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GAMBLERS

OCTOPUS

MARCH

25¢





Dance of Devil's Daughter

Girl Entertainers
Exciting Dancers
Exotic Specialties

Veiled • Prophet's • Ball

Most Colorful Event of the Year - The Only All University Costume Ball
Friday, March 21 • Great Hall

Dim lights, mmm. m. m music, real rhythm, streamers, swirling costumes • the Veiled Prophet « « « More beauty than the Beaux Arts - More merriment than Mardi Gras • a glorious memory. Hear the prophecy of the mysterious Veiled Prophet. Prizes for most beautiful and cleverest costumes, • Make up your own or obtain one at the Industrial Arts Bldg. Decoration theme - Hell! « « «

Bids may be secured through the committee, at the Union desk, and at the Co-op.
\$2.00 the couple



DON'T GO FISHIN'

We mean just this: When right here at the Co-op you can buy the smartest and finest in University Men's Styles Clothing and Furnishings that are correct in every detail Why take the chance of fishin' around elsewhere? We feature University Men's Clothing only Don't forget to use your Co-op number

Watch The Co-op Windows

THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

STATE & LAKE ST.



KEEP YOUR
FEET IN TUNE WITH
WALK-OVERS

8 S. Carroll St.

On The Capitol Square

Enthusiastic agent: There is a house without a flaw.
Bored Prospect: What do the people walk on?

—Wet Hen



"Ah, Watson," commented the perceptive Sherlock, "I see you changed your underwear."

"Marvelous, Holmes—how'd you know?"

"Well, you've forgotten to put your trousers on."

—The Claw



Gin: Let's have a quart of Absinthe for my girl.

Rickey: Why Absinthe?

Gin: Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.

—Carnegie Tech Puppet



He: Don't you remember me? I met you at Joe's poker party last week.

She: Oh, yes, you're the boy who wore garters.

—Kitty Kat

BADGER
RENT-A-CAR
STATE AT HENRY
FAIRCHILD 6200
WE DELIVER. RANNENBERG-PARR, MGRS.

Suits

Play a winning hand, this Spring

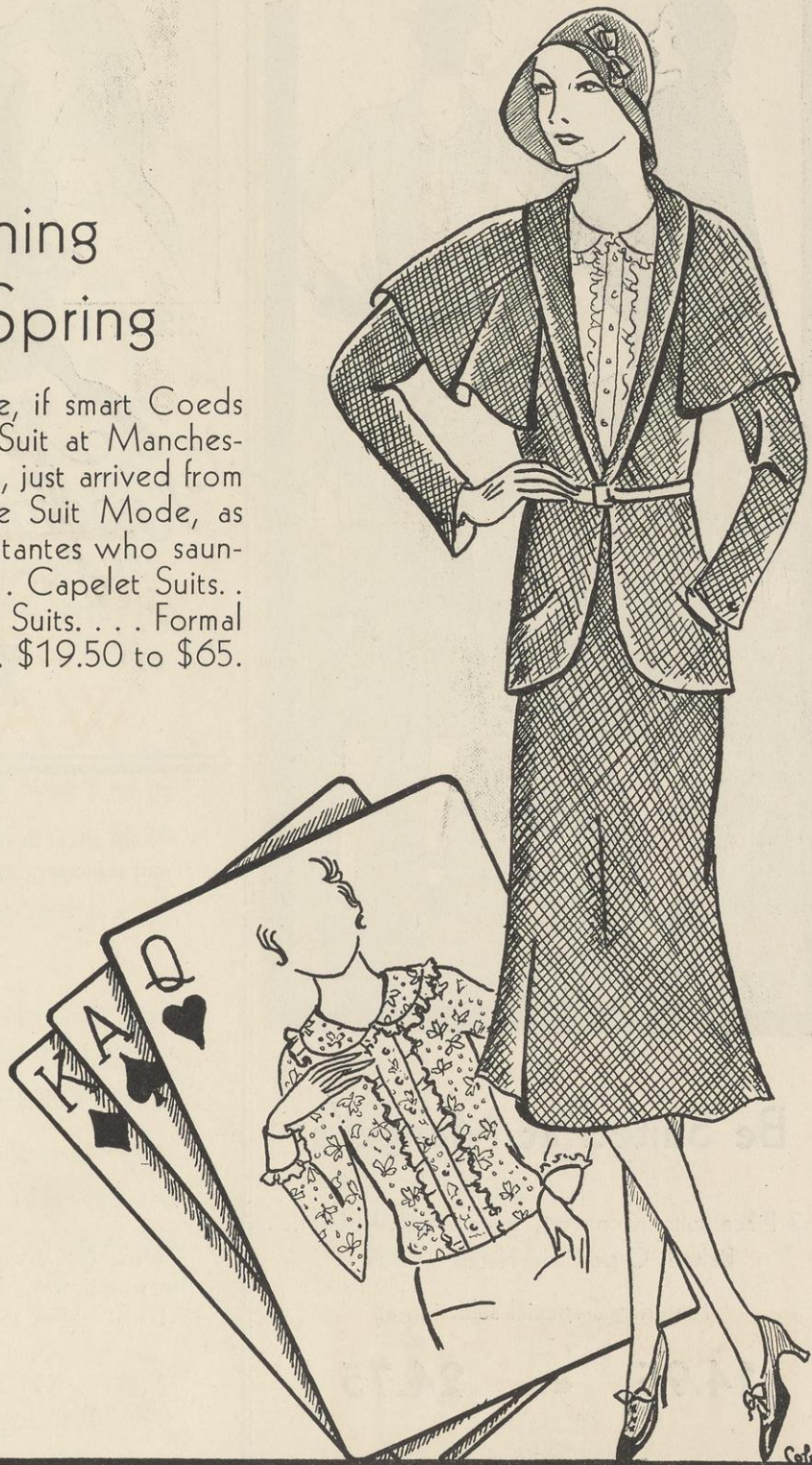
YET it's nary a gamble, if smart Coeds choose their Spring Suit at Manchester's. Our new selection, just arrived from New York, presents the Suit Mode, as interpreted by the debutantes who saunter along fifth Avenue. . . Capelet Suits. . . Tweed Suits. . . Silk Suits. . . Formal Suits. . . Sports Suits. . . \$19.50 to \$65.

and

Blouses

are gay partners

Dainty wisps of bright colored dimity . . . organdie . . . broadcloth . . . printed batistes, fashioned with frilly necklines, will lure many a Coed to choose several. . . \$1.95, \$3.50.



Harry·S·Manchester·Inc.



Be Suited at Mangel's

3 Piece suits in covert, tweed and sharkskin.
Belted, Caped and Flared models.

Featuring a special selection at

14.95 «» 24.75

Mangel's

27 S. PINCKNEY STREET



MR. PEANUT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A
Knockout

WATCH anyone eating Planters Salted Peanuts! It's "a right and a left and a right to the jaw" until the whole lot is gone. Hunger wont last a round. Planters Peanuts are "The Nickel Lunch." Look for the glassine bags with MR. PEANUT on them.

PLANTERS NUT &
CHOCOLATE CO.
U.S.A. and Canada

PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS

Now that skirts are getting longer, many men are afraid their eyes are on their last legs.

—Phoenix



"Does he have a line? Dearie, that big gob uses a cable."

—Pitt Panther



Wife (to absent-minded professor): Your hat is on the wrong way, dear."

Prof.: How do you know which way I'm going?

—Drexerd



The drunk leaned over the railing of the bridge and gazed perplexedly at the reflection of the moon on the water. A policeman walked by. "Say, officer," called the inebriate, "is that the moon down there?"

"Of course it is," answered the law.

"Then how'd I get up here."

—Punch Bowl

Why Gamble For Correct Style?

WE ARE ALWAYS IN A POSITION TO GIVE YOU THE MEN'S APPAREL THAT IS NEW AND CORRECT—WE DON'T GUESS AT IT—WE ARE GUIDED BY THE STYLE AUTHORITIES OF THE WORLD—MEN WHOSE LIFE WORK IS SENSING NEW FASHIONS.

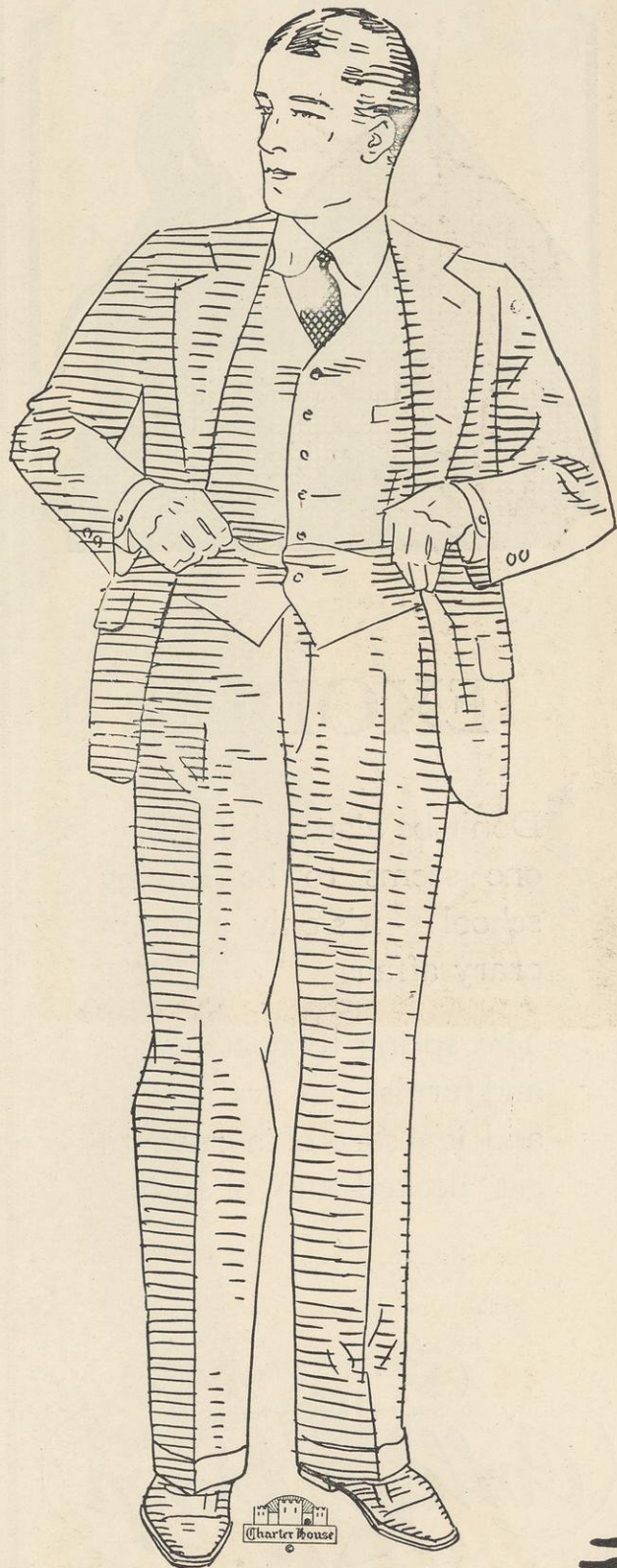
OUR PRESENT ASSEMBLY OF SPRING SUITS, TOPCOATS AND HABERDASHERY WILL BEAR OUT OUR STATEMENT.

