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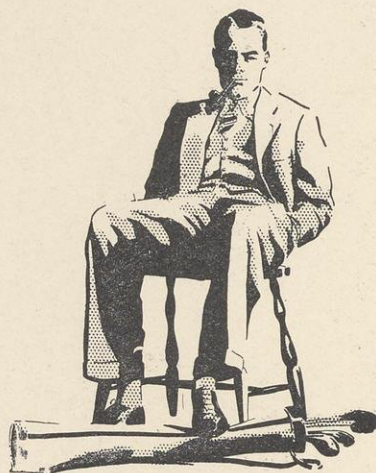
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October



Price
25¢

peo
drake



A Store Full of New Things For Spring---The Co-Op

As new as the green grass on the Hill are the stocks of The Co-Op. Men are interested in the new Stratford U-Approved suits, The Co-Op's splendid line of topcoats and accessories . . . Nunn-Bush shoes . . . Phoenix Hosiery . . . Disney Hats . . . Wilson accessories.

Co-eds are interested in the new lingerie and hosiery of the Co-Ed

corner . . . the importations in the Gift Shop . . .

Everyone is intrigued by the sport equipment that comes with the outdoor season . . . golf . . . tennis . . . baseball . . . what's your favorite?

Yes, there's a big store full of spring things at The Co-Op and best of all there's the advantage of your Co-Op number . . . another advantage in the Three-Way Plan. Do your spring shopping soon!

The University Co-Op

E. J. Grady, Mgr.

STATE AT LAKE

GELVIN'S

*Forget Your Clothes---
They're Right*

Gentlemen are at ease no matter how they lounge around in a suit from HOAK & DUNN.

Niceties of cut and tailoring are responsible for this distinction.

HOAK & DUNN

Gelvin's of Madison

644 State Street

SPRING



this year has been a bit capricious as to weather.

A little scant as to blossoming buds, too!

But somewhere she is reserving a whole flock of lovely days and lovely flowers.

And our guess is that they are about to make their debut together.

So to officially welcome spring, AND the flowers, AND the birds, AND the blue water on Mendota, AND the warm sunshine, AND everyone who went home during Vacation—we have arranged the world's most delicious menu for you Sunday!

Come, come, don't be bashful—all roads lead to The Irving!



We
Welcome
You
!

IRVING COFFEE HOUSE
IRVING CAFETERIA
STERLING AT IRVING



GIRLS

Love to Eat!

Feed them

at

"The Place Malted Milk Made"

Campus Soda Grill

Fairchild 3535 for Deliveries

If girls' dresses grow any scantier they will soon have nothing to be ashamed of.



Student salesman: My whole college career depended upon silk stockings.

Student loafer: Yeh, mine did, too.



First old maid (as airplane comes into view over horizon): Here comes the mail plane.

Second also: How can you tell from this distance?

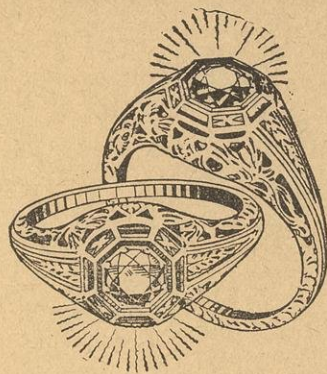
—Gargoyle



It was announced in one of our leading magazines that, "Knee-length skirts had reduced street car accidents fifty per cent."

Wouldn't it be nice if accidents could be prevented entirely?

—Jack-O-Lantern



FINE QUALITY DIAMONDS

BLUE-WHITE, well cut, brilliant and free from flaws, the quality diamonds we are showing are worthy of purchase for pleasure and investment. Add to this the finest and most novel mountings obtainable and you have something to be proud of always.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS

Engagement rings are given special thought at this store. We provide the very best values at moderate prices—harmonizing the settings and the stones in such a way that they are always sure to please.

Prices Range From \$50 Upward

R. W. NELSON
JEWELER

320 State Street

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FOR APRIL, OCTY PRESENTS—

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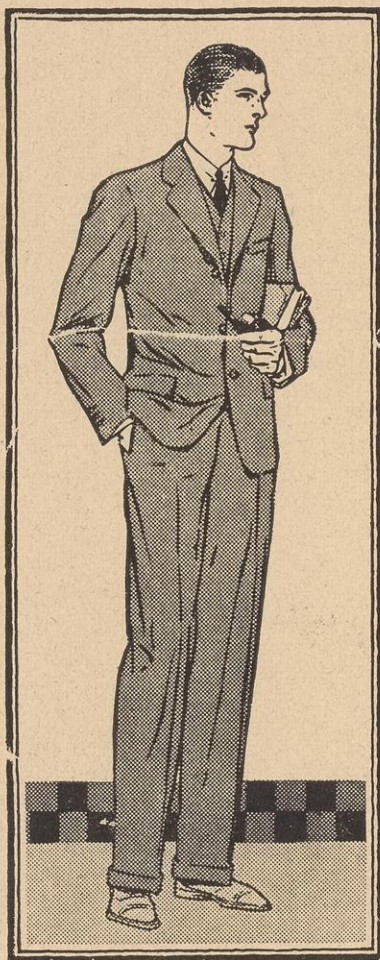
Scandals, by The Half-Wit's Half Brother.....page 26

And more good pictures and jokes than you ever before saw in one magazine at one time.

FRED W. KRUSE CO.



FASHION'S newer authentic achievements are presented for your choosing—the revealments of style which attain new prominence in ensembles, coats and dresses appealingly feminine, according to the most modern trend of the mode.



Here's the newest for spring

The three button coat of this suit has a soft lapel rolled down to the second button; is a trifle longer; has lines that are a little trimmer.

The colors are Stone grey, Algerian browns and Grampian blues.

Many suits have two trousers or extra knickers at

\$45

Olson & Veerhusen Co.
7 and 9 N. Pinckney St.

MEAT

Goeden & Company

Cherchez la Femme

It was his first night in Paris. As he looked out over the beautiful river he seemed to see the drive, the capitol, his girl at home. He turned sadly to the girl beside him and gently laid his arm against her smooth back. This was the first girl he had ever picked up, and it had seemed so easy. He heard his mother say "Watch out . . . Those French girls . . . be careful". But he put that aside. Her smooth face against his, her sweet perfume, seemed to make him forget still further, and he put both of his arms around that lithe warm body. Still she offered no resistance. His grip tightened slightly, he felt her slender fingers steal to his breast, and her quick breathing in his ear. They clung together for a moment. Suddenly she seemed to come to life and began to struggle to release herself from his grasp. But he no longer held her in sisterly love. He hung on fiercely. She struggled all the harder to break away. His searching hand caught one of hers and, prying it open by main strength, he retrieved his stolen watch. Then, and not until then, did he let her go.



"Do you dance?"

"I love to!"

"Fine, that's better than dancing."

Mr. L. Eberhardt, Prop.

of the

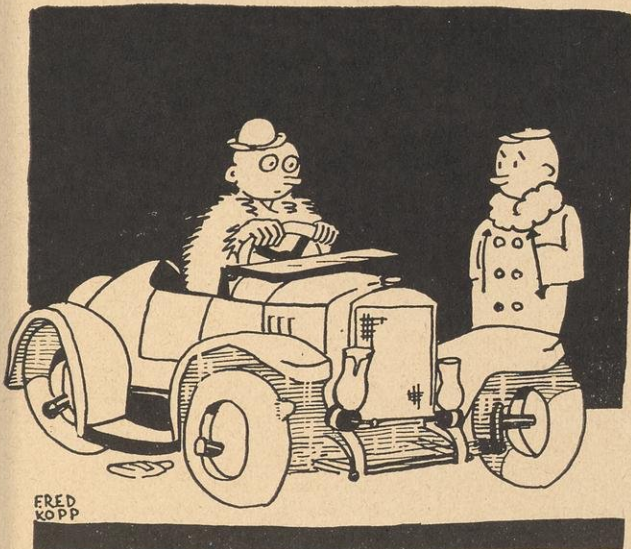
Cardinal Beauty Shoppe

is just back from the "Midwest Hair Dressers' Convention" with all the latest ideas for your Beauty.

Phone F. 3966

625 State St.

Open—Wed. - Fri. - Sat. Evenings



"I haven't been getting very much sleep this semester."

"How is that?"

"Well, you see—I'm not taking any lecture courses now."



Harry S. Manchester, Inc.



THE
Charter House
RULE

CHARTER HOUSE MAKES IT A CONSTANT RULE TO CUT
AND TAILOR CLOTHES WHICH, IN WORTH AND EXPRES-
SION, ADHERE TO THE PRINCIPLES RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE EARLY SUCCESS OF THESE CLOTHES, BOTH IN
ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

Charter House
CLOTHES





"For Years I Was Troubled With Pains in My Stomach"

The uniforms as shown above will be worn by members of the Experimental College Summer Short Course. Cut loose and full, they will afford plenty of freedom for thought with none of that fearless shifting and whinnying common to small boys with tight collars in church. The three students shown, are rehearsing an ancient Athenian comedy called, "Butter Again, Oleomargarine!" which ran for a full week before they could stop it. It is known that the Athenians could make better butter better than the better or even best butter makers of the ancient world and there were some butter good pretty makers in those days. Ask grandpa. The boys of the college have been studying and comparing the percentage of butter fat per stomach per man amongst the Athenians as contrasted with that of southern Wisconsin. Through their work, the boys have discovered that butter smells like hell when left two weeks in a window sill. It is felt that this will do much towards creating a spirit of fellowship and good will amongst the instructors at the college and the waitresses at a notorious south side joint.



She Was Only -----

An acrobat's daughter and she sure gave me an awful tumble.

A printer's offspring, but she sure was just the type.

A music teacher's daughter and oh how she tipped the scale.

A shoeshiner's daughter and she had plenty of polish.

A geology professor's daughter, but I wish she'd been a wee bit boulder.

A barber's daughter and she gave me looks that cut.



Next Shop

Mrs. Snob: I've brought in my ermine coat to be cleaned.

Truthful Cleaner: I'm sorry, madam, but you'll have to take that to a hare dresser.

—Life

CLOTHES

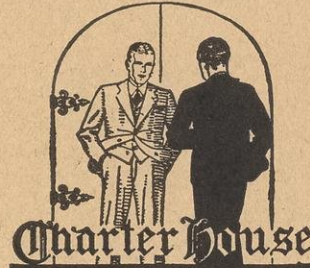
Ready-made
And Cut to Order

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



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Topcoats



an entirely new

Seal Stationery

embossed on our famous

London Crushed Bond

economize—

buy our pound writing papers

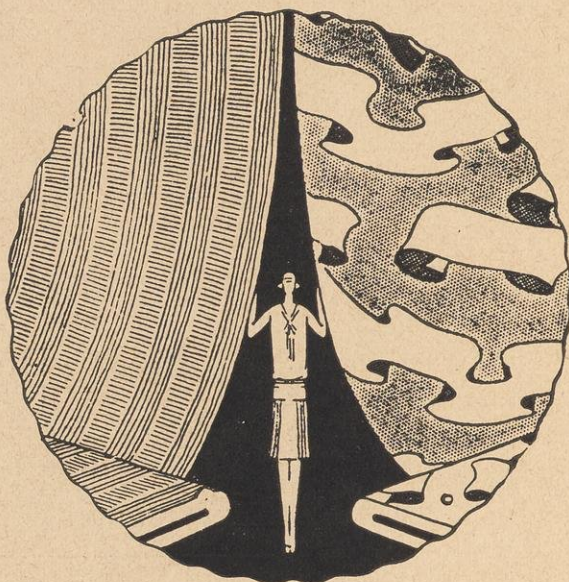
Gatewood's

the student's Book exchange

Kessenich's

State at Fairchild

Fashion Favored Fabrics



DARBROOK CREPE TUB SILKS

65 New Patterns—Just Received

The first showing of these famous fabrics brought wholehearted approval from all. Many spoke of the exquisite quality—many were delighted at the remarkable price. But the merit and tremendous variety of the patterns brought a delightful enthusiasm from everyone.

