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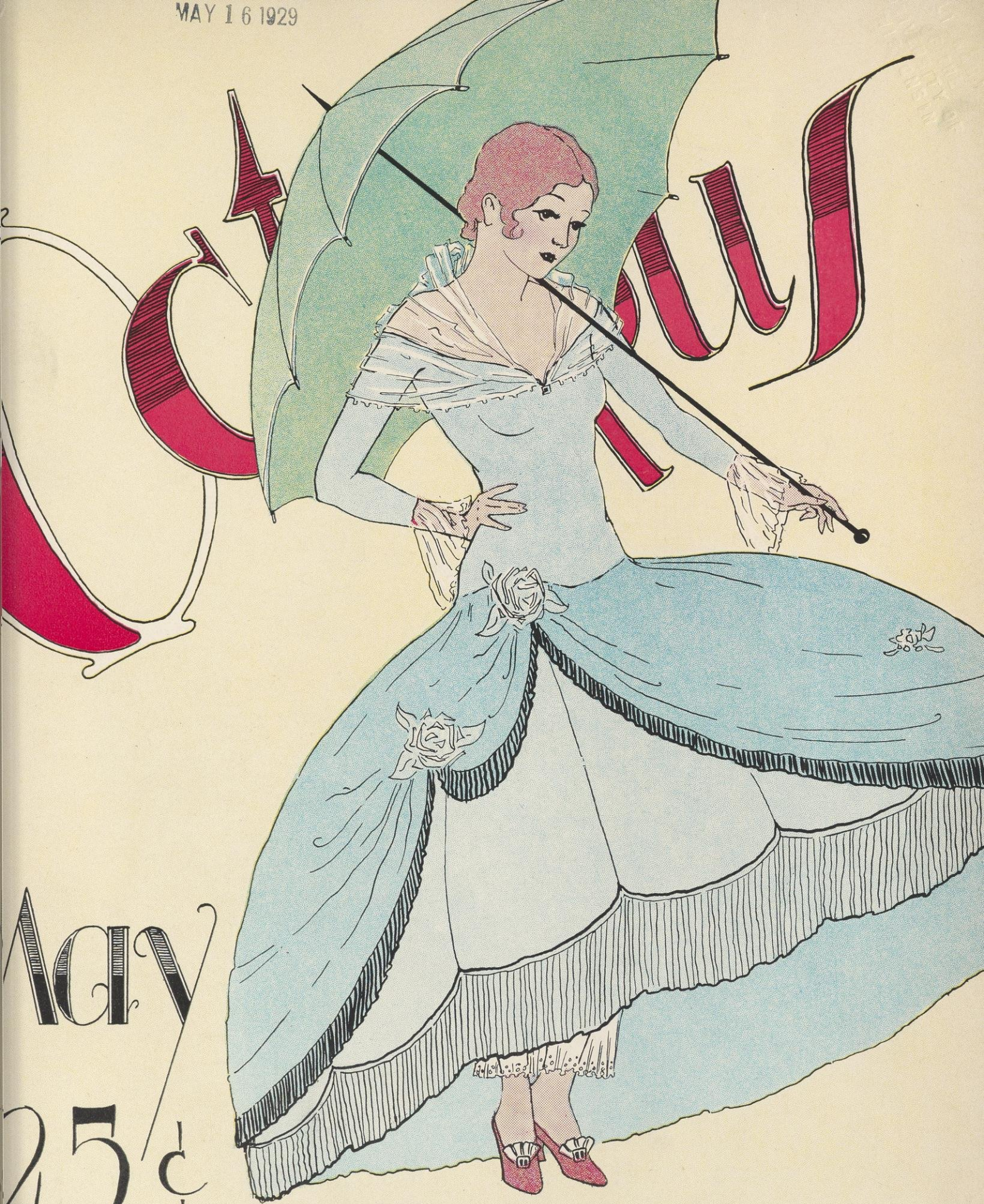
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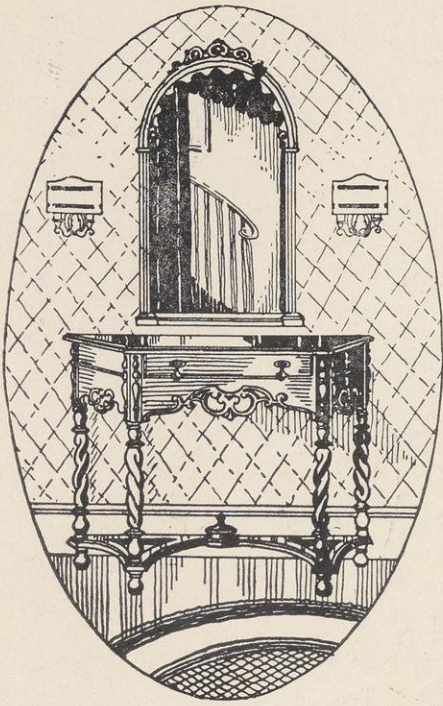
MAY 16 1929



May
25¢

"YOU'VE COVERED YOUR
SUBJECT WELL, MISTER ARTIST!"

FRANK J. UNGER
IRV TRESSLER



Lesson the First

*Wisconsin fraternities and sororities
may search everywhere and they'll find
that values in furniture of quality do
not compare with those found right at
home - - at Jerdin's.*

*Compare Both Price
and Quality*

The lines of furniture represented on our
four display floors are those you will find
exhibited in America's foremost Shops. But,
thanks to our net price marking policy, they
are invariably lower in price at this store.
Shop about.

JERDIN'S

Furniture

CORNER STATE, HENRY AND JOHNSON STREETS



and so to - - - - THE IRVING

the modern miss pepys, with abhorrence of growing stout, nibbles a salad and searches diligently for delicious food and drink that fill but never fatten.

that is one of the many reasons why those who know have adopted the irving as a daily habit.

THE VERY BEST SALADS IN TOWN - - they tell us, and we beam affirmatively!

today then!





I Swear! It's the only logical way to

1. Make that dancing date a success.
2. Enjoy a real picnic.
3. Keep cool these hot afternoons.
4. Get out to the golf course.
5. Show the folks around town.
6. If you will take this as a bit of advice from one who knows—study for those Exams in some shaded nook—try it.

BADGER RENT-A-CAR

Fairchild 2099

- We Deliver -

State at Henry

"Knowledge is the wings wherein you fly to heaven."

(With apologies to Bill Shakespeare)



A college man with a pilot's license—man, what a future!



The after-graduation problem is solved for you, see page 27

"I hear Will is sick."

"Oh, sort of an ill-Will eh?"

Traffic Cop: Let me see your license.

Tourist: Marriage, car, driver's, camp-fire, fishing, or hunting? Open the license trunk, Maria.

—Bison

Economical Student: Do you take anything off for cash?

Saleslady: Sir!

—Punch Bowl

She was only a ship surgeon's daughter, but she left me limp.

—Punch Bowl

Skeptical Lady: Can you wear this coat out in the rain without hurting it?

Fur Salesman: Madam, did you ever see a raccoon carrying an umbrella?

—The Log

MEAT

Goeden & Company

"Did you ever read 'The Tale of Two Cities?' "

"It's a dickens of a story, I think."

"Do you ever gamble?"

"Well, I put my pin out the other night."

"Have a *swell* girl last night?"

"Yes, you should *see* her, she's *rolling* in wealth."

Diana: Fussetics? There may be a course in it, but you don't get credit for it.

Aphrodite: Oh yes you do; all over the campus!

A limberger cheese sandwich is two pieces of bread traveling in bad company.

—Drexer



THE Coat for Travel

While most fashions come and go, there is one fashion, the sports coat, which seems to have no date, smart one year, smart the next, and the most all 'round thing one can own. Here it is again, in swagger tailored models. True, the black tweed model at right is a daring new venture for sportswear, but sure to find great favor among fashionables who spend much time in the active out of doors, motoring or en voyage.

\$24.75 up to \$95

FRED W. KRUSE CO.

205-207 State St.



For Spectator or Participant

The mode for Jackets asserts itself. Matching plain colored ones or contrasting printed ones of washable silk to go with frocks of like material. And with modified or full sunburn backs. You will like the price too.

Baron Brothers
Inc

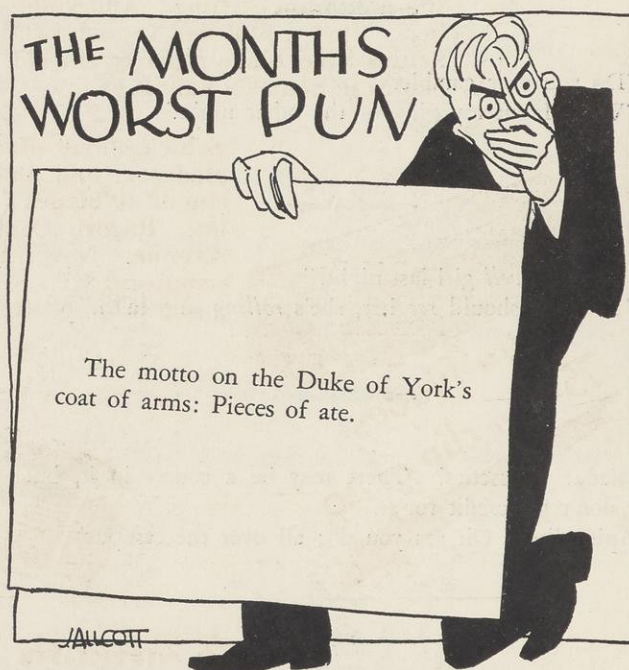


1,000,000
College Men
wear the
LEARBURY
Type of Clothing
YOU
are the designers
of this model

Come and get your
Red Boy Windshield
Stickers *free* for
the asking

KARSTENS

22 North Carroll—Madison



The Smoothest Shave I Ever Had

K. Koplowitz '32, Winner of St. Pat's Contest
Uses His Prize—A Schick Razor



With His Beard

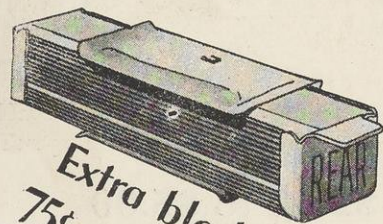


Without It

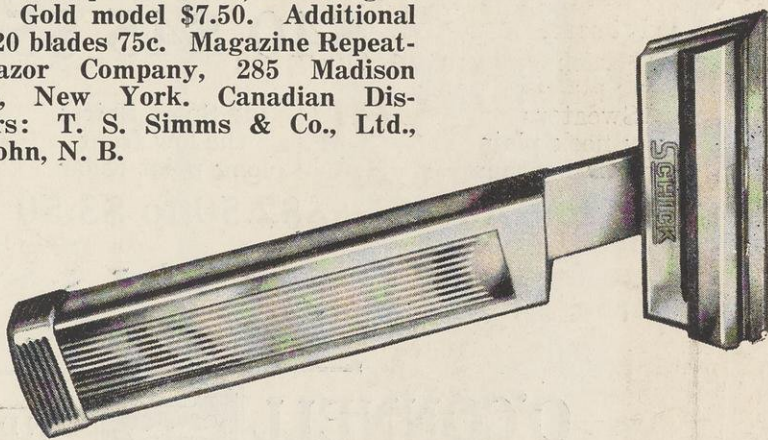
The left-hand photo shows our Mr. Koplowitz "Bearded like the pard." On the right, the wonderful results one Schick shave wrought. He did it with the silver-plated Schick he won as a prize in the annual St. Patrick's Beard contest.

What it did for him it will do for you—the maximum of smooth shave in the minimum of time. And you can change blades in 1 second while shaving. Just a pull and a push of the plunger and a fresh, new, superkeen Schick Steel blade replaces the old, used one. For there is a clip of twenty blades in Schick's handle.

Schick, silver-plated \$5.00, including 20 blades. Gold model \$7.50. Additional clip of 20 blades 75c. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.



Extra blades
75¢ per clip of 20



A smooth shave, quick

Schick ^{with a} Repeating Razor



Four Piece Sport Suits

Modeled Correctly—Tailored of Tweed
Homespun—Flannel—or Camel Hair

\$40 \$45 \$50

Sweaters
crew neck plain
colors or heathers
\$6.00 to \$7.00

Idle Sport Shirts
the low front
long point collar
\$2.50 to \$3.50

Golf Sox
plain shade or
patterned
\$2.50 to \$5.00



Little Johnny got out to the policeman who was busily directing traffic—tugging on his coat to gain attention asked:

"Mister Policeman, please when you have puppies give me one, as my mother is very anxious for a Police dog."

—Drexerd



"Kiss me, my fool."

"Hell, lady, I'm no fool. I'm a sailor."

—Puppet



The bedbugs are dancing a rigadood,

Two by two they go;

And the beetles are humming a Mammy tune

Stately and soft and slow.

