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Octopus: Bathing suit no.. Vol. 2, No. 7 April, 1921

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Pat Dennis

Octopus

bathing suit no.



FRED • SPERRY

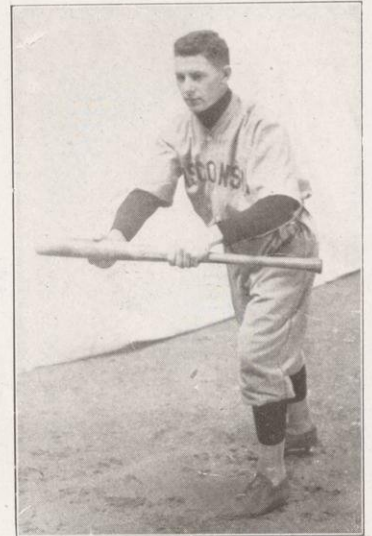


Home Schedule

Spring 1921

TRACK

- May 14—Minnesota vs. Wisconsin.
- May 27—Northwestern vs. Wisconsin.
- May 28—27th Annual State Interscholastic Track & Field Meet.
- June 4—Conference Meet at Chicago.
- June 4—Normal School Conference Meet at Madison.



Everybody Out on May 28

For the 27th Annual State Interscholastic Track and Field Meet--
Spring Rowing Regatta and Venetian Night

BASEBALL

- April 20—Beloit vs. Wisconsin.
- May 7—Purdue vs. Wisconsin.
- May 14—Illinois vs. Wisconsin.
- May 21—Northwestern vs. Wisconsin.
- May 27—Chicago vs. Wisconsin.
- June 4—Notre Dame vs. Wisconsin.
- June 6—Michigan vs. Wisconsin.



TENNIS

- May 6—Milton vs. Wisconsin.
- May 7—Beloit vs. Wisconsin.
- May 21—Chicago vs. Wisconsin.
- May 27-28—Third Annual Interscholastic Tennis Tournament.
- May 28—Intercollegiate Conference at Chicago.



ROWING

- May 21—Freshman vs. Varsity.
- May 28—Spring Regatta—Inter College Races, Agrics, Commerce, Engrs., L. & S.; St. John's Academy vs. Junior Varsity; Lincoln Park Boat Club of Chicago vs. Varsity.

VENETIAN NIGHT

- June 25—Mid Western Regatta at Duluth, Minn.

Come out on May 28th and show your appreciation to the visiting high school athletes in the track and field meet. Let the visiting crews know how you support the varsity oarsmen, and then come out in the evening for the beautiful Venetian night.

Harloff-Loprich Electric Co.

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“H. S. & M.”

is more than a group of letters. It is a guarantee of clothing satisfaction, and when you see the new

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Spring Suits

You'll agree with us.

The newer garments now ready
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The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

MADISON

Published by students of the
University of Wisconsin

Founded 1919

Incorporated 1920

Office, Union Building, Madison, Wis.

Subscription price one dollar and seventy-five cents the year, twenty-five cents the copy.

Published thruout the college year, eight copies a year.

Entered as second class matter at the Madison postoffice, Madison, Wis.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; literary contributions may be placed in the boxes for that purpose or mailed to the Editor; and all art work should be submitted to the Art Editor.

Office Hours: Business Manager and editors will be in the Octopus office daily 3:30-5:00. Students wishing to tryout for places on the staff should call either the Business Manager or the Editor.

Vol. II

APRIL, 1921

No. 7

A Friendly Trust Company

No formalities here. The atmosphere is home-like and friendly. Ours is a friend-making institution.

Consider this your “Financial Service Station.”

We invite you to consult with our officers on any matter pertaining to finance.

Central Wisconsin Trust Company

MADISON

New Standard Touring— Now Ready

Kissel Custom-built at \$2775 F. O. B. factory—Deliveries now coming through in rotation of orders.

In designing and building this new model — Kissel aimed to produce a touring car of custom-built quality throughout—to sell at a popular price.

It has the same custom-built coach work which characterizes the De Luxe Kissel models—the same Kissel Custom built motor with new Automatic Oil Control and Thermostatic Control—the same Custom-built chassis with Kissel-built axles — double external brakes — perfect roadability, etc.

In short, a car that fulfills all demands for smartness of appearance—riding comfort — and meets all requirements for utility.

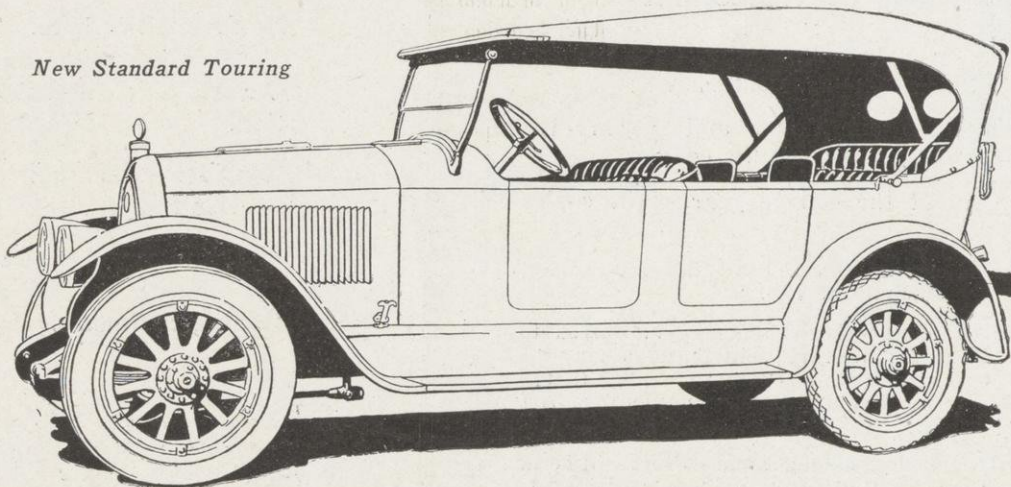
On display now—see it.

KISSEL
Custom-Built
Six

The Kisselkar Co., 178-180 Seventh St., Milwaukee

W. C. JONES, Madison Dealer.

New Standard Touring





Spin Silkworms
And Sunbeams
A Kiss
For the form
Of Woman



She: Who is this strange looking man?

He: That is the chap who you said looked like a tailor's model in his clothes this winter.

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

April Fool

"Don't you want a piece of candy?"
Whispered Marg into my ear
We were in a class together
And she was sitting nicely near.

At a distance had I worshipped
Scarcely daring e'en to speak,
Her whose charm had quite ensnared me,
Near whom I felt dumb and weak.

"Gosh, at last she's melting up some",
Breathed I in ecstatic pride.
"Marg, the lovely, here is giving
Candy to me at my side".

But, Oh Jove, I spoke too quickly:
As my gaping mouth did ope,
Daintily she dropped into it
A chocolate covered piece of soap.



Why, Shirley May

What did Shirley May say when you turned out
the light and kissed her?
She said that she felt as if she never wanted to see
my face again.



**The old-fashioned man who used to blow out
the gas now has a boy who steps on it.**



Bottles

Mention the word bottle, the most significant insignificant little word in the king's English. Consider its multitudinous interpretations. To the baby it means sustenance, to the hootch-hound it means the forbidden nectar, to the sub-deb it means complexion. As a bottle, a bottle is nothing but a bottle, but, when filled with the appealing contents it should naturally contain, a bottle ceases at once to be a mere glass receptacle and becomes a treasure chest of the first water. A bottle that has never been filled has possibilities,—an emptied bottle is a closed book. (Also known as a dead soldier).

Most sacred words of tongue and pen,
"Bottled in the bond, in 1910."