Candy stripes, pin stripes, imperial stripes, cross bars, two toned stripes—in fact, every style—right pattern and color.

Regular \$3 Quality \$2.48
Very Special At

Stehli's
Polka Dot Prints
\$2.95 Yd.

The many Paris creations featuring polka dots prove this pattern to be a fashion favorite. White on black or black on white or navy, colored dots on white and dots of many colors make up the group.

Darbrook
Silk Broadcloth
\$1.95 Yd.

There are 30 new patterns just received. 10 of these are suitable for sprints—12 are excellent for sport dresses and the balance are for pajamas. A regular \$2.50 quality, specially priced \$1.95.

Kessenich's---Famous For Fabrics

Girl's Number



Genuine Pathos

*The Alpha Xi Delta who came in at 4:00
A. M., arguing with house mother.*



(Girl on the Right): "Gracie! Don't you know it's vulgar to point!"



Conceptions
of
THAT WISCONSIN CO-ED
Harvard Man

She's a perfect prom-trotter,
Dawnse? Observe that new step!
Can she smoke, drink, and love?
My word—what a rep!

West Pointer

She has loved and forgotten;
She's cheated on me.
If she'd only come back, tho,
How happy I'd be!

Home-Town Steady

She's the girl of my dreams,
And I've dreamed of her years,
Of her smiles and her kisses.
Boy, our wedding day nears!

Wis. 'Stew'dent

She is gay but she's true;
To her heart there's a key.
We eloped this morning
At half past three!

"Have you some air mail envelopes?"
"No, but would some fly paper do?"

She: You told me that I meant all the world to you.
He: Yes, but I've studied Geography since then.

"You should treat any girl like your sister."
"Gosh, then I'd be up for assault and battery half the time."



"I wouldn't marry that big moose if I were you, Mamie. You know there's a law against shooting 'em in this state, an' then where'd you be?"



"Is Smith drunk again?"
"No, he got that way from trying to eat a pretzel straight."

A girl that wears cotton stockings never sees a mouse.

"What's a bacteria?"
"That's the rear door to a cafeteria."

It has been discovered what Rodin's famous statue, "The Thinker," is thinking about. He's been swimming and doesn't remember where he left his clothes.

The Tragedy of Man

SHE had smiled at him across a library table.

HE had met her again in laboratory.

THEY worked on experiments together.

THEN they walked up the hill together.

AH! but he was happy!

THEN one night he looked up her telephone number and he called her up. He began cheerfully:

"Hello—is this Betty?"

SHE: Yes.

He: (hopefully) This is John.

SHE: (not comprehending) Who?

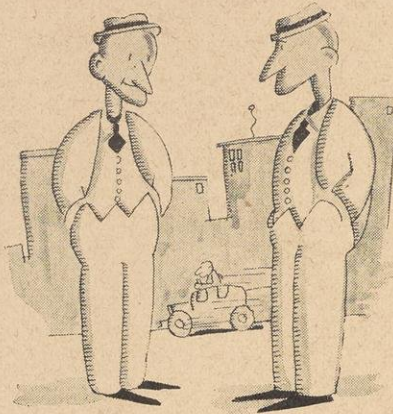
HE: John.

SHE: John who?

HE: (weakening) Why—John Foolish—you know—

SHE: What?

HE: Why—you remember me—don't you?



"Has she got 'it'?"

"Say, she has so much of 'it' you have to call it 'they'."



SHE: (weakly) I don't—believe—I do.

HE: (reddening) I'm in your lab class.

SHE: Oh, are you?

HE: Uh huh. Now do you know?

SHE: I think so—oh, yes!

HE: (relieved) I knew you'd remember.

SHE: Oh.

He: I wanted to know if you'd—(gulp)—if you'd like to go to the Phy-Eds Frolic next Friday night.

SHE: To the what?

HE: (getting warm) A dance next Friday.

SHE: Oh. (Long pause). I don't believe I can. I've got a date for Friday.

HE: Oh—honest?

SHE: I'm sorry.

HE: I am too.

SHE: But thank you.

HE: Tha's all right—(Pause)—Well—good bye.

SHE: Good bye.

Click—click.



Ruth Allcott

"How in the world do you ever tell those twins apart?"

"Oh, that's easy! Ed always blushes whenever he sees me."

W O M E N

By HARRY KONNACK

WOMEN are what men marry. They have two eyes, a few curves, and nothing else matters. They never have more than one idea, one wad of gum, or one powder-puff at a time. As for ideas—one idea lasts them a lifetime.

Like pictures, women are of the same color, but some are better painted than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into four classes; wives, old maids, grass-widows, and flappers. An eligible flapper is a mass of bare knees and cigarettes generally exhibited by a dotting mother who is trying to marry her off. Wives are of three varieties: those that are dumb, those that are dumber, those that are dumbest. A grass widow is one that has been cast off by one man, but is still optimistic enough to think that another man will shoulder her expense account. As for old maids, they are perennials for whom Elinor Glynn wrote her great classic *"Three Weeks."*

Making a wife out of a woman requires the patience of a Job, the wisdom of a Solomon, and the philosophy of an Omar Khayam.

It is a physiological marvel that a big, handsome, rugged, sincere, clean-cut, "Man's man" should enjoy mushing a silly over-perfumed, painted, sentimental goose like a woman.

If you flatter a woman, she thinks you're wild about her. And if you don't, she loses interest in you. If you make love to her, she thinks you've swallowed her line,



Une Femme Chaude

bait, hook, and sinker. If you don't she doesn't get a kick out of that date. If you believe everything she says, you will soon be enveigled in a mass of lies; if you question her veracity, or fail to agree, you are flirting with quick and sudden death.

If you wear a sporty suit, a gay tie, and flashy socks she won't go out with you. If you wear a conservative suit and a black tie, she tells you that you lack style, and goes out with a college shiek in knickers, plaid golf, and a tie that would make his mother turn over in her grave. If you ask her to take a drink, or approve of her smoking, she pouts and says you can't want her to be a "nice" woman, and that you don't respect her. If you can't offer her a drink or let her smoke, she thinks you're slow and goes out with the man whom she can tease farther, and have a more daring time.

If you are an athletic type, she thinks you ought to be a stevedore. If you are intellectual, she's afraid to go out, because she can never be comfortable in any thought process. If you are gay and devil-may-care, she longs for a "steady soul-mate." And if you are stolid and

a plodder, she longs for a "caveman" who could "storm" her heart.

If you like other women, she gets jealous. If you don't like other women, she thinks you're a damn fool. What in Hell can we do? We can't live with 'em, and we can't live without 'em! Darn all women anyhow.

"Lord, what an evening! I hadda' date with Elizabeth V last night!"

"How come the name?"

"Four out of five have IT."

"What did you get in that exam?"

"Oh, a 69; what did you get?"

"A 71."

"Gosh what a whale of a difference a few sense makes."

Slightly Deaf Young Scotchman (to girl friend):
What will you have to eat?

Girl: I'll take a double chocolate nut sundae!

S. D. Y. S.: What!

Girl: I say I'll have a strawberry banana split with angel food cake and whipped cream.

S. D. Y. S.: I heard you the first time.

A conceited man is the one who calls a girl a blind date just because she can't see him.

Friend: What do you mean by getting up at this hour of the morning?

Girl: Oh, I'm taking an international correspondence round-the-world trip and I want to be one of the first to land in India.



"Excuse me lady, but did you drop something?"

"A burglar broke into our house last night."

"What did he get?"

"Caught."

"You have driven me to it," she said as he stopped his car in front of her house.

"Mama—"

"Yes, dear—"

"Do they call them worldly men because they have gone around a lot?"

Clerk: And what'll it be for you, madam?

Mrs. Newlywed: I want some mince meat, and it must be from fresh young minces."

He: Don't cross your legs that way.

She: How shall I cross them?



A Drag With a Professor

"Did you ever have a date with a man?"

"No, I went to college."



NIGHT A FANTASY

Night with his ghostly satellites furtively engulfs the white sharpness of day



"Your room-mate is a sound sleeper."
"Yea! And such sounds."

"Tell me what you think of us men."

(Long pause).

"Why don't you say something?"

"How in the world can you keep such a straight face when telling a lie?"

"Well, if I had a crooked one, nobody would believe me."

"My girl used to tell me that I was the apple of her eye."

"Well?"

"I must only be the core now, 'cause she just threw me down."

Mo: To what phylum do sponges belong?

Lasses: Mollusca.

Mo: Wrong! Try again.

Lasses: What then?

Mo: Sigma Kappas.

"Tell me what he's like."

"He's one of the boys who never utilizes more than half his driver's license."

Interesting Statistics

Official report from the Registrar's office says there are now in attendance in the university 7,876 students and the Experimental College.

It is roughly estimated that if all the books in the combined libraries of the university and historical side were piled one on top of each other the pile would be top heavy and probably fall over.

And on the other hand if all of the same books were placed end to end stretching from here to Chicago they would undoubtedly become soiled and splashed with mud.

Little Boy: What is a petting party?
Big Boy: That's when you hold a girl's hands and kiss her.

L. B.: But why do you hold her hands?

B. B.: So she can't slap you.



Mr. Jones Spends a Quiet Evening at Home

Modern Epigrams

Necessity is the mother of convention.
Familiarity breeds contemplation.
He who hesitates holds a king.
Notoriety is the spice of life.

"I see Aaron is going over big as a whirling dervish."
"Yes, he got that way from doing so many good turns
when he was a Boy Scout."

I have a Ford.
Last week it made me late
To a quiz section.
On Wednesday it ran out of
Gas right in a lotta' traffic.
Yesterday, the front tire went
Flat.
Last night I had a date.
We were miles from anywhere,
Way out in the country.
And the damn thing ran like a top!

Advice to Divorcees

If at first you don't succeed, trial, trial again.

Bashfully, Jim muttered, "I can't dance, but I can
hold you while you do."

"That gin made him enthusiastic."
"Yes, he could hardly contain himself."



At the Charity Bazaar—A Wisconsin Co-ed Loses Her
Amateur Standing

THEN CAME EVE

By HOLLEY J. SMITH

Pictures
by
Peg Drake



WHAT HAS PRECEDED

"He kissed her eagerly . . . just once," did easy-going Jud Carey, who hadn't dated half the women on the campus because he had been busy dating the other half. The "her" in question was Eve Randall, one of the most loveable girls at the House. The kiss, which occurred in the hallway at the termination of their third date, seemed to be the one incident anticipated by both during the whole evening, for neither had been excited by the previous Parkway show or short drive home in Jud's battered roadster. Eve with feminine nonchalance seemed not to be moved when he said, ". . . please believe I love you Eve . . ." or when the kiss came, but she was—deeply; and Jud raced to his fraternity and announced to the incredulous brothers that he finally was actually in love.

III

THE sun streamed through the half opened window by Eve's bed. The chilliness of the night had vanished, bringing a typical spring day. It being Thursday, Eve was enjoying the luxury of a prolonged

sleep, for she had no eight o'clocks on the Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday cycle.

The sun crept across the coverlet, finally reaching Eve's eyes. She stirred uneasily and awoke. A glance at the pink celluloid clock on the dresser told her that she was in time for the luncheon, served at twelve o'clock in the House.

At the table Eve was silent until some one addressed a question to her. "Have you caught Jud yet?"

That reminded her of the rotten part of the business. At first she wanted to reply scathingly, and denounce the questioner as a heartless wretch, but it was quite her own fault, which she knew very well.

"I don't know for sure, he's pretty clever, Diane. He's interested though, and remember, I've got two more weeks to win," she replied carelessly.

"Well, you'd better make it snappy, because Jud's no infant. When you think he's interested, he's simply bored. You've got to make him propose, you know, to win the bet."

"Oh, that'll be easy," answered Eve, who knew in her heart that it would be, for Eve read men as Jud thought he read women.