Some red ants are playing a game of ball—

Above their noise I hear

Three grasshoppers on my bedroom wall

Quarreling over their beer.

And some gnats are picking their teeth with wax,

And high up above all these

Two crickets are carving my picture in wax—

While I enjoy the D. T.'s.

—Pitt Panther



Unkosher?

"Give me a sentence with the name Lon Chaney."

"I don't eat pork chops for Lon Chaney more."

—Pointer



Chemistry Prof.: What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?

Frosh: Blondes.

—Cougar's Paw



College Girl in Art Gallery: Gosh, another painting of a virgin. No wonder Europe's so famous.

—Bison

Wash Frocks

By

Claire Tiffany

Now being shown in the new
Washable Permanent Moire in all
the pastel colors

at

Tiffany's

546 State Street

CLOTHES
Ready-made
And Cut to Order

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

Charter House

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



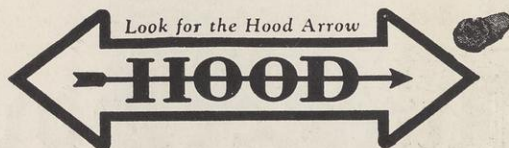
Tennis stars helped design the HOOD Vantage

Skilled shoe designers planned the original athletic last on which the Hood Vantage was made. Then sample pairs of the shoes were sent to some of the ranking players. After practical playing tests, the players suggested improvements. The result is a tennis shoe made to specifications of well-known tennis stars.

The Hood Vantage has extra toe reinforcement which prevents wear from toe dragging. Sponge cushion heels absorb all shock and jar from fast play. Hood Smokrepe soles keep live and springy and are unusually durable. Extra quality uppers fit the feet without chafing. Made in all sizes for men and women.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY

Watertown, Mass.



HOOD MAKES . CANVAS SHOES . RUBBER FOOTWEAR . TIRES
RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS . RUBBER FLOOR TILING

Brock Engraving Company

Artists and Engravers



**4th Floor
State Journal Building**

Phone: Fairchild 913

Where is the Scotchman who signs all telegrams he sends his girl Xerxes. In that way he gets in two kisses without paying for them.

—Beanpot

"Three more installments," said the hero of the serial story, "and the girl is mine."

—Buccaneer

Venice

Calm silver moonlight . . .
Casting a sleek sheen . . .
On smooth, slimy . . .
Water . . .
Deep, dusky quiet . . .
Broken only . . .
By the noise at intervals . . .
Of Venetian housewives . . .
Emptying the evening garbage . . .
Into the canal . . .

—Siren

net 1934

Never the same job twice

YES, it's the same man shaving on ten different mornings; ten different conditions of water, temperature, and nerves; ten different methods of lathering and stroking.

*But his Gillette Blade
meets all these chang-
ing conditions with
the same even temper*

So much dependable shaving comfort has been honed and stropped into this blade that eight out of ten American men have learned to expect—and get—a comfortable shave even under the worst possible conditions.

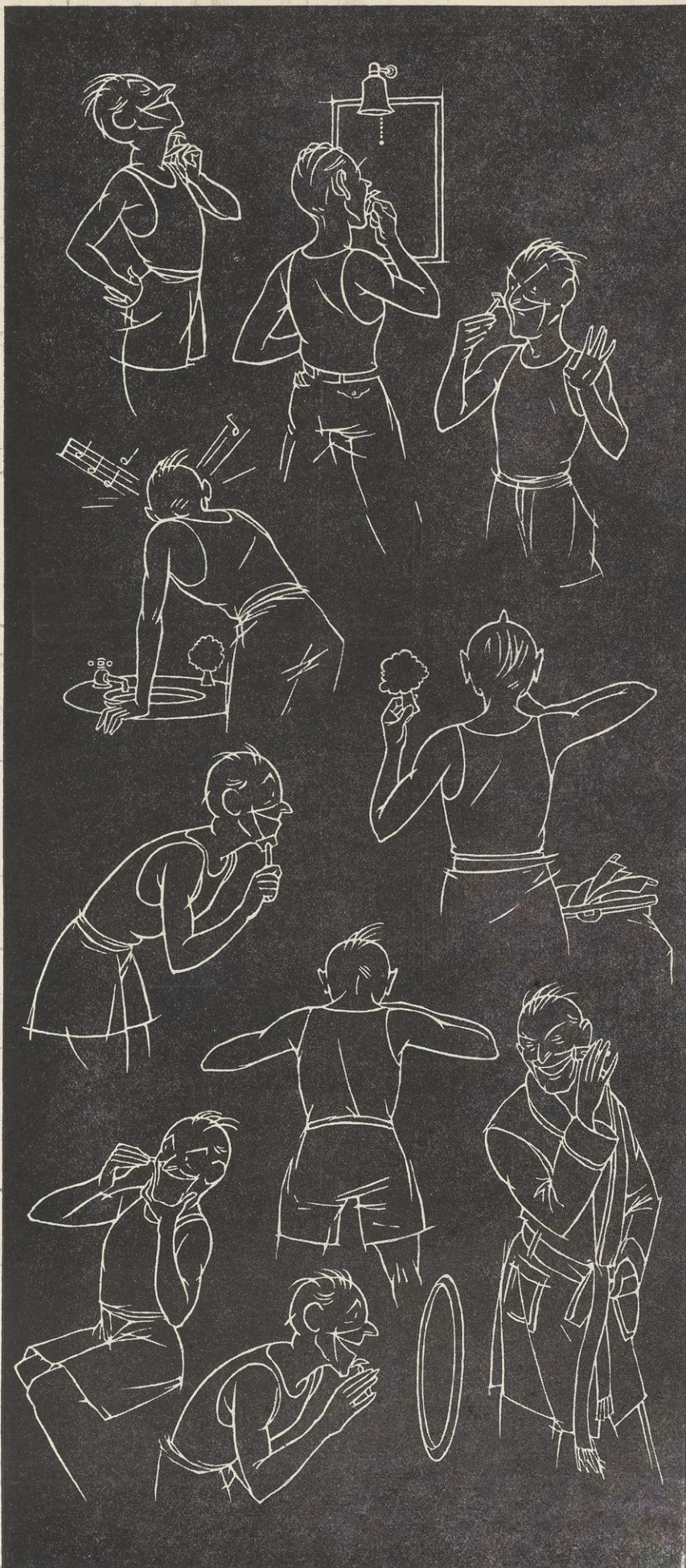
To meet that expectation Gillette has developed and perfected some \$12,000,000 worth of new machines during the past ten years. They condition the Gillette Blade far more delicately and precisely than even the most skilful artisan could sharpen a shaving edge.

Conditions vary. But the Gillette Blade is the one *constant* factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.



THE NEW FIFTY-Box. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful, useful gift chest. Five dollars at your dealer's.

*** Gillette ***



then came the dawn

































My dear Trumie, you're so pale.
What has happened?

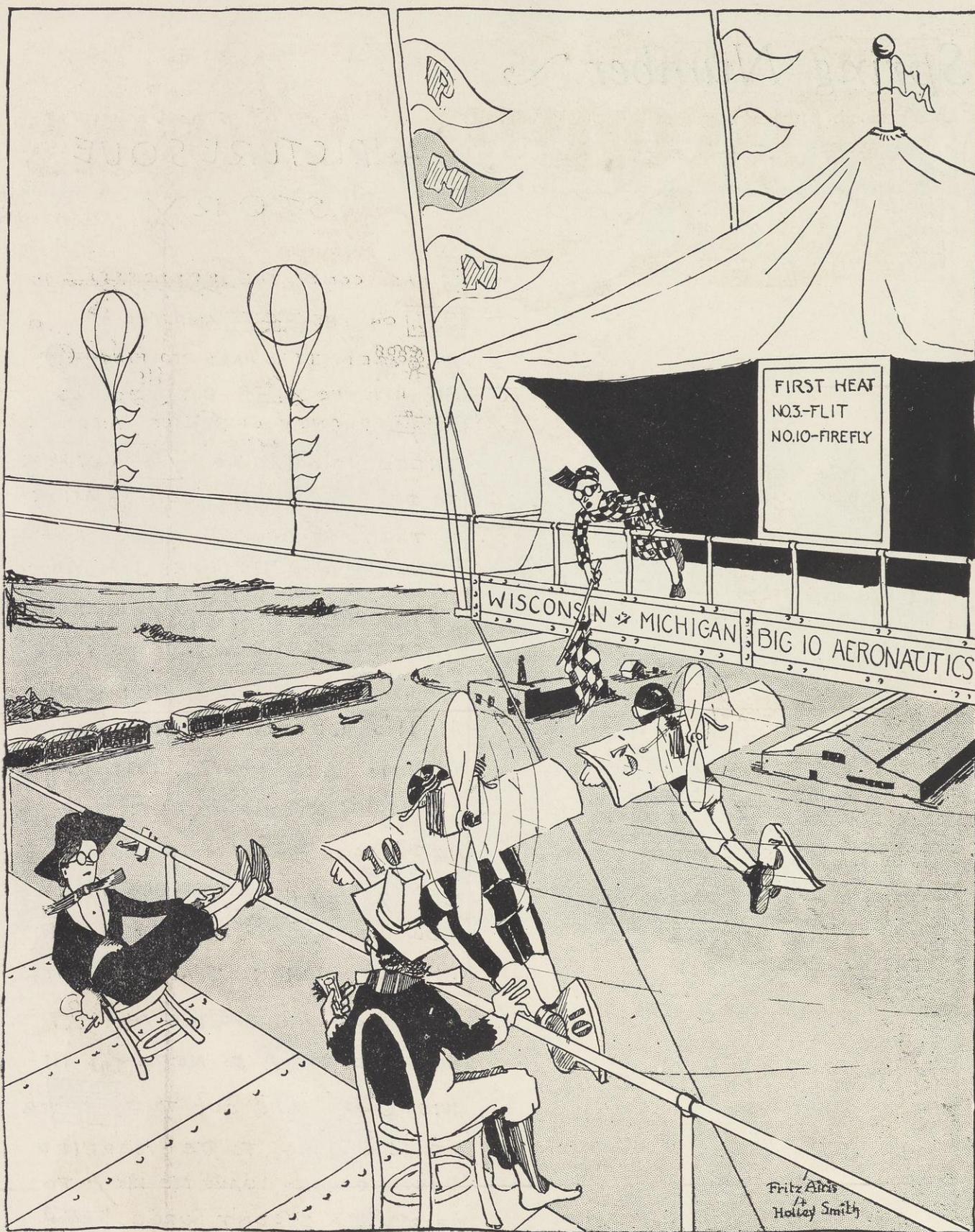
Oh, Drucie—I'm perishing with
anguish—That lovely gown. . . is
it yours?

Silly boy! Dad sent a cheque and
I've been to Simpson's, of course!

Spring Number ~

A PICTURESQUE
STORY

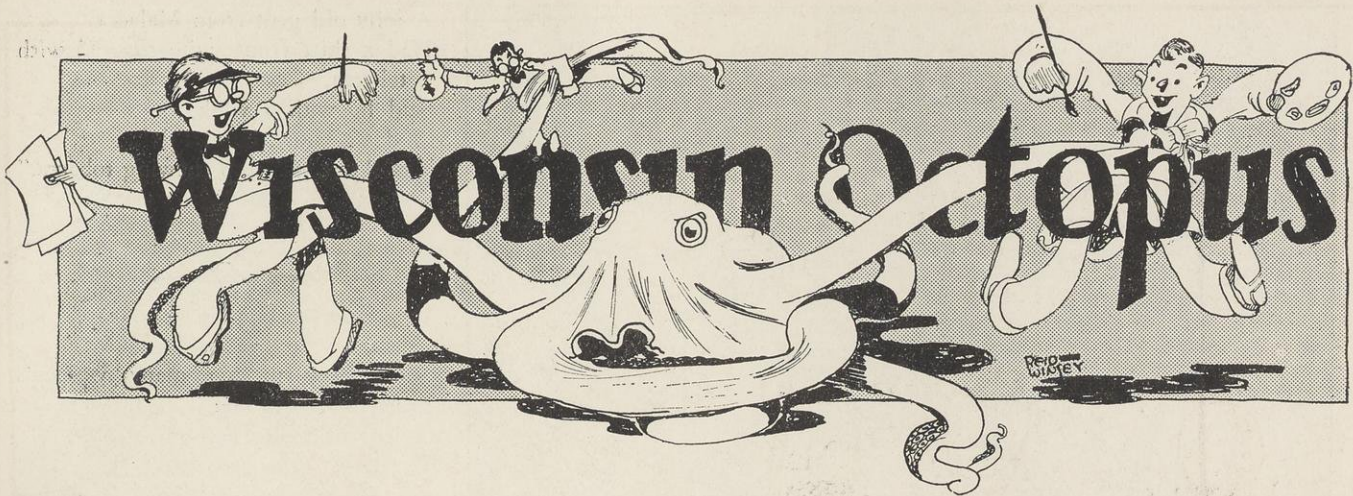
 HAS COME, THE ~~oooooooooooo~~ IS
 ON THE ~~~~~~~~~ AND THE  
 IS ~~oooo~~ IT IS HARD TO FIND 
 TO HIT THE  BUT  CHERS
 A  PLENTY OF  ICES AND
 THERE IS A  OF A  OF WORK
 TO DO. THE ONLY CON  ATION
 IS THAT IT WON'T BE LONG
 'TILL $\frac{2}{4}$ MER IS HERE, MEAN-
 WHILE WE MUST  Y BECAUSE
 THOSE DMM EXAMS. COME IN
 ONE AND  ENTS INSIST ON
 II III GETTING GOOD MARKS
 ENTS ARE FUN  THAT WAY
 IT IS MORE DIFFICULT FOR
 ME ~~oooo~~ CAUSE  AM IN LOVE
 LY YOU HAVE NO  DEA
 HOW DIS ~~~~~~~~~ TING IT IS 2B
 IN LOVE. WHEN I AM  WITH
 HIM I AM TH ~~~~~~~~~ ING A 
 HIM HE T  S ME TO  IN
 HIS  AND OUT TO D 
 WE R  GO ING TO BE MARRIED
 BECAUSE HE GAVE ME HIS  TO
 WEAR  I DON'T URGE 
 4 I AM ONLY A FRESHMAN —



In 2000 A. D.