Songs of the Water Front

I. MY BATHING GIRL

To you, my dear, with face so fair,
With charming stature, form so rare,
In bathing suit so small and neat,
And checkered cap to make complete,—
I welcome give, my pier to grace.
You cannot choose a better place.

II. MY BATHING MAN

My master man, with skin of brown;
No hollow chest, no shoulders round;
Wet by water, burnt by sun,
A king of all aquatic— fun,
You've won me with your diving art,
To you I give my swimmer's heart.



**Just because a fellow gets a few bum steers
is no sign he has a herd of worthless cattle on
his hands.**



**Shipwreck Sam: Cheer up, old man, some-
thing might come along and take us off
this raft.**



Who Wouldn't?

She: What would you do if a girl dared you to carry her up stairs?

He: I'd be inclined to take her up.

A dollar may only be worth one half of what it used to be but that is no sign it is twice as easy to borrow.



One morn on the hill a maiden I spied.
I smiled and she smiled and it seemed that she sighed,
And she closed her left eye and her right opened wide
(And I saw that I couldn't escape if I tried)
So I asked "Why the eye?" and she pointed with
pride
To the seal of the college and gently replied:
"In hoc signo Wisconsinensis."



Consolation

Old lady: Oh, conductor, please stop the train.
I dropped my wig out the window.
Con: Never mind, Madam, there is a switch just
this side of the next station.



Chaperones

Chaperones are essential nuisances. They add a decidedly proper tone to any party, and purify the atmosphere simply by their presence. The bigger the crowd the less dangerous the chaperone. Canoes were not built to accommodate chaperones. Heaven send us more canoes. The undergraduate can not be a chaperone, but let him acquire a degree and a wife and lo the deans say, "There is a model young man". A wife seems as essential to a chaperone as wings to a bird. It is an obvious slam to the sterner sex that an unmarried woman reaches the chaperone age, but a bachelor, never. Some day you and I will acquire a degree, you and I now flighty and irresponsible, and will be acquired by a wife. Then we enter the class of necessary nuisances; and the risqué jokes we used to crack in undergraduate days, or the nip we took on the back stairs will have been forgotten. Age where is thy wisdom, marriage where is thy recompense?



Advice

He: This cold weather chills me to the bone.
She: You should wear a thicker hat.



Lucky Girl

John—Hazel is engaged.
James—Who is the fortunate fellow?
John—You mean, Who is the fellow with the fortune.

Old-Fashioned Boy's Lament

I love the sight of ankles slim
A-peeping out of frilly lace;
I love the by-gone skirts so prim
That went with natural-tinted face;
I wish that they would take a brace.

The new idea of skirts knee-high,
With rolled-socks showing underneath,
Does not please me! My eyes rebel
At sight of faces with a sheath
Of kalsomine and scarlet dye.

Those by-gone days when one might kiss
A maid, with no betraying trace,
Are gone—when we enjoy that bliss
We're apt to find our lips are stained,
And she has blotches on her face.



Can it be that the influx of furnaces has been responsible for doing away with old country store stove gatherings for settling world problems?



A Bad Ag

Prof. in Stock Judging: What kind of a cow is that?

Embryo Farmer: I'm not acquainted with the lady, but she seems very refined, sir.



BUD: I saw John diving.
DUB: Yeh, John's a diver.
BUD: He took a couple of fancy ones off the pier to-day.
DUB: Yeah, John's fond of the wimmin too.



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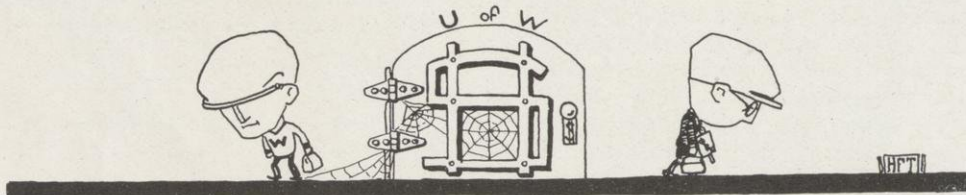
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Vol. II

April, 1921

No. 7



The Cow That Gave a Pail of Milk

Once a cow gave a pail of pure milk.

But after the pail was filled she raised her foot and by one kick undid all of her work.—(Text)

Once in the days before the Civil war, a state legislature established a small university. This legislature nursed and nourished this university until it became prosperous and renowned—a leader among many other colleges and universities.

Students flocked to it from every corner of the world—from Siam to Sweden, from Africa to Alaska. Every state in the union sent its quota with the result that the university threw off the fetters of provincialism and blossomed into a great cosmopolitan institution where a student might broaden himself by contact with fellow students not natives of Wisconsin.

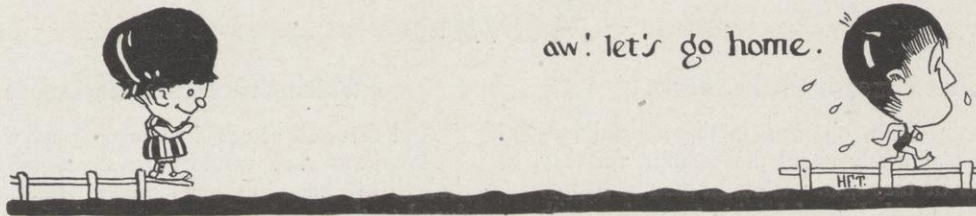
In opportunity Wisconsin was excelled by none.

But now with one stroke, the legislature proposes to destroy all this. It plans to bar the university doors to out-state students by setting up an almost prohibitive tuition fee. A bill which would make non-resident matriculation \$500 is being considered seriously.

What if that bill passes both houses?

The result is plainly foreseeable. Wisconsin would drop into a state of decadence. It would retrograde. Even Wisconsin students for whose supposed benefit the bill was introduced would seek other schools less restrictive—schools where they could get what was denied them by their own state. Passage would mean disaster.

To every son and daughter of Alma Mater, this move by the legislature should come as an emergency call for action—a warning to intercede in behalf of themselves and their university—a plea to keep the cow from kicking the pail.



On Bathing Suits

To BATHING SUITS this Number is respectfully dedicated.

Not because BATHING SUITS make graceful covers nor because they furnish the artists and copy-writers a myriad of ideas to let their talents play upon was this chilly subject chosen.

No, indeed.

Good Samaritan that he is, Octy has a more altruistic motive than either of those. His idea is to analyze BATHING SUITS.

For that purpose, he has divided them into three classes. There is the Conservative, the Progressive, and the Dangerous.

THE CONSERVATIVE

It is worn by a plump young lassie with bone rimmed glasses and an air of cloister innocence. Escorted by a Mater who sits arrogantly on the pier to act in the unprovoked capacity of chaperon and life-preserver, the miss cautiously slips off the all-enveloping raincoat and for a brief moment discloses a much be-bloom-ered, be-skirted, and be-stockinged contraption that the observer concludes must be a bathing suit.

As she splutters and splashes about in her bulky entanglements, there appears the type styled

DANGEROUS

This creation of crimson chiffon arrays the "beach beauty." And would this sorceress touch water? Nay, never. The yard of vivid gauze was draped not as a feast for fish eyes but rather as a test of fallibility for the modern Adams. The wickedness of this makes moon-eyed virtue-vendors gasp.

Lastly comes the sort of suit that has kept pace with modernism, the style that typifies the new woman's love of freedom and has called down no little abuse. It is the type called

PROGRESSIVE

Scanty yet sufficient, it allows the active modern girl ease of movement. It allows her the non-restriction enjoyed by her brothers. She can dive and swim unencumbered by weighty water-soaked skirts and bloomers.

And yet some would have this changed.

Octy thinks that it is only the prude who maintains that medieval bathing suits are the proper ones.



