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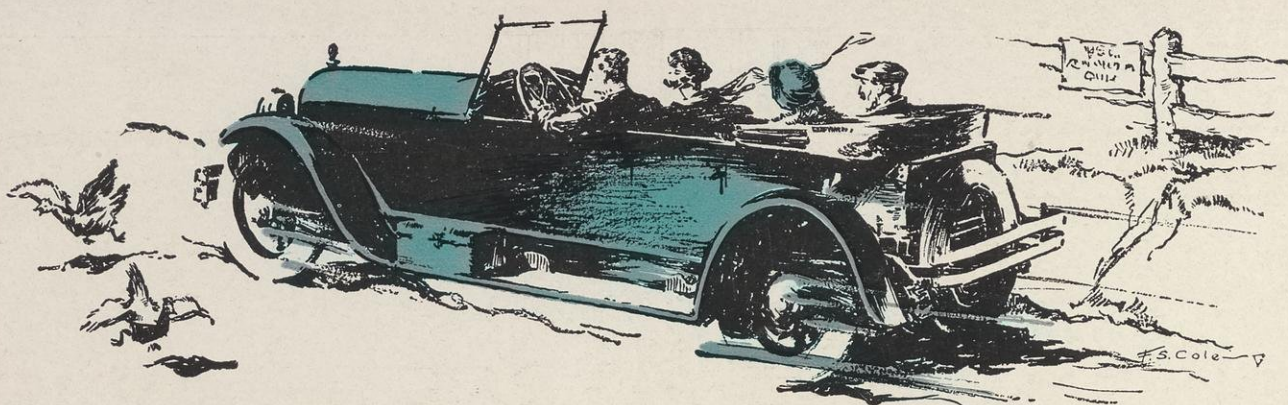
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Octopus



Mueller

Sunfish



—and then the Blue Boy

WHEN the last dull guest has gone to bed on a night so light that none can see a star, and winter seems the only time for sleep—

Choose for your companion someone to whom the world is always new.

Then the Blue Boy—in Blue Devil Blue.

Step on her boy, and lightly leave the city pavements for the twilight roads.

Desert the town with its fugitive yellow glows and just go and go—as free as the corner of the scarlet veil, wind-tossed against the evening sky

No road guide for the play-mates of the Blue Boy.

Five roads and turn to the right. Five roads and turn to the left.

You won't have to worry about the luggage. There's a wonderful trunk at the rear, carrying everything you could wish or want.

The wheelbase has been lengthened for lowness—cushions hug the floor.

The top fits like a swanky sport hat—and all is slender—'cept the tires—they are fat.

Deliveries now—in limited numbers.

To the men and women of the leading colleges who expect to enter business, the Jordan Company is making an unusual proposition. A card, addressed to the sales department will bring complete information.

JORDAN
JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

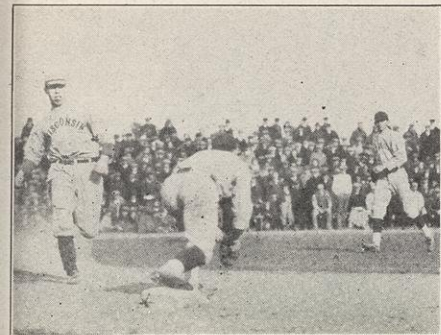
Track

- Apr. 21, Kansas Relays at Lawrence
 21, Beloit at Madison
 21, Drake Relays at Des Moines, Ia.
 28, Penn Relays at Philadelphia, Pa.
- May 5, Chicago at Chicago
 12, Minnesota at Madison
 19, Illinois at Urbana
- June 2, Conference at Ann Arbor
 16, National Collegiate meet at Chicago

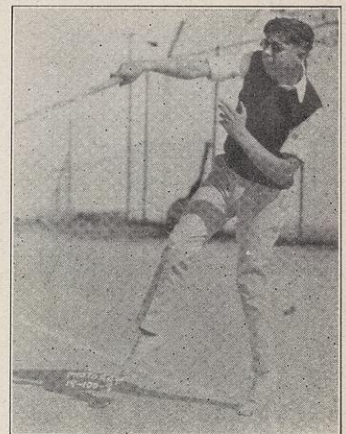


Baseball

- Apr. 3, Beloit at Madison
 5, Armour Inst. at Chicago
 6-7, Miss. U. at Oxford, Minn.
 9-10, Miss. A. & M. at Starksville
 11-12, Alabama T at Tuscaloosa
 13-14, Miss. Col. at Clinton
 20-21, Indiana at Madison
 27, Chicago at Chicago
 28, Michigan at Ann Arbor
 30, Notre Dame at South Bend
- May 5, Illinois at Madison
 9, Notre Dame at Madison
 12, Minnesota at Madison
 15, Northwestern at Madison
 25, Chicago at Madison
 26, Minnesota at Minneapolis
 29, Butler Col. at Madison
- June 2, Michigan at Madison



Varsity Spring Schedule



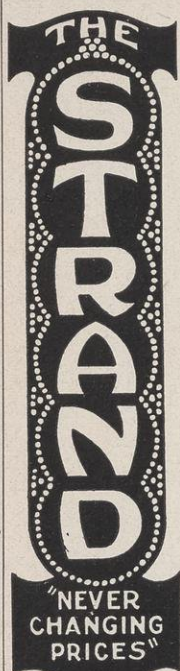
CREW

- May 26, Manitoba and St. Johns
 on Lake Mendota

TENNIS

- Apr. 28, Iowa at Madison
 May 4, Minnesota at Madison
 12, Northwestern at Madison
 14, Michigan at Ann Arbor
 19, Chicago at Madison





Wednesday to Saturday
April 18--21

Charles Ray
in
"THE GIRL
I LOVED"

By James Whitcomb Riley

The Greatest Screen Character-
ization in Ray's Entire Career.

Admission--Adults 22c and Tax
Mats--2 and 3:30--Nights 7 to 11
Continuous Sat. and Sun. 1 to 11

Next Week--Richard Barthelmess
and Dorothy Gish in
"THE BRIGHT SHAWL"

You'll be sorry—

if you don't get busy and take Kodak pictures of about
everything that's takeable from now till June 18th.
These times will never come again—

but when you're old you can trot out these very Kodak
pictures and live it all over again—and Ponce de Leon
and his fountain of youth will be vindicated. You'll be
young all over once more and the pictures you take now
will have done it.



WM. J. MEYER, PRESIDENT

Photo Finishers to His (and Her) Majesty
the University Student

Drink!

He wondered what he was to do with her, as she
lay quietly in his arms. It had come upon her sud-
denly, this drink-habit. Now she demanded it con-
stantly, day and night, morning and afternoon.
Talking to her had not broken of it; it required more
desperate measures.

Should he send her away to some school where
the discipline was strong and careful surveillance
kept? He hated to do it; she was so dear to him,
with her pretty ways. Should he beat her? The
idea repelled him. But something had to be done.

Then her flower-like lips opened and she breathed:
"C'mon, Dad, tell me the rest about the three bears,
and then I'll go to sleep without asking for another
drink of water."

And, looking at his infant daughter, he knew that
he could cure her by love, and that there was nothing
to fear.



Wednesday Nights

The drive was most deserted,
It almost was, I mean,
At the time when all was darkness,
And the most things could be seen.

They had sat a long time wordless,
With a space between them, when,
In the midst of all the silence,
The clock struck ten.

The old moon saw a close up,
'Twas as it should have been,
A long time before they heard,
The clock strike ten.

Old Mister Moon gets weary,
Of the ways of maids and men,
So he took a nap behind a cloud
Till the clock struck again.

* * * *

This was submitted to me,
As submitted to you,
And with the clock striking,
I struck too!

—Ye Editor.



The World's Shortest Conversation

Him: Hmmmm?
Her: Um hmmm.
Both: Mmmmmmmmm!



Wise men meditate; only fools are certain.
Are you sure?
I'm positive.

Egotist

I is all,
All am me;
Whoever are us
Is we.

—Jade.



Witness (in Police Court): I swear to tell the truth, the royal truth, and nothing like the truth.
—Tid-Bits (London).



Natural Mistake

Algy: What do you mean by telling Joan that I'm a fool?

Percy: Heavens, I'm sorry! I didn't know it was a secret.

—Siren.



Hebrew: "Any old rags today?"

Henry: "No, my wife is away in the country."

Hebrew: "Ah, an old bottles?"



Well, Why?

The clock struck eight, nine, and then nine-thirty. Still the new maid did not get up. Reluctantly the mistress went to the foot of the stairs.

"Mary," she called, "are you awake?"

"Yes," answered the maid, "why?"

—American Legion Weekly.



Websterian

"What is a waffle?"

"A waffle is a pancake with cleats."

—Chaparral.



Front!

Agitated Hotel Manager: Say, don't you know that you shouldn't whistle in the lobby like that?

Bell Boy: Boss, I ain't whistlin'. I'se pagin' Missus Jones' dawg."

—Life.

The NEW TIES are FOULARDS
in bright patterns, bows as well as fourinhands.

We have both

BAILLIE O'CONNELL & MEYER
QUALITY  SERVICE

23 EAST MAIN

A mighty good SLICKER for the next
time it RAINS

\$5.00

BAILLIE O'CONNELL & MEYER
QUALITY  SERVICE

23 EAST MAIN



The dainty lunch, the cooling soda,---in
confidential booths of comfort.

The Chocolate Shop

"The Home of the Hot Fudge"

*A College Man's Shop that Shares the Economy
of Our Great Buying Power*



Lytton College Shop

Shows Every Trend of College Style

KEEPING you in touch with the very newest things college men are wearing; enabling you to enjoy the smart and correct on a moderate clothes allowance; bringing to you at school the sort of Suit, Topcoat and Furnishings you would like to select in Chicago.

A Convenient Shop in a Corner of Our Second Floor

THE HUB

Henry C. Lytton & Sons

Largest Fine Clothing Store in the World—STATE at JACKSON, Chicago

Ripples

A darned keen girl,
Sure looks bright,
Mouth stretched open,
Out of sight.
Boys stand 'round
With 'thusiasm,
To see the large
Unguarded chasm.

—Humbug.



Puzzling

Her: What shall I get Bill for his birthday?
She: Oh, get him a book.
Her: Oh, no. He has a book.

—Dirge.



"George and Amy dance well together, don't they?"

"Yes, well together is right."

—Pelican.



Compromising

"How did you ever get caught in such a compromising position, Betty?"

"Well, he wanted to see what color my eyes were."

"That's harmless enough."

"Yes, but he's so darned near-sighted."

—Sun Dodger.



Who's Who?

Conversation of a couple of men who know but can't place each other:

"Hello there."

"How's th' boy?"

(A nervous pause.)

"Haven't seen you round lately."

"No. 'S a fact."

(A nervous pause.)

"Seen any of th' ol' crowd lately?"

"No. . . . No."

(A nervous pause.)

