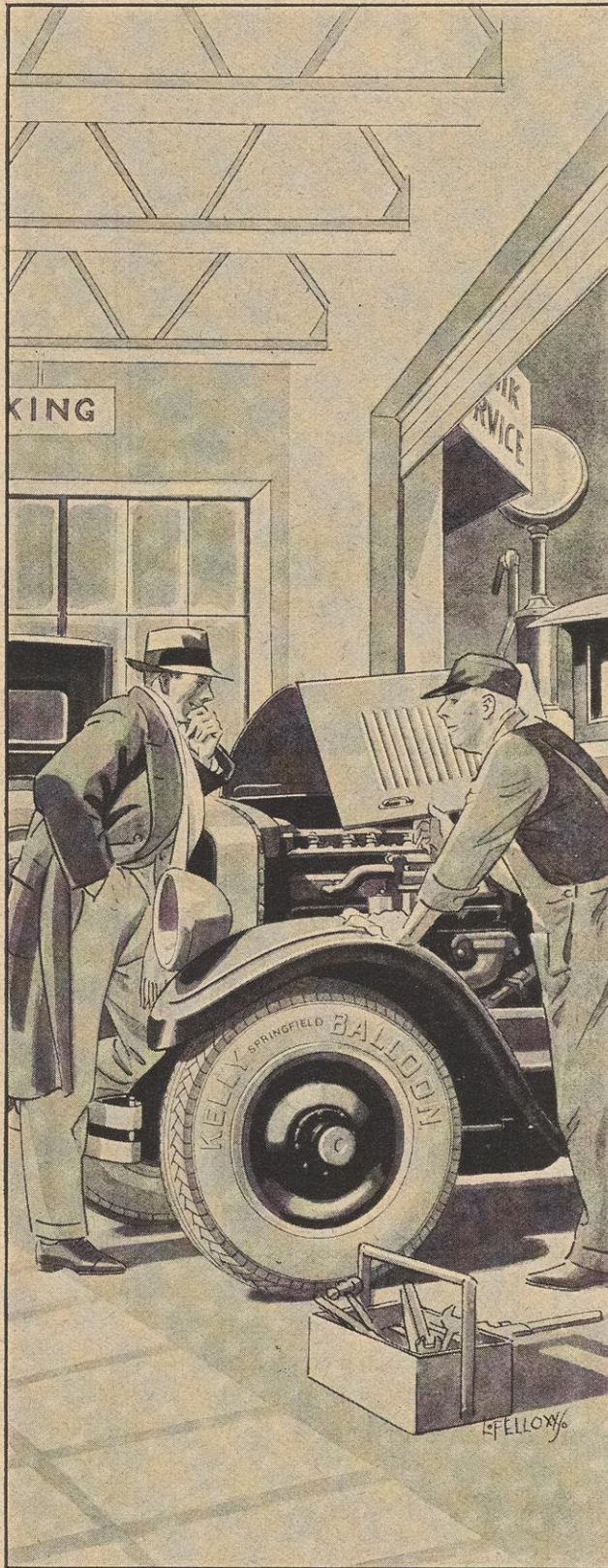
Intellectual curiosity is a great and moving force. It mobilizes reluctant facts. It is the stern drill-master which whips into shape that most invincible of armies—sure knowledge.

Curiosity, with the will to sweat out the answer, is the greatest asset you can acquire in your college course. This attribute is needed by industry today more than ever before.

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Communication
Industry
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Makers of the Nation's Telephones



"There y'are, Cap, the gas line's clear now and you ought to finish your trip without any more trouble--unless you have a blowout."

"I'm not worrying about blowouts, with Kelly-Springfields on all around."

OCTY'S SLUMBER STORIES FOR LITTLE TOTS

Uncle Wiggily Buys Some Headache Pills

"Nurse Jane," said Uncle Wiggily as he got up from dinner one day, "I have a headache, what's good for it?"

"Well," answered Nurse Jane, as she reached for a Camel (Nurse Jane did have such awfully bad taste), "My grandmother always said the best thing for headaches was to tie a piece of red flannel around your head and take a nice long walk."

"Don't be a sap," said Uncle Wiggily crossly, "Your grandmother didn't know a headache from a nightcap, besides I should go running around like a matador!"

Lipperty-lip went Uncle Wiggily over the fields to Wally Woodchuck's drug store, it was necessary for him to do something about his headache. Into the door he walked, somehow the drug store seemed vastly changed, there seemed to be everything there but drugs. It had been some years, however, since Uncle Wiggily had been in a drug store. A clerk came up to him—why it was Reddy Fox!

"Is there anything you would like to see today?" said Reddy Fox politely.

"Yes," answered Uncle Wiggily, "I'd like something for a headache."

Reddy Fox frowned a little, "I'm sorry, but this is a strictly prohibition drug store."

Uncle Wiggily blushed, "I dowannanything like that," he said, "I'd like some headache pills."

"Of course," murmured Reddy, "By the way, do you have a toothpick sharpener at your house? No home should be without one."

"I put my teeth in a glass of water every night," answered the Rabbit gentleman, "Won't you please show me some headache pills?"

"Yes, yes," said Reddy, "By the way do you have your fishing license for the summer?"

"I don't like fish," said Uncle Wiggily rather sharply, "And I don't like headache pills either, but I need them."

"Maybe it's your eyes," thought Reddy Fox out loud, "Perhaps you'd better step back to our optical department."

"Helno," Uncle Wiggily was becoming impatient, "My neighbors always pull down their shades, c'mon now, show me some headache pills!"

Reddy Fox looked Uncle Wiggily in the eye very sternly, "Do you know that thousands of children are being killed each day by careless motorists?"

"Well, what's that got to do with my headache?" snorted Uncle Wiggily.

