

The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 7, No. 8 April, 1926

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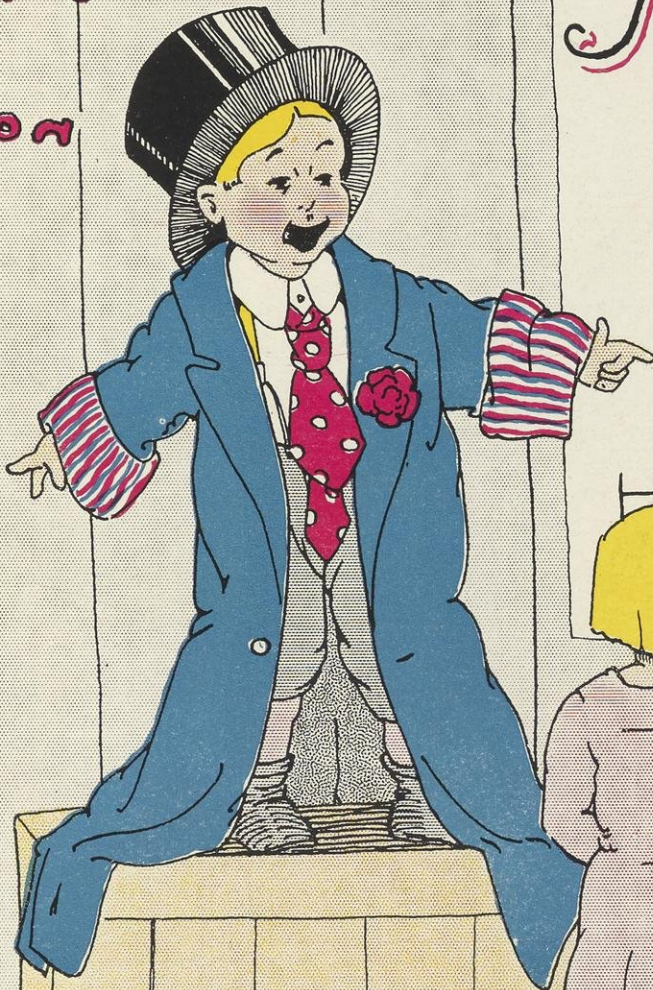
Octopus

The WISCONSIN

APRIL 1926



Box Office
pin
mission
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Mary Ann
a musical comedy

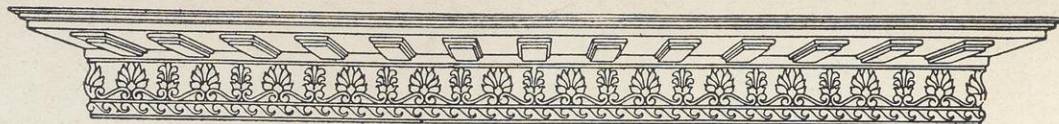


presented by the
Haresfoot Club of the
Wisconsin



Price 25¢

KCKehl



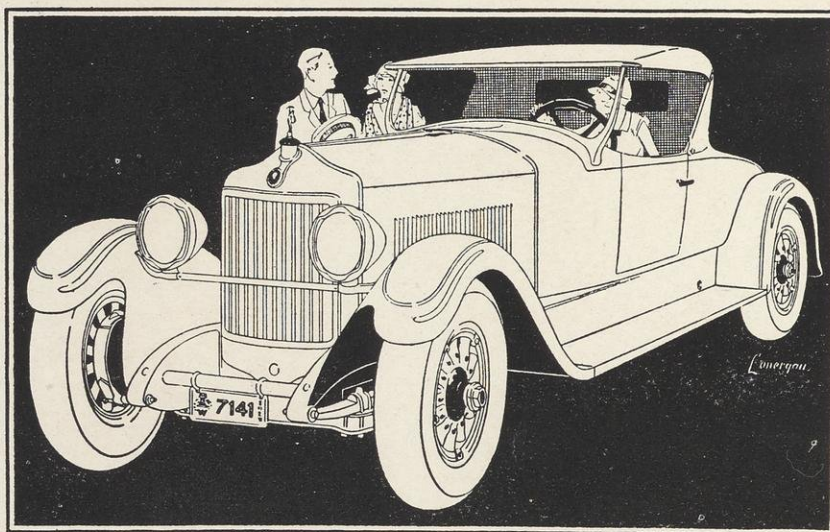
YOUTH PICKS THE ROADSTER!

Youth, adolescent and mature, twenty-one and sixty-one, graduated and *superannuated* — youth picks the roadster. Youth picks a disciplined power, a pliant flexibility, a click-of-the-heel pickup, a snap, a speed, a stamina, a split-second performance — youth picks the *Diana Light Straight Eight*. ¶ And here's style, here's Palm Beach, here's Biarritz, here's the smartest roadster of American production with the best of Europe added to it. Here are the lines, the class, the eye-appeal. Here's an *elastic* speed range varying from 2 to 77 miles an hour — acceleration, 5 to 25 miles an hour in 6½ seconds. But Diana Eight is more than a brilliant performer, more than a great automobile — *it's a fraternity, it's a club, it's a cult, and it spans the country north and south, east and west. It's everywhere.*

SIMPLIFIED CONTROL AND THE EASIEST STEERING IN AMERICA



DIANA



The *LIGHT*
STRAIGHT
"8"

The Roadster
\$1795
F.O.B. ST. LOUIS

SPECIFICATIONS: Eight Cylinders; 73 Horsepower; 16 miles to the gallon of fuel; Lanchester Dampener; Purolator Oil Filter; Air Cleaner; Simplified Control; Hydraulic 4-Wheel Brakes; Balloon Tires (Shimmy Proof); Finest Quality Leather Upholstering; Sport Top with Boot to match; *Body of latest European Arrowhead design;* Front seat accommodates Three Passengers, Rumble Seat holds Two; Special Compartment for Golf Sticks; Finish is two-tone Double Duco (tested by violet rays); Natural Wood or Disc Wheels.

Roadster \$1795

Cabriolet-Roadster \$2095

Two-Door Brougham \$1995

Four-Door Sedan DeLuxe \$2195

F. O. B. ST. LOUIS

Built by the MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY for the DIANA MOTORS COMPANY • Stewart MacDonald, President, St. Louis

They are talking about the wonderful
improvement in the

PARK HOTEL

under the Management of
WALTER A. POCOCK

New Proprietor - Manager

The Park Hotel is centrally located, opposite Wisconsin's
Beautiful Capitol Building and the center of down town.

We extend you an invitation to try our new Coffee Shop
and Lunch Room. New Carroll Street Entrance.

25c to 50c Club Breakfast; 50c and 60c Plate Lunch;
75c and \$1.00 Evening Dinner.

Also Moderate Priced A La Carte Menu all day.

BEAUTIFUL LARGE BALL ROOM

Banquet and Convention Hall Accommodating 750 People

Banquet Facilities For 1200 People

Ready for Formal Dinners, Dances and Parties

Fine Private Dining Rooms for Small Gatherings

Menus submitted for all occasions

PARK HOTEL

200 MODERN ROOMS

\$1.50-\$1.75. With Bath, \$2.00-\$2.50



WALTER A. POCOCK
New Manager Since August 1, 1925

A Notable Achievement
On Feb. 11th, 1926

Served Banquet for
1000

Master Builders
Convention

The largest banquet ever
served in any hotel in
Madison.

No party or event too small or
too large for us. Let us figure
with you before you decide.

WALTER A. POCOCK
Manager
Badger 5021

HARRY HOLBROOK
In charge of
Catering Department
Badger 5021

MADISON, WISCONSIN

VANITIES OF 1926 By Janet



"May isn't what you'd call beautiful, yet she's so attractive!"

"She's a very clever girl! She's learned the secret of 'style personality'—a—"

FRED W. KRUSE CO.
*"The Style Shop
of Distinction"*

exclusive at Kruse's
"ONYX POINTEX"
SILK HOSE

\$1.65

These lovely "Onyx" Silk Stockings with "Pointex" heels flatter any ankle! The easy sweeping lines of "Pointex" bestow slimness even where nature did not. Choice of 30 new spring colors.

For Distinctive
Clothes

"Trade with the boys"

BROWN & BAREIS
220 STATE STREET
"Trade with the boys"

A Thousand Years Ago

A Parthian maid and lad, they say
Lived and loved in the same old way
In the spring of a year in that bygone day
'Neath the towering walls of Ctesiphon,
The Parthian capital, Ctesiphon.
They sighed and kissed and walked alone
And billed and cooed on the telephone.
(Except that there was no telephone
In all the broad city of Ctesiphon,
The Parthian capital Ctesiphon.)
But a rich, bold merchant from Cathay
Saw the lass, and straightaway
To the fair maid's heart a siege he lay
In the usual manner of Ctesiphon,
The Parthian capital, Ctesiphon.
He showed her pearls and jeweled rings
And cloaks that were trimmed with butterflies' wings.
And she took him, along with the other things.
And with him she left Ctesiphon,
The Parthian capital, Ctesiphon.
Her lover sobbed and sighed with grief,
For a month or so ('twas very brief),
He married the child of a tribal chief,
Whom lived just out of Ctesiphon,
The Parthian capital, Ctesiphon.
The Parthians, then, we'll have to say,
Were not so slow in their own way
For we do the self-same things today
As the lovers did in Ctesiphon,
The Parthian capital, Ctesiphon.



MANY PEOPLE MISS MOST OF THE LITTLE SUBTLE THINGS OF LIFE, OCTOPUS, AND THE REST, JUST BECAUSE THEY DON'T OBSERVE.

DID YOU OBSERVE, IN THE THREE OCTIES PRECEDING THIS FOR EXAMPLE, THE QUARTER-PAGE AD OPPOSITE THE YAWKEY-CROWLEY AD?

Number six of a series. We appear here each month.

YAWKEY-CROWLEY LUMBER COMPANY

Camp Randall

2 yards to serve you
One number B. 123

805 E. Washington Ave.

Thirsty: This is good stuff.

Too: So is arsenic, but I don't drink it.



"He got a poor reputation on the swimming team."

"How so?"

"He made all the low dives."



Pale corpses—

Green moonlight!

Forty live snakes

In a skeleton's hand!

Dirt, dirt, and more dirt.

The dance

Of the seven red devils

As held in—well,

I'm not crazy

Dear reader,

This is free verse!



"Wish I was in jail."

"Migosh, man, why?"

"Well, then I'd have bars all around me."

Brown's Rental Library

39 new 1926 titles added this month.

456 titles in all, mostly 1924, 1925, and 1926 publications.

Rates—3c per day; 10c minimum charge, for most books. No deposit.

BROWN BOOK SHOP

Established 1911

623 State

"Come in and browse"

The New Co-op Welcomes You

THE CO-OP cordially invites you to pay it a visit in its new home at the corner of Lake and State streets.

No effort has been spared to provide for you a store which is better prepared than ever to supply you with everything you need during your college career. Departments are more complete; service is quick and accurate; the women's department is set apart from the rest of the store---these are only a few of the features that have been inaugurated for your convenience.

Through the disposal of our old building at an advantage, by a foresighted arrangement of terms for the payment of the new store the change has been made most advantageously for all Co-op members. We want every member to feel that the Co-op is his store, ready to render service to the best of its ability by selling high class merchandise at the lowest market prices.