"Don't get round much m'self."

"Same here."

(A nervous pause.)

"Great ol' days, weren't they?"

"I'll say they were."

(A nervous pause.)

"Well, I gotta step."

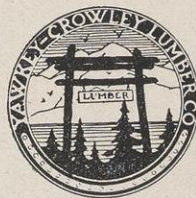
"Same here."

"See you again."

"S'long!"

—Life.

EVERY organization has two groups of salesmen: those who are paid for their services and those who are friends because of pleasureable dealings. This company takes pride in saying that its customers are of this second group and contribute materially to every success.



Oxfords for College Men

To keep up appearance one must not neglect his oxfords.

Nunn Bush Oxfords set

the pace for attractive styles, excellent qualities and comfort. Try a pair and let them convince you.

Price \$6.00 to \$10.00

THE CO-OP.

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

King
Tut
Bar
10c

At All
Dealers

Teckmeyer
Candy
Company



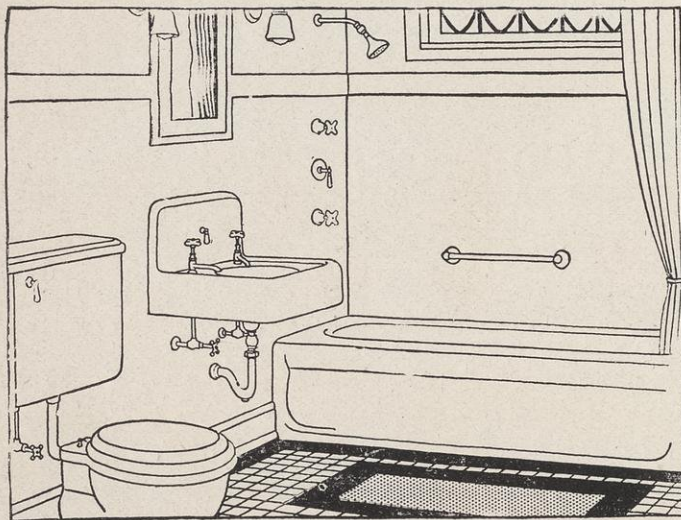
“He
Man”

Tan or Black Calfskin
Broad Toe
Wide Flange Heel
\$9.00

THE HUB
F. J. SCHMITZ & SONS CO.

YOUNG MEN'S SPECIAL MADE SHOES

KOHLER OF KOHLER



Nothing contributes so much to the comfort and liveableness of the average home as the installation of a modern bathroom.

In many homes where there are more than two bed chambers, two or more bathrooms are needed. That extra bathroom is not only a wonderful convenience when there are guests, but a time saver for everyone of the family. See your plumber about Kohler Ware for that new bathroom.

KOHLER CO.

Founded 1873

KOHLER, WIS.

Also Manufacturers of Kohler Automatic Power and Light



"AH BE-E-EAUTY NATU-U-URE."

Spring Stuff

*I've read of spring in other lands,
Seen its beauties caught in paint,
While perfumes have carried to me,
Its fragrance, very faint.
In France, the lilies white on green
Appear in swaying crowds,
Mirroring from the sky above
The white and rolling clouds.*

*Upon the Isle the hawthornes bloom,
And green is English loam,
A picture every Briton holds
Of his English home.
While in Japan, bouquets of pink
Appear, and sea winds blow
Down from the flowering cherry trees
Clouds of tinted snow.*

*While now we plod through puddles of slush,
Drenched with April rain;
Yet here are girls, and here is the Drive,
Oh well, let's not complain.*



The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Noblesse Oblige

Diana was out in the garden
Besprinkling her flowers in bloom,
When Algy, with amorous ardour,
Began with free fustian to fume.

"O fairest Diana," he ranted,
"My love is a flaming hot pyre,
My thoughts are a conflagration,
My heart, sweetest goddess, a fire.

"Extinguish the flames, dear Diana,
That consume me from forehead to toes!"
And Diana, with mischievous candor,
Obligingly turned on the hose.



Like The 5:15

Guide (in Yellowstone): Now, ladies, this phenomenon occurs every three minutes. Maybe you'd like to look down into the geyser before the next eruption.

Mr. Smithers (calling to wife): Not you! It's just like you to be late.



She Loved It.

Old Lady: Is there any chance of another storm tonight?

Steward: And ain't one enough, madam?



And June Is Coming

Conductor: No ticket? Then off you go.
Hobo: Quick boss, pull the cord; I'm past my station already.

Have you any opening for a bright, energetic college graduate?

Yes, and don't slam it on the way out.



"You fool, you should know that branch wouldn't hold us both. Now you've broken my line of thought."



"And you left America for here?"
 "Yes, I was just thirting for Spain."



The Fate of Favors

"Naw! Those won't do! What we want is something snappy—like flasks . . . Sure . . . No . . . Won't . . . Can't . . . Shan't . . . Let's take these . . . Let's not. SHUT UP, you fellows, and let's get something done . . . Yes, two dozen will be enough . . . goodbye."

* * *

"Oh, Jack! It's simply adorable. I've always wanted one . . . how could you? Your taste is just wonderful! It's just too sweet—yes, you are too . . . maybe. I'll always wear it."

* * *

"Well, old man, I'll say that the favors got away like a million. She nearly fell all over me—tickled! I'll say so."

* * *

"And, honey, what do you suppose the favors were? This! And I've got four of them in the drawer now. Of all the taste! How these fellows do it is beyond me!"



Travel Series No. 1.

A traveling man at a black-and-tan
 Was kissing his girl 'neath a palm-leaf fan
 She had a colored daddy with a mighty big han'
 And the Knight of the Grip, well, he also ran.

Wanderlust

Over the sands to Egypt fair,
 Hop on the train for a trip to Eau Claire
 Charter a steamer for Virginia Dare
 Boy, I want to travel, that's all I care.

Get in a rowboat, and row, and row,
 Finally end up in Kokomo
 Take the midnight flier to Porto Rico,
 Boy, I want to travel, that's all I know.

Then double back to Ioway
 Make a trip to Persia where the maidens play
 Buy a through ticket to the Bay of Biscay,
 Boy, I want to travel, that's all I say.

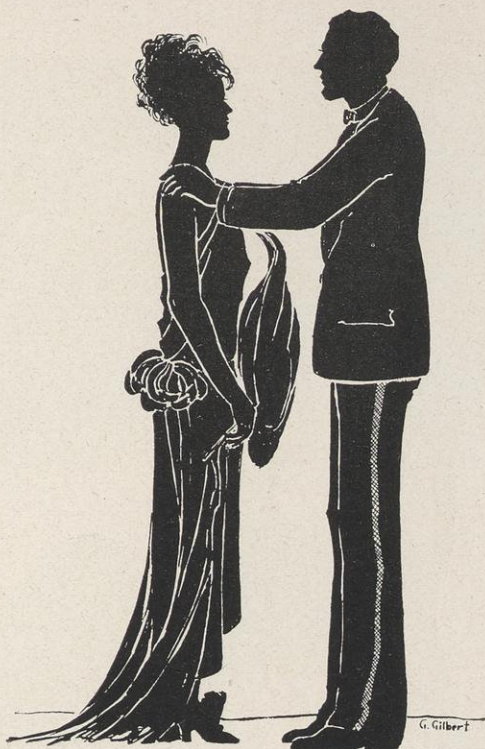


Cal: Who's the fat girl you spoke to just now?
 Al: I don't know; I couldn't get near enough to catch her name.



Wife: John, I bought the cutest dress this morning. I can't describe it because you wouldn't understand, but it has little circles all over it and—

John: I understand perfectly, dear,—just like my bank balance.



He: May I be the light of your future home?

She: Yes, if you don't go out every night.

Ode to March

You gave us slush, you gave us snow,
You loved to bluster, howl and blow;
You played the nastiest tricks you know,
Unearthly month!

But bring your ice, and blow, and burst:
I love you even at your worst;
My girl was born March twenty-first—
Most heavenly month!

Diary of a Flapper

April 18.—Oh Diary! I'm so happy! When I bought that book on how to write letters I was awfully peeved to find out that Jack had been using it, and I couldn't write them to him. But I found out why he picked that quarrel last month—it was just so he could use Letter No. 67, "How to Make Up." And I figure, now, that in just two weeks he'll have to propose, because Letter No. 79 comes along then, and it's the dearest proposal.

But I hope he doesn't run across another girl he likes better, or he'll be sending me Letter No. 105, and I don't want him "Breaking Off With Sweetheart" until after he's proposed, anyway. Tomorrow is Letter No. 76, and he'll have to send candy with it. I'm so thrilled!

In Paris

I had a relentless thirst and was trying to find the American Bar in Paris. But try as I would, the name of the street would not come to mind, so I was forced to approach one of the natives who looked as if he might know where drinking emporiums were located. I blushed, as I always do when called upon to manipulate my French, but I fianlly spoke.

"Pardonez-moi, monsieur", I began rashly, "mais voulez-vous a—er—ah— (dammit, I had that word just a minute ago) —voutez-vous directez-moi a une salon de comer—no! no!—une salon—JE DESIRE BOIRE-BOIRE!" And here I made gestures to assimilate a man drinking.

The other simply shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and then showed me his watch. I went into a clinch again and began perpetrating another crime on the French people.

"Cu eest une place por boire—Champaign de Mantilly, Vin de Chateau Grave? Drink, wine, soup de combustion or whatever your Frenchmen call it! In short, I want a BRONX, UNDERSTAND?"—this last at the top of my lungs.

"Why, you can get one at the American Bar," replied the other, extending his hand. "Goin' there myself. My name's Goodwin, Jerry Goodwin, from Milwaukee".



"Got a doggy seat in Zoology lecture."
"What is it?"
"K9."



S T I V E R

THE FIRST ONE-WAY TICKET

THE DIARY OF AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.

An Extract

January 1. Started the new year right by making the crew a present of four cans of beans. A year ago it was four bottles of rum; poor devils, they have forgotten, I hope. Ever since we left U. S. waters liquor has been scarce.

January 2. Passed up Ichadnocod Strait today. Natives down on the shore gave us the razz as usual. The people in this neighborhood have had it in for us since 1911 when Joe Merrie sold them a beach umbrella. God rest Merrie's soul.

January 5. It blew hard last night and today it is snowing. Someone crooked George Mundy's galoshes. Received wireless today from S. S. Carousal lat. 77, long. 40, as follows. "Stopped at Medicine Point for supplies and liquor. Now going sideways. Love to all.—Capt. Ginfith."

January 6. Awakened by wireless from S. S. Carousal lat. 77, long. 40½, under 4 feet, as follows: "Shinking fash. Shave ship. We are shecumbing.—Capt. Gin (incomplete)." No chance to get near them as they are all tight in the ice. Much warmer today and so I took off eight gloves and three coats.