The bet in question had been declared one night in Eve's room where some of the girls had been arguing on Jud's possible merits. Eve, having only seen him once, before she had left school, refused to take the girls' word for his attitude toward women. She firmly believed that she could win him in a short time.

"Well, if *you* do get Jud Carey, it'll be something to talk about," remarked Diane with a trace of cattiness, which was natural to her. Besides, Jud had given her the air after two dates.

"Oh, I'm not going to boast of it, dear. You just didn't use the right system. One has to know how," said Eve sweetly. And so luncheon ended with an atmosphere sometimes common to sorority house meals.

Eve had a one-thirty which she cordially detested, but as she had taken four cuts already that semester, she thought it wise to refrain from further indiscretions of that sort. Of course, on this day, she *would* have to mislay the textbook with the exercises she had prepared so carefully. When she found the missing articles it was twenty-five after one, with class room a good ten minutes walk up the Hill.

Eve had never been known as a sprinter, but she made the Hallway in four leaps, and the front porch in another two. There, parked in front of the House, was the faithful gray Dodge roadster. She sighed with relief as she jumped in beside Jud. They were half way up the street before she found herself able to speak.

"Really, Jud, I don't know what I'd do without you. If I cut that class again Professor Marks'll kill me. I know I couldn't have made it walking. You're so handy."

The last had been a weak defense to herself . . . she was beginning to think she truly cared. That one kill had done something undefinable to her.

Jud hoped that he meant a little more than just some one who was "so handy", for that same one kiss had made him realize his past foolishness . . . his new found happiness.

Outwardly he showed neither his annoyance at Eve's use of the phrase, nor the exuberance of spirit which had gripped him since their parting.

"As I've said before, I'm always glad to do anything to help you Eve. You ought to know that."

"Oh, I do, Jud. You mustn't think that I don't appreciate it. I do awfully. Oh, here we are. I've got two minutes to get to the room. See you later."

"I'll call you up tonight," said Jud as the girl stepped to the pavement.

"All right, don't forget." And she ran up the steps to Main Hall without a backward glance.

Eve sank into her seat a bit out of breath, but entirely composed. Her mind was a kaleidoscope of varied emotions. She felt a sense of triumph at showing the girls that she was making headway, where they had failed, yet her triumph was tempered with a feeling of sorrow for Jud, which closely bordered love. She despised herself for fooling him . . . always the thought of his lips against hers . . . his gentle brown eyes . . . his dark, slightly curly hair made her feel a tenderness when she steeled herself to regard him as only some one who was "so handy", and some one to conquer, in order to win her bet, showing the girls that she was a little better than they. There is a lot of egotism in most people, and Eve had her share. She pitied Jud, too, who

was a man marked as caring nothing for girls, a man who never took them seriously. She knew Jud loved her. It was all such a mess. She couldn't tell the girls that she hadn't nerve enough to go through with it, or they'd say she was weakening toward Jud. But that, she confessed to herself, was very nearly true.

From through the open window came the sudden sound of a crash. The familiar smash of metal against metal, and the tinkle of headlight and windshield glass. It had evidently happened down on the street, but the loudness of the impact seemed ominously indicative of a bad accident.

Eve suddenly became aware of the other students, and the room. A buzz of whispering ran its course. Then quiet reigned again.

Eve, fortunately, sat in the back row, where she was more often than not allowed to dream in silence for the entire period. It seemed that this was her unlucky day.

"Miss Randall, will you translate the next sentence." It was Professor Marks' voice speaking from a great distance. Eve awoke once more.

"I'm sorry professor, but I was thinking about something else. I really don't know where we are."

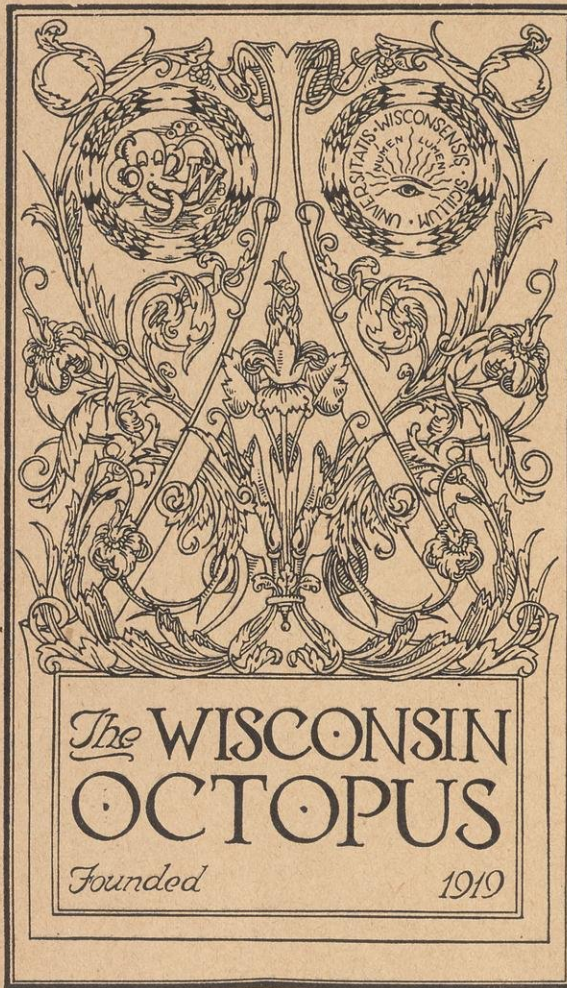
"I'm sorry too, Miss Randall, but you're supposed to keep track of the place. I'm afraid that will mean a zero for you today," said Professor Marks in his best class room manner.

Eve tried her best to appear sufficiently humbled, but only succeeded in yawning lazily. She was amazed to find that only ten minutes of the hour had passed. She lapsed into coma again, from which the bell at last awoke her.

That evening she eagerly awaited Jud's call. During the afternoon she had suddenly decided that she loved him. It was no use pretending she didn't. She had almost made up her mind to tell the girls.

(Continued on page 30)





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Vol. X APRIL, 1928 No. 8



A Chicago Coed Gets Her Final Grades

SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?

TO THAT set of people—who can make our illusions and shatter them too without trying very hard—is this, the April number of Octy dedicated. They (the girls naturally) getting most of the attention that is given out in his world anyway, perhaps don't need this dedication, perhaps there's too much said about them as it is. Be that as it may, the girls are going to continue to get most of the attention, are going to continue to need it for their own happiness, and there's lots more going to be said about them.

Just now (for entirely personal reasons) we don't know exactly what attitude to adopt toward the Feminine Problem. That's more of a puzzle than it might appear, for after all it's quite impossible to take a neutral stand toward this Problem; if you don't believe it—try it!

At times girls are a nuisance, then again they're a necessity. When they "play around" (a copyrighted feminine expression—pardon the plagiarism) with the boys they know, and show a rather typical make-believe affection, they're a nuisance. When they do drop that silly mask and become sincere, they're a necessity.

But, when this display of sincerity brings them conquest, and they rest in the false security that a man once conquered is forever tied up, and carelessly begin to damage the hearts of their playthings, then girls are a something that just wouldn't do to print on Octy's pure pages.

IT'S LIKE THIS—

WE WERE nearly all set to come out with a big editorial on the university's political situation as revealed in our not-far-back spring elections, then we reconsidered, what difference does it make anyway? The Chicago Tribune, having had so much political fun at the expense of William Hale (100%) Thompson, has taken most of the kick out of political journalism for us. But, since the brains of the art staff drew us a political picture, we were hard pressed for a while as to just what was to be done with it.

Then, while we were looking over the picture of the two kids slinging mud at each other, one of our henchmen came rushing over to our desk with fire in his eyes.

"I hev it," he snarled, "Dis picture is like some of dese shows wot dey insults us guys wid—fit for de kids."

So the day was saved, and we had one editorial less to write—giff a look:

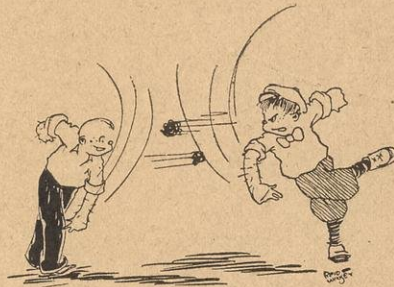
What's the Answer, Mr. Manager?

There's a certain theatre on State street with a beautiful big sign, a gorgeous lobby,

and a seating capacity of at least 2500. The admission price is reasonable, the seats are comfortable, the organ is a marvel of tone and size, and the auditorium is a feast for the eyes. BUT—the vaudeville is rank and has been ever since the opening of the theatre. Now, Octy is curious. This same amusement palace happens to be a member of a large vaudeville chain extending from coast to coast. In the old days, Madison had only a small theatre

and willingly accepted the second class circuit routed its way. "Wait until the new theatre is built, then we'll get a better grade of vaudeville," everyone said. But the new theatre was constructed, moved into, opened, and still the same brand of inferior acts are offered the public. Pray, Mr. Manager, is it because Madison, a city of fifty thousand and over, cannot support a

higher class of vaudeville or what? Octy would like to hear the reasons for submitting to as discriminating a group as the student body, such a grade of vaudeville. We congratulate you, nevertheless, for drawing the crowds that you do.



THE SILENT LETTERS SPEAK

OCTY begs to announce the final and complete results of its original SILENT LETTER CONTEST (Hrumph!)

The recipients of the \$1's and their perpetrations are

"The L is silent as in Hades"—Henrietta Case, Madison
 "The Q is silent as in billiards"—Miss C. D. Witt, Milwaukee
 "The T is silent as in Arden House"—Stanley Hein, Madison
 "The C is silent as in vision"—William G. DeMuth, Madison
 "The DK is silent as in tooth"—Donald Safford, Green Bay

"The N is silent as in poultry"—C. S. Shelesnyak, Madison
 "The A is silent as in probation"—James Hill, Jr., Madison
 "The H is silent as in Cockney" }
 "The P is silent as in vegetable soup" } —Hayden H. Cady, Madison
 "The Y is silent as in question" }

Those who failed to win by a line but who deserve honorable mention are Mary G. Evans, Myron Rose, Irving Roberts, Will Mitter, William L. Doudna, Betty Goodwin, Jule McCarthy.

Contributing Artists

Peg Drake	Don Abert	James Rosser
Ruth Allcott	Fred Kopp	Sam Swerdloff
John Allcott	Jimmy Watrous	Pearl Jirtle

Contributing Copy Writers

Holley Smith	Roger Buss	Homer Stevenson
Nate Hindin	Carl Buss	Carmen Mather
Dick Abert	Dave Goldberg	John Tufts
	Cecelia Gmahling	

"How do you do, m'am? Do you remember me?"
 "I'm sorry, I can't say that I do."
 "But I was married to you in 1925."
 "Not really—in what month was it?"

Reasons Why Co-education Should not be Abolished:

Because we must have some incentive for going to the library evenings.

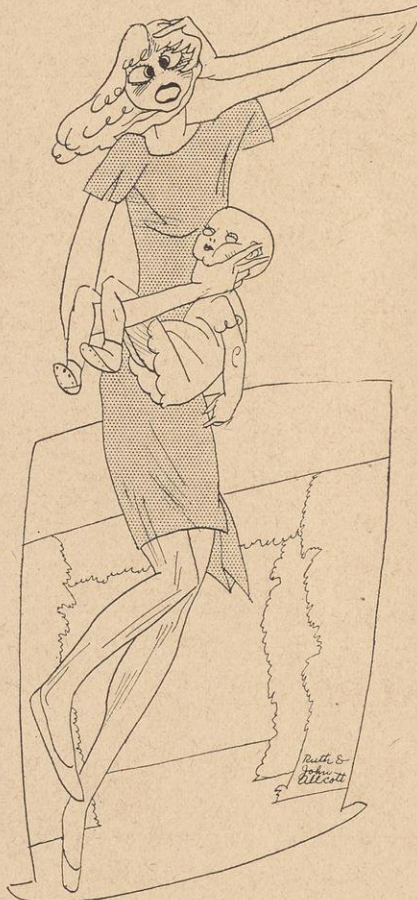
Because many a daintily swinging leg has saved a lecture from becoming complete boredom.

