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Octopus:

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON



PASSING OUT NUMBER

Seniors— You'll Hate to Leave WISCONSIN



We know that you will have to leave Wisconsin---But, why break all your connections with the old school? Why not get a breath of campus atmosphere regularly during the coming year by subscribing now to the

Octopus

And it won't cost you much either. To Seniors the price will be ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, for all of next year's numbers.

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, Union Building, 2nd floor



Salmagundi—

*"A box where sweets compacted lie"
to tempt the taste, intrigue the eye*

Visualize this newest member of Whitman's Quality Group, a gift-box of metal, with mosaic design by Mucha. Imagine the hinged lid swinging back, releasing the aroma of this new assortment of Whitman's, a promise of the treat to come:

Majestic, Plum Pudding, Mint Rings, Pecan Cluster, Filbert Cluster, Brazil, Marshmallow Fudge, Nougat, Molasses Chewing, Pecan Marshmallow, Solid Tablet, Marshmallow Square, Almonds, Flat Cream Mints, St. Nicholas, Marshmallow Apricot, Molasses Chips, Pecan Caramel, Milk Chocolate Blossoms, Solid Chocolate Butterfly, Molasses Blocks, Marshmallow Mints, Messenger Boy. Surely "a feast of nectared sweets where no crude surfeit reigns."

Salmagundi Chocolates, in their sought-for art metal box, are sold by that selected store near you displaying the sign

Whitman's Chocolates and Confections

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

Detloff Pharmacy, Main and Pinckney St.
The Chocolate Shop, 528 State St.
E. M. Littleton, 19 N. Pinckney St.

A. W. Krehl, 408 E. Wilson St.
University Phar., Co. State and Lake Sts.
Tiedemann's Pharmacy, 702 University Av.
Walter M. Atwood, 1054 Williamson St.

Ask for special Wisconsin package with ribbon and seal



The reason why
burlesque shows
no longer give us
a thrill.

"This safe augurs well," said the crook as his bit
Cut into the bank vault door.
"Oh yes," yawned his pal, "But you'll have to admit
This life is a terrible bore."



"I don't suppose you like to hamstring any body
do you?"
"Nope, just stringing him is enough."

Parkway Theater

The Theater Beautiful



"The Best in Entertainment"

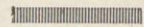


May 22

George White's "Scandals"

with

ANN PENNINGTON



Starting May 23

George Arliss

In a Distinctive Picture

"DISRAELI"

During the Exams--

You'll get awfully thirsty and mighty
hungry. Our refreshing drinks and
delicious sundaes will make you feel
fit to hit for "Excellents."

Chocolate Shop

State Street

*Our tasty lunches are the most
popular in Madison*

SINGER

BARBER

SHOP

State Street

Nearest to the Campus

Lumber For Summer House Repairing

Your house will need some repairs this summer. We can furnish any and all lumber for them. Just call up and we will estimate the cost for you. It will be surprisingly reasonable.

YAWKEY • CROWLEY LUMBER CO.

801 E. Wash. Ave. Camp Randall
2 yards



Take It From The Air

NOT only music, but news, speeches, messages of every sort, are today being picked out of the air.

"How has this come about?" we ask.

The new impetus given to radio development may be definitely associated with the development of the high power vacuum tube, for that made broadcasting possible. And the power tube originated from a piece of purely theoretical research, which had no connection with radio.

When a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company found that electric current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum and could be varied according to fixed laws, he established the principle of the power tube and laid the foundation for the "tron" group of devices.

These devices magnify the tiny telephone currents produced by the voice and supply them to the antenna, which broadcasts the messages. At the receiving ends, smaller "trons", in turn, magnify the otherwise imperceptible messages coming to them from the receiving antenna.

Great accomplishments are not picked out of the air. Generally, as in this case, they grow from one man's insatiable desire to find out the "how" of things.

Scientific research discovers the facts. Practical applications follow in good time.

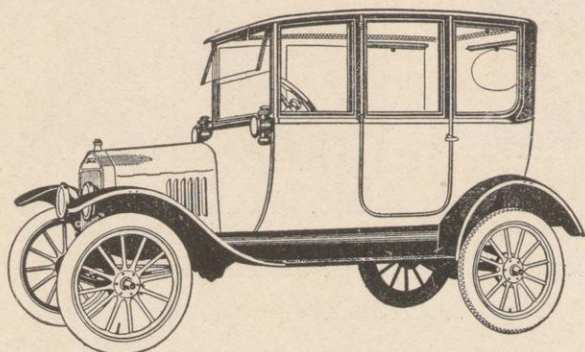
General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N. Y.

95-502J



Your daughter wants you to look me over. Well, pull down your coat tail and turn around.

Rent a Car



Drive it Yourself
Flaherty Bros.

313 W. Johnson

F. 2099



THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

MEAT—

Probably a majority of fraternities and boarding houses, who are **particular** as to the quality of food served, and the **SERVICE** furnished, order their **MEAT** from our up-to-date market, where the by-word is **CLEANLINESS**.

Capital City Meat Market

A. G. METZINGER, Prop.

WHOLESALE AND RETAILER OF QUALITY MEATS

421 State St.

Phone B. 2905

Whether it be Developing or
Printing—a Party Picture or
Kodak help—you'll find that
you can rely on

PHOTOART SERVICE

You'll like to deal with

The **PHOTOART
HOUSE**

Wm. J. MEYER, PRESIDENT.



When All the World Bows To the Fair Graduate---

The House of Harry S. Manchester, Inc., wishes the class of 1922 the very best of Commencement wishes, the happiest of Campus memories and the inspiration of association that will shine down the years to come.

"Numen Lumen"

HARRY S. MANCHESTER, Inc.

FORMERLY

KEELEY-NECKERMAN CO.



L.G.H. & D.H.R.

The conventional touch.

Bathing Suits

For long lived dependable service be sure your Bathing Suit is a BRADLEY. They are made in all styles, weights and colors.

We have a large assortment of suits for men and women, prices ranging from

\$1.50 to \$8.00

THE CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Manager

FINE FOOTWEAR FOR SPRING



PLAIN TOE TAN
IMPORTED
SCOTCH GRAIN

LOT 953

Now on exhibit at our
Madison Branch
666 State St.

A STARR BEST
(INC.)
RANDOLPH AND WABASH
CHICAGO

PROGRAM
FOR EVERY
SOCIAL FUNCTION



The **PRINT SHOP**
DESIGNERS ENGRAVERS
MADISON, WISCONSIN

*We can tell you what
it's made of*

A delicious fudge center, and just enough caramel, with the real sort of fresh large peanuts sprinkled through the bar, and covered with chocolate. This is the **RADIO BAR**, but you'll have to taste it to really appreciate it.