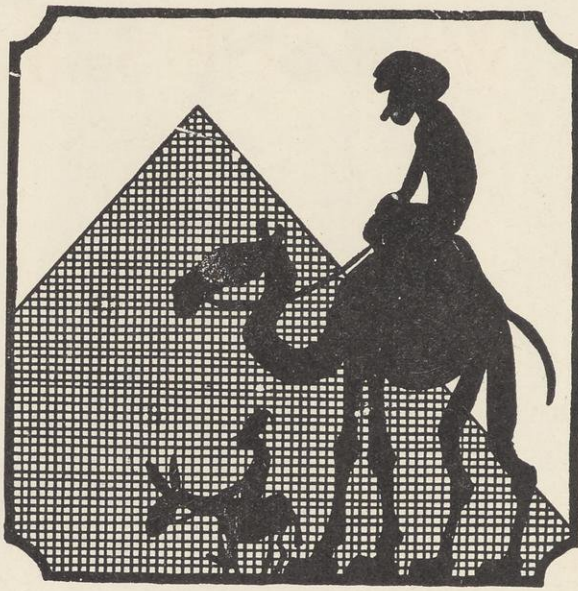
ALL THE SPRING STYLINGS ARE NOW READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION.

SUITS WITH ONE OR TWO TROUSERS 35.00 AND MORE. TOPCOATS 23.50 40.00



109 STATE STREET





EXODUS

Don't be alarmed if everyone seems to be leaving school - - it's only a temporary affair.

The spring topcoats, suits and furnishings are here - - and it's sort of a rush to get "decked out" for spring.



WEXTARK

Offers the Student

Electric
RADIO'S

As Low As

34.50
Less Tubes

Terms

225 State Street

She lived in Spain and she had a beautiful Pyrenees.
—Yellow Jacket



"Where's your father, miss?" said the gray-eyed office kindly.

"He's in hiding, sir," returned the tanner's daughter tartly.

—Voo Doo



"I am the greatest pianist in the world."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do. Last spring I saved my life with my musical ability."

"Impossible."

"Not at all. Do you remember the big flood last spring?"

"Uh huh."

"Well, my father floated down the river on the chicken coop."

"What the hell did you do?"

"I accompanied him on the piano."

—The Cornell Widow

And My Dear, This is What SHE Said--

Putting on that self satisfied look of hers that just kills you, "I got it at BARON BROTHERS on the Square, and paid only \$16.75 for it!" She looked adorable at the dance last night--she's always so sure of herself. And didn't her accessories match perfectly? So many of the girls are getting their things at BARON'S now!





Why Gamble?

Knowing Whether Or Not You Are Getting One Of The New "Moderne' Mode" Frocks Featured Exclusively At

18.75

**STEWART
SMART SHOP**

227 State St. Fairchild 188 Madison

**Wear the Correct
SPRING
OUTFIT**



• • • • •
Call or write
for this Helpful
FREE
Style Leaflet

You can't go wrong on your spring purchases if you follow the style trends detailed in this interesting style leaflet. It's full of last-minute information. Get it!

They're Here!
Actual Samples
of Suit Patterns

LEARBURY

KARSTENS

24 NORTH CARROLL STREET

Fresh: Why was that immigration inspector fired?
Fresher: For passing a bum Czech.

—Pitt Panther



There's no justice in the world. That's not an even break giving the Navy control of the Virgin Islands.

—Bison



"What color do you like best?"
"Gilda Gray, I guess."

—Wasp



We are twins and look alike. When we were at school my brother threw an eraser and hit the teacher. She whipped me. She didn't know the difference, but I did. Brother was in a fight and the judge fined me five hundred dollars. He didn't know the diff, but I did. I was to be married, but my brother arrived at the church first and married my girl. She didn't realize, but I did.

But I got even for all that. I died last week and they buried him.

—Sun Dial

...in bridge it's **BIDDING!**



...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"OLD BIRDS are not caught with new nets."
What smokers want is not novelty, but *quality*;
not new taste, but *good* taste.

To millions of smokers, Chesterfield taste is
an old story—but it's one they never tire of!
For what they want most is exactly what
Chesterfield puts first:

"TASTE *above everything*"



MILD...and yet
THEY SATISFY

Chesterfield

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

Strengthen your Defense Mechanism



with the **Pause**
that refreshes

The best defense is the attack. The best time to attack is when you're feeling good. You feel your best when refreshed. Q.E.D.; also, Eh, Voila! — Coca-Cola!

Refreshment—that's the true inward meaning of Coca-Cola. Ice-cold, sparkling, delicious—an all-day drink, pure as sunlight. For millions of people, every day, Coca-Cola is the first thought and the last word in wholesome refreshment.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

9
MILLION
a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

HOOT MON! typically Scotch

Temporary paralysis (when the dinner check appears)

Canadian Scotch (labels printed in Oshkosh)

Scotch kilts, Scotch plaids, Scotch bagpipes

Our own real Harris Tweed topcoats and suitings (authentic importations from the Isle of Harris.)

Pete E. F. Burns.

CLOTHES - IMPORTED HABERDASHERY - SHOES

Many an accident has occurred because the man at the wheel has failed to release his clutch.

—*Boston Beanpot*



Rose's are red;
Pearl's are white.
I seen 'em on the clothes line.

—*Phoenix*



They never play poker on the university afloat because there's always a Prof standing on the deck.

—*Ariz. Kitty Kat*



If a Tooth Spoke

Doc, I've had my fill of you, you're a regular bore. Yes, I appreciate life is one long drill for you but I won't have you buzzing around me anymore. So you didn't like my last impression and you think I am false, eh? Well, you take your hot air and go gas somebody else. What, you think I am tough? You didn't like me since that last bridge game we had. Well, let me tell you something. I'm tired of being picked on and jerked around. Do you get that! Oh, you'll crown me, eh? Well, you'll see a tooth paste you never seen before. I admit I've got a bum nerve but any one who beats me to a pulp will find I'm a tartar, by gum.

—*Froth*

Bonnie FROCKS

231 State

Announce their latest showing of
new spring

FROCKS

15.00

and

25.00



This smart frock of flowered chiffon for afternoon and dinner wear featuring the new puffed sleeve and high waist-line with silk velvet belt, flowing pep-lum and the long flowered skirt. The same dress is featured in solid color chiffon in black, blue, green and all pastel shades—sizes 12 to 20. \$15.00.

Latest arrivals in new spring sport suits and dresses in the new spring shades and materials. Priced specially at \$15.00.

Bonnie FROCKS

231 State



“THE MOST HANDSOME MAN”

A CLEAN cut appearance, broad shoulders, and an active step are the products of exercise and correct eating. The handsomest man in the senior class will have them and they will be the secret of his magnetism.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits a day go a long way toward establishing the right

eating routine. They are a part of many a training schedule—they are the mainstay of many a successful business executive.

Try them for breakfast with milk or cream. A great food for the mid-night lunch too.

SHREDDED WHEAT



Prince of Wales (To coed guest):
You may sit on my right hand.

Coed: Oh, prince, aren't you rather aggressive?

—Jack-O-Lantern

“Do you still wake up with a grouch?”

“No, Dearie, I divorced him.”

—Black and Blue Jay

She: So she drove off in a tantrum.

He: What is that, a new kind of a car?

She: Yeh, it's quite the rage.

—CCNY Mercury

Hospital Nurse (to impatient magician): Congratulations, it's a fine bowl of goldfish!

—Lampoon

She had no principles but God! How she drew interest.

—Rice Oval

Do you see that man raising hell over there?

And that woman raising Cain?

Well, they got together and brought up Helen Kane.

—Bean Pot

Rear Action

“Great mackerel, Fishby, why do you call your gas wagon by such a queer name, Charleston?”

“Egad, Freud, 'tis because of the play in the rear end.”

—Widow

Attention, brassies, putters!

—wake up tennis racket, polo mallet, canoe paddle! Spring's here again!

Time to think of the Easter parade, clothes for the summer campaign—lighter colors—sports outfits.

We're frankly interested in having you know about Cheney Cravats — There's a particularly happy selection suited for balmy weather. Livelier in



color, interesting in pattern—yet in just as good taste as the more conservative Cheney Cravats for business and formal daytime and evening wear.

You'll find the appropriate Cheney Cravats to suit your own tastes—no matter what the occasion. At your favorite shops.

Cheney Brothers, 181 Madison Avenue, New York.

**CHENEY
CRAVATS**

MADE OF CHENEY SILKS



Simpson's at the Co-Op

Tuesday

Dear Cynthia,

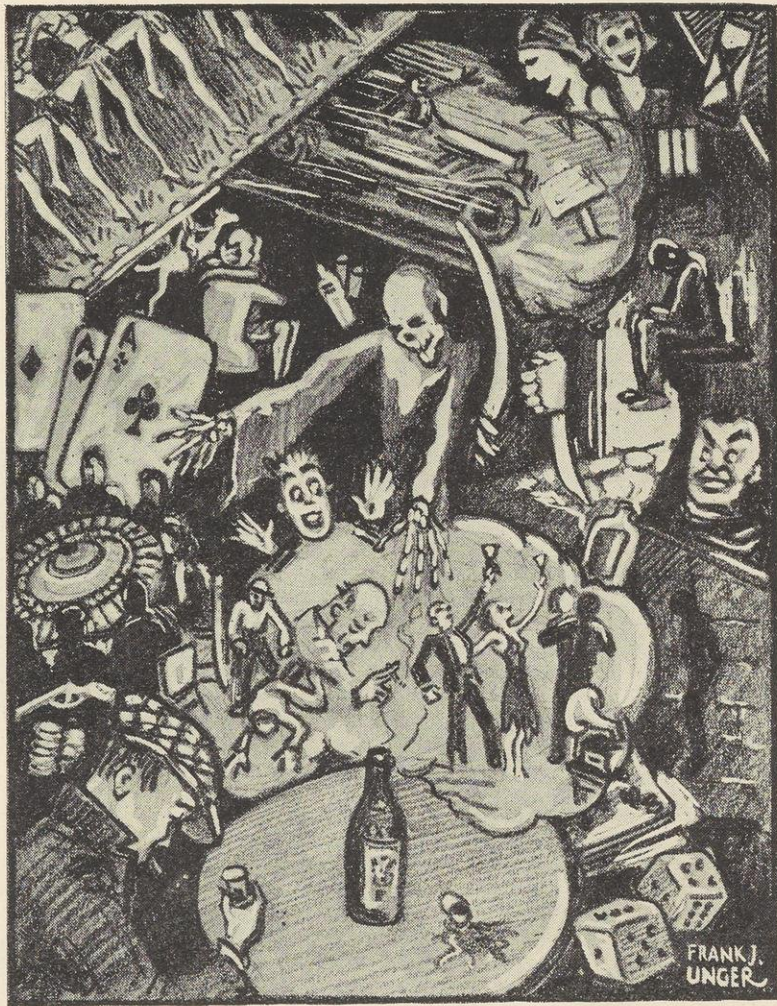
Am planning to come up to Madison next week-end for Jed's formal. My wardrobe is completely "out", so I must get some new dresses, hats, and accessories. Jean tells me to shop at Simpson's - she gets all her clothes there, and she's a gorgeous dresser. So save some time for me.

