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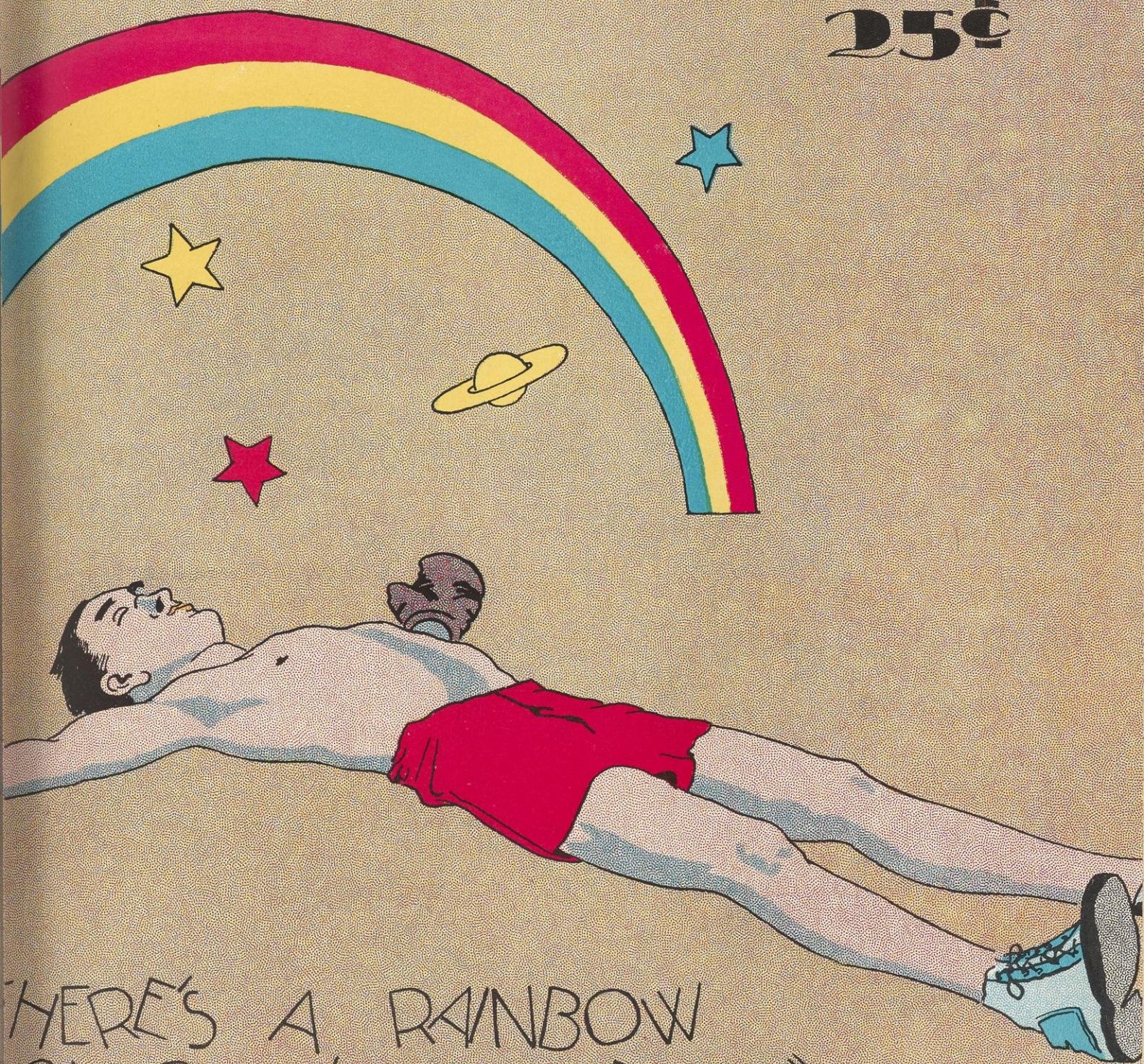
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# OCTOPUS

MARCH  
25¢



THERE'S A RAINBOW  
ROUND MY SHOULDER--"

PAUL  
ASSIDY  
+  
SAM STEINMA



STATE AT  
FAIRCHILD

# Kessenich's

STATE AT  
FAIRCHILD

## You'll Say It's Fashionable To Sew When You see These Delightful New Printed Silks

### \$2.95 yd.



Many of the smart feminine population have already started the wheels of fashion by early selections. More are selecting from these silks everyday. But if you are the backward girl who must be invited, accept this as a special invitation. You'll be delighted with the ensemble effects possible.

### Notable Are

Jean Patou Printed silks in small, colorful French figures. Outstanding at \$2.95 yd.

New dot patterns show unusual color combinations. All in tri-color effects, \$2.95 yd.

New flat crepes in gingham checks—one of the season's best silk values at \$2.95 a yd.

Unusual stripe pattern silks create new ideas in geometric designs. Excellent at \$2.95 yd.

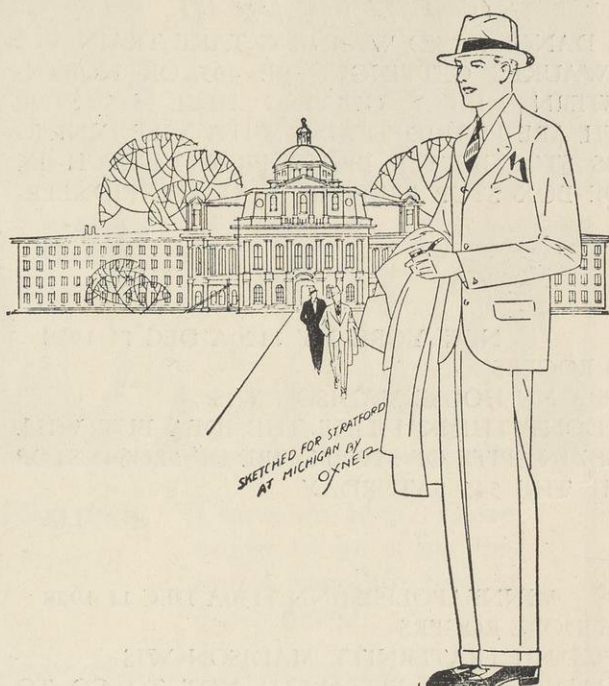
### New Solid Shades

### 2.50 yd.

### 1.98 yd.







# SPRING 1929

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## STRATFORD

Again STRATFORD stands out as one of the leading makers of clothing for the University man. . . Conservative yet with that certain smartness that makes you feel a bit better dressed than most men. . . We would like to have you drop in and give us your opinion on them. . . .

# \$45 to \$60

And On Your Co-Op Number

---

# THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.  
STATE AND LAKE





dining luxuriously

is as much a matter of  
where, as how!

The atmosphere of The Irving is  
the blending of quaint yet con-  
venient arrangements, perfect serv-  
ice and delightful companionship.



as to the food



Ah, we swell with proud emotion!

dine better for less

**IRVING COFFEE HOUSE**  
**IRVING CAFETERIA**  
**STERLING AT IRVING**

(Continued from page 12)

ALL DANGER AND WARNING TAKE TRAIN VIA  
MILWAUKEE GETTING HERE 405 OR NORTH-  
WESTERN DIRECT GETTING HERE 545 STOP  
BOTH ARE PUTRID TRAINS WITH VILE DINING  
CARS STOP BETTER BRING PICNIC LUNCH IN  
SHOE BOX STOP PRETEND YOU ARE PIONEER-  
ING

TED

NEW YORK NY 1120A DEC 11 1928

TED ROGERS

KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

I DONT THINK I LIKE THE IDEA BUT WILL  
COME IN SPITE OF STORM FIRE OF FLOOD STOP  
MEET THE 545 SATURDAY

LIZ

MINNEAPOLIS MINN 1130A DEC 11 1928

THEODORE ROGERS

KAPPA NU FRATERNITY MADISON WIS

I HAVE WIRED ELIZABETH NOT TO GO TO  
MADISON STOP SORRY STOP CANT YOU COME  
UP HERE FOR THE WEEK END

MRS H B McCANN

MADISON WIS 1P DEC 12 1928

ELIZABETH McCANN

FINCH SCHOOL 60 E. 77 ST NEW YORK NY

SORRY YOUR MOTHER SAYS YOU CANT COME  
STOP MY HEART IS BROKEN ETC ETC STOP MAY  
BE ABLE TO ARRANGE TO SEE YOU AFTER HOLI-  
DAYS

TED

MADISON WIS 1P DEC 12 1928

BETTY NEW

GREEN TREE APARTMENTS MILWAUKEE WIS

CANT YOU COME EARLY ENOUGH FOR  
LUNCHEON

TED

MILWAUKEE WIS 4P DEC 13 1928

TED ROGERS

KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

THANKS AWFULLY STOP WOULD LOVE TO  
STOP ARRIVE ABOUT NOON

BETTY

NEW YORK NY 430P DEC 13 1928

TED ROGERS

KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

WOULDN'T DISAPPOINT YOU FOR WORDS  
AM PRETENDING I DIDNT GET WIRE STOP EV-  
ERYTHING OKAY AS PREVIOUSLY ARRANGED

LIZ

(Continued on page 4)





**First devil,** "I have an idea. There ought to be a big demand for Life Savers down here."

**Second devil,** "You mean—as a relief from thirst?"

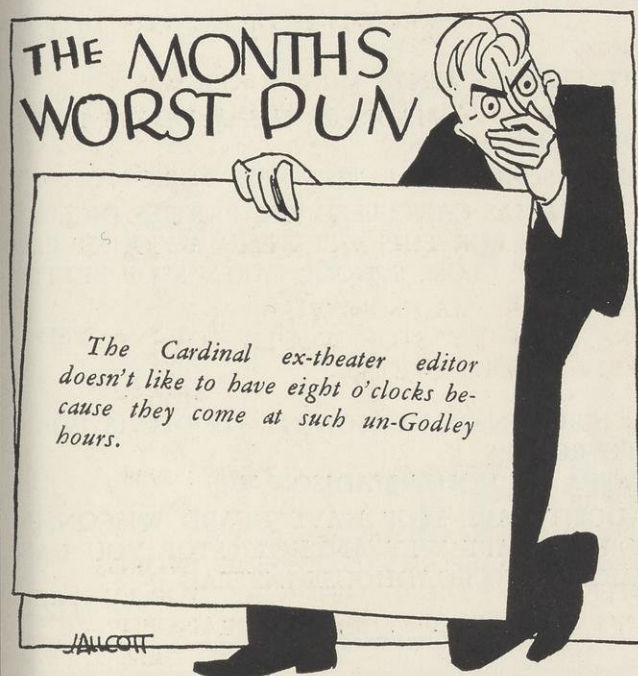
**First devil,** "Exactly. It ought to wow them in the Styx!"



"Say, I hear you went to the masquerade as Titus Andronicus."