Radio Bar
Sold all over for
TEN CENTS

Seckemeyer's

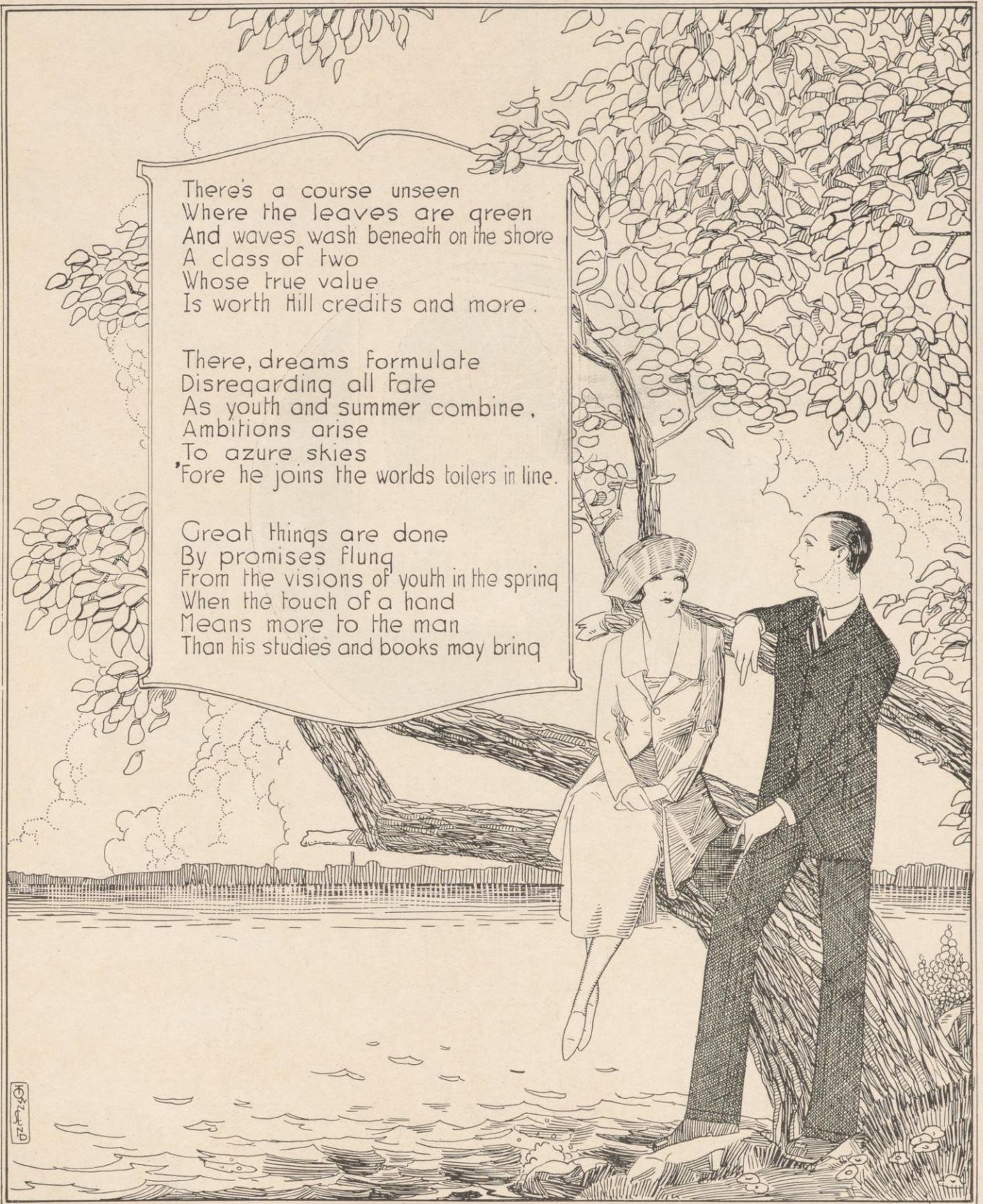


These women fascinate me,
When looking from a sheet,
But, Gosh! I'd hate to meet one,
On a slightly darkened street.

There's a course unseen
Where the leaves are green
And waves wash beneath on the shore
A class of two
Whose true value
Is worth Hill credits and more.

There, dreams formulate
Disregarding all fate
As youth and summer combine,
Ambitions arise
To azure skies
'Fore he joins the worlds toilers in line.

Great things are done
By promises flung
From the visions of youth in the spring
When the touch of a hand
Means more to the man
Than his studies and books may bring



The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

The Parting

They stood on the steps of her modest home, and he clasped her hand in his as he said good-bye. Commencement was over; that very day he had marched proudly up to receive his diploma, and she—she had sat down amongst the thousands of spectators, watching him and wondering if he—.

"Good-bye," he said, "I must go now, and you must wait. It will be hard for you, but I am determined to make good, and as soon as I can I shall return."

"Yes," said she, "I shall be waiting for you, and hoping that good fortune will come your way. And when you have saved enough, come back."

"You have been a good scout," he answered. "You have waited a long time, and I shall never forget you for an instant until—."

His street car appeared, and with a last squeeze of her hand, he sped down the street to the corner.

"He's a good boy," the old woman murmured, "and I know that he will come back and pay his room-rent, if he possibly can."

"Do you like mush?"

"Well, if it don't go any farther."

Stiff Lab Stuff

Prof.: I suppose that you know all the joints?

Youth: Well, not all of 'em, but The Enter-tainers is a wild dive.

Ross' Understudy

"Do you believe in birth control?"

"Absolutely. Those Pullman porters got too much to say."

A Tragedy

I had the swellest little girl,
A frosh co-ed named Esther.
She had the looks but not the brains;
She's not here this semester.

Dean: Well, I'll have to expel you.

Student: That'll please my dad.

Dean: What? Please your dad?

Student: Sure. He made me a bet I'd get kicked out by May and now he's won.

The Portly One

She gave up mutton, pork, and beef,
She gave up aids and teas,
She gave up milk, without relief,
She gave up beans and peas.
She gave up fruit, and spuds and jams,
She gave up bread and toast,
She gave up herring, shrimp, and clams,
She 'most gave up the ghost.
She gave up powder, rouge, and men,
She gave up baths and soap,
And when she weighed herself again,
She wept and gave up hope.



WHEN GOOD LOOKS ARE PROHIBITED

W. C. C. 19

Dear Teacher:

You always say to my little boy that he ain't got no manners. I want to say right here that I take that to be a reflection on his parents, his pa and ma. Now, if you think you got so many manners, I will invite you up to our house for supper and you can watch us eat and see how much manners we got. My husband has been eating for 20 years with his knife without cutting himself. Before he met me he couldn't do it without cutting himself. Also before we were married he never licked his knife before taking butter, but now he does, and besides, he used to always point with his knife and now he uses his fork. Don't that prove that we got manners?

Respectfully?

Ain't It The Truth

Prof.: The pressure of bodies at rest is called force. Give an example of force.

Stude: The police force.

Duff: That doctor is a regular dynamo.

Stuff: Yes, I once came in contact with him and I was highly charged.

Instructor (in economics after several failures to answer a question): Next.

Student (waking up): Shave and a haircut.

The Kind That Mother Used To Make

Hubby: I'll never eat any more of your mother's pies.

Tubby: I'll have you understand that my mother made pies before you were born.

Hubby: I must have got one of them.

Is Yours Natural?

I hate being a Good Sport—

It spoils my marcel

It makes me get up at six o'clock

And tramp ten miles before breakfast—

When I'd much rather be in bed.

It makes me stay up

'Till two G. M.

Eating and gabbing

When all I get is

Insomnia and indigestion.

It makes me play bridge

For two cents a point—

And I always lose.

It makes me tear

On a wild motor ride thro' wind

And rain

When my last simelon

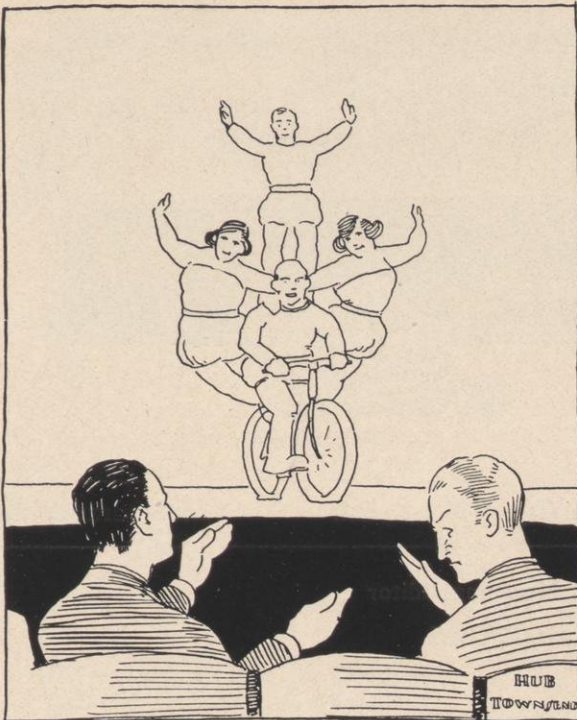
Has paid for my coiffure.

I HATE BEING a GOOD SPORT—

It spoils my marcel.



"By their fruits, ye shall know them."



"You're not applauding this act, are you?"
 "No, I'm applauding the bicycle."

Third Floor Back

She: My, what a wonderful press you have in your trousers. I suppose you put them under the mattress every night.

Stud: Nope, can't do that. Mattress is too dirty.

He: I've bought a new Radiolight watch.
 She: Oh fine. Now you won't have to always light a match to see what time it is.

Jim: I tasted some horse meat the other day.
 Jam: Was it table d'oat or a la cart?

Dizzy: I saw you fussing in the bakery last night.

Izzy: I just went in to get bread.

Dizzy: Oh, to go with the ham you had, of course.

Give 'Em Air

Jean: Why, that fellow usually speaks to me.
 Bean: Well, why don't you wear your wox?
 sox?

Bill's Brother

It's a great thing, having one's brother go through the University just before him. I had just arrived, and was endeavoring to get properly registered, when a young man to whom I handed a blank, looked at it, at me, and at the blank again.

"What!" said he, "are you Bill's brother?"

"I am," I responded, somewhat flustered, and then found myself being advised as to what courses to take, and what men "Bill" had a drag with, and how to get through with the least possible bother.

Like all good Freshmen, I went down to get a co-op number.

"What!" said the girl behind the counter, as I handed her my check, "Are you Bill's brother?"

"Well," rather, responded I, leaning negligently against the counter. And I found myself all fixed up with a fountain pen (which I didn't need) before I knew what was happening.

Then I took a pair of pants down to the dry-cleaner.

"What!" said a young man there, "Are you Bill's brother?"

"Y'dar'ri," I responded cheerfully.

"Then," said he in a positive tone, "you'll want some booze. Now, I can get you some fine, bonded stuff for only * * *"

When I was sober again, I went to see a girl Bill knew.

"What!" she shrieked, "Are you Bill's brother? Why, there's the sweetest little Freshman girl here, and you really ought to know her. Just wait a moment."

And now what I know about Bill.