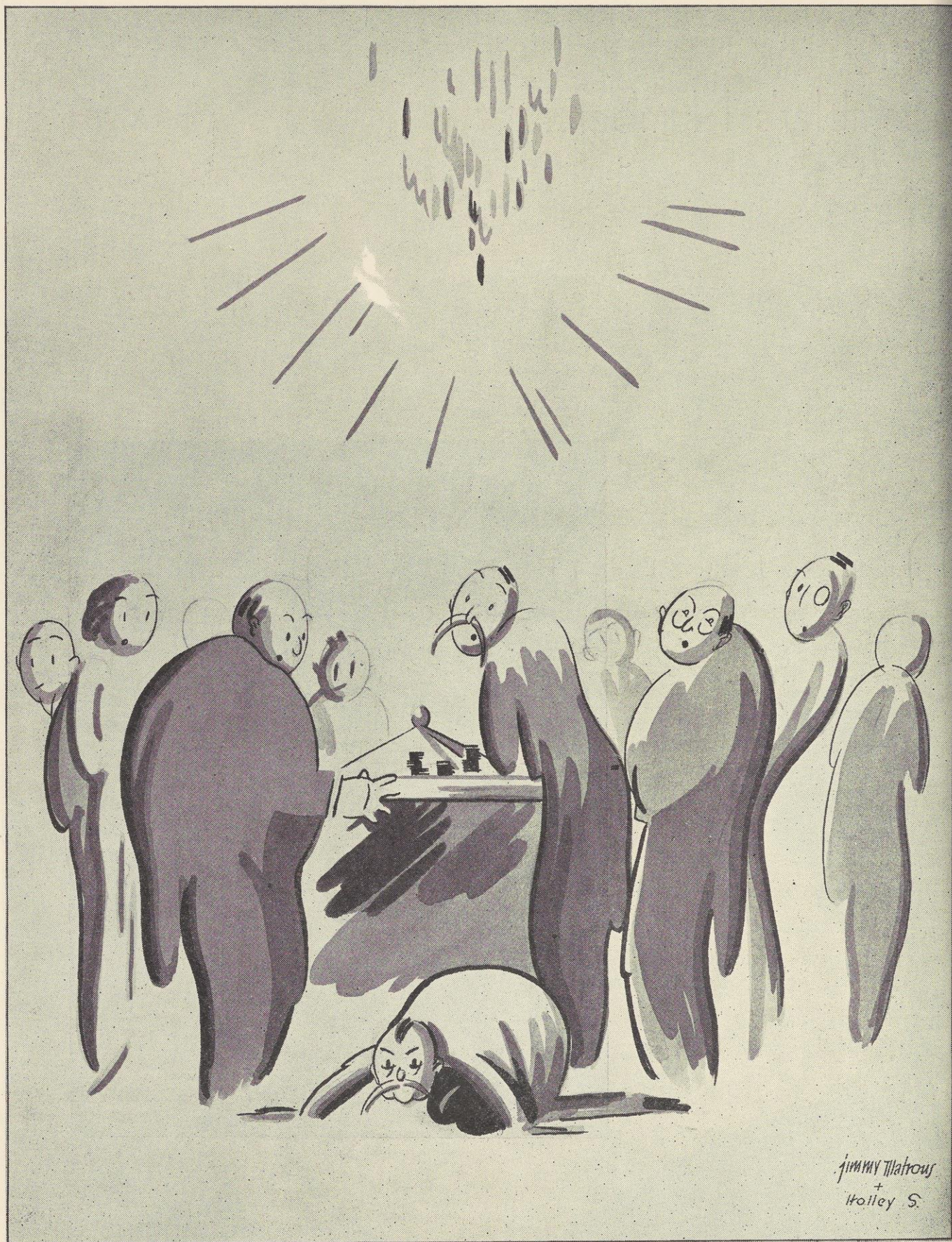
Love,
Marge

P.S.

Jean said something about two shops - one at the Co-op and -
Tamm Shop.

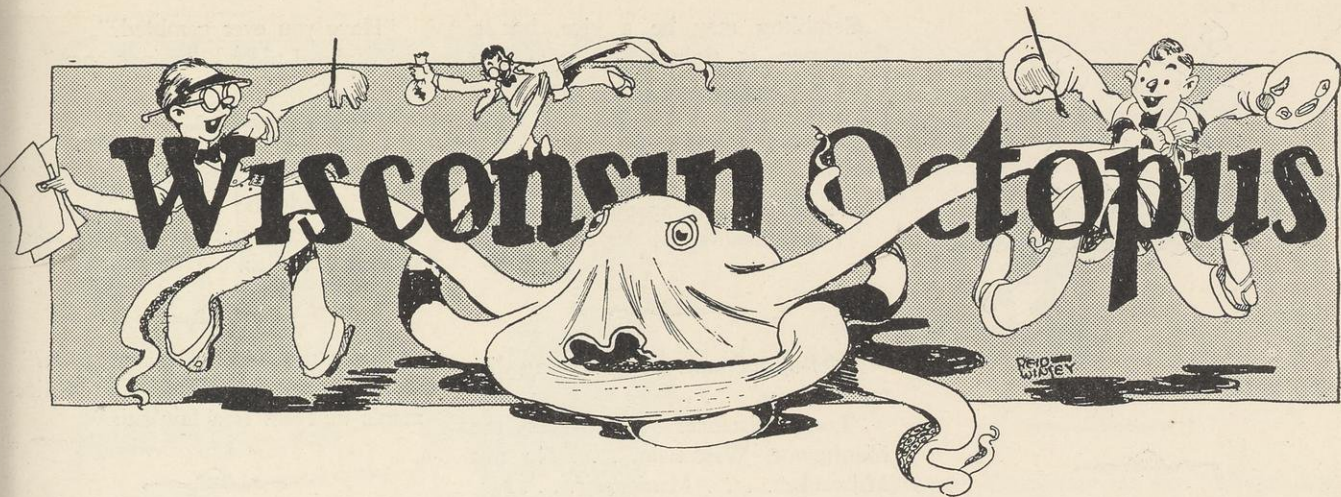
Gambler's Number...





JIMMY THATROUS
+
HOLLEY S.

"Hey, I lost a Dime!"



In gambling it's dollars to sense.

Was the Mussulman the first
bouncer?

We've seen a board walk, but we've
never seen a racing stable.

The only aunty he ever knew was
of the penny variety.

If you are going to gamble it is
better to be a bettor than to be a
debtor.

And now that spring is coming,
the hundred-percenters can point with
pride to the gradual disappearance of
the furrin element.

"Pick up those chips!"
"But—" he protested.
"You heard me, pick up those
chips!"
"Aw—"
"Everyone of them, I won't have my
kitchen littered up just because you're
so careless filling the woodbox."

Bond: A legal document by which
a person binds himself to pay money.
(Webster's Dictionary) Aha! The
bonds of matrimony.

"Watch me shake that thing," said
the elephant coming to a suspension
bridge.

". . . and the cause of the injury
was a dislocation."
"I asked you what was the cause,
not the nature of it."
"And I'm telling you the injured
man dislocated an ace from his sleeve
just before the last trick was played."

Reggie: That girl is the black
sheep of her family.
Corney: Well, I like legs of
mutton.

There was a girl, not very old,
Who was her mother's deah;
She always did as she was told—
And kept away from the men so
bold—
So they called her Virgin-Ia.
Heah, heah!



Every dog has his day—and every
pair of dogs their nights.

"How did you know he was from
Notre Dame?"
"He said he never lost money on a
football game."

AND IT OUGHT TO BE
CLEANED OUT

Those who claim that the racing
game is risky forget that it's a stable
business.



"Why is a professional gambler
like a race horse?"
"Because he knows his oats."



Not What It's Cracked Up To Be

Futility

Boredom,—whole, complete,
 And life is very tiring;
 Were Fate half so sure a spinner
 I could snap her fragile wiring.
 —Ananias

Gambling may be a vice, but a
 Scotchman is tighter. (Note: time
 limit two days.)

"My tailor's just an old so-and-so."
 "Yes, he seams that way to me too."

"Hello, operator. I want long dis-
 tance please" . . .

"Long distance? Please get me
 Manitowoc, Wisconsin. . . . No not
 Milwaukee. . . . Manitowoc. . . . No,
 I don't want El Paso, thank you. . . .
 I said Manitowoc. . . . What? what?
 Who said Chillicothe. . . . I WANT
 MANITOWOC. . . . Spell it? M
 like in monkey, A, like in ass, N, like
 in nitwit, I, like in idiot, T like in
 toad. . . . Bang!"

"Have you ever gambled?"
 "Well—I played dominos once."

"How's your Aunt Agatha, Flo?"
 "Oh, middlin', middlin'."
 "You don't understand, I asked
 about her health."

"Why the perplexed expression?"
 "I'm just wondering if a police-
 man's uniform is a law suit."

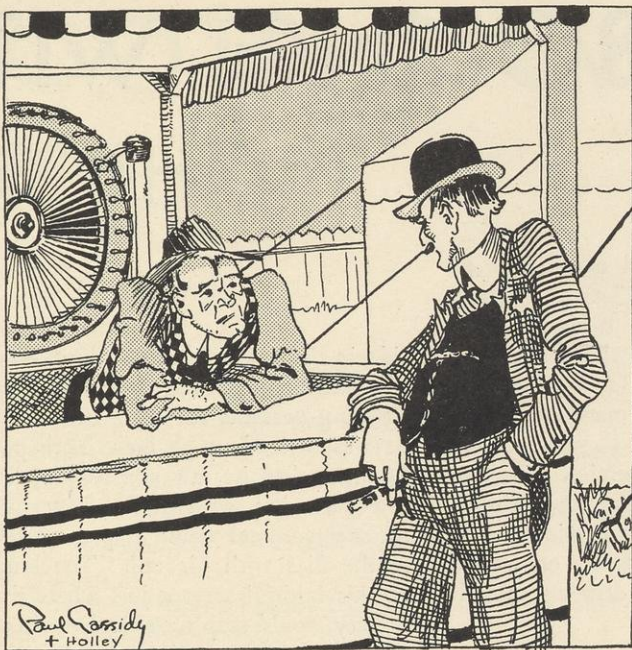
GAMBLERS LIKE—

Diamonds because they are flashy.
 Hearts because they win the women.
 Spades because they dig up the gold.
 Clubs because the suckers stay
 there.



Shuffling the Deck

FRANK J. UNGER & HOLLEY



"How's business, Pete?"
 "Not so good, the sberiff said I had to let somebody win today."

The guy who we would trust least of all is the guy who puts a gat on the table before he starts to play solitaire.

He took a long shot and his pony lost, so he took a couple of short shots and the pink elephant came in first.

Mohammed: If that queen doesn't marry me, I'm goin' to Mecca!

Dead Eye Dick stepped into the smoke filled room just as two guns roared. "Ah," smiles Dicky, "now they'll need a fourth."

He was right. One of the bridge players had renigged. "Hello Dick," welcomed one of the company, Dapper Dan by name. "Have a cup of Tea?"

"Don't care if I do," responded Dick, pouring himself a cup of strong Japan tea, for he needed something to keep him awake this exciting night.

Play resumed. Guns roared at intervals but Dick remained to the bitter end.

"Hell," complained Dead Eye Dick twelve hours later, "only fifty cents ahead at a tenth of a point."

Legs furnish a lot of the kick in life.

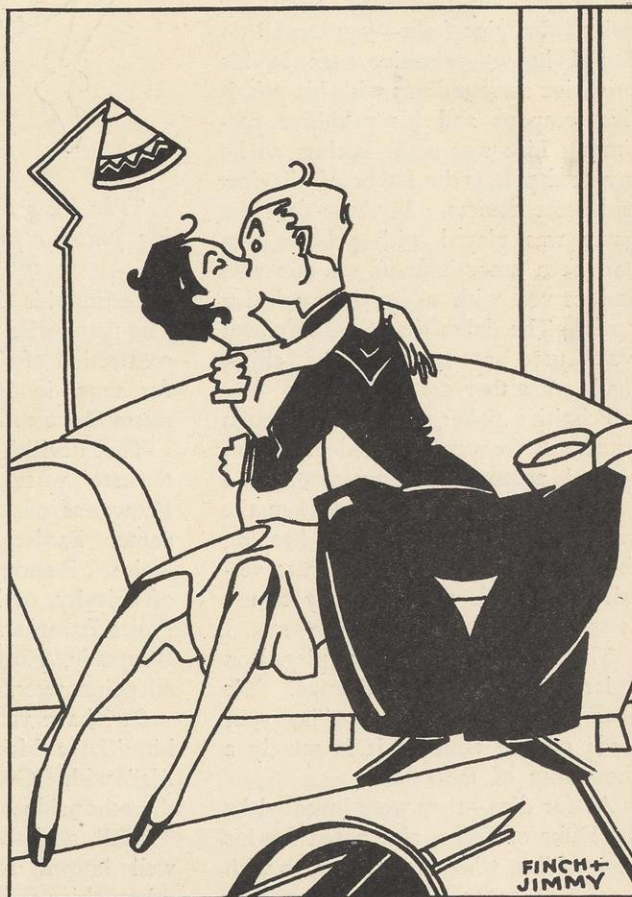
We've heard of a lot of rackets, but the worst is playing the steam calliope in a circus.