"Nothing," said Reddy Fox seriously, "But it's a lot more important. What I want to know is—have you put on your tire chains? If not, our accessory department can take care of you."

"Dammit," Uncle Wiggily was becoming very much peeved, "I don't even drive a car. Please now, for the last time before I stab you, show me some headache pills."

"You haven't a car?" asked Reddy eagerly.

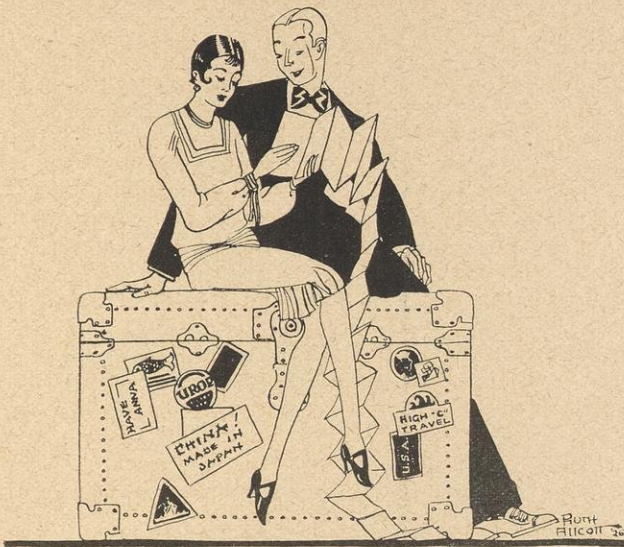
"No and I haven't any headache pills either," and a dangerous look crept into Uncle Wiggily's eyes.

"Well, step right around here to the automobile department and let us fix you up."

* * *

They say the patient is doing nicely.

—Jonah



He—You know, I wish I had enough money to marry.

She—Are you serious, dear?

He—Yes, I'd take a trip to Europe.



She: Am I your father?

He: No, why?

She: Then quit pawin' me.

—Western Reserve Wildcat



Stripes: "Wherefor tears, gadget?"

Plebe: "(Sniff) I busted my lifetime pen and now I gotta die."

—Annapolis Log



He—I'll never let anything come between us!

She—Then move your Big Ben over in the other pocket.

—Nebraska Awgwan



One street cleaner (to another): "Ah, my brother, so you too are in the gutter!"

—Pitt Panther



Locked in Again

"Hello, Bill, I thought you would be out to see the boys last night," said the gunman. "The gang want to hear how you busted your way out of the pen."

"I couldn't get there," replied the escaped convict in a gloomy voice. "My wife wouldn't let me out of the house."

—Toronto Goblin



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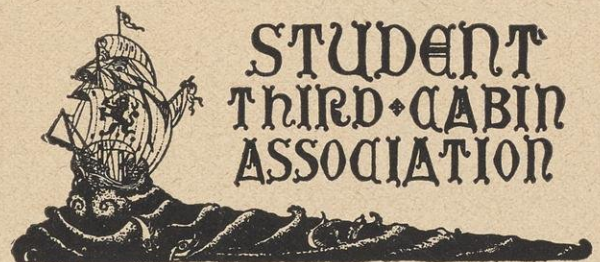
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After All

There is no place like the Chocolate Shop to come anytime. You will always find the best of food—most tasty—and the reason is just because it is

The Chocolate Shop



*"I wandered today o'er the hill,
Maggie!"*

"What were you wondering about?"

Love Letter Series No. 1

Dearest,

I love you more and more each day—why last night at a dance I'd squeeze other girls just thinking they were you.

Your own
Ethelbert

and the answer

Dearest,

Your letter was such a relief, now I know why the boys were squeezing me last night at a dance—they were thinking of *their* girls, weren't they Ethelbert?

Your own
Ethel.

*And she could love, too, Gosh by Gis!
First she asked, "Necky-vous"!
I replied, "Sure I dous."
Now I'm lost from 'The Land of the Fris.'*

1st reviewer: Read any books lately?

2nd reviewer: No, but I've written reports on a couple that would be interesting if I had time to read them.



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Back Wheel: Yes, but he'll never get anywhere with that face.

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Irate Owner: "This is my car, and what I say about it goes. Do you get me?"

Mechanic (crawling from under the car): "Will you please say 'Engine'?"
—N. Y. U. Medley

My Life's Work

I love the snow. Its beautiful flakes with their intricate patterns and fairylike designs never fail to fascinate me. I love to see it, lying a gorgeous white mantle, covering the barren ground and making from ugliness a thing of perfect and celestial beauty. I love to see it nestling on the branches of pines, changing them into soft white wings which at any minute might soar up and up into the vast spaces of the sky. I love to feel its gentle touch on my face as it falls. Yes, I love the snow.

I get fifty cents an hour for shoveling it.
—Vassar Vagabond

He: "I could hang on your very words."

She: "Is my line as strong as that?"

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

1st Plebe: "How big is a battleship?"

2nd Plebe: "What kind of a battleship?"

1st Plebe: "Oh, a big battleship."

2nd Plebe: "How big?"

—Annapolis Log



"Can you look cross-eyed?"

"Naturally."

A pessimist is a person who would look for splinters in a club sandwich.

—Drexel Drexerd

Why don't the pretty kitty climb the tree?

It can't. It's a pole cat.

—S. Calif. Wampus

Soph—"Did you ever expect to rate here?"

Frosh—"No, I always spit out the window."—Allegheny Alligator

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Convict—"I don't know."

Same Lady—"You don't know! Why?"

Convict—"I'm in for life." —Denison Flamingo



"Prithee, Melachrino, come forth with a right subtle response—what does one do with the left part of a duck?"

"Cheerio, Meerscham, and 'tis easily answered. One makes hash, of course." —Chicago Phoenix

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Dumb: Give me a sentence with the word "wrestle."

