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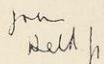
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Octopus



the young
Cerebrals

COLLEGIATE NUMBER



GENUINE

LUCKY STRIKE
"ITS TOASTED"

ROLL CUT TOBACCO

HALF AND HALF

SMOKING **BUCKINGHAM** CUT PLUG TOBACCO

15

Quality

THE FIRST DIFFERENT SMOKING TOBACCO IN A GENERATION

GELVINS



Spring---

Woolens from abroad are here in bright, refreshing designs, original weaves and new color combinations.

These fabrics were designed by Gelvin's, assuring their character and correctness.

Our complete showing makes this ideal time to secure Spring hand tailored clothes deliveries "when you will."

Gelvins of Madison

644 State St.

Apparel for Wisconsin Men

An Old Dutch Poem

(From Ruins of Dutchland)



We have heard about the Dutch,
About their trouble with the dike,
About the Old Dutch Cleanser,
And things of the like;
How the poor Dutch kids,
When their soles were wore
Had to get out their jack-knife,
And whittle some more.
If only those kids in the old wind mills,
Had heard of the shoe repairing
Done efficiently at Hill's.
How those kids would have scrambled
With heaps, bounds and hop,
To take full advantage
Of the Hill's Repair Shop.

*Our Shoe Rebuilding Experts Will Give
You Guaranteed Satisfaction*

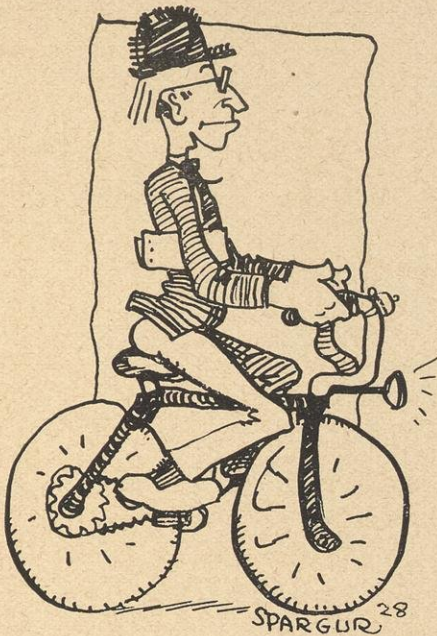
HILL'S SHOE REBUILDING SERVICE

"Service While You Wait"

State at Dayton

We Deliver

In The Basement



Four Decades and Some Years Ago

Our forefathers went to see their fair ones on one of those two-wheeled go getters. By the time they arrived, they had cramps in their legs so that they could only enjoy dancing one or two square dances.

But now—Times have changed—you call the Capital City Rent-A-Car—get your fair one—dance a full program—and enjoy the evening. How times have changed.

Capital City Rent-A-Car

434 West Gilman

Fairchild 334

"Come from Indiana, eh?"

"Sure do!"

"Don't talk like an Indian."

—Notre Dame Juggler.



Sunday School Teacher: "And why did Noah take two of each kind of animal into the ark?"

Bright Child: "Because he didn't believe the story about the stork."

—Penn. Punch Bowl.



Capt. Smith: "What's that mud doing on your collar."

Private (after carefully examining his collar): "It's not doing anything now sir."

—Carolina Buccaneer.



The college organist is getting so childish he plays with his feet.

—Grinnell Malteaser.



"Irene always has a wicked come-back."

"Doesn't walk back, eh?"

MORGAN'S
Malted Milk
MOVED TO
672 State Street

Buy Everything Possible On Your Co-op Number

Our New Line of Men's Spring Suits and Topcoats are Here and Ready for You

Our New Line of Men's Suits and Topcoats
Proves That Spring Is Here

The dash of the new spring suits this season is overwhelmingly pleasing. In the new color combinations ranging from a deep roan to the lighter shades of fawn and tan, there is to be seen clothes that are distinctively Spring. Feel the comfort and ease of motion in these new spring 'Varsity Approved Suits. Some of these suits come with two pair of trousers.

To make matters more complete, and to be better fitted for the oncoming season, you will want to make the addition of one of our Topcoats. They are full, long and straight—the box coat model—it's the style that will be worn the greatest this spring. The demand for these coats grows daily, and if you want to be sure of getting what you want, the time to come in is NOW. Undoubtedly there will be some disappointed ones. These coats are the smartest that you have ever seen, and we advise an early pick from this choice selection.

Join the Co-Op

And Buy Everything You Need On Your Co-op Number

The UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Manager
STATE at LAKE

SPRING

The musk-ox toiled slowly over the snow,
T'was spring, t'was spring.

The raven in ecstasy essayed to crow,
T'was spring, t'was spring.

A native on snowshoes thought summer was near
But while he was thinking he froze his left ear;
T'was spring, t'was spring.

The sun in the heaven, it shined very bright,
T'was spring, t'was spring.

The dogs in the town serenaded at night,
T'was spring, t'was spring.

Let flowers appear, is nature asleep?
The whole world awaits the robin's first peep.
T'is spring, t'is spring.

But no pretty flowers ventured to grow,
T'was spring, t'was spring.

Though the mercury rose to 40 below,
T'was spring, t'was spring.

And no little birdies started to sing;
For up in Alaska there is no such thing
As spring, as spring.

"I thought your hair was wavy. How come it's straight now?"

"I forgot to ask the barber for a curly haircut."



He 1: "See my wife's niece?"

He 2: "Yes, but I wasn't going to mention them?"

Seventy-two Store Buying Power

Mangel's

New York Waist House

27 SOUTH PINCKNEY STREET

A new season unfolding just ahead—and new fashions unfolding now at Mangel's. And such new fashions! Springlike and young—to tempt the eye. So inexpensive—your purse will approve, too. Lovely fabrics, gay colors, enchanting models—Spring's very own!



New
Spring
Dresses

14.⁹⁵

Spring Suits

16.⁹⁵ -- 24.⁷⁵

Spring Coats

24.⁷⁵

Dainty silk underthings delight the "Coed". She will find at Mangel's precisely what she seeks at far less than the price she expected to pay.

"Fan Tan" Silk Hosiery
Sold Exclusively in Our Stores
Satisfaction or Replacement
Guaranteed

Prices from 1.00 to 2.00

DRESSES-COATS-UNDERWEAR-HOSIERY-BLOUSES

Hughes

20 East Mifflin E. L. Engholm, Mgr.

Frocks for Springtime Wear

Featuring

New Navy Blue Frocks--New Jacket Frocks

Tailored Sheer Georgettes

New Compose Frocks

\$15.00

to

\$49.50



Misses Sizes
14 to 20



Fair Prices and Friendly Service

Brown's Rental Library

OVER 900 titles—many of them the new 1927 publications, none of them older than 1924.

BOOKS of every type—from the ultra-sophisticated novel, to the spookiest mystery.

RATES are surprisingly low—only 3c per day, with a 10c minimum charge. No deposit.

"Come in and browse"

BROWN BOOK SHOP

621-623 State Street

CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order

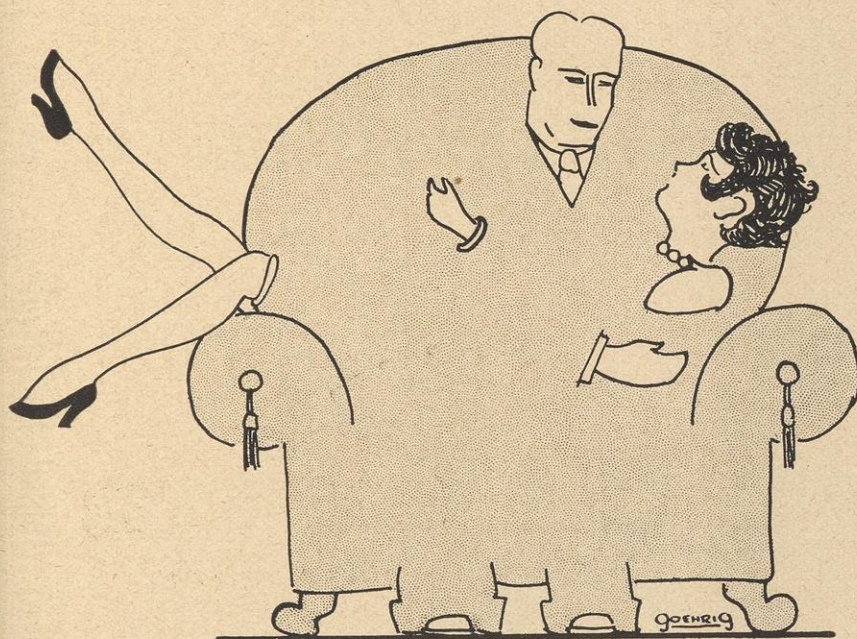
ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits and Topcoats

\$40, \$45, \$50



"Why do you say I look good enough to eat?"
"Because my doctor recommends a well-rounded diet."

Spring Formal Committees!

When Planning
Social Functions,
The Best Selections

of

Favors
Table Novelties
Gifts

Are At

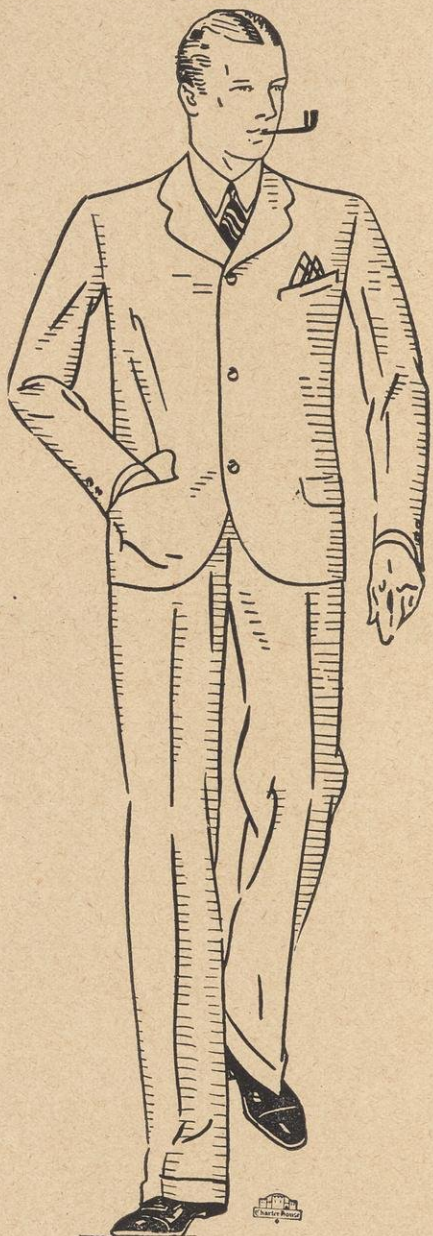
The Unique Shop

130 State Street

Charter House



Clothes



Wisconsin men have indicated a preference for a definite type of clothing tailored solely for them. It is Charter House.

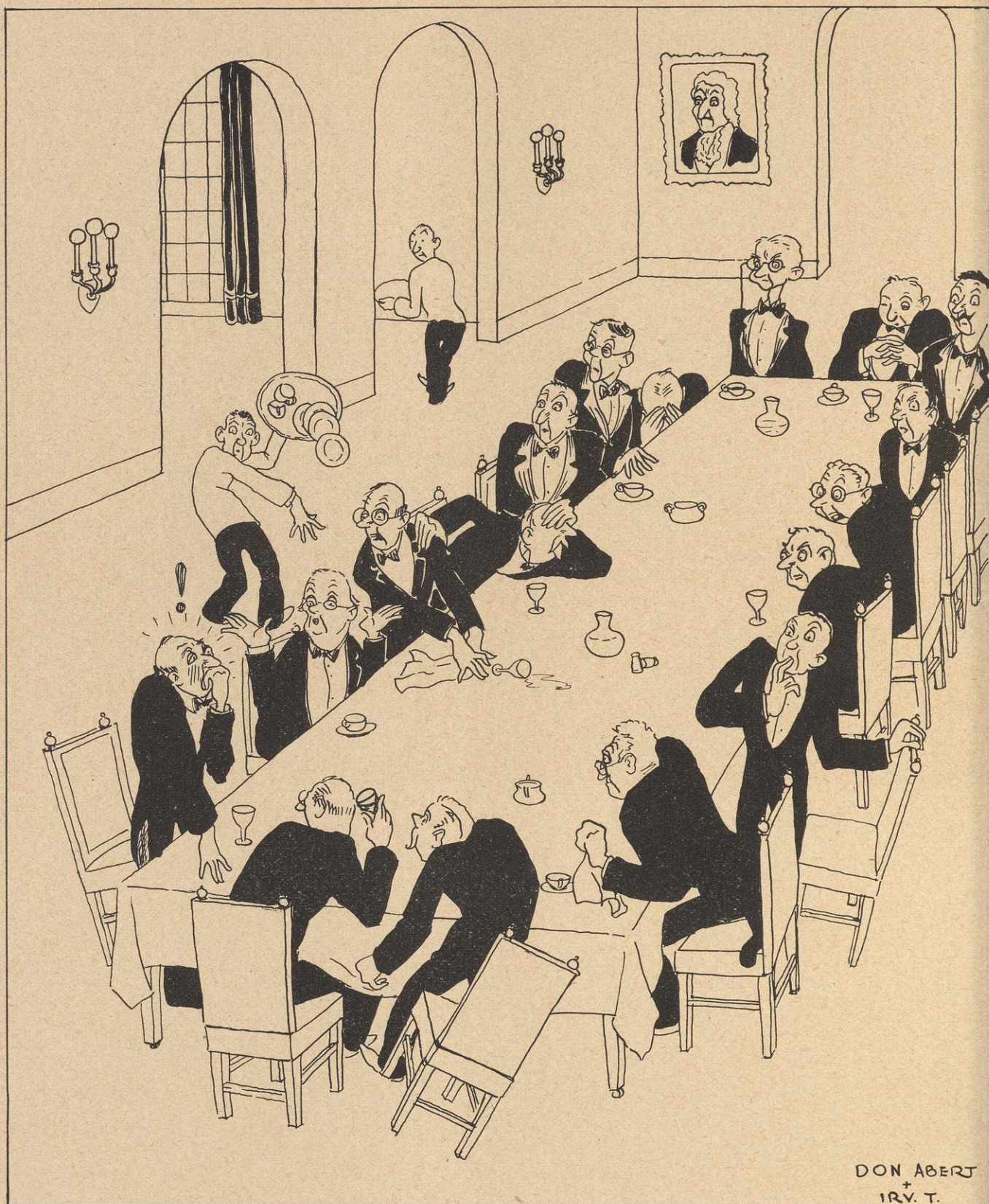
If you have an idea they must be very expensive study the price.