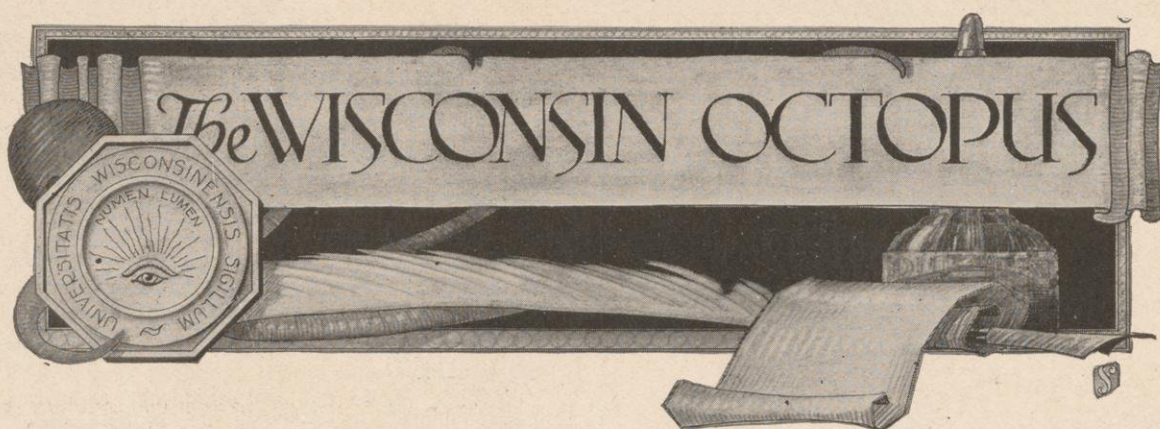


"I heard you got stuck in the mud the other night."

"Yes, I did."

"How long did it take you to get out?"

"Well, it was only a ten o'clock night."



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No. 8

May, 1922

Vol. III



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
 TH' BATT'RIES, FOR
 NEX' YEAR ARE —

H.L.T.

The Year Closes

Once more the days roll 'round; once more the period of ends and beginnings approaches. Spring speeds by at a terrifying rate and exams approach before we know it.

The Senior looks back upon a hectic or peaceful four years with feelings of satisfaction mingled with regrets:—satisfaction that a period in life is passed, regret that the time has not been spent as advantageously as it might have been. But wisdom is rarely accepted from those who have learned; it must be learned ourselves and by our own experience.

Summer comes. The graduate starts his life career. The reality of things is upon him with terrific fierceness. Under-graduate days are gone; the days when friends are made; the happy days. To the graduates Octy wishes Godspeed and best of luck.

More of us look forward to a brief vacation, at the most, with the anticipation of work to be done and more and varied pleasures in the years to follow.

June brings an appreciation of what Wisconsin means to all of us. It is a time when a reckoning is made with ourselves. Some may say, "It has been a good year and a successful one." Many others will say, "There is much more I could have done; much more I should have done." Thus wisdom comes to thrust itself upon our lazy intellects and, in spite of our superficiality or feigned slothfulness, we have learned.

The year closes and another chapter is written. Octy hopes that all of its readers have had as successful a one as he has had had.



Boost Wisconsin

Oscar Wilde observed that the empty stomach was the cause of revolutions.

Octy observes that empty heads are the cause of mental revolutions.

A small group, yet a very insistent and annoying group is among us attacking the president of the University, attacking the Regents, attacking the state, attacking all that is good and worthy. This self-same group is here of their own volition, many of them are from other states. They are destroyers, not contributors.

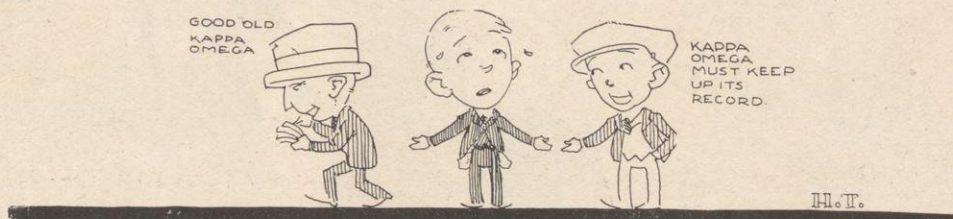
Wisconsin welcomes criticism, but criticism made in a holy and healthy manner. Wisconsin has no room for knockers. They are not welcome.

Some few years ago Prexy himself was a student and suffered the same trials that we suffer today. We hope he has grown wiser during his life. All laws of nature go to prove that he is more capable to govern the University today than he was thirty years ago. All laws of nature go to prove that he is also more capable to govern the University today than we, the undergraduates, are.

Perhaps we cannot see with his far vision. Octy says, "Okeh. We'll take Prexy's word for it." It is foolish to imagine that a group of luke-warm youngsters can dictate the policies of a University,—the University of Wisconsin.

Our heads will have to get much fuller and our thoughts much more mellowed and tempered before we reach the sanity of middle-age. Let those without vision put chains on their tongues.

Wisconsin wants boosters, not knockers; doers, not critics; thinkers, not numbskulls. Let those with radical thoughts keep them to themselves and not attack the institution that is giving them their mental equipment; that is, if they are getting any.



High Class Black Mail

The Society of Art For Art's Sake wishes to erect a sanitarium for the relief of moulting canaries and, as usual the fraternities will stand the expense because the drive will be made competitive, among the Greek letter men of the campus.

The word competitive identifies the system but does not explain it. The charity drives which have been outrageously perpetrated upon the fraternities this year have not only been competitive but compulsory, and as such may be classed as a high type of black mail.

For example, the aforesaid sanitarium drive will specify the sum which they expect each fraternity must give, and add as a gentle reminder a statement to the effect that just three years ago, John Bunion of Alpha Beta Gamma killed a canary and in view in this fact it will take \$25,000 in donations from men of the fraternities to lift the stigma from their names.

Octy would like to know why this imposition is allowed to continue. Every fraternity howls to heaven at every touch but fail to get at the root of the evil and stamp it out.

If the fraternities of the campus would get together and insist that the Inter-fraternity council adopt the slogan of Charles Pickney, "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute," they would be rid of the ever present leach—the donation crank.



NEXT YEAR'S CROPS OF FROSH FLAPPERS

It Was the End

They were sitting together on the davenport in the dimly-lighted parlor, very close together. But happy as the occasion should have been, he was not happy. He was in agony!

"Down, dreadful craving, down!" he murmured. "Do you not know that to mention your existence in her presence would be madness?"

For an instant he felt peace. Then, as her shoulder touched his, and he felt her fragrant hair brush his face, it returned with redoubled vigor, filling him through and through with dreadful desire. He shuddered, and tried to concentrate on something else, but it was no use.

Finally he jumped to his feet.

"I must go!" he said. "It is better for us both. I must never be with you again." And he fairly ran out of the house.

Once in the street he sobbed bitterly. What a hell on earth it was, he thought to himself, to be a cigarette fiend and in love with the President of the Anti-Tobacco League!

He (returning from the drive): This suit picks up everything.

She: So I see.

Geographically Speaking

Billy: Let's go to the Sandwich Islands?

Gilly: Some more "hot dog" stuff, huh? Nothing doing.

Spring Mathematics

"Guess I'll have about 40c worth of loving to-nite."

"How's that?"

"Renting a canoe for an hour."

"Are you taking Man and Nature?"

"Yes, but not for credit."

Breeze: I kissed my girl on the forehead last night.

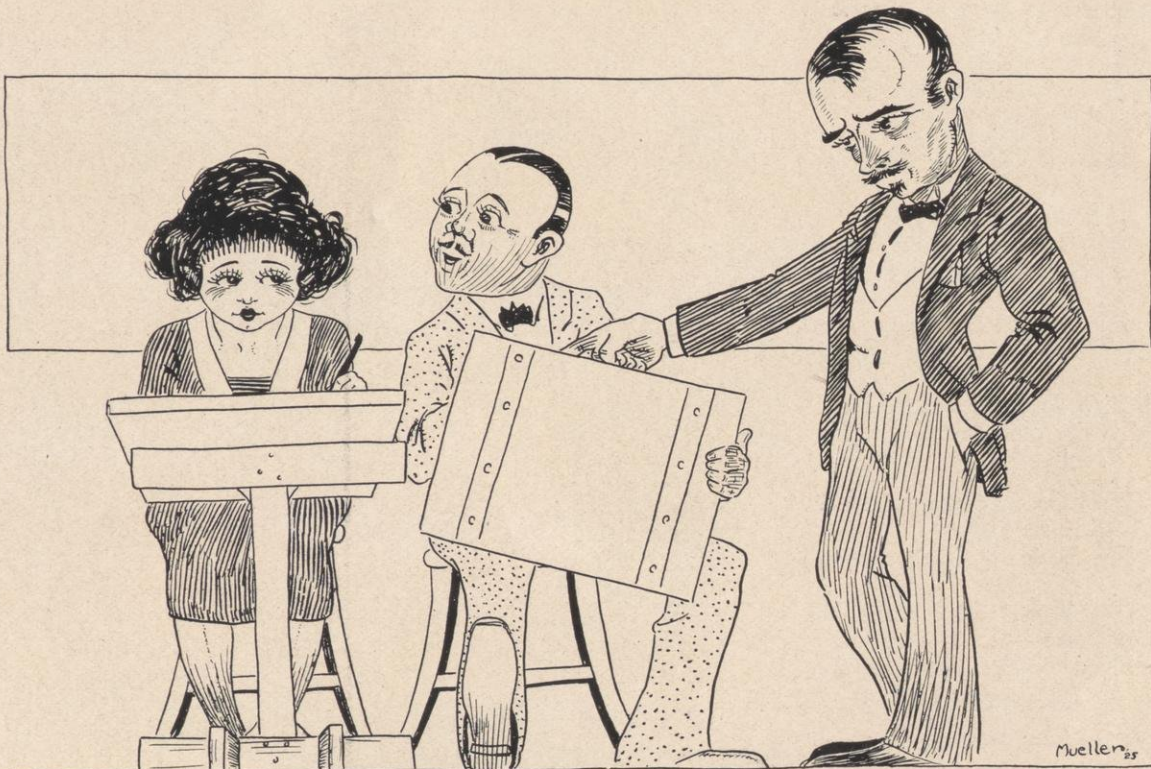
Cheese: What did she say?