Dumber: I never rest till I kiss 'em. —Lehigh Burr



Another Alexander

"Pop, can't we move soon?"

"Move? Why?"

"Well, I've licked all the kids in this neighborhood." —Life



Many a true word has been spoken through false teeth.

—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern



Assistant—I couldn't find the leak on the eighth floor.

Janitor—Why didn't you look on the seventh?

Assistant—Oh, that's another story. —Drexel Drexerd



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Boston Burglar—"They've got the
plunder in a tin safe. Pray hand me
the James." —*Princeton Tiger*

Woman (to street car conductor):
How far do you go?
Conductor (gallantly): Madam, as
far as you like.
—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern*

"My twin-sister expects to marry
a college fellow next month."
"D'you?"
"No, Delt."
—*N. W. Purple Parrot*

"How close were you to the right
answer to that Physics problem?"
"Just two seats."
—*Cornell College Ollapod*

Clubwoman (delivering speech):
What is home without a mother?
Voice in Gallery: Her kid.
—*Life*

"I never change my mind."
"Gosh, it must be dirty."
—*Pitt Panther*

U mm-m

Eats like
Mother cooks

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WE STILL AIM TO
PLEASE STUDENTS!



"My pride is injured."
"Did you fall?"

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The Octopus it is to laff!

- a funny bird with lotsa wriggles that wouldn't hold still long enough between chuckles to let you take a picture with an ordinary Kodak.
- but use a Ciné-Kodak and you'll get movies that will be a marvel to you and your friends now and as long as you live.
- imagine 20 or so years hence looking at the movies you take now during your college days.
- dad will let you get a Ciné if you ask him.

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The "Best-Wit-of-the-Month" Contest results will appear in the great Collegiate Number of Octopus
For sale at all drug stores, including the Scandinavian.

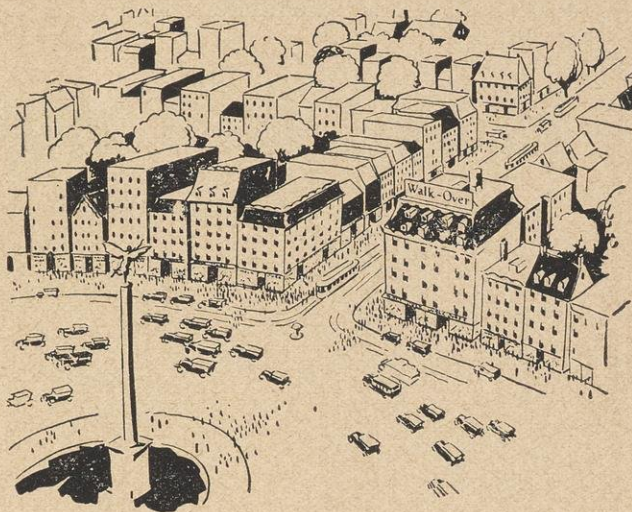
"Did Rollo make a clean breast of it?"
"I think so; I saw him weeping on her shoulder."
—Carnegie Tech Puppet

(Continued from page 23)

(when not teaching school), I did not reply as I might have: "That's the difference between Edna Ferber and you—and the rest of you." The difference between an artist's eye and soul, and the eye and soul of our every-day folk. And there is hope for every-day folk only when the artist can open their eyes and souls.

A hundred merely clever novels, smart books, will roll off the presses every year and the students read and quote them, and try (if they have literary urges) to go and do likewise. But only two or three a year have anything earnest and big and deep in them. Boys and girls, cling to these. And among the two or three of last year is certainly Show Boat. It seems not to have been much exploited in the book-trade; but it will make its way through years noisy with lesser things to the quiet security of an American classic.

And Edna Ferber is a Wisconsin girl, born up there in Appleton. On Wisconsin!

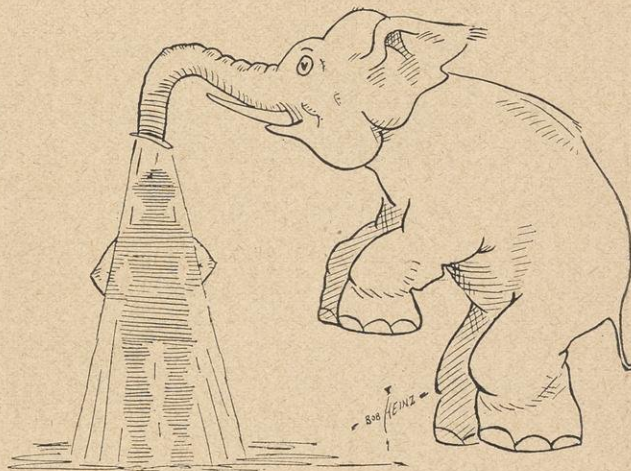


A world-wide city of stores

There are Walk-Over shoes fifty years ago in a stores all over the world. little New England town. If you could bring them Today the men and women all together they would of 102 countries wear the make a city as big as, if not same smart styles that bigger than, this commu- you can buy here in your nity. Walk-Over own Walk-Over started making *Walk-Over* store.

611 STATE STREET

She: Say, can you draw?
The Artist: Why, yes.
She: Well, draw those curtains or we'll have an audience on the sidewalk!
—Michigan Gargoyle



The Original Showerbath.

How is Your Coal Supply?

WHEN IN NEED OF COAL
WHY NOT RING

CASTLE & DOYLE

BADGER 1993

Clothes make the man . . . curious. —Exchange



He—If I thought that no one would see me, I would
kiss you.

She—I'll shut my eyes. —Denison Flamingo

"Give us a kiss?"

"How many?"

"Just one."

"But you said us."