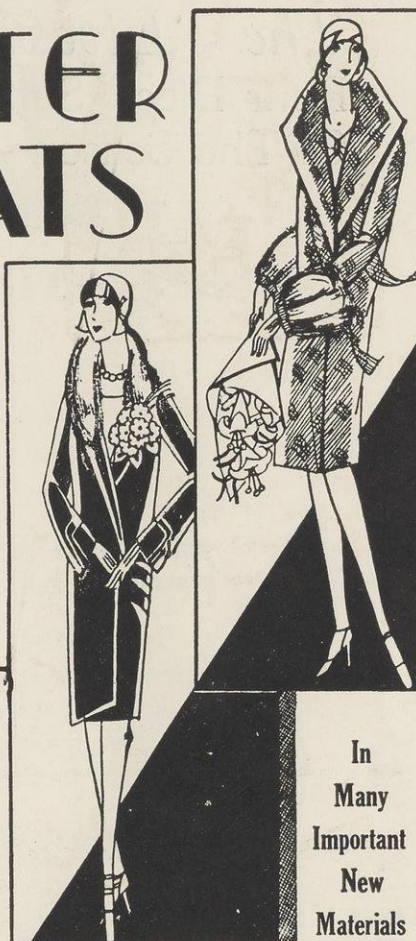
"That's a rare falsehood, Calixtus, I was as sober as a judge."

—Dirge



# EASTER COATS

*For  
Every  
Spring  
Occasion*



**In  
Many  
Important  
New  
Materials**

Every important style feature for spring is here . . . the Princess line, the scarf, the new and novel capes, uneven hem lines . . in fact, everything that makes the coats for spring particularly attractive and desirable.

**\$25 to \$65**

**Tweeds Twills Satins Broadcloths**

**F. W. KRUSE CO.**

205 State Street



## YOUNG MEN'S QUALITY APPAREL

The "Livest"  
Four Piece Suits  
Of The Season—

"Sports Wear  
Muirfields"

of fabrics chosen by members of the  
American Ryder Cup Team

\$45 and \$50

Exclusive With

*Anderes & Spoo*  
MADISON

18 North Carroll

On Capitol Square

(Continued from page 2)

MADISON WIS 5P DEC 13 1928

MRS H B McCANN  
OAKCREST MINNEAPOLIS MINN

YOUR RALCITRANT DAUGHTER IS GOING TO  
HER DOOM STOP SHE INSISTS ON COMING HERE  
INTO MIDST OF RAGING EPIDEMIC STOP WHAT  
SHALL I DO

TED

MADISON WIS 5P DEC 13 1928

ELIZABETH McCANN  
FINCH SCHOOL 60 E. 77 ST NEW YORK NY

BLIZZARDS HAVE STOPPED ALL TRAIN SERV-  
ICE STOP INFLUENZA IS TERRIBLE STOP MADI-  
SON IS STRICKEN VILLAGE STOP STAY AWAY  
FROM THIS PLACE STOP WILL EXPLAIN ALL  
LATER

TED

NEW YORK NY 530P DEC 13 1928

TED ROGERS  
KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

DONT TRIFLE WITH ME STOP HAVE BEEN IN  
BOARDING SCHOOL FOR THREE MONTHS AND  
AM TOUGH STOP AM COMING ANYHOW STOP  
PLANS AS USUAL

LIZ

MADISON WIS 6P DEC 13 1928

BETTY NEW  
GREEN TREE APARTMENTS MILWAUKEE WIS  
DEAN HAS CANCELLED ALL PARTIES INCLUD-  
ING OURS FOR THIS WEEK END ACCOUNT FLU  
STOP MAY CLOSE SCHOOL EARLY STOP BETTER  
NOT COME

TED

MADISON WIS 6P DEC 13 1928

ELIZABETH McCANN  
FINCH SCHOOL 60 E. 77ST NEW YORK NY

DEAN HAS CANCELLED ALL PARTIES INCLUD-  
ING OURS FOR THIS WEEK END ACCOUNT FLU  
STOP MAY CLOSE SCHOOL EARLY STOP BETTER  
NOT COME

TED

CROTON-ON-HUDSON NY 11P DEC 13 1928

TED ROGERS  
KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

DONT CARE STOP HAVE HEARD WISCONSIN  
FORMALS ARE WET ANYHOW STOP YOU CAN  
TAKE ME TO ROADHOUSE INSTEAD

LIZ

(Continued on page 7)



“IT’S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS”



© Society Brand

## Even college men change their minds

**W**HEN college men find a style of suit they like, they aren't in any hurry to change. But once in a while, a new wrinkle meets with their approval, and they take it up.

For example, this Spring the best-dressed college men are wearing suits with a two-button effect. The coat is straight-cut and full, as usual, and has three buttons—but the top button is worn open, the lapels rolling gracefully to the second.

The authentic version of this style, as college men know, is to be found in the new Dunlin, by Society Brand.

We have a complete selection of Dunlin suits in the new Mediterranean shades. Come in and look them over!

*Society Brand Clothes*

\$50 to \$65

**THE  HUB**

22-24 West Mifflin Street



# Famous

AS THE SOLE ESTABLISHMENT  
PERMITTED TO EXHIBIT CHARTER  
HOUSE CLOTHES IN THIS COM-  
MUNITY, PLEASURE IS FOUND IN  
INFORMING THE STUDENT BODY  
THAT THE STYLES FOR SPRING  
ARE OF THE PRECISE FORM AND  
FEATURE HELD IN HIGH REGARD  
BY THE FAMOUS SCHOOLS OF  
ENGLAND.

## Charter House



### CLOTHES



109 STATE STREET





(Continued from page 4)

MILWAUKEE WIS 11A DEC 14 1928

TED ROGERS

KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

TOUGH LUCK ABOUT YOUR FORMAL STOP AM  
DRIVING OVER ANYHOW AND WILL BRING  
YOU BACK TO SPEND WEEK END HERE STOP  
HOW ABOUT IT

BETTY

MADISON WIS 430P DEC 14 1928

T. T. ROGERS SR

PORTLEDGE CHEVY CHASE MD

COLLEGE OUT EARLY ACCOUNT OF FLU STOP  
ACCEPT ALL INVITATIONS FOR ME BEGINNING  
DECEMBER SIXTEEN STOP ARRIVE CAPITOL LIM-  
ITED DECEMBER SIXTEEN STOP LOVE

TED

MADISON WIS 430P DEC 14 1928

BETTY NEW

GREEN TREE APARTMENTS MILWAUKEE WIS

COLLEGE OUT TODAY STOP AM LEAVING FOR  
HOME AT ONCE STOP SORRY COULDN'T SEE YOU  
STOP WILL AFTER HOLIDAYS STOP MERRY  
CHRISTMAS

TED

MADISON WIS 430P DEC 14 1928

MISS ELIZABETH McCANN

FIRST SECTION TWENTIETH CENTURY LIM-  
ITED NEW YORK CENTRAL RR COLLEGE CLOSED  
STOP LEAVING FOR HOME TODAY STOP WILL  
MEET YOU AT BLACKSTONE NOON SATURDAY  
FOR LUNCHEON STOP MATINEE AFTERWARDS  
AND TEA DANCE AT SADDLE AND CYCLE STOP  
HOW ABOUT IT

TED

(The End)

*In a Taxi*

Lady: Speed! Speed!

Still the cab moved no faster.

Lady: Speed! My God, speed!

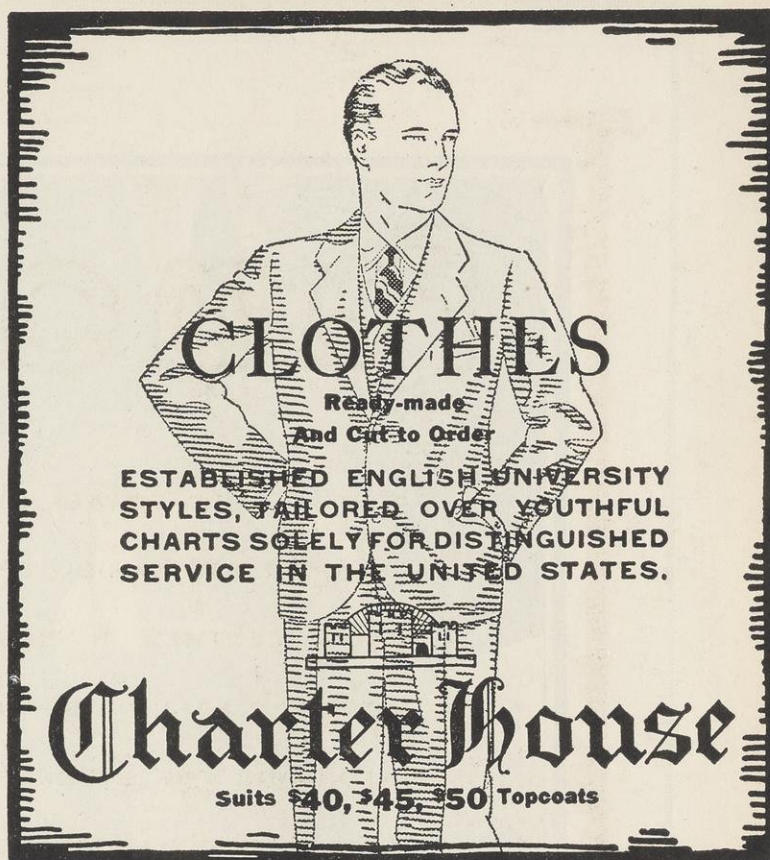
Wop Driver: What for I gotta speed, lady. I no chew  
da tabacc'.

—Froth

Dear Old Lady: I would like to get some information  
about a sea berth.

Hard-boiled Ship's Agent: See the ship's surgeon, sec-  
ond door to your left.

—Dirge



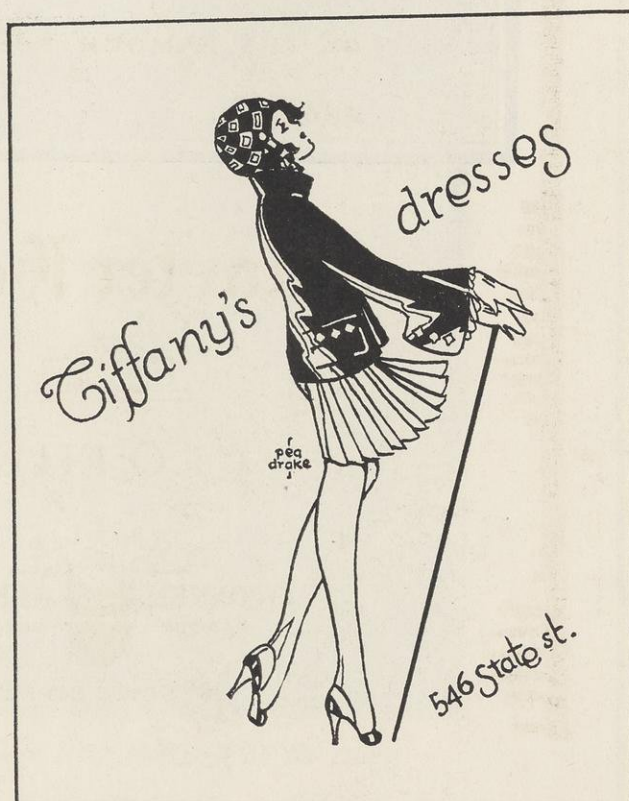
**CLOTHES**

Ready-made  
And Cut to Order

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

**Charter House**

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







dear lady, you appeal to me  
more than my favorite  
cigarette

old bean, how can i help  
satisfying when i do my  
shopping 'round at Simpson's