"Who you bettin' on?"

"Joe, of course. He's got about half as much wind resistance!"



Imagine, if you can, the embarrassment of the newsboy who opened the door to a washroom by mistake and yelled, "Paper! Extra Paper!"

Sugar daddy: Kiss me, baby.

Baby: Will you buy me that diamond bracelet I want?

Sugar daddy: What! A diamond bracelet for just a little kiss?

Baby: Sure. Don't you know the wages of sin have gone up?



"Do you know that girl over there?"

"Yes, she has gas on the stomach."

"Gosh, I'm dying to meter!"

We want to make sure that you have heard about the Scotchman who gave his girl a watch case for Christmas, and then the next Christmas gave her the works.

"So I says to McCarthy, 'Me woik fer five bucks a week? Say, dat ain't even 'cigarette money!'"

Young Man: Would you give me a tip on the market?

Old Wallstreeter: Sure, son. Don't buy or sell.

"What's the age limit for sailors?"

"Listen dearie, a sailor at any age is the limit."

"Going to the Poverty dance?"

"Nope. No clothes to wear!"

Editor: You have a lousy sense of humor!

Author: I wondered why I had the itch to write.

Teacher: Can you give me a simple sentence stating a fact and giving the reason for it?

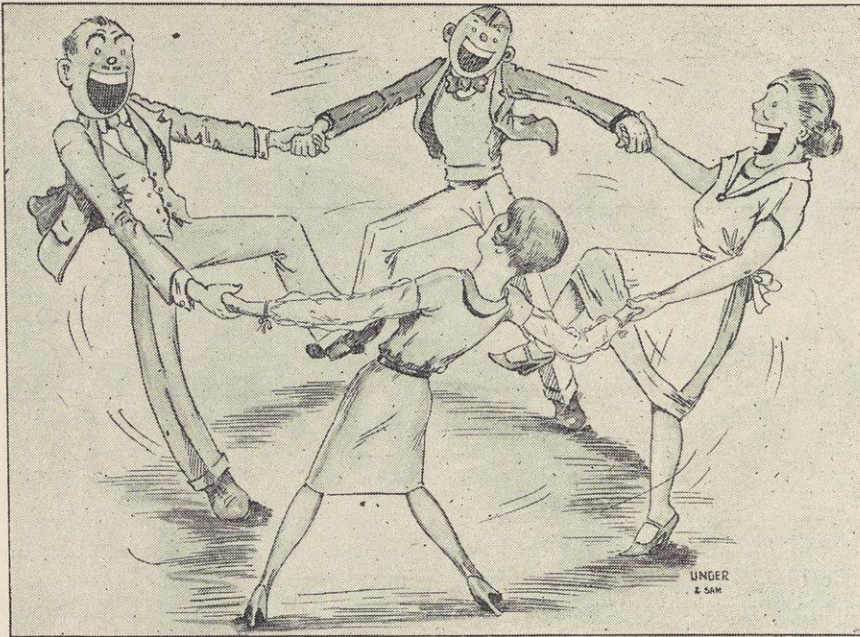
Schweinigel: Arthur was epsom from school yesterday.



"Are you a Delta Gamma?"

"No, a Norwegian."

What the average co-ed does not wear would fill a bureau drawer.



"Hurray! Rich at last! Father's been chosen as a government fraud trial juror!"

A jolly old gent from Malacca
Had a shirt front quite covered with
tobacca,
Said he with a wink,
"I don't know, but I think
That I'd better stop chewing tobacca."

The key to too many women's
hearts is a gold one.

And if your uncle were sleeping in
the afternoon could he be called a
nap-kin?

Her dangerous green eyes intrigued him as she insolently gazed from her corner of the room. He had never hoped to find such a perfect creature. Something in her eyes told him that she knew she was his. As he slowly approached, her head went up defiantly. But, seeing that resistance was useless, she patiently awaited her fate at his hands.

The scientist began Experiment 5 in cat dissection.

"Have you the time, stranger?"

"No."

"Have you a match?"

"No."

"Can you lend me a dime?"

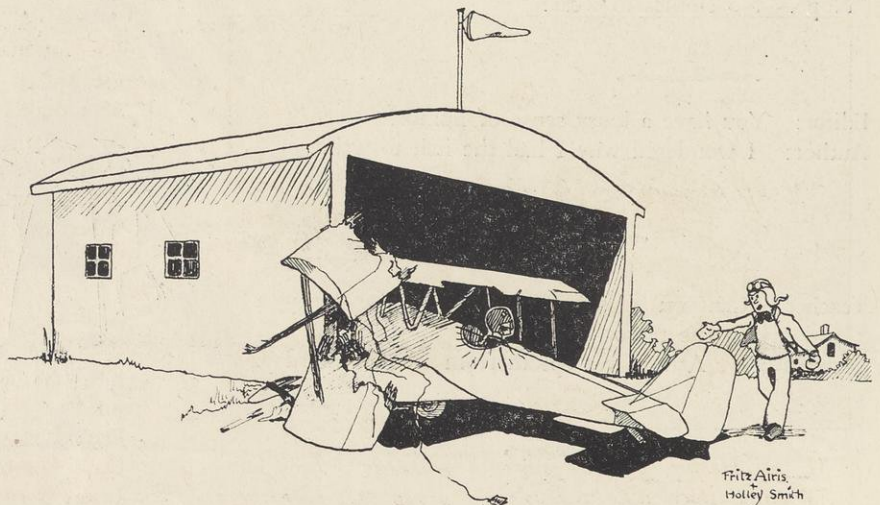
"No."

"Hell, you're too poor to rob, beat it!"

"I'll give you a wallop!"
"Don't bother. I wouldn't know
how to eat it anyway."

"Mom, there's hairs in the soup!"
"That's all right, this is noodle soup!"

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love;
That is what, in founding rent cars,
Mr. Hertz was thinking of.



"Confound it! I knew I shouldn't have let you run that in the hangar alone!"

Anyday College Conversation

"Hi—Gene."
 "'Lo there Eddie."
 "How are you a' rating?"
 "Oh, still one step ahead of the grave digger."
 "That's fine."
 "Gotta date Friday night?"
 "No, business is poor these days."
 "Wanta shake a mean hoof Friday night with me?"
 "That would be keen."
 "Guy Lombardo is playing."
 "Well—who is this guy—Lombardo?"
 "Oh, you would! How are classes? I haven't been to any this semester. My alarm clock doesn't work."
 "What Big Ben asleep at the post?"
 "Sorta looks that way. Well, I'll be seeing you."
 "I have to go too, because I'm practice teaching in English and I have to go home and correct a mob of papers. See you Friday night—or else in the funny paper."
 "Hey-Hey."

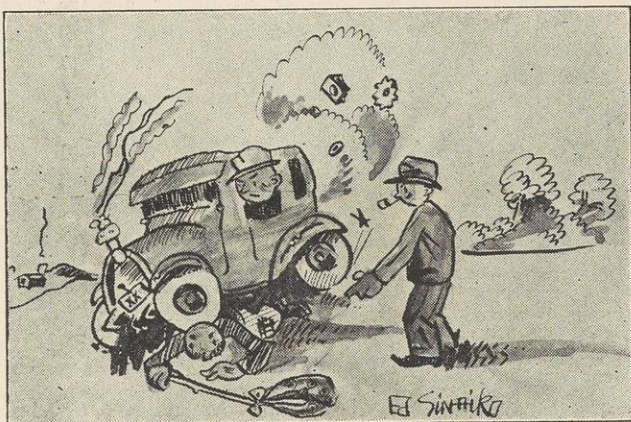


The Editor's Nightmare

FIVE ARE DEAD FROM POISON GIN, while Baby Swallows Safety Pin. Now Crook and Gray-Haired Mother Part, as LOVER MURDERS FIRST SWEET-HEART, and Two Are Killed in Auto Crash. Seven Hurt in Airplane Smash, SLUSH FUND PROBE SOON IN ACTION, sees Mayor Afraid of Bombing Faction. Actress Sues her Leading Man while ROBBERS HIDE IN MOVING VAN. Machine Gun Used on Mike the Dip, RUM CHASERS SEIZE ANOTHER SHIP. Dope Is Found in Apple Pie, Lover Gone—She Wonders Why. FACED A 'RIDE' SAYS ONE DETECTIVE, House is Razed, the Flue Detective, and Millionaire's Divorce Is Sought, as BOY KIDNAPPED, IT IS THOUGHT. Red Bemoans His Hijacked Booze; Youthful Burglar, Needed Shoes, for WIFE SLAYS HUSBAND WITH A HAMMER, as Boy Beaten, Told Lies to Gram'er.

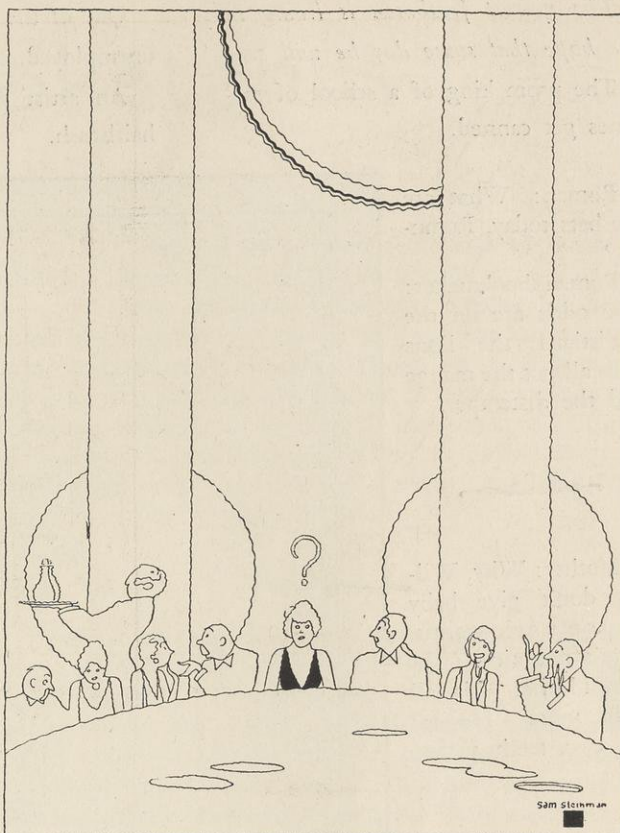
Is life like that, yes, life's like that—in the Daily Blat.

—H. J. S.



"I say, Hector, why do you not proceed?"

"Well, Eustace, it's this way, I hit a bad spot back there and when I got out the car was on the bum."



Epic Moments: Mrs. Gann finds herself at a round dinner table



Father: You take accounting at college, don't you?

Son: Yeh, sure.

Father: Maybe you can account for the silk undies in your last laundry?

—Burr



I Was Born Unlucky

The automatic elevator always runs except when I want to use it.

At a play I always get the last seat in the balcony.

At a movie the first seat on the main floor.

Holidays always come on days when I have two classes.

When I telephone the line is busy.

When the line isn't busy, my party is out.

When anyone telephones me—which isn't often—I am out.

And they never call up again—so I never know who called.

I always get the littlest and most melted dish of ice cream.

Days I wear my slicker it never rains.

Days I don't it does.

I was born unlucky.

—C. A. B.

The newest freshman is living in the hope that some day he will see:

The prom king of a school of sardines get canned.

Roman: What are the bets today, Romulus?

Roman bookmaker: The odds are on the Christians, the lions have all got the mange and the distemper.