The Varsity Movie

Skeptics snickered when they saw the library transformed into a Venetian palace, pessemists brought lilies and black bordered handkerchiefs when the Biology building by improvised sphinx and hybrids took the appearance of something ancient and Egyptian.

"It can't be done—a student movie." And the splenetic Euphrosynes laughed and gested in their tristful, bitter way.

But it is done. The Varsity Movie is a reality.

The camera has clicked out its last foot of film. A few details and the first student moving picture is ready for the screen.

Already it has been booked from Washington to San Francisco and requests still pour in. There is always a demand for the novel and Wisconsin is always ready to offer it.

It was her pioneering instinct, her love for the new, that enticed Wisconsin into the mystifying realms of cinematography—a land neither touched nor explored by any other school.

The product of the venture is the Varsity Movie, an accomplishment that involved a stupendous amount of initiative and responsibility.

On Edwin Booth Dramatic Society fell this burden. It was this organization which conceived and fostered the idea of a Varsity Movie. And it is to this organization the praise and credit go.

Advice

That Concerneth the Men

Place not thy faith, oh men, in those social butterflies that flit aimlessly about the campus, for they toil not, neither do they spin. Wouldst thou be happy, shun those sirens with lips of brightest carmine, with the mask of matchless marble, and eyebrows that are but a line of crayon, for be warned, oh men, their heads have nothing in them but emptiness.

Let not these believers in applied art pull thy heart strings, nor the strings of thy pocketbook, and tear not their hairnets, oh brothers, for only remorse and bankruptcy can come therefrom. Yea, though they wear knee length skirts and shorter, and kiss for many minutes any man that so desireth, I say unto you, be not attracted, for every day thou mayst see with thine own eyes the penalty paid by the foolish.

And when they throw thee over, be not down-hearted. Be of good cheer, for until they return to you, oh brothers, ye shall have plenty of money, and the rouge taste shall depart from the mouth. Pity, then, the poor fish that hath been hooked, for his trouble is indeed great.

And feel not flattered when they say, "Oh, my dear!", even tho thou art the only man present, for truly, they know not what they say.

And lastly, oh my brothers, when the time cometh for matrimony, avoid these puppets as thou wouldst a mid-semester, for thou, too, art entitled to happiness.

Choose from our midst a real girl, oh men,—not one that hath built her house upon the sands.

Which Concerneth the Co-eds

And thou, oh co-eds, harken unto my words.

Avoid, as thou wouldst the dean, the man that shaketh thy hand for ten minutes when he is introduced to thee.

Avoid, too, those light-headed loafers with the cigarette breath and the indefinite kiss, for verily, their mind hath its channel far below that of any subterranean river, and they care not what they do.

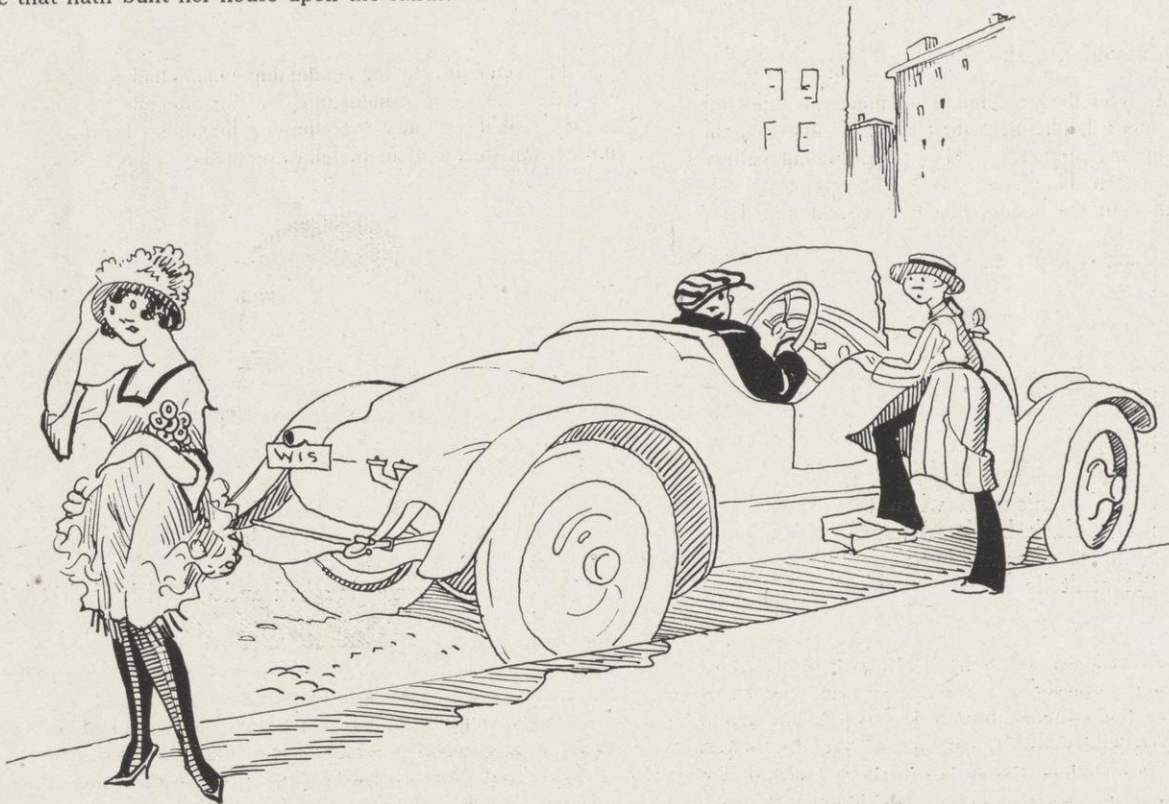
Trust not the teahound and the lounge lizard, for truly, love with them is a profession, and usefulness and brains are missing altogether.

Believe not their mushy talk, for it is the product of their own distorted imagination. Take not seriously their stale love speeches, for they have been given many times before.

I say unto you, a real teahound loveth only himself.

Walk not too frequently out the University drive with a teahound, for the male tongue also waggeth like that of an instructor, and loveth boast and exaggeration—and thou art not always present to defend thyself, oh co-ed.

And when the time cometh for matrimony, avoid, as thou wouldst an instructor whose class thou hast cut, the sensuous weaklings with the pearl colored spats, and the tiny black spots on their upper lip, and, for thine own happiness, oh co-ed, find a man that hath built his house upon a rock.



The Dashing Boys Are Not Always the Speed Kings

The Inquisitive Octy

This month's question—"Why have you come to college?"

Jack Galore, '23.

"Well, one has to break home ties eventually, and this affords a graceful means of being away from family discipline without forfeiting the unlimited wherewithal that the pater provides. There are more pretty women here than at home, and we can carry on at will without shocking the neighbors. There are more social functions and better chaperons, too. Lots more ways of spending the jack than I ever



knew of before coming down here. Dad is enthusiastic about my course. He says that education comes pretty high these days, with excessive laboratory fees, and so forth, but that it is well worth while, and I quite agree with him. Anyhow, he's got jack galore."

Sara Nade Meeboys, '24.

"To tell you the real honest-to-goodness, the boys at home were frightfully slow, and I just couldn't stand them any longer. My temperament suffered frightfully until Dad got my credits fixed up with the president of the school board so that I could reg-



ister and all that sort of thing. The girls of the chapter are simply wonderful. So broadening, you know. And we've the sweetest bunch of boys in our group. They're frightfully swift, but we all get by beautifully. I don't know which of them to fall in love with, they're all such a lark. So when they come along with their banjos and things I just lean over the porch rail and say, 'Serenade me, boys!'"

Delia Nuppercut, '22.