TESTIMONIAL

*"I always reach for a Swede."*

*---John Gilbert*



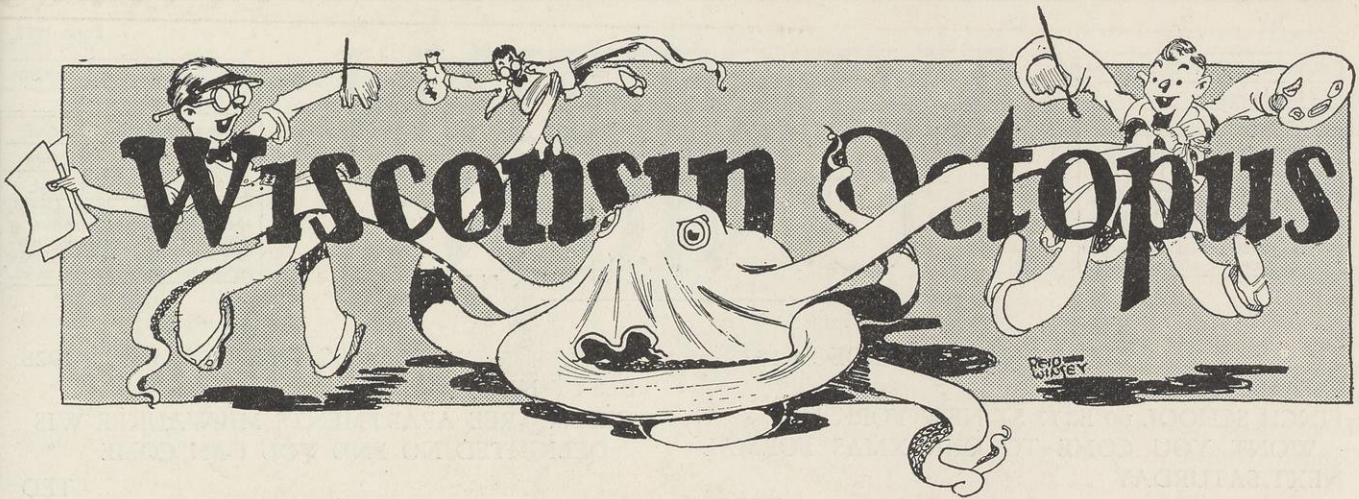
*The Girl Who Was Too Tired to Help Mother With the Dishes*





*The Undertaker Takes His Family For a Ride*





"Jane certainly is apparent!"  
 "Why, I didn't even know she was married!"

A man who'll rise to fame,  
 Is old Prof. Snows,  
 He declares he's never seen,  
 And never wants to see  
 "Abie's Irish Rose".

—C. B.

"Did you have a nice trip to Europe?"  
 "No, I had a hangover on the boat."

*Lost Strayed or Stolen!*

"I hear Brown's wife is a great poker player."

"Yeh, the last time, I played with her, she raised me twice, and then I found out she was only bluffing."

Adams: Look at that waitress looking up the dumbwaiter.

Tripp: That's not as bad as the waiter who looked up the dumb waitress.

"The show I went to see last was one of them geometry pictures."

"Geometry picture, what kind is that?"

"You know, one of them triangle plays."

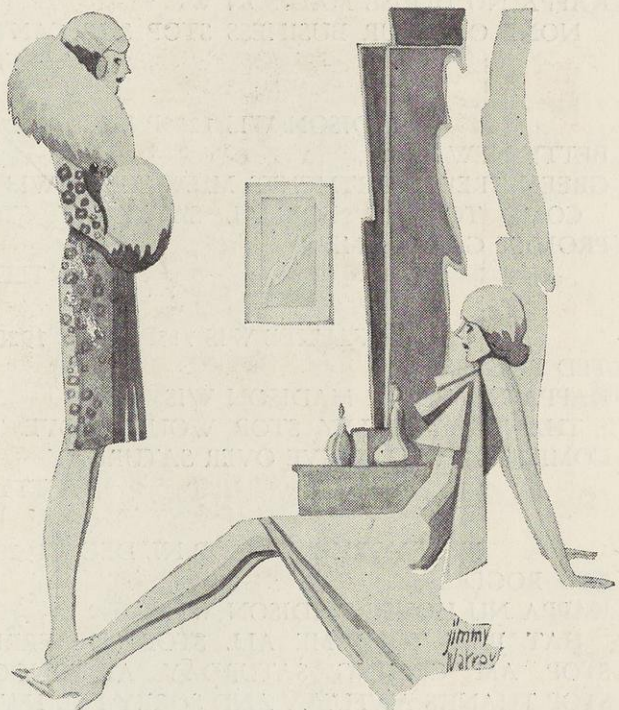
"Would you join me in a dish of chop suey?"  
 "What do you think this is, the Cannibal Isles?"

Lancelot: I'm not feeling very well tonight.  
 Elaine: I noticed that.

We wonder if all the babies in Edinburgh are of Scotch extraction?

"Niggah, if you all don' behave yo'self, de nex' time yo' wants to blow yo' nose, yo'll put yo' hankerchif un'er yo' ear."

"Black boy, if yo' gets fresh, de next time yo' gal wan's to kiss yo', she'll done have to walk aroun' behin'."



Seated: I'd love to have a leopard skin coat.  
 Standing: Oh my dear, they show spots terribly.



CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L
If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a day message. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.	

# WESTERN UNION

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L
If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a day message. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.	

MADISON WIS 911A DEC 4 1928

ELIZABETH McCANN

FINCH SCHOOL 60 E. 77 ST NEW YORK NY

WONT YOU COME TO OUR XMAS FORMAL  
NEXT SATURDAY

TED

MADISON WIS 105P DEC 8 1928

BETTY NEW

GREEN TREE APARTMENTS MILWAUKEE WIS  
DELIGHTED NO END YOU CAN COME

TED

NEW YORK NY 1230P DEC 5 1928

TED ROGERS

KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

LIZ IS OUT OF CITY SHE CANT COME ANYHOW

HARRIET

MADISON WIS 105P DEC 8 1928

ELIZABETH McCANN

FINCH SCHOOL 60 E. 77 ST. NEW YORK NY

DELIGHTED NO END YOU CAN COME

TED

MADISON WIS 610P DEC 5 1928

HARRIET WALKER

FINCH SCHOOL 60 E. 77 ST NEW YORK  
NYWHAT A NICE ROOM MATE YOU  
ARE STOP HOW DO YOU KNOW AND  
WHY NOT

TED

NEW YORK NY 11A DEC 6 1928

TED ROGERS

KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS STOP SHE CANT  
HAT

MADISON WIS 1205P DEC 6 1928

BETTY NEW

GREEN TREE APARTMENTS MILWAUKEE WIS

COME TO OUR FORMAL SATURDAY STOP  
PROMISE GOOD TIME

TED

MILWAUKEE WIS 715P DEC 6 1928

TED ROGERS

KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

THANKS AWFULLY STOP WOULD LOVE TO  
COME STOP WILL DRIVE OVER SATURDAY

BETTY

NEW YORK NY 1130P NL DEC 7 1928

TED ROGERS

KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

HAT JUST TOLD ME ALL STOP SHE ERRED  
STOP AM COMING SATURDAY AFTERNOON  
STOP THANKS AWFULLY AND SORRY FOR HAT'S  
BLUNDER

LIZ

MINNEAPOLIS MINN 10A DEC 9 1928  
THEODORE ROGERSKAPPA NU FRATERNITY MADISON  
WISELIZABETH SAYS SHE IS STOPPING  
OFF FOR YOUR DANCE SATURDAY  
STOP NEWSPAPER HERE SAYS YOU  
HAVE MANY CASES OF INFLUENZA  
STOP IS THIS TRUE

MRS H B McCANN

MADISON WIS 11A DEC 14 1928

MRS H B McCANN

OAKCREST MPLS MINN

SEVERE EPIDEMIC RAGING HERE STOP THOU-  
SANDS STRICKEN

TED ROGERS

NEW YORK NY 4P DEC 10 1928

TED ROGERS

KAPPA NU HOUSE MADISON WIS

HOW PRAY TELL DOES ONE GET TO MADISON  
STOP ARRIVING CHICAGO FIRST SECTION CEN-  
TURY SATURDAY MORNING

LIZ

MADISON WIS 605P DEC 10 1928

ELIZABETH McCANN

FINCH SCHOOL 60 E. 77 ST NEW YORK NY

YOUR MOTHER INTIMATES IN WIRE YOU HAD  
BETTER NOT COME ACCOUNT OF INFLUENZA  
EPIDEMIC WE HAVE HERE STOP MANY MANY  
SEVERE CASES STOP MAY CALL OFF SCHOOL  
EARLY STOP IF YOU MUST COME IN SPITE OF

(Continued on page 2)



"Mon, I hear ye had a grand operation?"

"Boy, I'll say it was Jock, about five grand."

## Hook Worms?

Do you remember when you were a kid and thought that people living in Paris were parasites?

"Why do they call 'em speak-easies?"

"'Cause it's so easy to say, 'Fill 'em up again, Bill.'"

(Voice reading aloud in Movies):  
What's that? Sounds like a mouse!

(Irate voice from rear):  
Shut your trap, you big cheese!

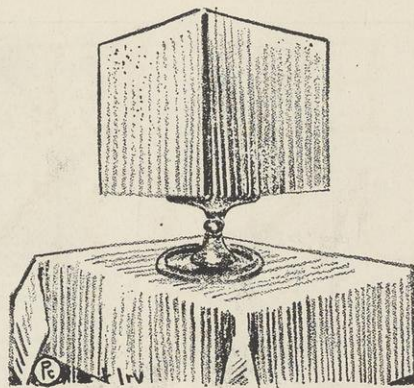
"You ain't done right by my knell,"  
said the departed spirit to the village sexton.

"Who's singing that funeral march?"

"Why, that's the Glee Club."

She (addressing a man on crutches):  
What, aren't you going to your fraternity party tonight?

He: No, I've given up dancing for lent.



Modernistic Effect Upon a Crystal

Didja hear the one about the journalism student who said he was going over to South Hall and Hyde?

## The Arden Club "At Home"

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Blublitz. Have you met Prof. Shamshim? Prof. Shamshim, Mr. Blublitz. Oh, are you majoring in English, Mr. Blublitz? How nice. Have you had tea, Mr. Blublitz? Wouldn't you like to? Yes, just go this way. Oh, Mr. Blublitz have you met Miss Finklestein? Miss Finklestein, Mr. Blublitz. Yes, Miss Finklestein teaches English 30. Mr. Blublitz is majoring in English, Miss Finklestein. You do want some tea, don't you Mr. Blublitz? With or without sugar?"

Next to myself I like a Tri-delt best.

Won: You have Vitaphone hands!

Hung: Waddya mean, Vitaphone hands?

Won: Talkie, boy, talkie.

"I'm going into the oil game."

"Yeah?"

"Yes, exclusive rights for the McCetchum Castor Bean Co. in Honolulu."

The greatest women haters in the world . . . are women.

"Mercy, John! The baby's fallen out of the second story window."

"My gosh! And I just finished planting that flower garden!"



Cave Boy: Maw, kin I keep 'im in the back yard?