Breeze: She called me down.

Old Stall

Gentleman Crook: Pardon me sir, but haven't I held you up before?

Weary Victim: Well, the gun looks familiar but I've forgotten the face.



Drawing Instructor (to enamored he-artist): Where's your eyelevel?

The Scoop

By the wild and flowing tide,
Once an aged man I spied,
Madly sniffing snags of snuff,
From his soiled and ragged cuff.

Bravely clearing out my throat,
I accost the aged ghost,
"Sailor man so old and bent,
Are you the oldest resident?"

Swabbing out his bleary eye,
He hove to and hove a sigh,
"I'm the last and was the first,
I'm the oldest and the worst."

"Say," I cried, "Bewhiskered sage,
What accounts for your great age?"
"Is it prunes or Edom cheese,
Pumpkin pies, or beans or peas?"

He replied in accents trite,
You are neither wrong nor right,
It's because (if you must know),
I was born so long ago."

Introductions

Introductions are queer things. No one knows of just what use they are, for never does either party catch the name of the other, and often the introducer (or introductor) does not know them himself. They have one interesting development, however, when the victims are of opposite sexes, for they can always play the little game of "Shall I or shan't I shake," which consumes some time and adds a bit of excitement to the deed.

The great efficacy of introductions is seen when attending a dance. A perfectly respectable girl, having had a few cabalistic words murmured in the presence of some young man by a mutual acquaintance, promptly falls into his arms, lays her head on his shoulder, and gives an excellent imitation of a fond mother greeting her long-lost son. Another interesting point can be noticed in regard to introductions when two young men are introduced. An earnest look comes over their faces, they each step forward one pace, grip each other's hand with great fervor, and murmur, exactly in unison: "Glad to know you, I'm sure." After this magic encantation they are at liberty to call each other "Gravy" and "Mutt," or whatever their respective nicknames are, and can borrow money and cigarettes from each other at will.



"But he said he'd call at seven."

Pullmans

PULLMAN: WHAT THE TERM REALLY IMPLIES.

I cannot sleep on a Pullman; the more I try, the more I appreciate my History Lecture. In the latter there are no disturbing elements, no, not even the words of the lecturer, for hot air makes me sleepy. But to me a Pullman car is the height of insomnia, and I do not wonder why it is so seldom alluded to as a "sleeping car." The word "Pullman" covers a multitude of sins.

On entering a Pullman I am struck by the crowded condition of things and usually by a suitcase from the upper berth. Everything appears uncontrollable, topsy-turvy. My section is the only one that is not made. I ring the bell but there is no response, and I know by previous experience that George is up in the diner enjoying a lobster salad with the rest of the Ethiopians. About eleven thirty he saunters in and having nothing else to do prepares my coffin. At this point I always consider it good form to ask him when we arrive in Cleveland and also in which station. I set my watch forward (for failure to ascertain the change in time invariably robs one of breakfast, one of the things worth living for on a Pullman).

After bumping my head on an upper for a half an hour and imitating all the Orpheum acrobats, I am ready for bed. I take one last, fond look at my shoes under the berth, for in all probability I shall never see them again; and then fall back on my pillow exhausted. I do not attempt to open the window for I bit on that one before; I have learned that Pullman car windows are made with safe combinations on the wall.

I can never tell whether I stay awake or whether

I have a nightmare. I am always aroused near Toledo by the conductor who tells me that he wants my ticket. I tell him it is one o'clock and that I want my sleep, also, and that I'm not paying to stay awake all night. He agrees with me.

On pulling out of Toledo an hour later, some dizzy traveling salesman enters the car. "Guess this is lower six" he says, and taking that much for granted, throws a heavy suitcase on my squinting features. Naturally I resent such action, and tell him that I don't check parcels after eight o'clock.

Upper six snores. I react gently by cursing. Then I cough, sneeze, laugh, and cry—anything to get upper six to roll over for another twenty miles, but I might as well ask the Statue of Liberty to play pinochle with me.

However, the night is not endless, even on a Pullman, and at daybreak I fall asleep. This is the porter's big chance. Stealthily he creeps toward my berth to be sure that I am asleep, then pounces on me at the five yard line.

"Where do you want to change cars?" he inquires.

"At Jefferson Junction." I reply faintly.

"We're past Jefferson Junction," he adds, catching the joke immediately.

I hand him ten dollars and thank him for leaving me "asleep at the switch."



The Way of All Flesh

Binks: You must see that show; it held the audience speechless.

Jinks: Good, I'll take my wife.



"Here's a flower for you, Cynthia. I'm going down after it."



HOW SOME RUMORS BEGIN—



WHICH ARE—ONLY RUMORS

A Summer Idylle

"Is this Sneekasnooze summer resort which is being advertised?" asked a stranger as he alit from the train.

"This is the place, sir," replied an old gardner.

"I thought there was transportation to and from the hotels, where are the busses?"

"They haven't arrived yet."

"Oh, which way is the hotel?"

"Right across the road, sir."

"Well, I don't see any."

"It isn't up yet, my son is going to the city tomorrow to borrow the capital."

"Well, where are the golf links?"

"Right behind the hotel, they haven't been laid out yet, sir."

"Can I rent a boat now?"

"You could, only the boats haven't got here yet. We are going to buy them after the hotel is up."

"Well, there must be some cottages around here."

"Not yet, although we have sold some of the land."

"When is the next train back?"

"Tomorrow noon sir," with these words the gardner picks up the corpse and slings it over his tomato plants.

How To Propose Or Choosing One

Seizing your	{ Opportunity Check book Paddle (if in a canoe)
You take	{ a deep breath her hand out your watch
And begin with	{ her name (either one) "Dearest" "Say"
"Have you ever	{ thought of love? picked your teeth? been married?
"Do you know	{ your eyes are blue? I love you? anything?
"Will you	{ marry me? take a check? go home?

Picnic For Two

He: Peg, what do you say we have a little picnic tonite?

Peg: It'll be a picnic alright if I go.

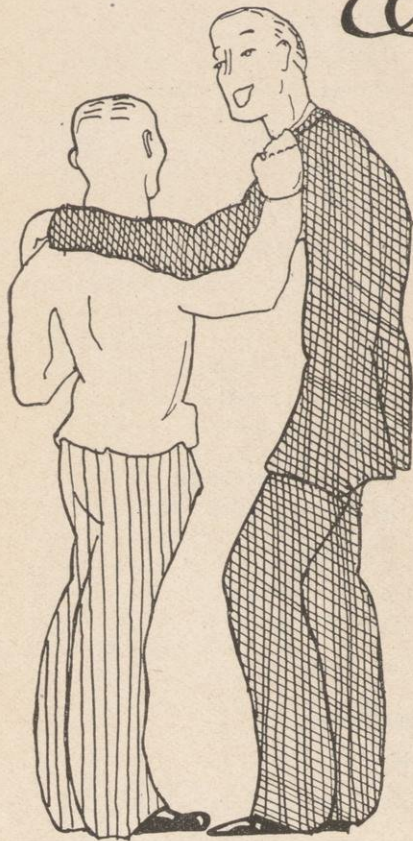


Farmer (to train caller): What do you do?

Train Caller: I call trains.

Farmer: Well, call me one. I'm in a hurry.