"Why, for the athletic advantages, of course. The only trouble is that most of the co-eds won't play with me. They claim I'm too rough. Why, whatta



they mean rough. I was as soft as they are when I began studying physical culture for women, and look at me now. Take a look at those biceps, Eddie. Say, those flappers oughta be ashamed to appear in public. Why don't they get wise to themselves and take some exercise? I've won three numerals and two W's so far, and that just a starter. Say, whatta y'mean Amazon. Why, it's out of the question. Besides I'm ambidextrous. Say, another question like that and I'll deal y'an uppercut."

Justus Few, '21.

"The opportunity for leadership was what brought me here. A man is measured by the interests he has in life. Without any intention of boasting, I for instance, am president of a debating society, two techni-



cal clubs, and a well known social organization. I don't know why it is, but I am invariably picked as leader in any group in which I find myself. I am safe in saying that there isn't an organization on the campus in which I haven't a finger. Of course, not everyone can be a leader. The power of leadership seems to be confined to just us few."



Only a bit of knitted wool,
 Only a mite of cloth—
 Not even enough for a mitten
 Nor a luncheon for a moth,
 So sang the sad little wood nymph
 As he played upon his lute,
 And the title of his ditty
 Was "A Coed's Bathing Suit."



The parting words of a barber, "Which side, please?"



Essentials for a Bathing Suit

2 feet wool or silk cloth.*
 Six inches ribbon for color.
 2 silk stockings (very thin).
 1 fancy cap. (Adv.)
 1 foot of thread.
 1 button.

*Note: This may be reduced to only one foot if the figure is slight.

From Our Cynical Bachelor

If you tell a woman the truth, she doesn't believe you; if you lie to her, she thinks you're clever.

Personality is a lost art. The unusual person is in danger of social ostracism.

"Hello there," is the co-ed's idea of supreme democracy in greeting an acquaintance, whose name she knows perfectly well.



Not Guilty

Judge: Why did you say the shooting was accidental?

Culprit: Why the wictim accidentally called me a liar and I shot him.



"You give me a pain," said Johnny as he bit into another green apple.



Meow!

I hear Harold is engaged to a giddy young fool.
 Yes, and the ring hurts my finger terribly.



She: I feel just like a tramp in the country.

He: Just powder your nose, fix your hair, and you won' look so much like one.

AND EVER SHALL BE



He: Why won't you go to the dinosaur race with me?
She: Oh, I just can't. Mrs. Flintaxe has a tiger skin just like mine.

Neighborhood News

Jones had a mule he called Life. Whenever Jones got bored he would pull his mule's tail and thus got a kick out of Life. One day he pulled it too hard and got a kick out of life, clear out in fact.

Montgomery believes in equal division of labor in the family. He works on an ice wagon five months of the year, and his wife takes in washing the other months. Monty thinks there are only ten months in the year and his wife can't count.

The new Y. M. C. A. secretary suggested as a form of exercise that the boys learn how to "skin the cat". Old maid Marthens threatens to sue the secretary now because the boys have already skinned four of her finest ones.

The pawn shop of Abie Abraham, which was opened last week, has gone out of business because everybody wanted to sell and nobody to buy.

Jim Jackson bought the largest oil-can in town today. Jim is a widower, and was a very loving husband. He says the oil-can reminds him of his wife.

Classes go on until the end of the school year but some students can never get going-

Thone: My dear, how did you get thru chemistry?

Theother: Well, it took a marcelle every week, but I did get thru.

A newspaper may be a good medium for spreading news but why not make use of the Co-eds?

"Where are, oh, where are"
Moaned he in troubled snooze,
"The good kind, the best kind
The square old box-toed shoes".

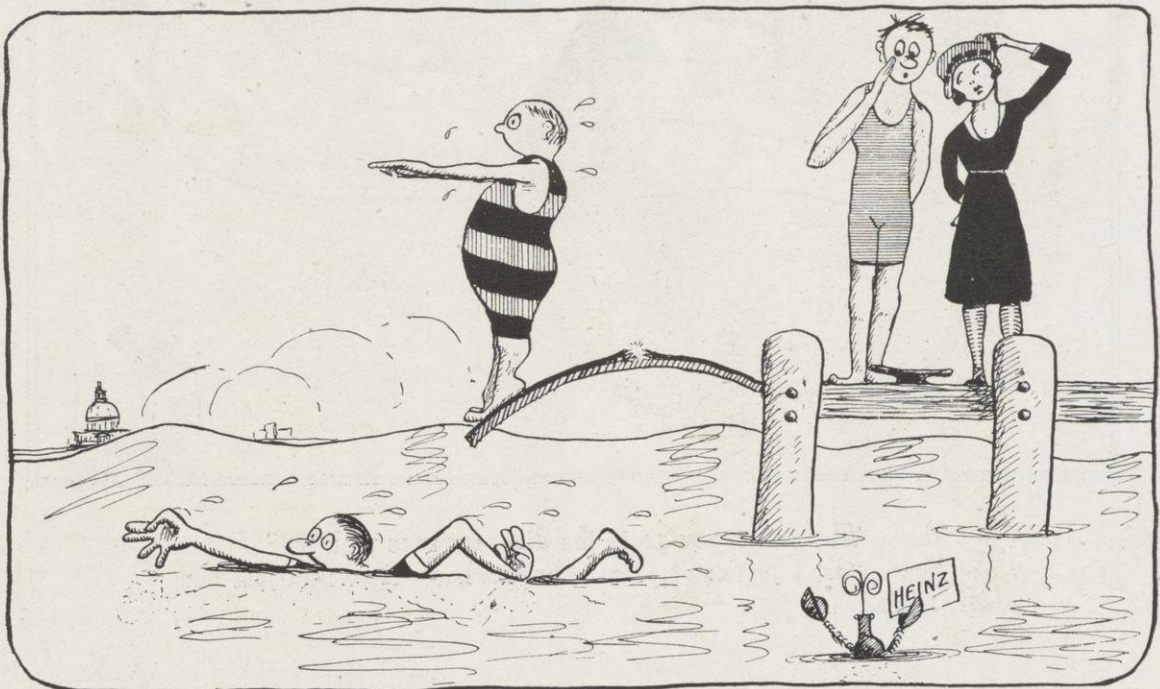
Bug: I got an anonymous letter today.
Buggy: That so? Who from?

Poem To Each of Three Girls

Sweetheart, you are so dear to me
That in my waking hours it seems
That all I hear, and all I see,
Is you, and you are all my dreams.

I love you only; none beside
Could hold me in her bondage so.
And where I'm borne by Life's strong tide,
I'll love but you, Kate — Anna — Jo.*

*Cross out names of girls to whom the poem is not being recited.



She: That man has been diving all afternoon.

He: Yes. They're taking pictures of a storm scene over on the other shore.

Hymn of the Epicureans

Dance, oh, dance, oh, dance away;
 Toddling, shimmying, ever gay;
 While you're here, you're here to play,
 Mind not what professors say
 Dance, oh, dance, oh, dance away.

Dear Abigail:

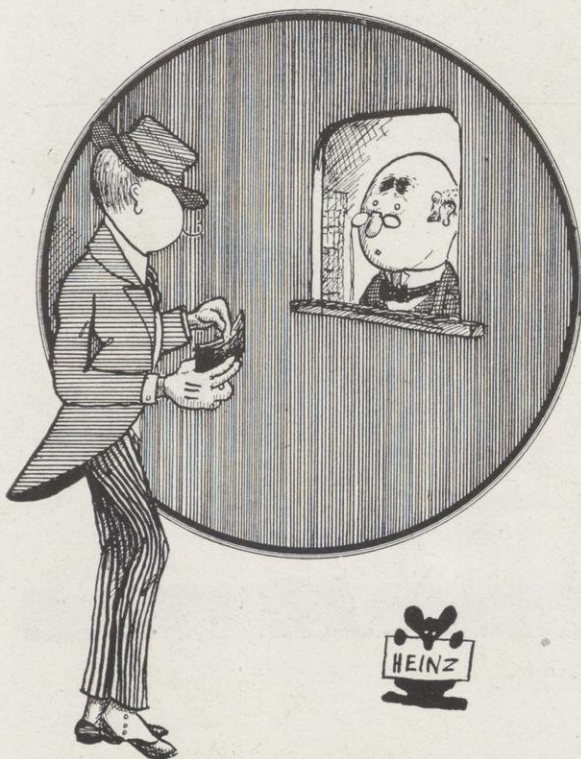
Just got back to my room from a swell dinner. Some of those classy fraternity men that you read about in books met me at the station and drove over to their house. After dinner they sat on the arm of my chair and everything. I'm going over again tomorrow.