Suit or Topcoat
\$40 \$45 \$50



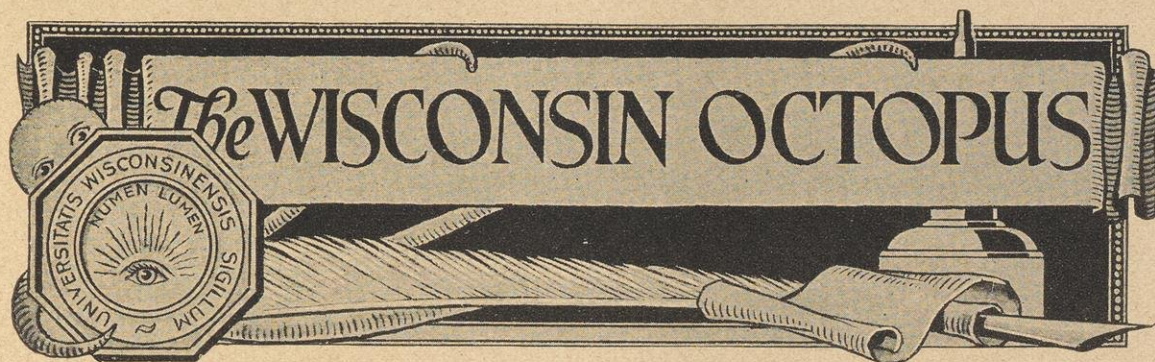


"... and I answered Mr. Russell
in a letter to the Gazette, in ... lem-
me see ... nineteen six, or was it
nine ..."



DON ABERT
+
IRV. T.

Visiting Speaker at University Club Makes a Grammatical Error.



Why Men Leave Home

He (timidly): "Would you like to go out and look at the moon tonight, Fran?"

She (frankly): "Certainly, but the chaperon is gone, why not come over here?"



"Gosh, she has an awful line."

"Yeh?"

"Why, I've been trying to get her on the phone for hours."



"Mamma," said her three-months old infant prodigy, "Can I be like a college boy?"

"Yes," answered the mamma politely, whereupon the i. p. took off his pin and gave it to the girl across the way.



A "natural" born gambler.



"What smells so in this room?"
"It must be the picture moulding?"



Joe College

Nice blond hair, bright blue eyes,
Pete Burns' shirts, gay striped ties;
Hat quite dirty, tilted back,
Gloves once yellow, now are black.
Yellow top coat, nice and new,
Drooping socks, red and blue.
Pockets empty, spirits high,
Here the hungry women sigh.
An ounce of jewelry on the vest,
Three button coat badly pressed.
Long wide trousers—shoes of tan,
There you have a college man.

What the college man would like the inventors to perfect.

1. A pocket alarm clock for lectures.
2. A cigarette package which can only be opened by a combination.
3. A vest-pocket mental telepathy outfit for use in examinations.
4. Clothes which can't be put on by any except the owner.
5. An automaton to shake hands with the rushees and say (a) How do you like college? (b) What are you going to take? (c) Oh, so you were on the track team in high school? (d) Glad to see you around; stop in again.



It's a strong Jane that has no yearning.



"What's a collegian?"

"A collegian is a man whose knickers are long enough to cover up the fact that he is wearing half hose."



HOWARD ANDERSON.

Mr. Common People: "I wish I knew what was in the President's head."

Senator Sore-Gum (we suggest Forhan's): There, sir, you've hit upon the bone of contention."

Domestic Scene in Chicago.

Wife: "Dearie, you'd better let me repair that little rip in your coat."

Husband: "Oh, don't bother, Honey, it's just a stray bullet hole."

Fashion Note—Football coaches predict short skirts around the ends next fall.

Every man at some time in his life has wanted to live in a place where he could do whatever he wanted to, hang anything on the wall he wanted to, drop anything on the floor he wanted to, and come in and go out at any time he wanted to.

... Thus the success of college, which offers all this with a few good football games thrown in with the bargain.

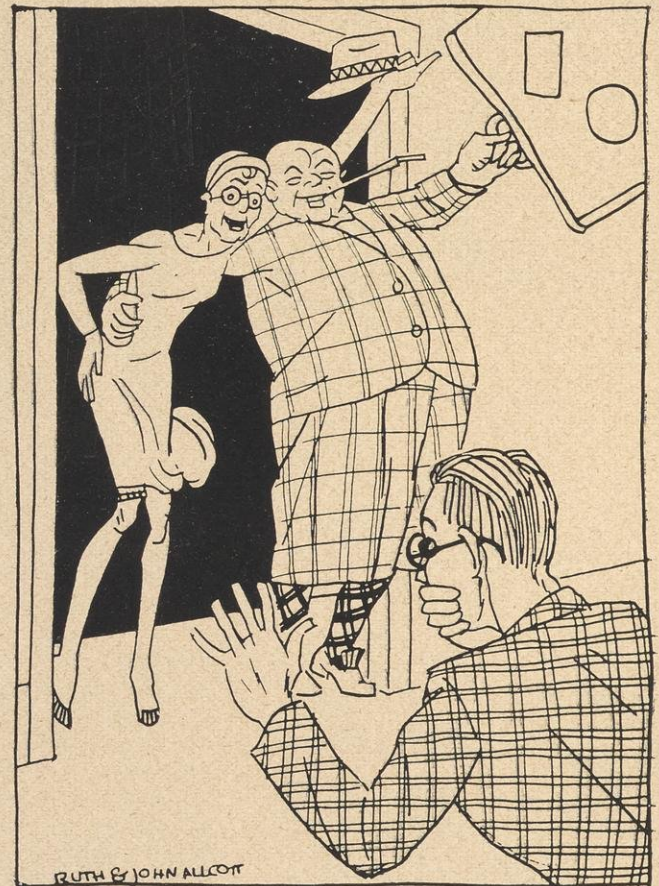
Evolution

200 years from now the college men . . .

1. Will all be wearing glasses because of eye strain.
2. Will have exceedingly long necks (developed back in the post-war necking period.)
3. Will not have any feet because of continual riding and not using them.
4. Will not have any heads because of continual riding and not using them.
5. Will not have any skin because of replacement by fur coats.
6. Will not have any money and will want to borrow some just as the brother gets a check from home.

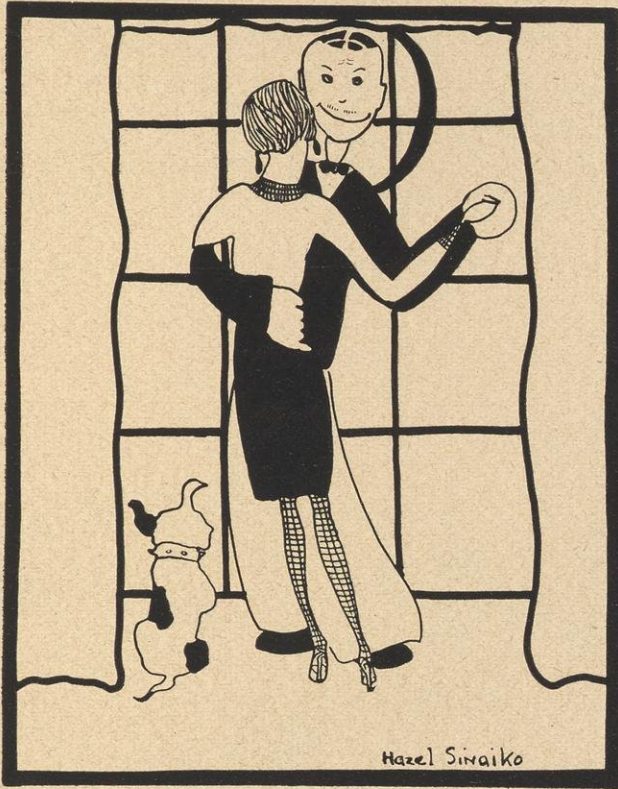
A wedding is a funeral where you smell your own flowers.

"Why do you allow your little boy to eat paper?"
"He wants to be a paper-boy."



RUTH & JOHN ALLCOTT

Father and mother, after studying the "college" movies, visit their son.



"Don't dance so close to the window!"
 "S'matter, afraid of a falling-out?"

Janitorially Speaking

"I went to see the janitor yesterday to find out why the new apartment was so cold."

"Now, why can't we get some heat, huh?" I demanded.

"Heh, heh," sneered the janitor, "Why don't you give a house-warming party?"

One of Life's Tragedies

The evening was warm, mellow, moon-flooded. We were alone, just she and I, and the pungent odor of rich living earth smote us as some overpowering tonic—drew us closer. I thrilled to the touch of her smooth little arm, was intoxicated by the contact with her warm vibrant body. She snuggled nearer. We sat there, how long I do not know. Her hot breath upon my neck roused in me the fierce desire to claim her for my own, to drink long and deep from that rose bud mouth. Slowly she turned her head, raised her lips, lay there waiting. I knew not what I was doing. Her eyes fascinated me, I could not resist. I cupped her adorable head in my hands, drew her gently towards me, bent down to taste that nectar. Her lips spread to meet mine, her breath came faster, warmer. And then I hiccupped!

Fable

Once upon a time there was a fraternity man who . . .

1. Always bought his own cigarettes.
 2. Always brought borrowed articles right back when he was through with them.
 3. Always wore his own clothes.
 4. Always left the room when the inmates were studying.
 5. Always closed his transom during a bull session when the brothers in the next room were trying to sleep.
- Now you tell one.

"Dirt? . . . Why there's all kinds of dirt in this book."

"Lemme read it next. What's the name?"

"Practical Geology."



"Why did you get that fur coat four sizes too large for you?"

"I'm a big man where I come from."

In which Carl Russell Fish, Wisconsin's popular lecturer, pens these entertaining impressions of his students.

From The Rostrum And----

The question is whether four years in college are a glorious opportunity, or four years of hard work without pay. It is obvious that both opinions are held. One would take the latter opinion more seriously if some one would form a students' labor union and demand full pay for students, or revolt. One cannot imagine that the youngest generation does not have the courage of its convictions. So it must be that there is a general latent feeling that after all, it is an opportunity, in spite of criticisms.

As one looks down at a class the first impression is that it must be a course in penmanship. Nine-tenths of a class spend most of the time taking notes. At first they are three hundred bobbing heads and skidding pens. In time faces emerge. Most faces are those of men who wear short hair, no hats and their own skin.

Doubtless the reason some girls have adopted the boyish bob is so that their professors may recognize them,—it is true that we members of the faculty kid ourselves. But we don't kid ourselves half as much as the girl who wears a blue dress and a hat over her eyes all winter, and then suddenly appears with a fluffy bob, a pink georgette frock and salmon rouge, and expects us to recognize her and give her a teacher's recommendation.

The young lecturer who pours out his wisdom and knowledge for a semester, and sees eager hands taking it down, looks forward with excitement to reading his first examination. Now variously will his thoughts return to him after having been blended and mutilated by three hundred minds. Some give back much and receive an A, some very little, and receive no grade point, but in two hundred and ninety-five cases it comes back, with no evidence of having passed through another mind.

One reads of the danger of pouring new wine into old wine skins, and many people are alarmed at the exposure of students to new ideas in college. In nine cases out of ten, nine-tenths of the matter is poured not into wine skins but through nice clean test tubes, back into the mass from which it originally came!

Of course there are the exceptions; about fifty out of three hundred and fifty. These are those who give color to the performance, who share in the performance. Those who sleep may be considered as neutrals. Some psychologist needs to make a study of the effects of daylight sleep; for those who sleep hardest in class are most vociferous in protesting the grades awarded them. This does not apply to the occasional sleeper after a heavy dance, who usually has a winning smile and makes the grade. The encourager of the dog is a more positive character, but this class again divides itself into two. The dog lover seeks to persuade the dog to sleep in some quiet corner, to give companionship in a dreary hour. Others regard the dog merely as a means to an end; that of preventing the hours from being dreary. Their method is that of a

pseudo attempt to persuade the dog to depart. Those efficiency experts who use one lecture hour to prepare for the next quiz section, are like all efficiency experts, curiously alike. Proudly conscious of their superiority, they entertain a genuine contempt for all about them. A re-



quest from the lecturer to defer, or to transfer their studies, they regard in the light of a Carnegie medal calling public attention to their secret merits.