COR. LAKE
AND STATE

The Co-op

ALL PROFITS RETURNED TO MEMBERS

E.J. GRADY
MGR.

BUY EVERYTHING YOU NEED ON YOUR CO-OP NUMBER

Do You Like

Smooth, Velvety, Tasty,
Delicious Ice Cream?

Of Course!

Try

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM
ICE CREAM

At The Corner Drug Store
Or Call The

Kennedy Dairy Co.

627 W. Washington

B. 7100

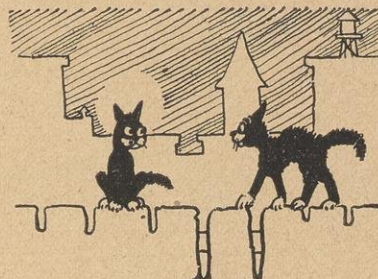
"Have you a bootlegger?"
"Will a boot jack do?"

I'll marry merry Mary
Said heavy hairy Harry
But the fates other things decreed.
I'll never marry Harry
Declared Miss Merry Mary
For for hairy Harry's love she had no need.

Every one believes this ad: *Hotshot Laundry*—We
mangle clothes.

"He married her because she gave him a good line."
"Co-ed?"
"Nope. Telephone operator."

There was a young girl from Oshkosh
Who handed a hot line of bosh;
She came to the "U"
And went on a stew,
And ended her life as a frosh.



"We'll have to quit
holding choir practice
here!"


"Why so?"

"All the students
in these apartments
are getting Walk-Over Shoes
for Spring
and their winter shoes
make wicked missiles!"

See Our
Spring Display

Balaban's
Walk-Over
Boot Shop


611 STATE STREET



A Hart, Schaffner Marx Coat of imported English homespun in a shaded blue plaid, straight of line, perfectly tailored. \$55.

At Simpson's

Straightline Coats and Suits In Novelty Fabrics Like Those Worn by



A two-piece suit of imported Scotch Tweed woven in a tapestry design of gray and rose. Individual of line. \$39.50.

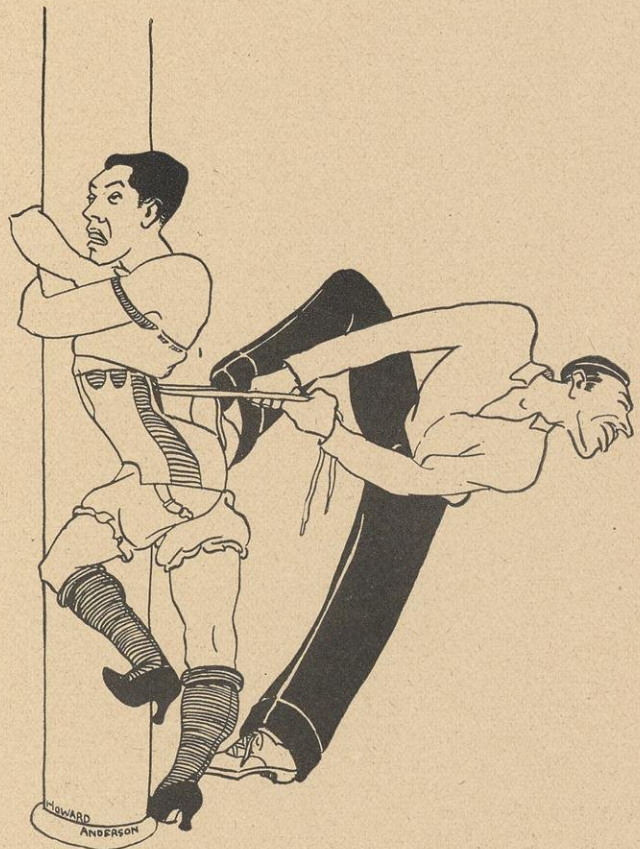
Atlantic City Promenaders

Atlantic City, April 21: Atlantic City hotels, Atlantic City promenades are very festive with a gathering of notables and their new spring wardrobes. Much favor is given to straightline Coats and Suits in novelty fabrics, imported English homespuns, Scotch tweeds, novelty reps, pin checks, tapestry patterns.

At Simpson's April 21: Straightline Coats and Suits in novelty fabrics are proving exceedingly popular at Simpson's. Smart Hart, Schaffner & Marx Coats created from imported fabrics are in great demand by college girls.

Simpson's

Paris and New York Specialties





RICHARD
BRAYTON

"John inherited a musical comedy."
"Hmm, quite a legacy."



The Madison Letter

Everything is going about the same at school all the wet ones are flowing along in their accustomed channels. Here we have just finished writing those midsemesters and as good old Bill Shakspeare would say "And every fair sometimes from fair declines". Will we ever be glad to get those diplomas even if they are all wreathed with sheeny gold. The chances are, they won't mean any more than so much newspaper, which reminds me, —I saw by the Cardinal the other day that the Thetas have a new transfer and that they get an awful ride on her, however, the Thetas claim that truthfulness is not one of the Cardinal virtues. And oh yes, I saw Winky Kratz limping along State street the other day,—his roommate had set a mouse trap in his shoe.

When I interviewed By Rivers yesterday he declared that there is absolutely no truth in the rumor that there is to be a chorus of bearded ladies in "Mary Ann". Dr. Glenn Frank also denounced the suggestion that he is going to run for pope at the next vacancy.

The Sophomore Shuffle was something of a success. After the dance the chairman, treasurer and whatnot announced that there would be a presentation of a play entitled, "The Great Divide". And before I close I should like to call your attention to the Pi Phi formal which takes place at the Green Circle on Tuesday, May the first. Everyone is invited and bring your own,—

R. S. V. P.

Yours in haste,

J. C. P.

"What line is Al in?"
 "He's a watchman."
 "Oh, special policeman."
 "Nope. Clock inspector."

Unspeakable

There is some talk of introducing a course in domestic silence in the Home Ec. department.



"I hear Jones is the father of twins".

"Yes, he married a telephone girl and she gave him the wrong number".

"How did Uncle Will get elephantitis?"

"He was trying to carry a trunk around."

Guide to Haresfoot

Play named "Mary Ann". Written by Hendrik Hudson and V. B. Lasco.

Scenery and lighting effects by Burton Holmes and Thomas Edison.

Costumes by United Charities—Dresses worn by 'Liza Lou, Madame X, and Mary Ann in the epilogue, by Kay Iverson and George Hitchcock.

Footwear by Quartermasters' Dept. U. S. Army.

Trappings by The Oneida Trap Co.

Lyric by Antiphogistine—Score—about 35-23 our favor, that ties Illinois for first place with Indiana. You're welcome. Write in again.

Orchestra—Led by—A fella with a fiddle—Brass—Dimmick, Gonnick, and Puttick. Wood winds—Eitzheimer, Twickeltaub, and Schmotzel. Wind woods—Hassover and a couple of other guys. Percussion—Effects by DuPont Powder Co. Camden, N. J.

All silks and other textiles used in the construction of the costumes worn during the first, second, and third acts, in fact, all the acts were furnished by the Bucyrus Steam Shovel Co. Racine, Wis.

Steel rails, locomotive and train of cars used in the forest fire scene in the second act furnished by the Baldwin Locomotive Co. Sitka, Alaska. The Forty Thieves used in the colossal Ali Baba scene in the first act furnished by Sheriff Krug and the Dane County Jail. Wooden leg used by the eighth thief from the left end furnished by C. C. Collins lumber Co. All air used in this production was found on the premises or nearby thereabouts.

The dancing choruses were coached by J. C. Steinauer, who was formerly assistant to Ned Wayburn, stage manager for Flo Ziegfeld of New York, N. Y. Mortgage used in the villain and mortgage scene in the last act furnished by the 1st National Trust & Savings Bank.



"Marge and I had a falling out last night."
 "Honest?"
 "Yep. The car tipped over."

EPITAPH

Here lies poor old Mose Johnson
 Rastus Brown shot him up pretty nice
 Mose didn't know they were loaded
 No, not the pistols—the dice.

"Marge says she keeps all men at arm's length."
 "Well, from what I saw on the Drive last night I'd say she had awfully short arms."

Do you know how the British won the Battle of Bunker Hill? Well, the Americans were short of powder and so received orders not to fire until they saw the whites of the enemy's eyes. And the British charged up the hill wearing smoked glasses.

Mrs. Albright: Did you buy any antiques in that shop?
 Mrs. Newrich: No. They were all so old and rickety that I'm going some place else to see if I can't get some that are newer and more substantial.

Five Famous Sources of Humor

- I. Legislatures
- II. Coeds
- III. Spring
- IV. Colliteh
- V. Oety

"Have you an engagement on for this evening?"
 "No, I haven't been proposed to since Wednesday."



"Don went blind last week."
 "Really? How did that happen?"
 "He fell in love."



Here's one you can pull as a honey goes by:
"I see you have class today".

Photographer (rushing breathlessly into editor's office):
I have an unusual and extraordinary picture for you!

Editor: What is it?

Photographer: Two girl tennis players with both feet
on the ground!

Some actresses are good on the stage and others who
have money are well off.

As Bill said when we just missed that railroad train, the
advantage of being killed on your way to a formal party is
that they don't have to change your clothes to bury you.

"There goes a nice girl."
"She is not. She's only wearing her spring coat."

Came The Curtain

Hero: (Bursting into the room.) (Aloud) Here's the money—I've saved the old home, dad! Gimme them papers! (Under his breath.) C'mon, let's get it done with. The gang's got a hot poker party on tonight.

Villain: (Aloud) Coises!! Foiled again!! (Up his sleeve.) Wazza hurry, big boy? Wifey's waiting for me with an automatic.

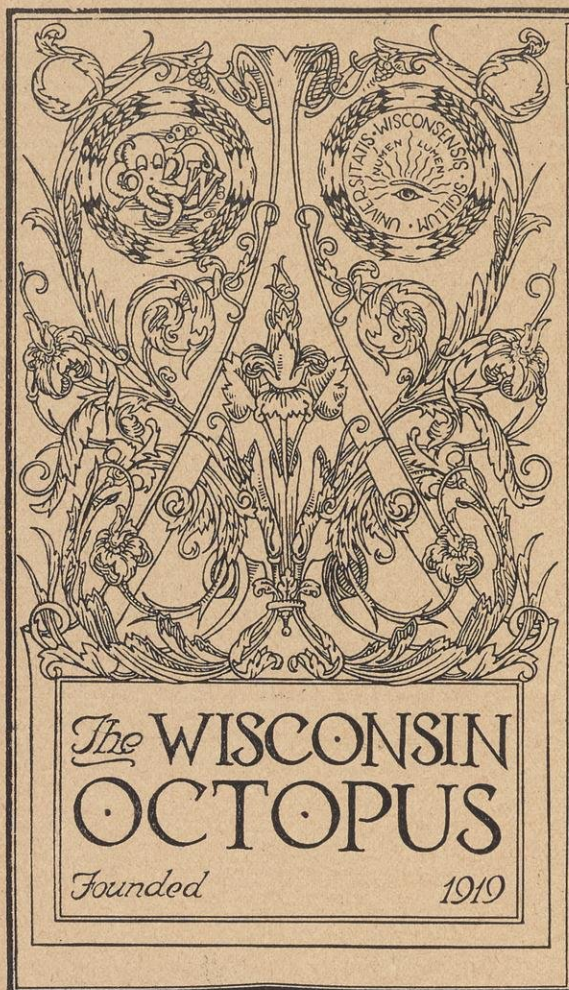
Dad: So you can hear it.) My son! I knew ye had the stuff in ye, dang yer ole hide! (So you can't) I wish this _____ beard would stay on straight.