BROADSIDES ON COLLEGE BUNK



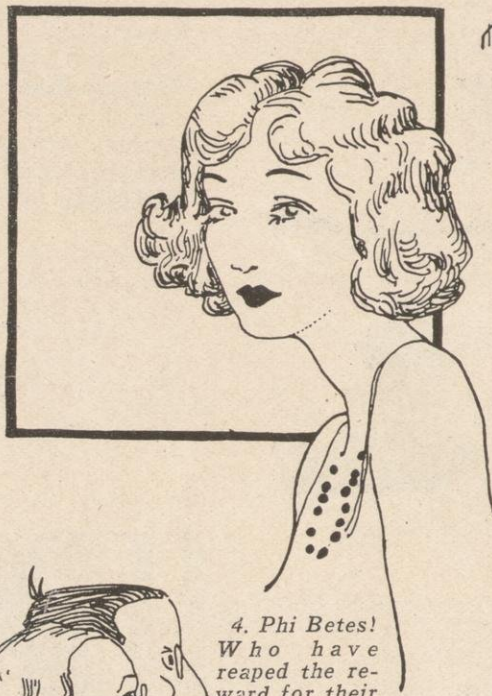
2. The dear devoted frat. bros. who, after breaking up Greek housewarming, will be delighted to meet one another—i. e. provided the meeting bears no suspicion of a sinister or "touching" motive.

BY
JOHN
GARDNER

1. The best known man in school—number is legion. His most outstanding characteristic is, perhaps, a slight mania for doing several 1000 different things—indifferently, if not worse. Whenever his name is mentioned in the college daily, a half column must be used to identify the activities favored by his indulgence. Another victim of beaming papas and mammas. Might make a bond salesman.



3. The college Cinderella, herself! One of her most successful devices (for the benefit of those coming in late) is to get a cinder in her eye at the most propitious moment, and the poor boy has a very dickens of a time getting it out when she opens those irresistible bovine lamps for his inspection.



4. Phi Betes! Who have reaped the reward for their parrot propinquities. They have an uncanny capacity for memorizing. Of course, some of them really do think on their own hook.



5. Composite picture of the profs. who have arrived at the conclusion that the only way to have their courses properly taught is by bucket-shovel consumption. Their subjects are so important that the student can well afford the extra time from his less vital courses, if not, indeed, from the unessential excesses of recreation.



6. The mighty ath-a-lete, resting upon his laurels. He has won enough publicity to last him the rest of his life. Generally it has to.



"Jack is so conceited. He calls me a man-hater because he heard that I said I didn't like him."



Free Coinage

In this country of ours a new language is springing into existence, an offshot of our own tongue, a combination salad composed of contributions by the new age we are living in. As a result of this divergence in vocabularies we are finding it hard to understand one another. True enough, the skeleton of the old language remains but in most cases the changes in spelling are so complete that all analogy has been wiped out. For instance, only two letters of the word "dance" are retained in "scramble," the preferred equivalent today. And so it is with many others which follow here. Learn these now and feel at home when conversing with your grandchildren.

Pipe, an adj.: Applied to a course in which there is a great number of students enrolled.

Pest, noun: A person who sings while he is dressing for an 8 o'clock. Also a man who cuts in at dances.

Cold, adv.: To know perfectly such as Money and Banking.

Snake, noun: A smooth youth seen only at night. One who keeps secluded in the tall grass.

Hot coffee, exclamation: Equivalent of "gracious me!"

Laughing Soup, noun: Good liquor. (Already obsolete in Madison.)

Dizzy, adj.: Inconsistent. Applicable to a man who goes swimming in March and who studies in May.

Junk, noun: Any concoction such as punch served at spring formals.

Dumb, adj.: Description of a good looking girl whose only replies are "I should say so," or "I should think so," but does neither.

Bee's Knees, noun: A laudatory attribute meaning "the leader," "ace," "knockout," etc.

Blind date, a noun: A tragedy, brought about by speculation.

Lo, The Poor Flapper

Full often I've heard of
The much abused flapper,
Who's noted for scarceness
Of brains and of clothes,
Who's devilish, dainty,
Quite daring, and dapper,
The girl who "drinks liquor,"
And powders her nose.

She's been razzed by the papers,
The weeklies and dailies.
The wits of the college
Have put her to shame.
They've lit up her sphere like
The comet of Halleys,
Derided, and chided,
And blackened her name.

I'm acquainted with all
That she's done or is doing,
From the wrecking of ventricles
Down to a toot.
Her dancing, her loving,
Her rides and home-brewing
Are familiar to me
As the style of my suit.

The flapper has surely made
Quite an impression.
The scoffers have scoffed her
Both loudly and long.
But bless me, I'm forced to
Unfold a confession.
I think that the dope of
The scoffers is wrong.

For since the golosh has
Returned to the attic,
Her identity's gone and
She's just like the rest.
So let us hope that the bard
And the howling fanatic
Will be cured and pass on like
A cold in the chest.



"Why is your board bill so small?"
"A little goes a long way."



GUARD DUTY

He: That cut on your head must be annoying.
 She: Oh, it's next to nothing.

A Picture of Springtime

A PORTRAYAL IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL

"Welcome sweet springtime" sing the freckled to-be prom queens of the first grade.

"Yes, it's gingham. Cost 23 cents a yard at the Cross Roads," said one part of the audience to another fraction thereof.

But up front the freckled ones are having trouble. Susie has forgotten her lines, Mary Annebelle has got to attend to the correct hanging of her dress which has been one thirty-ninth of an inch off and which is three inches off when she has finally adjusted it to her own satisfaction. Her mother's scowl has completely erased the spring words from her mind. Hepsibab has lost her handkerchief and is busy improvising one with her back to the audience.

Thinner grows the tune, fainter come the words. The teacher is pained—she had recently stubbed her knee against the wall in the pangs of grief and the mothers are aghast at their children's stupidity.

It is all very sad—very terrible—but there is one ray left. The song is finished. One tiny voice peeped out the last word.

The presentation is howlingly applauded and the teacher is deluged with compliments.

Spring Time

It's great to wake up on a morn
 When birds and crickets sweetly sing,
 And when a bell begins to peal,
 Just yawn, "It's Sunday, let her ring."

She: Isn't it cold?
 He: A-huh.
 She: Isn't it cold?
 He: A-H-UH.
 She: Will someone please ring this dumbell?

Dry Humor

Louise: I haven't had a case on anyone for an age.

Louis: You should be content with a glass these days.

Dumb: Did you ever read "To a Bumblebee?"
 Bell: No, how do you make them listen?

LETTY DUBBS ARRIVES



Letty Dubbs arrives for summer school. She wonders why it doesn't start. She's taking Russian lit. but nobody's rushing her yet.

On Passing Out

Whene'er I ride upon a train,
Through verdant pastures creeping,
'Tis strange that I can not refrain
From stretching out and sleeping.
Oh, sleep, it is a wond'rous thing,
From pole to pole, I think.
At least, so spoke the mariner,
With not a drop to drink.

'Tis better far to sleep and dream
Of promenades and parties,
Than gaze at acres blank and green,
And rural junction smarties.
I simply love to sit and snore,
My form the cushions draping,
But yet I fear I'd find a bore,
This sleep that has no waking.

Clothes Make The Men

"I never had a suit that fit me so poorly."
"Your roommate must be quite stout."

George: Did you give the prof my name when I missed lecture yesterday?

Bruno: I gave him mine first, but I corrected myself.

Dealer: Buy a trunk Pat.

Pat: What for?

Dealer: To keep your clothes in.

Pat: And go naked? Not a bit of it.

There were seven little opals,
He had set into a pin,
In a double cross design,
So I've heard say;
That she sent upon the marriage
Of a somewhat older man,
To a girl who once had been his fiance.

'06: Why didn't you help me out of the car?
You're not as gallant as when you were a boy.

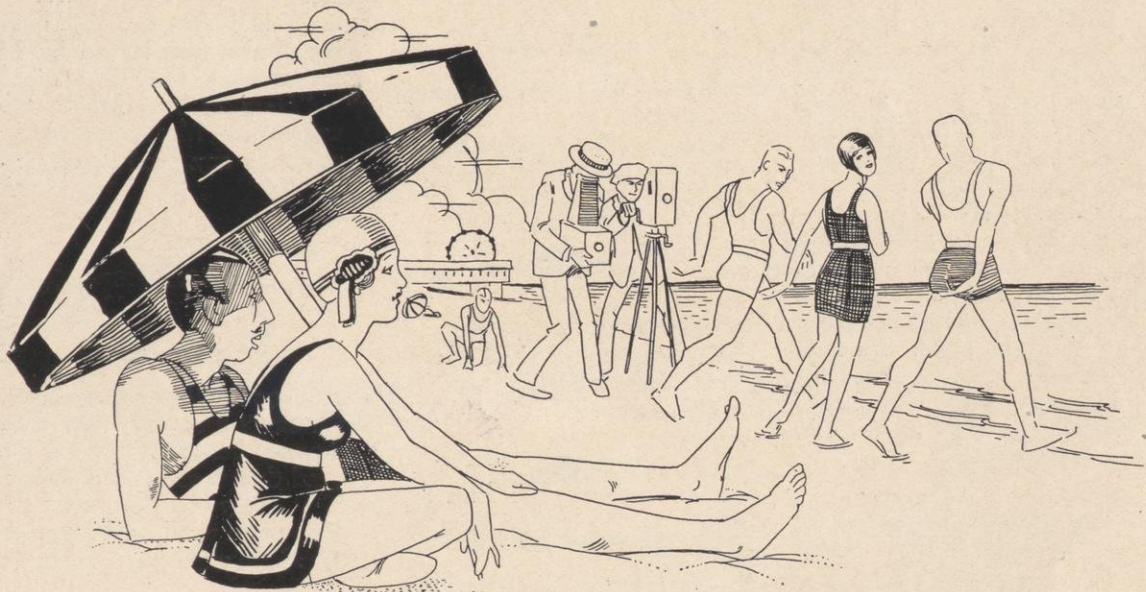
'07: And you're not as buoyant as when you were a girl.