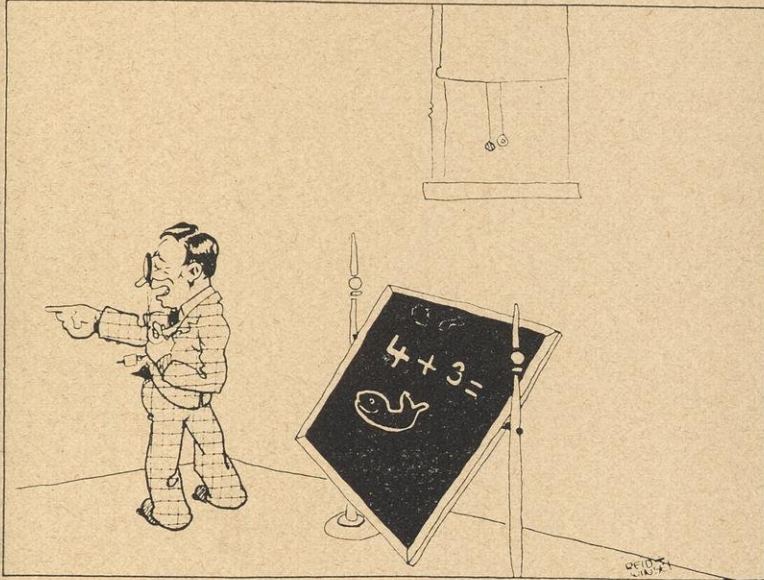
On the positive side is the eager face. The lecture is usually directed to the eager face, with occasional interludes directed to the not quite asleep. Sometimes the eager face does not take notes, with the idea of remembering and writing up the lecture later. Often this idea goes toward the completion of that locality whose chief recommendation is its paving, and whose highway commission must suffer no difficulties in securing material. Nevertheless the eager face lingers in the memory. So too, does the flatterer, that most obvious but nevertheless pleasing auditor. But the chief joy of the lecturer and the most unpopular with the class, is the student who questions the teacher. For to take part in a discussion is one of the few things that in this age so destructive of conventions, remains bad form at Wisconsin. A clash of ideas might produce in others the necessity of thought.

The dream of the student is the lecture not followed by an examination. The lecturer dreams of two students meeting in the gym at ten-thirty, having read the textbook and the outside reading, for a quick game of handball and a shower, so that they may be in the best form to take in the eleven o'clock lecture, compare the views of the lecturer with those of earlier writers on the subject, and of arriving at some opinions of their own, but I am awake and I know that June will bring me three hundred microcosms of my own views with outcrops of a high school deposit.

From A Student's Chair

And here Con Ecklund, fiery campus journalist, candidly speaks of the faculty from a student's point of view.

The editor of this vehicle of alleged funny cracks has no regard for my future well being. He isn't satisfied that the W. C. T. U., a pair of Mussolini's admirers, and certain brothers of the cloth representing the Anti-Saloon league are on my heels. To keep my life from being



These pedants—scholars, if you please—don't think like Dr. Meiklejohn that contact with the students is desirable. Rather, they hold themselves aloof. They are the gods who alone possess the keys to the treasure chests of knowledge. They dole out this knowledge in a mincing and uninspiring manner.

The assistants in these departments are usually class room drones. The pedants encourage assistants to become pedants like themselves. They feel that advancement in their departments should be gauged by the number of books written, or pamphlets published rather than by personal contact work with the students and improvement through research work. It is this type of professor who regards with horror the suggestion of more freedom for students. Unimaginative, and shackled by the conventional methods of teaching, they believe in treating students like grade school kids. They stress grades, percentages, cuts, and exam. They still believe in the efficacy of the abominable reading slip farce.

A course taken under one of these professors is usually a waste of time. He shoots dry facts at you for a semester, you spew out all you have remembered on a blue book, you probably get two or three

credits, and everything is lovely, like the flowers.

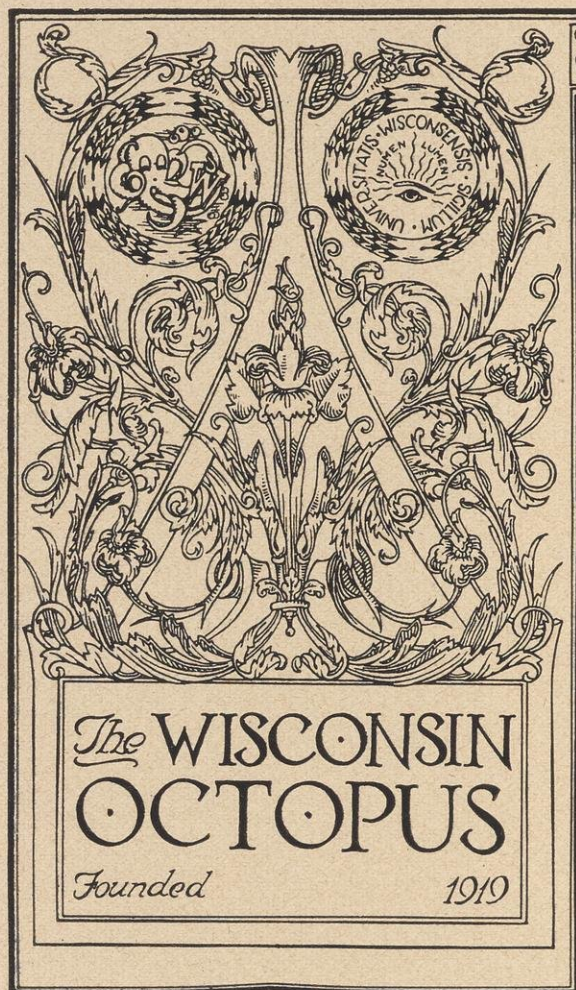
Then there are the clowns who believe in acting up before their students. They wave knowledge in front of the kiddies to be snatched at intermittently between laughs and curious antics. These clowns get so eager to entertain the kiddies that they almost fall off their lecturing platforms.

Some of the departments have their show windows—their circus barkers who whoop it up for increased appropriations and increased enrollments. These are the tactful and oily boys, with ambitions to get bigger jobs some day—say the presidency of the university or something like that.

The barkers, unlike the pedants, try to make contacts, especially with students who are sons of politicians or big butter-and-egg men from Red Belch way. The barkers orate and make card indexes of various taxpayers throughout the state, and the lesser lights of the department dig for facts, and get to really know their stuff.

Quantity, not quality, is stressed by one section of the university which engages in evangelistic work among the aspiring intellectuals out in the sticks. Fill up the class rooms and build more class rooms, is their cry. Sometimes even the new class rooms don't get filled up. The particular breed of circus barker represented here doesn't care if the prospect learns anything worthwhile. Make him a little less of a dumb bell than he was before he left the home moorings, give him the social advantages of a college education, and send him back to his taxpaying papa with a sheepskin and a pitchfork, or whatnot.

(Continued on page 37)



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Vol. VIII

MARCH, 1927

No. 6

THOUGHT ON THINKERS

There are three Ways to speak about Thinkers, three Things we can say every Time Somebody asks, "Who has a logical View?" about Physics, Religion, or Rhyme. "Now, Jones," we can say, "has Ideas with which some incline to agree; but his Wife, if you please, is a half-blood Chinese; his Views can't be worth much, you see!" Or, "Smith," we can say, "has been quoted as saying that Progress is ended; and Smith is so fine (he's great Friend of mine), I'm sure his Opinions are splendid."

Or, third, we can say, "Here's a Thinker who's with me wherever I go; constructive as Hell, and consistent as well with All of the Best That I Know." A Physicist fired from Cambridge for figuring in a Divorce, and Friends that are shallow, who think they must swallow your Views, as a Matter of Course: One's fully as bad as the Other. "Had Nietzsche a Complex?—what boots it? It's your *Thought*, and not *You*, that claims to be true; and only true Thinking refutes it!

—J. W. P.

The Wisconsin Octopus takes pleasure in announcing that after hours of exhaustive consideration, the judges, Messrs. John Powell, Don Trenary, and the Contest Editor, have unanimously agreed on the following people as winners in Octy's first Best-Wit-of-the-Month contest:

James Baird, Martha Carson, John Gant, Bob Godley, Archer Johnson, Harriet Morgan, W. S. Perrigo, William Steven, Dimitry Tiedeman, and Irv Tressler.

Octy wishes to congratulate you and he invites you to come again. The awards of one dollar each will be mailed today.

Because of the gratifying results of this contest ye editors have decided to stage another this month for the Haresfoot issue. The conditions will be the same. A prize of one dollar each will be given for the ten best contributions of jokes, short anecdotes or light verse. Copy must bear your name and address and must be typewritten. It may be left in the Octopus office or in contribution boxes in all campus buildings.

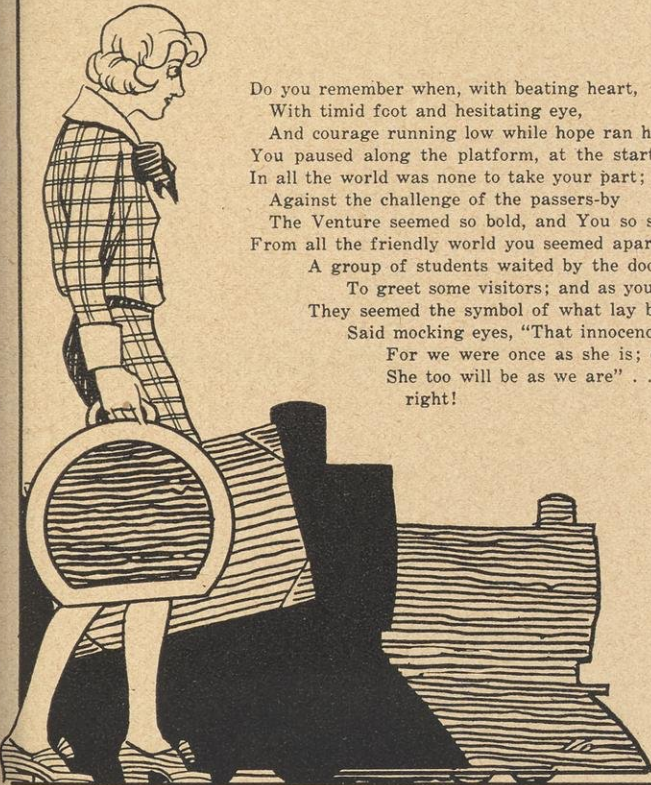
The deadline for all contributions will be Saturday, April 2. The same judges will do the awarding.

Here is your opportunity to do the thing you've wanted to do for a long time, contribute to Octy. You may hand in as much copy as you care to, but get it in early!

Sonnet to a Sophomore!

by john powell

Do you remember when, with beating heart,
With timid foot and hesitating eye,
And courage running low while hope ran high,
You paused along the platform, at the start?
In all the world was none to take your part;
Against the challenge of the passers-by
The Venture seemed so bold, and You so shy!
From all the friendly world you seemed apart.
A group of students waited by the door
To greet some visitors; and as you passed,
They seemed the symbol of what lay before.
Said mocking eyes, "That innocence won't last.
For we were once as she is; overnight
She too will be as we are" . . . they were
right!

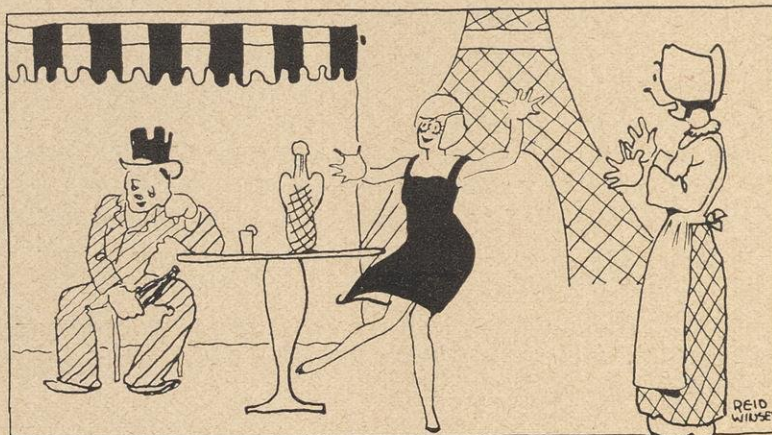


JOHN ALLCOTT

RECENT BOOKS

What the late and too little lamented Henry Jones would think of Mr. Hemingway's "international" novel (Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises*, Scribners) would be interesting to know. Certainly a fluttering would occur in the doves above his high window of estheticism, though he himself might rest urbanely silent. No such restraint hampers this reviewer; he is merely somewhat dizzy from vicarious intoxication induced by the spectacle of so much alcoholism in one short book. If all the liqueur glasses in *The Sun Also Rises* were lined up, they would not reach from the bursar's office to that of the dean of women, for no person in the novel would ever be sober enough to place them in a row. Mr. Hemingway is either in the pay of the W. C. T. U. or of the Brewers and Distillers, Inc., I suspect. Or perhaps he has taken bribes from

Paul Fulcher, widely recognized authority on the modern novel, writes these entertaining notes about some current books.



sun keeps rising and presumably setting with no appreciable effect. Most of the men, including the ineffective Jake and Robert Cohn, "once middle-weight boxing champion of Princeton," are in love with Brett, and small good it does them. Brett, officially Lady Ashley, is getting a divorce. It is hard to say why she puts herself to this needless ex post facto annoyance. The author seems to think highly of her; he may have known her when she was sober, an advantage the reader never shares. Personally, I prefer the intoxications of Miss Wilberforce in *South Wind*. Brett eventually staggers away with a young and handsome torero (see *Carmen*), though she later sends him back to his chosen calling. A rumor exists that Brett and the heroine of *The Green Hat* are portraits of a certain English titled lady. All I can say is that no living woman has a right to be the original of either. There ought to be a law. . . .