The Gal: (Not quite bursting into the room.) Algernon—back to me—(Rush to hero for clinch) (Tenderly) Muh darling! (Not so tenderly.) Why the hell don't you shave, you big stiff?

The Hero: (Enveloping the sweet dimpled darling of the hills in his brawny arms.) Sweetheart (With a sigh that can mean anything from malaria to infatuation) Whew! Garlic again! Break it kid while I got my health. I gotta go.



Girl: Am I the only girl you've ever really truly loved?
Boy: Oh, sure, sure, sure.



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Contributors: Richard Brayton, Alexander Gottlieb, Benjamin Langland, Jr., Malcom McGrath, Carl I. Nelson, Stuart Palmer, Marjorie Peterson, John Pierson, Louise Ploner, Alfred Reed, Gordon Swarthout.

Octopus announces the election of Esther Fosshage, Abraham Quisling, Virginia Sinclair, Eleanor Trowbridge, and Dorothea Vandervest to the business staff.

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VOL. VII

APRIL, 1926

No. 8

THE OCTOPUS takes great pleasure in announcing the appointment of DONALD C. TRENARY and BERTRAM DOLAN to the positions of EDITOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER, respectively, for the year 1926-1927.

Trenary and Dolan will select their own staff, of which announcement will be made in the May issue.

Thanks For The Buggy Ride

There's an old Hallucination that each Campus Occupation is in firm Co-operation with the Rest. But like most

of our Traditions, this is merely Superstition—an idealized condition, at the Best.

Each activity, more needy, looks with jealous Eye and greedy on all Offices more seedy than its own; while the

Leaders' great Obsession is the Greed for more Possession; it's awful, how professional we've grown!

Octy gave this Celebration of the Haresfoot Presentation, for all answer'ing Obligation was denied, by Mc-

Fadden, whose Excuse is that "Octy is no Use; its Approval or Abuse are no guide"!

Brooks and Bunker are the Boys, who have made the smallest Noise, but the Method each employs is the

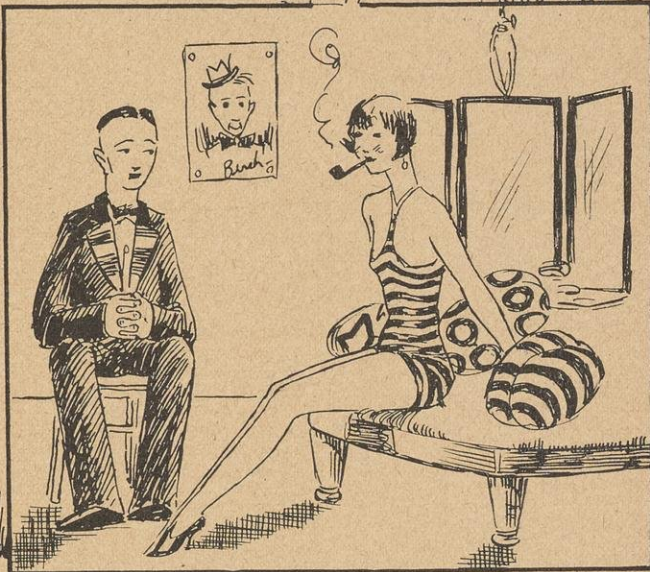
Same: for in Everything they do, an unselfish Aim's in view, to help the Others, too, to play the Game.

Take that Cigarette-ad. Mix: Hap and Walker tried to fix Everything by Politics, as they thought. No one else was even told, until Octy got more bold, and succeeded where the old Plan had not.

"All is fair in Love and War" is the Slogan more and more; but why must there be a War? College lends

Opportunity quite ample; Can't we set a good Example, and just try not to trample on our Friends?

Laughs from Haresfoot



She: Who's the gent?

He: He's the man who wrote the play.
His name is "Bunny" Lyons.

She: Now I see why they call it
Haresfoot.

Stage manager at
Peoria having a lit-
tle fun on his own
hook.

In my interview with "Mary Ann", we had quite an un-
derstanding between us.



"By" Rivers steps out with one of those big but-
ter and egg fellows in Oshkosh and has to walk
home.



None other than Norval
Stephens rolling his own.



Mary Ann: How are you getting
along with your girl?

Bush: O! great—her folks are
always asking me out.

Revenge!

— or —

The Dirt on Sunny Pyre

Now as you know, it is impossible to draw books from the City Libe. And, what is more so closely do the librarians follow your every move, you cannot even *steal* a book. Your polite request, "Please I would like to take last year's Perry seed catalog," elicits the answer, "No! the last copy has just left;" or, "I'm sure your mother doesn't know you are asking for this." But the real reason has nothing to do with such diplomatic stalls, No, there is another reason! and you wonder what it can be as you sit through your quizzes and lectures, your long handsome faces drawn in silent brooding.

'Way, 'way back in one of those years when Sunny Pyre was a sophomore here at school, he spilt *ink all over* the title page of the City Libe's *only* copy of the "Lives of the Saints"! "The Lives of the Saints" was a somewhat larger book than New York City's Unabridged Telephone Directory, and was of about the same practical value. Sunny drew it to lay over his trousers at night, to press them. That Sunny Pyre used this book to press his trousers with is not as ridiculous as it sounds, for it is beyond the shadow of a doubt that Sunny Pyre had trousers. Now, this young gentleman was much dissatisfied when he noticed the accident, and he went about his room crying, "Dear, dear! Oh, dear, dear! I have blackened the lives of the Saints!" He was much perturbed by the whole matter and could not decide what Dr. Frank Crane would have done under the same circumstances. And no amount of rye bread, and cheese and beer would stimulate his mind as to what to do about the Saints.

Weeks later, receiving an overdue notice from the Libe Sunny suddenly saw, as though illumed by a great light, the obligation that lay before him. "Eureka," he cried, recalling what some gentlemen had remarked while bathing, "I will take the book back to the library!"

Of course, the incident of the damaged book caused the head librarian to frown. The assistant librarian also frowned. I am sure we all would frown, too, if someone did this to our book.

"Well?" said the head librarian. Sunny blushed.

"Well?" said the assistant.

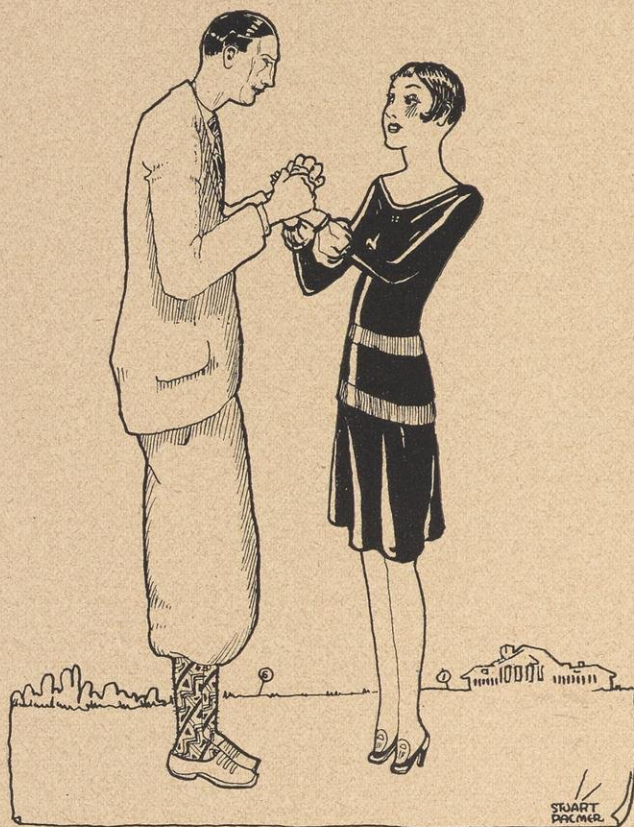
"Well?" said both librarians together.

"Yes, thank you," said Sunny politely.

"This here young man," said the head librarian pointing an accusing finger at Sunny, "I find that he has ruined our book. Don't you think he has, Emily?"

"I think he has," agreed the assistant.

"I think I have" said Sunny. "Of course," he added, "It was *just* the title page."



He: Pardon me, but haven't I seen you before?

She: Sure, I know you, I saw your picture on a salmon-can.



"Precisely," snapped the head librarian whose little eyes were gleaming like so many little wet grapes. "That's the dearth of the matter. The title page is gone! Results? The book is absolutely unintelligible. There is no possible way to tell what it's all about!"

"You're right," added Sunny, sinking to the floor in tears. "I did it with my little fountain pen, you know. I didn't know it was loaded."

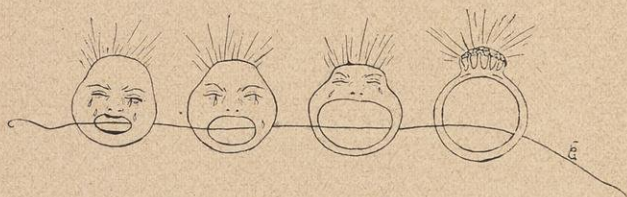
The head librarian bent low and threateningly over the crumpled little figure, and hissed, "I hereby affirm and declare that no University student shall ever draw a book from my library again."

"They're a bad lot, with deplorable manners," said the assistant. "I imagine that Mr. Pyre, here, came from a LOW family."

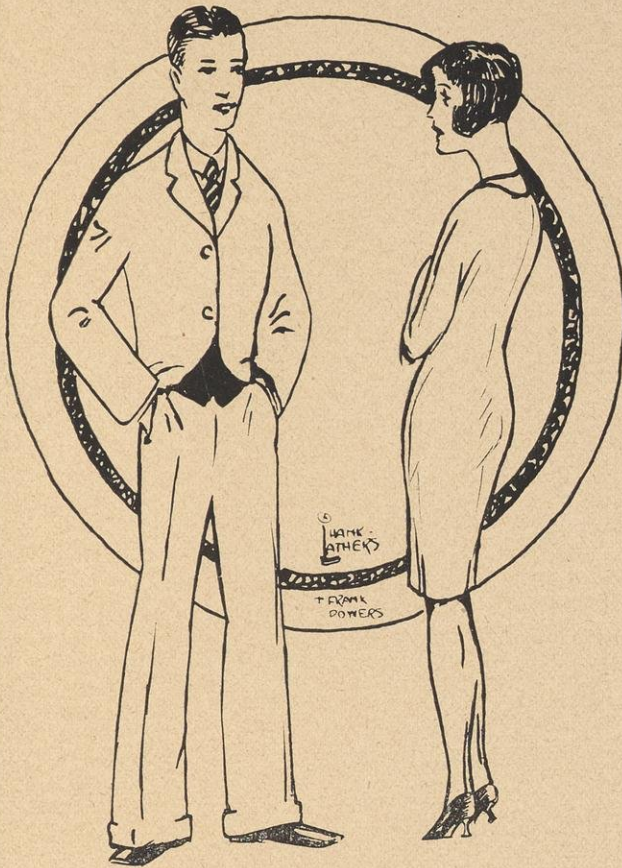
"If you're referring to Uncle Toby," cried Sunny in a last weak breath, unfolding a pocket knife and feebly brandishing it at those who disparaged his kin.