Mother: Why, Willie, don't give baby those angle-worms. That's not nice.

Willie: It's all right, mom. He just cut two teeth yesterday.

1st Highway Inspector: "How's things?"

2nd Highway Inspector: Oh, fair to Middleton.

It was a hot and sultry night. The lady of the house lay awake and listened to the far off clock strike four. Then came the rattle of iron wheels against the curbing and the subtle clink of milk bottles.

The house-wife be-thought herself of the heat . . . thought of the curdling milk . . . got up.

Slipping on a light wrapper she scampered down the stairs. Imagine her surprise to find that the milk man's wife was delivering the milk that morning!

One of the generals of the army of unemployed.

An artist painting with a camel's hairbrush.

Bill Kiekhofer lecturing the Hot-tentots on the economic mistake of eating up their prophets.

The dairy hand milking the magnesias.

"At last, I am about to solve my financial worries."

"How?"

"Well, there's a store on State Street that has a sign in the window 'We Rent Tuxes, \$3.00 per Day' and I'm going to take mine there."

"Gee, they started a revolution at the fair grounds."

"How's that?"

"The ferris wheel's going now."

New Yorker: Dere's Lindboig.

Normal student: No, that's Lindbergh.

N. Y.: 's funny; looks like lindboig.



Languid and haughty is the maid of yesteryear.

Serene her countenance—her eyes how cool;

The world they survey rouses her contempt,

And many a man receives the one word "fool".

But now one fair hand moves to show despair,

And eyes disdainful soften and reveal

The questing spirit that behind them there

Eternal disappointment must feel.

*The coral lips soft parted voice lament
And all her charms to show her heart are lent:*

*"Alas, will I see nevermore
Moustaches like dear papa wore?"*

—Marcia

By day, the skies, the trees, the Hill—

By night, the stars, the moon, the Lake,

In happiness, a place superb

In memories, . . . Wisconsin.

It's all right for an eel to be slippery, but a heel can't get that way because the average person will fall for it every time.

Vice Versa

If I had loved you less, my dear,
And your love had been greater,
I would be the kindly one—
And you would be the hater.

—P. J.

Familiar Sketches

People You All Know

Melville lives at the dorms, but he's not like the other dormitory boys, he'll have you know. He has tapestries in his room and Japanese prints; besides, he gives teas on Sunday afternoons and invites his English and Greek instructors. The boys living on the floor with him always act up on such occasions by slipping pictures of nude women under his door, or letting six alarm clocks go off all at once, just embarrassing him to death. He thinks it's a shame the way "the average student" razzes the Experimental College, and he admires Nina Leeds of "Strange Interlude", because "she is so delightfully immoral".

By Carl Buss

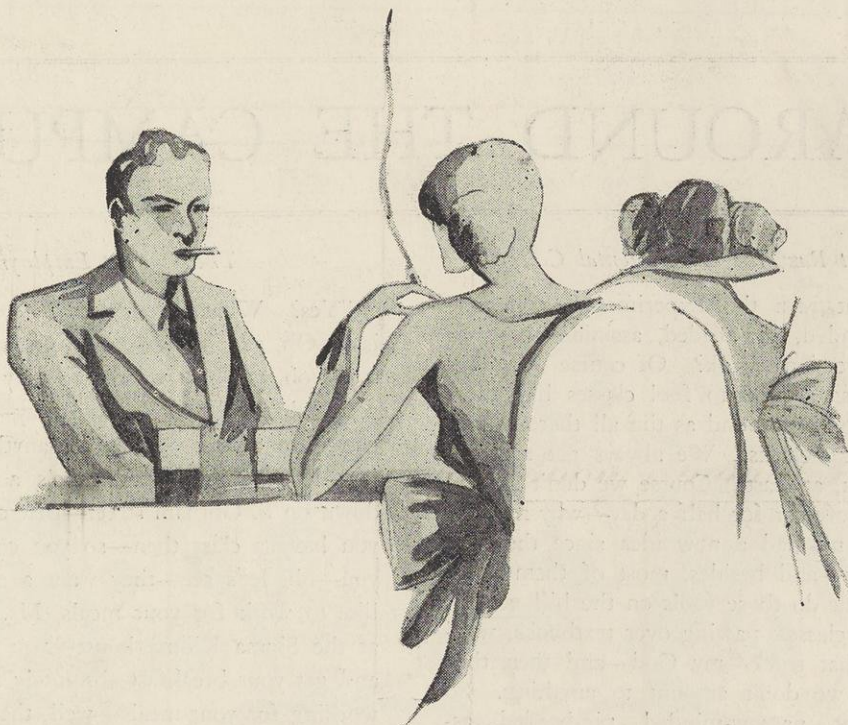
Sally is always "just going to settle down to work", but never quite gets to it. She is always losing her vanity case, leaving her notebooks in classrooms, and can never remember to study her econ except when the library is closed. Sally doesn't get along so well scholastically, but can be relied upon to do something striking on the campus, like smoking in front of Bascom hall, or making a date with the football captain. She flunked political science last semester, and thinks the professor is just "a mean ole thing".

Miss Witherspoon has just been made assistant professor of English. She teaches "Minor Victorian Romanticists" but pre-Raphaelite poetry is really her field; she is writing a book on "Later Tendencies of Pre-Raphaelitism". Miss Witherspoon thinks all modern writing, particularly fiction, is "stuff and nonsense", and she will have none of it. None of her advisees are allowed to take contemporary literature courses, mind you. Miss Witherspoon has two classes in freshman English, but they bore her to death. She is most interested in the Miltonic stanza.

Bertram can do a split and a back slide and just desperately wants to be in Haresfoot, but has a frantic time "being eligible". He has been on probation three times; knows all the deans intimately, and besides, has been declared to be "a perfect female impersonator". Bertram is taking Romantic Movement and Music Appreciation, and has an idea that a course in architecture might be interesting.

Antonio writes poetry, but more than five lines of free verse a day weary him terrifically. He is most adept at expressing his own emotions through lines such as: "My soul—my life—my love—", which are to indicate the depths of despair to which he descends. Then, as he will explain to you, "his spirit rises again". Antonio feels he is much misunderstood, and that he is but a genius languishing in meek obscurity.

Harold thinks most college courses are "too damned impractical", and as a result, spends most of his time collecting news for the college paper. He is always on hand at political rallies, theater first nights, and hazing activities. He has had more "by lines" than all the other reporters on the paper, and is pretty hot when it comes to movie reviews too. Short and snappy is Harold's style—"get it across and leave out verbs and adverbs". He can think up lots of new words for things like calling co-eds "femmes", and characterizing shady jokes as being "blue".



"Bill has the big head these days."
"He should give up drinking."



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No. 9

AROUND THE CAMPUS

These People That Razz the Experimental College

"These people that razz the Experimental college—they're so narrow-minded, pig-headed, assinine—how do they get that stuff—we don't work? Of course we work! Course we don't chase around to fool classes like these maniacs on the hill chasin' around as tho all there was to life was makin' eight o'clocks. We always get to work by say—eleven o'clock, at least. Course we don't sit and listen to some fool professor for half a day—why most of those old ducks haven't had a new idea since they got their Ph. D.s anyway—and besides, most of them don't know anything. What do those fools on the hill get out of chasing around to classes, pawing over textbooks, writing exams and all that truck—my God—and then they criticize us and say we don't amount to anything. So gosh-darned intolerant, narrow-minded, pig-headed, assinine!"

—C. A. B.

The Student Employment Office

"Yes? What is your name? Oh yes, you're Mr. Popinjay. Oh, yes, Mr. Popinjay—let me find your card—here it is—oh, yes, you wanted to play in an orchestra—didn't you—what did you want to play—oh, yes, the mouth organ—I'm afraid we haven't anything today, Mr. Popinjay—let's see—oh, yes, here's a job minding the baby down on S. Gorham street—that comes at two thirty—oh, you have a class then—so you couldn't take that—could you—oh, let's see—they want a girl anyway—would you like to work for your meals, Mr. Popinjay—here's a job at the Sigma Kidma house—you work four hours a day and get your breakfast absolutely free—oh, you're already working for your meals—well, then I'm afraid we haven't anything—we'll call you—"

—C. A. B.

Uh-huh . . .

Once there was a guy what came to college.

He had heard that studies didn't mean anything and that it was the contacts that count.—He walked around with his hand out and a smile al lover his face. He joined a fraternity and became a campus head. When graduated he had three pins on his vest and four charms on his watch chain. The pins were quite a bother because it took time to change them to different vests when he changed suits. Finally he went into business. Five years later he was walking the streets looking for a job.

Once there was a guy what came to college.

He had heard that if he stood in the highest ten of his class he would get a better job when he graduated. He ignored social life and buried himself in his books. He got good grades and made the honorary societies. He graduated with high honors. Finally he went into business. Five years later he was walking the streets looking for a job.

Once there was a guy what came to college.

He had heard that people came to college to learn. He started out in pursuit of knowledge and neglected to work for grade points. He was regarded as a freak. At the end of the second year it was proposed that his time might be better spent elsewhere. He left. Five years later newspapers reported that he had landed in Mexico in his airplane.

THE SORORITY SITUATION

(As JIM TULLY would see it)

By Franklin Porter

Sorority women are stuck up. They think they are the new elastic in the orchid step-ins of Life.

Sorority women are divided into two classes, and neither of them are worth anything, by God!

The cream of the women get into the Big Six; God help the skimmed milk. The Big Six is a bunch of onions in Life's vegetable wagon.

The Thetas all have deformed dental work . . . but they are a good enough gang if you are a cheap male biped whose only joy is in spending money.

The Delta Gammas are the Blond Beef Trust in the burlesque show of Life . . . but they are all right if you don't mind waiting for them to come down stairs.

The Kappas are so virginal they seem unreal . . . but oh how they eat. They are pocketbook wolves in sheeps' clothing along the Langdon street jungle.

The Pi Phis all have red hair. They are the carrots on the same vegetable stand as the rest of the Big Six.

The Alpha Phis have freckles. Their idea of success is six meals a day.

The rest of the sororities are out of luck. To them life is just a wet cigarette butt beside the cuspidor of existence.

Hell, we almost forgot them Gamma Phis. They're just another scored piston in the Lousy Six.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

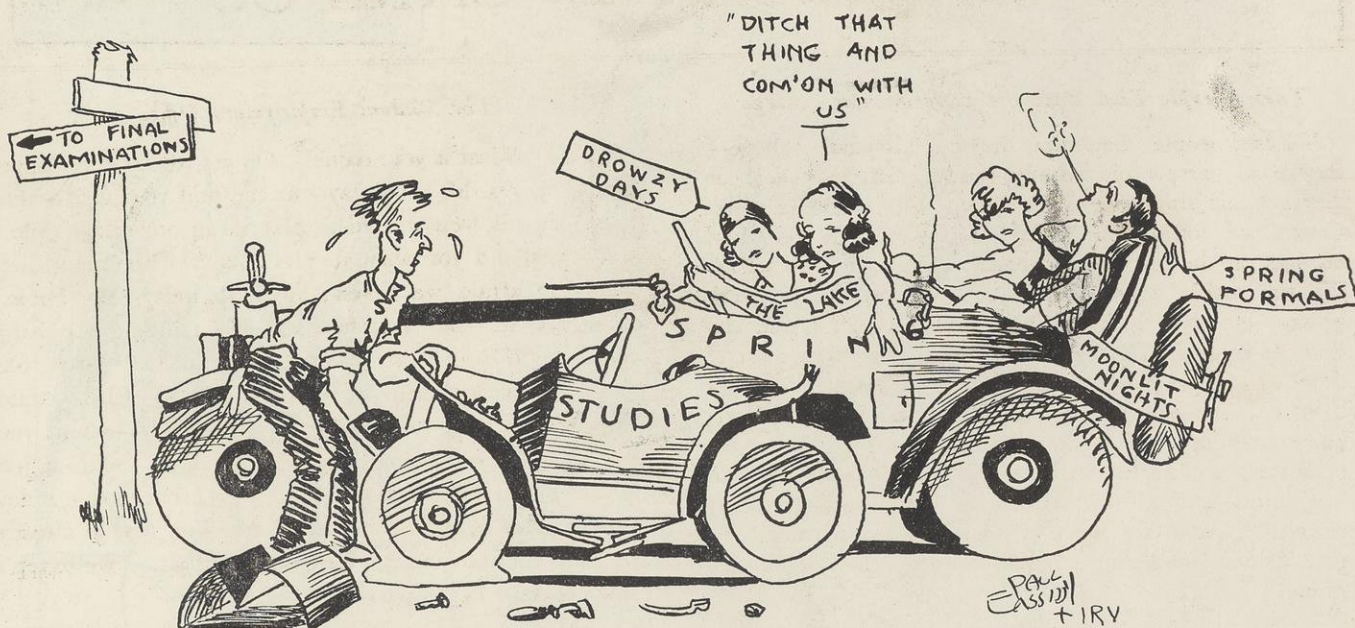
Sam Steinman
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Detour Ahead



Comic Strip

The man looked at her dark black hair, her deep blue eyes, saw the firm contour of her chin, the delicate rise and fall of her breasts as she stood quietly before him breathing softly; her high forehead and beautiful eyes inviting, delicately questioning.