Heard at the Awful Awful house:

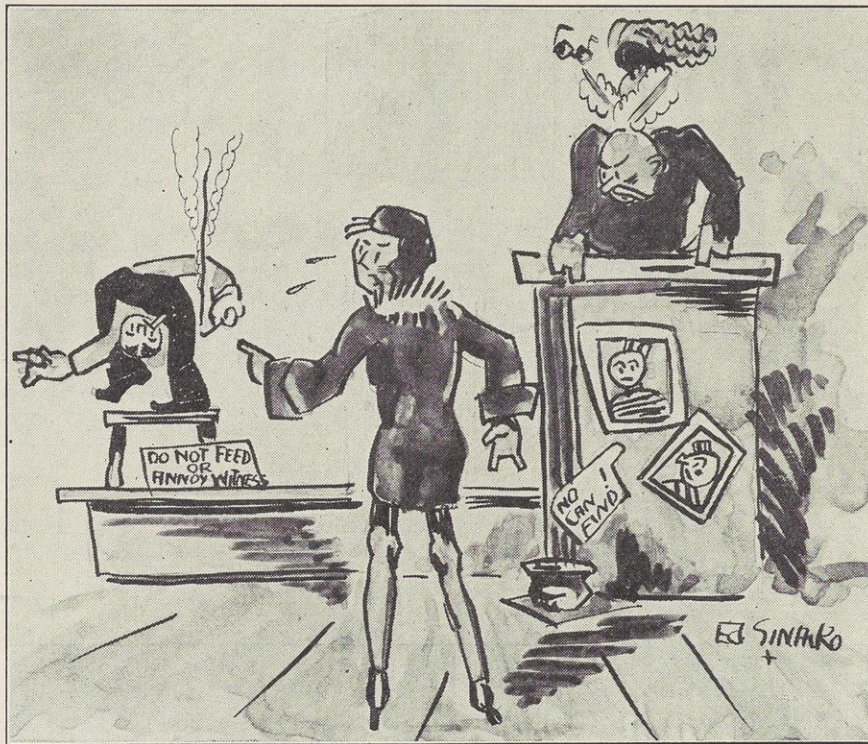
Freshman: It's 10:30, shall I lock the door so the house-mother won't have to bother?

Senior: No, leave it open, so she can get in.

They called the boy John after his forefathers.

"I slept in the strangest beds when I was in the country."

"Yeah, they don't have gutters in the country."



*Contortionist's Wife Getting a Divorce: I ask you, Judge, how would you like to be married to a man who has to do that to strike a match.*

"Do you think that kissing is as dangerous as they say?"  
"Well, it has put an end to a good many bachelors."

"Why do they call that winding road along the shore of Lake Mendota 'The Drive?'"

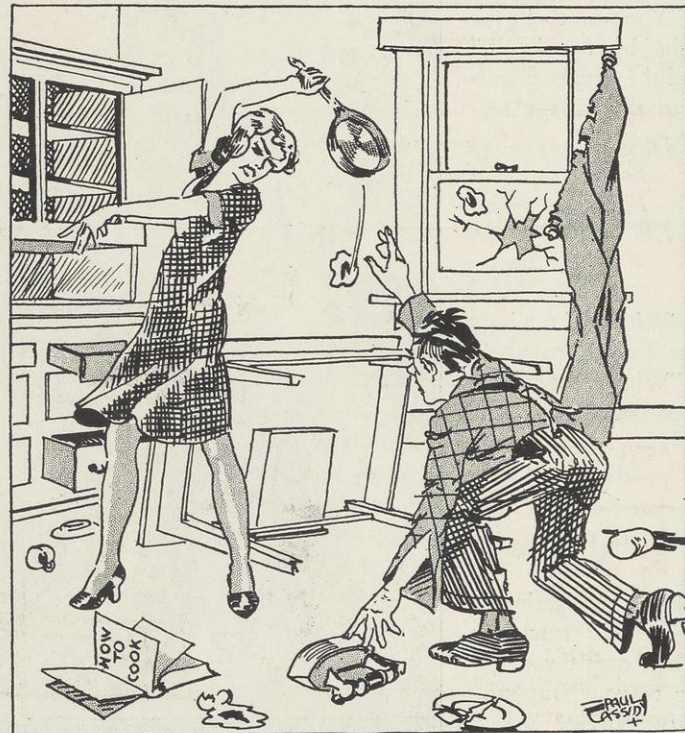
"Because students are quite often driven there by Fords or impulse."

The train had been shuttling back and forth for several minutes, while on one side stood a car containing two young people fuming with impatience. Finally she turned to him and said, "I do wish they would practice somewhere else."

### Dis-Temper

He was good-natured and people marvelled at his disposition. They thought he would never lose his temper. One evening—after a hard eight hours at the office, a ride in the subway, a burnt steak and cold potatoes for dinner—he settled down to listen to a symphony concert on the radio. After much trouble he tuned in on his station. He flew into such a rage that the pieces were never found.

The voice on the air was singing "We faw down and go boom."



*Di'vorce is Yet to Come*

"I'll expand my chest or bust," said the woman as she went into the gym.

"Why did you throw half a brick at that man?"

"I'm only half Irish, silly!"

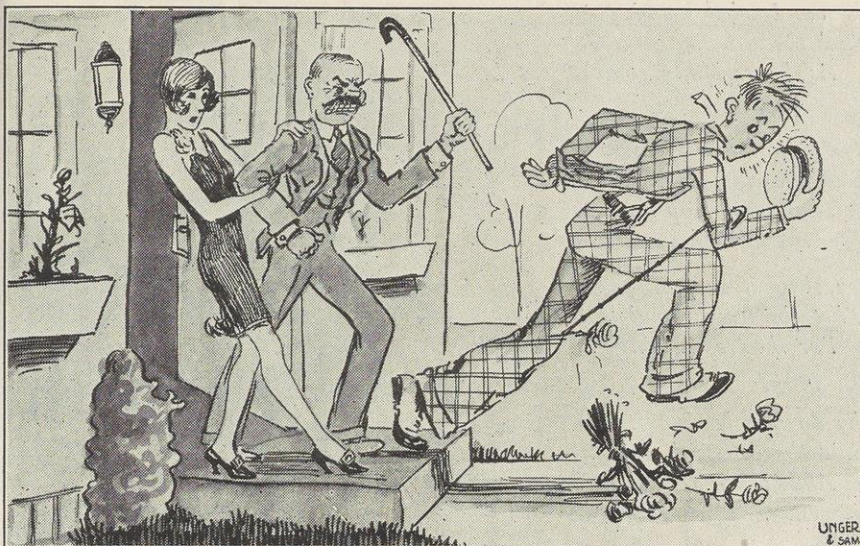
*He Was an I. W. W.*

"I know a fellow that played in all the conference basketball games for two years and they never gave him a W."

"No! How come?"

"He was going to Illinois."





*Father No's Best*

*There once was one Florence Louise  
A stove in her presence would freeze;  
Her only devotion  
Was cooling emotion  
From a hundred to zero degrees.*

Medical Student: I just started dissecting to-day.

Roommate: Is that odor from the dissecting room?

Medical Student: No, I just washed my hands with Life Buoy soap. It must be that which you smell.

Roommate: Pretty strong! Smells to me more like Dead Buoy soap.

Mate: I thought you were a sailor, what's the matter with you, where's your sea legs?

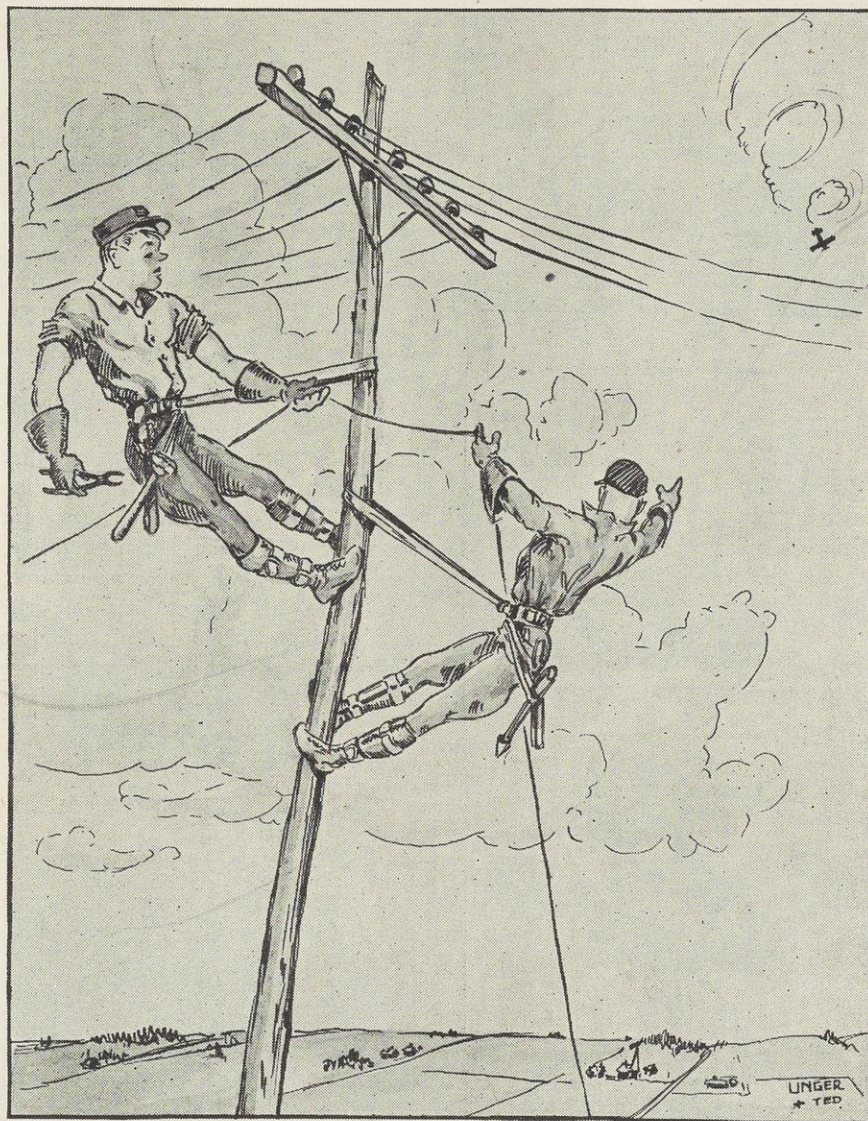
Sailor: Sorry, sir, I left 'em home, but I'll have me wife send 'em on parcel post to the first port, sir.

He thought his girl was a jewel, so he bought her a stone and went on the rocks.

*J. F. Campus sent son Joe to college  
To pursue and acquire classic knollege,  
But he was mistaken  
For Joe's only taken  
Lab courses in test alcobollege.*

### *At the Church Party*

"What color are your eyes? I'm keeping a record of the colors of people's eyes. Don't you think that's a cute stunt they thought up? Sadie Klutz thought that one up—she's on the committee. I just love a party, like this, don't you? Look, they're going to play 'One hand in—one hand out'—that's more fun—and afterwards they'll serve coffee and doughnuts. Come, let's get in on the three-legged race. Honestly, I think these parties are more fun. . . ."



"Ever been up, Bill?"

"Nope, you can't get me offa the ground!"





Why am I what I am?

Said the fish to the clam  
As he carefully combed out his  
scales.

I don't know, but I wish,  
Said the clam to the fish,  
That you'd stop throwing gum to  
the whales.

They chew it so hard  
That the waves spoil the yard  
For they're washing the sand all  
away.