.....

Humanely, I draw the curtain while someone or other drags the now senseless little body out the back way. And from then on, Sunny became more and more a bitter enemy to Society, and to Mankind. And so he founded the Hares-foot Club, or the Hare's Club-Foot, or whatever it is.



Emergent Evolution



Step-Ins, Maybe

"Hear Lenore is a toe dancer."

"She doesn't stop with toes. I'd call her an instep-er."

Ride a big launch to Esther beach
To have a few dances there with a
town peach.
With rouge on her cheekbones, and
talc on her nose,
She will have dances wherever she
goes.

Correct this sentence:

Prof: As I hand you your papers, pass out.

"Anything on the hip?"

"Nope. Nearest I can come is water on the knee."

"Darn slang anyhow!"

"Why what's the matter?"

"The other day dad asked me what part of a chicken
I liked best and I said neck."

This Month's Metaphor

As efficient as an armless man in a cafeteria.

The fraternity brothers of Jim Smith missed their booze one night. Late in the evening, Jim returned to the house with a wobble. Said one of his brothers:
"I knew he had the stuff in him."

Little Algernon had a bad habit.
He would always chew his fingernails.
We asked the doctor and the doctor told us to put something on the ends of his fingernails.
We used arsenic.
It worked beautifully. Little Algernon doesn't chew his fingernails any more.



"How did it happen that Marge gave you the air?"
"She's an aviator's daughter."

If an old man has a cork leg it's easy to rejuvenate him. Paint the leg red white and blue and throw him in the lake. In a few minutes he will look just like a buoy.

She: I have a suspicion that you're not playing square with me.

He: Well, what am I doing?

She: I think you're playing 'round with me.

"I just had a tooth out".
"Did you take a local?"
"No, an express".

Turtle-hoof: All our men are girls,
—yet everyone's a lady, or was that
your wife I saw you walking with?



"My father has made an invention that will revolutionize joyriding."

"Why revolutionize?"

"Well, you see, it's a merry-go-round."



Picture of a female devil wearing a dress of red satan.

*If two's a company
And three's a crowd,
Then what is four
For cryin' out loud?*

At a recent meeting of the bootleggers union, dago red was unanimously adopted as their official color.

She was was only an undertaker's daughter, but she certainly could knock 'em dead.



"Frank is Polish."
 "I thought he was an Eskimo."
 "He is."
 (Editor's Note—We could hardly
 this joke either.)

If four people who sing be called a quartette, would it not be correct to call two people who sing a pintette, and perhaps every singer would be a gillette, . . . but maybe not, who knows?

"Why is proposing to a girl like a horse race?"

"I'm prepared for anything."

"The finish is always neck an' neck, of course."

1st Man: Can I lend you five dollars?

2nd Man: Yes.

1st Man: Wrong again, I can't either.



The Dean says, "All vice is sweet excepting advice."

"How do you know Jim is home?"
 "Why, his suitcase is here and the car has been gone for days".

Billy (who has caught his father kissing the maid): Whatcha doin', dad, with our maid?

Father: Bring my glasses, son, I thought it was your mother.

"Are you a movie fan?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that I look like an electrical contrivance?"



STAGE COACH AND PONIES



HARESEFEET!!

Dear reader, these ain't what you think
Is your mind, perhaps, clouded by drink?
In their everyday faces
You've seen these "girls" places
And they look like a new Missing Link.



"Is this Mike Howe?"

"What do you think this is, the stockyards?"

The Ultimate Catalogue

The purpose of this little pamphlet is to act as a guide to freshmen (and any other people still in college) in choosing a career.

BIOLOGY. Prerequisite: Almost anything. Mrs. Bryan and staff. Are you a bore? Do you appreciate modern fiction and drama? Take this course and learn all about life. Hurry! Hurry! Only 350,000 more will be enrolled in this course!

CHEMISTRY. Prerequisite: Know that poem about sulphuric acid and H₂O. No instructors, just enjoy yourself. Thrills galore! Funny smells! Explosions! You'll kick yourself if you miss this course!

ENGLISH AND OTHER LANGUAGES. Due to international complications, the Regents have prohibited all language instruction.

ECONOMICS. This course given in conjunction with either a course in First Aid to the Injured, or Glass Bowling. The student's own individuality may be exercised in making this choice although it will probably be better to leave it to your adviser.

JOURNALISM. Prerequisite: Speaking knowledge of English. Artie Busbrain and staff.

SEMITIC LANGUAGES. Prerequisite: Oh, never mind. Most students won't need the course any way.

The three required subjects for Freshmen are as follows: Formal and informal dancing, drinking, and inhaling. Cheering, 1a and 1b. Tea-room or Memorial Union management.



First Little One: Let's play college.

Second Little One: All right, you be the captain of the football team and I'll be the prom chairman.

What Price A College Education?

The little brass foot-rail is covered with rust

As out on the scrap heap it lies.

The glasses and mugs are full of dust

And the mirror is covered with flies.

Time was when these things were all bright and in use

As many of us can recall,

But that was before the Prohibition Law

Was enacted, and changed it all.

"This Law will prohibit", its makers said,

"The use of all Liquors and Ales,

There will be no more drunks hanging round on the streets,

We can cut down the size of our jails."

The demand for the stuff? Oh, that would die out,

We were told by these men, good and staid,

For it couldn't be bought, as the law clearly said,

That none of the stuff could be made.

But it's still being made, and it's still being bought,

And we're told it's been done from the start.

We haven't bought any, but fellows who have,

Say they're paying eight dollars a quart.



HOOPING IT UP



"Why don't the Greenwich Village artists have a convention, like the Elks or the Eagles?"
"Silly! Don't you know the Greenwich Village artists don't believe in conventions?"

Little Red Riding Hood

I.

As the Movies Would Do Her

Scene: Cottage of Red Riding Hood's Mother. Red Riding Hood's Mother prepares basket of food for child to take to her grandmother. (*Red Riding Hood's Mother . . . Miss Lois Erstwinde.* RED RIDING HOOD . . . MISS BLOSSOM SPRING) *Subtitle:* As the sun shone on the dawn of a new day, a widow woman prepared an act of mercy. Comedy touch, three eggs break in basket. Fade-out.

Scene: Forest. Red Riding Hood walking. *Subtitle:* And the Pet of the Prairie continued her lonely path.

Scene: Forest. Red Riding Hood talks with Wolf. (*Wolf. . . . Mr. Jacques De Vol*) Comedy touch: Red Riding Hood gives Wolf grapes. Wolf does not like grapes.

Scene: House of Red Riding Hood's Grandmother. Wolf enters, eats up grandmother. (*Grandmother. . . . Miss Beatrice Hamlet*) Comedy touch: Grandmother has wooden leg. Wolf tries to chew it and gets splinters in throat. *Subtitle:* And the dastardly Wolf continued his fiendish plan.

Inset: Red Riding Hood walking through forest.

Scene: Wolf dresses in Grandmother's clothes and gets into bed.

Scene: Red Riding Hood knocks on door, enters, talks with Wolf. *Subtitle:* And the Innocent Girl discovered what was life.

Inset: Three thousand U. S. cavalry dashing to Red Riding Hood's rescue.

Inset: Five thousand U. S. Marines dashing to Red Riding Hood's rescue.

Inset: Eight thousand firemen dashing to Red Riding Hood's rescue.

Inset: Fourteen thousand policemen dashing to Red Riding Hood's rescue. Comedy touch: Policeman forgets hat. Has to go back after it.

Scene: Wolf still talking to Red Riding Hood. Springs upon her. They fight. Cavalry, marines, firemen, policemen, and thirty-one thousand Boy Scouts enter and kill Wolf. *Subtitle:* And the fading rays of the setting sun shone upon the dawn of a new happiness. Fadeout. THE END. REMEMBER IT'S A TEARABOUT PICTURE.

II.

As the College Musical Comedists Would Do Her

Act I

Scene: Forest

Enter Chorus, singing, "*With You in My Arms, I'd Have No Time to Carry Asparagus.*"

Enter Red Riding Hood and Wolf.

Red Riding Hood: Who was that lady I seen you with last night?

Wolf: That wasn't no lady, that was Port Butts.

Advance to center of stage and sing, "*He Drank Listerine and It Took His Breath Away.*"

Jazz orchestra comes out of nowhere and plays for no apparent reason.

Curtain.

Act II

Scene: Cottage of Red Riding Hood's Grandmother.

(Enter Wolf licking chops, having disposed of Grandma inter acts.) Enter Chorus, singing, "*He's a lady Killer and a Wolf among the Men.*"

(Enter Red Riding Hood.)

Wolf: Why does a chicken cross the road?

Red Riding Hood: Because it has a fowl mind.

They sing, "*Never Count Your Eggs before the Eggplant Blooms.*"

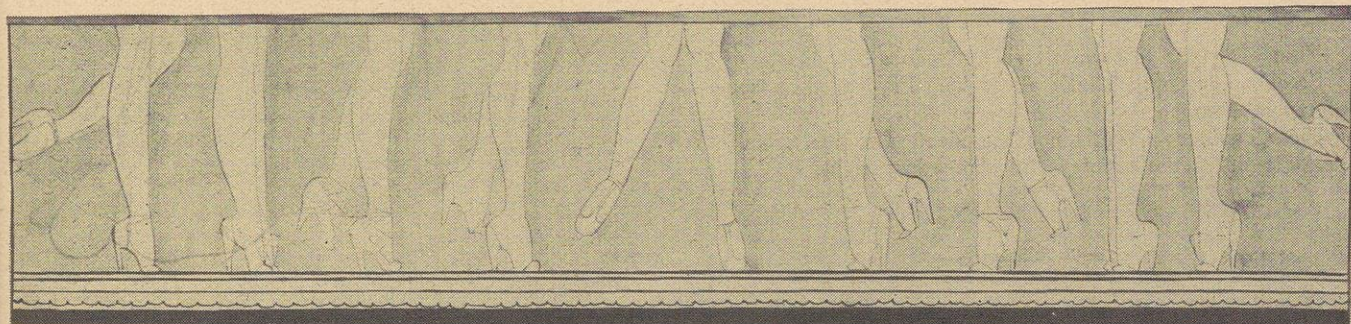
Wolf tries to kill Red Riding Hood. Chorus enters, points finger at Wolf and says "Shame!" Wolf drops dead. Chorus forms circle around Red Riding Hood and sings, "*With Luck Like Yours I'd be a Professional Crap Shooter.*" Curtain.

Note: All our ladies are men.

III.

As the Lawyers Would Dispose of Her

. . . . And it is furthermore alleged that on said day and at said hour and time aforesaid, the aforesaid wolf did take and wantonly and wilfully, and with intent to injure, tear and rend and otherwise mutilate the said bodies with tooth and claw and other dull instrument as yet unknown, and did thereupon and henceforward masticate, chew and otherwise eat the corpses aforesaid, for which it is alleged that he should be found guilty of murder as charged in the first, nineteenth, and forty-fourth charges aforesaid to wit. Oyez, oyez.





"Boy, in my country the people are so hard that even a little child will drink down a pint of whiskey without asking for a chaser."

"Why, lad, in my country a pint of whiskey is the chaser."

Willie Whale: Look out or you'll get hurt.

Bobby Shark: What's the trouble?

Willie Whale: Jimmy Octopus is doing the Charleston.