—Penn State Froth



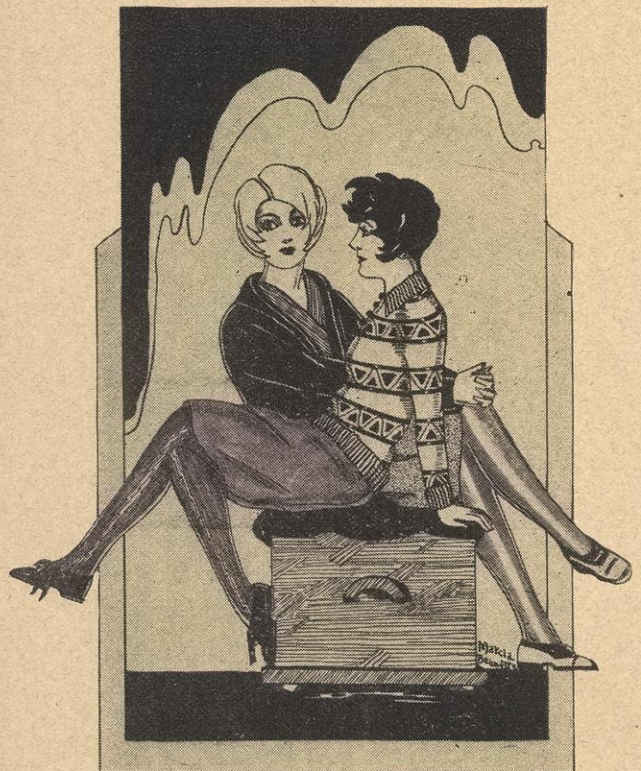
Statistics show that 99 out of 100
people like ice cream.

Then why not have the best there is?

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM
ICE CREAM

Just call Badger 7100

KENNEDY DAIRY COMPANY
629 West Washington Ave.



"How did you like Persia?"
"Well, it's rather rugged."

O. M. NELSON & SON

Diamond Merchants and Silversmiths

For Nearly a half Century

Dependable Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

21 North Pinckney Street

Nelson Building

Zero

*The course was o'er; I cent a grade
That I considered right;
It was an A, and I admit
It went quite Fahr in heit.*



Him: Were there any internal disturbances in Italy while you were there?

Himmel: Vesuvius belched once or twice.

CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits and Overcoats

\$40, \$45, \$50



She Knows Her Line!

It came from Vanity Fair, and she's rehearsed it thoroughly.

But her other line is even better!

It's Gordon V-Line hosiery and it came from Manchester's. Note those trim, slim V's on her dancing ankles below? They make them look even more slender than they really are.

\$2.50

Harry S. Manchester Inc.



"Why do we stand here like two silly asses?"

"I dunno, we must be in a vaudeville act."

The pitcher started to wind up—then stopped.

"Gosh," he mused, "I can't remember if I'm supposed to throw this game or not!"

—Life

Carp It

Yes, I'm a connoisseur of rugs;
I know the things quite well.
I bartered with the Sinolugues
And 'mong the Kurds did dwell.

I've seen my full of Feraghans,
Karadjas and Kazaks.
I know what's in the Hamadans
And what the Dozar lacks.

Yes, Keshons, Shirvans and Sirooks
I've studied near and far.
Hand-made, they say, by Mamelukes,
As is the Kirmanshah.

Belochistans are made from spools
And colored like Chinese;
But let me say that good Moussoul
Are better far than these.

The Serrebends, Shiroz', Tagores,
Tho poor, are liked by some—
You ask what these are on my floors?
Why—er—linoleum.

—C. C. of N. Y. Mercury

Father: "Young man, I understand that you have made advances to my daughter."

Young man: "Yes, sir, I wasn't going to say anything about it, but since you mentioned it, I wish you could get her to pay me back."

—Drexel Drexerd



"Where have you been Carmen-cita?"

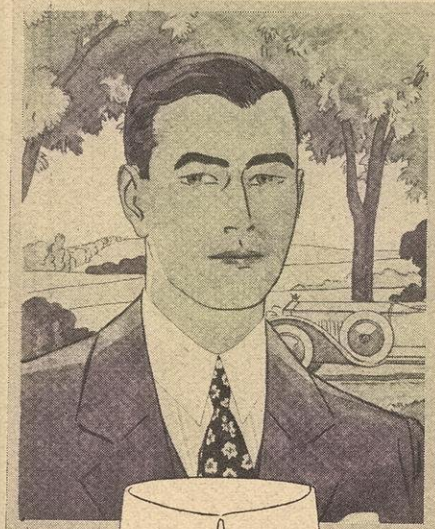
"At the bull-fights getting all the gore."

She: "You've been dissipating. You have tell-tale rings under your eyes."

Him: "And you on your fingers."

—Yale Record

New--a special collar for your Type



THE WILSHIRE

[[ROUND FACE—LONG NECK]]

This collar with points close together lengthens the face

THE lines of a starched collar should suit the shape of your face. Ide collars are correctly styled—they are in good taste. More than this, they are especially designed for their wearers.

Here are four types in which you can find your own. The style suggested is particularly suited to your type.