"Look at that horse-faced guy over there."
 "Yeah, he got that way down at Tia Juana."

Gambling Necessities for the College Man

- An indulgent father to pay gambling debts.
- An unsuspecting mother who believes in your virtues.
- Foolish instructors that believe those dark circles come from overstudy.
- A package of Murads when you lose that \$50 pot.
- A collapsible barrel for strip poker games.
- A good pen for writing I. O. U.s.
- A map like a battle ship when you draw that royal.
- A clear head for those all night bridge sessions.
- A bit of luck and your board bill already paid.

—Bill Kirk



Jack's Wild

GAMBOLING WITH

Or THE SKY

By H

Gambling goes back to the beginning of civilization, and you go back home broke. But it's all in the game, win or lose. The good old Cardinals are never defeated. In the dim ages when women wore fig-leaves—they say skirts will be shorter in a year or two—man began to gamble, and he's been at it ever since. Life's a gamble, marriage is a gamble—the queen of clubs takes all tricks, and the money too. Business is a gamble, according to those who are in a position to know. Look at Wall street—looks like any other street doesn't it? But is it? Ah, no, behind its concrete walls lie ticker tapes that spell ruin. If somebody could teach them to spell some other words they'd be educated.

They call people who read all the time bookworms—men who watch stocktickers all day are tapeworms. And there are bucket shops too—where they water the stock.

But we are digressing from the point. Imagine folks—you can all do that I know—primitive man in his primitive surroundings with his primitive weapons and his primitive pastimes. Life was often boring, so he invented poker, the father of all vices and some devices. In those days the game was played with pebbles that had been smoothed off on one side and carved with a certain mark for cards. The flakes that were left over were used as markers—the chips, that's what they are still called.

Primitive poker was often a rough game. It frequently ended in violent quarrels amongst the players as to who had won the pot—so called from the habit that had grown up of keeping the chips in a small earthenware vessel. The cards proved handy to use as missiles, not missives.

The first poker game was played on a large table land in Europe. We now have the expression, "lay your cards on the table". It is merely a shortening of table land.

As for dice—they were invented by the Duke of Essex, also noted for his automobiles, who was idly toying with a cube of sugar one day at lunch in his palatial palace. He accidentally

dropped the cube and noted how it rolled over and over. Two years later he was making dots with his fountain pen while answering the telephone, and thought of dice. He immediately patented the idea, and made enormous sums selling the dotted sugar cubes to his friends—and enemies. Due to their great perishability, the business was enormous. The Duke himself became an inveterate player, or rather shooter, but died of diabetes caused



"The King was very fond of shooting peasants for their feathers."

by eating his dice after every game. The name dice was originated from a contraction of "de ice", popular name for sugar in 1568, so called for its resemblance to congealed water.

That devilish contraption called the roulette wheel first saw light in France, as one should guess from its name. Pardon me, anyone but Al Smith. France, the land of romance, of chivalry, of knights, days, and the Folies Bârgère. The land where lie Burgundy, Normandy, bologney, and all points west.

Say, have you heard the new song hit, "Love Made a Monkey Out of Me" with "Gorilla My Dreams" on the other side of the record?

Well, anyhow, it seems Louis XIV, well known for his furniture and other objects of the cabinet making art, was passing through the country-

side in disguise to catch a glimpse of his peasants—he was very fond of shooting peasants for their feathers—he was dressed up as New York policeman when he saw a donkey walking around a grist mill. Every so often the animal would stop to switch at the flies with his tail. The king bet his faithful servant just where the donkey would stop next, and to make it easier, they scratched numbers in the mud. The occupation soon found popular fancy and the betting reached feverish heights. Unfortunately there were not enough grist mills in France to supply the demand. Such crowds gathered that often the animals were killed in the rush, and then all bets had to be called off. And then too, the weather was often inclement. The sport languished until the court fool invented a small portable mill, that a dog might run around. This was used for years, until certain evil men began to train the dogs to stop upon certain pre-arranged numbers. Some of them had even gone as far as to train the flies, but this took longer and so was little done.

From dog-wheels to the present type was a simple step, and quite logical. Many, however, mourned the passing of the fine breed of Skye terriers who were used on the wheels. Nothing remains of their grandeur but that old phrase, "The sky's the limit!", frequently uttered when the wheel-dog wasn't feeling well enough to scratch efficiently.

Speaking of passing on reminds me of a story about the McCormick reaper—wait, I mean the grim reaper—but anyhow some of the most famous figures in history have been hardened gamblers.

Nero, the hero of Rome (at least when he played they said he burned them up) was a gambler. Somebody had bet him he didn't dare burn the

SMOOTH GAMBLERS

THE LIMIT

SMITH

city. And then when he couldn't get his violin out of his case he yelled, "Fiddlesticks!". History has never recorded what the bet was, but it is well known that Nero never got payed. The fellow he bet with was caught in his swimming pool and burned to death!

Napoleon was also a gambler. He was in the habit of singing "Waterloo Do to Me Now, Josephine?" while on the way home after an all night session at cards.

The Little General was a great pinochle player. On one occasion, while engaged in a particularly hot hand, he was heard to mutter, "This is the pinochle of my career." Needless to say he won the game. The next day he lost the battle.

And even George Washington had his weak moments according to recent biographers. It must have been a surprise to him to become the Father of His Country—maybe his wife was surprised too.

Lots of things nowadays are a gamble. Take politics for instance. What are politics? Nobody knows. Some people say they're a game—I think they're a racket—you can't hear yourself think for the racket. The house has a speaker, in the senate they all talk.

Another big gamble was the Florida real estate boom—it went off with a bang, and when the smoke cleared away everybody was cured. Lots of money changed hands, and it changed a lot of other things too. One fellow bought a lot that was out in the Gulf of Mexico—lucky for him he was a goldfish fancier.

There's nothing like the old days of '49 though, unless it's this modern golddigging era. The oldtimers would bet on anything. They had no scruples, though they sometimes had fleas and other things. The gaming tables

of San Francisco were loaded nightly with gold pieces—beautiful women danced to the tunes of a couple of fiddles and three Swedes. Joy was unrefined—so was the whiskey. Bearded men (none of the women were wearing them at that time) tramped wearily in from weeks at the sluice box, with a poke of dust. They spent the dust and kept the poke, and often got a few extra pokes for good measure. Then "back to the gold



"This is the pinochle of my career."

fields," as the flapper says when she parks her head on sugar daddy's shoulder.

But the local color was immense at Sutter's Mill—where gold was first discovered—as five hundred Chinamen had been hired to dig. Dogs would have been more efficient. Imagine the scene—Old Man Sutter digging for potatoes, or it may have been worms, as he was fond of fishing, and had no young children. Suddenly his spade strikes a stone. He sees a glint of yellow—what can this be? Gold? Gawd, gold! Note: actual words as taken from stenographic report of the affair. It was then that Old Man Sutter uttered the

two words that have since become household necessities. "Old Gold!" he cried, and set the echo flying that revolutionized the cigarette industry, and cured tuberculosis cases by the thousands—most of them died.

The gold fever, or rather the yellow fever, spread like wildfire, across the country from coast to coast. Families climbed aboard the old covered wagon and set out for Californ-y-a with banjos on their knees. Personally I would hate to have a banjo on my knee, it's usually worse than having water on the knee. But they didn't seem to mind the hardships. Sometimes they became rich, sometimes they became poor—but they lived, and that's what counts, just like an adding machine.

Horse racing, that's another type of gambling. These mutual systems are what are ruining the country. One guy meets another and says he lost on "Snowshoe" in the fifth at Belmont. The other benny says, "it's mutual," and that's the way it goes. They used to break 'em on the wheel, now they're all broke by the racetracks.

And then there are the other vices connected with gambling. Take opium for example—I never took it because I didn't like examples when I was in school. The nearest I came to it was one time when father took me to see the bear den at the zoo. They must be something like these opium dens you hear of. "Can you pipe that?" said Chop Suey, as he handed an opium pill to One Horse Shay, the Pride of Paloma.

Think of the songs that have been written about the old standby, poker. "I'll See You in My Dreams", and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart", and "In the Sweet Bye and Bye". It's touching, like the game.

But, on the whole, gambling is a great institution—so is Sing-Sing and going to college. Gambling is dear to men's hearts, and it's dear to their pocketbooks too, that's why so many wives don't like it. Lodge night, is an old excuse that often has complaints lodged against it. The Masons have wrecked many homes, but bootleggers' bombs do it better.

Sporting Briefs

This year, Boojum, Whichone, and Caruso, probably the three leading 3 year old horses in the country, have not been entered in the Kentucky Derby. According to their owners, they are being held back for later—and richer—races. What price tradition when \$'s are concerned?

Agua Caliente has taken the place of old Tia Juana as Mexico's premier resort. It is located about three miles from the other town, and has been patterned along modern lines. In other words everything is still there—but under new paint.

The Wall street crash that came in September was just another instance of over indulgence in a good thing. The market is already far enough back so that anyone—who had any money left—could have made a fortune buying selected stocks.

Chicago has rapidly become the turf center of the world. During the summer months the race industry is of such proportions as to make a difference in everything from population to horse flies.

Contrary to tradition, strip poker is *not* the most popular collegiate game. It has lost the old time kick.

Baseball pools have reached such a large size in underground American gambling channels that it seems almost silly that the government does not legalize the lottery and get a nice profit from it.

Monte Carlo, for years the world's greatest gambling mecca is in trouble. The trouble is—competition. At present the war centers around the right of an unescorted lady to appear at the gaming tables. But then it is nothing new for women to be the center of controversy and competition.

The height of something or other—Two Scotchmen at Monte Carlo.



What chance has a player in the game of life against the hand of fate?



"Do you want to join us fellows and rent an apartment?"

"Sorry, but I don't play poker."



"Wanta smoke?"

"No, thanks."

"Wanta drink?"

"No, thanks."

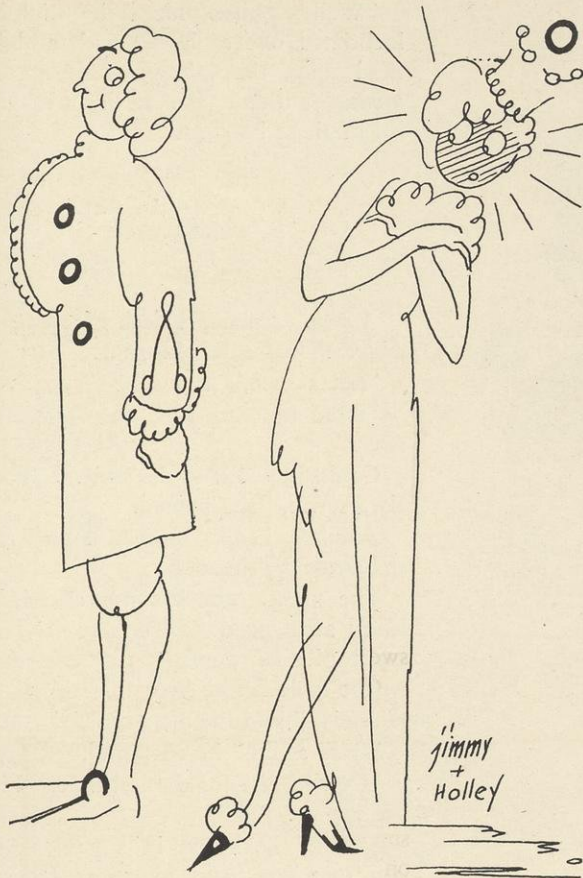
"Wanta neck?"