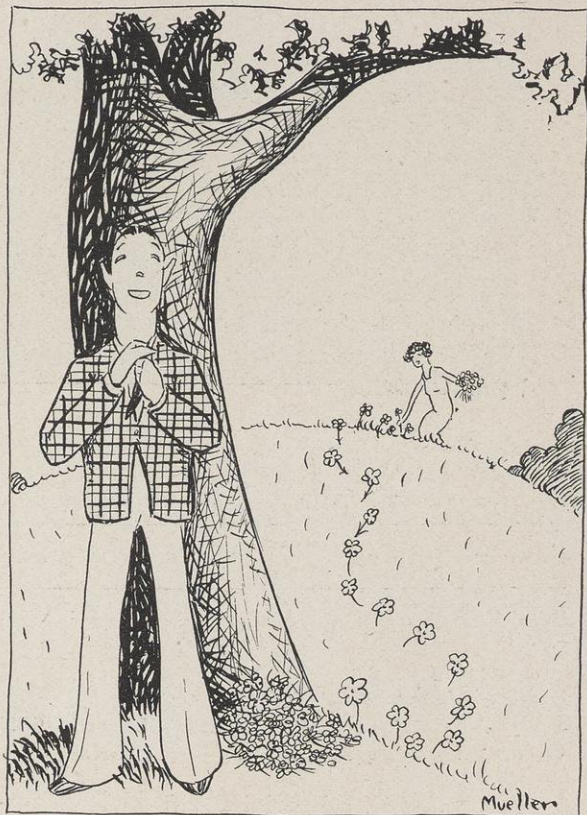
January 9. Spent the morning mending a pair of socks. George Mundy's galoshes found where he left them in the kitchen closet. An inventory of our meat supply shows that a few seals and one walrus are missing. It looks like more of Mamie's work, and I am afraid we shall have to shoot the cat tomorrow. Tested the ice and found that it was freezing at 32 dgrees, the same as before. First Mate Brunner swallowed a bunch of keys by mistake this morning and is confined to his bunk with lockjaw. Doc Fields warned us to keep our eye on the anchor.

January 15. This morning at 6 o'clock ten of our best shots, each armed with twenty rounds, managed to kill Mamie after ten minutes shooting. Doc Fields said the cat died of fright. A few hours later we gathered on the deck and while the doctor read to us we buried our little mascot.

January 20. Took soundings this A. M. and discovered we are still a long way from the bottom. Listened to Pittsburg Symphony and XYZ this morning. Heard California has earthquake—President Harding playing golf again—old news.

January 16. Too sad to do anything.

January 21. In the middle of night ran into iceberg. As I write the ship is filling rapidly and we are doomed. God have mercy on us. Mundy has lost his galoshes again. Boat filling—tried to get into life boat ahead of rest but got left. I seem to be only one who has sense of duty and is staying with ship. Reply from S. S. Janesville: "Sorry about leak. Will send a man up right away." They may be too late—am growing weaker and water is even with my Elk's badge. Ice jam increasing. Water surging about collar button. Flashing help—Diary wet—Delirious—Scenes of childhood—drowning—blind dates—Prom—Accounting exam—drowning—blaaa—gubble—gub—blub-unk-sunk. . . .



With nature's aid and man's resourcefulness, Bill finds a way to bring Isabel to his feet.

Paradise Mislaid

They sat in a sweet secluded nook:
He had his notes, she had her book;
And neither ventured e'en a look,
Nor thought of other bliss.

But birds were happy, trees were green—
The world was bright, the girl was keen;
You can't "compre" psych. notes, I ween
In such a place as this.

He softly spoke, to break the spell,
She dropped her book, her eyes as well—
Now is there more that I should tell
Of that first honeyed kiss?

And now they're married; have a look—
He has his banknotes, she, her book;
But here the rub comes: she can't cook.
Ah, love, where is thy bliss?

Mooning Around

"I was out still hunting the other day."
"Get anything?"
"Only a couple of swallows."



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Published at the University of Wisconsin

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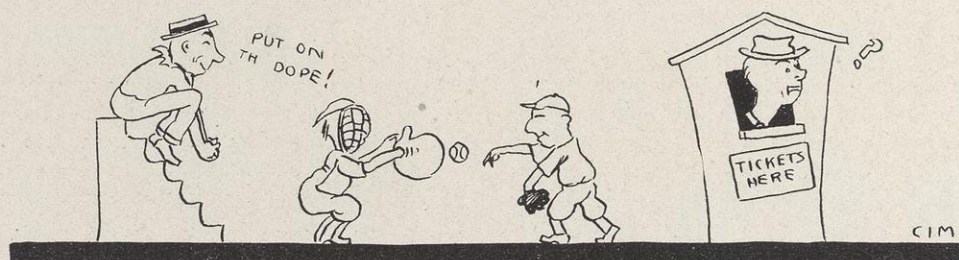
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Vol. IV

April, 1923

No. 7



The Great American Game

Wisconsin has a baseball team that plays hard and clean, and deserves a lot more support than it gets.

When the team trots out on the diamond this Spring, are you going to be roosting up in the bleachers with a pop-bottle in one hand and a surplus of pep in your voice?

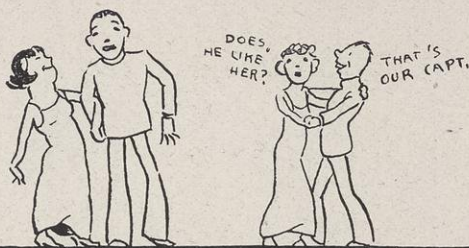
Or are you going to be playing cards, or cramming so that you can date that evening, or loafing on Mendota in solitary grandeur?

Other schools give their teams the support they deserve. Wisconsin, we blush to say, does not.

A few hundred loyal fans sparsely populate the bleachers and try to make up for the thousands that stay away.

Those few hundred are going to carry away with them not only a coat of tan and a conviction that we have one of the best teams in the Conference, but also the memory of nine figures on a green background that typify the spirit of Wisconsin sportsmanship.

The team appreciates, and needs, support. Do not fail to give it to them.



CIM

The New War on Gloom

The army and navy break loose this Friday evening, not in war on Germany, but on gloom.

The Capitol, quiet since Prom, will once more be filled with colored lights and cavorting couples. Syncopated melodies will take the place of learned debates, and youth and (mayhap) romance will fill the rooms where committee meetings hold their sway.

On this night the Gob and the Doughboy have their innings. The navy blue and the O. D. will shine forth to the exclusion of the soup-and-fish; and the tattered uniform will be surrounded by a halo of glory that will make the latest Parisian baggy trousers look like sackcloth and ashes.

The army and navy do things right. All power to them.



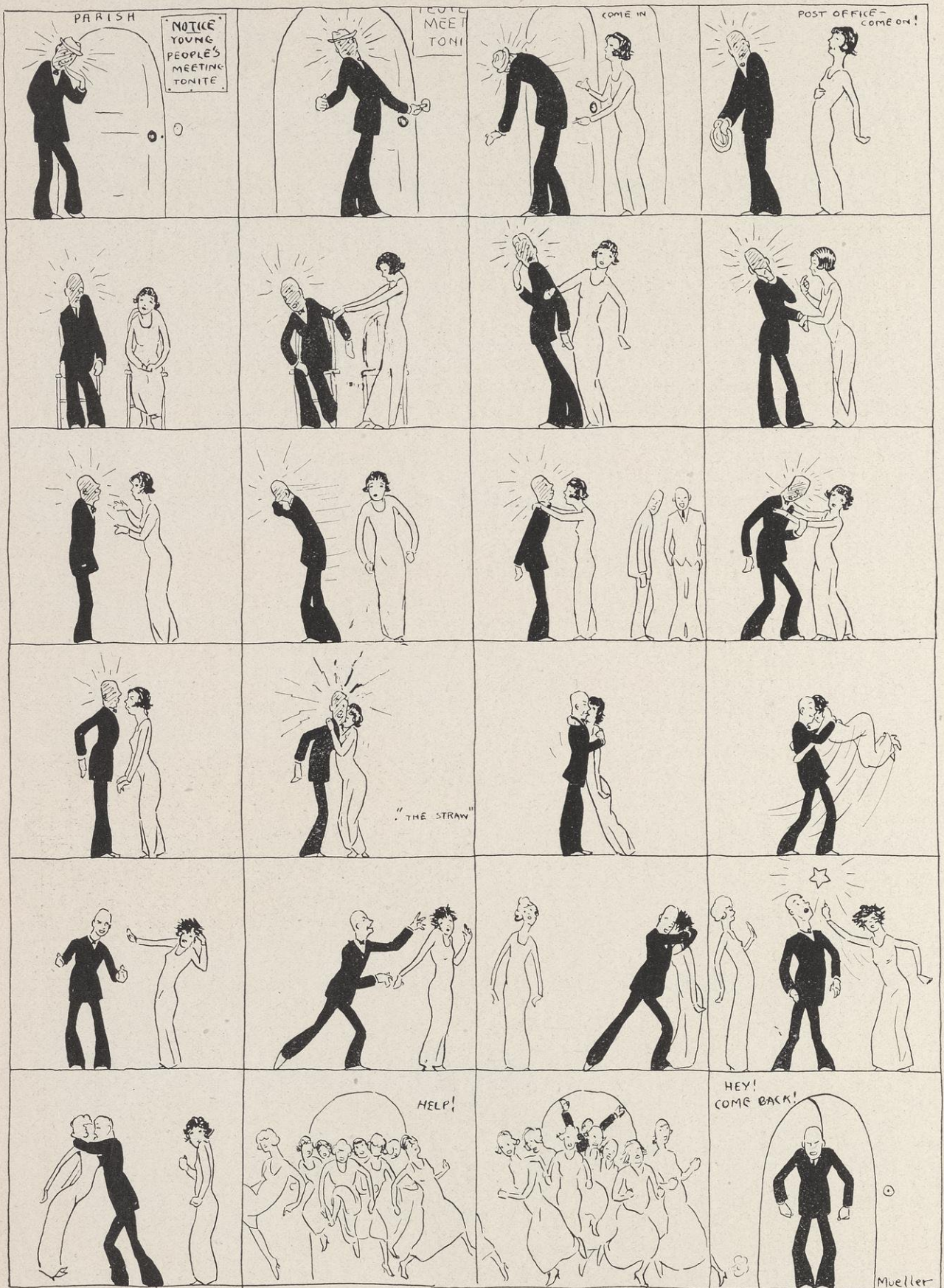
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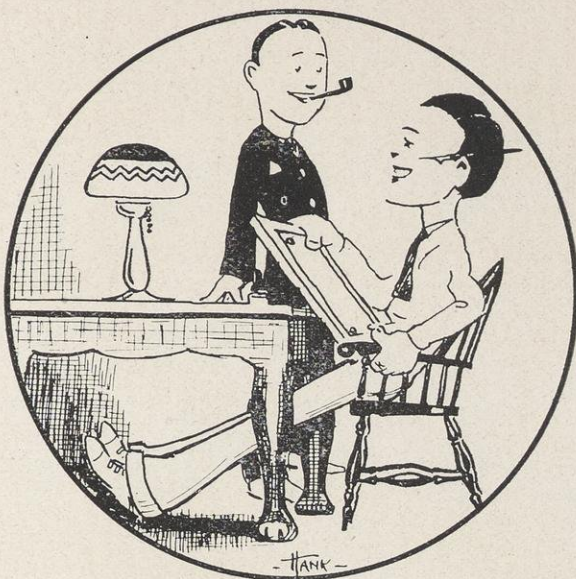
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Robert L. Wright



RATHER LATE FOR THE OLD MAN



THE MAKING OF A CAVE MAN



Dumbell: How'd you come out in the Greek final?
Dingbell: Hit it for a "Homer."