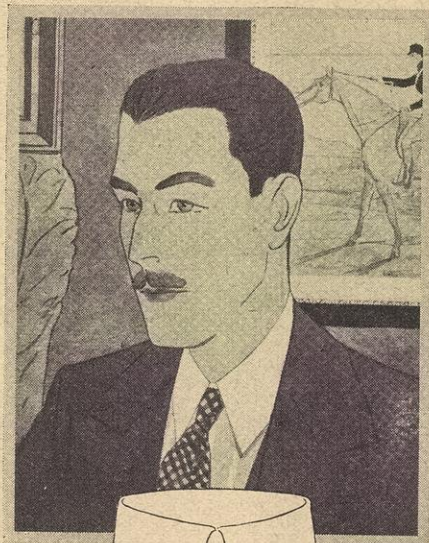
In a new booklet which we will send you at your request, are also



THE TAVISTOCK

[[ROUND FACE—SHORT NECK]]

This collar with long points close together makes the face look narrower



THE GLENGAIR

[[LONG FACE—LONG NECK]]

This collar shortens the neck and its wide points broaden the face



THE HOYLAK

[[LONG FACE—SHORT NECK]]

This collar with the points spread far apart makes the face look broader

shown the Ide styles in collars, shirts and handkerchiefs chosen by the "best-dressed" men or men voted "most likely to succeed" at ten leading universities.

Yale, Dartmouth, Cornell, Chicago, Williams, Pittsburgh, Wisconsin, Columbia and Brown are represented.

Address Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, New York, for a copy of this interesting review of what American university men wear.

IdeLuxeCOLLARS

P A T . P E N D I N G

NEW ROYAL PORTABLE

The "latest" in portable typewriters.

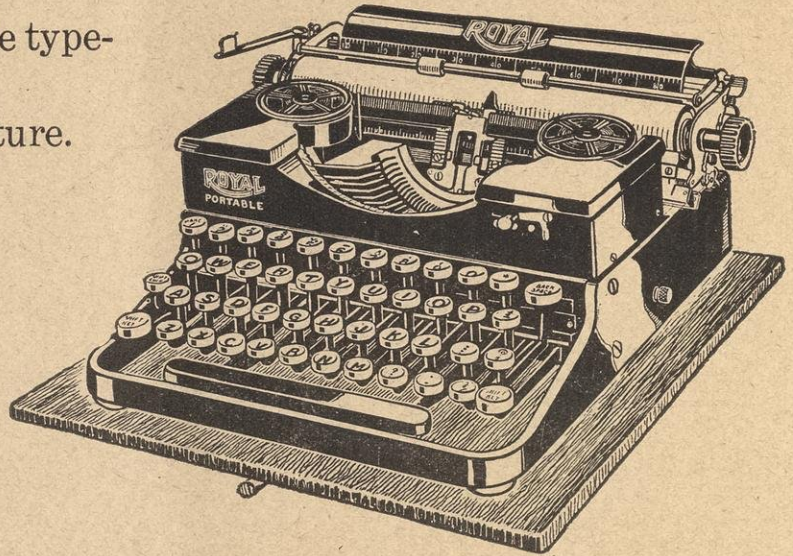
Up-to-date in every feature.

Handy to carry.

Easy to operate.

Produces clean-cut, beautiful work.

Come in and see this New Royal--We know you will like it.



BREWINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY

533 State Street.

Badger 222

This is a Fact

Little drops of water make the mighty ocean. You don't want an ocean in your cellar—let **Royston's** plumbing keep the ocean where it belongs.

R. T. ROYSTON

1319 University Ave.

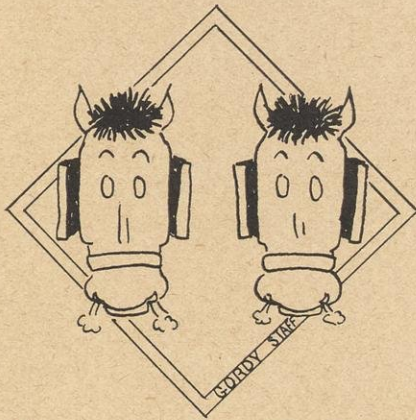
Fairchild 378

"Thass a dirty clack," shouted Wun Lung as the earthquake split up his back yard.



C. SPARGUR

Blmpfic—"Why did your wife club your maid?"
Gryssto—"She was in my room, and Dinosaur."



THEM DAYS Are Gone Forever!

Time was when the
village sheik rented the best team
and rig from Smith's Livery Stable.
Now the Up-To-Date Collitch Boy rents a shiny new Ford
and he can either call for it or phone us and we'll deliver it.

Badger Rent-A-Car Co.

250 State Street

Fairchild 2099



Kate, "How do you ask for hotel accommodations in Rome?"

Duplicate, "Why, 'Roman Bath,' of course!"

*You'll want
to see*

the new style details
that Braeburn style
suits offer the cam-
pus for spring.

They're now on display!

SPETH'S
222 STATE ST.



“Gosh, the soles of my shoes are so thin that I can stand on a dime and tell whether it’s heads or tails!”

“Oh, thass all right, take ’em down to Hill’s Shoe Repair Shop and they’ll fix ’em up like new.”

*Shoe Repairing Is Our
Sole Business*

Hill’s Shoe Repair Shop

State at Dayton

Hill’s Store Basement

A Travelogue

Mr. and Mrs. Peters of Dyke, Ohio, had decided to leave Venice for England. Mr. Peters was extremely disgusted with Venice, he saw no use in hanging around a town where one had to go out in a boat to take one's morning walk. Besides he couldn't understand why anybody wanted to live in such a place where the language was such a damfool one. Mrs. Peters decided it would be best too, for whenever she saw Mr. Peters cleaning his gun, she knew that they ought to go somewhere else. Mr. Peters had been controlling his homicidal tendencies pretty well lately, but enough is enough.

So Mr. Peters went to buy the tickets.

"I want to go to England," he told the agent.

"Well, go ahead," said the agent, "Nobody's stopping you."

"No one is stopping me," said Mr. Peters, "Unless I include you. Are you paid for making wise cracks or selling tickets?"

The agent looked hurt, he got out his handkerchief and blew his nose loudly, "Oh dear!" he said.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Peters.

"Nothing—I'm not understood," he answered, "it's awful."

"Who doesn't understand you—outside of myself?" Mr. Peters asked him gently, "Is it your wife? I know lots of men back in Dyke who are that way."