First Brother: Brown has his tuxedo all smoked.
Second Brother: That's all right. I'll lend him some of my tobacco.

First Brother: That's not the idea. He ran across a pole-cat out at the country club dance last night.

She (irately): I won't ride another block with you!

He: I know you won't. We're out of gasoline.

Did you ever see a sheep fold?

She: What's the band out for?

He: Just out drumming up trade.

Ministers might well preach a sermon against the fatted calf—developed by too much Charlestoning.

"Wanna see two cute little devils?"

"Sure."

"Well, go to hell."

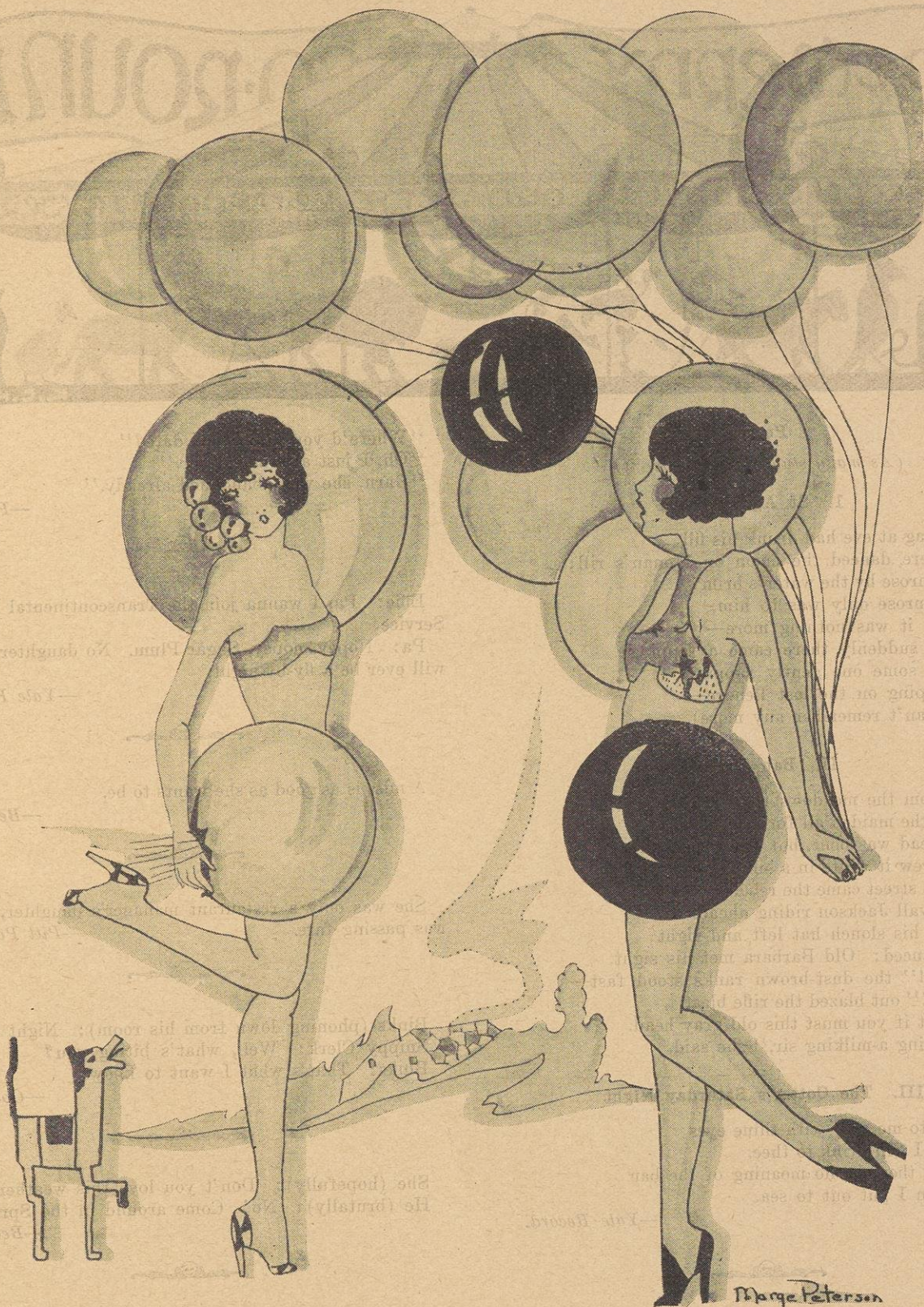
"I have just purchased a Thesaurus."

"You can't fool me. Those animals have been extinct for a million years."

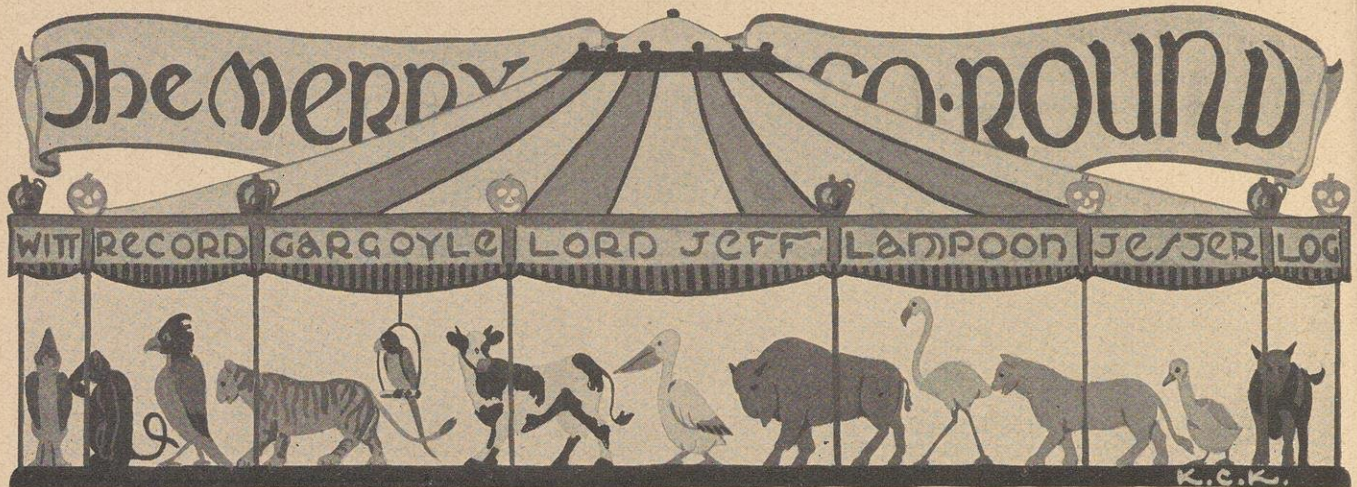


"There is," said the Chadbourne beaut, "a report in circulation that your hair is not natural."

"Tis false," said the sterling sorority upperclassman as she chewed the other's ear.



"Oh, boy, must be having a recess in heaven!"



Poetry

(As many students remember it)

1. St. Agnes' Eve

The stag at eve had drunk his fill
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill;
 A primrose by the water's brim
 A primrose only was to him,
 And it was nothing more—
 When suddenly there came a tapping
 As of some one gently rapping
 Rapping on the lost Lenore—
 (I can't remember any more).

II. Bab Ballads

Up from the meadows rich with corn
 Came the maiden all forlorn;
 Her head was bent, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white in a single night.
 Up the street came the rebel tread,
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
 Under his slouch hat left and right
 He glanced: Old Barbara met his sight.
 "Halt!" the dust-brown ranks stood fast—
 "Fire!" out blazed the rifle blast.
 "Shoot if you must this old gray head.
 I'm going a-milking sir," she said.

III. The Cotter's Saturday Night

Drink to me only with thine eyes
 And I will drink to thee.
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea.

—Yale Record.

We nominate for the hall of shame the girl that thought
 two alligators was an alligator pear.

—Widow.

"Where'd you ditch your date?"
 "Oh, I just abandoned her."
 "Garn, she was abandoned already."

—Puppet.

Effie: Pa, I wanna join the Transcontinental Air-Mail
 Service.

Pa: Nopey, nopey, Sugar Plum. No daughter of mine
 will ever be a fly-by-night.

—Yale Record.

A miss is as good as she wants to be.

—Beanpot.

She was only a restaurant manager's daughter, but she
 was passing fare.

—Pitt Panther.

Binks (phoning down from his room): Night clerk?
 Snippy Clerk: Well, what's biting you?
 Binks: That's what I want to know.

—Columns.

She (hopefully): Don't you love this weather?
 He (brutally): No! Come around in the Spring.

—Beanpot.

Big: I'll probably start to work tonight.

Bog: Got a job?

Big: No, I just ate some yeast.

—Pitt Panther.

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Collitch Through Books

Alas, alas, what a course this English 30 is! But yet one might as well figure out a way to get some pleasure out of the course seeing it lasts all of two semesters.

The method I advocate is to watch for passages that might be construed as a help to modern thought. By this I mean that before one acts one may be able to find some ideas on the subject in hand in Century Readings in English literature. I am writing this to point out what I have found, in this way hoping to illustrate my method to the beginner.

For instance, in section XXI of Beowulf we find a masterly reference to a scene up the drive which shows that short pants and sophomores were not unthought of then. (The sophomores are mentioned between "traveled route" and "many habitations.")

"Then did the scion of ethelings pass lightly over steep stone-banks, narrow gullies, strait lonesome paths, a traveled route, sheer bluffs, many habitations of nickers."

In canto I of the "Faerie Queen," Spenser refers to a high school lad who has come to college but has never before petted:

"Yet armes till that time did he never wield."

"Don Juan," by George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron contains a fine bit of two lines in length which gently jabs the fraternity man who goes out serenading:

"Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse."

A house mother reminding a young Joe College that it is 10:30 P. M. and time to leave, is described in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats:

"The lover's endless minutes slowly passed
The dame returned, and whispered in his ear,
To follow her."

Dr. Johnson contributes a four line verse about some stude at the theatre down on the square. But my what manners for a college student!

"I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand."

And then in line 206 the men students make an 8 o'clock while the Co-eds sleep:

"Men on men, in slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill, that morn."

Swift, in "The Tale Of A Tub," tells about some second-rate fraternity trying to get out of a hole—and the members are well-educated, too:

"Upon which disappointment he who found the former evasion took heart, and said, 'Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them totidem verbis, nor totidem syllabis, I dare engage we shall make them out tertio literis or totidem modo.'"

That Phi Bete was a phylum known and understood by Chaucer is brought out in line 303 in the "Canterbury Tales":

"Of studie took he most cure and most hede.
Noght a word spak he more than was nede,
Sowninge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde lerne, and gladly teche."

An old English ballad called the "Cruel Brother" describes a scene in a sorority house when one of the sisters takes the best clothes and goes out on a date. One of the girls named Anne is also dating and the others are wondering what she will wear:

"What will you leave to your sister Anne?"
"My silken scarf and my gowden fan."

—H. P.



The big or little company —which?

"YOU'LL surely be buried in the big company," say some. "Everything is red tape, and you'll end up in a groove in some little department."

"Your little company never gets you anywhere," others assert. "The bigger the company the bigger your opportunity."

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Miek: I had a hot mama last night.

Dick: The one I took was boiled too.
—Pelican.



Oh, dentist, you heartless extractor,
Purveyor of pains none too few;
Professor symbolic
Of torture vitriolic;
I hate you. . . I hate you. . . I do.