The man twisted uncomfortably. "I'll take a chance," he muttered.

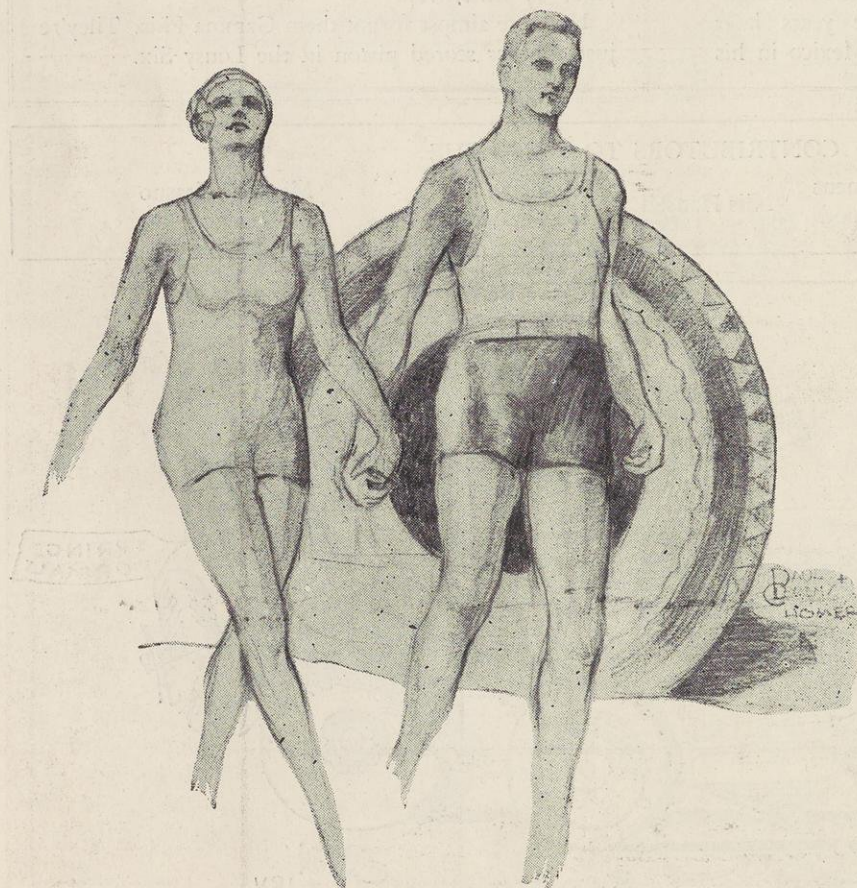
"But just think," she answered, and her voice was like a silver bell, "the chances are only three for 25¢ and the cause is so noble . . . the prevention of cruelty to bed-ridden bed bugs. . . ."



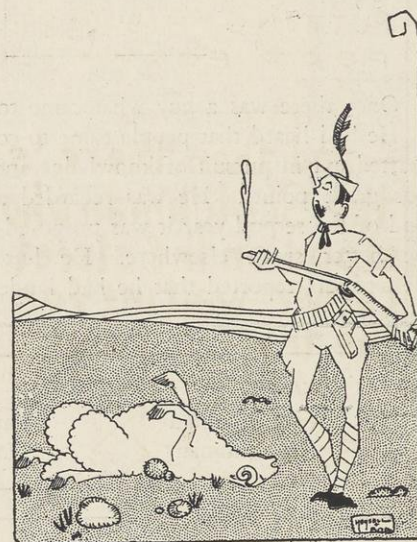
Here's One Chap Who Hit the Nail on the Head

When a girl is a baby she says "Goo! Goo!" with her mouth; when she grows up she says the same thing with her eyes.

*Two frivolous co-eds in Math
Arouse, I confess it, my wrath,
The brunette is pretty,
The blonde cute and witty,
But they keep my mind off its Math
path!*



The Redskins Are Coming!



Died in the Wool



"Well, what'll we three do now?"

KRALY KOLUMN



PUTTING HIS BEST
FOOT FORWARD

—and then there's
the Scotchman who
stood on the street
corner waiting for
the traffic change

RAY ROSE



SAM

SPRING PRACTICE

WISCONSIN ISN'T
FAMOUS FOR HER
HIGH GRADE EXAMS

IVR



GORDY

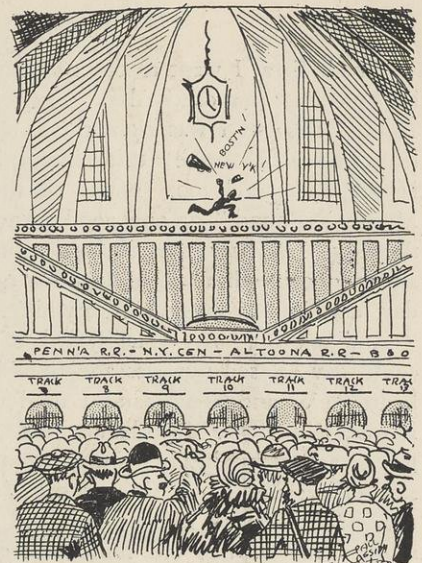
CUPID'S BOW + ARROW

SPRIG HADZ CUB

"It's getting to be spring", I wrote
Last weekend to my mother.
"I've bought one new white tennis
dress
And I'd like to have another.

"Please send my printed green chiffon.
It's really very warm and dry.
I'd like my yellow formal
And the dress with the purple tie."

But mother had seen springs before
Forty of them, I guess, or more.
So when I asked pink sweater suits
She sent slickers and rubber boots.



The Cheerleader Gets a Job After
Graduation



"Gosh, I would have to work just the afternoon when Bill Hart in
"The Western Killer" is at the Star."

The Squalkie

"Well, Ezra, I went to one of them new kind of moving pictures the other day. They are good all right. Land, I thought I was right there, it was so real, all the little sounds that make a thing interesting. Emmy thought it was real good too. Name of the picture was "The Merry-Go-Round," or one good turn deserves another, as they say. Anyhow, they showed a bunch of folks eating, and you could hear them lapping up the soup plain as day, and just as musical as anything.

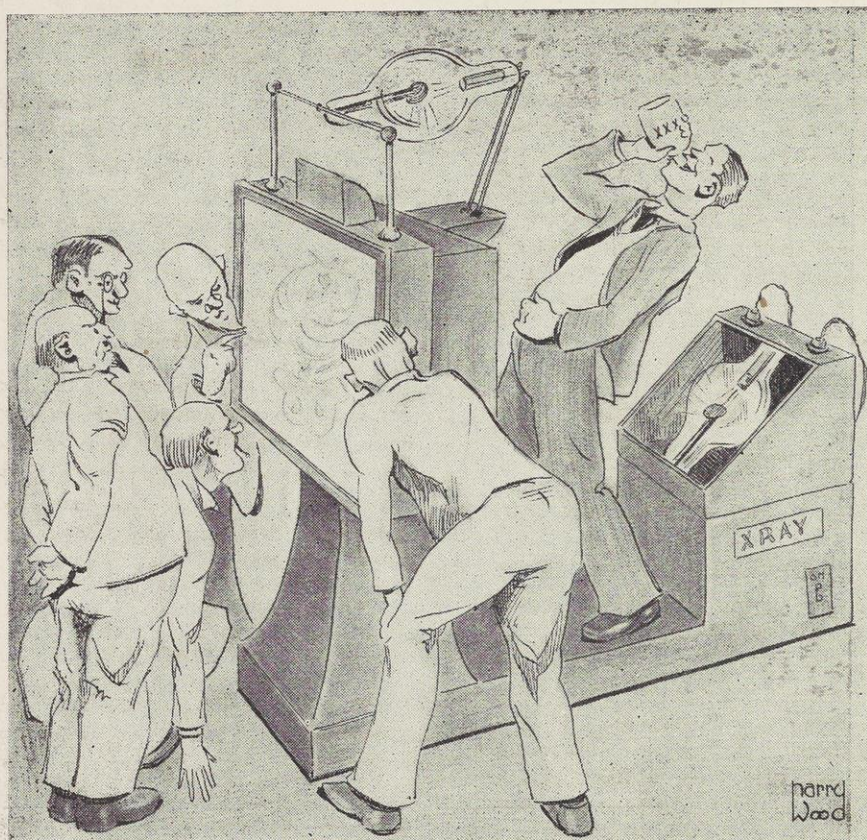
And snoring, say, you should of heard that, why I could have closed my eyes and been in the old southwest bedroom Si and Henry and I used to sleep in. Perfect it was, without no disturbance at all. Then there was a guy scratched his head, sounded right natural, like a buzz saw eating through a side of oak. They had a donkey too, he hee-hawed like a good old fashioned mule, reminded me of our old mule George Washington, that pop drove.

And every time anybody took a bath you could hear the water sloshing around. Emmy like to jump out of her seat though, every time the fellow shut his cigarette case. The worst though was when an old gentleman patted his daughter on the head; you couldn't hear yourself think for the noise it made, like a troop of soldiers goin' across a bridge. And when they shot off the pistols, I remembered Gettysburg plain.

What's that? Oh, why no, I didn't hear the voices much, but you could tell what they was doing all the time, just as real as anything."



"Go to hell, mister!"



Members of the American Medical Society Watch the Moon Go Down

NEW LINES TO AN OLD SONG

We are the Pi Phi's
The Pi Phi's are we
We pledge ourselves to simplicity.
We avoid vandals
To prevent scandals
We are the Pi Phi girls.

We are the Pi Phi's
At every dance
We always mind the chaperon's
"can't's"
We never give a freshman a chance
We are the Pi Phi girls.



A bootlegger's son is a son of a gun,
Of a forty-five caliber gat;
To show he's well bred, he can shoot
you all dead
With his water-cooled spatty-spat-spat.
He can make you all hop with the
poppy-pop-pop
Of his armor-plate Dusenburg ship,
But when he is broke, steer clear of
the bloke:—
He'll hi-jack the flask off your hip!



There has been a pretty good story going around about the Alpha Phi's and the Dekes. It seems, the Alpha Phi girls asked a number of Dekes to one of their parties last spring, and when it came time to go home, said Dekes were all over the house in various conditions of from numb to number. Strange to say, there haven't been so many dekes seen around there in the past year.



It has been rumored that the reason the Kappa Sig pledges took all afternoon to haul their runaway automobile out of the lake, was the fact that the Tri-Delt girls came to the top of the embankment and cheered them on.



Next fall there will be three new apartment buildings on Langdon Street: one at Wisconsin Avenue, one at Lake Street, and the Kappa house.



They tell about Coach Lowman on the southern trip with the base ball team. It seems at Columbia, Missouri there was a rather cute little red-haired waitress whom Coach tipped liberally in advance for some good service. Evidently she misinterpreted it, for Mr. Lowman was the object of some very personal and purposive attentions on her part.

By Sinus

Due to an altercation with the Beta Sigma Omicrons over the pier in front of their house, the malicious Theta Chis cleaned house, and dumped all their garbage on the poor girls' front lawn. As the sages say, what were the poor girls to do but pay to have it hauled away.



A Kappa Sig and his sweetie who lives in a rooming house near the Tri Delt house. A Kappa Sig just before retiring gives vent to a queer whistle each night which is answered by his sweetie who abides in a nearby rooming house. All went well until the Tri Delt girls who live in between the two lovers learned the whistle. Now one would think the Kappa Sig was in love with the whole Tri Delt chapter when he whistles.



Oh! Oh! Oh!

A campus record was shattered late one night just after spring vacation. Two men, prominent in activities, rose from their beds and, clad only in pajamas, proceeded to go for a little walk. Arriving at the foot of the campus, they disrobed and made the trip to the top clad "Au Naturelle". It was noted, however, that they did not try and sit in Lincoln's lap.

We have at length gotten under the skin of wild Bill Purnell. It seems that last year after the final performance of the Haresfoot show, Bill was sitting on the Parkway stage all alone. Someone came up behind him, and in a friendly way told him the show was wonderful.

"What the . . . ? || \$ % - & ' () || \$ % . Go on home you ' & - % \$ || % \$ - % & - & . " He turned around. His visitor was Glenn Frank.



Summer has come! A lemonade stand at the corner of Lake and Langdon has put up a bright new orange and green awning. Already it has been used as a parking place for couples. Yes, that's the honest truth!



A certain fraternity across from the Tri Delt recently sought the services of a very capable local high school pitcher for their baseball team. They were rather put out to find that Doc Meanwell's fraternity had already secured his services.