Affectionately,
 Obediah.

P. S. I haven't told them that I am going to start in Business College tomorrow morning.

The biggest man in any group is not always the tallest.

She: Do you read the Bible?
 He: No, but I read Dr. Frank Crane.



"What's playing here to-night?"
 "Sampson 'n Delilah."
 "What is he playing in?"



Bull: 'Sno use crying over spilt milk.
 Sitting Bull: 'Tain't milk.

I often wonder why
 As the cars go speeding by,
 There are six kids in the front seat,
 While the rear does empty lie.

The Three Curses of Life

I. CLOTHES. Clothes are perhaps the greatest curse of life. They take our time and our money. They cause social distinctions. They create false modesty and strained art. Clothes require tailors, and tailors are all thieves, hence no clothes, no thieves. A man spends two hours and a woman twelve hours a day on clothes. If this time were spent working no one would ever have to work any more.

II. MOSQUITOES. Outside of automobiles and women, mosquitoes have been the cause of more profane language than anything known to man. If you raise a mighty palm to smite one, of course it flies away just in time and the blow descends upon your face and breaks a fifty dollar pair of spectacles and puts out a half dozen eyes. Mosquitoes carry diseases, and the latter are admittedly useless.

III. PROHIBITION. Everybody says it is a curse, hence it must be a cure. Since everybody is agreed then it must be one of three greatest curses of life. No further arguments needed.



Octy's Book Review

Without the slightest doubt the greatest book of the season is *The New York Telephone Directory*.

This stupendous opus is a masterpiece of detail and description. The work is not confined to New York City alone, but to the beautiful plains of Jamaica, to the beautiful homesteads on Long Island, to the suburban life in Bronxville, and to the hustle and confusion of Brooklyn and the Queens.

The reader crosses the Hudson many times to the Jersey shore and Staten Island, and at any moment the scene may change to New Rochelle, Yonkers, or even Hoboken.

The main part of the book is devoted to Manhattan and the Bronx, and in this part the climax is reached in section "H" when one reads the names Huyden, Mrs. Styvesant G., residence 254 Park Avenue, and immediately below it Huzzellini, Francesco, 254 Park Avenue. The reader sees the downfall of the heroine, the aristocratic Mrs. Huyden, with
(Continued on page 29)

We agree with Solomon that "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh."



Chaperon: Young man, the lights of this house go out at ten o'clock.

Lounge Hound: That suits me, don't delay on my account.



A Hole Lot About Color

A co-ed petite had a bathing suit sweet,
It was silken in texture and modish in style;
Resembling in short, that affair that report
Has it
Cleo
The Beautiful,
Wore
On the Nile. (River in Africa).

When giving the order the sentiment toward her
Of Milliners turned to a horrible blue,
"Flesh color's my choice," she declared in a voice
That precluded
Dissent,
"It's my favorite
Hue". (Scientific word for color).

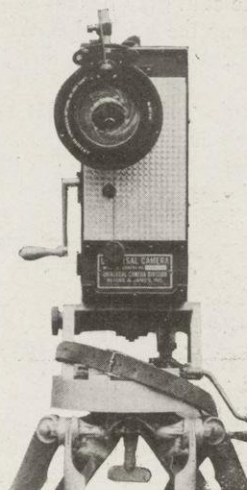
What's the lady's idee?, well, she told it to me,
As this goes to the printer the patent is pending.
But if moths take their toll, as they will, any hole
Won't be
Seen
So the flesh
Color
Obviates mending. (Common household term a few
years back—has nothing to do with men).



The Pier's the Thing.



The Hero



The Heroine

The Varsity Movie

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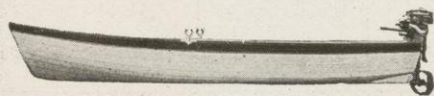


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the market. The price is lower than the
price other builders ask for canoes of this
class and a large stock has been built up
to insure prompt shipment.

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E. M. NEIBUR
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Time is Money

Break, break, break, oh waves!
On the cold gray beach, oh sea!
Wash up the golden hours
I've spent in watching thee.

Ring, ring, ring, ye bells!
I hear your call but stay
To watch the waves, the bathers;
Let classes rest today



A Spring Tragedy

Bright red strawberries,
Eighty cents a quart,
Thrill the dearest appetite,
Warm the coldest heart.

Nothing is so beautiful.
What could be as sweet?
Cut one open, find a worm,
Enter cruel defeat.



Spring, Canaries, and Jack

Spring!
I like it.
I like to lie on the grass
And watch the clouds.
And if there's any birds
To sing sweet songs to me,
I want them all to be
Canaries,—
Yellow and happy in
The spring,—as I.
Spring and swimming!
Oh dear,
It's just a little bit cold
For bathing yet, and
I do so detest
Goose-pimples; they
Feel so funny.
But swimming.
I like it.
My mother says she'll
Send me a
Goodlooking bathing suit
In her next
Letter.
But Jack won't like it.
Jack is proper.
(I wonder what I can borrow tonight.)
He's coming over
Pretty soon, but
It won't be the first time
He's had to wait.
But he's a nice boy.
I like him.
In spite of spring
And yellow
Canaries.

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Jijiboom Papers



IV. The Squoboda Cure.

Greatly alarmed at hearing that Dr. Bazinook was confined at the University Infirmary, I saddled Bosco and set out for the institution at a dog trot.

Bosco was in fine fettle, full of fleas and good spirits. On the way out he bit off the arms of two co-eds just below the elbow, but so obviously in a spirit of fun that I had not the heart to chide him for it. By sedulously avoiding the streets that had many trees along the curb, I managed to keep the giraffe hound moving until we drew up with a lurch at the door of the infirmary.

Ensnconced in a sunny ward on the shady side of the building, Dr. Bazinook was reclining luxuriously, propped up on all sides by pillows and fair nurses. He wafted me a kiss as I entered with a bouquet of tulips that I had found growing outside the door, and then he introduced me to a puny little man who sat at the bedside twiddling a formidable questionnaire.

"This, Jijiboom, is Dr. Squoboda, the man who discovered health, hairiness, and—ah—"

"—Happiness," prompted the little man.

"Just so," said my master. "Pray be seated, Jij, and record such of the questions and answers as you deem worthy of perpetuation."

I complied, and now lay before you, dear friends, the high lights of the examination. Dr. Squoboda put the questions, and Dr. Bazinook answered them in that insouciant way of his.

Q.—Is your father living yet?

A.—Not yet.

Q.—On what do you depend for your support?

A.—An invaluable pair of calves.

Q.—Did the recent war mature you?

A.—Far from it. I was at Brest all the while.

Q.—You are destined to weaken, at sixty-five aren't you?

A.—I defy you. I intend to make merry at sixty-nine.

Q.—Are you forced to drive yourself to work?

A.—I have a chauffeur.

Q.—Are you interested in photophobia?

A.—Don't ask me that. I become smaller each time you ask that.

Q.—How so?