Sometimes amusing, sometimes poignant, occasionally pedestrian, but on the whole interesting and alive, *Young Anarchy* (Young Anarchy, by Philip Gibbs, Doran) is a story of revolt—the revolt of the now famous younger generation against the much maligned older generation. The theme has, to put it mildly, been used before. Mr. Gibbs gives it an Eng-

lish setting and a definite political and economical turn, bringing in the General Strike by way of verisimilitude and treating the whole with considerable power in swiftly moving narrative. Unlike many of his predecessors, he manages to give both sides. There is telling irony in the fiasco of the League of Youth. David Swayne, the young miner, is fresh and

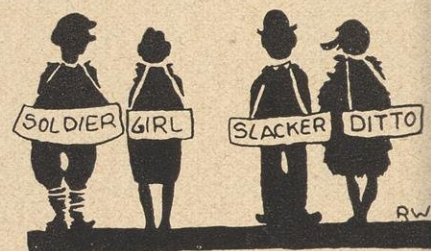
attractive. Jocelyn, the hero, not the opera, is rather a winsome figure. The heroine, Lettice, whom the compositor will do well not to spell Lettuce, I do not care for. But that is because I do not—so I have been told—understand the Younger Generation.

Philip Gibbs does not always avoid the two pitfalls of type and caricature. Lettice is a little too obviously a Modern Young Woman. The



both sides. In spite of this—no, not because of it—the book keeps one reading, though there is always the feeling that one should stop and see to the furnace, or put out the cat, or the empty milk bottles, or do something else really useful.

The story concerns a group of bibulous and sporty expatriates in Paris and Spain. World-weary, quasi-literary, disillusioned, futile, and fundamentally unhappy, on them all the



Bishop of Burpham burps entirely too much. He does not quite tell his daughter never to darken his door again, but one feels that he would have done so had there been a snowstorm to make her departure sufficiently spectacular.

"It's as if we were each stuck with a label, and that label were a sort of measuring stick, a final verdict. . . . The individual has been eclipsed by his label." So says Dick, in A. Hamilton Gibbs' new novel

(Continued on page 46)

"Hi" Schoolhero at College

The train drew into the depot. "Hi" Schoolhero was arriving at the great university. His clothing was the epitome of perfect good taste in the very last detail—the other details were not so good. He wore a Kollege Kut suit that had been varsity approved by a style committee of six Sears and Roebuck traveling salesmen and the janitor from Pete Burns'.

As he stepped from the train, bewildered, there was a sudden rumbling, and a pack of Kappa Sigs with their necks hidden in their shoulders came toiling up the platform, trundling a penny weighing machine.

"Just step on for moment," said the leader, taking a pledge button from his pocket after placing a slug in the machine. Wonderingly, "Hi" obeyed. The Kappa Sig looked up at the machine eagerly, but his face fell as he read the scale.

"A hundred and fifty," he said sorrowfully, replacing the pledge button in his pocket. "Get up to two hundred pounds by football season and we'll pledge you."

"Hi" turned away in discomfiture, and, as no one had warned him, took a cab to the University Y. M. C. A., where the elevator swiftly wafted him to the fourteenth floor.

"Trust in the Lord, and sweep your cigarette ashes under the carpet—that's our motto," said the elevator man, putting the bags into the three rooms and bath that the secretary had assigned to the newcomer.

"How very quaint," thought "Hi."

There came a knock on the door, and in walked a dapper young man in tan knickers.

"My name's Smyth," he said. "I am from the lodge, suh. Have you got fixed up on the hill yet? What school are you in? That's fine! By the way, one of our alumni wrote in that your old man is filthy with jack; so we want you to come over for dinner to night. That's fine! We'll call for you at six. See you then."

An hour or so later, "Hi" was escorted into the fraternity house, where he shook hands until dinner. He found the fraternity men vastly interesting and witty fellows. Each of them wore a placard which dangled from his neck, and on each placard was an inscription. "Hi" noted the various inscriptions with interest. "Athlete," "Fusser," "Activities Man," were some of the ones he read.

After dinner four of the brothers called "Hi" aside and gently pushed him into the reception room. Smyth, the leader of the party, drew down all the shades, shut all the windows, and lighted three gas stoves and a Lucky Strike.

"Schoolhero," said Smyth, "I don't care much for you myself, and I heard somebody say that bow tie of yours probably has an elastic in it. However, we have to fill up the house one way or another; so I would like to offer you the pledge pin of our fraternity."

"That's swell," said "Hi," "I've always wanted to be a frat. man."

At this the four older men clapped their hands in glee.

"What a quaint expression!" they cried. "We will surely get along splendidly."

"But you will have to register before we pledge you," said Smyth. "We always abide by the rules of the Interfraternity Council." At the words 'Interfraternity Council' the four men crossed themselves hastily and looked frightened.

And so it was that "Hi" Schoolhero walked into the registrar's office, which was gaily festooned with blue books and red tape.

The registrar was a dapper little chap who wore a big "W" sweater.

"Sit down," Schoolhero," he said. "You will be unable to start your education on the fifty-yard line. We have to penalize you for late registration, and besides the good positions always go to the debate team. However, I'll start you out on the thirty-five yard line and you ought to work up near enough for a field goal by midsemesters. If you take L. & S. you ought to make your major "W" in English by your sophomore year anyway."

"It's a sort of a game, isn't it?" said "Hi" in amazement.

"You are learning already," answered the registrar. "Now don't bother to make out any cards. 'I'll remember you. Good day.'"

As lunch time was drawing near, "Hi" returned to the fraternity house. Smyth came running up, waving aloft a paper.

"Here's the pledge obligations," he said. "Give a look!"

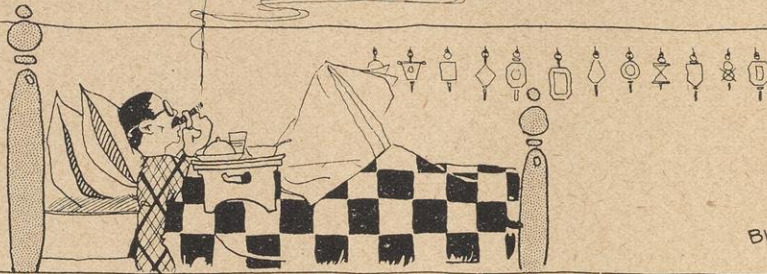
"Hi" took the paper and read with considerable curiosity, "Obligations—Attend church regularly. Remember our social rating and date only Phy. Eds., Kappas, and other non-sorority girls."

"Here is your pledge button," said Smyth, affixing something to the freshman's coat. "Try to model yourself by it, for it is the eternal symbol of fraternity."

"Hi" looked down at the front of his coat with awe and reverence. From the lapel dangled a rubber stamp.



AFTER COLLEGE—WHAT?



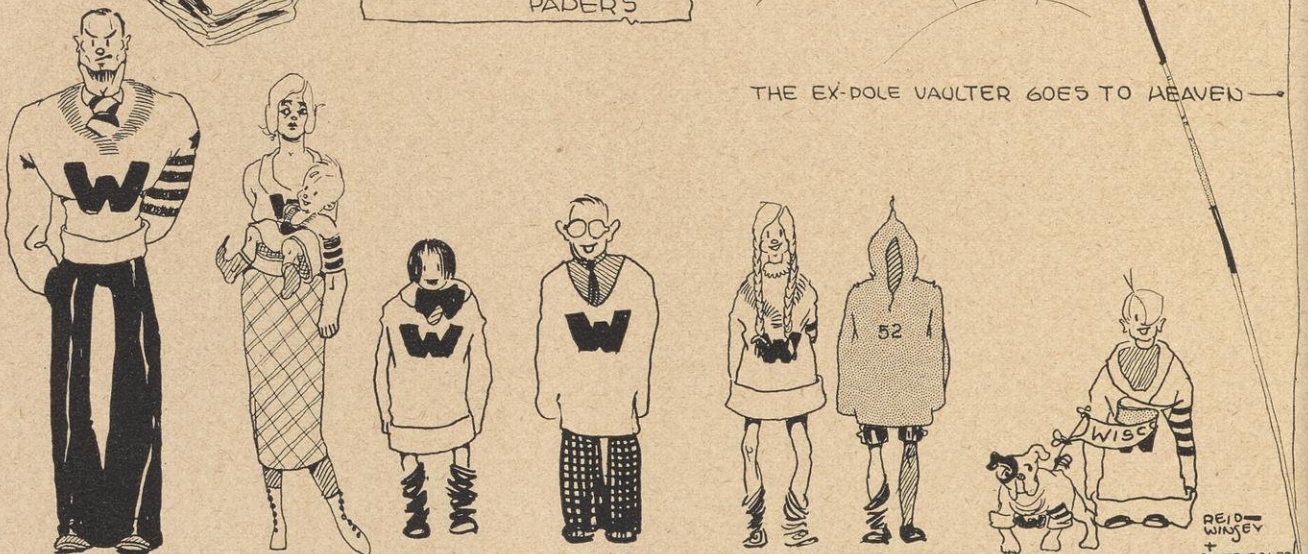
THE -PHI KAPPA PHI— MAN LIVES IN LUXURY—



THE COLLEGE CRIBBER CAN'T KEEP HIS EYES OFF OTHER PEOPLE'S PAPER'S



THE EX-DOLE VAULTER GOES TO HEAVEN—



THE TRIPLE-SPORT MAN, NOW MARRIED, FINDS PRACTICAL USE FOR HIS AWARDS—

REJOICE
WINGEY
+
TAV. TRESSLER



Pieces of Eight

Exact copies of the old Spanish coin, molded in chocolate and wrapped in silver foil—add to the charm and romance of that delightful treasure trove of sweets—Whitman's Pleasure Island Chocolates.

A package that invites the imagination to tropic isles of adventure, while its contents please the palate with the utmost in chocolate fineness and flavor. In one pound and two pound packages.

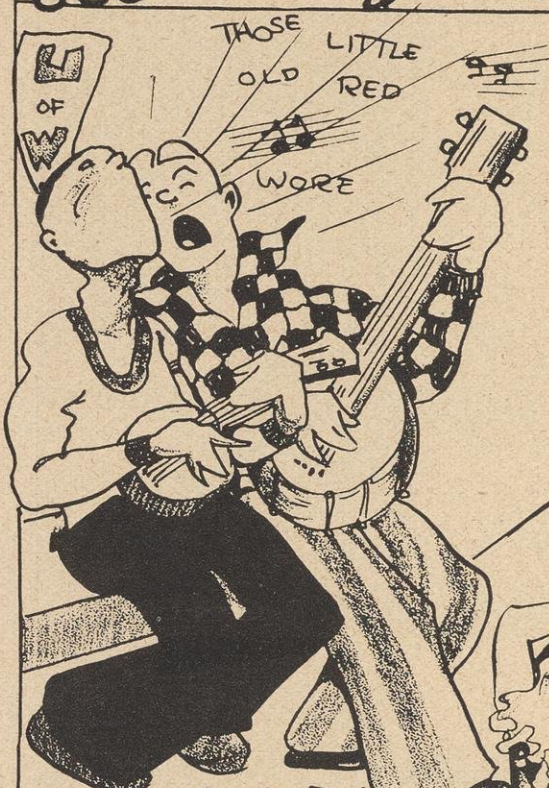
Whitman's Chocolates

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



**Special
Wisconsin Package**

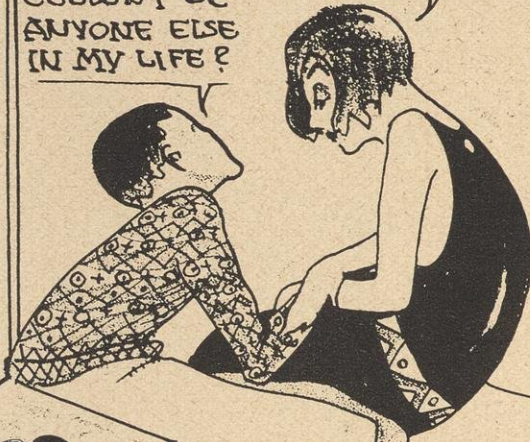
HOW TO BE COLLEGE!



GET YOURSELF A
LUKE OR A BANJO.
PARK BENEATH THE
FAIR ONES WINDOW
AND GET HOT.