On the recent Band trip two men distinguished themselves by becoming violently sick on a chicken sandwich. All would have been well if the boys had not accidentally stumbled into Major Morphy's berth at their sickest moment.



"How do you like these new Chesterfield advertisements?....."

"All right... but they couldn't be as good as the cigarette itself!"



THEY'RE MILD
and yet **THEY SATISFY**

©1928, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

"Hell, brother, I can't drink."

"Aw why not?"

"Well, when I drink I get drunk, and when I get drunk I pass out, and when I pass out I don't know what I'm doing, and when I don't know what I'm doing I do things I shouldn't, and when I do things I shouldn't I'm not a nice girl, and when I'm not a nice girl nobody loves me."



Another Joke?

"What kind of a mark do you think John will make in the world?"

"Well, it's a question."



The reason some people wake up with the bed clothes wrapped around them is that they sleep like a top.

—Panther



Colored Man: Boss, de ladies has finally giv' in, ain't they?

White Man: Give in? How?

C. M.: Well, I just now seen a sign down the street that said: "Ladies Ready-to-Wear Clothes."

—Yellow Jacket



The new butcher song. "I never sausage a girl as you."

—Aggravator



"Who killed cock robin?"

"Me," said the sparrow. "Wid my little gat I shot him full of lead, and I'd do the same for any other high-hat bird dat comes nosin' around de south end of Chicago!"

—Harvard Lampoon

Maybe They Don't Like the Billboard Scenery

In California the Pickwick Bus Lines are running a specially built bus between Los Angeles and San Francisco with sleeping, dining, and lounging compartments in it. No hoboes have yet been caught trying to ride the rods on it.



"I hear the people in the next flat are real swells."

"Yes, today she told me that they had traced their family tree to way back when they lived in it."



Catalogue of Reasons Why Girls Get in After 10:30

"You see my watch stopped—"

"His watch wasn't running and mine was slow—"

"His watch stopped and I didn't have mine with me—"

"Neither of us had a watch—how was I to know?—"

"We ran out of gas—"

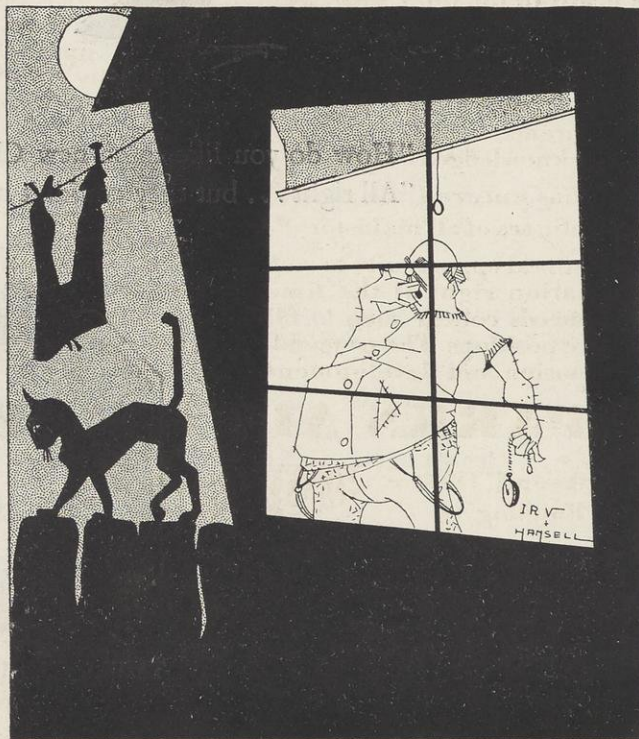
"It was raining and water got into the motor and stopped the car—"

"I forgot this was a ten-thirty night—"

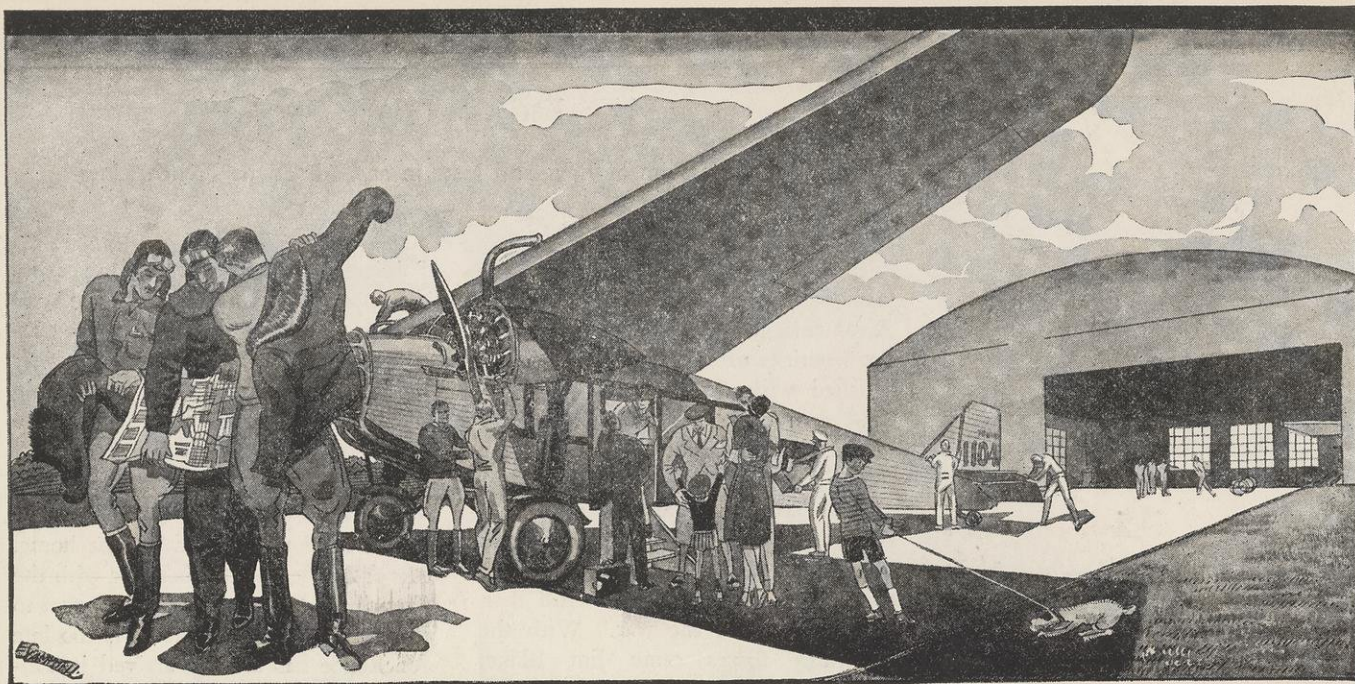
And the Madison girl—

"G'wan—I'm not under W. S. G. A. rules—"

—C. A. B.



The Janitor, Who Pulls Down the 234 Shades in the Library Every Saturday Night, Undresses for Bed



AN AIR CAREER

Offers You a Brilliant Future

Get Your Training at Parks This Summer

Parks Air College has 54 instructors, 11 buildings with a floor space of 60,000 square feet and a total investment of more than \$350,000.00

Flying has come down to business. Its development is seen in the beacons of light tracing the night sky. It is heard in the busy hum of airplane factories. It is measured in the magnitude of investments. It is recognized by life and accident insurance companies. It is officially acknowledged by Congress.

"Man has entered the most dramatic era of all his history"

There's a real opportunity to step into aviation right at the time when it needs college men to fill executive positions. The tremendous expansion and development



program now under way has created an unprecedented demand for high calibre men. It is the kind of future you can get enthusiastic about—a real opportunity to show your ability in a thriving, young industry where recognition is immediate.

By all means, get your air training now — this summer. Come to the largest air college in the United States, and get the thorough training that only Parks Air College can give you with its corps of highly experienced classroom and flying instructors and its latest type airplanes and equipment.

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324-P Missouri Theatre Building



ST. LOUIS, MO.

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"THE DOGS OF WAR"

A Gripping Film of Love and Hate in and About the French Lines

By Sam Steinman

Children were playing in the villages of France in the spring of 1914. A romantic people were going through the routine of a peaceful existence satisfied with the goodness of God. And then came the shot of Sarejevo on June 14, the shot heard round the world.

Three years of war and desolation replaced prosperity. Loved ones went off to fight and never returned. The countryside was depleted. And then America entered the war. With the American forces came Jim Blake, dashing young buck, the heir to millions but a lover of dangerous situations. We meet him in his baptism to fire; he is valorous and sure enough he captures 39 of the enemy singlehanded. He becomes a captain.

Then he meets Renée, the homeless French girl, who makes a living off the army by dint of her efforts to sell cognac. It is a case of love at first sight. (He forgets about his wife and children in the United States.) That night he meets her by appointment on the old hay stack. There we hear the theme song, "Mon Americain, Je T'Aime." While they sit there doing all the latest holds, including the Scandinavian, the rumble of cannons from afar is heard (good sound effect).



The general rounds up all the forces. He tells them the big push is on. The enemy must be repulsed.

Soldiers begin to march from every direction; trucks move along the road raising clouds of dust; and heavy artillery seems to be coming from every direction. The allies are on the big offensive to end the strife. And so they leave and many a French girl finds herself left with little more than a broken heart.

Jim is wounded and is sent home. His father learns of his affair with the French girl and goes to France to try to buy her off. But he is too late for Renee has already arrived in Hoboken. The old aristocrat is not nonplussed, however, for he takes two lessons in flying and then makes a westward non-stop flight across the



ocean to reach the hospital in time to kick the sweet little French kid out on her ear.

To console the little French sweetheart he offers her a large sum of money but she spurns it. He tells her that if she weds his son he will disinherit Jim. So she takes the \$50,000.

Heartbroken, she seats herself on a nearby bench (about a mile or so away) and begins to sing, "Mon Americain, Je T'Aimee" softly. Jim, in the hospital, hears it, becomes invigorated, springs out of bed, finds her, and they kiss. Papa disinherits Jim, but Renee gives her sweetheart the \$50,000 and they go to a night club to spend it.

Say what you will, but aviators are quite often above the average.

STATE AT
FAIRCHILD

Kessenich's

STATE AT
FAIRCHILD

No Elastic Checkbook Needed To Fit These Frocks In A Nomal Allowance

"Very chic, madmoiselle—and only \$115". They look almost that good but are only \$13.50, and \$15 and \$19.50. Our buyer went to New York with these instructions. "Buy the smartest—but buy them right". We invite you to come in and eat a little of this pudding to establish the proof thereof. For instance, you can buy any of the following for only

\$19.50

Colorful ensemble of silk crepe dress and printed cotton jacket—a real "best seller" for summer.

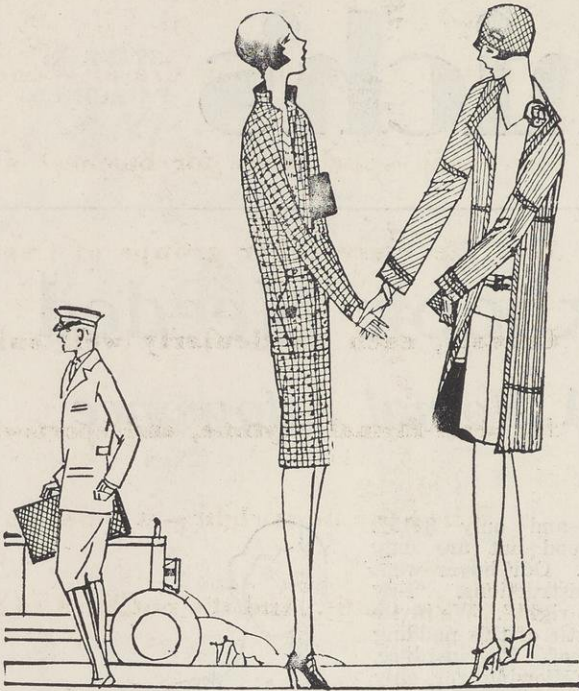
Tub silk summer dresses in printed Yo San, silk pique, and Shantungs—they tell us in New York, there's nothing smarter.

Printed silk crepes in colorful summer patterns and with all the new little "dressmaker" doo dads to perk them up.

But if \$19.50 stretches your pin money too far, don't give up. There's real fashion and quality in the lower priced dress groups at Kessenich's. You can look like Fifth Ave. this year for only

\$13.50 or \$15





The Urge To "Get Away"

Vacation thoughts just won't stay out of our minds these days. . . Already our feet are climbing mountains, we are lounging beside cool lakes, or camping wherever our fancy takes us.

Suddenly the wander urge gets the best of us and then clothes.

" ", interrupt feminine voices.

"Clothes first say we, for it is because vacation clothes are so gay, becoming and chic that we are doubly anxious to be off".