The agent looked wistfully at the floor. "Yes, that's it," he said, "wouldn't you like to hear about it?"

"No," said Mr. Peters.

"Well, it's like this," started the agent, but he saw Mr. Peters shift his gun from one pocket to another, "Where was it you wanted to go?"

"To England," and Mr. Peters was very firm.

"Of course," said the agent, and he handed Mr. Peters a huge sheaf of paper.

"What's this for?" asked Mr. Peters, "I have plenty of books to read on the train."

"Oh, that's your ticket," answered the agent, and he got out his handkerchief again.

"Now what's the matter?" Mr. Peters wanted to know.

"I'm being misunderstood again, it's awful," the agent blew his nose, "Oh dear!"

Mr. Peters put his gun in his coat pocket.

"Let's see now," and the agent hurriedly figured out how much Mr. Peters owed him. Mr. Peters pulled out his pocketbook and paid the agent.

"Just a minute," called the agent as Mr. Peters turned away from the window, "I forgot to add a tax on that ticket."

"Who's the tax for?" asked Mr. Peters.

"Mussolini," said the agent, "He always gets part of the ticket."



"But I don't know Mussolini," explained Mr. Peters, "Why when we were in Rome he didn't even have time to meet Mrs. Peters."

"Oh dear," said the agent sorrowfully as he got out his handkerchief, "Me and Mussolini, oh dear!"

"What about you and Mussolini?" asked Mr. Peters.

"We're always being misunderstood," answered the agent with a tear in his right eye, "It's awful, with me it's my wife, and with Mussolini it's politics, oh dear!"

(Continued on page 44)

The best
dressed men
among the alumni and
undergraduates of leading
colleges and universities wear

KAHN

Tailored-to-order



CLOTHES

These clothes are distinguished from
the commonplace in every detail of
style, fabric and workmanship

Sold by

The College Shop

Next to the Lower Campus





House Plants

for your room

Cheerful - Cheering
Home like

Grown in our own greenhouses



228-230 State Badger 179

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4th Floor
State Journal Building

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"Where You See the Style of Youth"

PARSON'S

121 State Street

Gowns, Dresses, Coats and Suits,
Hosiery, Scarfs and Silk
Underwear
Fur Coat Specialists
Expert Fur Repairing and
Remodeling
Fur Storage

(Continued from page 43)

Mr. Peters sighted down the length of his gun.

"Well, that's all," said the agent hastily, "Now be sure to get your passport viséd."

"But why do I have to do that?" asked Mr. Peters, "I'm not gonna stop anywhere."

"Yes, but that is for government protection," explained the agent, "It's quite necessary," he added.

"I'm not planning to carry any bombs in my suitcase," said Mr. Peters, "In fact I wouldn't even think of carrying bombs in my suitcase, Mrs. Peters would object very much to that."

This time the agent burst into real tears, "Oh dear," he sobbed, "It's awful—I just can't stand it!"

Mr. Peters reached into his coat pocket, "Don't tell me you're being misunderstood again?" he asked.

A peculiar light was coming into Mr. Peters' eyes, if Mrs. Peters had been there she would have made him come home. But Mrs. Peters wasn't there, and it didn't look like she was coming at all—well, no one expected her.

"Yes," sniffed the agent, "It's awful, I'm always being misunderstood, oh dear!"

Mr. Peters pulled the trigger. Five minutes later he was calling up Mrs. Peters.

"Hello," he asked, "Is this you?"

"Of course," answered Mrs. Peters, "Who did you expect?"

"You," said Mr. Peters brightly, "Say, get our stuff together and row down to the station, we're leaving in about an hour."

"Can't you come back and help?" asked Mrs. Peters.

"No," answered Mr. Peters, "I've gotta get our passports viséd."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Peters, "I don't understand."

—Jonah

This winter we're heading for Tex.

Where a sweet little woman oft nex.

Now with a female as gov.

There is no hope of lov.

And the thot of the thing nearly wrex.

—Puppet



Soup to Nuts.

A prime favorite on the campus



IN ANY group of regular fellows, you'll find Prince Albert. It belongs. It speaks the language. You get what we mean the minute you tamp a load of this wonderful tobacco into the bowl of your jimmy-pipe and make fire with a match.

Cool as a northeast bedroom. Sweet as a note from the Girl of Girls. Fragrant as a woodland trail. Prince Albert never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how fast you feed it. You'll smoke pipe-load on pipe-load with never a regret.

Buy a tidy red tin of P. A. today. Throw back the hinged lid and breathe deeply of that real tobacco aroma. Then . . . tuck a neat wad into the business-end of your jimmy-pipe and light up. Now you have it . . . that taste! That's Prince Albert, Fellows!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Patronize "Octy" Advertisers

Take Your "Cue" From

Cigars MAUTZ Billiards

821 University Avenue

Meet the Gang Here

Alford Brothers
Laundry CompanyWe Have Done
STUDENT LAUNDRY WORKfor
Forty-one Years

113-115 N. Carroll St.

Badger 172

Tee: I'm sorry your corn hurts your foot. Done anything for it?

Hee: Why should I? It's never done anything for me.
— Oklahoma Whirlwind

"Whatcha think about a Co-educational institution?"
 "S allright, 'fya 'limate the women."

D
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NOVELTIES
R. W. Nelson
Jeweler
Watch and Clock Repairing
320 State Street
F. 4242

W
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E
S

Let us do your
MIMEOGRAPHING

Party Decorations - Student Supplies

NETHERWOODS
519 STATE STREET

Ikie: "Oi, Oi! I haf so beeg a sheefer!"

"Yah? I haf a Parker Duofold."

Ikie: "No, no! Sheefer! Such a coldness!"