CANT YOU
SEE THERE
COULDN'T BE
ANYONE ELSE
IN MY LIFE?

YOUR SO
DIFFERENT DOE

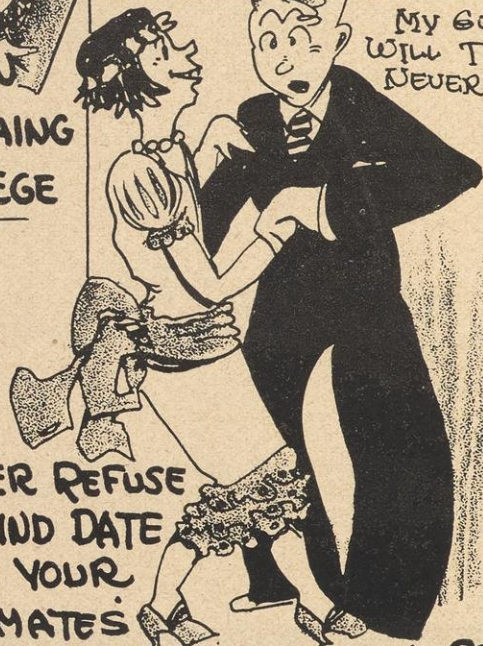


TELL'EM ALL
YOU LOVE'EM-
THEY ALWAYS
BELIEVE
IT.



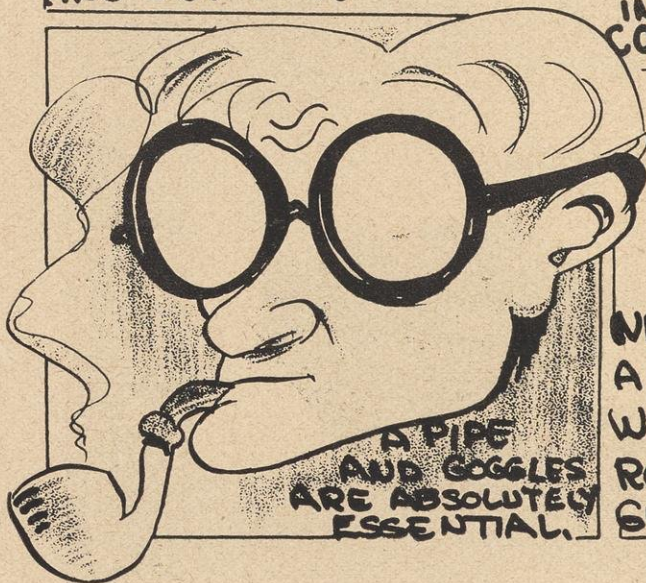
POSITION
IS
EVERYTHING
IN
COLLEGE

My GOD
WILL THIS
NEVER END?

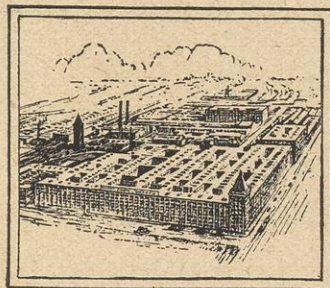


NEVER REFUSE
A BLIND DATE
WITH YOUR
ROOMMATE'S
GIRL FRIENDS FRIEND.

C.
SPARGUR



A PIPE
AND GOGGLES
ARE ABSOLUTELY
ESSENTIAL.



“Long enough to reach the ground”

LINCOLN'S famous answer to the question “How long should a man's legs be?” suggests a similar answer to the question “How large should an industrial organization be?”

Large enough to do its job, of course, which simply means that there's need in this country of ours for both small and big businesses and both can prosper.

The job of providing electrical communication for the country calls for a vast organization backed by vast resources. And that's what the Bell System is.

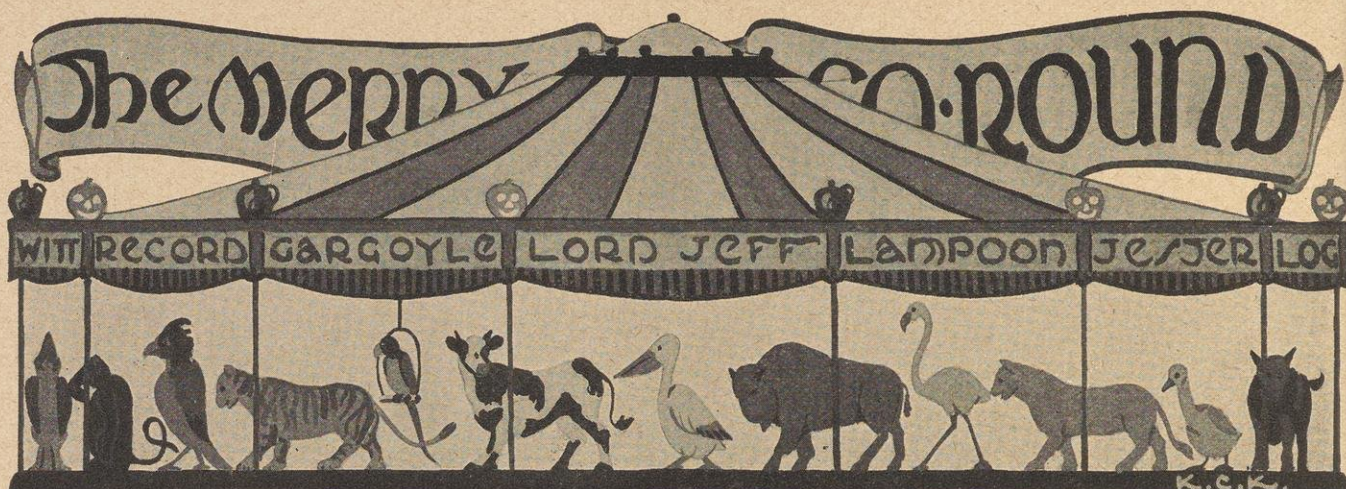
Here great size has advantages in greater operating efficiency through which its customers benefit, and advantages to those engaged in the industry who find here a wide range of interesting work offering opportunity to men of varied talent.

Published
for the
Communication
Industry
by



Western Electric Company

Makers of the Nation's Telephones



Drug Clerk: "Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I sold you?"

Customer: "No, I tried for three hours, but I couldn't hit one."
—*Belle Hop.*

"I'm wearing my room-mate's patent leathers."

"What for?"

"The patent on mine expired."

—*Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.*

He—"Gosh, girl, the rouge you've got on your lips!"

She—"Gimme time, Big Boy, I just arrived at this party."
—*Wes. Reserve Red Cat.*

Clarice: "Don't you think George dresses nattily?"

Maurice: "Natalie who?"

—*Judge.*

Golfer: "Par's thirty-nine."

Beginner: "Impossible, you're thirty years old yourself!"
—*Virginia Reel.*

"Hullabaloo," said the calm missionary to the cannibal chieftain, "If you kill me I shall become an angel and fly away to heaven."

"Good, good!" cried Hullabaloo. "I'll take a wing, Henry, well done."
—*Pitt Panther.*

"I wonder if you could tell me where I could get a drink?"

"Sir, I am only a conductor. You are the fourth man to mistake me for a policeman this afternoon."
—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

"Any previous newspaper experience?"

"No, but I was Editor of my college paper."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, we've got an editor."

—*Life.*

"Wow! That was one mean jane from Long Island at the Carnival Ball."

"Jamaica?"

"Sure thing."

—*Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.*

"Heavens! My husband! Quick, say you're a burglar!"

—*Everybody's Weekly (London.)*

"I was up to the museum today to see the new elephant hide."

"It must be interesting to see such a large animal trying to get out of sight."

—*Allegheny Alligator.*

STORE • OF • FRIENDLY • SERVICE

GENTLEMEN of parts,
at Wisconsin as elsewhere,
have long since discovered that,
on occasions of more than ordin-
ary import, the speaker is of much
greater moment than the speech---
Naturally---

Such gentlemen, of course, register
the desired impression by choosing
the late Learbury models---with
two trousers or knickers at \$45--to
be had only at Karsten's.

SAY IT AGAIN!



K A R S T E N S

On the Square

• 3 Carroll near State •

Badger 453

OCTY'S SLUMBER STORIES FOR LITTLE TOTS AND OTHER COLLITCH STUDENTS

Uncle Wiggily Decides to Take a Post Graduate Course.

"Uncle Wiggily," said Nurse Jane one bright day, "Why don't you have yourself psycho-analyzed? I just found the strangest things about myself yesterday from Professor Hooty Owl."

"No doubt you did," answered Uncle Wiggily wryly.

Nurse Jane blushed audibly.

"Just the same," she protested, "I think you oughta have it done; it would probably do you some good."

So Uncle Wiggily went down to see Professor Hooty Owl.

"Good morning," said the professor.

"Good morning yourself," retorted Uncle Wiggily.

"Joke's on you," said Professor Hooty, "It's the middle of the afternoon."

"Ha ha," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Now," began the professor, "Did you notice how many steps you climbed on the way up here?"

"No, but there were too damn many," answered Uncle Wiggily crossly as he mopped his brow.

"How much is two and two?" asked the professor out of a clear sky. (As we said before, it was a nice day.)

"Two what?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know.

"Two anything," said Professor Hooty, "What difference does it make?"

"Lots," said the rabbit gentleman, "Supposing I was playing golf?"

"Well, supposing you were," retorted Professor Hooty, but then he got the joke. Then he started off on a new track.

"Did you ever go to college?" he asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I spent four years at Chicago," admitted the rabbit gentleman, "But I don't know exactly what you'd call that."

"Well, I don't either," said Professor Hooty, "But anyway we'll pretend that you've been to a university. Now, what is a co-ed?"

"I bite," puzzled Uncle Wiggily, "What is a co-ed?"

"I'm asking you," retorted Professor Hooty, "That's one question you can't answer. Well, they are girls who go to college to get an education."

"S'funny," thought Uncle Wiggily, "I always had the idea that you couldn't tell a woman nothing."

"Well, to be frank with you," whispered the professor, "I always believe that the co-eds do most of the real educating anyway."

"Hmmm," said Uncle Wiggily, "that sounds interesting."

"It is," said Professor Hooty, "In fact—"

But the professor stopped and blushed a little.

"In fact what?" asked Uncle Wiggily?

"Nothing," answered the professor. "Let's get on with this analysis. Now, how often do you take a bath?"

"Well, it's been pretty cold lately," said Uncle Wiggily, "So, you see—"

"Yes, I see perfectly," said Professor Hooty as he went over and opened the window.

"I'm glad of that," decided Uncle Wiggily who had missed the point absolutely. "Astigmatism bothers me greatly."

"Who's she?" asked Professor Hooty innocently.

"That isn't a she, it's an eye trouble," answered Uncle Wiggily patiently.

"So it is," said Professor Hooty. "I was thinking about something else."

"About co-eds?" asked Uncle Wiggily hopefully?

"Well, yes," said the professor, "Why?"

Uncle Wiggily blushed a little himself, "I was thinking that maybe I should go back and take a few courses I didn't have time for."

"Fine, I'll go with you," said Professor Hooty; then his face dropped, "Aw cripes," he ejaculated.

"Wassa matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I'm married," said Professor Hooty, "Dawgonnit!"

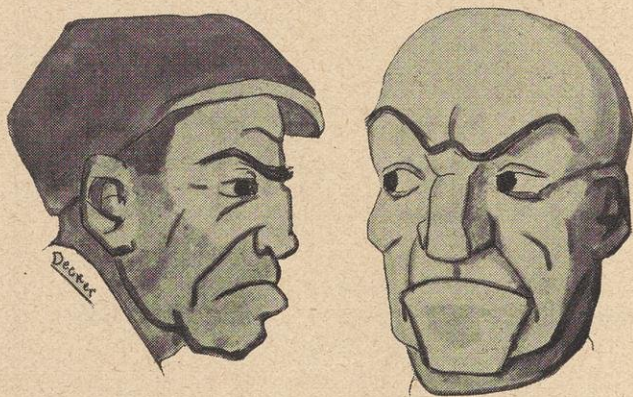
"Thass too bad," sympathized Uncle Wiggily. "Well," he said, "I've gotta be going."

"Goo' by," said Professor Hooty sadly.

"Goo' by," said Uncle Wiggily.

Uncle Wiggily turned at the door. "Say," he called, "Can you give me a couple of good phone numbers?"

—Jonah.



"Did you say your father packs sardines?"
"Yes, he's doing business on a small scale."

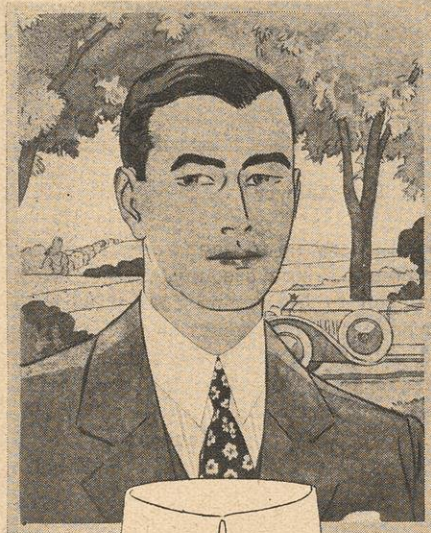
"How was your blind date last night?"