Parlor Etiquette

She: Are you sure your arm is where it belongs?

He (embarrassed): Why-er, it's not even touching you.

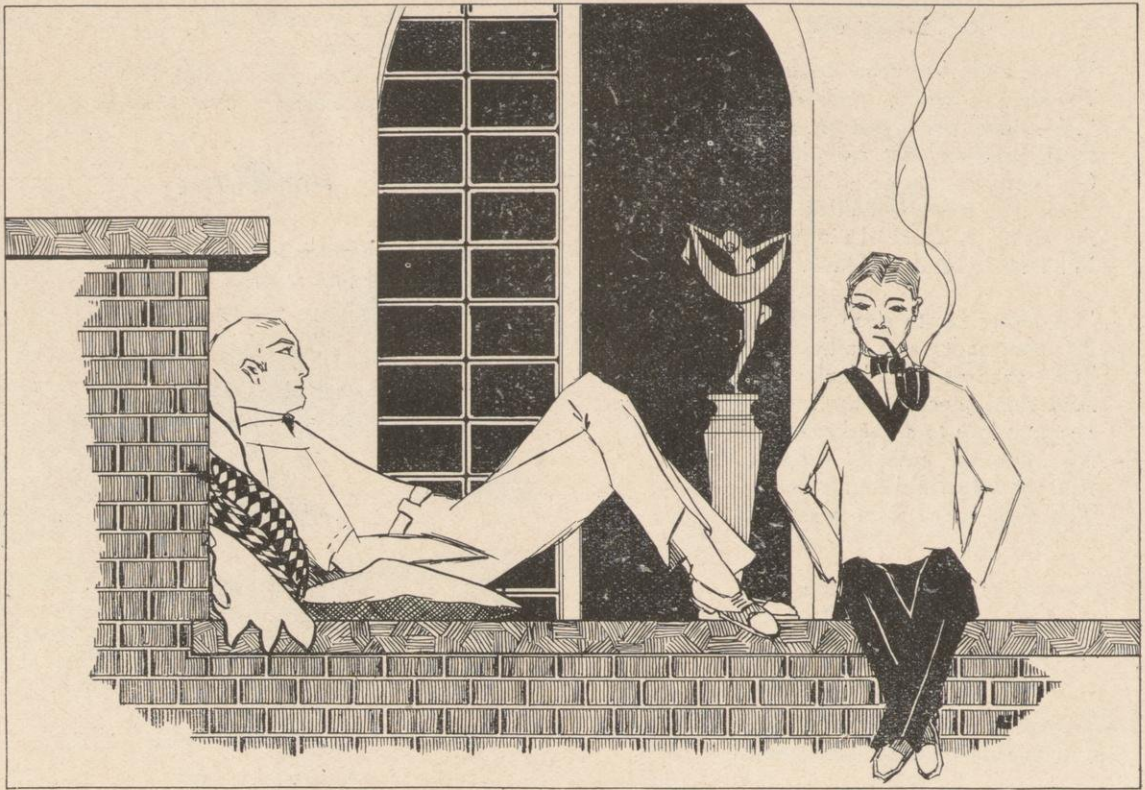
She: I know it.



H. TOWN/END.

"Why are those reporters after that girl's picture, Reggie?"

"She's the only girl who hasn't drowned in three feet of water when there was a handsome life guard present."



"Going to see the Queen of Sheba?"
 "Naw, what's the use. Swimin' season starts soon."

His hand was in her'n,
 And hers was in his'n,
 From the time the sun set
 Until the moon risen.

Adam was a nice guy. He never got drunk (there was no liquor) in those days). He never smoked (there wasn't any tobacco then). He never, never swore a single swear (he couldn't talk English). He was a model man (cheap imitation of the real thing).

Then God made Eve.

Note from her diary: "Daddy came home drunk tonight. He was cussing terribly, and gave a package of Dinosaurs cigarettes to Abie. I wish I were a rib again. I used to be on the inside of things, although I admit I was a floater. Now I can't do anything but raise Cain. Oh, heaven, re-leave me!"

At the Recital

She: Don't you wish that you could render a selection like Miss Hivoice can?

He: No, but I wish I could render asunder!

He: I can't stop. A. G. P. is rushing me.

She: Alpha Gamma Pi?

He: No. American Government and Politics.

A Rich Joke

Buggs: Who owns that mansion over there?

Muggs: The Newlyriches.

Buggs: Oh! The house that Jack built, eh?

Sequel to the song, "Wait Till You Get Them Up in the Air, Boys": "Don't Walk Home, Girls, Carry a Parachute."

Shave or Haircut

A clergyman told from his text,
 How Sampson was barbered and vexed.

He told it so true, that a man in a pew

Got excited and hollered out,
 "Next!"

The three biggest sheet music sellers of the month are:

"*The Cheik*", a rather hairy number which can be ordered through the males.

"*Everybody Spit*", containing many barber shop chords and goboons.

"*Till We Meet Again*", a touching number popularized by Mons. Dempsey and Herr Carpentier.

"*Hose of No Man's Land*", written by Marshall Field, with words by any good street car conductor.

To Helene

She was a girl of comely grace,
 Of sunny eyes and lovely face.
 I passed her on the hill each day,
 And though she smiled she'd never say

One single word as I drew near,
 One little word that I might hear!

I pined, and so the days made weeks;

I pass her still, she never speaks.
 At last her silence answer made,—
 How could she talk with teeth decayed.



PASSING OUT

The Vamp

Out of bed she ambulates
And then some eggs she scrambles
All morning long she cogitates
And wary plans she formulates
To get a man who osculates.

I went to class with an empty head
With an empty head to class;
What happened there I'd never tell
But it didn't get filled—alas.

"Darling, please don't sit on my lap tonite. I just had my trousers pressed."

A man was making a hullabaloo
He was late but he saw a kangaroo
"Let me ride on your back
While you leap up the track"
Said the beast, "I'll be damned if you do."

Shak'er

There was once a verdant young Frosh,
Who took a maid to dance in Oshkosh,
When he said, "Won't you gimme
A look at your shimie?"
She replied, "I can't sir, s'in the wash."

SCHOOL DAYS

Scene: A School.

Characters:

George Aid, a Phi Bete but a good fellow in spite of it.

George's Brother, too dumb to be generally useful.

Professor Guilt, a bit thick in the coop.

Mickey Ginsboig, student.

Isaac Murphy, helps Mickey.

Enter George Aid and his brother Lemon, five minutes late.

Prof. Guilt (in the best of English): How come such like you are late?

Lemon: I just came in from the gym where I was giving the boys exercise.

Prof. G.: Sit down, dumb-bell.

THE CLASS BEGINS

Prof. G.: Mickey, where was Lincoln born?

Mickey: I don't know but I know his Gettysburg address.

Prof. G.: Speaking of geography, where is Pola Negri?

Mickey: Somewhere near Hollywood.

Prof. G.: Sit down. You're so dumb you think L & S is the name of a railroad. Isaac, are you a fraternity man?

Isaac.: No, sir, just a clean yid-dish boy.

Prof. G.: What is the deepest book you ever read?

George: Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.

Prof. G.: I will now read one of the breaks from Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break", that beautiful little lyric dedicated to the prison road gang.

The class passes out under the strain.



How many faces can you find in this picture?

Excerpt From The Log of The Baron Munchausen

Today: There are five men aboard not counting the ship's mascot which is a giraffe. I have ordered the captain to head towards the Canaries, he feels my superiority and, although I am but a Lieutenant, he obeys.

Tomorrow: The ship has sprung a leak. The oars are awash and there are two feet of water in the mast. I climbed up a port hole and looked out of the ladder and found the scuppers pumping water out of the ship's cook to keep him from drowning. A month of this and we shall be sunk.

Yesterday: The wind is north east by west two and a half by gosh divided by three at two in the morning and there are already three inches of water in the hold. We are lost if it ever reaches the rum locker. The ship is steady but the Captain is not. Nobody but the Captain, the ship's barber, the helmsman and one or two of the firemen know that we are slowly settling to a watery grave.

Next Week: The crew is threatening mutiny. They demand clean sheets four times a week and they refuse to wear the ship's pajamas because they say the flower design is effeminate.