A Suggested Tour

By Automobile Guide Book, 1923.

Chicago—Birdsville 143 miles.

Tour 7

Roads:—Asphalt, 20 miles; Venetian brick, 46 miles; Washout, 30 miles; plowed field, 16 miles; In God We Trust, 31 miles.

Scenery:—Beautiful, but you won't notice it.

Hotels:—Amesbury (Grand Palace, 3 rooms); Dumtown (Mrs. O'Keefe, 1 room).

The Tour.

Leave stock yards and drive north on Mobb Avenue beyond city limits. Bear left at saloon and follow trolley if one happens to come along. Take sharp right uphill, then mean left and corkscrew about on Old Soak Road. Pass two old ladies gossiping at Mill street and come into Main. Swear on hitting bump, then swerve right on State. Town of Muggs. Speed limit 7.8 per hr.

Continue on State until policeman catches up with you. Bear right to curb and stop. Give policeman name and ten dollars. Then follow State into country. Swear on hitting mud road, bear left and choke occupant of front seat. Follow mud road as far as possible, then stick fast five miles south of Jack's Garage. Continue swearing and walk two miles to farmhouse. Wait outside farmhouse door for fifteen minutes, then discover there is no one at home. Luncheon in mudhole five miles south of Jack's Garage. Then bring revolver from pocket of car and, bearing left, shoot occupant of front seat. Then bearing up, blow your own brains out.

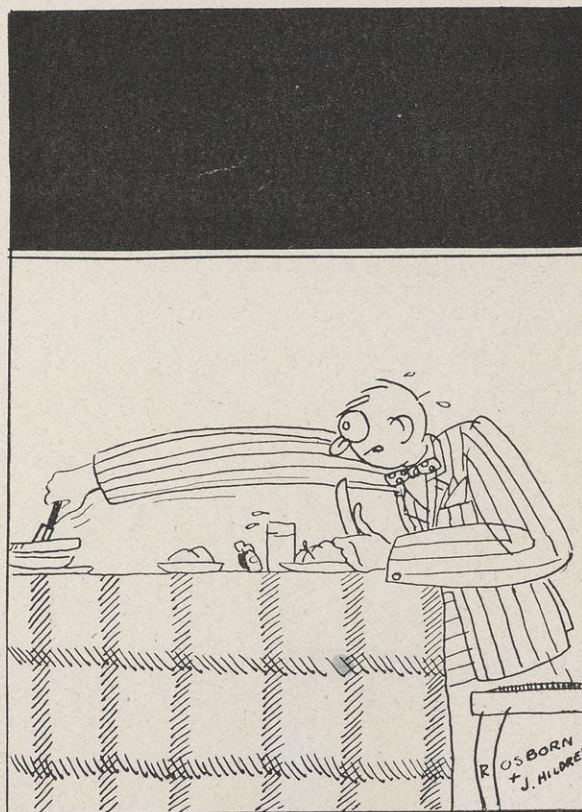
The Blondish Damoselle

It was midnight on the ocean,
And we sailed the briny sea,
A little blondish damoselle,
And me.
I held her in my arms,
As she snuggled to my breast,
For we fled the maledictions
And conventional restrictions
Of the folks we left behind us
Who believed that they knew best.
We were travelers, it was true,
But we were not youthful lovers
Fleeing from all earthly covers;
For the blondine was my daughter,
Six months old, this is no hoax,
And I felt I wished to save her
From the prohibition jokes.

Prof: Name three well known quadrupeds.
Stu: Two chairs and a table.

Diplomacy

Rushee: (to active from his home town) Hello, George! Is you father out of jail yet?



THE HOME STRETCH



The Paradox

(Dedicated to the Co-ed).

She has naughty brown eyes
And a delicate nose;
Quite enough in themselves,
For a man to propose.

She has natural red
On her cheeks and her hair
In itself is enough
To drive men to despair.

And her throat is so white,
And her hands are so fine;
These alone, don't you think,
Would declaim her divine?

And not overly short,
And not overly tall,
But enough of the Eve
To cause Adam to fall.

She can talk sanely, too,
On la crosse and Voltaire,
And her Chopin and Liszt
On the whole, are quite fair.

Intellectual? Yes.
And attractive? Of course!
Does this wedding of gifts
Prophesy a divorce?

No! The joy of it is
In this paradox, Life,
That in spite of it all
She's a wonderful wife!

A Kiss Defined

Small Boy: An abomination of female relatives.
Sweet Sixteen: What I'm proud of not having
had . . . but I might like it.
Flapper: Stock in trade.
Tea-hound: When you get what you wan't, you
don't want it.
Husband: A daily duty daily done.
Wife: A practical test of the efficiency of the
Volstead Act.

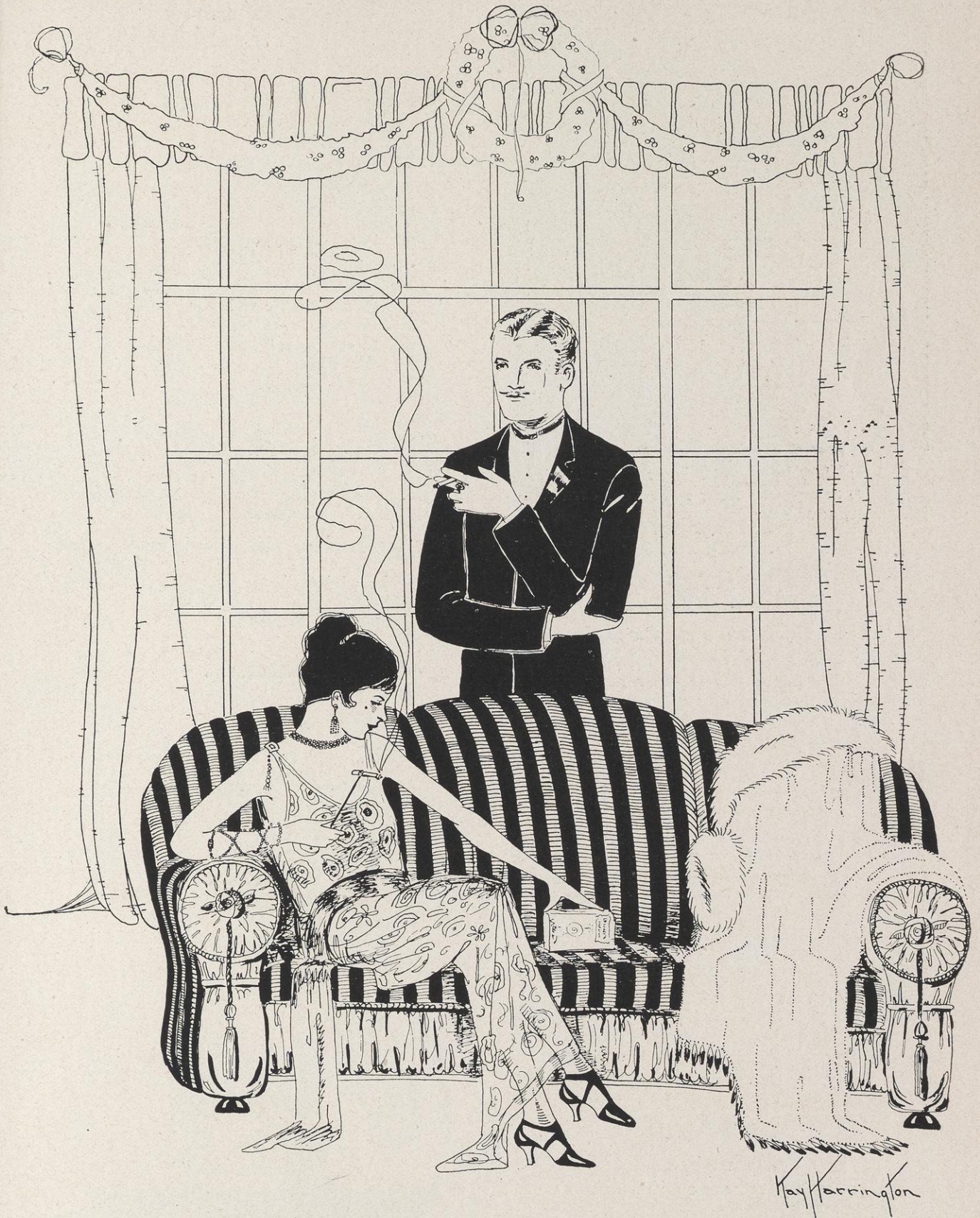
Smoking Car Fixtures

1. The man who is always telling about "Harry Mack up in Duluth" who "left Weber and Company last March."
2. The man who gives you all the inside dope on the oil game. "Why, we had a man down at Tulsa last spring, etc."
3. The man who explains why the Boston Braves are in seventh place. "Look at their third baseman! You can't expect a team to play pennant ball when you haven't got a third baseman. They made their mistake when they sold McGuire, I tell you."
4. The man who says that business is returning to normal again. "Well, look at conditions two years ago, etc., etc."
5. The man who tells you that the war was not finished. "What we should have done was to keep right after those birds until we reached Berlin."
6. The man who boasts that he can get all the liquor he wants. "You know Herbie Smith, don't you? Well, Herbie came over the other night and he says . . . so I says 'you're darned right' . . . and he says 'keep it quiet' and I says 'etc., etc.'"
7. The man who described the time he was six hours late going from Altoona to Pittsburg. "And we didn't have a diner on, so about eight o'clock Fred and I took up a collection, etc., etc."

There was a young fellow from Ga.;
Said his landlady: "I can't affa.,
You're a nice fellow, Pat,
But eternally flat,
And I haven't the money to ba."

Conductor: Money in the box please.
Absent-minded Prof: No, I don't care to help
the babies today.

Master: What lesson do we learn from the at-
tack of the Dardanelles?
Mister: That a strait beats three kings.



Wife: Do you know that you haven't kissed me for six weeks?
Prof. (who is absent minded): Good heavens, who have I been kissing then?



Co-ed: I'll have your liver to-day.
 Waiter: By the way, have you ever visited Borneo?

Tips for Travelers

By Glover Creveland Bergdoll.