"No, thanks."

"Say, you're not a mother are you?"



"Say, isn't that bat filled yet?"



A Royal Flush

Gambling has many vices, and some devices.



An art gallery is no place for a model boy.



"Did the officers get any gambling devices in the raid on the liquor establishment?"

"No. The manager had been tipped off on the raid, so he hid all the incriminating evidence behind the liquor."



"Pass tha 'lasses, mammy."

"You all mus' say molasses, Rastus!"

"But I don't wan' mo' 'lasses, mammy,—Ah ain't hed none yit."



The English prof, returning home after several days' absence, found a note on the table for him.

"Deer James", it read, "I have eloped with the iceman. Amy."

"Good Lord," cried the professor, "she spells dear with two e's".

Is a rewrite man on a newspaper, a second story man?



"You say you got a full house, but didn't win anything?"

"Yup."

"How come?"

"The cops got a full house, too."

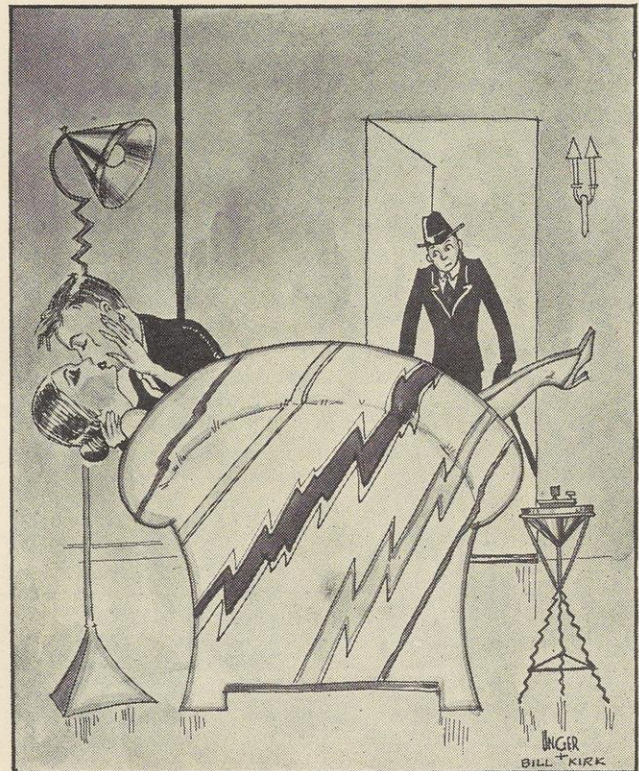


LIFE

The wan breeze freshened, growing stouter,
The while I watched as one astounded:
The warm stars sweetly swam before her—
There was not one that dared to flout her—
Oh, is she real? From far there sounded
The owl's lone wailing, zephyr-bounded.

The river seemed a massive wrinkle
Of grief—or again a peevish grin;
Soft came a tuneful, gurgling tinkle,
While the spray from a sudden, showery sprinkle
Blew in my face—oh, what a sin!
She's smashed my only pint of gin!

—William Hayhurst



Opening on a Pair



The Battle of the Sixes

Happiness and joy reigned aboard the ocean liner as the majestic vessel cleft its way through the ever increasing fog. Suddenly, without any warning, peal after peal rent the calm air of the balmy evening. A tug appeared and hailed the larger ship.

"In trouble captain?"

"No," replied the master of the liner, "it's only some of the college boy tourists throwing their banana peels away."

I god a code
Id by head
Bakes be wish
I was dead.

I god a code
Id by dose,
Bakes it bloob
Like a rose.

I god a code
The girl wod't deck.
If she would
I'd be cured, by heck.

"Well," philosophized the slightly inebriated one as he lit with a dull thud upon the rain-glistening pavement, "it didn't take me long to get rid of those bouncers."

A man, a maid, a deck of cards, a table. The same old game.

"Bet a shoe," he said.

"Raise my ear-rings," was the answer.

Cards flipped onto the table. "You always win," she pouted.

Another hand, another hour, an embarrassing situation.

The man's luck has not changed. Hand after hand he has won, and a small pile of woman's garments are on the table before him.

"Raise," said the maid quietly.

"Back again," he answered.

"OK. Raise for the last time. I'll bet my. . ."

"Wait," he began in a panic, are you sure you want to go as far as that. . . I mean. . . !"

"Play your cards," she replied coolly. "You're called. Here's where the luck swings back."

The man began to sweat.

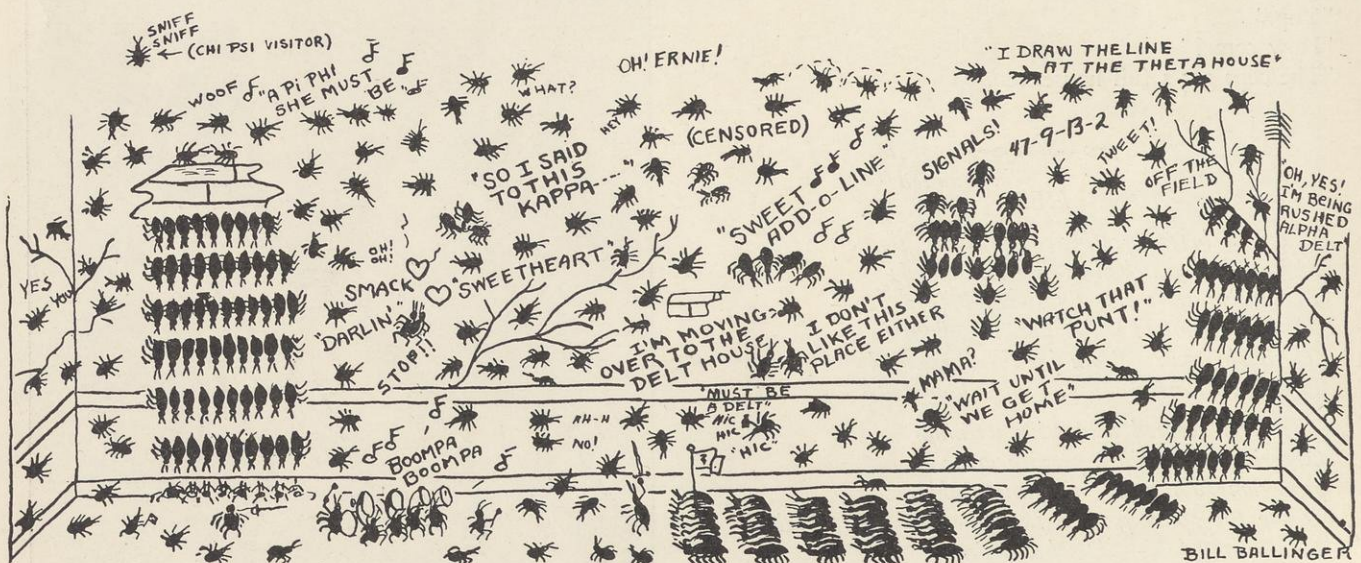
"Four aces," cooed the maid.

"A . . . royal flush!" he stuttered.

"9\$ (&—%\$8\$!!!)

From the advertisements in Judge, it seems that levity is the soul of Flit.

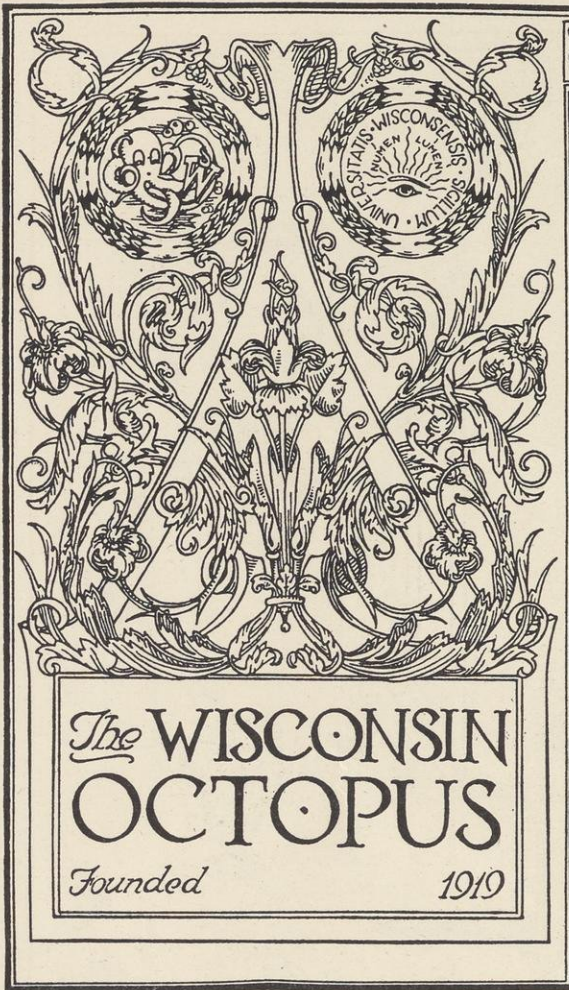
"I love 'em and leave 'em."
"Leave 'em what?"



Night Life at the Phi Delt House



Fraternity Life at Wisconsin
No. 2: THE KAPPA SIGS



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(Bang! Bang! Bang! Listen To The Reports!)

Since the foreign language requirements of the University of Wisconsin in relation to the requirements for graduation were last mentioned in these pages, faculty committees have reported, student committees have reported, there has been lots of publicity, and what do we have? The possibility of more reports in the near future.

Like the little boy who called "Wolf" "Wolf", the attitude on the whole subject of curricular revision seems to be lots of noise, lots of scare, but no action.

Octy unhesitatingly recommends changes of the foreign language requirements under the following heads:

1. Foreign language requirement to be estimated on the basis of a student's ability to pass a comprehensive examination in one language.

2. Required language limited to one so that a useful knowledge of a language will be obtained rather than a smattering of two or three.

3. That students coming from high school with enough language to pass the examination be considered as having worked off the requirement and be allowed to take electives in place of language.

4. The comprehensive examination to be made out on the basis of the amount of language a student would learn in 3 years of language on a four hour a week basis.

5. That all languages be taught in 4 credit courses only so that as the student advances he will not be forced to carry two or three two credit courses along diverging lines so as to work off the requirement.

GRANDPA NEEDS GLASSES

Fraternity Hell Week and its accompanying hooray is on its annual rampage, raising an imbecile head out of the various campus fraternities. Paddling, browbeating, quests, ridicule, all are enlisted to make the freshman realize the true worth and greatness of Etta Lotta Hash.

Fraternity men defend the old Hell Week custom on the grounds that it is necessary to plague the pledge into complete mental and physical exhaustion in order to make him more receptive of the great honor which the fraternity is conferring upon him by admittance to membership. Grandpa Faculty seems to think that cut classes, physical pain, ridicule, and barbarism are completely out of keeping with the spirit of higher education.