Because Experimental College students need something to entice them to take an occasional stroll about the campus.

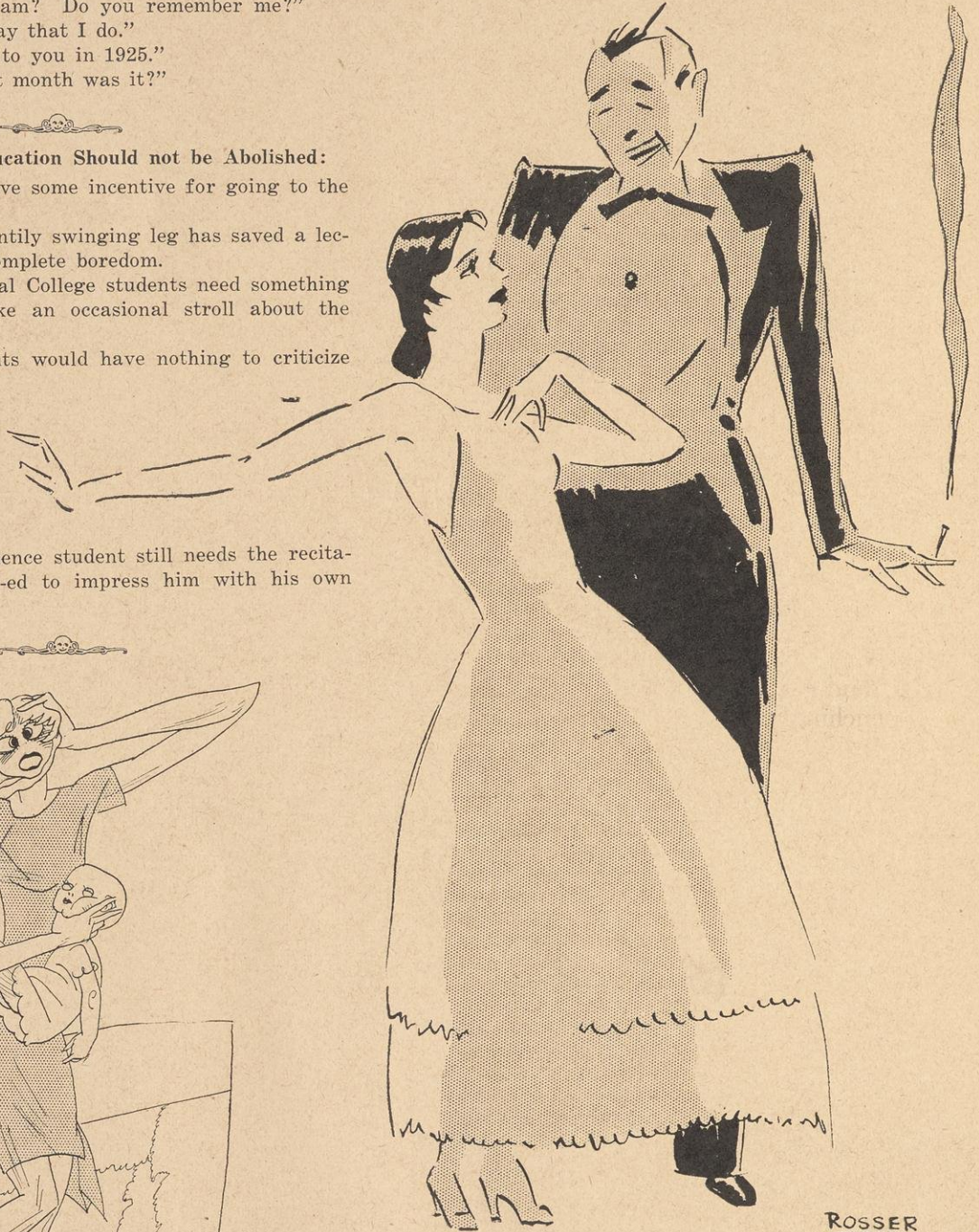
Because Law students would have nothing to criticize between classes.

Because the scenery of our classrooms would be a total loss for our bachelor instructors.

Because the male Econ and Political Science student still needs the recitations of the dumb co-ed to impress him with his own superior intelligence.



Great American Tragedies
 Eliza Crosses the Eyes



"What kind of rouge is that?"
 "Kissproof."
 "Well, I'm from Missouri."

Hot Guy: I got a warm date on, but need another fellow. Want to come along?
 Tepid Gentleman: Surely!
 Hot Guy: Well, take those glasses off or you'll make a bad impression on the girl.

The modern doll doesn't say "mama" when you squeeze her; she says "oh boy!"

"I just met a girl as hard as the sidewalk."
 "What did you do?"
 "I stepped on her."

First Co-ed: I was in a town the other day where the street cars are slower than they are in Madison.

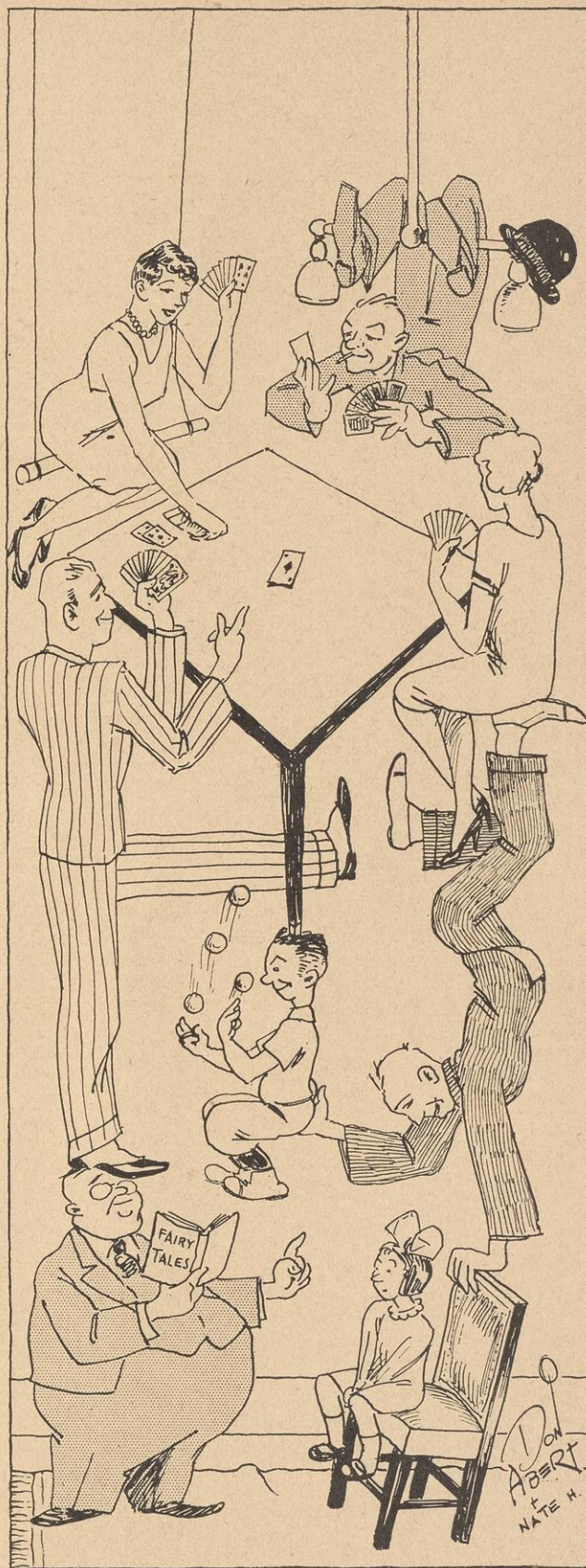
Second Wash-Out: My Lord—how do they move—backwards?

"Why did Sir Raleigh put down his coat for Queen Betty?"

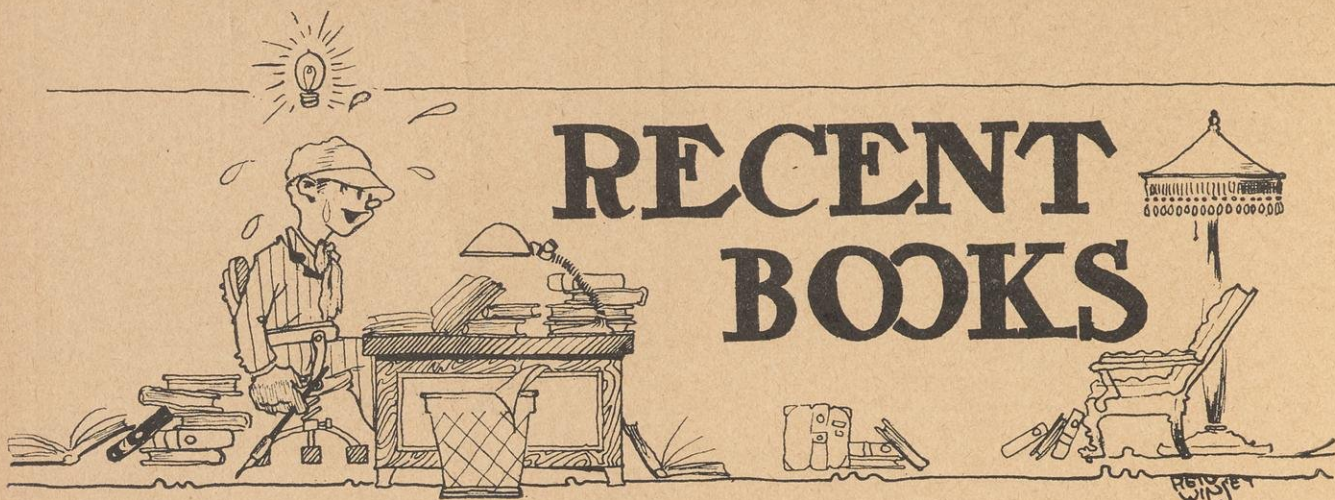
"Probably because she wouldn't be picked up."



The Phy Ed Raises a Model Family



The Family Vaudeville Troupe Relaxes Between Acts



By Paul Fulcher



Strange Interlude

(Reviewer, seated. Thinks. Continues thinking. Enter, Octopus representative, not thinking. Reviewer ceases to think. Writes, after the manner of Eugene O'Neill—a considerable distance after.)

I am in the sad predicament of disagreeing with almost everything that has been said about Eugene O'Neill's latest play, *Strange Interlude*. (Boni and Liveright). Now who really cares about that, I wonder, except me. The technique, for instance, is not really new to the drama. Mustn't make this sound academic, or A. G. on the Cardinal will get after me. Its newness is simply a synthesis of the old aside, the soliloquy, and the chorus. There,

that ought to show folks how much I know about the drama. At first glance, the author seems to leave nothing to the imagination. *Sherwood Anderson says there's no such thing; he means he hasn't any, I suppose.* One critic says, "No one can tell them (the audience) any more about any one in the cast than by speech, and voiced thought and reflection, has already been given them." That sounds true, but it isn't. *Getting cocky, am I?* Or if it is, it oughtn't to be. For there are two great ways of looking at the bit of life an artist puts into literature—the purely objective, and the omniscient. The drama has hitherto followed generally the first of these. That means that the author has presented the audience with an action clear in itself, but with implications which are left to the assumed intelligence of the audience—guided, it is true, by artistically concealed contrivance. *Better give an example, as that was rather deep.* We may see in *The Road to Rome*, for instance, a satire on modern America, and war, and human nature, and if we are that kind of person, we may suspect Amytis in her visit to Hannibal of ends not wholly philanthropic. But the author doesn't show us these things, just as he doesn't show us the elephants. Now the novelist, on the other hand, has often used the omniscient method, giving us the benefit of his own reading of life, helping us examine a transaction in life. Some of us think that is part of the artist's function—to represent and to interpret life. We do not have to agree with his interpretation, and we de-

mand that it be unobtrusive. But we regard the artist, if he has a right to the name, as something more than a dictograph, just as some of us regard the teacher, if he has a right to that name, as something more than the chairman of a discussion group.