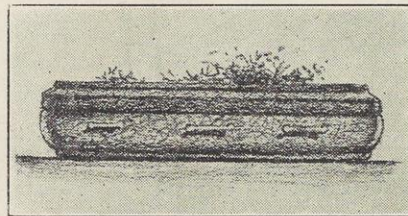
Why do you fear?  
Said the fish with a sneer,  
And concluded he'd better not  
stay.

Oh, but you know,  
That leaves me so—  
Frightfully bare and exposed.

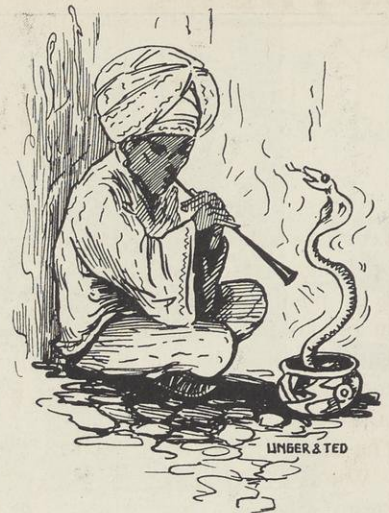
"Have you a Lucky Strike?"  
"Damn right, I'm One Punch Mc-  
Tigue, from Orchid street."

By Cracky!

"Ya know, there ain't nothin' like  
a good drink ta make ya feel fit,—  
but too much ain't good for ya either  
—it don't have tha best affects, ya  
know. Now one good shot, straight  
an' clear makes me feel all atingle,  
fresh as a lily, an' twice as natural;  
yes sirc—all dependin' on the  
weather it warms an' cools me just  
right—An' ya know, I betcha there  
ain't no better water in tha whole  
carnsained county than this here. . ."



What Would You Do In a Case  
Like This?



A Charming Little Scene from India

How to be an Intelligentsia

1. Major in English.
2. Elect Greek.
3. On the slightest provocation al-  
ways say: "I just love classical music."
4. Do not admit you go to vaude-  
ville.
5. Better still, don't go to vaude-  
ville.
6. Either like or dislike H. L.  
Mencken.
7. When you read poetry, always  
approve of the stuff you don't under-  
stand.
8. Pretend to have read "Point  
Counter Point."

She Was a Pro-Rated Girl

Handsome clerk in dean's office  
signs probation slip.

"Your name and telephone number  
please."

"Oh, I'm sorry but I have dates for  
the next three week-ends."

A lot of us never realize just how  
closely the different mammals are re-  
lated, anatomically speaking etc., un-  
til we see an experienced gum chewer  
standing beside a contented cow.



# UP LANGDON STREET

By Sinus and Sciatic

Let's take a little trip, just you and I, up Langdon Street. Maybe we can sort of point the finger and searchlight of old father laugh on the different haunts as we go along. My friend agreed absent mindedly by quoting a little poem:

The Silver thread of Scandal

Winds it way among the gold.

Presto! Chango! There it is,

Its story to unfold.

I laughed agreeably, and off we went. . . .

At the first door on the left is the notorious A. O. Pi house. Noted most, perhaps, for its Chicago game, John Ash, and the fact that during the hectic period of homecoming there was much ado about a certain steel construction on the porch, which turned out to be a permanent awning rack instead of the suspected grand and glorious decoration.

Gamma Phi comes next, and, turning suddenly, I noticed my companion breathing something about "My suppressed Desire."

"Where," I answered intelligently, my mouth open, as a yellow Chrysler swung into view from nowhere, and a girl resembling Texas Guinan made exit therefrom. "We might," I suggested, "if you wish to see more of the Gamma Phis, go around town a bit. Every third person on the street, and practically the whole hotel Lorraine wears the gold and black of dear old Gamma."

"Look," my friend said, "the Kappa Deltas! What sort are they? Have they a motto?"

"E pluribus unum, isn't it?" I answered, racking my brains.

"So it is," he answered cunningly. "So it is!"

We were greeted by a strange sight at the little house 'round the bend: Pi Phi. A female, presumably some pledge, was attempting to get in one of the front windows. From inside she was pulled, from the outside pushed. Alternately, she would emit strange bleats, and wriggle; no go . . . she was stuck.

"There is also some rumor," I suggested, "concerning the famous Pi Phi bull sessions." My partner nodded intelligently and we continued.

On the way to the Theta house, we passed the brown brick mansion of Sigma Kappa fame.

"There is a story," I said to my friend, "about how the Sigma Kappa girls borrowed a train signal from the North Western R. R. for homecoming, and Lo—One morning it was gone!"

"Must have been the Sig Phi Eps," my friend suggested, "or the Kappa Sigs." I nodded and we continued on, passing the Phi Mu mansion.

"Wasn't there something," my partner volunteered, "About the Phi Mu late hours?"

"Ah, yes," I returned. "Something connected with the davenport and two fellows wasn't it?"

"I can't remember," he said.

"Neither can I," I answered, "but I know the two fellows." We continued, turning left to the Theta house.

Here loud cries of whoopee greeted us, then still louder cries, and more whoopees, and out stepped a Latin individual who climbed into his roadster and away. My partner turned to me, and asked me just why this was called the Theta house, and I told him I didn't know.

"It might be," he suggested, "to designate it from the Theta Chi house." The answer seemed satisfactory; we continued . . .

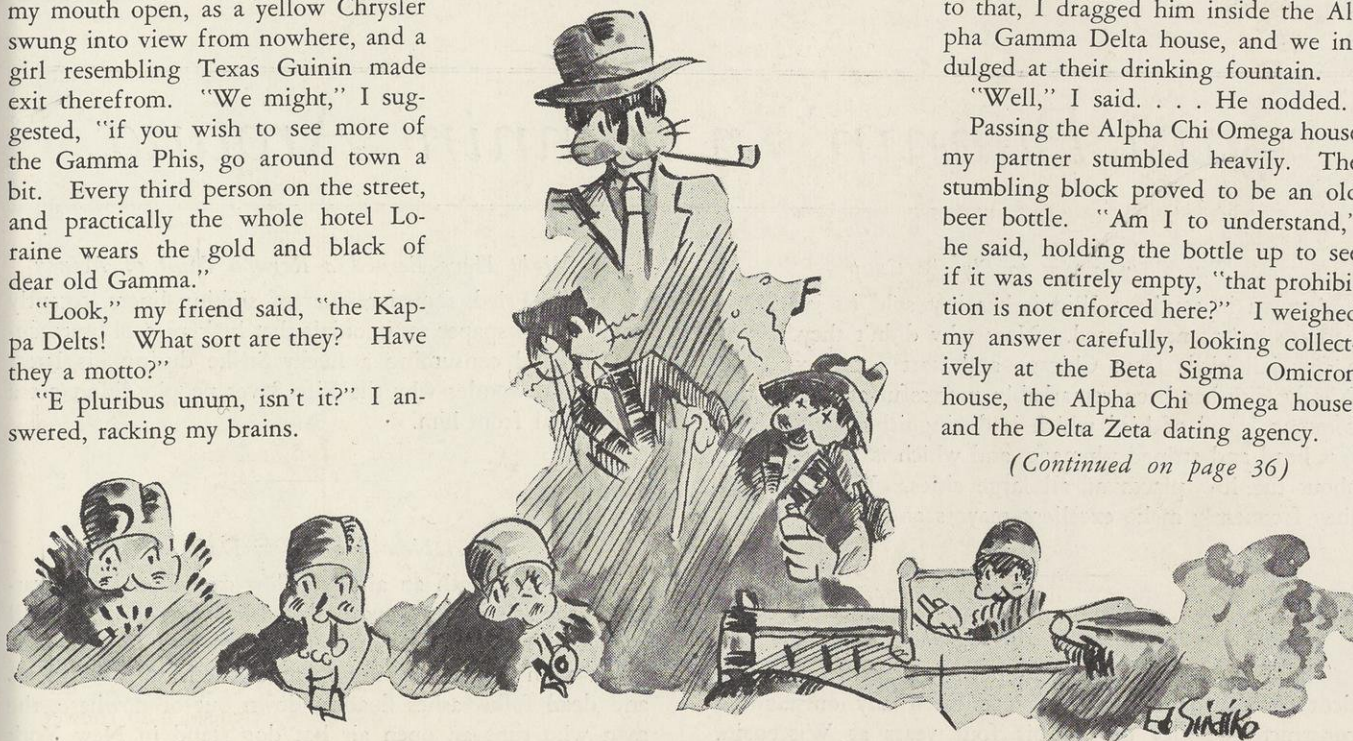
"Would you care for a drink," I broke in suddenly. My friend seemed astonished.

"Why?" he said cleverly. Not being able to think up a suitable answer to that, I dragged him inside the Alpha Gamma Delta house, and we indulged at their drinking fountain.

"Well," I said. . . . He nodded.

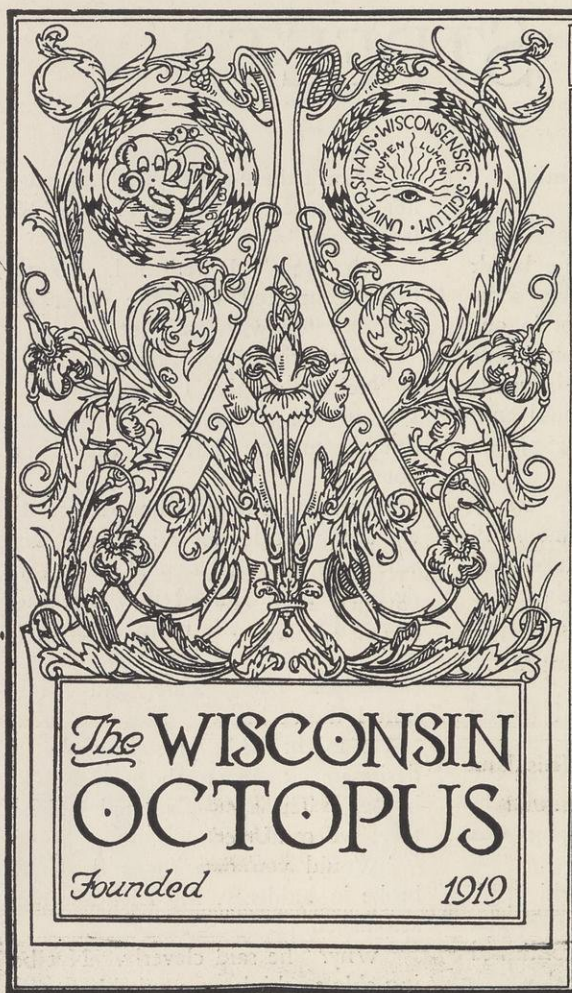
Passing the Alpha Chi Omega house my partner stumbled heavily. The stumbling block proved to be an old beer bottle. "Am I to understand," he said, holding the bottle up to see if it was entirely empty, "that prohibition is not enforced here?" I weighed my answer carefully, looking collectively at the Beta Sigma Omicron house, the Alpha Chi Omega house, and the Delta Zeta dating agency.

(Continued on page 36)



"ME-E-OW!"





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March 20, 1929

No. 7

## Just Punnin' 'n Funnin' Around

### *But They're Apt to Fly the Coop*

A town in southern Illinois has just sold its jail house because it was never used. Now why didn't they import a few jail birds from Chicago and start a colony? The Windy City has been remarkably successful at raising this common breed of bird which is distinguished by its hairless head and striped plumage, and which is found in and about the low places of all large cities. When trained, they frequently make excellent mayors and aldermen.