A.—Because I shrink from telling you.

Q.—Do you find pleasure in hard mental or physical work?

A.—There is nothing I take greater pleasure in watching.

(Continued on page 25)



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The Theme

Oh ye rippling stream, please stay
And go not on so jolly,
How can ye wind your merry way,
And me so melancholy.

So then withdraw reflected face—
Against this oak repine;
For nowhere in this wide, wide world,
Is a heart so sad as mine.

For it has been two years or more
Since I last wrote a theme,
And what to say and how to write—
That's why I sit and dream.

Far from Mendota's laughing banks
I've come to meditate,
Away from student halls and porches
Where banjos syncopate.

Now Bobby Burns could write and write,
His task was not a bore,
And I can't think of one small thing
That's not been said before.

Slowly rising from the ground,
I backed into the stream.
I drew a pistol as I cried—
I cannot write a theme.



The Origin of the Shimmy

In the Mesozoic ages
In the times of ferns and monsters,
Lived a chieftain's daughter Mujik
With her father Jajawoler.
Beautiful and strong was Mujik.
And she loved the chase and feasting.
But her greatest love was swimming,
And the glacial lakes of that time
Bore men witness of her prowess.
Of her many bathing places
Lake Mendota was her favorite.
One spring day of biting coldness
Mujik braved the waters chilly
And indulged her ruling passion,
Lathed her beauteous limbs symmetric
In the crystal gem Mendota.
As she stood upon the margin
Gasping from the cold immersion
Came the playful breeze Parcheezi;
And she shivered like the aspen
That this self-same breeze had shaken.
Like the drawn bow string of Nebo
Mightiest hunter of her people.
As she oscillated fiercely
In the naughty wind Parcheezi,
Came a group of long haired cave men
Weary of the aged Stone Hop
Saw their Mujik's graceful tremor
And proclaimed it as the Shimmy,
And sent thanks to God Lumbago
Mentor of their feasts and dancing.

And for years their bards did carol
Of the fame of lithesome Mujik
And of joy that filled the people
When each night they would foregather
For the purpose of indulging
In her gift to man—the shimmy.

"HO" TO THE CANDY SHOP

SODA FOUNTAIN

before or after

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The Seniors Classic Dream

A Legend

EXAMINATIONS were over. The senior tramped home to his room with a grateful sense of relief. But as he sat down before his desk for the last time, a bitter reaction came over him. Four glorious years of his life lay behind him, and now that the end had come it seemed to him that the very essence of life had departed. Listlessly he picked up a book and began to turn the pages. The lines blurred in front of his eyes, his head fell forward on his breast, he slept. ¶In his dream he transcended many centuries. It seemed to him that he stood on the slope of a mountain, in a land of delicious warmth, where flowers bloomed always, and sweet, warm winds blew in from the surrounding ocean. A little way up the slope stood a beautiful white temple, its stately pillars gleaming in the sunshine. He approached and entered. ¶Before him, in the center of a marble hall, stood a massive bronze tripod, beneath which a deep crevice split the surface of the rock, and appeared to open down into depths unknown. From this crevice issued clouds of purple vapor that wreathed mysteriously up and about the apex of the tripod. ¶It suddenly came to the young man that here must be the Grecian oracle of Delphi, famed in history and myth. A compelling curiosity seized him to inquire at this oracle concerning the problem which now threatened his happiness. He crept close to the opening, and timidly spoke aloud, "Apollo, mighty spirit of occult mystery, divulge to me if thou wilt, how I can carry away into life with me that spirit of laughing youth that has charmed my school days." ¶He listened intently. Far below in the bowels of the earth he heard a faint rumbling. Then heavy volumes of smoke rolled forth, obscuring his gaze. He sprang back, still anxiously regarding the shrine. The smoke wound up and curled about the legs of the tripod in sinuous coils, twisting and turning, then merging into a dense mass at the top. He caught sight of a pair of eyes, gleaming down from above, and then Lo and Behold, an apparition appeared to him. It was:—

The Octopus

¶The sleeping student stirred, and rubbed his eyes sleepily. He raised his head, gazing thoughtfully before him. Then a smile came into his face, he clapped his hands joyfully, and ran down to subscribe to the Octopus.

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Ye Ballade of Ye Jolly Pirate

A pirate bold in a sinister ship
Set sail on the deep blue sea,
"Yo ho," he cried, "for the bounding brine!"
"Yo ho, for plunder and women and wine!"
A pirate bold in a sinister ship,
And a jolly old blade was he.

He spared the women and slew the men;
No pirate was ever more rough.
He gathered in liquor, doubloons and pearls,
He made a collection of beautiful girls,
He spared the women and slew the men
Until he had more than enough.

"Oh, home was never like this," he cried,
"No home was ever like such!"
"There are girls in the cabin and girls in the stern,
"There's a lady beside me wherever I turn;
"Oh, home was never like this," he cried,
"And this is a little too much!"

He stood what he could for as long as he could,
But jolly no more was he.
Alas for the women! Alas for the rum!
Alas for the treasure, a fabulous sum!
He stood what he could for as long as he could,—
Then he sank the ship in the sea.

Now, if you would like to a-pirating go
Where the South Sea Tempest whirls
'Yo ho' for the treasure a pirate may strike,
'Yo ho' for the liquor as much as you like.
But, if you would like to a-pirating go,
Don't ever 'Yo Ho' for the girls.

To respect your professors is the beginning of wisdom.

Ban: What kind of a date did Jack have last night?

Joe: I wouldn't want to say, but I noticed he shaved close.

The French class meeting after a quiz:
Instructor: Almost all of you fell down on the first question.

Student: Well isn't that idiom written wrong on the blackboard?

Instructor: (Looking at the board) Oh yes that is my fault.

Student: What does that idiom mean as it stands there?

Instructor: That means nothing.

Student: I put down nothing.

(Continued from page 21)

- Q.—Are you generally run-down?
 A.—I understand that they run me down at the Club in my absence.
 Q.—Have you a disagreeable taste in your mouth in the morning?
 A.—Yes, since prohibition went into effect.
 Q.—Do you have bitter fluids rise to your throat?
 A.—We quaff nothing but bonded stuff at the Club.
 Q.—Are you nervous?
 A.—No, are you?
 Q.—Do you have trouble in expressing yourself?
 A.—Only at tea fights.
 Q.—Are you generally in a hurry?
 A.—Only when going somewhere.
 Q.—Ever had a surgical operation?
 A.—No.
 Q.—For what?
 A.—Cold in the head.
 Q.—Is your tongue coated?
 A.—No, naked.
 Q.—Do you breathe through your mouth or nose?
 A.—Certainly not.
 Q.—Have you ever been examined for tuberculosis?
 A.—It has not been necessary. My initials are T. B.
 Q.—Did your education begin in the kindergarten.
 A.—No, in the Winter Garden.
 Q.—Didn't I warn you ye ars ago that your memory was failing?
 A.—I don't remember, but it is not true anyway.
 Q.—Are your lips red and full of blood?
 A.—Always. I pierce them every so often to make sure.
 Q.—Have you a real desire for food when you arise?
 A.—No, it is a purely imaginary one, but I humor it along.
 Q.—Are you ever so hungry that you eat everything in sight?
 A.—Oh, no. I always leave the table.
 Q.—Are you addicted to drugs?
 A.—I have an unspeakable passion for boric acid.
 Q.—Do you ever take a hot bath?
 A.—Where I'm rooming one can't tell which is the hot water faucet.
 Q.—Are you ever low in spirits?
 A.—So far the supply proves inexhaustible.
 Q.—Are you interested in photography?
 A.—I am a better photographer than most of the co-eds.
 Q.—How have you ascertained that?
 A.—One sees at a glance that they are over-exposed and under-developed.
 Q.—See here, Dr. Bazinook, I begin to think you are toying with me. I came here to cure you. Have you no interest in unconscious evolution?
 A.—Why should I have? I'm a better man than you are.
 Q.—If you're perfectly well, what are you doing in the Infirmary?
 A.—Oh, as to that, my dear Squoboda, let me present you to my nurse. The light will then dawn upon you.
 At this moment Bosco leaped in through the second story window, and I was forced to leave in order to save the building.