And the Stewart Smart Shop right now is filled to over flowing with sun-shiny

New Vacation Frocks

\$15 to \$25

Stewart Smart Shop

227 State St.

A Double Date

"I'm having a date tonight, Frank."

"Oh, is that so, you didn't consult me about it!"

"Well, I guess I should have told you. But you'll be a good sport about it, won't you?"

"Yeah, sure, but it's no fun for me, Jim, and you know it."

"That's right, but then, you have dates too, that makes it even."

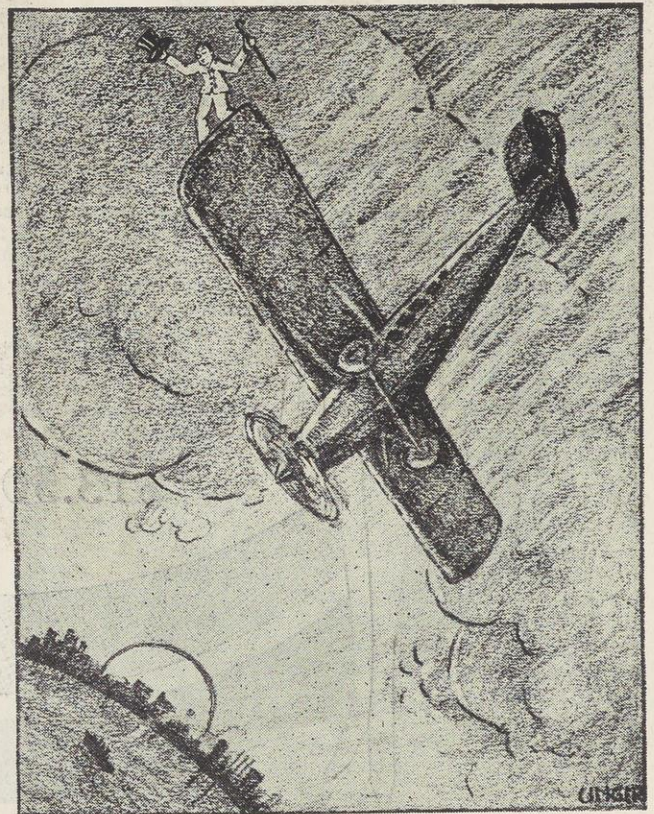
"No it doesn't, you're always taking some jane out, and I only date about once a month. If you'd only leave the women alone, we could have some fun together once in a while. We used to go to the show and things like that."

"Well, Frank, I'm sorry, I just can't help it, Ruth is a swell girl. I'll admit it isn't like the old days when we were real pals, though. It makes me feel kind of sad. Damn it though, that's what we get for being Siamese twins."

"Sailors are inconsistent."

"Howzatt?"

"They're always pulling for the shore."



*The Confirmed Sonambulist Takes an Overnight
Air Trip*

Where did you get that— yes, he means the tie. ■ ■ ■ We like to

infer that it's a Cheney Cravat — one of

the group appropriate for business wear.

And there are other groups of Cheney

Cravats, each particularly well suited

for semi-formal daytime, and sportswear.

When the tie is right — it tones up the

rest of the outfit. And it's not hard to find

the right Cheney Cravat.

There is a Cheney label in every one.



**CHENEY
CRAVATS**

MADE BY CHENEY BROTHERS



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Genuine
Panamas

For your protection
Look for our
Trade Mark



Registered
U. S. Patent Office

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panama hats for all occasions. Buy
a "Supernatural" Genuine Panama,
famed for style, color, and soft
finish. Unmatched for the comfort
and long wear it will give you.

Good Stores Sell These Hats With Pride

ECUADORIAN PANAMA HAT COMPANY
297-303 Mercer Street New York City

"Lissen-niggah, just 'cause you all washes windows,
don't think you'se so high up."

"Lissen, black boy, just 'cause you'se always in the
cellar, don't think you'se the salt of the earth."

"What's the capital in England?"

"E, of course, acme another." Get the hook, Grimes.

Waiter: Have you given your order?

Diner: Yes, but I'm hungry enough now so you can
make it two.

Inventory of Recent Popular Songs

1. Numerous moons—from Hawaii to Carolina.
2. Baby dolls; one glad rag doll.
3. Hot lips.
4. Countless nights—lonely, moonlight, etc.
5. Turned down lovers.
6. One box of souvenirs.
7. Broken hearts.
8. One Southland—always sunny.
9. Skies—blue and gray.
10. Eyes—every color.

—C. A. B.



"Are you wise to a good thing,
Mabel?"

"Sure, I've been around. I prefer
a Life Saver to anything else."

"Oh, I see, you always reach for a
Life Saver instead of a fleet."

Cecil B. De Mille meets David O'Neil (Eugene's brother)

Howdy old man. How are you?

"Tol'able, David." Just Tol'able.

"Is Zat So?" Well, well; that's good Cece—By the
way "What happened to Jones", remember him?

"Way Down East", the last I'd heard. Sort of . . .
er . . . er . . . "The Wedding March".

No! "Emperor Jones" married! "Vanities"! What
they won't lead a man to. Oh the "follies" of our sex!
What's his wife's name? "Chickie," or "Rose Marie," or
"Rosalie," or "Rio Rita," I suppose.

No; let me think . . . It was "Sadie Thompson," or
"Ramona," I think.

Well, I guess I have "the last laugh." He's carrying
"White Cargo," now.

"Love and Learn" is a good motto. She must have had
"It" to catch old Jones. . . .

(Both together. "Look, There's Jones now!")

And would you look what he's carrying with him, "The
Doctor's secret", "Sunny Boy".

So, this is "What happened to Jones!" Ah, me.
"Adoration." . . . "The Poor Nut!" . . . Bah!



PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

IT'S REALLY A SHAME TO INTERRUPT THE PROFESSOR'S CHASE OF THE DIURNAL LEPIDOPTERA AND TURN THE BULL ON HIM. BUT YOU HAVE TO BLAME THE ARTIST FOR THAT.

Obviously few of us have the chance—or temerity—to make matadors out of ourselves. But even in the normal course of human events, there's nothing so welcome as a refreshing pause. Happily there's a soda fountain or refreshment stand—with plenty of ice-cold Coca-Cola ready—around the corner from anywhere. With its delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, it makes a little minute long enough for a big rest.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



All the world's a campus

It may appear a vast jungle of smoke-stacks and buildings, blind alleys and not very definite possibilities.

But there are those who say it is as interesting, as colorful, as alive as any college campus. And why shouldn't it be? The world, too, needs men who are

leaders of men. Men who can do new things. Men who can make new records.

In the world's forward-looking industries, a man's horizon is bounded neither by college walls nor by any other walls.

At Western Electric, the student with the inquiring mind may carry his studies beyond the frontiers of knowledge. The man of action has an ever-broadening field of endeavor. To the ultimate scope of any one's activities there are few limits save one's will and ability to do.



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Smart Transparent Velvet and Chiffon Combinations
Exquisite Chiffons and Laces
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Velvet Coats

In All Sizes \$9.75, \$15, and \$25.00

BONNIE FROCKS

"How does Caroline kiss?"
"Have you ever tried to play a tuba?"

—Columns

Gail: You say you were almost drowned in Italy?
Gob: Yeah, I got in a street fight in Venice.

—Ghost

The very latest thing in cribbing is exemplified by the student who took a five dollar bill to a Money and Banking exam.

—Tiger

There is nothing more pathetic than a horse-fly on a radiator.

—Florida Blue Gator

PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS

Scotchmen! Attention!

Planters Salted Peanuts are known as "The Nickel Lunch." If a friend invites himself to lunch—but why explain? You get the idea.

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"The Nickel Lunch"

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COMPANY
U.S.A. and Canada



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Now for rooms for Commencement
guests.*

IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS

AND the large number of college men who have pledged their allegiance to Pioneer Suspenders testify to that.

For the fraternity of good dressers knows that suspenders are necessary adjuncts to the correct hang of the trousers. And every college man who prides himself on the nicety of his attire agrees.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS • PIONEER BELTS
BRIGHTON GARTERS

PIONEER
America's word for
SUSPENDERS



Frail and Weak

Now, I ask you, as man to man, what's all this fuss about lovin' an' neckin' an' women? Why, heck, I say that a sack of flour is just as soft an' yieldin' in your arms, besides bein' a lot more useful.

An' what's this kissin'? Tain't anythin' but nothin' divided by two, which is nothin'—an' such noises—'s got soup whistlin' beat forty ways.

Men are fools, I tell ya, ta let tha hussies get away with what they do. Say, who do ya s'pose invented all these clinches that ya see in the rasslin' matches out along the drive? There don't need ta be any guess-work in that—cause if it wasn't Eve it was Lilith.

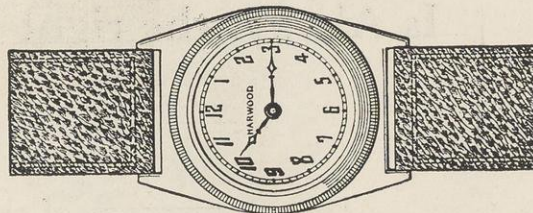
An' there ain't been nothin' lost in that there get-your-man-technique. They drag ya out on a summer night that might be better spent playin' pool or doin' somethin' else useful, an' get ya all steamed up with their sniffin' "isn't it bee-ootiful" when a fella can't see nothin' but an old phosphorescent pill-box floatin' in some dirty clouds. No siree, women ain't ever been anythin' but se-doozers an' I'm through, beeleeve me.

No more a' this gushin' over some little . . . My Gawd, pipe tha frail comin' toward us—a blond baby too—an' what a face—Huh? ya say ya know 'er? Introduce me brother, introduce me.

\$55 Self-Winding Watch

To the Undergraduate who
sends us the best advertising
headline for this remarkable
new watch

FREE!



EVERYBODY is talking about this new watch that winds itself. Nothing in recent years has created more widespread interest! A watch without a stem! You never have to wind it! *Perpetual motion*, as long as you wear it! And, in addition, a more dependable time-piece than the old stem-winder!

Read what the New York Herald-Tribune said about the Harwood Perpetual Self-Winding Watch. Then write a headline for an advertisement featuring this watch. Remember that the ideal headline tells what the product means to the user.

Make the headline not more than ten words long. If you so desire, you may also write a sub-head of not over 20 words.

The undergraduate of this college who sends us the best headline will receive a \$55 watch free. See the watch to be awarded to the winner, on display in the office of this publication or at your nearby jeweler.

Our Advertising Agency,—Cowan, Davis & Dengler, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York—will judge the headlines. You not only have a chance to win this watch, but if you have a flair for advertising, you may be able to get a job by showing what you can do in expressing one of the biggest ideas of this generation in a fresh, crisp and interest-commanding manner.

Send your headline to the address below before June 25, 1929. Enclose your name, class, college and home address.

PERPETUAL
SELF-WINDING WATCH CORP.

10 West 47th Street, New York

Wrist Watch That Winds Itself Latest Timepiece

\$800,000 Company Formed to Market Englishman's Invention

A self-winding wrist watch is about to be placed on the market by a company which has just been formed with a cash capital of \$800,000, it was announced yesterday by William L. Royall, one of the directors of the company, and supervisor of the New York Life Insurance Company.

The principle of the watch is simple, the essential device being a weighted segment pivoted in the center of the watch which, swinging with the natural movement of the arm, moves a gear connecting with the mainspring. A friction spring exerts a pressure which discontinues the action when the mainspring is fully wound.

It is said that overwinding of the watch is impossible, as the mainspring is always under equal tension, a fact that obviates mainspring breakages and makes for accuracy in timekeeping. Moreover, since there is no winding stem, the case is practically airtight and resists the entry of dust and moisture. To set the hands, all that is necessary is to turn the outside circular rim.

The watch will run, it is said, for at least thirty hours after being worn for three or four hours on the wrist.

The inventor, John Harwood, an English watchmaker, has disposed of the American sales rights to the company, which is to be known as the Perpetual Self-Winding Watch Corporation. Mr. Royall is president of the board of directors. Edward R. Tinker, former president of the Chase Securities Corporation; Oscar R. Ewing, partner in the law firm of Hughes, Schurmann & Dwight; Harry F. Sinclair, Paul Zwilling, H. Jeffries, Mason Day, vice-president of the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation, and George N. Armsby, vice-president of Blair & Co. Among the stockholders are Walter F. Chrysler, L. Gimbel Jr., and Ira Nelson Morris.

Reprinted from
New York Herald Tribune
April 17, 1929

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There was a young man from Squaw Holla
By a mule he saw lying a dolla
He leaned over, the fool, bumped into the mule,
And the mule kicked him on his tra la la

—Lord Jeff



"Conductor! Help me off the train?"

"Sure."

"You see, I'm stout and I have to get off the train
backwards, the porter thinks I'm getting on and gives me
a shove on again, I'm five stations past my destination
now."