I've learned to abhor and despise you
From earliest days of my youth;
You used on a molar
Your painless controller,
But dammit, you pulled the wrong tooth.

—Sun Dial.



"What would a nation be without women?"
"Stagnation."

—Voo-Doo.

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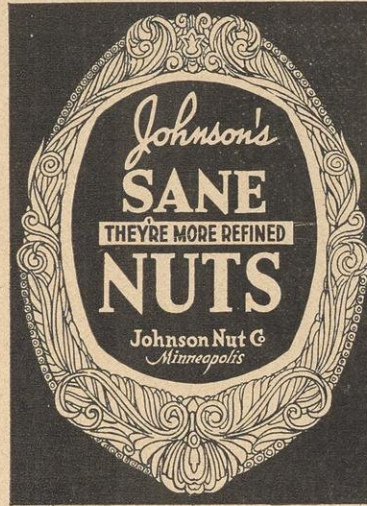
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Dick: Wasn't that girl offended
when you asked to kiss her with three
days' beard on your face?

Jim: A little, but she came up to
scratch before I left.

—Punch Bowl.

Suffering greatly from seasickness
as she reached the porthole, she sud-
denly snapped out of it.

—Pitt Panther.

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

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

—Ski-U-Mah.

"That man is an enigma."
"You don't say. I always thought
he was born in this country."

—Juggler.

Speaking of Lines

There Are "Wicked"
Lines, "Fast" Lines,
"Hard" Lines, Dramatic
Lines And Many Others,—
To Say Nothing Of Clothes-
Lines.

But The Line That
Makes You—(Or Breaks
You) — In University Is
The Line You "Sling" With
Your Fountain Pen.

The Fluency Of Your
"Line" Depends Upon The
Ease With Which Your
Fountain Pen Makes Its
Line Upon The Paper.

Rider's Masterpen Writes
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Masterpen In Your Hand,
Just Think! — And You
Find Your Thought Neatly
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The Line That Makes You.

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Some are Fraternity men, and others drink tea because
they like it.

Author: I hear that you say that my last book was the
worst I ever wrote.

Critic: You are wrong, my dear chap, I said that it
was the worst book anybody ever wrote.

—Pitt Panther.

Waiter: And how was your soup, Sir?

Kableteh: Not so hot, George, not so hot.

—Columns.

We played a good joke on our family goat last week. We
bribed the veterinary to tell him he shouldn't eat any
starchy food, and now our dress shirts are perfectly safe.

He may have been crooked, but he drank his whiskey
straight.

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"He's a quoit tossing champion."

"Damned if he can toss off any of my quoits."

—Puppet.



A Russian has devised a system which makes it easier for the novice to play the saxophone. Nothing but bad news ever seems to come from that miserable country.

—Vagabond.



"What do you think of a sale?"

"I'm all sold on the idea."



No man can serve two sorority sisters.

—Beanpot.



Dig a grave for Henry Peck
Dig it wide and deep
His wife had insomnia.....
And he talked in his sleep.

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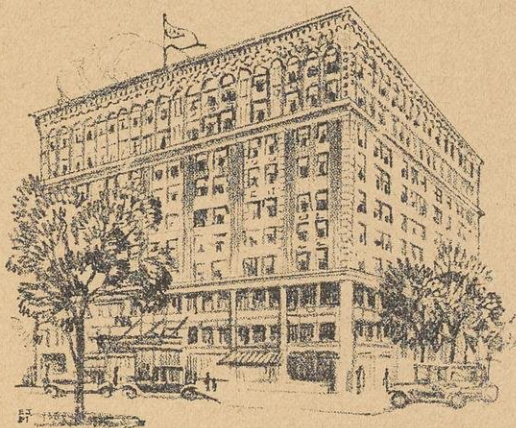
Oh Jean!

Badger three-five-oh-oh-oh. What? Well, all right then. Badger thr-r-eeee-five thousand. Is that better? Oh, don't take it that way, central, please; pretty please. Badg—hello, is -ah Jean Sweet in? Thank you. Hem. . . Hello, yes. She's talking on the other phone? Well, yes, I'll wait. Thanks.

Hum-te-tum-hum. . . Ye gods, how long is that woman gonna keep me waiting. Say, Bill, get outa here, will you? Can't you see I'm using the phone. None of your business. I'll take my time. . .

HEL-o. Say, central, give me Badg—Oh, excuse me. Is this Jean speaking? How are you? Say, Jean, are you gonna be busy Saturday night? What, don't you know who this is? Oh, now guess. Can't you? Well—er-ah-er—this is wuh-um-oo, burb-ub-burb. You remember me, don't you? Now, Jean. Where was it we met; at your open house, wasn't it? Why—I thought we were old friends. My name? Well, if I can't make you understand over the phone, the only thing I can think of pardon me just a minute, will you? Say, Bill, get the hell outa here, will yuh. Oh, that's all right. Giggle yourself sick.

Hello, awful sorry, but one of the brothers was bothering me for the phone. You know darn well I wouldn't give it up when I'm talking to someone like *you*. As I was saying, the only thing I know of is for me to see you and then I can tell you all about my name. How about Saturday? Have some friend introduce me? Aw, why? Saturday at nine . . . closed car—hello, hello—central, central, Badger three-five--oh-oh-oh. All right, but hurry, Jean? Jean Sweet, can I talk to her? Why yes she is, I was just talk— Well, I'll be—. Bill, Bill. Here's you old phone. Where yuh been all the time? I been waiting to let you have it, Bill. . .



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"Did you have to wait long? . . . I'm so sorry . . . but we don't want to get there before the thing starts, do we? I hate to come in and have to sit and sit . . . and it's lots of fun to come in late and parade down the aisle . . . where are our seats? . . . oh, then we'd better hurry . . . if I'd known where they were . . . I suppose those were all they had left?"

"Oh, did you have a cab waiting? . . . Why didn't you tell me? . . . I like cabs, don't you? . . . One never has to worry about where the place is, or anything. Just sit, and . . . Look out, I spent twenty minutes getting my lips on straight, and now you've mussed them all up . . . With that breath you ought

to be sitting with the Kappa Bates. . . . I wonder if they'll throw things? . . . Last year I went with Paul . . . he's a Deke, and we sat in the third row . . . but then, we can see more people from where our seats are. . . .

"Oh, here's the theatre . . . your shirt is all bowed out . . . aren't men funny in formal clothes? And your tie slants off . . . say, have you seen the new formal ties in Pete Burns? . . . the ones made of that . . . whatyoucallit . . . anyhow, you've seen them around. . . . Mercy they've started.

"Well, anyhow, we can't see that their legs are hairy from here. . . . OH LOOK . . . there's Johnny . . . second from the end . . . the one with the knees. I never knew

he had knees like that . . . oh, you horrid thing. I don't think you're a bit nice. . . . What's this under my feet? Oh. . . . I'm so sorry. I didn't know it was your hat . . . is it ruined? They aren't wearing black hats much any more, are they? . . .

Doesn't it sound funny when they sing? . . . I think that By Rivers makes the darlinest Mary Ann, don't you? There's something about him that is different from other men, somehow . . . what's that you're mumbling? . . . Those people keep turning around . . . well, I wasn't going to talk any more anyhow. . . . Where are we going afterward? . . . the drive? All right, my lipstick won't matter then. . . .

—Stew

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Little girl of my dreams, who flashes
through
My life like a very fay,
Can't you toss me a glance . . .
or a kiss or two
On your way?
Is my song, in the midst of your joy-
ous whirl,
No more than an ass's bray?
Don't I count? Oh, I *don't!* Well,
say, little girl,
On your way!

—Purple Cow.

She (looking over the family al-
bum): Doesn't dad look funny in
those suspenders.

He (a practical soul): Yes, but
he'd look a darn sight funnier with-
out them.

—Red Cat.

A flapper, while out on a date,
Thought that here was her chance
for a mate;
So she talked about rings
And weddings and things,
And the "mate" promptly gave her
the gate.

Dr. Arrowsmith: Think your son
will soon forget what he learned in
college?

Dr. Babbitt: I hope so. He can't
make a living necking.

—Pelican.

'Liza Lou says:
*Mom told me to use lots of elbow
grease when I took my bath; an' I
haven't got all the lard off my elbows
yet.*

A picture of health requires a hap-
py frame of mind.

—Augwan.

"Is that a good book you're read-
ing?"

"I should say so; it's rotten."

Flamingo.

Triolet

Le triolet etait jolie;
Aujourd 'hui on le prostitue.
Au temps de Ronsard, de Remi,
Le triolet etait jole.
Mais, puis, le Record l'a saisi,
L'a étouffe, et l'a rompu.
Le triolet etait joli;
Aujourd 'hui on le prostitue.

—Yale Record.

Have you ever written
with a Swan?

If not, come in and try one. You'll find it
the finest Fountain Pen you ever had in your
hand.

NETHERWOOD'S
519 State Street

Yellow
BAD 500 GER
Cab

Man—Shake off that Pedestrian Complex!

Let one of our Rent-A-Cars lead you out of that dark age of transportation. If you still feel like one of the Charter-Members don't jump in the lake. Just call up the Capital City Rent-A-Car Co. and for a modest \$2 or less you can be a full fledged motorist.

Capital City Rent-A-Car Co.

Fairchild 334

434 West Gilman

"Hotsy Totsy"

A five cent candy bar of the finest of candy. A bargain and a delight. **5c**

It's a Teck Bar!

They're always fresh
Buy them at any store

Teckemeyer Candy Co.



"My wife had giblets last night."

"Congratulations! That's worse than twins."

On these Spring nights

. . . You take her out in a rent-a-car or for a walk on the drive. And then about ten o'clock you start homeward.

. . . You stop at Lawrence's then, for lunching at Lawrence's before going home appeals as much to her as it does to you.

. . . We'll see you tonight.

LAWRENCE'S

Cafeteria Restaurants
State Street University Avenue

Say what you like, but we're willing to bet that it's the "old man" who pays, around a college town.

"What do you think of me?"
"Everything."

"It's your shake," said Flo Ziegfeld as he handed the dice to Gilda Gray.

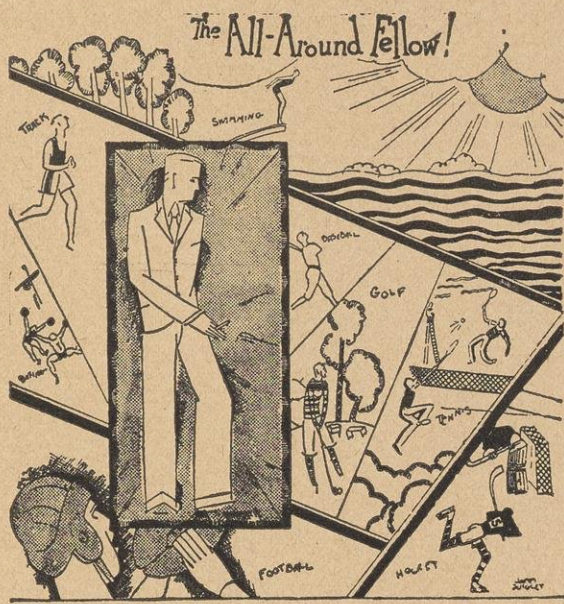
"I'll never get over this," said the chicken as she ambled up to the ostrich egg.

—Brown Jug.