"Plenty blind! She couldn't even see my point of view."

A collegian is a man who has acquired the technique of successfully asking for a cigarette.

Slowly the roadster made its way down the solitary cement. Even slower he slipped his arm around her waist—and she unslipped it. A few minutes of slipping and unslipping; the speedometer began to climb. She settled her head in the leather of the upholstery, then moved it, and settled it on his shoulder. The speedometer tape moved back to 15 per. A sudden stop—"Flat tire!" he hissed. She smiled! then looked back. The tire WAS flat. He picked her up unconscious.

For the four basic types of faces



THE WILSHIRE

[ROUND FACE—LONG NECK]

This collar with points close together lengthens the face



THE TAVISTOCK

[ROUND FACE—SHORT NECK]

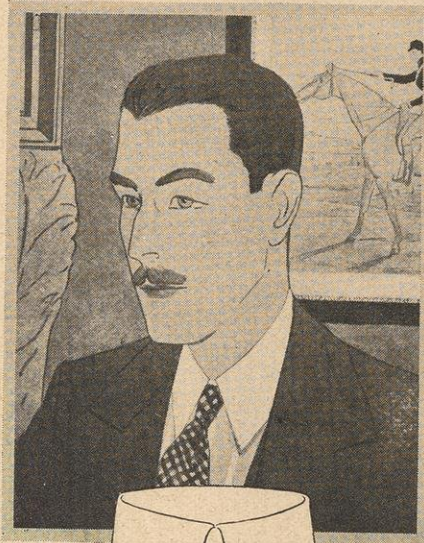
This collar with long points close together makes the face look narrower



THE HOYLAKE

[LONG FACE—SHORT NECK]

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



THE GLENGAIR

[LONG FACE—LONG NECK]

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

C These new collars supply length or breadth in the facial lines—

EACH one of these Ide collars has been designed to suit a particular type of man. You can find your own type among these four. In this way you can select the collar especially styled for you.

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

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

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Octy and Haresfoot Buddy Up---

In a big Haresfoot Number of the Octopus

On the eve of a great show, Octy will blaze forth on the campus overflowing with sizzling humor, and some new features by several of the old Haresfoot gagsters. And how!

Meet the Prince with Octopus

You'll want it!

You'll like it!

You'll get it April 20

"Who was that perfect lady I seen you with last night?"

"That was no lady, that was a Haresfoot chorus girl."

Love Letter Series No. 2

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dearest:

Although I've been away at college since last September, I haven't forgotten you one little bit, have I? Well, my roommate has taken a great liking to your picture so I wonder if you'd like to go to Spring Formal with him instead of me because he wants me to take his sister, although you know I'd rather take you.

Your own,
Ethelbert.

The Answer

Dearest:

I'm so sorry to have to say no to your sweet invitation to go with your roommate. You see, my brother wants me to go up to Madison to his spring formal with his roommate, and their spring formal comes on the same day as yours does. And Ethelbert, I really don't remember of you having asked me to go to your spring formal before this time. What do you mean?

Your own,
Ethel.

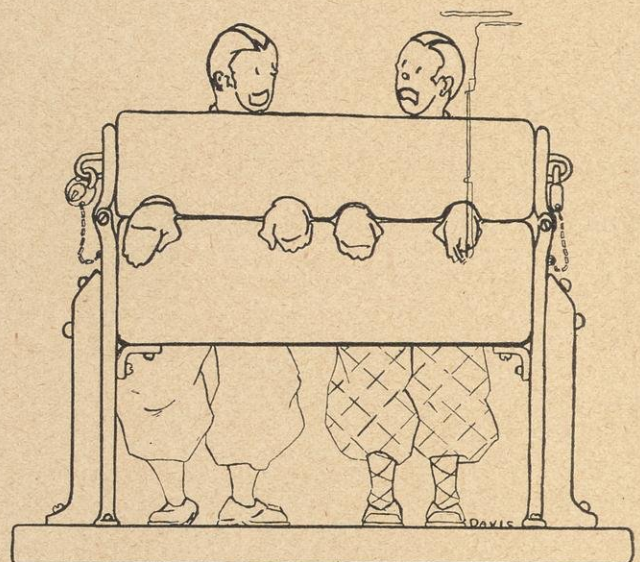
Brock Engraving Company

Artists and Engravers



4th Floor
State Journal Building

Phone: Fairchild 913



"How much were your knickers?"

"G'wan, I'm not here for slave-trading."

O. M. NELSON & SON

Diamond Merchants and Silversmiths

For Nearly a half Century

Dependable Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

21 North Pinckney Street

Nelson Building

"Hum—a *history* book. Don't tell me you're going to study."

"Yes—about Greece."

"Greece—good Lard!"

—*Louisville Satyr.*

"Give me an example of an incongruity."

"A football team at Wellesly."

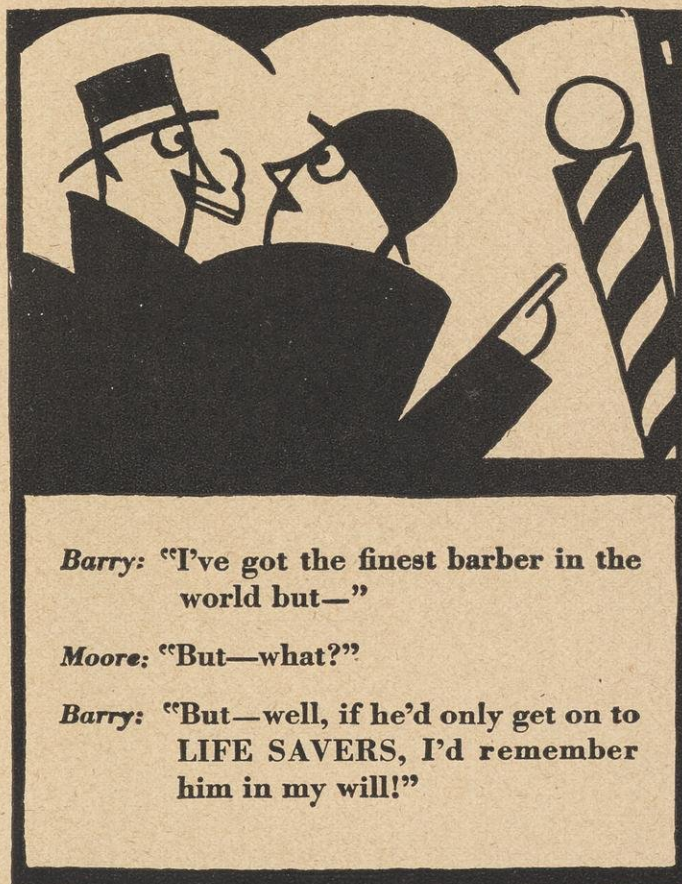
"And another."

"One at Harvard."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

He: "Let's go for a ride, honey-bunch."

She: "Shall we, pet?"





BOY friend, take a tip from the Greek egg fruit vendor. When he is selling day-old eggs at a dollar a dozen, he is getting only eighty cents for "fresh eggs." If you take a chance, he will sell you "eggs" at half a dollar. There are shoes, good shoes *Walk-Over* and Walk-Overs. Walk-Overs don't cost you a cent more than shoes that are merely shoes. Think that over, and then drop in and see the newest styled, highest-hat and lowest-priced quality shoes that ever helped to scrape the wax off a dance floor.

611 State St.

Open from
6:30 A. M. to 8 P. M.

Breakfasts
Our Specialty

The Waffle Shop Lunch

422 State St.

B. 5150

REAL HOME COOKING

Cream Waffles and Wheat Cakes
at all hours

Whether Or Not---

You'll Have Another Dance Bid
Depends Upon What Impressions
You Have Made

Visit

Scott's Beauty Shop

672 State

Upstairs

B. 7170



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






"What was all that noise downstairs last night?"
"Oh, one of the boys was making merry."
"Well, did he?"

Just Drop in

And take a chair

"Our Service Will Please You"

Runkels Barber Shop

640 State

AROUND THE CORNER OR AROUND THE WORLD

We are prepared to send fresh Spring flowers to her on a few moments' notice. Phone Badger 179.

Rentschler
FLORAL CO

228-230 State.

Open evenings 'til Eight

GREAT TEMPTATIONS

A Play in Indiscreet Acts

Scene 1—A country road, night, June

Cast: Sally O'Neil-----The Campus Belle
Norman Fever -----Our Hero
Various crickets, night-birds, frogs.

Sally: A beautiful, too beautiful night, Norman.

Norman: Yes, its purty.

Sally: These nights make one's thoughts turn to l—,
l—, to . . to . . so many things, to the ultimate goal of
life . . .

Norman: Ya, these nights makes a feller's thoughts
turn to golf, fishing. Yep, 'ats right.

Sally: "Norman, oh, Norman! It's too wonderful to-
night, I am so happy!"

Norman: Yes, it's purty.

(Lowering of curtain to indicate a lapse in time)

Cast: The same.

Scene 2 (A Fraternity House)

Frazer: Well, how was the date? Sally sure is a
knockout!

Norman: Ya, a knockout.

Frazer: I suppose you kissed Sally plenty didn't you?

Norman: Ah no, but . . . well . . . , well it certainly
was a great temptation.

(Curtain amid crash of books, chairs, and tables against
solid object.)

J. G.

FRED W. KRUSE CO.



Dictating Style

Thousands of women all over the country are in-
fluenced by the laws of dress as chronicled and
dictated by a small group of fashion magazines.
Just as these pictorial exponents of the mode
represent the peak of style, so does Kruse's stand
for the latest, the smartest and most sought-for
fashions. Paris innovations are seen first in Madi-
son at Kruse's the fashion center, where Madame
and Mademoiselle may find the styles that will set
them apart from those who fail to take cognizance
of fashion's dictates.

"Straus for Student
Printing"

In the Ruins
of

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII

buried on the morning of Aug. 24, A.D. 79, are walls covered with announcements painted in beautiful colors.

Whether it be stationery, place cards, programs or booklets, we can assist you in printing problems. We have advanced beyond the stages of Herculaneum and Pompeii in printing methods.

"There's added weight in the printed word"



118 East Main Street
Near The Square
Badger 1763

Stationery

always something new—distinctive

Rental Library

a live up-to-date library.
The best books of each month.

The Students Book Exchange

Gatewoods

Walt Gibson, Student Manager



228 State St.

2nd Floor

THE HETTY MINCH SHOP

New Spring Frocks

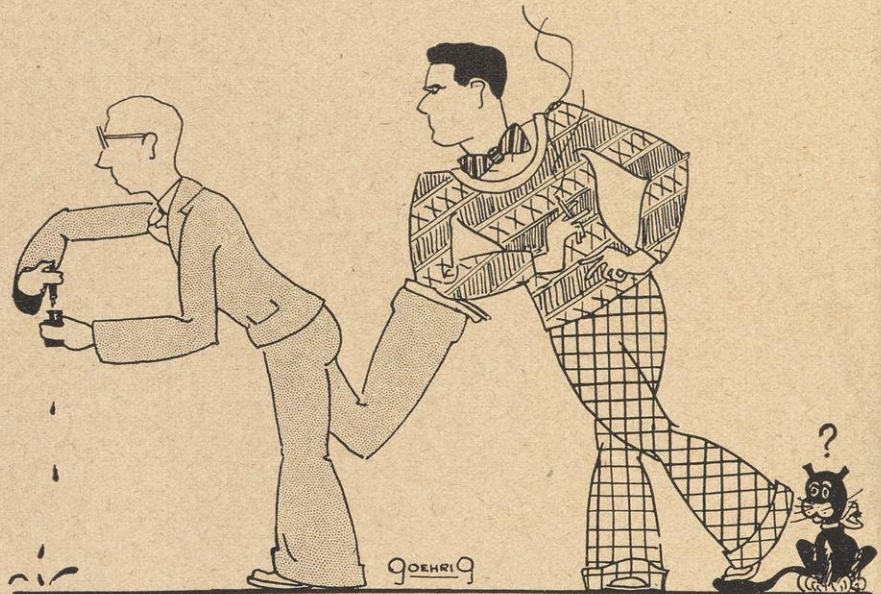
Pleatings

Complete Service

Hemstitching Tucking

Buttons Covered

Rhinestone Setting



"I like your nerve, using my ink!"

"Well, you see, old man, I'm writing to your girl."



Malone Grocery

Agency

**RICHIEU PURE FOOD
PRODUCTS**

Wholesale and Retail
Groceries, Fruits, and
Vegetables

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Youth Seeks Adventure

Age Has Wisdom

Undoubtedly
That Is Why
Both Dine At
The Irving

**The Irving Coffee House
The Irving Cafeteria**

STERLING AT IRVING



The Charm of a Spring Night

Is enhanced only by a visit to the Chocolate Shop. The Spring with its cool, balmy evening breezes is made only the more complete when you wend your steps to the place where you may imbibe in a delicious refreshment — the Chocolate Shop.

Finish the Evening at the Chocolate Shop

After the last tunes of "On Wisconsin" have died, continue your merriment at the Chocolate Shop. It is here where flavory dishes of the most wonderful delicacies are served. The Chocolate Shop is the necessary climax to every perfect evening.

When You Go Home

Take mother a box of Chocolate Shop candies. Our famous filberts will delight her. Chocolate Shop candies will appeal to mother's taste. Show her that you can pick out the best for the sweetest, and the sweetest for the best.