World Authority on Plain and Fancy Traveling

Before starting, make sure that everything is well packed. Gold fish, if they are taken along, may be neatly packed in saw dust and their water carried separately in a bottle. The fish should be watered twice a day and returned to their sawdust.

If your trip is to be in the winter, take along a few copies of the Scorpion. Spread out beneath your shirt it will keep you warm in the fiercest of weather. (Paid adv.)

When on ship board do not be too stubborn, especially if the water is rough. Learn to give up when the occasion demands. Practice this little trait by remaining near the ship's rail and watching the water in a heavy sea.

Take care of your health when on an ocean voyage. Evening promenades on the deck with a charming passenger are not advisable, if the lady's husband is on the same ship.

Wherever your travel takes you, carry a guide to the particular country you happen to be visiting. The book's presence in your pocket indicates that you are a stranger, and all the merchants will be ready to welcome you with open arms and ready tongues.

Which Way?

Innocence: What's wrong with our car? It squeaks dreadfully.

Wiseacher: There's pig iron in the axles.

"I fail to see this," confessed the student as he watched a burlesque show the night before his math final.

In Defense of the Co-Ed

You say the co-ed is frivolous and vain,
 Well, I agree with you.
 Wants a taxi if it looks like rain,
 Breaks her dates without thought of pain,
 Well, I agree with you.

Thoughtless, selfish, uses paint,
 Well, I agree with you.
 Makes herself look like she ain't
 Thinks that "Blush" is a Hindu saint,
 Well, I agree with you.

Her faults are many, her virtues nil,
 Well, I agree with you.
 At your expense she eats her fill
 For all her faults, I love her still
 For I know she don't chew
 Gum!!!

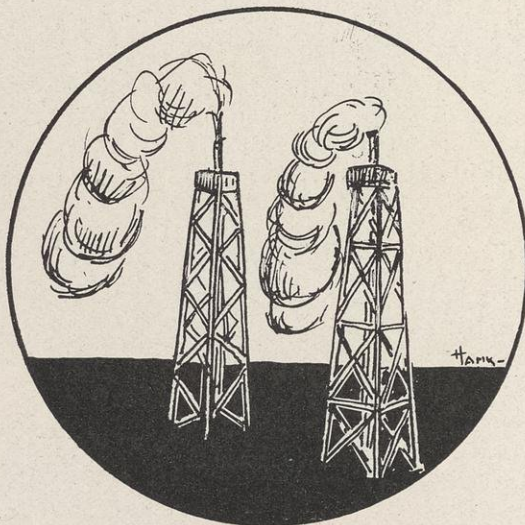
Postem

Mr. Newlywed: "This coffee is awfully weak, dear."

Mrs. N.: (looking into coffee pot) "I see no grounds for your saying so, darling."

Stick to It

A lip stick each day
 Keeps the chappies away—
 From the other girl.



"WELL. WELL."

Trip-Chatter

Some persons like to travel through Canada for pleasure. Others have been bank cashiers.

Married women never expect to travel during the week. Their time-table calls for a trip through husband's pockets every Saturday night.

When in Rome do as the Romans do. But a Colt revolver is much handier than a sawed-off shotgun.

Traveling by means of a moving picture series is as much fun as necking when your arms are asleep.

Russians can't leave their country because the government is clever enough not to print enough rubles for carfare.



Frosh Calendar

Monday morning late to class,
Tuesday, quiz; I didn't pass;
Wednesday had a two-hour date,
Thursday found the girl don't rate.
Friday flunked another test—
Saturday's my day of rest.
Tomorrow morn I'll sleep 'till one;
Another week of toil is done.



A lot of jokes transpire in the gym.
Yes, and a lot of jokes transpire there, too.



3 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

"Has this train a sleeper?"
"It will have several, if it doesn't get here soon."



It Pays to Advertise

Baron Munchausen was one of the most picturesque liars who ever said that he enjoyed himself at a sorority open house. The Baron was callous enough to tell his mother he stayed out so late because he wanted to see that the wife of the owl car conductor didn't meet any country cousins after midnight.

But there is one person who can tell a bigger lie than Munchausen. He is the guy what writes testimonial advertisements for Kurekill, the patent medicine which will grave a nation.

Here is what they said:

One-Round Hot Dog: One dose of that stuff made me sicker than the immigrant who bought Brooklyn bridge. I felt terrible enough to go out and kill the manufacturer. I hope I die if I ever take another swallow.

Lucile Lovely: Yes, I drank Kurekill and it almost ruined me. Any more of that stuff and I wouldn't be good enough for the chorus in the ghost scene of "Macbeth." The manufacturer should be arrested for mayhem, peddling contagious diseases, and selling paris green without a license.

Mrs. John Brown: When the baby was sick, I gave him a snuzzle full of Kurekill and it's a wonder it didn't. It sure put him on his ear. After a teaspoonful, he refused to drink milk without a 'stick' in it. I wouldn't be mean enough to feed that stuff to the bimbo who took my last \$1,000 for 10 shares of stock in the Turko-Armenian Amity Oil Well company.

Here is what he said they said:

One-Round Hot Dog: One dose of that stuff and I felt strong enough to move Brooklyn bridge. I could have killed the heavy-weight champion with one blow of my nose. I'll never die if I take another swallow.

Lucile Lovely: I was ruined until I drank Kurekill and became young again. One gulp would put strength in a ghost. Such actors as Frank MacBeth, one of our leading men, use it for a breakfast cereal. The manufacturer is right when he says it will cure mayhem, contagious diseases, and act as an antidote for paris green.

Mrs. John Brown: Our baby became sick and the first thing I did was to give him Kurekill. It saved his life and relieved him of a terrible earache. After a teaspoonful, he preferred Kurekill to milk. If this \$1,000 were my last, I would invest it in bottles of that wonderful medicine.



Frosh: They won't let me play my wind instrument in the band.
 Soph: Bass horn or saxophone?
 Frosh: Neither,—electric fan.

Incident In the Life of the Late Duke.

We were traveling through Spain. On either side of our car were rubber trees stretching as far as the eye could see. Before us the mighty Sierra Nevadas raised their lofty peaks. The scenic grandeur of that place seemed very heaven to one whose former habitat had been the slums of Middleton! What solitude! What composure! What beauty was here revealed! But I wander; friends, forgive me if the re-invoked memory of that impressive panorama overpowers me for the moment. I will continue. There was in our party the late Duke of Gorham street. Coming to a crossroad in the mountains and seeing no traffic cop, we were at a loss what to do, when the Duke, ever resourceful, turned to his Blue-book and, consulting the map contained in it, pointed our road out to us. As he was about to replace the map in his boots, which he always wore on such occasions, one of the party (I think it was the Duchess of Limburger), remarked that that was an exceedingly good map.

"Yes," said the duke, with a sly smile on the north side of his face, "it has a mean inclination."

This illustrates the dry humor of the late Duke which characterized him and makes his loss bemoaned by all who knew him.

Bim: That fellow is working with diligence.
 Bo: He ain't neither, he's using a shovel.

Hot Dog!

To be in love with just one man
 Is my idea of Heaven.
 To be in love with every man
 Is my idea of livin'.

Cynical! My Word!

I shall never cease to marvel at the ratiocination of the ordinary mortal.

Yesterday I went to the theater. One of the characters in the play was a solemn buffoon, a business man utterly unconscious of his fatuousness. He proclaimed the most inane drivel, and performed the most idiotic antics in a gravely impressive manner, as though he were a monk performing the rites of a sacrament. The audience roared with laughter, until it could only croak feebly and shake with mirth.

Yet, when I am on the street mingling with crowds, listening to them, watching them . . . I see no one laughing.

I shall never cease to marvel.

Father (Up stairs): Doesn't that young man know how to say good-night?

Daughter: Yes daddy! I'll say he does.

That Long Theme

The white doves are cooing,
 The cattle are mooing
 The rabbits flit by in their glory.
 The K. P.'s are mopping,
 The co-eds are hopping,
 But I sit here writing my story.

The big ships are sailing
 The infants are wailing,
 And old men sit 'round with hair hoary.
 The flowers are growing,
 The farmers are hoeing,
 But I sit here writing my story.

If the house should be burning,
 Or wild waves be churning
 With me in their midst in a dory;
 If wild men be coming
 My death chant a-humming,
 I'd still be here writing my story.

But should music be playing
 My feet would start straying,
 And I'd start to "step" in a hurry.
 And should some girl come knocking,
 Although it is shocking,
 I'd no longer be writing my story.

Hints To Spring Travelers

By A. Rounder.

Travelers going to Cuba and Bermuda will do well to supply themselves with the new extra-size hip pockets. There are many points of scenic interest in Cuba and if you stay there any length of time and imbibe freely you will see things you never dreamed existed. Be sure and see Moro Castle and note the great resemblance to the modern fraternity house. When greeting the Spanish natives, say "Bon Jour," which in German means "How much a quart?"

If you visit Mexico be sure to provide yourself with an armored train and plenty of ice water. The food in Mexico is so hot that an Eskimo north of fifty-three could get a bowl of Chili and then put on his bathing suit, go out in a snow bank, fan himself and perspire happily. In case you are interested in revolutions, you can apply to the President of the day and for the meagre sum of 'muchos pesos' he will stage a good lusty revolution rivaling the movies for mob action.

Alaska has always been a favorite with the travelers and has recently been dubbed "the Palm Beach of the Summer." Ice is very cheap and a large size glacier can be rented a whole day for a nominal fee. The fish canning and perfume industries are of universal fame, and after inspecting the factories you will say with the rest of the world "Your Nose Knows." Do not fail to see the Eskimo Pie Foundries and the large Jack Rabbitt farms where most of our co-ed's seal-skin coats come from.

The Near East tour will include a visit to Egypt and Turkey. In Egypt a special stop-over will be made to allow the anxious travelers to search for a new tomb of some Egyptian mummy, keeping the publicity in mind that was given to King Tut's last billet. Also a whaling trip will be made down the Nile. While in Turkey be sure and buy some good American-made cigarettes and make a visit to the great Mustapha Kemal. Just tell him you are an Armenian and you will be assured an exciting time. There are a lot of confidence men in Turkey, so be careful not to buy any harems no matter how great the temptation is.



Trembling on the Lip

Oh, dear me suz,
Said Willie Buzz,
My lunch room awning's
Naught but fuzz.



College Wit

Plumber: I call it clever engineering for a man to get away with bigamy.
L. & S.: I call it a Fine Art.



Eyes: What do you think of pull?

Wise: String a man along, pull him in, and it's easy to get the knot tied.



The Combat

I crouched on the mat, eyeing my opponent with openly hostile glances. "Queer," I thought, "that a few minutes ago we were the best of friends, and now we barely mutter threats at each other. We are but an echo of the past, when great bouts made history on the green."