—Brown Jug



Impatient Customer: Can't you wait on me? Two
pounds of liver. I'm in a hurry.

Butcher: Sorry, Madam, but two or three are ahead of
you. You surely don't want your liver out of order.

—Malteaser

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a complete selection
of book ends
in a wide range
of prices
including
handwork in
leather, soapstone
bronze, brass,
iron and pewter.

Evil to him who evil thinks:

"Father, some one stole the car, but I saved the cushion
from the back seat!"

—Royal Gaboon

Travelog

He was touring Europe,
She was safe at home,
He wrote a letter to her
When he arrived at Rome.
"I enjoyed Florence greatly,
Be home soon, love from Will."
She quickly cabled back to him,
"Keep Florence, I love Bill."

—Ames Green Gander

Bridge Friend: What honors did you have, simple?
She: Say, you're not so brilliant either.

—Widow

She's only a ditch-digger's daughter, but I'm going to
sewer.

—Columns

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Value Fashions are Directing
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Gift Shop**

Upstairs at 416 State

The Maiden's Prayer

Please, dear Lord, help me to be
half as popular as the dog that ran
through our lecture room this morn-
ing.

—*Illinois Siren*



"Boy, she was so fat that I never
knew what wrinkle she was going to
open to talk."

—*Annapolis Log*



Man: What have you got for din-
ner?

Waiter: "Roastbeeffricaseedchicken-
stewe dlam bhashbakedandfried potatoes
puddingmilkteaandcoffee."

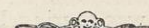
Man: Bring me the third, fourth,
sixth, eighteenth and nineteenth syl-
lables.

—*Desert Wolf*

Maggie: Was your old man in
comfortable circumstances when he
died?

Jennie: I hae me doots. E'e was
'arf ender a train.

—*Kitty-Kat*



A pupil was having trouble with
punctuation and was being called
down by the teacher.

"Never mind, sonny," said the vis-
iting school board president, "it's fool-
ish to bother about commas. They
don't amount to much anyway."

"Don't they?" replied the teacher,
turning to the president. Then call-
ing to one of her pupils she ordered
the boy to write on the board this
sentence:

"The president of the board says
the teacher is a fool."

"Now," she continued, "put a
comma after 'board' and another after
'teacher'."

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—We can then submit anything you may desire while away from Madison in your correct size.

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Miss Rae Quale

*If Doctor Jones could see the notes
Taken in his classes
It's sure he'd think the college youths
All were young jackasses.*

*"McPherson was the first of those . . .
A stable sheltered Keats . . .
And that's the way Napoleon rose . . .
The growth of sugar beets. . . .*

*Here's English topic number six . . .
Es libro de Galdós . . .
She said the car he drove was Dick's
S'ist ein fraulein gross'. . . .*

*Je desire place du wagon-lit . . .
And then Napoleon rose . . .
The progress of the sugar beet . . .
McPherson began those. . . .*

*If Dr. Jones could see the notes
Taken in his classes
I'm sure he'd think the college youths
All were young jackasses.*

*Every time
I go to the Orph
It is with a man
Every time
I go to the Orph
It is dirtier than it was before
Every time
I go to the Orph
I say to myself never again
And every time
I go to the Orph.*

—Penthesilea

*There was a little girly named Lore
The fast men were all she'd adore,
With an Alpha Chi Rho
Her ride was too slow,
So he said, "I'll walk back, you big
bore!"*

"Could an Indian with a suppressed desire be called a
handkerchief?"

—Voo Doo



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Pewter

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Liberal Trade Allowance

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whether you buy or sell.

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Man (at the Library): Could you put me down for Edith Wharton's *Children*?

Librarian: Alright, if you want to take all the responsibility.

—Skipper

The next number by the Doleful Duo will be that leery little lyric entitled: "She Tried to Wash the Baby in Lux, but He Shrank from It." Red lights denote exits.

—Punch Bowl

Cannabeau: Why didn't you serve that Methodist baby for dinner?

Cannabelle: Oh, it just isn't done.

—Sniper

Keeper: Have you any last request to make?

Prisoner: I'd like to be hanged with a new rope.

Keeper: But the old rope is—

Prisoner: I know it. But the last prisoner you hanged had a boil on his neck, and I'm taking no chances.

—Yale Record

Indian Donation

I freely gave you my heart—a gift,
Content to let you have it;
It was your heart, then.
And just as freely I take it back,
Not asking your permission;
Now it's mine again.

First Little Boy: Let's play college.
Second Ditto: All right, I'll get our sofa.

—Pup



A Red Letter Day

the day he got his RIDER MASTERPEN! That Guiltiest Feeling When His Pen Used to Run Dry in the Middle of a Lecture Was No More. For RIDER'S MASTERPEN Holds Eight to Ten Times More Ink Than the Ordinary Pen. Its Other Remarkable Features You Will Learn When You Use It. Get It Today—Your Red Letter Day!

Rider's Pen Shop

650 State St.

Bell boy (paging in Hollywood hotel): Anita Page! Anita Page!

Uncle Silas (bless his heart!): Here, you can have a page out of my notebook if that'll help any.



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SPORTWEAR

And the Co-op can show you the newest. . . Because we know the demand of the University student through our constant contact with them.

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Knickers priced from

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AND UP

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Golf hose priced from

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AND UP

Buy them on your Co-op number.

THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

STATE AND LAKE

About Them

Customer: Chocolate, egg, malted milk, whipped cream, and two scoops of ice cream. Beat one up and let the other float.

Clerk: Yes, sir. Can you come in for a trial fit next Wednesday?

—Widow

"Hey, is this the S. A. E. House?"

"Yes."

"Well, come down and pick out the S. A. E.'s, so the rest of us can go home.

—Voo Doo

Little Boy (to father who had just returned from the hospital after operation for appendicitis).

"Well, where's the baby?"

—Frivol.

We like to know little intimate details about great men—but when the New York Times Book Review prints an article entitled, "Tolstoy as His Wife Saw Him," we think that is going a little too far.

—West Point Pointer

"Who are you?"

"Fatima."

"Good; I'm a cigarette holder."

—Purple Parrot

He: What did the French rooster say to the hen?

She: "Hell, that'll be an *oeuf* out of you!"

—Ranger

Where there is a Still, there is a Sway.

—Black and Blue Jay

A fraternity house is a place where all the brothers smoke that popular cigar—"Last One I Got."

—Sun Dial

Announcing a PRIZE NOVEL CONTEST

I AM asked to write fifty words for this space announcing our Campus Novel Contest. Well, here goes a Day Letter:

Dear Collegians This Is to Advise You to Alter All Vacation Plans and Begin That Novel About Your Generation You Have Always Wanted to Write Stop Our Contest Is Unique No Professionals Allowed Stop Steal Typewriters and Go into a Huddle with Yourselves You Can Underlined Win
—The Editor

RULES OF THE CONTEST:

Candidates must be enrolled in an American college as undergraduates, or graduates of not more than one year. Because we want a story about youth, we have chosen as your title: "I Lived This Story." It may be a novel of college life or college people in other environments, or your personal story.

The sum of \$3,000 will be paid to the winner for the right to serialize the story in COLLEGE HUMOR, and to publish it in book form, and will be in addition to all royalties accruing from book publication. Motion picture and dramatic rights will remain with the author.

We reserve the right to publish in serial and book form, according to the usual terms, any of the novels submitted, in addition to the prize winning serial.

The contest will be judged by the editors of COLLEGE HUMOR and DOUBLEDAY, DORAN AND COMPANY. Manuscripts rejected from the contest will be returned immediately.

Typed manuscripts of 75,000 to 100,000 words (the ideal length being 80,000) should be sent with return postage, your name and address to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, College Humor, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., or to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y.

The closing date of the contest is midnight, October 15, 1929.

By

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Is your dad forced to compete
with the State?

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M. H. LEVENICK

Good food, properly cooked and served.

"Is he strictly Jewish?"

"Is he? Why, he's so Jewish he takes the pigs out of
animal crackers."

—Purple Parrot



The Lad: Hey!

The Lass: My name ain't Hay, an' don't try to make
me while the sun shines.

—Michigan Gargoyle



Oh! Oh!

X: Is that man your father, by any chance?

XX: No, I understand that he was fully aware of the
consequences.

—Columns



Just a Linoleum Cut

"Mrs. Jones is suing the doctor who removed Mr. Jones'
appendix."

"What for?"

"For opening her male."

—Pointer



Pike Powers (who called around to see if his frater-
nity brother had recovered from a wild night): Is J. Co-
chran up yet?

Housemother: Yes, he got up, drank his bath, and
went back to bed.

—Mugwump

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ACCESSORIES

MORGAN BROS.

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By Cracky!

Poor old Hiram. He went up to New York determined to make his fortune pulling some skin games on innocent strangers. However, the first fellow he tried to sell the Brooklyn Bridge to, turned out to be the owner of the darn thing, and if Hi hadn't paid him ten dollars to keep quiet the man would have had him arrested.—*Brown Jug*
—Stanford Chaparral



"Say, is your dog clever?"

"Clever! I should say so. When I say, 'Are you coming or aren't you?' he comes or he doesn't."

—Lampoon



Tough Kid: Me old man was born in a log cabin full-a chinks.

Ditt: Thass nuthin': me old man was born in a tenement full of Wops.

—Flamingo



"Does my daughter's practicing bother you much?"

"No, but tell me, why doesn't she take her mittens off?"

—Pitt Panther



The Sneak

"I'm not going to play with Jimmie any more."

"What's the matter? I thought you liked Jimmie."

"I did, Mom, but he kicked me in the stomach when my back was turned."

—Puppet



"What's jungle love?"

"That's just where a couple merely monkeys around."

—Kitty Kat



3/c: When do you do your hardest work?

4/c: Before breakfast, sir.

3/c: What do you do?

4/c: Try to get out of bed.

—Log

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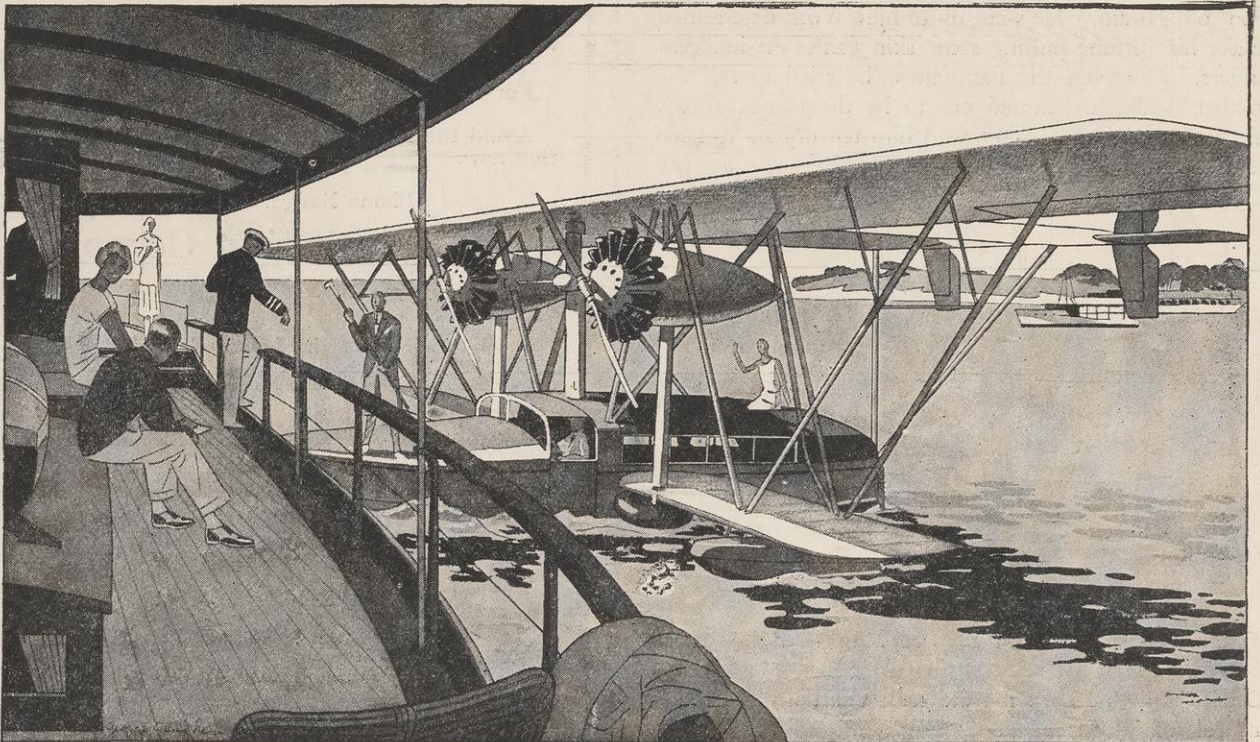
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