The Chocolate Shop



"Mister, there's no red light on your car."

"It isn't that kind of a car."

—Medley.

One: "Do you want a date with a chorus girl?"

Two: "Can she sing?"

One: "No, but—"

Two: "Fine, I'll go."

—Pup.

"Jim! Jim;" whispered a frightened bride, as she poked her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Do wake up; there are burglars in the pantry."

Jim rolled over. "Well," he mumbled, "what do we care as long as they don't die in the house."

—Stanford Chapparral.

He: Can you paddle?
She: Can 'oo?

The people
you meet through
the letters you
write



THE people you meet face to face are impressed by your manner and your dress no less than by what you say.

So, too, with those you meet through the letters you write. Their opinion of your letters is influenced by the stationery you use.

The well-textured sheets of Old Hampshire Stationery make a fitting background for

your written words. The well-cut, dignified envelope helps that first impression which means so much.

You can have Old Hampshire Stationery in the finish you like best—crispy, crackly Bond; smooth, rich Vellum; exquisitely textured Lawn.

Old Hampshire Stationery

Made in three distinctive finishes

BOND

VELLUM

LAWN

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
Fine Stationery Department
South Hadley Falls, Mass.



\$40 *Braeburn* \$45
Smart Styled Clothes for University Men
Tailored At Rochester

SPETH'S
222 STATE ST.

Nellie the Beautiful Co-ed

OR

"Gentlemen may prefer blondes but brunettes are still quite popular at Michigan."

Chapter VVLLIX.

Beautiful Nellie sat in the petting parlor of the best and most mortgaged sorority on the campus. Handsome Harold McHairoil, the biggest lady killer in the university sat by her side. They were reading the Badger for 1906, because sororities do not have family albums.

"See that picture of Butch O'Gutch, our left tackle in 1903, hasn't he the most awful bowed limbs?" cried Nellie coyly.

Harold's passions were fired by this risque remark, a vicious glow came into his eyes, "Let us hurry and get to the pictures of the girls' swimming team."

Nellie who was really quite modest, even if she was a sorority girl, turned her head and blushed. Then she moved six inches farther away from Harold, making the distance between them a full yard. This was to no avail as the viper's passions were aroused. Something about her profile attracted him. Maybe it was the wart on her chin.

"Nellie, I love you. I want to marry you," he groaned, heaving great steaming sighs of passion.

Nellie bit her lip and cried for joy. "Oh Harold, this is so sudden, but you must ask papa first," she gulped happily, almost strangling in her own tears.

Harold's brain spun around like a ball of fire. He switched out the lights and groped for her in the dark. After twenty minutes of useless groping, his primitive instincts came to his aid and he detected her presence and grabbed her.

"At last!" he cried.

Nellie screamed. "Oh no, not that, not that!" she moaned in terror.

Their struggles grew fiercer, suddenly the door opened and in marched the house mother, the Dean of Men, the Dean of Women, and a large squad of police. Harold was led off by the police while the rest remained to make an investigation.

"What was he trying to do?" asked the house mother.

Nellie sobbed. "It was all too terrible—I can't tell you."

"Come child, you must," said the house mother firmly.

"He was trying to hold my hand," said Nellie, shrieking wildly.



Nobody Home.

"Is that a butterfly on Psyche's head?"

"Of course; what did you think it was?"

"A butterfly!"

\$30,000
in cash prizes



Coming

*A contest
college men
ought to win*

Watch for Coca-Cola advertising, presenting the \$30,000 Coca-Cola prize contest—beginning the first week in May and continuing for three months—

In a number of leading national magazines, in many newspapers, in posters, outdoor signs, soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations.

You'll find this contest simple and interesting.

1st prize	\$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10

A total of 635 prizes, \$30,000

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

The HUB Is The Place Where The Best Dressed Men Get Their Spring Clothing

Style headquarters . . . and well it should be for Society Brand, leading young men's clothiers, has co-operated with us in producing the best looking university cut clothing you've ever seen. You'll recognize the famous Dunlin . . . the lapel notched right, the coat not too short, the conventional swing to the trousers, pockets correct, all in all, an easy, graceful model. Let us show you these new arrivals.

THE HUB

F. J. Schmitz & Sons Inc.

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Lafayette Trading Company, W03-27
394 Broadway, New York City

Enclosed find \$..... for.....

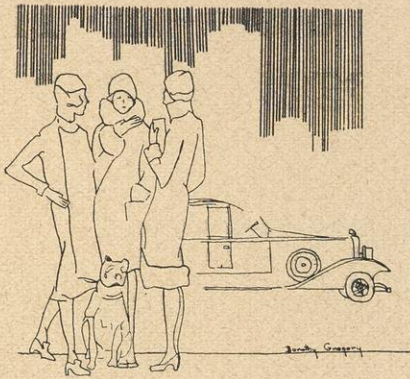
Navy middies. My dress size is.....

Name.....

Address.....



"If you could take your pick, would you be a dentist?"
"Naw, it takes a pull to get through dental college."



Faint Heart Never Won A Fair Lady---

But a new shiny Ford from the Badger Rent-A-Car will do this little trick for you. The girls just love to have you park a car in front of their house.

For your next date please call or either us and we'll deliver a car to your door.

Badger Rent-A-Car Co.

250 State Street

Fairchild 2099

From a Student's Chair

(Continued from page 15)

The profs in this department want good "sound, constructive" publicity. They spend most of their time leaning back in their easy chairs, disseminating hot air, instead of teaching. They are full of blah. Their blarney gets by big with the home folks though. They don't want "bad" publicity for the university, and they think that college editors who knock prohibition are naughty boys, and they send them clippings from the Christian Century to prove they're wrong.

We have left the nitwits. They are sprinkled throughout the whole nefarious faculty organization. Usually they are student assistants impressed too with the idea of their own importance. They enjoy doling out flunking grades.

All in all the faculty members are an amazing ignorant lot. Many of them like to write books. In fact, they like it so well that they become obsessed with the idea of changing a paragraph from year to year so that the students can have the privilege of buying new books every year.

Yet the faculty members are likeable in many respects. When you get them off their dignity they're not such bad eggs.

Please now professor, don't shoot.

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.

The Season's Expression Is Found In The New Spring Suits At The Toggery Shop

Wistful and gay are the new Spring suits that are to be worn this spring, and we are getting shipments every day of these suits which are authentically college. You do not pay extra at the Toggery Shop for style. The same correctness is carried out in our new line of Topcoats. They're beauties, and you must come in and see them.

We also have a new line of neckwear in the most startling color combination you have ever seen. We carry a complete line of men's furnishings. No matter what you want, the Toggery Shop has it.

THE TOGGERY SHOP

MAX KAPLAN

University Avenue at Orchard Street

Ed: "Are you letting your hair grow?"

Pinaud: "Well it will anyway, so I might as well."

—Vassar Vagabond.

"It ain't giving them an even break."

"What ain't?"

"Giving the Navy control of the Virgin Island."

—Mercury.

A college boy is one who knows what she wants when she wants it.

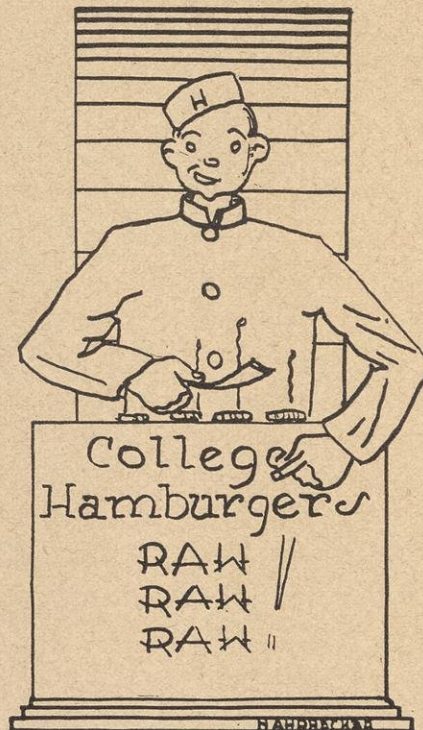
—Sour Owl.

"Let's go to a show."

"Can't. Got to take inventory."

"Aw, let her alone and come on with the bunch."

—Carolina Buccaneer.



Cinderella Revealed or A Childhood Dream Shattered.

Now that Red Riding Hood has been exposed, we're beginning to have our doubts about other fairy stories—What about this Cinderella business?

After all, we wonder what could have stimulated the gift of the carriage and horses. Then further, she went to the Ball. The Prince picked HER out of the gang of women that was hanging around—mmmmm! They danced, we presume—but the story makes no mention of that fact. For the next we hear of Cinderella is that she ran out leaving her shoe behind.

Well?

Then when the Prince found her, he married her—didn't the story start right off by telling us that the prince was a gallant gentleman?

Well?

—Boston Beanpot.



[Meeting a train in the Union station]

You are an experienced smoker and you know your brand!

YOU'RE an experienced smoker. You know good tobaccos. You know taste and fragrance.

And you insist on the best — that's Camels. Only the primeest tobaccos grown are good enough for you—the experienced smoker. Whatever you do you are going to do right, if you know it.

If Camels weren't the best, they

would not be far and away the first. If Camels weren't quality supreme, they would not be the overwhelming preference of smokers who have tried every brand.

Your taste tells you the tobacco difference in cigarettes and you're going to smoke the best. Your advice to others is — "*Have a Camel!*"

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

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

Mother (interrupting quiet affair):
"Sorry. Don't mind me."

He: "She hasn't."

Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.

Lawyer's Son: Say, Pop—we've got to write a composition about the law of gravity—when was the darned law passed?"

—Judge.

"What's his name?"

"Smith, I think."

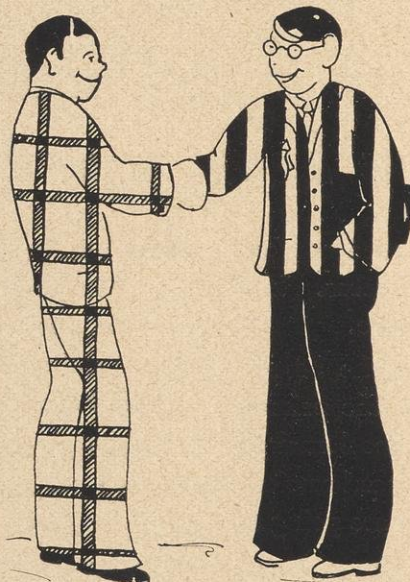
"Well, you are conservative."

—Tiger.

Prohi: Hey, boy, where'll I find lingerie?

Philip of France: Look under dresses.

—Pelican.



"Who's that lady I seen you with?"

"Why! Your grammar!"

"Couldn't of been—she's been dead six years."

"Will you please stop drinking for me."

"Who said I was drinking for you?"

—Columbia Jester.

"Daughter, has any man ever kissed you?"

"No father, no man has."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Yes, father, only college boys have."

—Cornell Widow.

Pretty Thing (lost in the big city):
Oh, sir—won't you—take me home?

Young Man: Madam, I'd love to—but I can't. I live at the Y. M. C. A.

—Kitty Kat.

The first thing that strikes a stranger in New York is a big automobile.

—Judge.

Miller's

ANNOUNCE THE OPENING OF OUR NEW HOME
at 23 East Main Street

Specializing in Smart
COATS---SUITS---DRESSES---SHOES---MILLINERY
for the Co-Ed

Father: "The man who marries my daughter will get a prize."

Ardent Suitor: "May I see it, please?"

—Stanford Chapparral.

Father: "I had a note from your teacher today."

Son: "That's all right, pa. I'll keep it quiet."

—Cornell Widow.

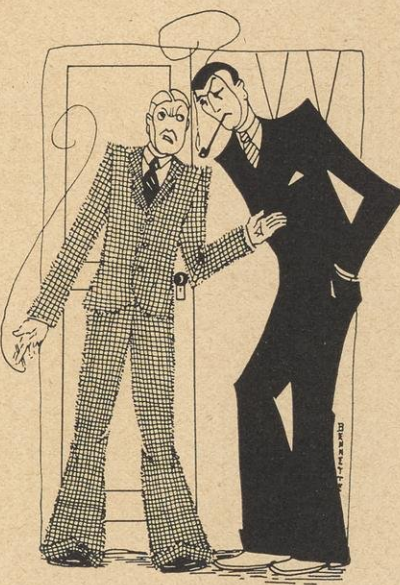
Gladys: "No one understands me."

Bert: "No wonder, your mother was a telephone operator and your father a train announcer."

—Lafayette Lyre.

She: "Did Hans Brinker?"

He: "No, she came with Fritz."
Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.



"Has she appeal?"
"Yeah, she's some belle!"

Diner: "Are you the young lady who took my order?"

Waitress: "Yes, sir."

Diner: "Well, you're still looking fine. How are your grandchildren?"

—Bean Pot.

Soph: "Man is wonderful. He has learned to fly like a bird."

Frosh: "Yes, but he hasn't learned to sit on a barbed wire fence."

—Drexel Drexerd.

The saddest ditty is the one about the man who has palsy, and has been trying to shake it off for eight years.

—Utah Humbug.

She: "I think petting is a big sham."