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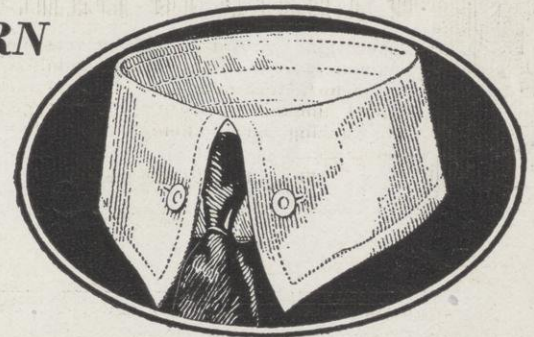
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Voices

It was a day of Haig and Haig, with pink elephants and blue kangaroos behind. A world of trees swayed above, trying to say one word, but that word was unprintable, and, besides, no one knew how to spell it. A street lamp looked in through the cellar window. And there was no sound, save for the rapid shifting of Lord Chumleigh's monocle from one eye to the other.

The valet slowly lifted his face away from the floor, which he tried to push from him. There were pools of molasses,—thick and deep, and raisins as brown as the taste in his mouth.

"Izzie", said M'Lord, in his serious way, "did you answer the telephone?"

The valet opened his mouth that was too full of toothpicks. "Lord", he whispered, carefully removing his right foot from behind his left ear. "What in the world do you mean?"

"I was expecting a letter."

"Ah! Ah!" He carefully swallowed the toothpicks, one by one, his Adam's Apple vibrating with emotion. "Is it black-mail this time, or was it a Negress?"

The trees tittered, mumbling in German. They felt of their roots and found that they were radical.

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Evolution

I'm only a chimpanzee,
As everyone can see,
My brow is low, I wear no hat,
My hair is coarse but plastered flat;
I may be only a chimpanzee,—
But everybody's aping me.



Another Method

I met her in one of my classes
And it was not long
Before we were well acquainted.
I could find only one fault
With her, which was the habit
Of demanding correct grammar,
All the embellishments of the King's English
Were expressed in everything she said.
She corrected me in the faults of
Verbosity, tautology, and circumlocution
And any other minute details
That were wrong.
She loved flowery language and long words
And immaculate constructions.
I considered myself hopeless,
But decided to really find out.
So, one night, just before
Parting, I murmured:
Lois, the metaphor and trope
Are to me unknown, and the art
Of the orator's tongue is as vague to me,
As the "Calorie of Heat" is to an orange.
But if you will let me recapitulate,
Your dancing was captivating, and the
Evening was truly a delectable one.
Let's make it an unprecedented one
And part
With an osculation
IT WORKED.



Seem r-a-t-h-e-r satisfied with yourself.

Yes, r-a-t-h-e-r. Jolly well pleased with Radcliff, one of the new Lion collars for Spring. Just made for this narrow scarf you know.



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"I know you," said my friend, "I met you at a faculty crap game at Great Northern University at three in the morning on October thirty-first, 1880, you were professor in Appreciation of African Golf then."

I saw at a glance why he had succeeded and I had failed, so I wrote to the cafeteria for their priceless little book called "STRAIGHT THOUGHTS FOR CROOKED MEN;" and now I don't have to worry about money for the rest of my life. I am in Fort Leavenworth prison on a life sentence.



The connoisseur of bathing suits: I care not what other may think, but as for me, give me chiffon or tricollette.



The girl asked the fella why he was studying Greek, and he said that one had to eat sometimes. The audience never batted an eye. They followed up with: "Do you read the Police Gazette?" "No, I shave myself." Out in front there was the silence of the dead (from the cooler north). So she told him that she had heard that his mother-in-law was dead; what was the complaint? and of course he answered "No complaint, everybody satisfied." And the audience howled its glee, which goes to prove that the old stuff is the best stuff, after all.



Exam question: What do you think of this course?

Student's answer: I think it is a well rounded out course, what we don't get in class we get in examination.

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Philadelphia

STETSON

(Continued from p. 18)

Mr. Huyden nowhere in sight, and the foreign rascal Huzzellini implicated in the scandal.

A further hint as to the type of man the villain really is is found in section "M" when the reader espies Martini & Huzzellini, Cabaret, 17 12th St.

This is all that is needed to show what a disreputable character this man really is. We do not hear of Mr. Huyden until we come to Book Two, entitled Brooklyn and the Queens, when we find poor Mr. Huyden living alone in a respectable apartment house.

A faint ray of hope sifts through the impending tragedy that perhaps Huzzellini will die and the two will become reconciled again, but alas, for in the words Italian-American line steamers for Genoa and Naples, the author shows us that Huyden will leave America in his sorrow never to return.

The tragic conclusion of the book is a masterpiece in its simplicity, and will undoubtedly take its place with the greatest pieces of literature. The concluding sentence Zunder, Paul V. lots, St. Aesaph's Cemetery, Rockaway Beach, is a powerful stroke of genius which has made this book worthy of our criticism.

Watch next month's book review.



She—Father bought a Rubens when we were in Europe last fall.

He—Really! What wheel base?

—Burr.

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by this time.

WE DO.

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MADISON,

WISCONSIN

Back On the Farm

We had a terrible time with a little bull pup that was in the habit of jumping up to snap at the horse's nose.

Szat-so?

Yeph.—But I got me one of those little 22's and some B.B.'s and I cured him.

Szat-so?

Yeph.—Every time he'd jump up to bite the horse's nose, I'd pop him— until he got so full of lead he couldn't jump.

Szat-so?

Yeph!



SHE: This is the slowest train in the world.

HE: And still, lady, you'd be surprised the number of people who don't take advantage of the experience.



In the Grave Yard

Ethyl: Why did you leave your husband?

Bethyl: He was so dead.



RASTUS: Yo' all done said yo' could lick me.

JASPER: Umhum, I sho did, wanna see me demonstrate?

RASTUS: No indeedy, I'se jes gatherin' statisticks.



"This bathing suits me", said the Hawaiian as he swam out of the rushes.



Bound by License

Pluto: Jack claims it was a crime when he kissed his girl.

Bevo: Yes, he seems to have got a life sentence.

A Problem in Law

The law of contracts will not hold,
When one contracts a bloomin' cold.
I kissed her for I knew not what.
A cold she had, which now I've got.

Lost—Love's Labor

The sun went down in the west, as is still customary in some localities, and with the comforting shadows of approaching darkness our hero set out to spring the big question.

He lumbered up the wooden steps and leaned heavily on the bell only to be rudely awakened some time later by his sweetie who met him at the door with closed fists and open arms.

It was a slippery night and he fell for her, spilling a bottle of red ink which some professor had playfully placed in his pocket, thus making her think his heart was broken.

Falling for the spill, the heroine turned a hand-spring, a cart-wheel, several waffles, and then howled: "Nevah darken my doorstep again".

But he took her in his arms and poured into her hidden ears extracts from Twelfth Night, Vanilla, Amy Lowell, and Sherlock Holmes. You must deduct that he was an instructor at the big U., but he had worked at an honest occupation previously.

In fact, at one time he had worked on the New York Sun, but this was his first attempt on any of her daughters. There was no doubt that he loved the girl, for her father was a six figure toothpick king. Soft picking was what the neighbors said.