I glanced at my opponent, and my breath halted. His right arm was raised threateningly. I wondered if I was to be beaten by a mere amateur. He crouched farther forward, making ominous noises; now he was almost upon me. Suddenly he unclenched his fist and looked wide-eyed at the mat.

No, I was not to be beaten. There lay "Little Joe," champion wrestler of the world. Nobody can throw him.

I heaved a sigh of relief, and began reckoning up my profits.



In The Subway

Sore—Would you like to travel?
Bore—Yeh, why?
Sore—You're standing on my foot.



Motorist: How do I get to Lunktown?
Farmer: Straight ahead, stranger. Jest follow them cows ahead o' ye.



A MODERN EFRITH (?)

This picture, as well as the two following pages, have been added because of the competition of the Lit.

Cum Grano Salis

FR---- D. C----E

Prologue.

A Book of Wise Cracks underneath the Bough,
A Coke and Orange, an Almond Bar, and Thou
Beside me babbling on the Campus green;
Ah, banish Studies; this were Paradise enow!
—Omar Up to Date.

I.

Beatrice Anne Skidchain suddenly decided to leave Wellesley and come west. She arrived at her decision immediately after a conference with a prominent faculty member, and arrived at her destination farther west than Wellesley a few days later. Be's father was a dirt farmer in Oklahoma; but Be had learned at college that dirt was not a commercial crop, and besides, the home in Oklahoma wasn't what it was cracked up to Be. Accordingly, Beatrice Anne headed for a well known middle west college-town-on-the-lakes, and here we find her in a well-known and highly respected institution situated at the head of *le quartier Latin*. But more of the lady anon. . . .

II.

William Covington Van Fitzpoor was a Lad From the Farm Who Had Never Had a Chance—I mean the lad had never had a chance, not the farm. As a matter of fact, the farm didn't have a chance until the lad left.

William Covington was strongly interested in New-man's theory of the seven laws of inertia—or is it Newcomb's—and since he possessed no small amount of inertia himself, he decided to carry his study as far as the resources of a great university and the police force of a small town would let him. Behold the lad in a well known middle west college-town-on-the lakes. At present he is on the blink—pardon me, the brink—of at least one of the lakes, fiendishly, tenderly, energetically, enviously watching the pairs

—always pairs—of young people out for their brisk, educational evening strolls. Merry laughter rings out as swains jest with their swainettes on the transverse psychiatry of pre-Cambrian cephalopods, the theory of probabilities and method of least squares, and other little subjects so dear to the hearts of the college youth. Why must he—William Covington Van Fitzpoor—always be alone—alone with himself and his inertia? Is none of the laughter for him? Is there not a single yellow dandelion—for it is spring—for the sore hearted and sore headed lad from the farm? Is there no justice, no mercy, no higher power, no—no—committee on advanced standing? We shall see. . . .

III.

This is the last scene. It is on the shore of a lake, beneath the limb of an overhanging tree. (All trees are overhanging. No, Archie, this has nothing to do with hangovers.) The tree's limb is modestly clothed in green. Beatrice Anne Skidchain and William Covington Van Fitzpoor are seated in the benevolent shade of the o. h. t. Don't ask how they got there or why. That is their problem. Merry laughter is now for William, and the dandelions are scattered about in profuse saffron loveliness. Be has told Willie—we may now be quite familiar—all about dirt farming, and Willie has come back with his specialized knowledge of inertia. Two lonely hearts have found each other, and the story should end here, but—wait just a minute. We'll do it just like Mr. H. G. Wells does.

* * *

A whistle blows. It is six o'clock. Beatrice rises hurriedly, for her second dish-washing shift at the Three Minute is from 6:15 to 12. She must return to her dirt farming. . . . Out on the lake a fish is heard, fiercely barking for its mate. . . . William remains inert. . . .

Charles Chaplin—An Expression

E. M. F.

From the first moment I saw him, artlessly sliding down the banisters, I felt the thrill of true mastery. Charles Chaplin,—a simple name, and a simple man. A comedian of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not—I mean, he is undoubtedly the possessor of a remarkable congruity, extenuated by the eudemonology of the *ave imperator*.

His hair falls artlessly from his head and rolls, in billowing waves, into the busy street. His eyes

gleam, his tiny shoes are neatly polished; he is the *beau mond*, the gallant of all time and all hemispheres.

The first time I saw him he was standing, desolate, in the whirl of the fashionable East Side of New York. As the first custard-pie hit him he fell into a state of perfect composure, lying flat in the street. There will we leave him, oblivious to all about him—a fallen monument.

TRANSLATION

Bokotchioski, Book L, 3

STRYCHNINE ARSENIC

Sal Hepatica, when first I saw thy wond'rous orbit,
With gentle sphincter, obicularis oculi, contracting,
And its antagonist, levator palpeprae superioris,
Extending it to its natural state,
Then did the blood rush through my interstitial depths
Perfusing through the vaso-dilator center in my
medulla,
Causing the tender blush to come, rising up
Through my panniculus carnosus, in the
Region of my Platysma.

If, by approximating your arytenoids,
Contracting your crico-thyroids and by stimulating
Your phrenics, force air through your
Rima glottis, speak to me, I, through my facial nerve,
Would cause my buccinator, my caninus, my risorius
And my quadratus labii to contract, thus producing
Another contraction of your obicularis oculi.

Editor's note: In other words
She winked
He blushed
She spoke
He smiled
She winked.



The Hand-Car Route

Seven large, hand-painted hand cars now available for cross-continental travel. Select parties of four are being made up for early May departure.

Send complete information as to age, sex, weight and reach. State whether you have ever hoed potatoes or paddled a wash board in application for space.

I. W. W. Express Co.

Handout - Illinois

THE PAYMORE



There is an indefinable air of refinement, elegance and subdued extravagance in the Paymore's sumptuous suites.

Patrons often remark the subtle atmosphere of the hotel, scarcely apparent until the bill is paid.

American, European or New Jersey Plan. Rates \$80 per day, or what have you?

THE PAYMORE
Atlantic City, New Jersey



Horse's Neck

A group of nature's noblemen settling Pittsburgh Plus problem on the steps of the post-office at Horse's Neck.

Where is there a more fascinating place to spend a vacation? The quaint group above is an example of the nature lovers who inhabit this stronghold of simple living, hidden away from the artificial influences of civilization.

This wilderness has been penetrated only by the

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND THAT'S
ALL R. R.



Whitman's



Sampler

"Started
in
1842"

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

CARDINAL PHARMACY	- - 831 University Ave.	TIEDEMANN'S PHARMACY	- 702 University Ave.
DETLOFF PHARMACY	- - - Main and Pinckney St.	WALTER M. ALWOOD	- 1054 Williamson St.
THE CHOCOLATE SHOP	- - - 523 State St.	BADGER PHARMACY	- 1320 University Avenue
A. W. KREIL	- - - 493 E. Wilson St.	CENTRAL STORE	- 208 State St.
UNIVERSITY PHARMACY	- Cor. State and Lake Sts.		

Men's Clothing and Furnishings of Quality

That's all we carry, specially selected
with an Eye to individuality and your
tastes.

*A Better Store and
Better Merchandise*

John Grinde
18 N. Carroll St.

New York Store

Noted for Quality
and Variety
in

Rugs

Curtains

Drapery

5 West Main St.

Madison, Wis.

And Things Are Not What They Seem

(Scene: A bright and cheerful bachelor-apartment. Through an open window comes the first warm breath of Spring, perfumed by the jonquils on the sill. Seated in an easy-chair, his legs comfortably stretched out before him, sits Algy Van Patten, inhaling the odor of the jonquils and an occasional cigarette.)

Algy: What is it that that poet-chap says?

"Ah! not now, when desire burns, and the wind calls, and the suns of Spring,

Tum tumty-tum, tum tumty-tum, lead me to way-faring."

By Jove, he knew a thing or two! This weather would lead any body to wayfaring—I feel like cranking up the jolly old buzz-wagon and wayfaring a bit myself. The call of the open road—ho hum! (Rings). Jarvis, bring 'round the Panther.

(Scene: An April shower on a country road. Through the falling waters can be dimly perceived Algy, removing mud from a tire in order to remove the tire.)

Algy: \$&'90fko½! Oh, for that poet-chap to be here now! I'll wager a half-crown he'd be singing

"I see no dread in death, no horror to abhor
It only seems to me—"

(Tire loosens and falls, Algy loses his footing and falls.)

Curtain.



Thanatopsis

Pardon us, William Cullen, please.

So study that when thy summons c me to join
That cockeyed caravan, which moves to that mysterious realm

Where each shall take his shovel in the sweating
toil of life.

Thou go not like a freshman counting telegraph
poles,

But sustained and soothed by a flock of good grades,
Approach thy job like one who wraps his bathrobe
round him.

And lies down to take a snooze.

—Sun Dodger.



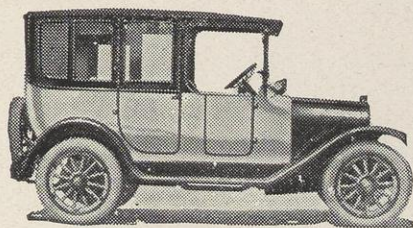
Literary Opinions

Hostess: "Such a charming book! The characters so exquisitely drawn; the psychology of the heroine simply delicious, and there's a philosophy running through it, a wonderful revelation of the human soul."

Friend: "When did you read it?"

Hostess: "Oh, I haven't read it yet, but I've read every review of it."

—London Opinion.



The thinking fellow and
co-ed too orders a

Yellow

BAD **500** GER

Cab

Six new Yellow Cabs have been
added to our fleet.

\$27.00

surely a remarkably
low price for a real
phonograph--which
will give you won-
derful service--clear
sweet tone--and is
portable---

UNIVERSITY MUSIC SHOP

At 511 State

Ph. B--7272

Courtesy

Courtesy, at this bank, has a broader meaning than in most institutions. Our willingness to serve our patrons to the best of our ability at all times and in all transactions, is a feature that has been commented on by many of our depositors.

Checking Accounts

A convenience every enterprising business man and modern housewife should enjoy. Are you one of the many satisfied Checking Account patrons we have on our books to-day? If not, better enlist. Come in and talk it over.

Branch Bank of Wisconsin

State at Gilman



**“University” recognized
as THE
Shoe for men**

Olson & Veerhusen Co.