And that is exactly my quarrel with O'Neill in *Strange Interlude*. He gives us the characters' speeches, and he gives us something of what is going on in their minds. But that something is too often merely their
(Continued on page 32)





Where "good enough" isn't—

MASS cheering and singing to be truly effective nowadays must be well organized. Ask any cheer leader how long he thinks the "good enough" cheering of a few years ago would get over today!

Through telephone making at Western Electric there weaves this same progressive spirit of dissatisfaction. It has led to such developments as the creation of new practices in ceramics, the radical revision of existing warehousing and distributing methods, the discovery of new applications of chemistry and physics to manufacturing processes.

And still the work goes on. Still the world opens up for the man with the question-mark mind.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



Field day for Scandals is at hand. Harold Dubinsky and Aaron Gottlieb fought it out (barring no holds) for the Sports editorship. Aaron held the upper hand by virtue of his brother being on the Cardinal Board of Control.



Elections this spring called for the usual lack of interest and the usual grade-school editorials in the Cardinal. It was again proved that one man tending polls cannot properly police the building for too ardent campaigners whether or not Bob Calkins was booted out of Bascom four times for such naughty naughty practises.



Charley Drake of the one-time Alpha Delt house was asked to a Sig Phi party. On entering the Kappa house for a date Charlie's pants unceremoniously ripped. By careful maneuvering he got out of said sorority house and to the said frat house without his escort knowing of his difficulty, if you know what I mean. Some good Samaritan sewed up said pants, and the party went on.



The toughest luck is possessed by the honest politician who went into office with such a big landslide that everybody thinks he's crooked.

By the Half-Wit's Half Brother

It seems that as a result of a technical difference between the Gamma Phi's and the Pan-Hellenic Council, the Gamma Phi's will not be allowed to initiate next fall. It is expected that when the actives (both of them) give the neophytes the works next fall that all records for a large Gamma Phi pledge class will be broken, which is nothing to be sneezed at.



What's this we hear about a certain prof's fiance taking a course in the home ec school so she'll know how to act in a kitchen?



The curtained front vestibule of the Kappa House is as interesting to watch around closing time as the movies. From the street one can observe two silhouettes and then . . . just one, and yet one is certain that nobody has gone in the house or come out the front door.



A nice house—this Theta one! When their boy friends get sufficiently ill to be ordered to the infirmary, they keep on driving the boy friends' cars in fond remembrance. So far so excusable, but it seems that the girls date other men in these cars; and, officer, that ain't right!

Alpha Phi wins again! This eating club, featuring onions on Tuesday evening, again had the greatest number of girls going home with clinical excuses before the first of April. Some of the Madison sisters remained until vacation officially began.



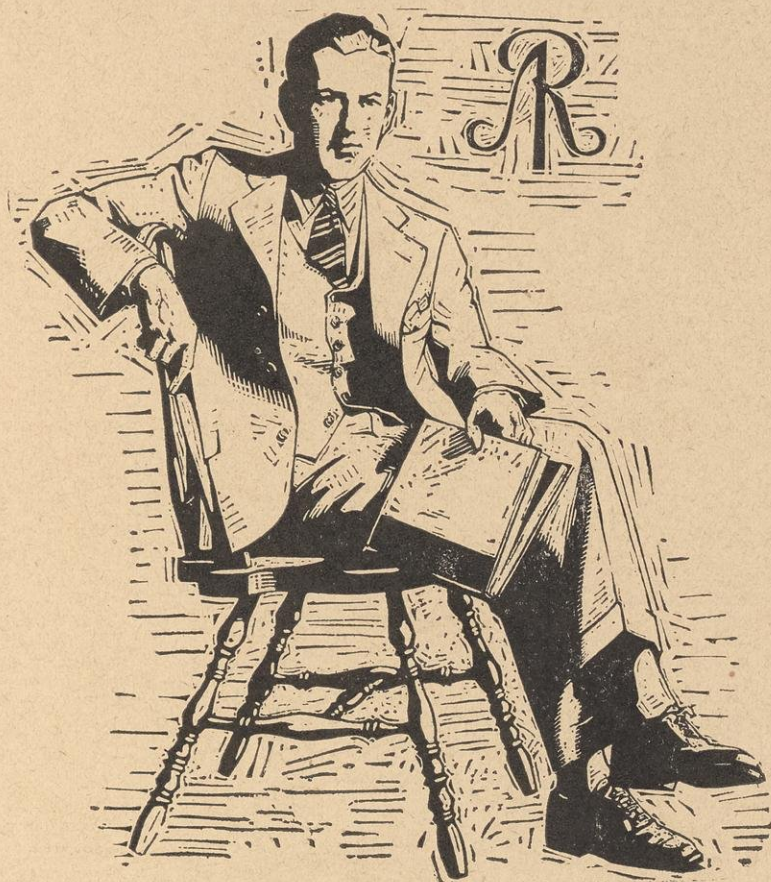
The Interfraternity Council, now carefully revived and endowed with a set of brand new teeth under Harry Konrack, fraternity dentist and Octopus writer, is about to start functioning after a series of friendly meetings.



By some hook or crook our editor-in-chief obtained a date for a Pi Phi formal. The day came and our ed went to bed at four P. M. for a nap before the ordeal. He woke six hours later thinking it about time the dance was beginning. He called up the girl and said he might be a little late. She said, "I think you are already" or something equally as clever. Why should a man lose sleep over a Pi Phi party?



The funny girls in the Villa Maria, not content with living across court from Dean Nardin, spend their odd moments calling boys on the phone and making various dates for dinner parties and dances that never occur.



Bradford Tweeds—By Bart Murray

Bart Murray and Adler Rochester have brought out a new British Woolen—the Bradford Tweed, shown in handsome but conservative colorings of tan and gray. Their smart distinctiveness is deserving of your consideration. These tweeds are styled mostly in the Shelley--a three button coat--soft front—two to button.

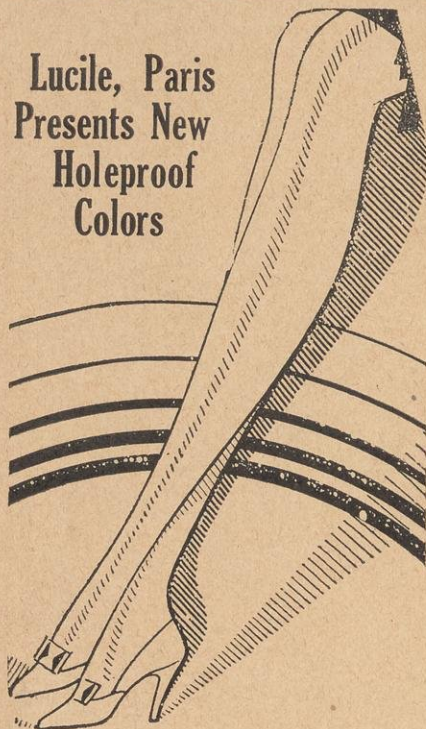
With Extra Trousers or With Knickers

\$55

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square - Carroll Near State

Lucile, Paris Presents New Holeproof Colors



A New Spring Shade in Holeproof Hosiery

Spring fashion parades will be dominated by this new Lucile color blend. Sylphe is an alluring and misty shade that melts into the costume, and is an ideal color for those difficult frocks of Chartreuse and Absinthe greens. It's the ideal color to go with everything. Created—as are all Holeproof colors by Lucile—premier Parisian artist of Fashion.

\$1.00 \$1.95 \$2.25 Pair

On The Capitol Square
Phone B-1435



Can't Be Bothered

She: Don't you think the stars are wonderful?

He: I'm not in a position to say!

—Sniper

"It seems heavenly to dance with you!"

"Yes, but it's getting warmer every minute."

—Sagehen

Mother: Johnny! Where DID you get those things?

Johnny: Out of Bob's trunk. He said all the boys at college wore them to keep their sleeves up.

—Virginia Reel

"I surely like to take these experienced girls home."

"Why, I'm no experienced girl."

"Naw, and you ain't home yet."

—Ranger



(Reproduced by Courtesy of America's Humor)

One of the Smith Brothers meets the manufacturer of "Old Gold" cigarettes.

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Julius Caesar
Act II, Scene 1

**"A dish fit for the
gods" ~ ~**

Et tu, Brute! Authorities are agreed that Brutus was the best of the lot. He knew his stuff. Two thousand years makes no difference with a man like that. With a glass of Coca-Cola in his hand, you can easily imagine him saying further:

**"Delicious and Refreshing"
"Refresh yourself"**

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

*8 million
a day*

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

3-CM



Hotel Loraine Madison, Wisconsin

Where Individual Ideas Are
Carried Out For The Com-
fort Of Our Guest In An
Unusual Manner.

*Make reservations for your
spring formals now.*

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM
ICE CREAM

"our wagon passes your door"

Kennedy Dairy Co.

Perfectly pasteurized
Milk, Cream, Butter, Buttermilk, Milcolate,
Selected Guernsey Milk

Phone - - - - B. 7100

(Continued from page 19)

Then, when Jud hadn't 'phoned at ten o'clock Eve began to wonder what was wrong. He knew perfectly well that the House mother frowned on all calls after ten thirty, and the minutes went by without his ring. Disappointed, she went to bed, determining to have a word with him about it next day.

It seemed but five minutes before she felt some one shaking her. It was Diane.

"There's a call for you Eve. I don't see why he had to wake everybody in the house up. You might tell him that for me."

Eve ran to the 'phone, and snatched up the receiver.

"Hello, Eve? This is Bob."

Eve was puzzled. Why should Bob Carter call her up at such an hour? Bob was one of Jud's best friends and fraternity brother.

"Yes, this is Eve. What do you want?"

Bob, never having been noted for tact, replied briefly, "It's about Jud. He's in the hospital. Some one ran into him this afternoon at the foot of the Hill. He's rather messed up. I was just over to see him, and he managed to tell me to call you. I think he wants to see you."

"Bob, what happened to him? Is he terribly hurt?" She was frantic.

"Listen, Eve, don't get excited. I asked the doctor. He said there might be internal injuries. Otherwise Jud's only cut up some. He got a bad one on the side of his head, from the windshield glass, and his chin's kind of smashed. Don't worry. You can go to see him tomorrow. I'll take you over."



KEEN!

The New Spring Togs

at

Campus Clothes Shop

825 University Ave.

At Park St.



"But Bob, he might die. Can't I go now?"

"Don't be silly, Eve. He isn't in any danger of dying right away if he was going to. And he isn't. I told you he wasn't badly hurt. They wouldn't let you see him now if you went."

"Well, all right. But be here at nine, I'm free then for an hour."

Eve spent a sleepless night, torturing herself with the possibilities of that phrase, "internal injuries", which doctors were so fond of using. She pictured Jud in the narrow white bed . . . she longed to comfort him, to ease his hurts. She realized what it would be like without him near.

The trip to the hospital was painful, because she couldn't bear to see Jud so pale and still. The thought of losing him frightened her.

"I'll be O. K. in a few days, Eve. I'm not as bad as I look."

Jud managed to say this through the small opening in the bandage left for his mouth. He looked much like a freshly prepared mummy, as only his mouth, nose, and eyes showed through the wrappings.

"Gee, it's going to cost something to get the car fixed. Dad'll probably raise the devil. It wasn't my fault, though. Maybe the fellow'll pay damages. I hope so." He was about to say more when Eve checked him.

"You mustn't talk too much, now, I'll come again tomorrow."

"But I've got to ask you something. I was going to

(Continued on page 34)

The Blonde--"What's on your mind, Babe?"