—V. M. I. Sniper

"Let's get somebody else to play Bridge."

"That guy over there looks pretty safe and sane."

"Good. Then he can be the Fourth."

—Williams Purple Cow

Our Hero in Patagonia

(Continued from page 19)

"I originally kept these straws," said Our Hero, "to tell which way the wind was blowing, but I found a girl to do it and don't need them any more."

"A girl?" asked the Nabob.

"A windlass," said Our Hero.

On the mountainside the five figures continued to toil upward. The snow continues to fall; it had nothing else to do. Not, of course, that it makes any difference. But we wanted to prove to you that we had not forgotten what we started out with. (Never end a sentence with with—grammatic note) Anyhow, the next tale, if it can be called a tale, of this series, if it can be called a series, will be entitled, if it really needs a title, "Our Hero in the Cigar Store, or At the End of the Rope." Watch out for it. It will be easier to skip it then. Otherwise you might look at it and start to read it before you realized your mistake. Adieu.

George Jean Nathan

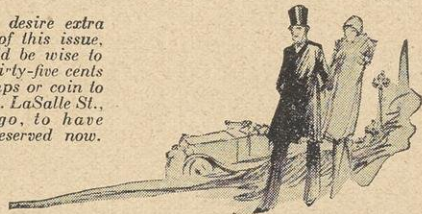
THE feature of the next, the April issue, is the first of a series of articles by George Jean Nathan. It carries on a collaboration with H. L. Mencken, some years ago.

Very directly and with no chicanery whatever it lists a great number of different articles in the philosophical faith of the American people—ranging from the doctrine that the philoprogenitive instinct in rabbits is so intense that the alliance of two normal ones is productive of 265 offspring in one year, to the doctrine that if one puts a hair from a horse's tail into a bottle of alcohol it will in due time turn into a snake.

The New American
CREDO

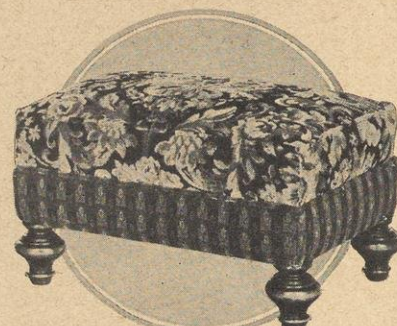
All of it done in the sparkling manner that has for so long a time been associated with that sparkling name, *George Jean Nathan!*

If you desire extra copies of this issue, it would be wise to send thirty-five cents in stamps or coin to 1950 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, to have them reserved now.



CollegeHumor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

(1) NO —
MAKEREADY(2) HASTY
MAKEREADY(3) DEMOCRAT
MAKEREADY

Our Pressmen's Skill Makes Your Customer Take Notice

BY means of the all important Makeready he brings out on the printed page every detail of your product. No single action in the process of producing printing is more glibly talked about by salesmen and less understood by buyers than that of Makeready. You yourself—do you know what Makeready is?

When the inked rollers of a press move over a form of type and cuts, every period and dot must be touched. More than this, the paper to be printed must be impressed absolutely evenly over its entire area. To obtain this result the pressman must build up underneath the type and cuts with very fine pieces of tissue paper.

After the type has been thus leveled, the high-lights and dark parts of each cut must be brought out carefully by "overlay." This is a process of placing sheets of tissue paper with holes cut out to correspond to the high-lights, underneath the tympan sheet or heavy oiled paper covering the cylinder of the cylinder press.

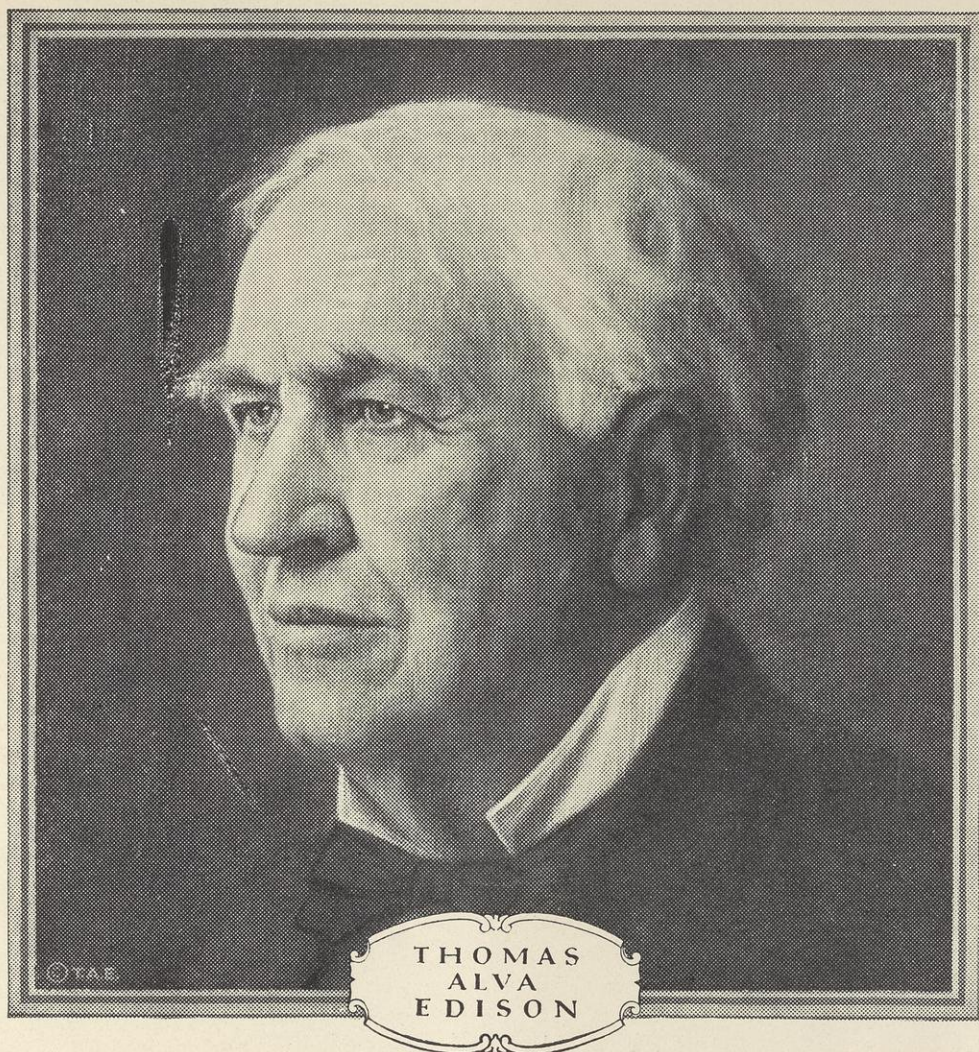
To be done well all of these operations must be done by an expert—a master craftsman. The Democrat Printing Company prides itself upon the skill of its workmen, and incidentally their loyalty to the Company. The illustrations above are proof positive that Democrat Makeready makes the most of every cut. Your copy will "live" on the page if printed at the Democrat.

DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY

ONE FOURTEEN SOUTH
CARROLL STREET

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MADISON, WISCONSIN

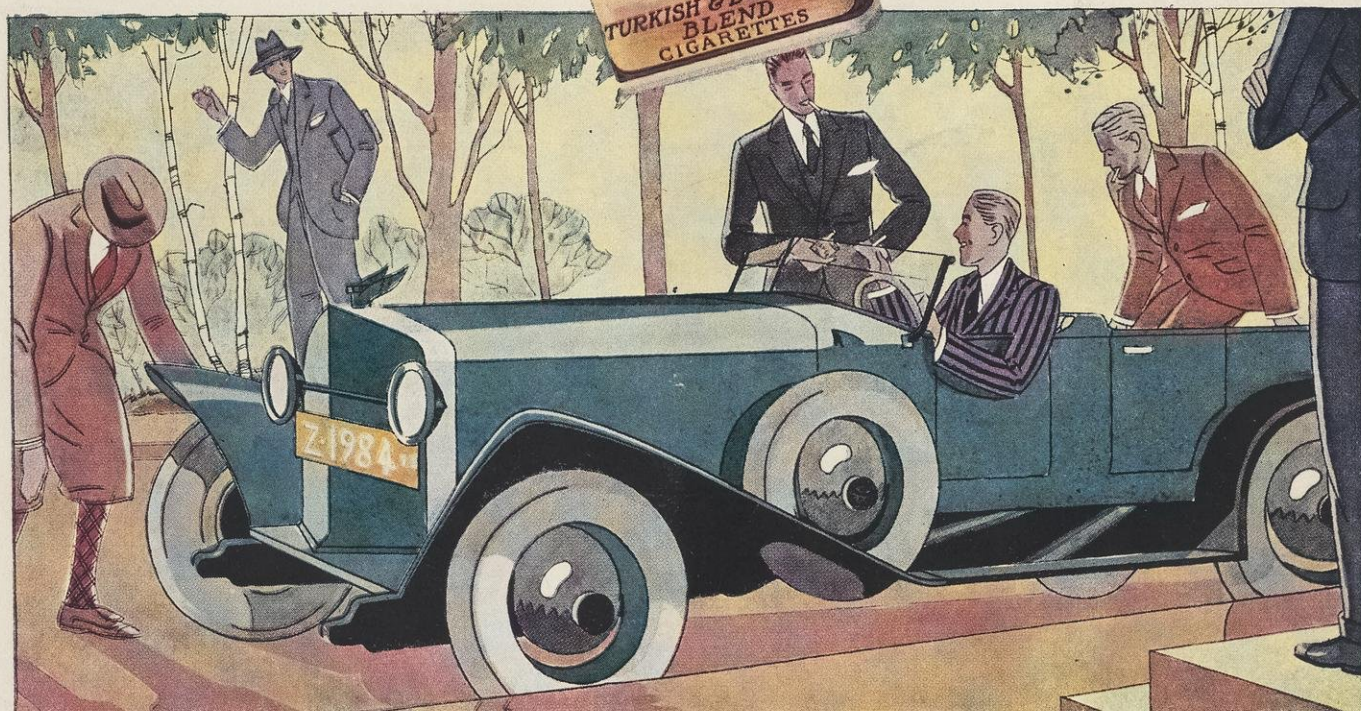


HIS FAITH unconquerable, his passion for work irresistible, his accomplishment not surpassed in the annals of invention, Thomas Alva Edison has achieved far more than mankind can ever appreciate. February eleventh is the eightieth anniversary of his birth.

Wherever electricity is used—in homes, in business, in industry—there are hearts that are consciously grateful, that humbly pay him homage.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

H A V E A C A M E L



[Inspecting and admiring the new car]

“Speaking of fine tobaccos—*Have a Camel!*”

A NICETY of blending, a friendly cordiality of flavor, an inherent goodness that thrills from the first puff to the last — that's Camels. The warmth of golden sunlight on autumn fields gleams in their smoke. Camels are an expression of all that is the finest.

Camel quality and Camel excellence are recognized wherever smokers gather. The best of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are

blended in this famous cigarette. For this reason Camels have consistent goodness. For this reason they never tire the taste, no matter how liberally you smoke them; never leave a cigaretty *after-taste*.

And wherever experienced smokers gather, wherever the conversation turns to tobacco — to the world's best — someone is sure to say: “Speaking of fine tobaccos . . . *Have a Camel!*”

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.