### *Oh Hat's All Right!*

The Whitewater, Wisconsin newspaper criticizes President Frank for not having introduced any outstanding constructive policy during his four years at Wisconsin. S-a-a-y, what about this fad of wearing derbies?

### *He Might Have Earned a Regular Mint of Money*

Captain Fried, famed rescuer of sinking liners, recently stated in newspaper testimonials that he kept cool by reaching for and consuming a Lucky Strike during his latest feat. We wonder why the Life Saver people didn't get a testimonial from him.

### *A New Soot Every Day!*

Early this month an airplane flew over Broadway, scattering the ashes of a New York publicity agent whose will provided for such a disposal of his remains. Poor devils! What with people leaping from thirtieth story windows and dead folks' ashes floating down out of nowhere, the man who runs an open air hot dog stand in New York just doesn't stand a chance.



*Isn't Statue Big a Change?*

During the past few months the magazine *Liberty* has undergone several radical changes. The size has been considerably reduced and the thickness increased. Now if it would only increase its depth!

*And B-r-r in Berlin!*

Europe is experiencing its coldest winter in 150 years. There was even "ice" in Venice.

*Why Not Give the Salts to Neptune?*

A Canadian Pacific liner recently stopped at a lonely isle near the coast of Africa and took off the lone white missionary. The missionary stated to the press that he wished people would stop sending Bibles and epsom salts as they now had over five Bibles and 150 pounds of salts to every person on the island. Seems to us that any traveling salesman who stays at hotels could tell him a few uses (outside of reading) that Bibles can be put to. As for the salts—well.

*What About Valetaria Service?*

The new Cook County, Illinois jail contains 1300 cells with running water, individual drinking fountains, separate call bells, and finest quality mattresses and pillows in each cell. It is expected that this new structure will do much towards discouraging crime.

*General Motors Versus Captain Industry*

During February, Henry Ford manufactured over 8,000 cars daily while Chevrolet produced more than 7,000 a day. Henry seems to be winning the contest for the public's affections in spite of his lack of six appeal.

*How About Making a Silent "Talkie"?*

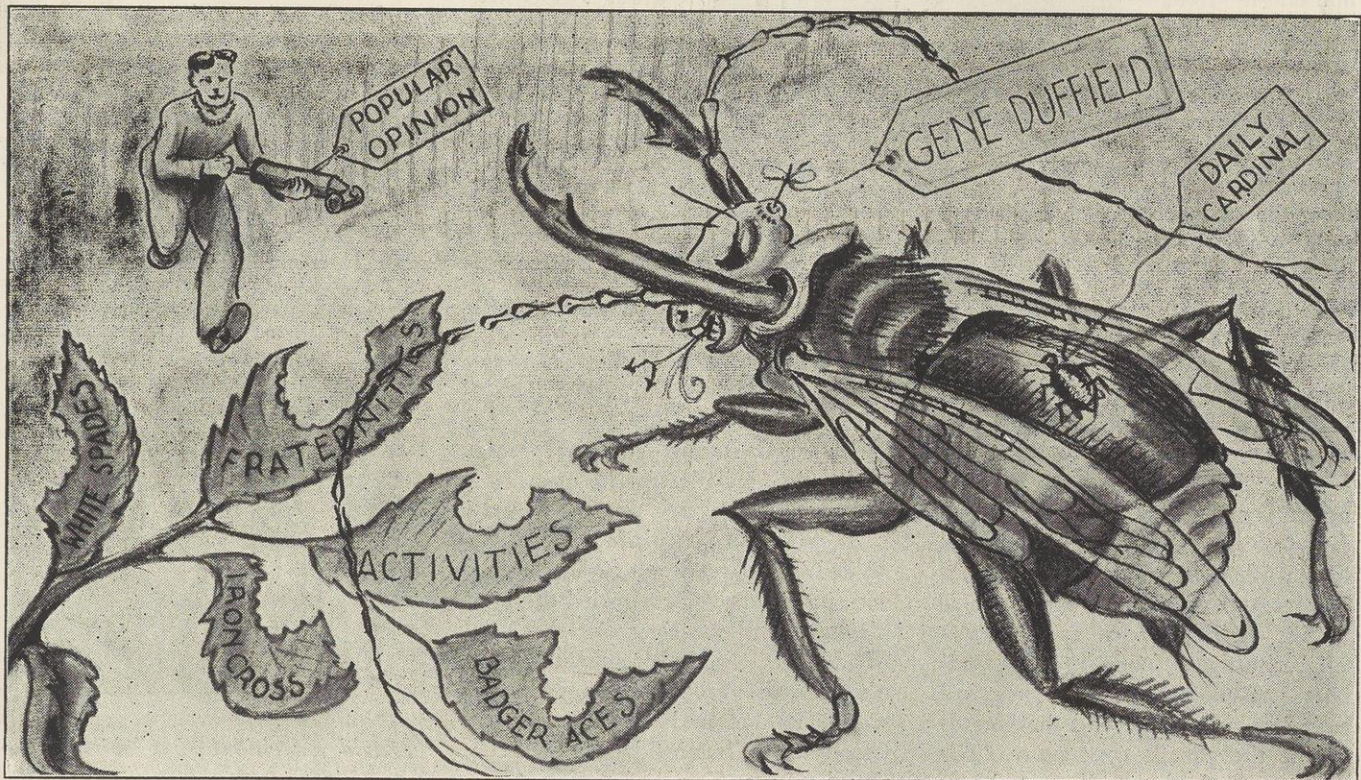
Ex-President Coolidge has been offered a dollar a word to write for the Encyclopedia Americana. It is estimated that if he writes as fluently as he talks, at the end of five years he will have earned enough to purchase a set of the Encyclopedia.

## Those Contributing to This Issue Are:

Fritz Gutheim  
Maxwell Krasno  
Sam Steinman

W. Hampton Randolph  
H. S. Leibenberg  
Paul Clemens

Harry Wood  
Frank Unger  
Ray Rothman



Who Will Win Out?



# Tom Swift and His Reversible Cigar

"WELL, Bob, how does it look? All right, old boy?" said Tom Swift to his young friend, Robert McGillicuddy, as he stepped back a pace and gazed at the intricate mechanism that stood on the laboratory workbench.

"Golly, Tom, you've triumphed again!" replied Bob in envy. "It sure looks like a whizzbang (not a magazine), I'll bet Bill Collins will have a fit when he hears about this. And won't Mary be glad?"

"I guess I come by it naturally, Bob, it seems easy," modestly answered Tom, who did not wish to appear stuck on himself in front of his chum.

And here we will pause, while the boys talk over Tom's latest achievement, to allow the reader to become acquainted with Tom, if he has not already done so in some of the other books concerning our young hero. Tom lived in the town of Mayville, a small, but prosperous manufacturing center in New England. Tom's father, Uriah Swift, owned the Swift Drop Forge company, with a capacity of 2,000 drops a day, with an hour off for lunch. Tom had inherited his father's ability to invent useful articles, and as told in previous volumes, had successfully completed a non-leakable horse raddish shredder, a collapsible baseball bat, a flying football, and several things of no moment, which had made him famous beyond the bounds of in the small community. His mother was dead, so his aunt Sophy O'Banion carried the role of housekeeper. His uncle Abednego was

dead. Tom thought a great deal of Mary McWheedle, who attended a select girls' finishing school in the neighboring town of Wheeling. Tom went to see her on Ash Wednesdays, Shrove Tuesdays, and Martinmas Day, not to mention Michaelmas, and Whitsuntide.

Tom was a likable chap, and had scarcely an enemy in the world. There was but one exception to the crowd of people who had a sincere affection for Tom. This was the school bully, Bill Collins, who had once been soundly drubbed by Tom in a school-yard fight and had ever since harbored a grudge. He had sworn to get even with our hero, and constantly harrassed Tom in the attempt to interfere with

Tom's inventions. Let us return to the story.

The door opened and in walked a tall, distinguished looking man, one of Tom's best friends. It was Mr. Onion, an eccentric philanthropist, who took great interest in all of Tom's work.

"Finished at last, eh Tom?" said Mr. Onion jovially, for he was a jovial man.

"Yes, sir, isn't it a dandy; watch it," replied Tom proudly, his eyes shining with just pride. He whistled through his teeth, and the cigar, for that was what it was, reversed itself with lightning speed. To anyone not in the secret, it appeared as an ordinary Corona cigar, but inside it lurked the tiny devil that Tom had perfected for making it automatically reverse at the

(Continued on page 41)



"Tom was a likable chap, and had scarcely an enemy in the world."

*The Girl on the Left*  
Now, I've seen them short,  
And I've seen them tall,  
But this one's right  
Not large, not small;  
That's why I take off my hat  
—As my Dad would say—  
To the Girl on my left in lecture.

Now some girls talk,  
And some girls chatter,  
This one doesn't, but  
What does it matter? Why,  
That's why I take off my hat  
—As my Dad would say—  
To the Girl on my left in lecture.

Now, she has the things  
Which songs expound—(Boys, a real  
beaut)  
From a trim little figure  
To brown eyes round—(you ought'a  
see 'em)

Who wouldn't take off his hat  
—As my Dad would say—  
To the Girl on my left in lecture.

Now her voice is honey  
Straight from the bee,  
As she sweetly asks  
The "time" of me—  
(I don't know her name)  
But I take off my hat,  
—As my Dad would say—  
To the Girl on my left in lecture.

—H. B.



"Did you visit the bar while on the boat?"

"No, I didn't lean in that direction."





The bridge fiend says "good night".



Divorcee's child: Oh, mom, look at that funny man over there!  
His mother: Sssh, dear, that's your father.



#### He Must Diet!

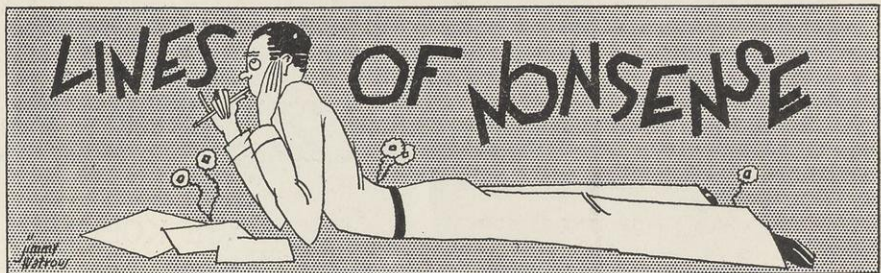
"My daughter married a wealthy dyer."  
"Oh, a man with one foot in the grave, I suppose."



"I want a burro."  
"Oh, yes."  
"Well, I want a burro, I say."  
"What do you want a burro?"



Sink or Swim?



Is there any special reason  
Why I should care for you?  
Is there any special reason  
Why you should make me blue?  
Aside from the fact that you're clever  
And good to look at, dear,  
Is there any special reason  
Why I should want you near?

Is there any special reason  
Why I should accept your dirt  
And constantly make excuses  
For the things you do that hurt?  
Is there any special reason  
For taking indifference from you,  
Regretting the times when you won't  
give in  
Adoring the times when you do?