Now to approach the annual Hell Week Problem. From our point of view, there is no problem but short sightedness on both sides. With a little thought and co-operation, a most admirable compromise could be effected.

THE SOLUTION IS TO ALLOW FIRST SEMESTER FRESHMEN TO MOVE INTO FRATERNITY HOUSES IMMEDIATELY AFTER PLEDGING, a custom which is in common usage on several campuses throughout the country and which has proved to be extremely satisfactory.

In the first place, with the pledge's continuous association with the members of the eating club of his choice, there would be no necessity to cram the whole fraternity history, its importance, and its greatness down the pledge's neck in a week or less. He would already know the names of the members, its traditions, and be prepared for initiation without the necessity of a lot of horseplay.

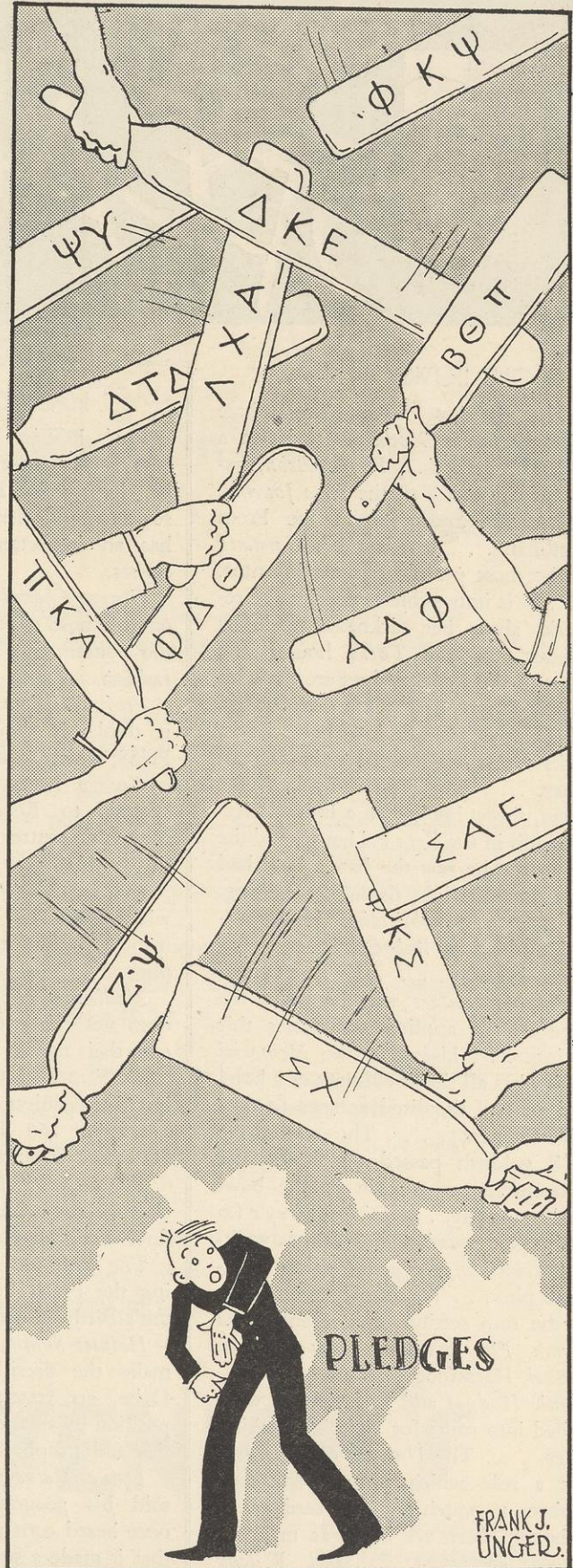
On Grandpa Faculty's side, this plan would have the advantage of doing away with hell week and its accompanying evils, and also would provide a more effective means of keeping a check on the first semester men and helping them with their studies. Despite opinion to the contrary, fraternities are anxious to keep their men in school. It's a matter of survival with them.

Grandpa Faculty is also at present contemplating action to provide financial stability for fraternities. If fraternity finances are in a bad way, it is because Grandpa allowed them to overbuild without checking, and rather than help alleviate the situation, erected dormitories to make it even harder for them to survive. It is ridiculous to expect any business concern to run on a basis of a five month year the way fraternities have to. They cannot fill the house until the second semester, and therefore cannot run up to budget.

We are not advocating anything startlingly new or original. The plan we offer for a solution of the two major fraternity problems, Hell Week and finance, is working practically on other campuses. It is bound to work here.

Grandpa Faculty, put on your glasses. You can't see past the end of your nose!

Gordon Swarthout



FRANK J. UNGER.

Threatening Shadows



THE OLD LOWDOWN—

The *Gridiron Banquet* committee will ask *Dean Goodnight* to sit in a rocking chair. . . . *Roy Matson*, assistant city editor of the *State Journal*, wrote *The Scrambler* in the Prom Cardinal. . . . *William W. Garstang* is the most prolific campus inventor. . . . It is impossible to reprint the remarks about her nickname made by "Texas" of the *Theta* house. . . . Most of the *Deke* pledges are not with us any longer. . . . One *Chi Omega*, who always has a flock of boy friends, picks them up regularly in the library. . . . *Bob Paris* came back for Prom, threw his hat on a lighted electric bulb in the *Zeta Psi* house, and the next time he saw the hat, a hole had been burned right through the thing. . . . "Not for publication" is the post-script added by *Bob Calkins* to everything he says. . . . He-man open-neck shirt collars will be quite the rage among applied arts males this spring. . . . Living in the *Memorial Union* has all the advantages of a hotel and none of the disadvantages (not an advertisement). . . . The reason the *SAE* goldfish passed out is because someone put some gin in the bowl during a party. . . . *Dick Harvey's* favorite cold weather diversion is walking down *Langdon street* eating an eskimo pie. . . . The comely young lady in the roto section of a recent *Delta Sigma Phi* magazine was *Vernon Hamel*, Haresfoot's leading lady. . . . *Jennie Hodges* and *Jack Hickok* were hailed into court for violating parking rules. . . . The *Union's Game Room* has a rule which permits only one kibitzer to watch any one card game, although there are often as many as fifteen spectators. . . . *Bill Wilcox* has a private edition of his tour of

HALL OF SHAME

Prof. William Henry Kiekhofer—because he wears a dark blue suit at his lecture in Music Hall once a semester and then on days when he has an important event outside of classes.

George Chandler—because he wears one of those collegiate mufflers, but is too conservative to tie it in necktie fashion.

Prof. William Troutman—because it thinks it should be called *OctopUSS*, which would give it nine lives.

George Little—because he always exceeds to *Roundy's* demands for comps, no matter how large the quantity may be.

Kathleen Fitz—because no matter what decent hour you call her at, a man will almost always answer the phone.

Madison Police Dept.—because it does not check up on students who give their names as "John Smith."

William Henry Purnell—for cracking the funniest ones that ever were heard in 165 Bascom hall during Haresfoot tryouts.

The Dean's Office—because they declare people who haven't paid library fines ineligible for activities.

The Sophomore Shuffle—for swiping the Frosh Frolic date, Washington's Birthday eve.

Helmet Summ—because he tries to make the presidency of *Delta Phi Delta*, art fraternity, a truly artistic position by wearing red Windsor bowties and purple shirts.

Lynne Halverson—because he has told his geography classes that he once heard corn growing in Iowa and that it made a squeaking sound.

England, copies of which he distributes among his personal friends. . . . If you read *Margery Latimer's* "This Is My Body", keep the *University of Wisconsin* in mind. . . . After having an office for a year and a half, *Union Board* established office hours two weeks ago. . . . A fond parent recently wrote the university about a well-built son and ended with, "What is your best offer?" . . . *Ralph Kraut* dated every bim of any consequence in these parts before he picked his *Military ball queen*. . . . Two ineligible men were appointed as co-chairmen of the *National Academy* program by the athletic department. . . . *Phi Psi's*, *Phi Del's*, *Phi Gam's*, and *Phi Kappa Sigs* supply most of the Haresfeet (A *Phi* monopoly).

CAMPUSGRAM—

Reminiscent of dandelions in the wind are the seats now vacant in classrooms occupied by the second semester of year courses.

SEVEN CAMPUS WONDERS—

1. *The dogs.*
2. *The empty canoes.*
3. *The cowliseum.*
4. *The date shop (library adjunct).*
5. *The drives after dark.*
6. *Joe Steinauer on the air.*
7. *Student clinic excuses.*

PRIZE EXAM ANSWER—

Political Science One—"The United States Senate once barred a senator because he was a moron, who had many wives, a contingency not provided for in the Constitution."

~ Magpie



Do You Gamble With Your Clothes?

NO—NO!

—we don't mean strip poker!!

It isn't usually considered good sportsmanship to bet on a "sure thing" when you're gambling, but when you're buying clothes—well, don't take ANY chances! You want to KNOW that you're buying from a "full house" of "winning" styles. And you can take a straight tip—Kessenich's is that place! When "ma' baby needs a new pair of shoes", or anything else to wear, just remember that —Kessenich's—and you'll be "down the stretch" to a "royal flush" in fashion!

Every suit we have this spring is a trump—in fashion and fabric and price! Long or short coats, silk or wool. \$29.50 to \$49.50.

We've taken all the "tricks" in the game and fashioned them into adorable little silk frocks with cap sleeves, boleros, jackets and whatnots. \$13.50 to \$49.50.

Patou's high belted model and Vionet's wrap-around coat lead a whole fashion show of Spring coats in beautiful materials. \$29.50 to \$69.50.

KESSENICH'S

Main Store
201 State St.

Collegienne Shop
903 University Ave.



BOOK BANTER



In *21 Delightful Ways of Committing Suicide* (Covici-Friede, Publishers), Jean Bruller, especially with his whimsical illustrations has fulfilled a long-felt want. The little manual of less than one hundred pages offers a variety of means for ending an undesired or undesirable existence, an existence which, unlike unwanted Christmas presents, cannot be returned and exchanged. The twenty-one methods outlined and chastely pictured all seem easy—any child can do them; most of them require very simple apparatus that can be bought at any cut-rate drug store, or, if your dealer does not have a supply, can be ordered by mail. I only say they seem easy; obviously, experiments in self-destruction, like those in education, are often dangerous to the human subject, and I cannot say that in spite of much encouragement by my friends, I have had first-hand experience with any of the twenty-one ways. For most of them, however, one can think of plenty of illustrious practitioners. Seneca had complete success with Number 9; Nero, I believe, with Number 7; Dido, had she survived it, could have reported successfully on Number 13; and Leander was a quite unintentional exponent of Number 2. On the other hand, disease or violence often prevents the successful completion of Number 21, Suicide by Means of Excessive Longevity; and the examples of Mrs. Pankhurst and other early suffragettes are warnings that Number 20, Suicide by Means of a Deficiency of Alimentation, should not be attempted where the time element is important.

There are only three objections to the book. First, as Corey Ford points out in his preface, no criteria are furnished for eligibility in this activity. Just as it is often hard to get husky young men to go out for football or crew, so it is almost impossible to persuade likely candidates to take advantage of such opportunities as a book

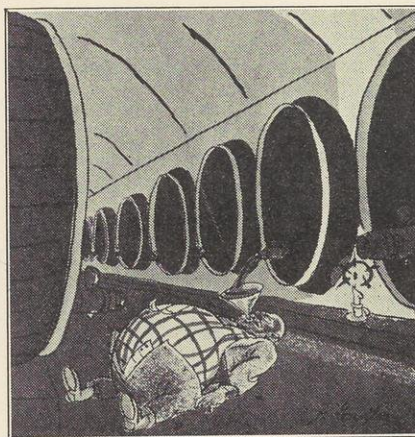
BY

Paul M. Fulcher

To the reader to whom Octy is a new adventure, we take the greatest pleasure in introducing a new writer whose "Book Banter" will be a feature of the magazine from now on. For the rest of our readers who remember the gentleman from last year, no introduction is necessary.