Hart, Schaffner and Marx Clothes



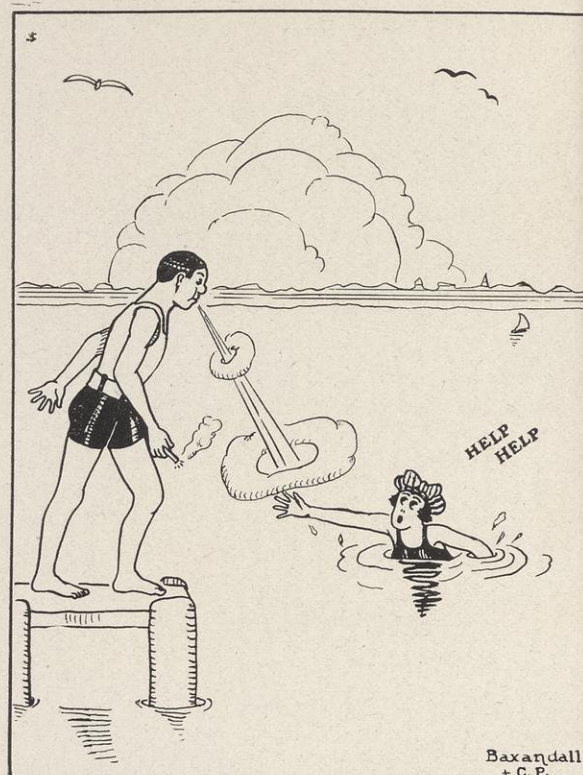
Wigglesworth's Little Plumber

In the Springtime everybody and his brother and his cousin Bill are looking for happiness. One way to make certain that you're going to enjoy this season of the year is to install some good, dependable plumbing. If you're going to build this spring it would pay you to talk over the specifications with us.

F. Wigglesworth Plumbing Co.

1511 Monroe St.

Badger 6396



A SUGGESTION FOR THE BEACH

How to become your hero and yet spare your suit.



Unable To Come

The young man arrived at the party and made his way to the hostess, greeting her and apologizing for his lateness.

“Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Jones,” said the hostess. “So good of you to come. But where is your brother?”

“He was unable to come. You see, we are so busy just now that it was impossible for both of us to get away and so we tossed up to see which of us should come.”

“How nice! And you won?”

“No,” replied the young man, absently, “I lost!”
—Republican.



Looney Limerick No. 7777777

There was a young woman named Ginter,
She married a man in the winter;

The man's name was Wood;

And now (as they should)

The Woods have a cute little splinter.

—Jade.



Bluff: I got an Ex out of French. How did you get your Greek?

Ruff: With a bowie knife.

New Books

PICTURE FRAMES

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Picture Frames means things that might happen to you or anybody or your cousin in Duluth, with just the names changed. These stories appeared in the "Smart Set"; don't read them while your room-mate is trying to study, or he or she will be seriously disturbed by the shouts which will occur from time to time. Be sure and read the one called "Mamie Carpenter." Mamie knew what she wanted and went after it very accurately, in spite of her lack of a college education it is a complete refutation of the anti-co-ed movement. "A Cycle of Manhattan" is not anything to do with a bicycle. It might be named "The Rise of the Rosenheimers." All thought in a sociological essay is here, the sole difference being that you will read the story.

DON ODRIGUEZ, CHRONICLES OF SHADOW VALLEY

LORD DUNSANY

The apotheosis of the slapstick comes here when Morana, the attendant of Don Rodriguez, takes his trusty fryingpan and beans the Don's adversary, not once, but three times, whereupon the Don earnestly seeks Morana's life, instead of saying "Thanks, old top, your salary is raised." They were punctilious about these little observances in Spain, at that time. Dunsany's interpolations about the date of these adventures and other things are not what you can afford to miss.

The twelve chronicles concern the search of Don Rodriguez for a castle and a love, and certain things which occurred thereon. When Mine Host of the villainous mustaches opens a trap-door above the Don's bed, climbs down a rope, and poises above his head with a two foot poniard, and then drops—you are sure to be relieved that Don Rodriguez is—but hold, no more.

A pleasant book, this, and one which will not be denied perusal when you once start it. Lots of stuff on the ball, Lord D. has.

MYSTERY AT GENEVA

BY ROSE MACAULEY

The mystery in this connection is not who has the button, in a way of speaking, but what Rose Macaulay is driving at, because in spite of all denial on the lady's part, it is evident that she is driving a something, I mean. What it is, for it must mean something, is a matter for grave discussion, not for the frivolous treatment which this column can at best afford. It is a political satire, I am afraid. It and the other two books were secured through the courtesy of the Book Corner, which is in the Mifflin Arcade.



Almost

"Why is a cigar stump nearly?"
"Because it's all but."

Pelican.

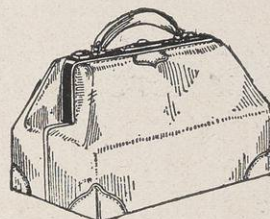
Get This Point

It is true that all good fountain pens are equipped with solid 14 Karat gold points. One not so equipped is not a fountain pen. Nevertheless, some manufacturers are careless in the matter of tempering their points, and this makes them so soft and putty-like that they easily lose their shape with a little hard usage.

Not so with Rider's MASTERPEN. It is tempered until it is almost like spring steel. The toughness of the Rider point makes it a point to be remembered. Get this point, found only in RIDER'S MASTERPEN, and you will never be satisfied with anything else.

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REAL PEN SERVICE

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Spring and Summer are the seasons for travelling. Perhaps you will just go home, but you are more likely to take several trips during the season.

You will need luggage no matter how short or long the journey. Get one of our superior quality bags and you will always be equipped.

When unpacking one of our large, roomy, bags, you will find they keep your clothes smooth and fresh looking. Get yours today—We have them in

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Heilmann's
Homaid
Bread

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Guaranteed to be as pure as
your home made

The Cynic's Lament

In ballads pedantic are bards wont to sing
Of the virtues gigantic attendant on spring;
Of the shimmering lakes and the soft dulcet air
And the woodlands and brakes and the shy
flowers there.
Of the verdant green hills, buttercups, bumblebees,
Pollywogs, daffodils, bathing suits, and bare
knees.

But pause, sweet peruser, I alter my tune;
I'm always a loser from March until June,
For I vouch that of all of the distasteful seasons
This one is no slouch for a number of reasons.
There's mud and there's rain, there's mosquitoes and
fleas,
Plus a flood very oft, and there's always a sneeze
And a snuffle and cough just to wrack your poor
soul
Till you'd fain shuffle off to a seven foot hole
And park your sick bones in a cheese crate of tin,
And stifle your moans as the stones rattle in.

Oh you keen fresh air ham, you'll have troubles
galore
From the moment you slam shut the insect proof
door,
(But not quite quick enough to exclude ninety flies
who breed on the garbage and brood on the
pies)
'Till you take the back track to your leaky roofed
shack
With your feet full of gumbo and pains in your
back.

Let 's follow this out-of-door gink on his tour,
Then see if you don't think his chances are poor
For deriving a kick from this episode vernal;
The nitwitted hick had a spirit infernal
Who first picked out spring as his favorite muse
When any ding thing he might more aptly choose.
He must have had brains in the souls of his feet,
Which were calloused by constant contact with
the street.

Well, he starts on his trip with his head in the air
Till he comes to a dip in the old thorofare

Sport Oxfords

In the newer styles and color
combinations

at

Blind & Sander

217 State Street

Where the rain has collected, and what's twice as bad

Has not been detected by our sprightly lad
Who ankles full tilt thru' this puddle hygromic,
Removing the silt in a manner quite comic.
It sticks to his brogans and splatters his socks
And produces some slogans which patter like rocks
On the sensitive ears of the rest of the crowd,
And the overflow sears like a mustard gas cloud.

His nomadic spirits are dampened a lot
As he muses that's queer it's the very same spot
That the kids use to slide on when winter was here,
But the lid's on the sport for sure this time of year.

He is hailed by a frail who has just bought a car
And is under full sail for a voyage afar,
To test out the pep 'neath its armor of tin
So hoping to charm her our hero steps in.
But, how can one function whose clothes are a mess?
To do so with unction is hard I'll confess;
Cause before our poor wandering lover dragged home
His clothes were encased in a cover of loam
Picked up in a mire where the auto got stuck,
And where, curbing his ire, he battled the muck
In a valiant endeavor to loosen the bus
With a rock and a lever, and volumes of cuss
Words, an outburst profound, a vindictive tirade,
Which rattled around and distressed the sweet
maid
Who sat in the seat safe removed from the scene,
With her neat little feet most remarkably clean.

From the tonneau she passed her remarks to our hero
Who mentally classed her an absolute zero,
And after another vain trial or two
With an epithet vile announced he was thru'.
So they hired a rig from a farm near at hand,
And ensconced in said gig they returned to dry
land.

As the lad bedded down about two the next morn
He remarked with a frown that, "The year should
be shorn
Of this bum quarter annum the poets call spring
Cause it hurts my tympanum to hear of the thing,
To say naught of the ninety day anguish I spend
When summer won't start and when winter won't
end."

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PARK



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models in spring frocks.

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Not
EAT TO LIVE

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PARK HOTEL

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Send correct size. Pay postman on delivery or send money order. If shoes are not as represented we will cheerfully refund your money promptly upon receipt.

National Bay State Shoe Company
296 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Outline of History

By MIKE HOWE BELLS.

1000 B. C. Sampson floored Hercules last night before a large crowd in the Hades A. C., with a head-lock, toe-hold, shot-gun, scissors, and slide-rule. The bout was more evenly contested than the score would indicate and both men are expected to recover. Good vaudeville was enjoyed after the match but Metheuselah got the hook for pulling an old one. Paddock won the foot races and William J. Bryan also ran.

470 B. C. Socrates socked Plato in the rebuttal and won the free-for-all declamatory contest. He was given two date trees, a pyramid and a Cod fish concession on the Nile, by a happy throng of his town people.

A citizen of Karnak appearing on the streets in galoshes was arrested for witchcraft.

100 B. C. Fall of Caesar. While leaving the Forum, after seeing the "Birth of a Nation," Julius skidded on a banana skin and landed on his head—hence the Roman nose.

A native of Rome was exiled to Oshkosh for scalping on tickets to a massacre in the Coliseum. A wit in the crowd pulled the mother-in-law joke for the first time. His funeral was well attended.

40 A. D. Rome fell for Nero as the well-known violinist made his debut accompanied by the Tiber symphony orchestra and the Roman fire department. Fire extinguishers were given to the patrons as favors. Nero showed great courage appearing in public.

A decree from Paris stated that the Sandals would be longer and the winter shorter the coming year.

1705 A. D. Upon docking at Plymouth Rock, the Mayflower was met by a delegation of Boston aristocrats intent on meeting their ancestors. Beans and high hats were distributed to the needy passengers as the cargo of chickens was unloaded on the rock named in anticipation of their arrival. Well-known tea-party was held in Boston; Cake-eaters disguised as Indians had a wild time. The expression "A good time was had by all" was initiated by one of the jokers.

1735 A. D. Father of Country wed. George and Martha stepped off at a very quiet affair. The bride wore a late Paris creation with thirteen hoops. Their honeymoon was spent in Valley Forge where numerous bad checks were passed.

Man was discharged from the Parfumeurs Union for not having French words on his face-powder advertisement.

1890. Si Welclo, American reformer, was assassinated when he attempted to introduce a modern bath-tub in Turkey. His folks received a letter of sympathy from Mr. Volsted.