Is there any special reason  
Why you are apart from the rest,  
Aren't there others just as clever  
As you when at your best?  
No, there is no reason;  
Upset me—you shall not.  
And there are plenty more, my dear,  
If you've so soon forgot.

—Ananias



Anne and Lindy defy jinx;  
Walter Hagen on the links;  
Prexie spikes "no auto" rumor;  
Ruffles new, says French costumer;  
Ice Pick murder baffles sleuth;  
Dorothy Dix condemns wild youth;  
Turnip greens make novel salad;  
For years Mrs. Jones was ill and  
pallid;  
Sixteen bottles brought new vigor;  
Buick makes them best and bigger.

Can we blame the headline writer  
All whose instincts are to smash  
The face of each and every waiter  
Who asks to recommend the bash?

—M. T.

#### Lolita!

If ever they warm up a jail for me  
It will not be for bootleg or gunning;  
I am sure it will be for polygamy  
Which is ten times worse than rum-  
running,  
For I'm going to marry beauty and  
brains  
And a hell of a lot of money,  
I don't know enough to come in when  
it rains,  
But enough to stay out when it's  
sunny.

—M. K.



#### Do You Get This One?

Once Minnie went out in a motor  
With a lad who had long tried  
Dakota.  
They stopped at an inn;  
She got sick on the gin,  
And then they had to give Minnesota.



#### Soliloquy

People speak of justice . . .  
Their humor.  
It's just that they find a way to grin  
At life's ironies.  
For what I want . . .  
I cannot get in any way.  
And what I do not wish at all  
Abounds.  
Others want what I don't care for . . .  
It's mine.  
Others get what I struggle for  
In vain.  
But men will babble of justice . . .  
So let the humorists play;  
Justice . . .  
Well . . . I laugh and laugh . . .  
Pardon . . . I spit;  
Away!

—Ananias



# Crazy Quilt

By PAUL KOEHNER

## What Has Gone Before

*The narrator and his companion, Biggs, are two young boys reviewing the first thousand miles of their round-the-world hitch hike. Twenty-five dollars is the extent of their resources. They decide to delay the trip at the next town, Pardee City, and recuperate financially. The method of recuperation, a necktie dry-cleaning business, is evolved by Biggs when he finds a jug full of napptha. In Pardee City, the site of the state university, they rent a small shop and paint it up, calling it the Crazy Quilt Shop. Too late, they discover their shop is directly across from Grecko Bros., the largest dry cleaning plant in town. While finishing their painting late that night, a bootlegger makes a delivery to the Greckos. An argument ensues over the payment for the goods and one of the wop brothers attempts to black-jack the bootlegger, but Biggs saves him by a warning cry. The bootlegger thanks them as he drives away.*

*The next day the boys open their business.*

## IV

WE held a grand opening Thursday morning, and had our pictures in both the student and town papers with big writeups all about the novel way we was earnin' money to get around the world, and a lotta' other bunk. I started out at noon and visited my first frat house. It was the Nu Sigma Phi house, and I walked in just as they was all sittin' around waitin' for lunch.

"Pardon, fellows," I says, "but I think I've got somethin' here that'll interest you." And then I went on to tell 'em about our little cleaning place and how we specialized in it. I showed 'em our special offer of cleaning a dozen ties for a dollar. Nobody said anything for a few minutes, and I was never so scared in my life. Finally one of the fellows jumps up.

"Gosh!" he says, "that sounds pretty warm to me. I've always thrown away my ties when they got dirty. You're sure you can really clean 'em so they'll look almost as good as new?"

I nods my head and shows him two ties I had with me, exactly alike, one of 'em dirty and the other had been cleaned part way. This was one of Biggs' ideas.

He runs upstairs and comes down in a minute with a whole handful of ties. Then some more went after some, and for a quarter of an hour I was so busy takin' down names and tyin' up different bunches I thought I'd pass out. I left the house with twelve dollars worth of orders and a promise to have 'em done and delivered by the next evening. I went to two more houses during the next two hours and had almost as big a success as I did at the first.

I come back to Biggs with a smile on my face as wide

as a barn door. "Well," he says, "what luck?" For an answer I shoves all the ties into his hands. "Twenty-four dollars worth from three houses!" I yells. "Biggs! We've struck a goldmine! They bite like fish!"

"H-m-m-m-," he says, "that's fine, but I've been doing some thinking this morning, Charles. You see there's only a certain market for our business and that's bound to die down quite a bit after the first burst. So, acting on this, I've arranged with a wholesale clothiers in town to supply us with special creations in the tie and sweater and that sort of line. You know, fancy things with a little higher price, as well as some plain everyday stuff, so this way we can get customers from both classes."

"Yeh," I says, gettin' in a general way what he was drivin' at.

"And another thing," he goes on, "a wholesale house is going to install a small candy and cigarette counter free of charge and keep us supplied with a complete line. With these sidelines I think we can turn out a good profit each week. You see, what we want to do is to make the fellows feel at home here so they'll drop in for a chat and buy their candy and cigarettes here."

"Well," I begins, when a man walks into the shop.

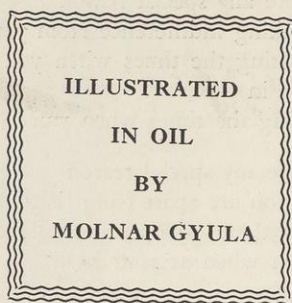
"Hello, boys," he says, friendly like, "I'm from the City Hall. Could I see your license?"

"License?" yaps Biggs real slow, "Why—we—we—well, we might's well tell the truth—we haven't got one."

"Shoot now, boys," he says, "that's a doggone shame, but I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to get one. Y'see ord'narily we wouldn't pay no attention and would let you go by because we know what a slim margin you're workin' on, and then when you kinda' got on your feet we'd ask you to make one out, but it's different in your case. Y'see this mornin' the chief got an anon—anon—well anyway the letter wasn't signed, tellin' us to see that you had a license or he'd tip the local paper wise, and we'd get in a devil of a mess with all the little stores in town on our necks."

"How much is it?" says Biggs.

"It's eight dollars all together," he says. "Tell you what, if you're too flat I'll advance you the money and you can pay me back when you can. Y'see that story about you in the paper got me interested, and I'd kinda' like to help you out. I got a boy of my own home, not much younger'n you boys."





"No," says Biggs, "that's mighty nice of you, but we can pay for it ourselves," and he hands over to him the eight bucks. "I'm sorry, I should have thought of a license before."

"All right," says the fellow, "that's fine! I was afraid you was too low to pay right away. Now, if you'll both sign this . . .," and then in a few minutes he shakes hands with us and walks out the door.

"Well," says Biggs, "I would like to know who it was that sent that anonymous letter to them."

"I think I can guess," I says, "but I ain't tellin' no one and, besides, that ain't worryin' me half as much as the fact that we've only got a dollar and half to our name left."

"That's plenty," he says, "anyway, we've got work ahead of us if we want to get these ties out on time by tommor night. Let's get busy!"

We worked real hard that afternoon, and by closing time we'd got all the ties dipped and cleaned and hung up to dry with a little old electric fan blowing on 'em so as to take away the naphtha smell. Late in the afternoon Biggs went out and arranged to have a telephone installed, and then went over to a little printing shop and ordered some cards with our names, phone numbers, and a lot of other stuff printed on 'em. Then he had made up some neat little card-board tie-holders with our names on to deliver the ties in. While he was gone the fellow arrived with the candy counter and a half dozen cartons of candy and cigarettes. Then just after he left, another big truck drives up and delivers a big barrel of naphtha. I had him put it around in back on an old sawbuck. As he was drivin' away I happened to look across the street and saw both of the Italians standin' in the doorway lookin' at me. When they saw I saw 'em, they pretended they was watchin' somethin' else and went inside. I didn't pay much attention to 'em because Biggs came back just then and I was busy gettin' ready for my evening calls.

# V

The next mornin' we was up early pressing and doing up the ties. While we was eating breakfast Biggs was reading the student paper while I was trying to explain to him a little perfume sprayer to use on the ties so as to take away the naphtha smell all together. He grunted once or twice and didn't say nothin', and that made me mad because I was tryin' to tell him somethin' that was real important. I sat there sorta' grumpy when he straightens up sudden like, and shoves the paper in front of me.



*"Biggs! We've struck a gold mine! They bite like fish!"*

"Read that!" he says.

I looked at the paper and there was a big full page ad of Grecko Brothers in big type, tellin' all about how they was the most up-to-date cleaning establishment in town, how their work was superior to anyone else's, and in bold face type at the bottom: "WITH OUR MODERN EBUIPMENT YOU RUN NO RISK OF DAMAGE TO YOUR CLOTHING—GRECKO BROTHERS ARE THE ONLY CLEANERS WHO CAN OFFER YOU THIS GUARANTEE."

"Why the dirty low down rats!" I busts out, "that's the same as sayin' that if you send your stuff to the Crazy-Quilt Shop you'll have it wrecked!" and I goes on with a lot of other words I'd picked up from the kids at Sunday School back home.

"At any rate," says Biggs, "I'm going down to the printing shop right away and have those cards changed."

"How?" I says.

"I'll have 'em read: 'SIMPLE AND ADEQUATE EQUIPMENT——FULL VALUE OF TIE BACK IF

*(Continued on page 25)*





### Sinus and The Rover Boys

Dissension runs riot in the Cardinal office. Recently one of the up and coming desk managers forbade a certain young lady writing her copy in the office . . . the strain of her unusually good looks was corrupting the moral of the boys at work.



The month's spiciest item occurred at Iowa with the track team. Bill Henke, of Delta Sig. Pi fame, pulled off his sweat trousers to run and discovered that he had failed to put on any running pants. His race back to the locker room clipped two seconds off the world's record.



The punk who was caught on the roof of the gym annex on the night of March 4 claims that he wanted to find out how deep the snow was up there. The girls on the second floor of Grady's, next door, think not . . . neither does the commodore of the crew.



There is a man in school who has two pictures on his dresser. One is that of the Prom-queen and the other is that of a popular young bootlegger. Horrors!

To illustrate how closely the Little Doctor watches his basket ball team, we might mention the incident of his making Captain Tenhoven and Big Henry spend the Sunday night after the Indiana game with him—and all because he caught them shaving on the train from Indiana.



### Can the Cardinal Be Right?

Odd, isn't it, that the austere members of White Spades should come home from their impressive initiation ceremonies babbling a lot of new smutty stories?



It is rumored that Gen Florez will not take his girl to another inter-fraternity wrestling meet.



A rather interesting bit of information is the following:

The Thetas have a chapter room the ingress to which is through one of the apparently solid panels at the left of the main door as you go in. Simply push the panel and door to the basement appears. . . .

One-eyed Connelly is reported to be taking lessons from the two fraternity men who sent a telegram to the Northwestern Athletic department requesting two press passes for the Wisconsin-Northwestern game at Evanston signed it The Wisconsin State Journal, and then went down on the day of the game, called for the seats and saw the whole affair at the cost of the telegram, or 15 cents apiece.



We have particular sympathy for the Kappa who pulled up to the stop and go light at University and Park to find herself behind an American Railway Express truck loaded with cases of Scotch, and who, after confiding to the other person in the front seat of her roadster that she would follow the truck to Janesville, if necessary, to get one of those cases, saw, when the lights changed, the truck pull up across the street at a drug store and unload before there was any chance for foul play.