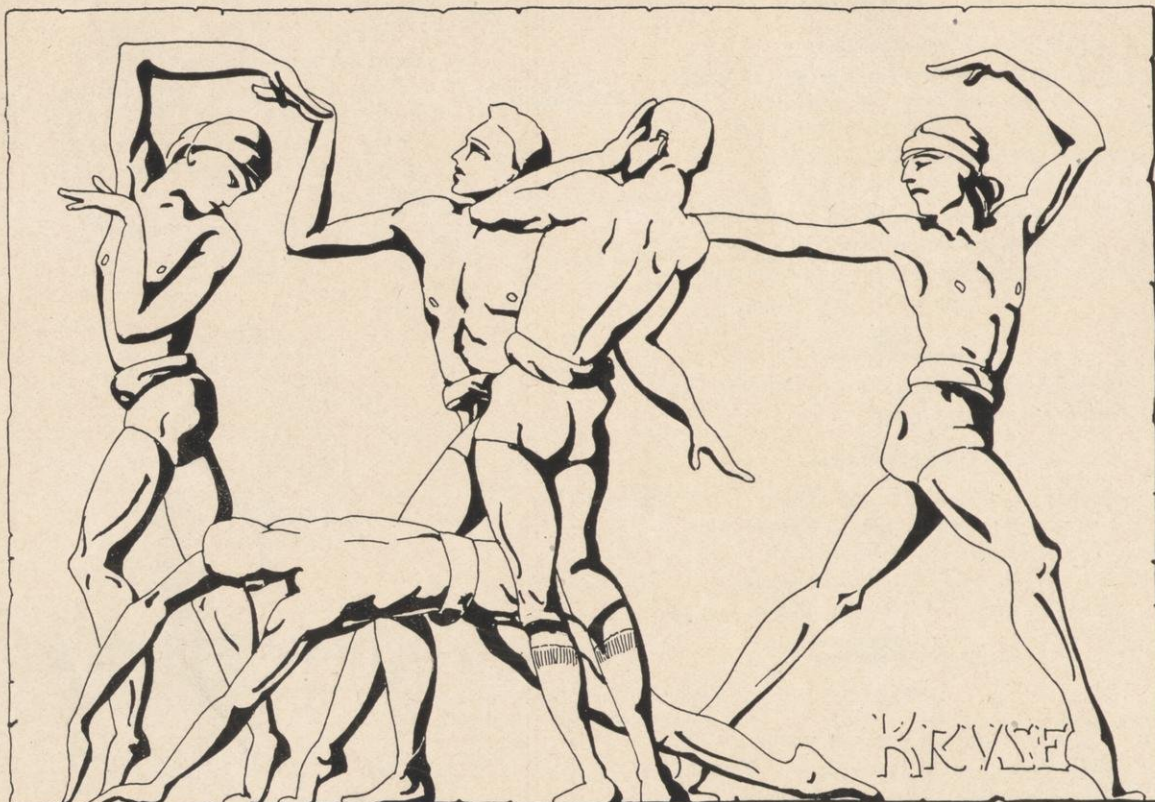
This morning: The mutiny is on. Guns were served out to all the crew and the captain on the bridge blew the whistle. Crew penalized five yards

for holding. Boatswain makes three yards around the poop and shoots Ensign Blink in the scrimmage. Coxswain Jones holding, penalized. Ship rolling, Coxswain Jones calls time out, not holding any more. Mutiny lacks pep. Crew calls time out again. Ship rolling worse. Crew rushes to rail, but officers are still holding. Officers penalized for holding. Whistle and first quarter is over. Ship's cooks shoots off to Lieutenant Phlipp who returns with a volley and drops dead on his twenty yard line. Ship's sailmaker shot in the canteen. Score: Officers 6, crew 2. There is a dreadful explosion in the direction of the Rum locker, oh horrors, the Boatswain has blown up. Four inches of water underneath us. Land Ho! We are aground on an Island.

Last Week: The Cannibal king has served up all but me and he says if I don't marry his daughter Wuntuuth he will au-gratin me. I jump in the kettle. I feel the spices being shaken upon me. I get heated,—I begin to boil.

Next Day: Ah, revenge! I made my first professional appearance on the menu as Munchausen *a la Newburgh*, and the king choked to death on my collar bone. It did my heart good to see the old tightwad get stuck so for a meal.

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Spite all the time
We dance the sublime.

Our art, by the roughnecks,
'S considered a crime.

A Hot Classroom---A Cool Swim---She Slips Into Gay Sport Togs

In bright ratinees or crepes, she steps merrily in the canoe; in fresh white, she deftly wields a tennis racket.

But when she dances---soft blue, pale green, and lavender silks and voiles make the open dance pavilion a panorama of colorful and festive frocks.

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Wisconsin, the Beautiful

Among the greatest attractions which our University affords are its natural beauties. "Hot damn. Speak bones! Don't refuse your master! Wham! A natural beauty."

Yes, nature has endowed us with a lavish hand. As one wonders up the hill all unconscious of the unfolding charms of springtime—the sparrows chirping among the golden dandelions, and the gentle earthworms warming themselves in the soft morning sunshine after the rain of the night before—one is impressed by the artful generosity of a kind Mother Nature who has acted as a Santa Claus to so many of our female companions. Yea, though we may brand the vapid co-ed as vacant in the vortex, loose aloft, or tepid in the turret, we are forced to admit that whatever their faults, they are a valuable asset to the scenery.

In the conservation of her natural resources Wisconsin has made great advances. The resolute purpose to preserve those attractions for future generations is markedly noticeable among the women. A glance at any co-ed's dressing table will confirm this statement. What arts and contrivances are brought into use in the fulfillment of this worthy cause! Chin straps a multitudinous variety of creams, rouge, lip sticks, powders, puffs, curling irons, bandoline, tweezers, and hairnets, all applied with the utmost assiduity. And to what end? That their beauty may be a joy even unto their grandchildren. Verily, Wisconsin is beautiful and modern.

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prices buy
Styleplus Clothes
\$25, \$30, and \$35

RUPP'S

234 STATE STREET

It Was The End

As I came into my room after my usual Saturday night date, I saw, by the mellow light of my green-shaded study-lamp, my room-mate sitting at my desk in an attitude of despair. His shirt (pardon me, my shirt) was open at the throat, and his hair (*that* was his own) was dishevelled, as if he had been tearing it.

"Jack!" I murmured caressingly, "What in hell is the matter with you?"

"Matter," he said, and laughed bitterly, "Matter! Nothing, only that I'm tired of it all. Tired of school! Tired of eternally flunking quizzes! Tired of being patted on the back by campus politicians, and even more tired of being cut by campus snobs! Tired of silly, vacuous co-eds! I'm tired of everything!"

He remained silent for a moment, and then his eyes began to show a demonical gleam. He spoke in a tone of concentrated fury as he said:

"But I shall stand for it no longer! I am through with it all. Tonight is my last upon this earth."

He grew calmer, and turned to me with his old air.

"Bob," he said, "I've never half appreciated you. Before I make the fatal step, shake my hand."

We clasped hands. Then he drew from the desk-drawer my paper knife—it was long and slender and sharp—and laid it against his breast. Slowly his arm drew back, and he turned the point toward his bosom. Then, as he tensed his muscles for the stroke, a sudden realization of what he was doing came to me.

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Good food—Quick service

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513 State Street

Regular Dinner and Supper at
reasonable prices

Short Orders at All Hours

Gamma Phi: I wonder why women don't grow
moustaches.

Phi Delt: *Dija ever see grass grow on a race
track.

—Whirlwind.



Eight O'clocker (waking roommate) It's ten to
eight.

Roommate (sleepily) Wait till the odds get bet-
ter. Then place it all.

—Widow.



Dentist: Do you want gas lady?

Patient: Why certainly. Do you think I'll
let you fool around with me in the dark?

—Exchange.



"Did you make the trip across in a first rate cabin?"

"No I made the entire voyage by rail.

—Flamingo.



Judge: Tell the jury how you came to be in-
toxicated.

Prisoner: I was putting some hair tonic on my
new mustache and hic—I—missed it.

—Tar Baby.

GEIER'S

The Store for Men

428 State Street

QUALITY AND SERVICE OUR MOTTO



HINKSON'S
644 STATE ST.
Recreation & Refreshments.
Agency Kennebec Canoes

Gert: Did you see the Chinese laundry man about that bill?

Bert: Yes.

Gert: How did he receive you?

Bert: Coolie.

—Widow.



"Nurse did you kill all the germs in baby's milk?"

"Yes, m'am, I ran it through the meat chopper twice.

—Life.



Drinker: Gimme a horse's neck!

Drunker: Make mine a 'orshe's tail—ain't no use killin' two 'orshes.

—Va. Reel.

"I think I have a cold or something in my head."

"Probably a cold."

—Widow.



Nothing on

The Brute: Are you doing anything this evening?

She (eagerly) No, nothing at all.

The Brute: What a waste of time.