Big catastrophe in local as two Camels go up in smoke.

1922. After picking his all-American team, Walter Camp is hiding out in Africa until the affair blows over.

Eight-year-old boy astounds Harvard professors with his knowledge of good poker hands.

German scientist has discovered a process of painlessly removing wrinkles from aged prunes by simple plastic surgery.

Hoop-pole, High Weeds Alley,
May third, 1922.

Dear Dreamy Eyes:

Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher, sensations of joy caper over me like a young goat over a stable roof and thrill through me like Spanish needles through old linen trousers. As a goslin swimmeth through a mud puddle so swimmeth I in a sea of glory. Visions of angels thicker than the hair on a blacking brush, I see. Pinions visit me in my slumber and, borne on their invisible wings, your image stands out before me and I reach out to grasp it like a pointer swapping at a blue bottle fly.

When I first beheld your Angelic perfection I was bewildered and my brain whirled around like a bee under a glass tumbler my eyes stood open like a cellar door in a country town and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accent of your voice. My tongue refused to wag and in silence I drank the sweet affections of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a glass of whiskey punch. Since the light of your face first fell on my life I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my ear bobs to the top of the church steeple and pull the bell rope for Sunday school.

Day and night you are in my thoughts. When the jay bird pipes his tuneful song in the cactus tree down by the old frog hole, when the crows shrill the coming of morn, when the awakening pig cries from his bed and grunteth and goeth forth for his refreshments, when the lowing herd come home at milking time, I think of thee and, like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems to stretch across my breast.

Your hair is like the finest of silk powdered with silver. When your head lies pressed against my breast the fire of your eyes penetrates my whole body like a load of buck-shot goes through an apple. Sweetness lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw. Kisses are there always ready to fly out and light somewhere like young birds out of their parents' nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like the music of harp strings or the bleat of a stray lamb on a snowey hill side.

I am croaking to fly to thy presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thirsty house wife pours out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick cat; my love for you is stronger than the kick of a young mule. As the song bird hankers for the height of day, as the cautious mouse after a piece of cheese in a trap, so do I long for thee. And if these few lines will not enable you to see the inside of my soul and assist me in winning your affections, I will fall away like the foliage of the forest and fade like the leaf from an untimely twig.

I remain yours in sack cloth and ashes,
Milli Ampere.



How in hell can I be merry,
When my playmates Tom and Jerry
Are beneath the slush unshrouded,
Playing freeze-out with a bier.

Our Spring Shoes Are In!
Prices \$5 to \$8.50

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Dr. V. G. Bancroft

Dentists

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Above Menges Pharmacy

901 University Ave.

Badger 3682

They Do

Little Willie had evidently been "listening in" on some of his big brother's conversations with a chum and the following is a sample of the information he drew from one of them:

"Mama, why do they wax people?"

"They don't, Willie. Why do you ask?"

"Why when brother came home from work he told Bill that last night the party waxed Mary."

—Lyre.



A Conundrum

Soph: What has feathers, stands in the water on one leg and barks like a dog?

Fresh: I'll give it up.

Soph: A stork.

Fresh: Why, you tequila hound, a stork doesn't bark like a dog.

Soph: Well, I just put that in to make it harder.

—Voo-Doo.



Hush!

Patient with a bad cold (in a whisper): Is the doctor in?

Nurse (in a similar whisper): No, come on in.

—Voo Doo.

A Touch of Spring---

With the end of the winter season come the new spring flowers---hyacinths, tulips and daffodils.

They add a delightful atmosphere to the house, and impart a new freshness to the student's room.

New York Floral Store

UNIVERSITY "Y" CAFETERIA

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A Large Variety of Wholesome
Foods at Reasonable Prices

Management of Anna Ludachka

Ditto

Rastus: Dat baby of yours am de perfect image
of his daddy.

Rasto: He suah am. He am a reg'lar carbon
copy.

—Burr.



Sympathy

Despondent (disappointed in love): O, hang!
I'm going down and jump off the bridge.

Room-mate (like a room-mate) Wait a minute
and I'll go down and watch you.

—Record.



Embarrassing

Social Lion: I'll introduce you to her.

Timid One: No, thanks!

S. L.: Why not?

T. O.: I don't know her.

—Lampoon.

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Between classes clears your mind
and provides excellent entertainment

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we've secured some mighty clever models that
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The University Pharmacy Kind

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Have your next one at the

University Pharmacy

Corner of State and Lake

In the spring a maiden's fancy lightly turns to that of clothes.

A quaint poke bonnet, worn with a saucy tilt, a demure cape, from which peeps a gown of red-gold—portraying the armies of King Tut.

CAPES

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GOWNS

Our entire new stock from which to select your wardrobe.

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MRS. MAIN, Manager

Fairchild 2606

Catering for Weddings and Formals a Specialty

Private Parties

Luncheons and Dinners

Neapolitan Love Song

(From the Neapolitan)

I stand outside your door, cara mia,
And my whole soul do'th outpour, cara mia.

My love for you is hot,
Like paprika, is it not?

Come on down or I'll be mighty sore, cara mia.

Come on down, my little pet, cara mia;
We will go and eat spaghet', cara mia;

We will go to my friend Jo,
Good spaghetti there, I know;

Best spaghet' you ever et, cara mia.

—Phoenix.

A Limit

Indignant: See here, waiter, here's a piece of wood in my sausage.

Waiter: Yes, sir, but I'm sure—er—

Indignant: Sure, nothing! I don't mind eating the dog, but I'm hanged if I'm going to eat the kennel, too.

—Flamingo.

Hobo: Do you believe money talks?

Ditto: Sure. That's why it's so quiet around here.

Revenge

The night was dark and misty and the man was thinking as he journeyed on toward his home of the cheerful fire that would greet him and the smile with which he would be met.

Tip-toeing up the steps, he saw his wife sitting in the room on another man's lap. Quietly he withdrew into the hall and there he took out his knife and slit the strange umbrella full of holes. Then he sneered: "I hope to God it rains!"

—Whirlwind.

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Neither Better Nor Worse

My darling's teeth are pearly white—
Yes, both of them are that;
And she has very little hair
On which to pin her hat.

My darling has a double chin,
And, what is more besides,
My darling weighs 200 flat;
She never walks—she rides.

You think that I'll stop loving her?
Not till I'm in my hearse,
For she's as safe as she can be;
She never can get worse.

—Jade.



Help! Help!

Sweet Young Thing (in parlor): Mamma!
Mamma! Come here and make Harold quit teasing me!

Mamma (from stairway landing): What is he doing, dear?

"He's sitting at the other end of the sofa."

—Judge.

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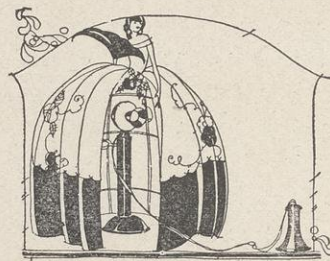
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The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

MADISON

Published by Students of the
University of Wisconsin

Founded 1919

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Vol. IV.

April, 1923

No. 7



How Electrical Engineering began

IT IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

One day in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and

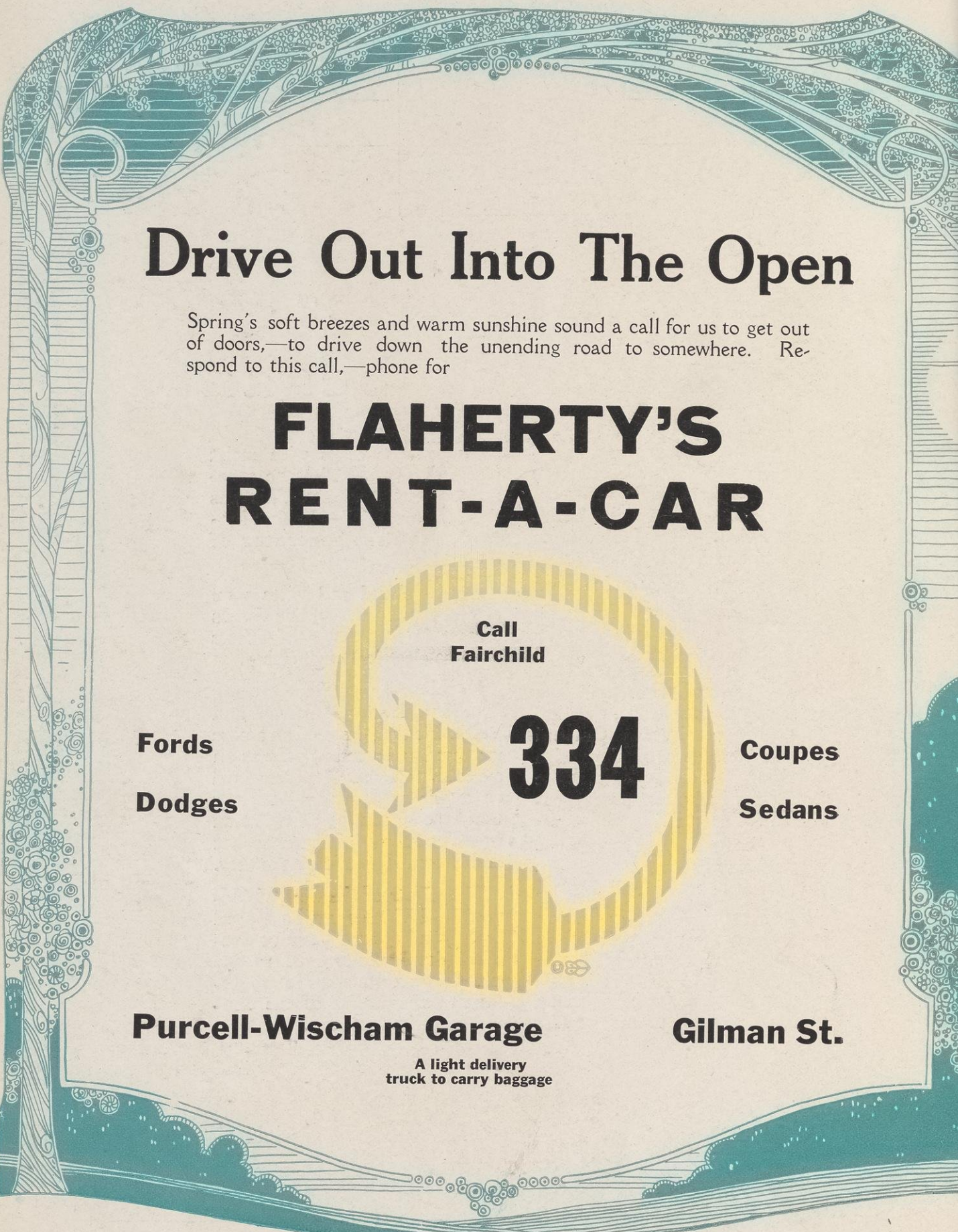
separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

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