He: "Let's have a sham battle."
—Annapolis Log.

We'd have a fit

if we thought you thought the fit of
Michaels Stern Clothes would not
fit you or fit your pocketbook.

**MICHAEL STERN
SUITS AND TOPCOATS**

\$35 to \$45



"VALUE FIRST STORE"

Have your monogram printed on our
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and two packages envelopes for special price
of \$2.39.

Job Printing & Mimeographing

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in
Finger and Water
Waving

by our High Class
Operators

The Cardinal Beauty Shop

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for quality—

TECK'S

Famous Candy Bars

Meet the well-known Teck family of justly
famous, delicious candies. First there's
"Rah Rah" filled with a rich, pure cream
sprinkled with nuts, and clothed in a heavy
coating of chocolate. He's a good fellow, and
you'll like him.

Then there's Hunk-a-Dory with her honey-
comb filling with that "I must have more"
taste. Hunk-a-Dory is garbed in a gorgeous
gown of delicious chocolate. You can't but
help liking Hunk-a-Dory.

Hotsy Totsy is the junior member, but is
of the same parentage as the rest. It's rich
peanut butter center is good, and its cover-
ing of rich chocolate is better.

Always Fresh

Teckemeyer Candy Company

—at all stores



"What kind of a dog have you there, anyway?"
"Why,—it's a boy."

Correct Corsages For

Spring Formals

Special Attention To Flower Corsages
And Appropriate Decorations

Choles Floral Co.

Badger 476 We Deliver F.5790

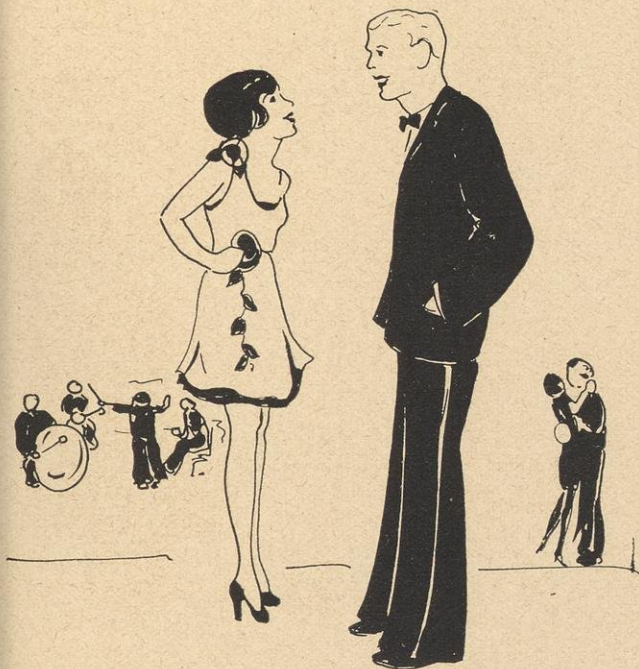
Spring Is Approaching—
Are Your Accessories

Spotlessly Clean ?

20% Discount On All Cash Calls

Madison Steam Laundry

429 State Street Fairchild 530



"Really, it's easy to see through you."
"Heavens, take me out of the spotlight!"

George Jean Nathan

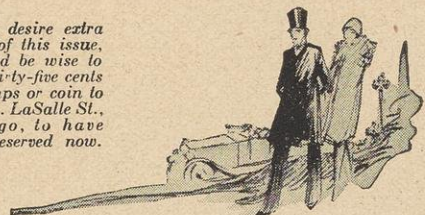
THE feature of the next, the April issue, is the first of a series of articles by George Jean Nathan. It carries on a collaboration with H. L. Mencken, some years ago.

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 1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, to have them reserved now.



CollegeHumor

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BIG, DELICIOUS
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And We'll Deliver To
Any Fraternity, Sorority
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"The Place That Malted Milk Made"

NOW YOU'RE BOASTING

I rate very well at the Flappa Flappa house, in fact it's remarkable. All the boys on the campus are jealous—oh, so jealous—of me, because I have kissed all the girls in that house and got away with it. The boys don't dare flit about too much because the girls are always comparing notes. But as for me, well, I repeat, I have kissed all the girls in that house and got away with it, and besides, they always come back for more. Sometimes I have had as many as three of them clinging to my neck.

Let's see, there's Marjorie with the dimples and the big brown eyes, she's the most innocent thing and has the cutest lisp. She kisses me on nearly any occasion or provocation, nice though. Then comes Alyce, mmmmm, she's a sprightly blonde, but is a little more bashful until she gets going, she has a little stronger arm than Marjorie, too.

As for Virginia—WOW—she's tall, dark, and sinuous, and oh f'even's sakes how impulsive that girl is, why—but that's something else. Ethel is a little more practical girl, but she's nobody's fool, and in the springtime she runs Virginia a close second. Such a complexion, too.

Mary was a little harder to get acquainted with, but after I knew her about a month it was easy. She kisses quite noisily, but then I don't object, because I know she means well. Marylynne has the same trouble along a different line—she is forever kissing with her eyes open, which is in rather bad form. Marylynne has lots of money though and a big car in which she takes me riding at least three times a week.

There are lots of other girls there, some of whom aren't so good-looking, but then they mean well, and they are always trying to please me. A couple of them wear glasses which I find necessary to remove at times, for I must be fair to all the girls. But I was forgetting Rosalind, and there is SOME girl. They wanted to make her prom queen when she was a freshman, that's just how good she is. Dark brown hair, and eyes like pools of water on a dark night, and the cutest lips. Phewwww! That girl wears clothes too, and how!

Yes, I have kissed all the girls at the Flappa Flappa house.

You see, I am the Flappa Flappa house-mother.



"It's a wonder the kangaroo isn't extinct."
"Yes, he's always on his last legs."

—Chicago Phoenix.

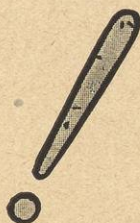


Mother: "When I was your age, young lady, a nice girl would not think of holding a young man's hand."

Daughter: "But, mother, nowadays a nice girl has to hold a young man's hand."
—Yale Record.

"P.A."

letters of recommendation



EXPERIENCED pipe-smokers from Cape Lisburne to Cape Sable (get out your map of North America!) recommend P. A. to you as the finest tobacco that ever lined the bowl of a pipe. You'll check-in with their recommendation.

Why, the instant you swing back the hinged lid on the tidy red tin, your olfactory nerve registers a fragrance like that of a pine-grove on a damp morning. And when you tuck a load of this wonderful tobacco into your pipe — say, Mister!

Cool as Cape Lisburne, mentioned above. Sweet as the plaudits of a first-night audience. Mild as morning in Cape Sable. (That's working-in the old geography!) Mild, yet with a full tobacco body that completely satisfies your smoke-taste. Buy some Prince Albert today and *make the test!*

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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.





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"it's style"
it's here**

Through Hart Schaffner & Marx we're not only able to give you style correct to the smallest detail but we're able to give it to you at the time it's being worn by the men who set the style pace. Try on our spring models—you've never before found such fine fitting qualities.

Olson & Veerhusen Co.

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WHERE students meet
to drink a malted
milk or play a game of
billards—

Cigars MAUTZ Billiards
821 University Avenue

**Alford Brothers
Laundry Company**

**We Have Done
STUDENT LAUNDRY WORK
for
Forty-one Years**

113-115 N. Carroll St.

Badger 172

Recent Books

(Continued from page 18)

(*Labels*, by A. Hamilton Gibbs, Little Brown and Co.) Dick has been labeled "hero," his brother Tom "conchy," British for slacker. Yet they return to post-war England to find themselves in horrified agreement that those who ran England during the war have made no attempt to change "the conditions which started the show." This, and the even greater problem of personal readjustment, from the center of the story. And it is a corking good story. There may be dull pages; there are no dull chapters. These young people of Mr. Gibbs are engaging and real. Sir Thomas, K. B. E., is too nearly a spiritual cousin of the burping bishop in *Young Anarchy*, but has enough human inconsistencies to save him. And this Mr. Gibbs is one of the few Britishers who can make Americans talk without giving the impression that they are the offspring of an unhappy union between Dickens and Elsie Dinsmore, educated in the mountains of Tennessee by a schoolmaster born in rural Vermont and brought up among California gold miners of 1848.

Music Clerk: "Let me sell you a new Orthophonic Victrola, it has changed all ideas in phonographic reproduction.

Customer: "Nothin' doin'. I don't want any little phonographs running around my house."

—Whirlwind.

An Inexpensive Token
Goes A Long Ways
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Mouse Around Gift Shop
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NOVELTIES

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St. Patrick: "Well, Nora, I just chased the last o' them snakes away."

Mrs. Pat: Lemme smell your breath.

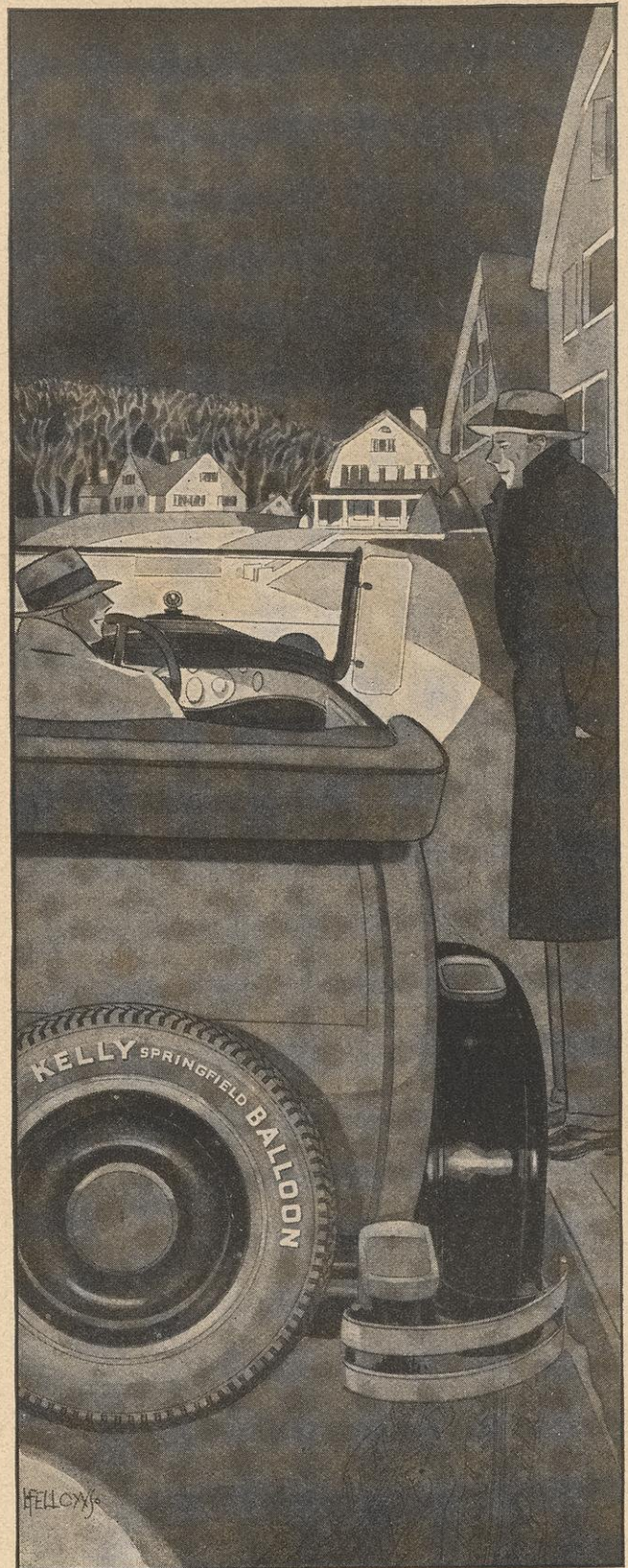
Little Emma came to her mother the other day with this assertion:

"Mamma, those boys next door always catch me on the way home from school and kiss me."

"Well, slap their faces if you don't like it."

"I do like it, Muv, but they're so damned amateurish about it."

My, my, what is this younger generation coming to.



"Well, Bob, it's five minutes past two. What's the story goin' to be?"

"Oh, I'll tell her we had a blowout."

"That would never get past my wife. She knows I use Kelly-Springfields."



*Pipe Your Troubles Away
With Printing*



Democrat Printing Company
MADISON, WISCONSIN

The Lamplighter

GOOD old Leerie, the lamplighter, worked cheerfully to make the streets bright. And the lamps sputtered a friendly glow into the darkness.

The citizens of the country have taken Leerie's job. They are the lamplighters of today, and they spend $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents of each tax dollar that their streets may be bright.

Good street lighting means more flourishing business sections, safe traffic, convenience, and protection.

Leerie, the faithful, has gone—but streets still need lighting. And in whatever communities college men and women elect to live, they should take a lively interest in civic improvements—including street lighting.



G-E products help light the world, haul its people and goods, turn the wheels of industry, and lessen labor in the home. Whether on MAZDA lamps, or on large or tiny motors, or on the multitude of other means of electrical service, you will find the G-E monogram wherever you go.

720-49DH

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

*"For we are very lucky, with a lamp
before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights
so many more."*

"The Lamplighter"
Robert Louis Stevenson



ARROW

DRESS &
COLLARS
& SHIRTS