An hour later they found themselves in the family davenport, having removed from the stoop.

He was all keyed up and so locked her in his arms, but she was a Phi Bete and had a key of her own. Then he popped the question of marriage and she popped him over the head.

Altho he even promised to give up chewing and finish paying for his patent leather shoes, she refused him. She didn't like the color of his hair. At last he could restrain himself no longer.

"If you will not marry me I will hang myself on your front porch", he yodeled.

"Villain", she replied, "I will not have you hanging around here."

So he jumped thru the window and was not seen for a year and a day.

**A Summer Idyl**

I met her at the summer beach
And that girl surely was a peach;

She wore a silken bathing suit
And carried a summer muff to boot.

All morning long we walked the strand
Or fooled around upon the sand.

We ate our lunch in bathing suits
(She wore some high-heeled swimming boots).

For hours we sat upon the pier,
"Oh well", I said, "Let's swim right here".

"Oh no," she cried in maddened fret,
"My bathing suit would get all wet".



The measure of a man's ability is not noted
with a yard stick.

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Fruitful

"The stork has brought a little peach,"

The nurse said with an air.
"I'm mighty glad," the father said,
"He didn't bring a pair."
—*Washington and Lee Minh.*

In Stock

Customer: I would like to see
some cheap skates.

Saleslady: Just a minute; I'll
call the boss.

—*Puppet.*

Judge: What were you doing
chasing those bathing girls at the
beach?

Youth: I was enjoying the priv-
ileges granted me by the Constitu-
tion—life, liberty, and the pursuit
of happiness.

—*Angwan.*

City Guy: Tell me, how's the
milk maid?

Country Lass: It isn't made, you
poor nut, the cow gives it.

—*Widow.*

"Shay offisher, wheresh th' cor-
ner?"

"You're standing on it."
"S no wonder I couldn't find
it."

—*Puppet.*

Spic: "My fiancee insists that
I obtain her a huge bouquet for the
dance tonight. Is it being done?"

Span: No, you are."
—*Scalper.*

She—What would you call a
man who hid behind a man's skirts?
He—A magician.

—*Banter.*

Prof. "Hey, what's that noise
out there?"

Stude:—"Why I just dropped a
perpendicular, sir."

—*Voo Doo.*

He—Let's kiss and make up.
She—If you're careful I won't
have to.

—*Purple Cow.*

"I want a loaf of bread."
"White or graham?"

"It does'nt mater. It's for a
blind lady."

—*Flamingo.*

"Say, Jack let me borrow your
dress suit."

"Sure, but why the formality?"
"I couldn't find it."

—*Siren.*

Inquisitive Old Lady: Now tell
me about your first success.

Worried Young Author: Well,
you see, Madam, I was crossing
the ocean last summer and became
a contributor to the Atlantic.

—*Lampoon.*

They're Speedy Markers

"I hear some of these Profs
lead a fast life."

"I doubt it; none of 'em passed
me this year."

—*Gargoyle.*

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"Darling, I kissed the very stamps on your letters because I knew they had been touched by your sweet lips!" "Oh! Jack, I moistened them on dear old Fido's nose!"
Bystander (London).



Mr. Dollarmarks: "And my son is getting well grounded in the classics?"

Prof. Cramemuppe: "My dear sir, I may even say that he is rapidly becoming stranded on them."
Virginia Reel.



Cursory Remarks

Pep—Don't go bathing after dinner.

Pip—Why not?

Pep—Because you won't find it there.

—*Tiger.*



Dick—What became of that little girl you used to go with?

Jack—She turned me down!

Dick—I suppose she returned the ring.

Jack—Well, she said I could come up any night and pick it out.
 —*Juggler.*



Farmer—"See here, young feller, what are you doing up in that tree?"

Stude—"One of your pears fell down and I'm trying to put it back."
 —*Widow.*



Lip—Do you know anything about flirting?

Stick—I thought I did, but she married me.

—*Pelican.*



English Tommy (in poker game)—Well I'll wager a bally pound on this."

American ducky (holding four aces)—Ah dunno too much about yo' ol' English money, but I'll bump you a couple a' tons."
 —*Purple Cow.*

Advanced English

Jessie—Billy swears awfully.
 James (absent mindedly)—Yes, I can do better myself.
 —*Juggler.*



Gusto—Do you notice any change in me?

Bevo—No. Why?

Gusto—I just swallowed a dime!
 —*Frirol.*



Jealously

The bride—Edgar! Are you yawning because I did or because that girl over there did?

—*Jack-O-Lantern.*



Those Medics

A prominent surgeon has said: "I should like to put common-sense corsets on every woman in this country."

You little son-of-a-gun, you!

—*Punch Bowl.*



She (rapturously)—"We could be so happy in a kitchenette, couldn't we?"

He (doubtfully)—"Well, how about the cellerette?"

—*Cornell Widow.*

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and all kinds.

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Look Them Over*

Morgan Brothers

Tut! Tut!

I did not approve, and I told her so. Her hair was dyed and her cheeks were too ostentatiously red. When I kissed her lips the rouge was so thick that it came off and redened mine. And her skirts—good heavens! It is a wonder they don't pass traffic laws about such skirts. But I was very frank about it.

"It's absolutely indecent," I cried passionately. "I'm ashamed of you, Grandma!"

Tiger.



Astronomer: Nothing has ever been found on Venus.

Artist: No—nothing.

—Harvard Lampoon



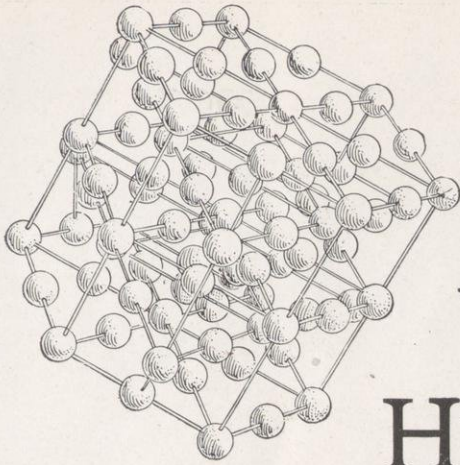
Finn-Icky

"Who is that?"

"That's our Pole vaulter."

"Oh, does he speak English?"

—Jack-O-Lantern.



Who Was Moseley?

HE was a young Oxford man, only twenty-seven when he was killed at Gallipoli. Up to his time, man had never seen the inside of an atom. He turned the X-rays on matter—not figuratively but literally—and made them disclose the skeleton of an atom just as certainly as a surgeon makes them reveal the positions of the bones of the body. Moseley proved that all atoms are built up of the same kind of matter. He saw, too, just why an atom of copper is different from an atom of gold.

Atoms are built up of electrons. Each atom consists of a nucleus, a kind of sun, with a certain number of electrons grouped about it, like planets. Moseley actually counted the number of electrons of all the metals from aluminum to gold.

When you discover what gold is made of or a new fact about electricity, you open up new possibilities for the use of gold or electricity. For that reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the “how” of things—atoms and electrons, for instance—as they are with mere applications of the electric current.

Hence Moseley’s work has been continued in the Research Laboratories, with the result that more has been learned about matter. How does water freeze? What is lead? Why are lead, iron, gold and tungsten malleable? Such questions can be answered more definitely now than ten years ago. And because they can be answered it is possible to make more rapid progress in illumination, in X-ray photography, in wireless telegraphy, and in electrical engineering as a whole.

There would have been no coal-tar industry without the vast amount of research conducted in organic chemistry, and no electro-chemical industry without such work as Sir Humphrey Davey’s purely scientific study of an electric current’s effect on caustic potash and caustic soda. Sooner or later research in pure science always enriches the world with discoveries that can be practically applied. For these reasons the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company devote so much time to the study of purely scientific problems.

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