The Lady--"Jimmy asked me to a house-party and I haven't a thing to wear."

First Gold-Digger--"Oh, that reminds me, I saw the cutest afternoon frocks and formals down at the *Stewart Smart Shop*. You ought to go down and see them. The prices are reasonable, too."

She's right. Come up and see for yourself.

Stewart Smart Shop

227 State Street



Braeburn Alibis

....what's the idea in coming to college in a uniform.

....they told me all college men dressed in uniform,

....kreckt. But the uniform's a Braeburn.



Many a misguided mortal finally finds his way to the fold.

Smart Spring
Braeburns

\$40 \$45 \$50
With Two Trousers

The
College Shop

Next to the
Lower Campus

(Continued from page 24)

rationalization of their speech and action, or a rebellion against that rationalization, and as false or at least as incomplete as it. They do not speak the truth; why should we suppose that they think it, or could if they would? Since O'Neill goes so far—and, mind you, I don't think he needs to, for nine times out of ten I guessed most of what was in the characters' minds without reading the fine print—*smart fellow, Me*—but since he does, I ask for a chorus—for O'Neill, Chorus, to comment on that strange interlude of his and tell us what he really thinks about it. What of all Nina's mouthing about wanting everybody happy? Isn't she a bit like Hamlet's mamma? And did O'Neill want Marsden to give his mother an occasional biff on the nose to show he was free from complexes? Where was Nina's loyalty to Gordon when she married Evans? When she called in the Doctor? When she started to spill the beans to Madeleine? *Really, I'm getting upset.* If Nina is a sample of a nice little scatterer of joy, what would be O'Neill's notion of a scatterer of misery? And does he think this is a fair sample of humanity? Where is there any universality? Admitted that the play is a good one, what is it good for? What is the reader to do about things? Only a transcript of life? All right, but to what end? Beauty? Catharsis? "Life is like that"? It isn't. Is an artist's job to torture his characters and, through them, his readers?

No. O'Neill has told us about his people only what they can tell us about themselves. He is the best American dramatist functioning today, but we have a right to ask him to function more than that. Life, after it has been filtered through his genius, should mean something more to us than it does without that filtration. *It's a good thing that nobody will ever know how perplexed and dizzy this play has made me, and that all these words are merely to conceal the fact that I feel like a savage who has seen a volcano volcano-ing and doesn't quite like it.*

Eden

Murray Sheehan's novel, *Eden* (Dutton) is the second best account of Adam's fall. (The first is to be

found in Genesis.) Mr. Sheehan makes no attempt at smartness, though as we read, here and there arises the spontaneous chuckle. The style is a joy. The garden is invested with an ideal beauty hard to analyze, but almost palpable.

There are eight characters in the story—Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Lilith, and God. (Read the book and you will find my mathematics correct.) Against Eve and Abel Mr. Sheehan has a grudge. When he invents Eve, he looks at her as if he had seen her somewhere before and hadn't much liked her. Following the lead of some of the romantic poets, he makes Abel a pest and Cain a charming young Wordsworthian. As for Adam, to have known him before the fall would have been a privilege. We realize this. So did Lilith, who is as charming as one has always suspected and is, I think, the victim of an inferiority complex. But Adam after the fall, after the loss of his . . . sense of humor, is a sorry thing, in more ways than one.

Mr. Sheehan's God is rather delightful, speaking as He does, in a series of triads, impeccable in His theology, but just a bit perplexed by it. Adam is Milton's Adam seen through twentieth century eyes. But Mr. Sheehan's God is as far away from Milton's as He is, presumably, from anybody else's.

Collegiate Love

"I'm gonna kiss you and kiss you and kiss you."

"That would only be three times."

—Rutgers Chanticleer

City Boarder: Milking the cow?
Hiram: Naw, just feeling her pulse.

—Log

She: Then you really love me?
He: What do you think I was doing, shadow boxing?

—Phoenix

7 Reasons that Account for the Trend Toward Our Own Babro

1. The quality and workmanship is of such high calibre that long, uniform wear is assured.
2. Each important point is studied and reinforced against the added wear that it receives.
3. The average length of hose is twenty-seven inches. Babro hose measure thirty inches long.
4. Babro hose are provided in every wanted color.
5. No "run" that starts above the red "ravel-stop" can travel down the leg.
6. Babro affords its wearers a chain of six styles and weights including two with the new "Silhouette heel".
7. Our "Weave-a-run" service saves you many a dollar on hose and a ruined disposition many times. This accepted method repairs runs beautifully, durably and satisfactorily for a small charge depending upon the injury.

Baron Brothers
INC.



Two Well Known Facts

- I. Spring is HERE
- II. Shank's Horses are Obsolete

This time of the year it is the afternoon drive (not walk) that rates her. Wise up.

Badger Rent-A-Car

250 State

We Deliver

Call F. 2099

CUSTOMIZED SOCIAL

Dressing for the occasion is daily becoming a circumstance of greater importance. For social affairs we particularly recommend dress apparel with that customized "something" so evident in Hickey Freeman clothes.

*Correct accessories for
your spring Formals*

Anderes & Spoo
MADISON

Formerly Grinde's
18 North Carroll



VISIT

Dettloff's Pharmacy

Corner University Avenue at Park
when in need of

Drugs, Toilet Articles or Student Supplies,
and when there, don't fail to try our delicious
Sodas, Malted Milks or Toastwiches.

Picnic Lunches Put Up

Picnic Supplies

Quality Bakery Goods
Roast Meats-Salads
Weisel's Milwaukee Sausage
Sandwiches

Sawyers

302 State

617 State

(Continued from page 31)

ask you to our next party last night, if this hadn't happened. Will you come? I'll be able to navigate by then."

"I'd love to come, Jud. You've got to get well first, though. I—I'm worried about you."

Jud's heart leapt joyously . . . she was beginning to care. That was a certain sign. He didn't know that she had really been fighting a losing battle against her love since the first.

IV

The two weeks until the party passed quickly for Eve. She visited Jud every day he was in the hospital. She bought flowers for him, and managed to supply him with extra food from the House kitchen. It was nearly time for the Fraternity party when Jud was sufficiently recovered to walk home.

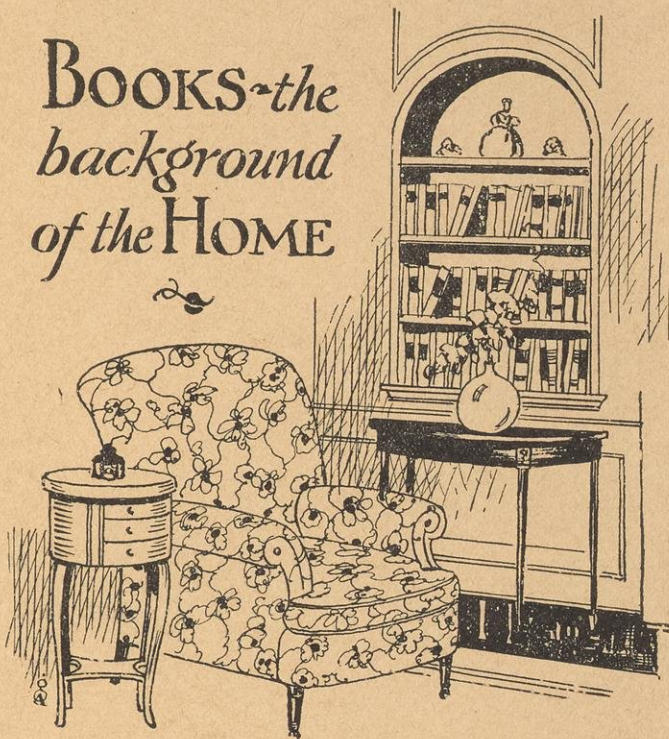
The party was a formal, so Eve was faced with the necessity of buying a new dress. This accomplished, she breathed easier, and made appointments with the hairdresser and the manicurist. She wanted to look her best that night.

Jud sent his Tux to the cleaners, his shirt to the laundry, and borrowed studs and a tie. His own had disappeared mysteriously.

Jud arrived ahead of time as usual, driving the repaired roadster which was apparently none the worse for its accident. He waited patiently for exactly one half hour, when Eve appeared radiant in her new dress, with a wrap of deep blue velvet trimmed with ermine.

The usual scene met their eyes on arriving at the

BOOKS—the background of the HOME



10% rebate checks—good now

1c Book Sale

Buy one book for
10c -- 25c -- 35c -- 50c
and get another of the same
value for
ONE CENT

See our bargain tables
Just inside the door

BROWN

Book Shop

621-623 State Street

Fraternity. The lights were nearly all out, except the one in the bass drum head, and a small sidelight on the wall of the living room. This was due, some one explained, to the fact that a fuse had blown out earlier, and nobody knew how to fix it. No one cared whether it was fixed. Couples were obstructing the stairs, and occupying all the available corners of the card room, which wasn't used for dancing. Eve and Jud danced, he a bit stiffly, but not badly considering his various bruises.

Jud found himself asking her if she were enjoying herself.

"Of course I am, Jud, it's wonderful." She seemed to move closer, and her arm found its way around his shoulders.

Jud danced with other girls, but he couldn't have told their names five minutes later. It was always the delightful process of returning to Eve again that he noticed. The party became a maze of people, from whom he and Eve seemed apart. He wondered what the rest were doing there, they looked so artificially happy.

"You haven't said anything for so long, Jud. What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing Eve."

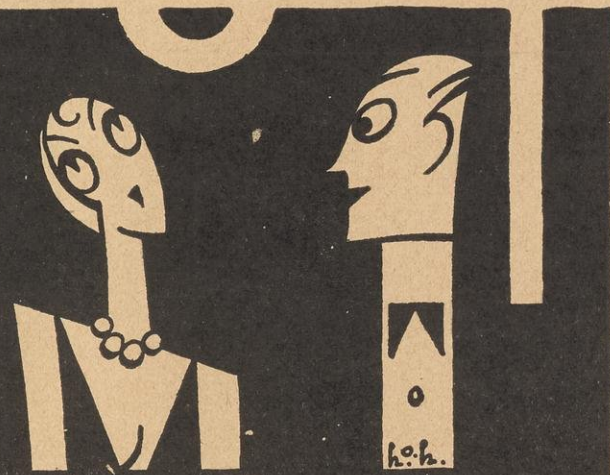
"But you were, tell me."

"Do you want to know?" said Jud intensely.

"I wouldn't have asked if I didn't."

"I wanted to be sure, because I was thinking of what that song means. . . ." From the opened doors came the soft words of "Together," sung by one of the orchestra members. They had wandered onto the porch.

(Continued on page 38)



Ad: "A penny for your thoughts."

Alyne: "They're worth a nickel, dear."

Ad: "I get you — Life Savers take your breath away."

The Difference

Between good printing and ordinary printing is shown
by comparing our work with the usual job.

Straus Printing Co.

118 East Main Street

Straus for Student Printing

Judge: Are you sure this is the
man who kissed you?

Girl: How could I forget him?

Judge: Well, young man, what
have you to say for yourself?

Boy (after deep meditation): All
I can say is if you were nicked in
the arm with a buzz-saw would you
know which tooth nicked you?

—Lord Jeff

He: Now, sugar—

She (excitedly): Yes, yes.

He: Certainly goes with coffee.

—Utah Humbug

He—Gee, that's a funny dress!

She—WHAT!?!

He—Sure, why not? Isn't brevity
the soul of wit?

—Black and Blue Jay

We don't blame the chap who,
after three abdominal operations, had
a set of zippers installed. —Lyre

"Thank you for the hug and kiss."
"The same to you—the pressure
was all mine." —Arizona Kittykat

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Fountain Service
Kodak Supplies
Drugs

670 State St.

\$5.00

In Advance Gives

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Credit

We Call and Deliver

Pantorium Co.