We offer for your approval then, Prof. Paul Fulcher, who has returned to Octy's pages after a long absence and vacation in which he seems to have sharpened his versatile wit more than ever, and who will, from month to month, comment on all that is new in books.

like this offers. Second, in the case of the very first method, Suicide by Means of Blowing Out the Brains, the proper equipment is often lacking, and impossible to procure at short notice. Yet, ironically enough, the very people who should use this or another method are the ones who have



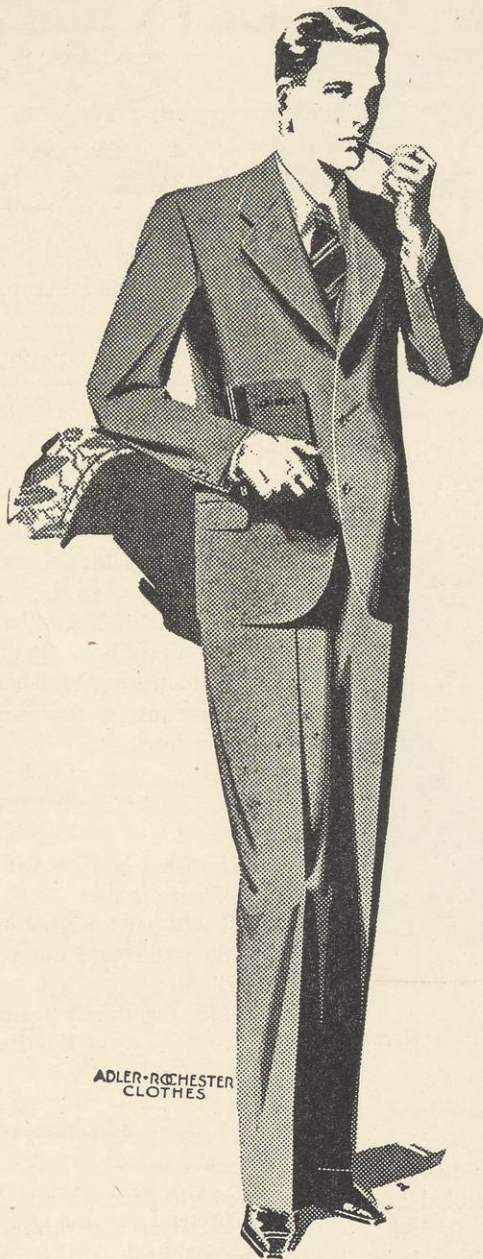
"The Collegiate Method"

no Brains to Blow Out. And third, the methods offered, intriguing as they are, are not really new. They are conservative, traditional, hidebound.

I should like to suggest a twenty-second method, one which has subtlety, novelty, that appealing element of uncertainty, and the advantage of being in accord with that modern philosophy which frees the individual from responsibility and, in fact, shifts it entirely to another person. Gentlemen, I give you Suicide by Means of Provocation.

Suicide by Means of Provocation may be either conscious or unconscious; it may even be subconscious. By Conscious Provocation I mean the deliberate irritation of a friend or an acquaintance—a mere stranger will not do—to a point just beyond endurance. This requires intelligence. You must know that the person provoked has a really virile temper, and you must study his likes and dislikes carefully enough to make him lose it. Discover what his middle initial stands for and call him that. Spell his name wrong, or mispronounce it, or pretend to mistake him for the janitor. Ask him what he wants when he brings his wife to make a social call. If he is your butcher, try to convert him to vegetarianism. If he is your barber, ask him why he didn't use the tonic himself that he recommends to you. If he has sold a story to the *American Mercury*, pretend you thought he said the *American Magazine*. With proper selection and a little careful study you too can succeed. By Unconscious Provocation I mean such things as flashing the mirror of one's compact in the lecturer's face when he is making his most telling point, or asking just what, in a sentence, one's new novel is to be about.

A final advantage of this method is that in those cases where the person is not infuriated to the point of killing you he may commit suicide himself, which is often just as satisfactory.



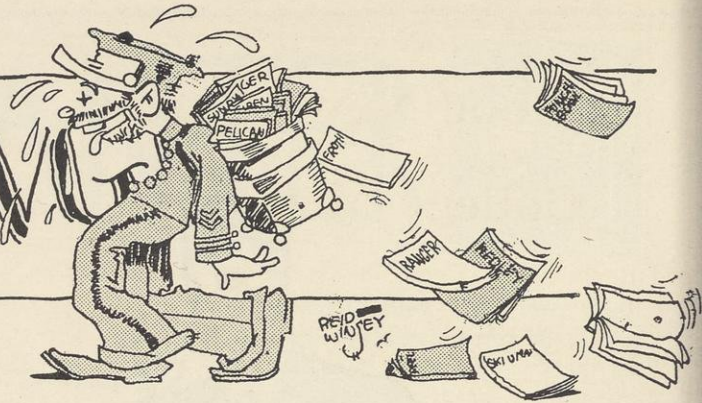
An Ever Growing Student Patronage Appreciates the Advantages of Buying at 22 North Carroll Street.

22 North Carroll Street is quite a way from Bascom Hall—and yet more and more Wisconsin men are coming here to make selections for their Wardrobes. Why? Because as leading clothiers of Madison exclusive markets are open to us, giving the advantage of the smartest and most correct of styles. Large business volume permits the greatest choice of varieties and allows a rapid stock turn. Hence merchandise is always of the newest. Then, too, the care given to details of clothing alterations makes of each customer a lasting friend. And we could mention comparative values but these will speak for themselves. Keep these things in mind, and when you are shopping for your spring suit see our Learburys with two trousers at \$45 and our Adler Rochester worsteds at \$50.00.

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square at 22 - 24 North Carroll Street

EXCHANGE

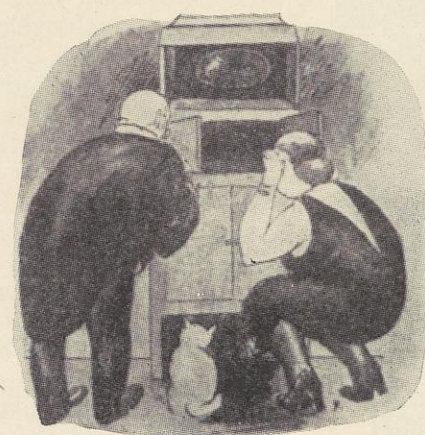


First Sparrow: See that nice new hat down there?
 Second Sparrow: Well, what of it?
 First Sparrow: Well, I was just wondering.
 —The Bison

The modern girl's clothes are like a barbed wire fence
 That is bright and shiny and new—
 Built to protect the property
 But not to obstruct the view.
 —Skipper

How to Become Popular
 She: I would like to get into the movies.
 Producer: Well! Well! Well! Sit right down and take off your things.
 —College Widow

Director (explaining scene to star): In this shot you're supposed to look virginal.
 Star: What do you think I am, a character actress?
 —Louisville Satyr



Five-Year-Old: Mama, look at that funny man across the street.
 Mother: What is he doing?
 Five-Year-Old: Sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel.
 —Longhorn

Doorman at Speakeasy: Who's there?
 Voice: It is I.
 Doorman: No school-teachers allowed.
 —Carolina Buccaneer

"Is that Rudy Vallee or do we need a new needle?"
 —Yale Record

"I wish I had my wife back."
 "Where is she?"
 "I sold her for a bottle of whiskey."
 "So you found out you really love her?"
 "No, I'm thirsty again."
 —The Purple Parrot

Customer: I want a good brand of toothpaste.
 Drug Clerk: Forhans?
 Customer: Naw, for teeth!
 —Brown Jug

The other day Ole and Jens, who are novices at the game, went fishing. Strangely enough, they happened to hit a good spot and hauled in quite a bunch of whoppers.
 "By yee, das fine fishing hole—las mark das place ant comb back tomorrow," suggested Ole, and proceeded to pull up the anchor.
 Then as they neared the shore, Ole asked, "Did you mark das place vare ve caught dose fish?"
 "You bet," answered Jens, "Ay poot cross mark on da side da boat."
 Ole snorted, "Well, lunkhead, how do you know ve'll get das same boat tomorrow?"
 —Georgia Yellow Jacket

A couple of cows called Hortense, Whose home was surrounded by fence, Chewed away at their cud, And due to Scotch in their blud Were so tight that their milk was condensed.
 —Purple Crow

Mary had a little lamb.
 Mary and the lamb are doing as well as could be expected.
 —Virginia Reel

"This kiln has got to stop," roared the Chicago sheriff, as he stepped into the brickyard.
 —Blue Moon

This little sheep went to market. . .
 This little sheep stayed at home. . .
 And so we have Virgin Wool.
 —Red Cat

Good News
for
College Men

Lord Rochester has sent us The Blair—tailored in the newest of Spring fabrics. This is the suit which has achieved nation-wide fame as correctly interpreting college clothes ideals at their best.

Three button, of course—and tailored with that carefully careless air of easy grace which only designing skill of the highest order can produce.

College days will be well-dressed days if you wear The Blair.

\$35 with two trousers

Special showing of Topcoats
\$25.00

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CLOTHING CO.
Specialists in Apparel for Men & Boys

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We will make you a liberal allowance.

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Jewelers

9 West Main

Successor to Gamms

and now . . .



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ALL-AMERICAN**

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and

Hockey Selections

for 1930

By **LES GAGE**

Former Big Ten Star

In addition to these unique sports features, the May issue of this versatile magazine offers you refreshing pages of humor, fiction, articles and styles.

College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

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*Smart things
for Spring*



You'll find at



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Expensive"*

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∴

Stationery

725 University Avenue

When You Think
Of Gifts Think
Of The



**Mouse Around
Gift Shop**

Upstairs at 416 State

She: Do you go to Harvard?
He: Goodness sakes, no! I'm in
the chorus.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

She calls her boy friend "Prince Al-
bert" because he "doesn't bite the
tongue."

—Jester

"Saturday Post" Sales Boy: Buy a
"Post," mister, and read all about
Lindbergh.

The Lone Eagle: Why, I'm Lind-
bergh, sonny.

"S. P." S. B.: Yeh? Then maybe
you'd like to read about Greta Garbo,
or is she your mother?

—Purple Parrot

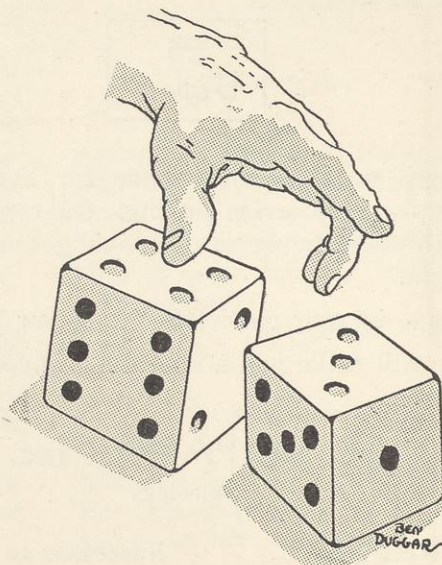
As You Love

Pessimist: She loves me not. She
loves me not. She loves me not.

Optimist: She loves me. She
loves me not. She loves me. She
loves me not."

College Student: She loves me.
She loves me. She loves me.