Said a Prince of Peru:

I'm a terrible fellow,
With my face painted blue
And my stomach all yellow—
And I'm proud of it, too.

—Yale Record.



Braeburn
SMART STYLED CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE MEN

Suits Topcoats

A line of clothing catering exclusively to university men — new shades, new weaves and new patterns in fine imported woolsens. The models in both Suits and Topcoats are typically "University type".

\$45

Smart Topcoats \$30 to \$40

SPETH'S
222 STATE ST.

"A Knockout"



That's the expression used by one of the most smartly dressed young men in town when he tried on this Stratford model in our store the other day.

\$55.00

The Crescent
CLOTHING CO.
Specialists in Apparel for Men & Boys

Of Course! The Chocolate Shop

"Home of the Hot Fudge"

Where else would one bring a date after a dance or a walk on the drive?

Where else would one stop of a warm spring afternoon for a cool, refreshing drink?

Where else can one find as delicious a noon time lunch?

Alford Bros. Laundry Co.

Fraternities
Sororities
and
Other Student
Organizations

We have
special prices
for you.

113-115 Carroll St.

Badger 172

He: Once again; will you marry me?

She: You're wrong, sir. I've never married you before.

—Froth.

There was a guy from Hong Kong
Who purchased a Ford for a song;
He took it to school,
Like a bit of a fool,
And the poor little fellow went
wrong.

"Say, haven't you read that 'La Vie Parisienne' yet? You've had it in the room a month!"

"Oh, I haven't started reading it yet. I've just caught up with the pictures."

—Jack-o-lantern.

"'Twill be my last fling," cried the scotchman as an hysterical smile o'er spread his brave face and he rushed into the highland dance hall.

"Why do all the colleges make fun of Harvard?"

"I guess it's because Harvard's funny."

—Yale Record.

MEAT

Goeden & Kruger
Inc.

*Boost Wisconsin to your
High School friends*

L'Envoi

Silently rise the mists of a summer eve
Filmy shroud of the setting sun,
A robe of glorious white
Edged with the last gold rays
Then slowly gliding, swirling,
The mists take shape,
Fashioning themselves into the dreams of men,
Into visions of the future,
Into vapory castles,
Into pantomimes of what the next day holds,
Only the mists of a summer day,
Only a pageant of promises,
Yet we still contend
That a mosquito bite on the thigh is uncomfortable.

—Froth.



No, no, no, Clarabelle, they do not use deck chairs in
playing cards.



Ginny: I don't see why we have to wear our bath-
robes to swimming.

Jennie: It's only a matter of form, dearie.

—Columns.



© Berg
1926

THE label in this hat has
been accepted by three
generations of college men
as a symbol of correct style.
The hat illustrated is notably
effective in the new spring
colorings.

BERG HATS

Sold by: THE HUB, MADISON, WISC.

"Your Regular Druggist"

Do You know the nicest thing
for
Mother's Day?

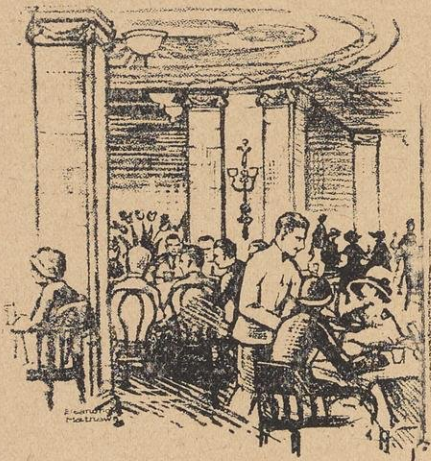
ANSWER: WHITMAN'S CANDIES.
NOT JUST AN ORDINARY BOX
BUT THE SPECIAL MOTHER'S
DAY PACKAGE. SUNDAY, MAY
9TH, IS THE DAY, RENNEBOHM'S
THE PLACE.

RENNEBOHM

BETTER DRUG STORES

STATE CAPITOL CAFE

UNDER THE DOME



A La Carte
and Regular
Dinner

Bunny Lyons
and his
Orchestra



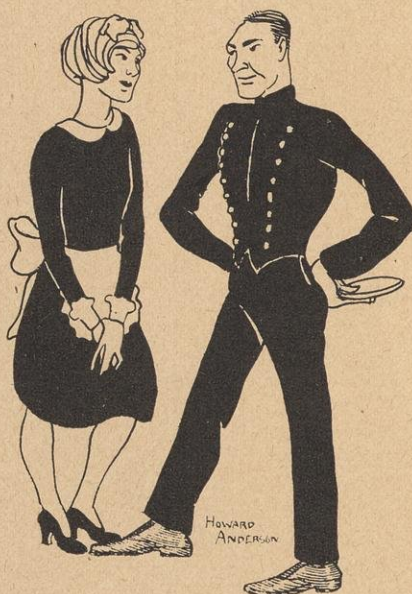
"Every day is a
Gift day"

Mouse Around Gift Shop

416 State St.

Spring calls out your Kodak

Take Kodak pictures at every opportunity, thus extending your college days into future life. Today will never come again.



It: My girl gave me an awful bawling out last night.

Nit: What was the matter, did you say something mean?

It: No, I just slammed the door.

The Hetty Minch Shop

Announces Its Removal on
April 1 to New, Light, Spa-
cious Rooms at

228 State Street

Over Rentschler's New
Floral Shop—Second
Floor

A smart new collection of
ready-made frocks for all
occasions awaits you at
modest prices

**The PHOTOART
HOUSE**

WM J MEYER, PRESIDENT



PANAMAS
ARE NOW IN
STYLE FOR
YOUNG MEN



**Genuine "Supernatural"
Panamas**

Buy a Panama Hat with our trade mark
and be certain of having a genuine
Panama of the highest character. Always preferred
because of their *Style and Comfort*. All our
Panamas have evenly woven natural edges, uncut.

Sold by Foremost Dealers

Manufactured By
ECUADORIAN PANAMA HAT CO., New York, N. Y.

THE COLLEGE MAN AND NETTLETON SHOES



No. 056—Black Calf
No. 058—Tan Calf

Nettleton

Smart Style—Plus Quality

Note the Dundee, for instance—a
collegiate model decidedly. Just
enough "dog" to look right. Made
in black or tan, as you prefer.

"Nettleton is one of America's Quality Names"

A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.
H. W. COOK, President

—Sold locally by—

SCHUMACHER SHOE CO.
Madison, Wisconsin

Dealers Everywhere

Suits Cleaned and Pressed
\$1.00

Wool and Serge Dresses
Cleaned and Pressed
\$1.00 up

Suits Steamed and Pressed
50c

Yours for better work at a
lower price.

**Pantorium
Company**

538 State Street
B. 1180

Poppa: What're you waiting for?
Pappa: The midnight sun.
Poppa: So'm I. Aren't the kids
nowadays wild though?
Pappa: Huh????

Mono: Hey, give me that shovel.
Gram: That snow shovel?
Mono: Sure, it's a shovel.
—Juggler.

"Have you change for a hundred
dollar bill?"
"Sure. Want it in tens or twen-
"It really doesn't matter. I haven't
the hundred dollar bill."

Hair may come and hair may go,
but bald heads sit in first rows
forever.
—Gargoyle.

Ford

Largest selection of guar-
anteed used Fords in the
city.

See these before you buy.

Fox
MOTOR SALES Co.

330 W. Johnson St.

ADVENTURE LAND ON THE GREAT NORTHERN



With its own beginnings under James J. Hill deeply rooted in the picturesque formative days of the Northwest, the Great Northern is erecting monuments at historically famous spots along its route. One of these is located on the above site where, in July, 1806, Captain Meriwether Lewis, leader of the momentous Lewis and Clark Expedition, encountered hostile Indians at a point just above the Great Northern's present main line (today's Meriwether Station), a few miles east of Glacier National Park.

"See America
First"



A Dependable
Railway

COME, traverse the magnificent miles of the great Northwest in luxurious comfort on that aristocrat of trains, the New Oriental Limited. It is a romantic adventure into an epic land, this smooth, restful, quiet flight of transportation's thoroughbred along the scenic, low-altitude, easy-grade courses of the Mississippi, Missouri, Flathead, Kootenai and Columbia Rivers. Green and colorful is the landscape of this historic empire—James J. Hill's aptly named "Zone of Plenty". Stirring are the stories of the men of vision and valor who subdued it. Plan on a trip through "Historic Northwest Adventure Land" for this Summer's vacation. Live a little while in the soothing, lake-jeweled, million acres of Glacier National Park. Then go on to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, to Victoria and Vancouver in British Columbia. For information, mail coupon below.

Glacier National Park

Open June 15th to September 15th

Route of the New Oriental Limited De Luxe Train No Extra Fare

A. J. DICKINSON, Room 712, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn. WO-4

Send me free books about Glacier National Park and cost from this point of a day stay in the Park for a party of I am particularly interested in ☐ General Tour of Park ☐ Burlington Escorted Tour.

Name

Address

No Gifts

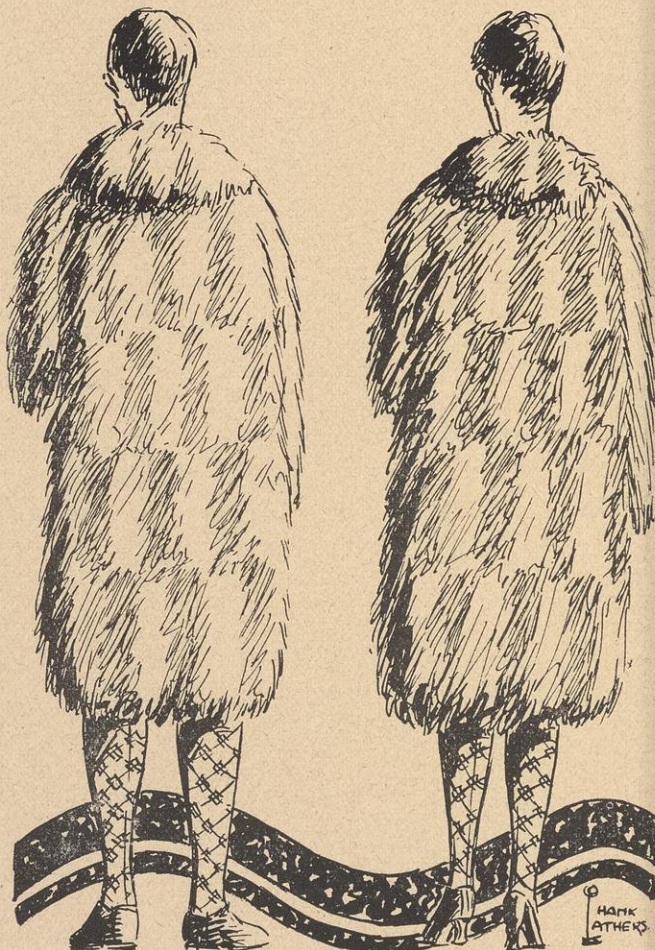
Afford Greater Enjoyment And Enduring Satisfaction Than

Good Jewelry

R. W. NELSON
JEWELER

WATCH REPAIRING
320 STATE

Fashionable
Jewelry GAMMIS



Cherchez La Femme

When the straight-8 blows a shoe



BEFORE you even *look* for the jack or tire-tools, tuck a neat wad of Prince Albert into the muzzle of your jimmy-pipe. Light up . . . and get yourself in the frame of mind where a flat tire is "all in the day's work." Talk about a gloom-chaser!