—Brown Jug.

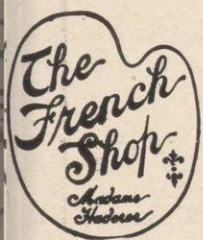
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is assured when your wardrobe is filled with several of these

New Gingham and Organdy Dresses

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The Mode Shop

Exclusive Blouses Sweaters & Linger

YOUR VACATION TRUNK

—should contain several of our new Sweaters and
 Tailored Blouses,—the last word in smartness.
 2nd Floor Savings Loan and Trust Co.

Her: I don't believe we saw the original dancer
 of the "seven veils" at all.

Hern: Of course not. But wasn't it a good
 take-off.

—Banter.

The Environment

Ex: Don't you think that Chawley is rawther
 dizzle?

Ema: He runs around in the best circles, you
 know.

—Burr.

Joe: A lot of the audience agreed with you in
 your speech.

Zoe: Yes, I saw them nodding in their sleep.

—Punch Bowl.

Where are you going, my pretty maid,
 Why do you pass me by?

I'm on my way to the gymnastic school,
 Said she as she heaved a thigh.

—Jack o'Lantern.

He: Don't go. You are leaving me entirely
 without reason.

She: I always leave things as I find them.

—Punch Bowl.

On May 30---

Memorial Day, is a day when our
 slogan "Say it with Flowers" can be
 fittingly applied.

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Pleatings—Have a correctly pleated sport skirt.

Buttons—Covered buttons all sizes and style.

Embroidering—Beading, braiding, tucking and pinking.

Gowns—Personal attention to designing of gowns.

Prompt attention to Mail Orders

Miss Hetty Minch

Madison, Wisconsin

She: This Italian coin smells just like garlic.

He: Yes my dear, most Latin quarters do.
—*Ghost.*



Prof: When you examine a dog's lungs under a microscope what do you find?

Biol 20: The seat of his pants, I suppose.
—*Tartan.*



Porter: Baggage, Mistah?

Prof: No thanks, I have some.
—*Mugwump.*



The Angler: I think there is no thrill like that of catching a nice big fish with your line.

The Girl: I thoroughly agree with you.
—*Record.*



He: Yes, I have a broad acquaintance in the city.

She: I know it. I saw you out with her last night.
—*Phoenix.*

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of

University Boat House

(Rear of U. of W. Gym)

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For Summer Wear

BLIND & SANDER

217 State Street

BLACKHAWK ELECTRIC CO.

"Toot-sweet"

Let us help you with our
Electrical Supplies

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

TELEPHONE BADGER 1313

OUR COME--BACK

Our good things to eat please particular people.
That's why our customers, being satisfied, always
come back to the

COLLEGE REFECTORY

672-74 State Street

To The New House Manager

Consider our Quality of Meat and
Our Unexcelled Service.

MONTAGUE & ARTNER

MEAT MARKET

621 University Ave.

B. 7759

MEAT

If it is to be kept clean and appetizing, must be
handled under the most sanitary conditions. The
wise house steward will patronize a market that
has the interests of its customers at heart in re-
gard to their health as well as their palates.

Our customers receive only the best quality of
meat in the best of condition—and they receive
it promptly.

THE MADISON PACKING CO.
Badger 4920

Irving Cafeteria

419 Sterling Court

A desirable place to eat,
where only the best is served.

F. R. and W. L. Fuller

Ezra: I didn't know this guy Samson was a can-
nibal.

Ezma: He wurn't.

Ezra: Then why does this here program say
"Samson et Delilah."

—Phoenix.



Microbe: Who are the new bugs that just came
into our milk can.

Bacterium: Probably some more strained rela-
tions.

—Chaparral.



First Stew: Shay, all these girls have got awfully
broad belts on.

Second Stew: Belts (hic)! Them's dresses.
—Punch Bowl.



"Did Abe win de race?

"Oy, py a nose."

"Oi, vat a runner dat boy is!"

—Lemon Punch.

BETWEEN EXAMS---

Relieve the tension by indulging in a
game of Billiards. You'll study bet-
ter after the rest.

FRED MAUTZ

821 University Ave.

GIFTS

For All Occasions

The Unique Shop

130 State Street

Beautiful Hair

is the queenly crown of charm that women either possess or envy. Our system of hair culture combined with our knowledge of hair dressing will benefit you.

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<i>Downtown</i>	<i>University</i>
Park Hotel	415 N. Park St.
Phone	Phone
Fairchild 822	Badger 429

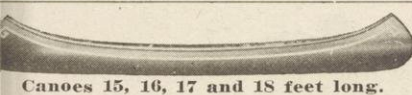
GOOD MEALS

—AT THE—

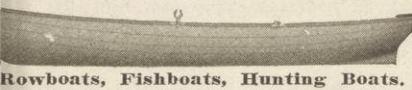
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CAFE

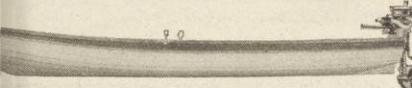
Lemonade or Ice Tea



Canoes 15, 16, 17 and 18 feet long.

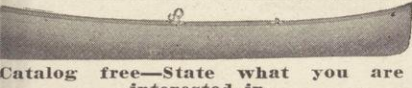


Rowboats, Fishboats, Hunting Boats.



Rowboats and Canoes for Outboard Motors.

Special model for lake use. 2 H. P. and 3 H. P. Outboard Motors.

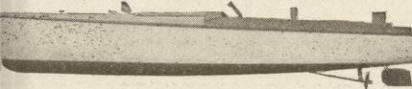


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Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co.
21 Ellis Avenue PESHTIGO, WIS.

Motor Boats for lakes, rivers, shallow water and weeds.
16, 18, 20 and 24 feet long.



What kind do you want? We duplicate and fit keys to the following locks: Night Latches, Cylinder Locks, Cabinets, Wardrobes, Trunks, Suit Cases, Etc. Fit guaranteed.

We carry in stock KEYS for 110 different makes of Automobile Switch Locks.

J. G. Grasser

The Locksmith

120 East Wash Ave. F. 472

Boob: How's the world been treating you?

Simp: Very seldom.

—Angwan



Her Father: My daughter, sir, sprang from a line of Peers.

The Lover: Well, I jumped off a dock once myself.

—Tar Baby



"I'm off that bird Jones for life."

"How so?"

"Why the other day he asked me to come into his cellar to see his new furnace."

"Yes."

"He had a new furnace."

—Burr.

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Over the Hub Clothing Store

Rain Water Used for Shampoo

Shampoo and Marcel \$1.50

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The Portrait Shop

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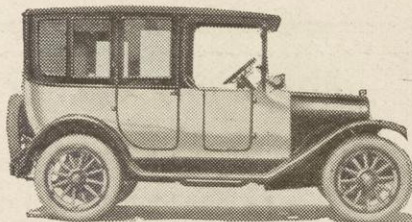
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Accommodations

Telephone B. 7190

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BAD 500 GER

Yellow Cab & Transfer Co.

114 E. Wilson Street

Freagler's
CHOCOLATES

SPRING

More fussing, more and better recreation, more exercise—then more malteds made at

MORGAN'S

For Chilly Spring Days--

For those chilly days in the spring, be sure to have fuel on hand. We are glad to deliver small amounts to fill out your supply.

Struck & Irwin Fuel Co.

826 Williamson Street
Badger 1046

"What's Darwin's theory."
"Monkey business."

—Phoenix.

"Oh, mother can I go to the masquerade tomorrow night as a milk maid?"

"No child, you're too small.

Then can I go as a condensed milk maid?"

—Voo Doo.

Bob: Does Amy use rouge.

Rob: Yes, and I can't say that I like her taste.

—Lemon Punch.

"The duchess has a glass eye."

"How do you know?"

"I was talking to her the other evening and in the course of the conversation it came out."

—Lampoon.

She: I'll never trust any man in the dark.

He (after a scrap): It's a cinch you have nothing to fear in the daytime.

—Phoenix.

Judge: What excuse have you to offer for your crookedness?

Prisoner: I wished to make both ends meet, your Honor.

—Humbug.

"Willie, I was never so happy as when I was a boy on my mother's knee."

"Maybe not pa, but I bet you weren't facing down at the time."

—Am. Legion Weekly.

Prof.: Wake that fellow next to you, will you?

Student: Aw, do it yourself, you put him to sleep.

—Punch Bowl.

Abe: Did you lose much at your fire last week?

Ike: Sh—it's not until next week.

—Record.

"My husband is a regular perpetual motion machine."

"Mine won't work either."

—Judge.

As I stepped up to the lonesome lady in the hotel lobby I inquired, "Are you looking for a particular person?"

Most university organizations prefer the Democrat for printing.

There's a perfectly plain reason--- quick, understanding service by college men and women.

Our clients are always met with genuine cordiality, which leaves no doubt of our appreciation of their patronage.

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Badger 486-487

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COLLAR THAT IS NEW IN STYLE
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