—Wampus



The Cube Root of All Evil



Early Spring Models

In

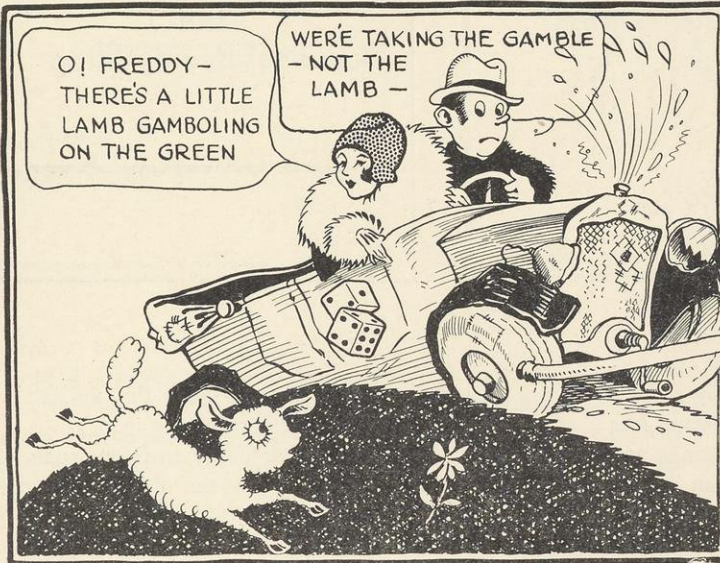
Du Barry De Luxe Slippers

««Now On Display»»

To See Them Is To Love Them

KESSENICH'S

State at Fairchild



Punny - But True

Don't gamble with an old second hand "jallop" that's going to cause you endless trouble and expense—when you can gambol in a brand new Koch Rent-a-car at such a trifling cost.

Call BADGER-1200

We Deliver

Koch Rent-A-Car

SCOTCH

Just received! A new shipment of Scotch Tweeds, Homespuns, and Shetlands handloomed exclusively for

HOAK and DUNN

and assembled at Huddersfield—and for further Scotch Appeal—long wearing qualities—economy.

644 State Street

Gamble!!

You don't gamble on taking your watch to Meinzer's.

And you are not taking chances on purchases.

J. A. Meinzer & Son Jewelers

531 State

*(Between 3F and Capital City
Rent-A-Car)*

Stop in
at

« « « «

Netherwood's

« « « «

and get

Decorations

in a hurry

« « « «

519 State

The secret is out:

She got that
perfectly marvelous
wave at

The Cardinal Beauty Shop

Sing me a song of ire,
Sing me a song of wrath;
Dieu. Que le sond du phone
Est hell quad vous est en bath.
—*Whirlwind*

In Vladivostock
The Russians leer
If you change your sock
More than once a year.
—*Juggler*

If you want to be a Phi Psi lad
Or just a great big pain;
Put on your derby and your spats
And borrow the old man's cane.
—*Ski-U-Mah*

For attractive and distinctive
work » » » » » » » » »

Straus Printing Co.

118 E. Main

:::

Badger 1763

Make—
Pantorium Co.
Your Master Cleaners

\$5.00 in advance gives
 \$6.00 credit.
 10% Discount on cash
 call orders.

558 State B. 1180
 2613 1/2 Regent St. B. 1182

Let The
 Spring Lambs
 Gamble With
 Smart Jewelry
 at

Unique Shop
 130 State St.
 Upstairs

She'll
 want
 flowers
 for
 that
 formal

University Floral Co.
 723 University Ave.

Just pick yourself a Delt pin, son,
 For they're the hottest bet;
 And if the others turn you down,
 Go wet, young man, go wet.
 —Ski-U-Mab

If you don't get any bids, my lad,
 Don't blame it on your face;
 Be fraternal with the Beta boys,
 Or join the human race.
 —Ski-U-Mab

A kiss
 Is like a joke.
 It ends
 Funny.
 —Columns

for business or
 monkey-business
 get a

Capital City Rent-A-Car

531 State

We Deliver

Fairchild 334

Don't Let

School work interfere
with your enjoyment of Spring.

Have Your Typing Done At The

College Typing Company

515 Campus Arcade
Badger 3747

The Student Laundry

MADISON STEAM LAUNDRY

20 % Discount for Cash Call

429 State Street

Fairchild 530

Select Lenten Dishes From Madison's
Largest Selection of Fresh Fish,
Sea Fish and Seafood at

Goeden & Company

MEAT - FISH - SEAFOOD

635-637 University Ave.

Fairchild 5200; B. 1300

State Lake Beauty Shop

Now is the time to think
of your spring Permanent

REALISTIC FREDERICS

2nd Floor Corner State and Lake B. 7170



"I-I-I pass"

"I was at odds with the family all summer."
"That's great. How'd you like the place?"

—Juggler



"Poppa," asked little Isaac, "what is a guardian?"
"A guardian, mine boy, is someone that takes your fad-
der's place."

"Chee viz, den I got five!"

—Pelican

St. Nicholas Cafe

(Back of the Park Hotel)

— — — —
STEAKS . . . CHOPS . . . FISH

Booths for parties of 3 or more

— — — —
Phone Your Order

120 W. Main—Badger 922

Have you seen those lovely "Frederic" Permanent waves being given at the Wengel Marinello Shop? Open evenings by appointment.

125 State St.

Phone F. 79

Rushee (to himself, after a heavy palaver): I wonder if I ought to let him kiss me?

—Sun Dial



A Dead Scenter

F. 7117

527 State St.

Bet on a Sure Thing

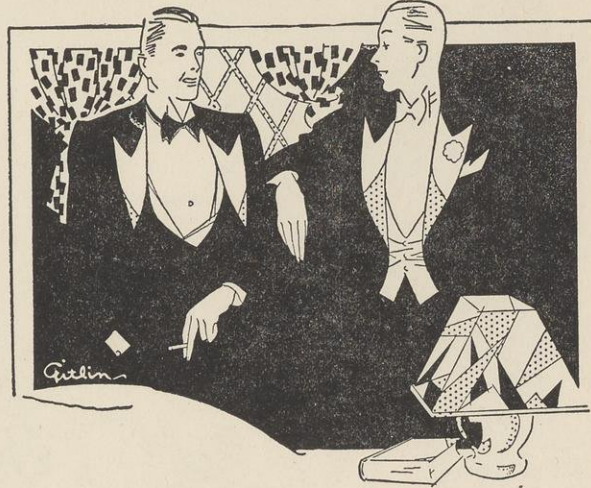
Varsity Hand Laundry

For Good Work

We mend, darn and replace buttons free
Call and Delivery Service

F. 7117

527 State St.



Best Man: I just came from the sweetest, most refreshing wedding I ever saw.

Bachelor: How's that, old timer—don't keep me breathless!

Best Man: The bridegroom forgot the ring and used a Life Saver.

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM
ICE CREAM

"our wagon passes your door"

Kennedy Dairy Company

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

Phone B. 7100

Booklets
Catalogs
Circulars
Programs
Tickets

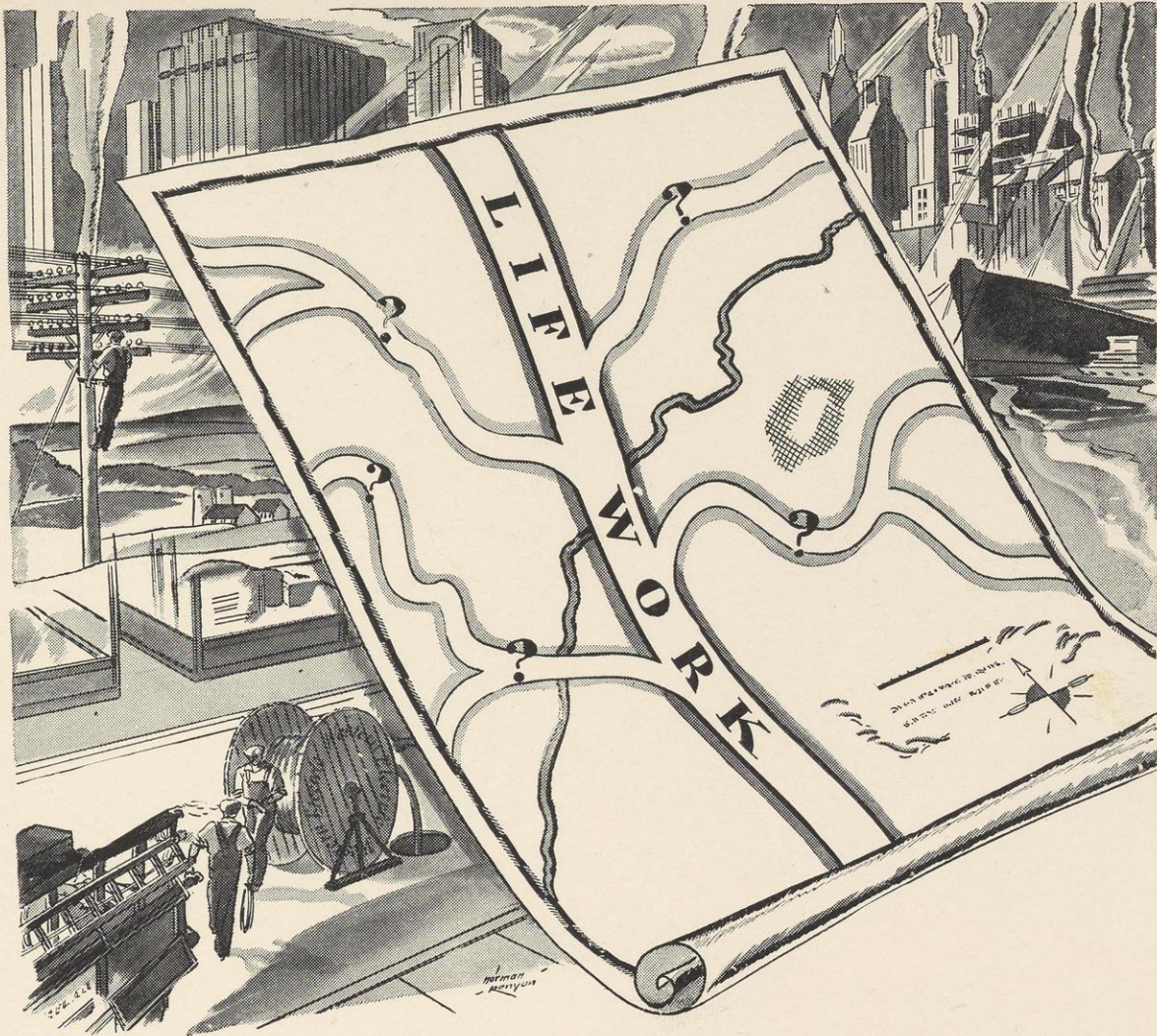
DEMOCRAT PRINTING Co.

BADGER

486

MADISON
WISCONSIN





Map your road through industry *NOW!*

GUESSING the road is bad business when you are starting on your life work.

There are plenty of signs in your physical and mental make-up that will help you to find the right sort of work if you'll only take time to study them. Your likes and

dislikes, your natural aptitudes, all point the way for you to go—getting into creative, statistical, engineering or sales-promotional work... Read these signs before you start out from college! Today, more than ever before, industry requires men who have found themselves.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

THE SHOCK OF FACING *what your figure may become*

"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(*Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844*)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-
indulgence, if you would
maintain the modern fig-
ure of fashion

We do not represent that
smoking **Lucky Strike** Ciga-
rettes will bring modern figures
or cause the reduction of flesh.
We do declare that when tempt-
ed to do yourself too well, if
you will "Reach for a **Lucky**"
instead, you will thus avoid
over-indulgence in things that
cause excess weight and, by
avoiding over-indulgence, main-
tain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted
**Reach
for a
LUCKY**
instead

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