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Cleaning, Pressing,
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Better
Spring Formal
Programs

725 University Avenue
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O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants
Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street
for
Nearly A Half Century

Father: Mary, is that young man there yet?

Mary: No, father, but he's getting there.

—Harvard Lampoon

Doctor: What you need is a little sun.

Warm Young Thing: Oh,—Doctor!

—Amherst Lord Jeff



"Kiss me, papa," cooed the blond baby, as she edged up to the traveling salesman.

"Hell!" exclaimed he, "and I thought this was my first visit in this town."

—Buccaneer

Advance

Soldier: Halt! Who goes there?

Abie: Matzos.

Soldier: Passover.

—Red Cat

Spring!

Fresh Breezes blowing across the campus.

Fresh men standing in front of Bascom.

Fresh Vegetables served deliciously.

at

**Lawrence
Restaurants**

662 State St.
1317 University Ave.



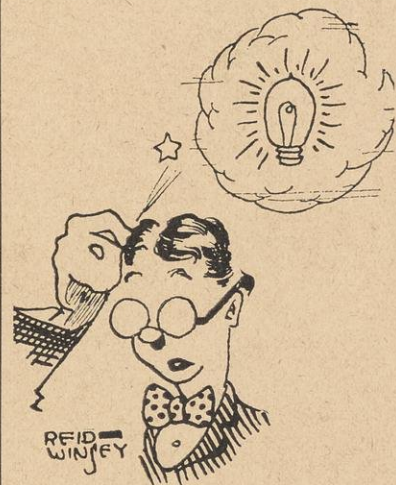
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Grocery**

Agency

**RICHELIEU PURE FOOD
PRODUCTS**

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Groceries, Fruits and
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That's It!

I'll get her a gift
at

**The Mouse-around
Gift Shop**

Upstairs at 416 State

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NEW YORK WAIST HOUSE

27 South
Pinckney St.

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Dresses
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83 Store

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"Shorts"

*The New in Underwear
for Wisconsin men
and women. Stunning
colors!*

Suits and Topcoats
BY KUPPENHEIMER

SPETH'S
222 STATE ST.

(Continued from page 35)

"Yes, Jud, go on—"

"I—oh, Eve, you know what I want to say—it's all like the song. You know I love you Eve dearest. I've been looking for you so long . . . and you can't go away . . . now."

"Oh, Jud . . ."

They had stopped dancing, her slenderness was against him, and his arms around her. He could feel her heart beating a tremulous measure as it sent a message to him . . . of his love returned. His lips sought hers . . . and found them forever.

IV

"Well," demanded Diane next day, "how did you make out last night?"

"I've won," Eve answered proudly. She would have smiled at her worst enemy at that moment without regret.

"Eve, you don't mean it!"

"Not actually! You're a wonder."

Eve blushed, not so much at the remarks, as at her thoughts. She was going to tell them everything.

"Yes, he proposed very nicely. I've been feeling sorry for him, though, I think it's a dirty trick I've been playing on Jud."

"Eve, you haven't—"

"Yes, Jud and I are engaged." And Eve went to her room, leaving the dining room temporarily speechless.

V

It was several months later. Eve's room was littered with various bits of feminine apparel, pink things trimmed with delicate lace. Eve was spending the week

For Remembrance The Park Hotel

"Madison's Good Will Hotel"

200 Modern Rooms
(All outside)

With Lavatory
\$1.50 Up

Lavatory and Toilets
\$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50

New Shower and Tub
Baths
\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50

FINE CAFE AND
COFFEE SHOP



WALTER A. POCOCK, Prop.

New Dining Room ready May 1st

The Inter Collegiate Hotel for Madison

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WALTER A. POCOCK, President-Manager

PARK HOTEL FREDERIC HOTEL
Madison Saint Paul

something



-dreadful has happened to Oscar

It's the new plus nines—the angle of the Dunhill—the way he speaks familiarly of Bond Street, *Folies Bergère*, Limehouse.

Oscar has been to Europe. With College Humor's Collegiate Tour.

It couldn't be helped. Everybody goes nowadays. And Oscar picked the tour of them all. College Humor's—with a college jazz band, famous writers, artists and athletes from every campus. The special parties in Paris.

Oscar made a hundred new friends. He has a broader outlook on life. He's a changed man.

Oscar has been to Europe.

Winners of the \$2000 Art Contest

the pick of 10,000 drawings by 1,589 artists appear complete in the May *College Humor* on sale April first. Don't miss this number.

College Humor's Tour to Europe

1050 No. LaSalle St., Chicago. CC3

Your twenty-nine day tour of four countries, all expenses paid for \$375, sounds good to me. Send me all the details quick, before your membership is filled.

Name

Address

end in Chicago, hence the disarray of packing. She was folding the billows of filmy stuff and laying them in her small black bag.

Joan had invited her to spend the two days at the Richard's apartment on Sheridan Road.

"Are you 'most ready? The train goes at one fifteen, you know." Diane's brunette head thrust itself through the half opened door. Diane had been very friendly ever since Eve had accomplished the impossible. The House had gradually gotten over the shock of Eve's dramatic announcement, but they had declared the bet forfeited, because she had accepted the proposal, instead of turning him down as specified.

She called a taxi and left for the train. Jud was in the midst of tearing the vitals out of his car, so he could not drive her to the station. He had arranged to meet her Sunday night, however.

In Chicago, Joan met her at the Northwestern with the family Cadillac, which carried them quickly to the tall apartment that housed some of the wealthiest people in the city. The Richards' money had been made in soap, but they were proud of it.

That night, after the theater, Eve and Joan had a talk, that sort of talk in which girls delight. Eve had been bursting with her secret ever since her arrival, but had managed to withhold it.

"Joan, dear, I have something to tell you."

"Yes?"

"Some one we both know is engaged."

"Who is it?" Joan was eagerly curious.

"Jud Carey."

"Why, Eve, I thought you were going to tell me something. I've known that for ages. Since last fall. He and Anne Huston."

"No, Joan, I mean . . . Jud and I, for two months."

Joan was at loss to explain the matter. An expression of sadness came over her face. Jud had been engaged

(Continued on page 40)



"M'Dear Have you heard?"
 "Oh Blackie"
 "Neigh, Neigh—Lily dear, quite different. Good news, listen to this."

University Spring Horse Show MAY 11

Sponsored by the
University Hunt Club

United Shoe Rebuilders

Hats cleaned and blocked

Always for something
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Next to the Co-Op

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Fairchild 3400

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Artists and Engravers



**4th Floor
State Journal Building**

Phone: Fairchild 913

(Continued from page 39)

to Anne for seven months, and they had been childhood sweethearts. Jud couldn't have been so foolish as to get engaged to two girls at once. But Eve was so confident, so sure.

"But Eve, it was in all the papers last fall. I know it's true."

At this Eve's adorable face clouded quickly. It was impossible, Jud was so honorable, he could never do such a thing.

"It can't be so. I know Jud wouldn't do it."

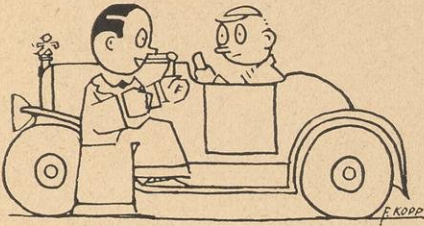
"I'm sorry, Eve, but you must believe me. That's why Jud has never cared for the girls at college. He wasn't free, even when he wasn't engaged. It was partly their families, they wanted—."

Joan stopped abruptly. Eve lay with her face buried in the pillow, crying with small feminine sobs that shook her whole body.

Three minutes later she disclosed two swimming blue eyes, and a trembling mouth for a moment, to exclaim passionately, "I hate him."

(To be Concluded)

(Next month, in the final Octy of the year, read the last breath-taking instalment of "Then Came Eve.")



Classy Boat, Ed, Where'ja get it?

"I rented it down at the Capital City. They've got a lot of Smooth cars down there and it doesn't cost much to rent one, either". Why don't you drive a

Capital City Rent-A-Car

434 West Gilman St. - Lowest Rates - F. 334

"Walk and you walk alone, Ride and your world rides with you"

Johnny was watching a rooster chasing one of the hens.
"Mother, do you think that hen is running just as fast as she can?"
—Voo Doo



"Say, Solomon, how do you get along so well with all your wives?"
"Oh, you know a word to the wives is sufficient."
—Golden Bull



He: How do you feel about it?
She: Say, I thought you were experienced.
—The Purple Cow



Decidedly So

"My roommate sure is dumb."
"Yeah?"
"He thinks a pile driver is a surgical instrument."
—Gargoyle

Spring Formals

Require Clean Linen

Madison Steam Laundry

Fairchild 530 — 429 State St.

20% Discount For Cash Call

College Barber Shop

Cor. State and Lake

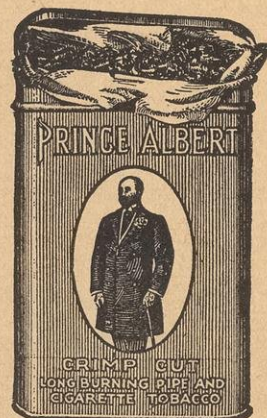
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Quality sent P.A. to the head of the class



YEARS ago, P.A. showed a clean pair of heels to the field of smoking-tobaccos. It has maintained its lead ever since, putting more distance behind it every year. There must be a reason why P.A. is the world's largest-selling brand.

There *is*! Open a tidy red tin and get a full breath of that class-by-itself fragrance. Then tamp a load into the bowl of your pipe and light up. The first pull tells you why more men smoke P.A. than any other brand. Cool and smooth and mellow and mild—not for one pipe-load, but always. Try this long-burning tobacco, Fellows. You'll say so!



PRINCE ALBERT

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*If you vibrate to
quality, you'll gravi-
tate to P.A.*

Tiffany's



Claire Tiffany evening gowns created exclusively for young girls at reasonable prices.



Letters

for one pair of eyes
—or many

YOU write—to one who may treasure your letter long after you've forgotten it—

Or to a business where it will stop at several desks and be read by many people.

Whether it's intended for one pair of eyes or many, it will be a more persuasive, characterful letter if you write on crisp, crackly white sheets of Old Hampshire Stationery.

Old

Hampshire Stationery

"The Aristocrat of the Writing Table"

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

"Rastus, how'd you all like ma gal?"

"Boy, you done means how does ah like de woman what was yo gal?"