P. A. simply knocks troubles for a row of planished-steel mudguards. Its cool, soothing smoke percolates into your system, the sun crashes through the clouds, and everything is hotsy-totsy. Yes indeed, Fellows, Prince Albert is great tobacco.

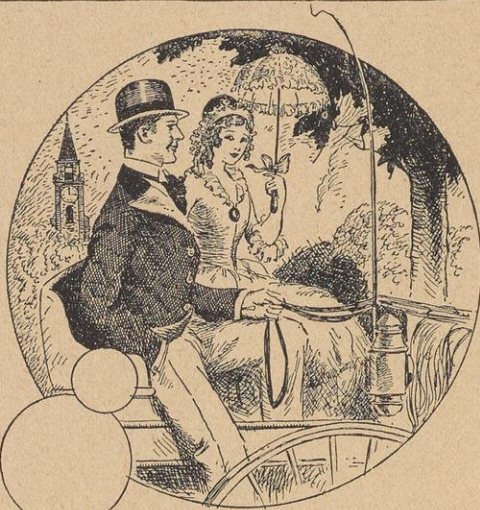
And paste this in the fly-leaf of your thesaurus: P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat, no matter how hard you hit it up. The Prince Albert process flunked Bite and Parch on their first examination. Get a tidy red tin of P. A. now and see.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

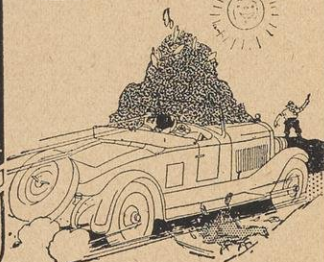


Back in the days of Dobbin . . . when the college sheik (then known as the "dude") gave his best girl a great whirl around the campus on Sunday afternoons, Anheuser-Busch was nationally known among good fellows.

And today, when we do sixty miles an hour without hurrying . . . and good mixers are popular everywhere,

BUSCH (A-B) PALE DRY

is the favored drink of college men because, like the college man, Busch Pale Dry is a good mixer everywhere and every time.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS
KLEUTER & CO.

Contributors

Madison, Wisc.

THE DRIVE

SPRING HAS BROUGHT OPEN SEASON FOR DATES ON THE DRIVE. WITH YOUR BEST GIRL, A RENT-A-CAR, AND A MOON, YOU CAN HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE. COME DOWN AND PICK OUT YOUR CAR, OR CALL US, AND WE'LL DELIVER ONE.

BADGER RENT-A-CAR

FAIRCHILD 2099

250 STATE STREET

Music Clerk: Have you heard "Always"?
Customer: Do I look deaf?



Perfection

This is the age of masculine perfection. Whatever the modern youth does is faultlessly correct, without blemish or defect. Consummate excellence is the keynote of all things he may attempt. The rival female sex, jealous as they may be, are forced to admit that the boys are even "perfectly horrid."

—Mercury.



Speaking about gold and silver in America, the Europeans used to sail ships over here to get it. Now, the tourists take it over there for them.



The Girl (sympathetically:) Poor old Archie! He went crazy on the subject of tapestries.

The Man (of course:) Yes, the gobelins will get you, if you don't watch out!

—Tiger.



A Burner with a reliable reputation.

Burn Oil and be warm
this Winter.

Ask us about it.

F. Wigglesworth
PLUMBING & GAS FITTING

1904 Monroe Street.

Badger 6396

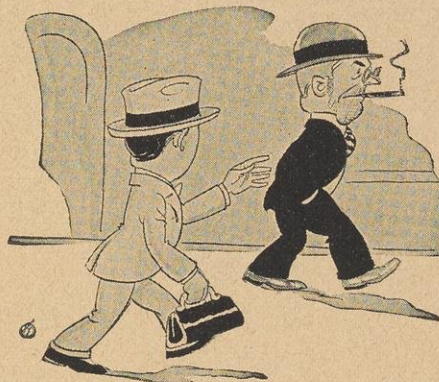
I met the agent from an antique land,
Who told me if I wished I would be shown
A certain lot. He said, beneath the sand,
Half sunk, was spattered oil: and he alone
Was cognizant thereof. His crooked eye
Imparted to his narrative the lie.
My mind still holds the picture of that lad,
The hook he threw me, and the line he had.
Upon a sign-post may these words be read:
"My name is Realestatus, king of crooks,
Recall my deals, ye gamblers, whom I bled."
That's all. About him and around one looks,
But sees no sight of land. Beyond the fence
Rise up a host of giant tenements.

—Mercury.

"Oh boy, I held her hand last evening."
"Promoting, huh?"
"No, I had to, to keep her away from my watch."

"Who is that man?"
"He's the fellow who made a million writing jokes about
the slowness of messenger boys."
"What did he do before he made his fortune?"
"He was a plumber."

Tough Customers



—I like 'em!

I like 'em hard to sell. Any grip-toter who has criss-crossed this U. S. A. and points Mex. for as many years as I have, comes to the bat with unholy joy when he meets a tough customer.

As for me, I'm selling Mennen "Shaving Service," and I know I've got something.

Now you take Mennen Shaving Cream—there's a product that has won over more tough customers than any he-man product I know of.

You see this Dermutation—beard-softening process—is really scientific. It gets results right away. A tiny little cream builds a magnificent, firm, creamy lather that makes each stiff and horny hair wholly soft and pliable.

The razor goes through without a tweak and when you wipe off your face, you've got a shave that's a *shave*.

Also Mennen Skin Balm. That's newer, but let a man once try it and he's sold. It's a balm, you know—comes in tubes—not a liquid. A tiny bit on your finger tips, rubbed gently on after a shave—and *boy!* First there's a little astringent *bite*, then a spicy, cool freshness spreading all over your cheeks and down towards your Adam's apple. In half a minute, it's all absorbed—and you've got a sparkling, toned-up feeling that's unique in your experience.

Then there's Mennen Talcum for Men. That's service. Made to match the color of man's skin so that it doesn't show. A dash of it absorbs all moisture the towel doesn't reach, soothes the skin and protects it against wind, rain, hail or sun with an invisible, antiseptic film.

All three together make the Complete Mennen Shave. And my advice is to start for the nearest drugstore and get all three. It's good, common-sense luxury.



Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

THE HUB

Henry C. Lytton & Sons

State and Jackson • Chicago

Orrington and Church • Evanston



College Clothes in the Lytton College Shop

Here, on our second floor in the chummy College Shop, are the styles that find favor among representative University Men. We can offer an extra measure of value too, since the great resources of the entire store enable us to buy, and then to sell, at exceptionally favorable prices.

Frank Bros.

Fancy Groceries and Fruits

611-6-3 University Ave.

Phones: Badger 5335-2689-71

GAMMS Artisans
in
GOLD & PLATINUM



H.B. ANDERSON

"He said, 'that's one on you.'"

"What'd you do?"

"I laughed it off."

Brock Engraving Company

Artists and Engravers



4th Floor

State Journal Building

Phone: Fairchild 913

Established 1854

Conklin & Sons Company

Coal, Wood and
Mendota Lake Ice

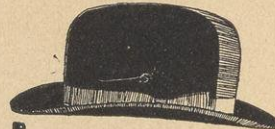
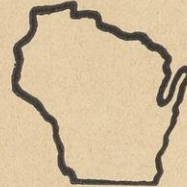
Cement, Stucco, White Lime, Hair and
Sewer Pipe

Main Office 24 E. Mifflin St.



$\Sigma\Phi$

W
UNION



$\Delta\Gamma$



UNIVERSITY
OF
WISCONSIN



UNIVERSITY PRINTERS

Democrat Printing Company

114 South Carroll Street

Madison, Wisconsin



The Ox Woman

On an East Indian farm, where the crop is tea, a wooden plow turns up the rich black soil. A woman drives, another woman pulls—and a black ox pulls beside her.

Six hours under a tropical sun, a bowl of cold rice—and six hours more. Then the woman goes to her bed of rushes, and the beast to his mud stall. Tomorrow will be the same.



The electric light, the electric iron, the vacuum cleaner—the use of electricity on the farm for pumping water, for milking, and for the cream separator—are helping to make life happier. General Electric research and engineering have aided in making these conveniences possible.

A new series of G-E advertisements showing what electricity is doing in many fields will be sent on request. Ask for booklet GEK-18.

The American home has many conveniences. But many American women often work as hard as their Oriental sisters. They toil at the washtub, they carry water, they churn by hand—all tasks which electricity can do for them at small cost, in half the time.

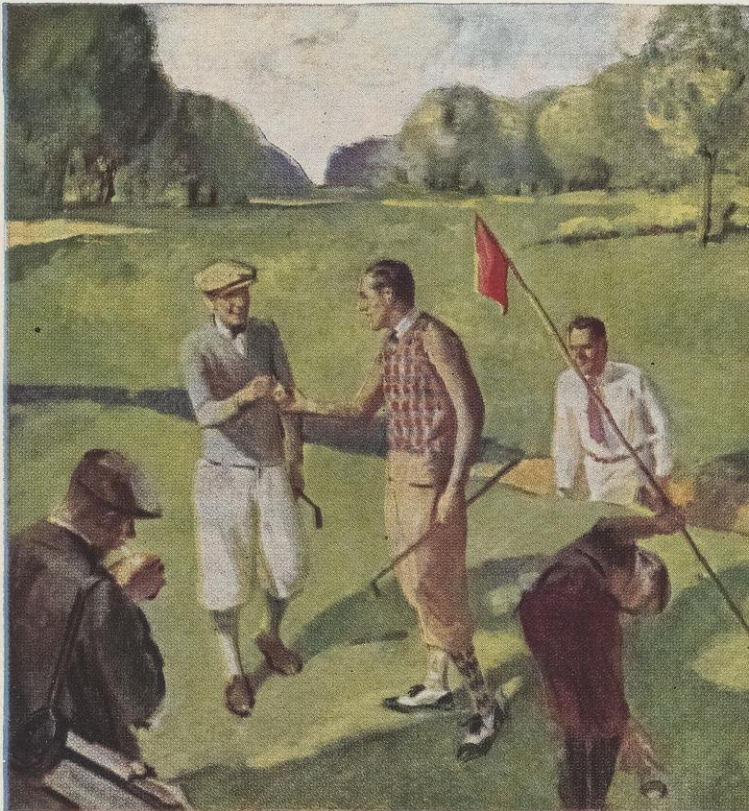
The labor-saving possibilities of electricity are constantly becoming more widely recognized. And the social significance of the release of the American woman from physical drudgery, through the increasing use of electricity in and about the home, will appeal instantly to every college man and woman.

7-71DH

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

When the first
glorious day of golf is over—and the
final putt sinks in the 18th cup—
when the tense moments end
in soft mellow twilight
—have a Camel!



No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN it's glorious evening on the greens. And the last long putt drops home on the 18th hole—have a Camel!

For, all the world over, Camel fragrance and taste add joyous zest to healthful hours in the open. Camels never tire your taste, or leave a cigaretty after-taste, no matter how liberally you smoke them. This is the inside story of Camel success—their choice tobaccos and perfect blending make them the utmost in cigarettes.

So, this fine spring day, when your first glorious birdie ends its breathless flight. When you leave the long course to start home, tired and joyous—taste then the smoke that's admitted champion among the world's experienced smokers. Know, then, the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