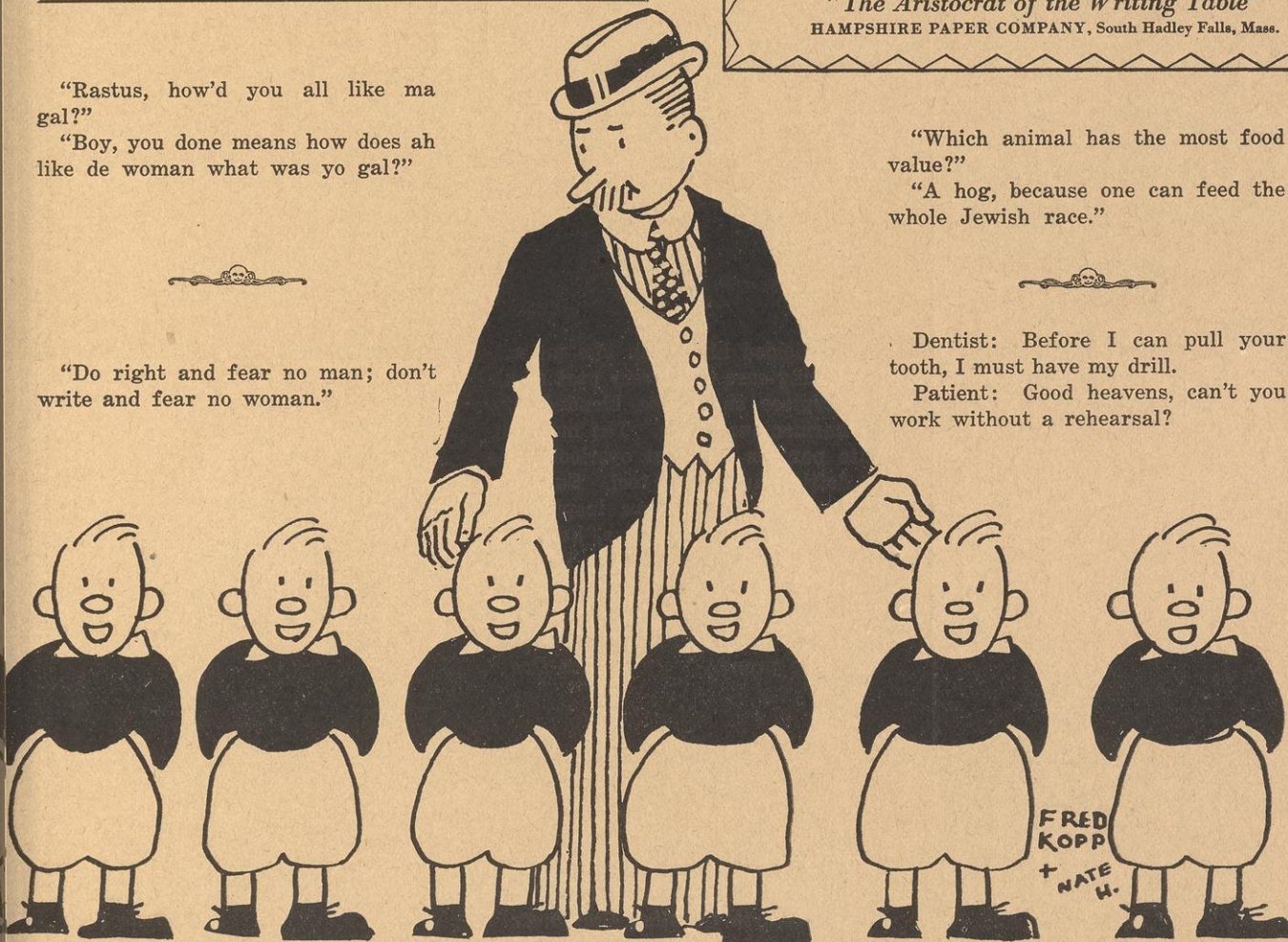
"Which animal has the most food value?"

"A hog, because one can feed the whole Jewish race."

"Do right and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman."

Dentist: Before I can pull your tooth, I must have my drill.

Patient: Good heavens, can't you work without a rehearsal?



Kiddin' The Public



Spring Formals


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723 University Avenue
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A spring atmosphere is best expressed by fragrant and delicate flowers.

We are prepared to supply your needs regardless of the size of party.

Estimates gladly furnished on corsages, and floral decorations, for house and table.



For that
Permanent Marcel
Wave



Scott's Beauty Shop
672 State St. - B. 7170



Miss Rae Quale (Prop.)

Noah (on Ark): Hey, Friday, get below and see that those adders don't multiply.

—California Pelican



He wielded his brush like an artist, taking care that every part of his masterpiece should be blended into an harmonious whole. The most minute particle was not overlooked as he deftly handled his tool. Suddenly he was seized with an inspiration, and with feverish strokes, he added the finishing touches. Then he stood back and admired his handiwork with evident satisfaction. There, was a pile of which any street-cleaner would be proud.

—Voo-Doo



"Does she have her own way much?"

"I'll say she does! She writes up her diary a week ahead of time."

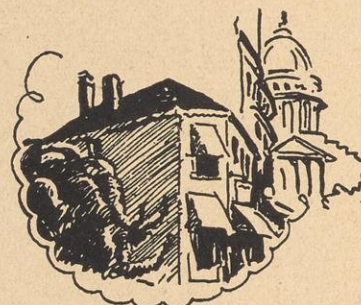
—North Carolina Buccaneer

Say—What is a synonym anyway?

Why—it's two things that recall each other, like—er—
The Unique Shop and—

Lamps

for
your room—the sorority gifts
Table, Desk Lamps
Bridge, Junior Lamps
Juvenile Lamps



The Unique Shop
130 State Street

The Girl (ecstatically)—It takes a Cleopatra, a Juliet, a Borgia to love a man like you (a pause). Now you say something.

The Boob (thinking desperately)—
Er—a,—do you roller skate?

—Stone Mill



Not Always Thus

Tom: Where've ya been for the last two hours?

Will: Talking to the girl at the cigar counter.

Tom: What'd she say?

Will: No. —Ski-U-Mah



First Caveman: Who's the hi hat female with the poison-ivy dress?

Second Caveman: Oh, just one of those girls that "can't be bothered."

—Belle Hop

Rennebohm **Better Drug Stores**

Save You Money

Five Stores

located
conveniently
for all students

Cruel!

Handsome Young Professor of Romance Languages—Very good, but why do you use the intimate form of the verb in translating the sentence?

Attractive Co-ed (pouting)—Well—I thought after last night—

—Colorado Dodo

"Don't you love poetry?"

"Yes, especially White Leghorns."

—N. Y. Medley

For the House or Your
Room

A Movie Show

We rent projectors and films. Consult us for further details.

The **PHOTOART HOUSE**

Wm. J. Meuer, President

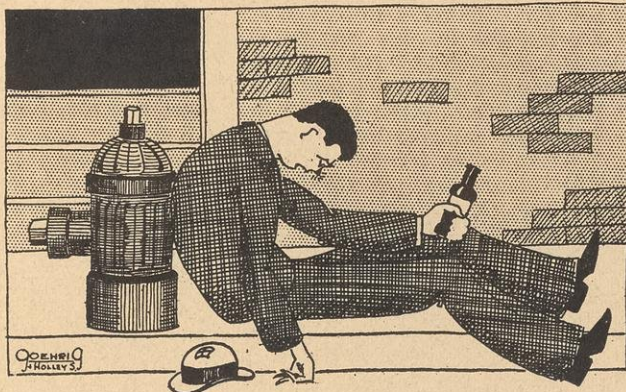
Mourner—Yes, I buried my second wife yesterday.

Preacher—Well, well, that's two bad, isn't it? —Froth

"What makes that ball roll that way?"

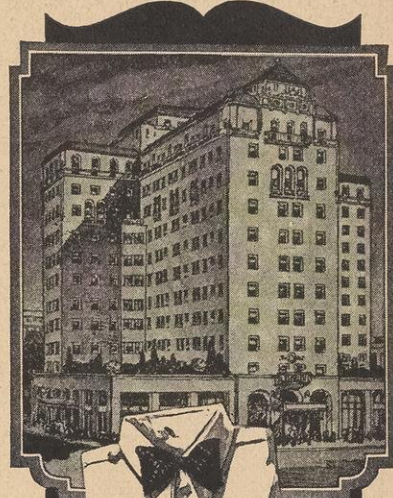
"That's the English on it."

(A moment later) "And when it rolls from one side of the table to the other, that's the American on it?"



Pied a la Mode

*The Roosevelt Hotel
Hollywood*



**Hollywood style
individuality
marks every
Grayco
cravat and
collar-attached
shirt**

Marion R. Gray
Company
824 So. Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles



"Land sakes, Mirandy, this mornin' I thought the colleges had closed and our boy would be home for vacation."

"I swan, Hiram, what made you think that?"

"Just a bunch of hoboes passin' through town, Mirandy."



These Huskies Obey The Cox

Printing and advertising are the guiding voice which stimulate the latent powers of any organization, knit them together to form a powerful sales unit, and urge them on to a vigorous victory over dormant markets. Put an intelligent advertising campaign in the cockpit of your business ship and watch it skim along swiftly on an even keel.

Printing is the Inseparable Companion of Achievement

Democrat Printing Company

114 South Carroll Street
Madison, Wisconsin



"There is Too Much Gadding About in This University!"
Said a Prominent Dean

Photo of the Wisconsin Drill team practising for the Horse Show just before the take-off. "All Our Horses Are Ladies Yet Every Lady's A Horse." In the immediate foreground is a representative horse from the Buildings and Grounds Department entered in the low hurdles and parallel bars. In the sawdust ring back of the pillar and just to the left are two camp stools in the picture by mistake. The young lady riding to the right of the camp stools is training in an endeavor to smash the present Drill Team record of remaining aloft 5 minutes, 12 seconds. If the reader will examine the picture closely he may observe two sparrows in an expectant attitude perched upon the chandeliers from last year's Military Ball. A feature of the show will be two riders who can really ride. Horses over eighteen and those from Waupun and Joliet will be barred. In the lightweight division several new innovations will be tried. The Grand Prize of the evening consists of a handsomely mounted piece of the rein with which General McFister McMachus curbed the Philippine uprising in the New York stock exchange in 1894. Belgian draft horses will be admitted free of charge.



Girl reading poster in the post office: ". . . six feet two, brown wavy hair, dark brown eyes, trim build with wide shoulders, neat dresser, thirty years of age, college man with eastern twang while speaking . . ." (turns to boy friend and says): "Say what does all this mean anyway?"

"Why they're looking for that man."

"Well, who wouldn't be looking for him!" —Juggler



"Why did you create such a scene when that vaudeville artist began singing 'Mother Machree' in Italian?"

"My wild Irish rose." —Juggler

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The
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Ten Years*

Cor. Lake and State

Phone Badger 40

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'? : : : By BRIGGS

WHEN YOUR THROAT TICKLES
WHEN YOU GET UP IN THE
MORNING AND A
CIGARETTE TASTES
TERRIBLE!



-AND YOU HAVE MORE
COUGHS THAN A SECOND
HAND CAR HAS RATTLES



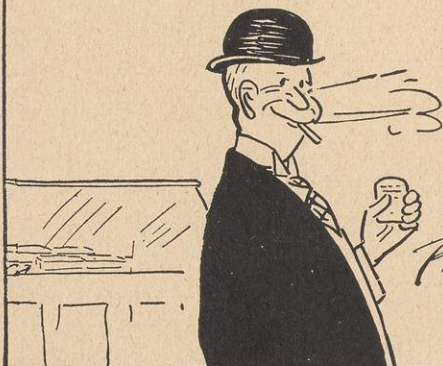
- AND YOU'RE BEGINNING
TO FEEL THAT YOU OUGHT
TO CUT DOWN ON YOUR
CIGARETTES



-AND THEN A FRIEND TELLS
YOU THAT YOU'RE SMOKING
THE WRONG BLEND



-AND YOU SWITCH TO OLD
GOLDS AND FIND THERE
ISN'T A COUGH IN A
CARLOAD!



-OH-H-H- BOY! AIN'T
IT A GR-R-R-RAND
AND GLOR-R-R-IOUS
FEELIN'?!?



© P. Lorillard Co., Inc., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload



15¢



SKILL

THE twist of the wrist, the "throw" of the arm, the shifting of the weight—these are among the many little points which make the skill that you admire in the javelin thrower as he hurls the shaft two hundred feet or more.

As on the track or the football field, in the gymnasium or on the water, so in industry, progress is the result of fine improvements—a thousandth

of an inch here—a minute variation in a curve there—slight changes foreseen by engineers and carried out by skilled workmen.

It is this attention to detail that is constantly improving General Electric apparatus and contributing to the electrical industry, which, though still young, is already a dominant force, increasing profit and promoting success in every walk of life.



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK



SEEK YE NO FURTHER, DIOGENES

THIS jobbie Diogenes was a Greek who left his fruit stand for the commendable purpose of questing for honesty by good old-fashioned lamp-light. And now, loud and ever clearer, rings the cry from the housetops: "Diogenes—throw away your lantern . . . here's an honest cigarette! Have a Camel!"

Camels have but one raison d' être—to pack the smoke-spots of the world with the "fill-fullment" every experienced smoker seeks. Fill your own smoke-spot with a cool cloud of Camel smoke, and hear it sing out—"Eureka!" (from the Greek, "Eureka," meaning—"Oboy, here 'tis!")