What's a half hour or so to Bill Purnell. In the recent Haresfoot try-outs he kept the boys waiting just that length of time while he enjoyed a stomach ache. It must have become worse as the evening wore on; he continually kept shaking his head in pain.



(Continued from page 23)

INJURED IN ANY WAY.' And what's more," he says, "you've got to put one of these up in every phone booth to every house you go into. We can't afford an ad to reply to them, but we can do this much anyway."

Things went along fine for the next few weeks and we took in so many orders we could hardly handle 'em all. We got quite a steady trade from students who dropped in to talk and buy candy and cigarettes, and sometimes a tie or sweater. That idea of Biggs' of having these side-lines of clothing was a good stunt, and the first week we made more'n fifteen dollars on it. Biggs had a good eye for color combinations and he picked out stuff that sold well. The fellows seemed to like what we had because it was different.

The wops across the street went right ahead with their dirty work. They kept runnin' big ads in the college paper telling how good work could never be done without good equipment, and how no one in town but them could handle dry cleaning work as it should be handled.

They got a fancy new Ford delivery truck all painted up with a fellow in a uniform to drive it, and call for and deliver all work. They lowered the price of their tie cleaning to ten cents, same as ours, so we put ours down to eight cents. They put in a great big popcorn and peanut machine and advertised free bags of both for every dollar purchase. Biggs knocked this cold by arranging with the largest movie theater in town to give away free pairs of tickets in return for letting 'em use our windows and tie holders for advertising purposes.

And so we went on nip and tuck like this for quite awhile. It didn't hurt our business, and I guess helped us somewhat, because we didn't have no expensive machinery to keep up, but I guess they found out they was losin' every day. It was Saturday morning about two months after we'd started that Biggs and I was sitting on the counter sorta' summing up what had happened to us.

"... and," says Biggs, "I figure that right now we've got a clear profit of one hundred and forty dollars counting in the bills for this month that I've just paid. Now, if we keep on we'll have nearly five hundred dollars by spring and . . ."

"Wait a minute!" I breaks in, "I thought we was on a vacation and not tryin' to make our fortunes. Sure, I don't mind the work so much, but I'd kinda' like to get to the Pacific coast before I start substitutin' teeth or peddlin' pencils. Let's pull up stakes now and light out!"

"No," he says, "there wouldn't be any sense in doing that; we've got too good a business started here and we might as well earn the money now as run the risk of not being able to earn it when we really need some. That'd be fun to get caught in China and try to find a job there."

"Oh, all right!" I says, "you always could argue me into believin' anything; I'm game!" and I walks over to the door to meet the mailman.

Funny thing how your mail grows bigger the better you get established and known around a place. At first we didn't get nothin' at all, and now we was gettin' just as many circulars as anybody. We went through the mail together.

"Letter from Trojan Fire Insurance Co., what'll I do with it?" I asks, holding it out to Biggs.

"Wastebasket!" he says, "Next!"

"One from Pleuter Bros. Wholesale Dealers, want to know if we would like to do business with them on a thirty day trial basis."

"Nope! We're satisfied with our own jobbers. Next!"

"Circular from Little Magic Presser Co. They say it's just what we need. Pays for itself in six months."

"Wastebasket! Wouldn't know what to do with it. Next!"

"Here's one from—hold on—wait a minute—say!"

Gentlemen:

We have been told your business is run on an unfriendly and unfair basis harmful to certain interests in this city. Since you are newcomers we haven't taken no drastic action, but have decided to give you one week in which to clean up all business you have on hand, and leave the city by midnight, one week from today. You will suffer no financial loss as you will be met at the city limits and presented with a sum sufficient to cover all expenses you may have incurred in this enterprize of yours. Don't try anything funny with us because we represent a powerful group in this town.

"Well whadd'ya know about that!" I says, completely flabbergasted.

"It looks," says Biggs, "as though we're not wanted."

"You're funny, ain't you?" I says, readin' the letter over again. "What're we goin' to do about it?"

"Do" he says, lookin' at me sorta' astonished, "why we're going to stay right here! Do you think I'd let a crude letter like that scare me out?"

"Letter sounded pretty darn real to me," I says, "don't know whether you want a handsome engraved invitation, but I certainly got the meaning, all right."

"Why you poor nut," Biggs says, "can't you see it's just high school stuff written by grown ups? Might have been all right if they hadn't tried to represent an organization of men, and used shady grammar, or put in that last sentence."

"Well," I says, "I'm in favor of packin' up and cleanin' out on two feet instead of bein' shipped out in a box. What's the use of gettin' in trouble and losin' a lotta' money when we can keep out of it and make some?"

He just looked at me, breathin' real hard, and red in the face; then he walks out the door without sayin' a word.

I felt kinda' ashamed of myself.

## VI

He didn't come back 'till I was ready to go out for the evening deliveries and calls. Then all of a sudden he came in the shop without a sound. He had a box under his arm.

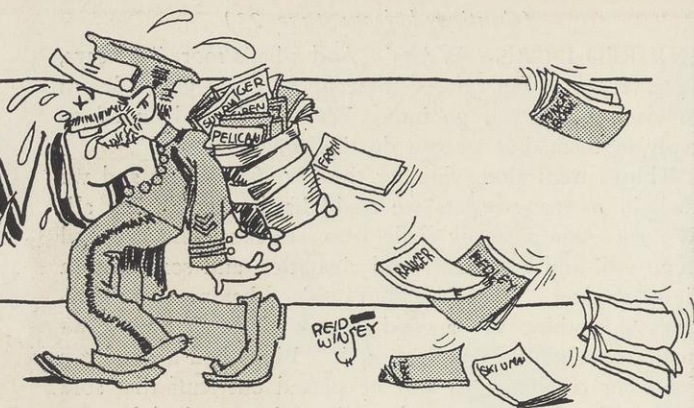
"Charles," he says, "I hope you'll overlook anything I said this afternoon—but you see that letter made me so darn sore, and then to have you sit there and want to give in to those . . .!"

"Aw shucks, Biggs," I says, turnin' sorta' red, "you were all right only I shoulda' kept my mouth shut."

"Better go out with the ties, now," he says, "I want to see you when you come back."



# EXCHANGE



Sultan: Wouldst go to my boudoir?  
 Latest Acquisition: With what avail?  
 Sultan: Well, the usual procedure is with no veil,  
 but I guess something light won't matter.

—Punch Bowl

Wrestling Coach: Have you had any experience?  
 Candidate: Well, not exactly, but my mother was a  
 contortionist, my father a chiropractor, and I was born in  
 the rumble seat of a Ford.

—Record



During a recent smallpox epidemic, a young boy was  
 sent home from school because his mother was reported  
 ill. He returned the next day with the following note to  
 his old maid teacher:

"Please let Tommy stay in school. It is a boy, and  
 positively not contagious."

—Purple Parrot

## Knot So Dumb

First Mate: Ahoy! oddslife and a few yo-ho's, sir;  
 we are making but five knots an hour.

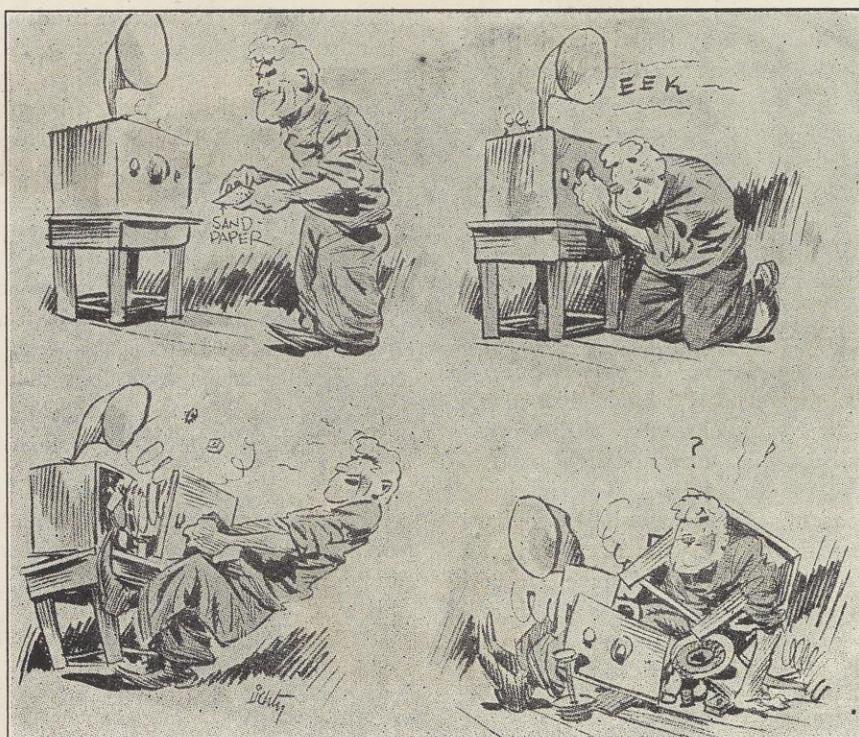
Captain: Avast and belay, ye landlubber, why so few?

First Mate: Scuttle me, sir; two of the men who were  
 making knots have run out of rope and a third is sea-  
 sick. Will you have your tea now, sir?

—Punch Bowl

The boy stood on the  
 railroad track,  
 He didn't hear the  
 bell.  
 The train went on to  
 Halifax,  
 And I know where  
 you think  
 The boy went, but he  
 didn't!  
 It was a double track  
 and  
 He was on the other  
 one.

—Satyr



The Former Safe Cracker Tunes In

—Michigan Gargoyle

"What's your idea  
 of rigid economy?"

"A dead Scotch-  
 man."

—Rammer Jammer



Sing me a song of ire,  
 Sing me a song of  
 wrath;

Dieu! Que le sond du  
 phone

Est hell quand  
 vous est en bath.

—Whirlwind



"Oh, Fred, the  
 baby has swallowed  
 the matches. What  
 shall I do?"

"Here, use my ciga-  
 rette lighter."

—Voo Doo

"The jig is up,"  
 said the doctor, as the  
 patient with St. Vi-  
 tus' dance died.

—Widow





**SHE**—*I've checked the list... parachutes... coffee... sandwiches...*

**HE**—*And cigarettes... don't forget the Chesterfields!*

Chesterfield cigarettes are mild... not strong or harsh. Chesterfield cigarettes have character... they are not insipid or tasteless.

The tobaccos in Chesterfield cigarettes are blended and

cross-blended in a different way from other cigarettes and the blend can't be copied.

They are MILD... yes, mild enough for anybody... and yet... they SATISFY.



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.





*Specialized  
fashion at a  
Specialized price*

These are the high-color fashions that the smart young people are wearing. They come to Mangel's for smart, colorful, comfortable advanced Spring outdoor wearables.

**Mangel's**  
NEW YORK WAIST HOUSE

27 So. Pinckney  
Madison, Wis.

## Easter Display

See our display of Easter flowers, plants and Spring-Time fragrances now in our window and take advantage of our very low prices while the selections are complete.

## EDW. F. MEIER FLORIST

101 W. Mifflin St.

Fairchild 6896

### *Turning Over a New Leaf*

I was a pure, sweet, simple girl. I never smoked, drank, or petted. I had never read true story magazines, so I didn't know about Life. I went to college, but all the boys respected my innocence.

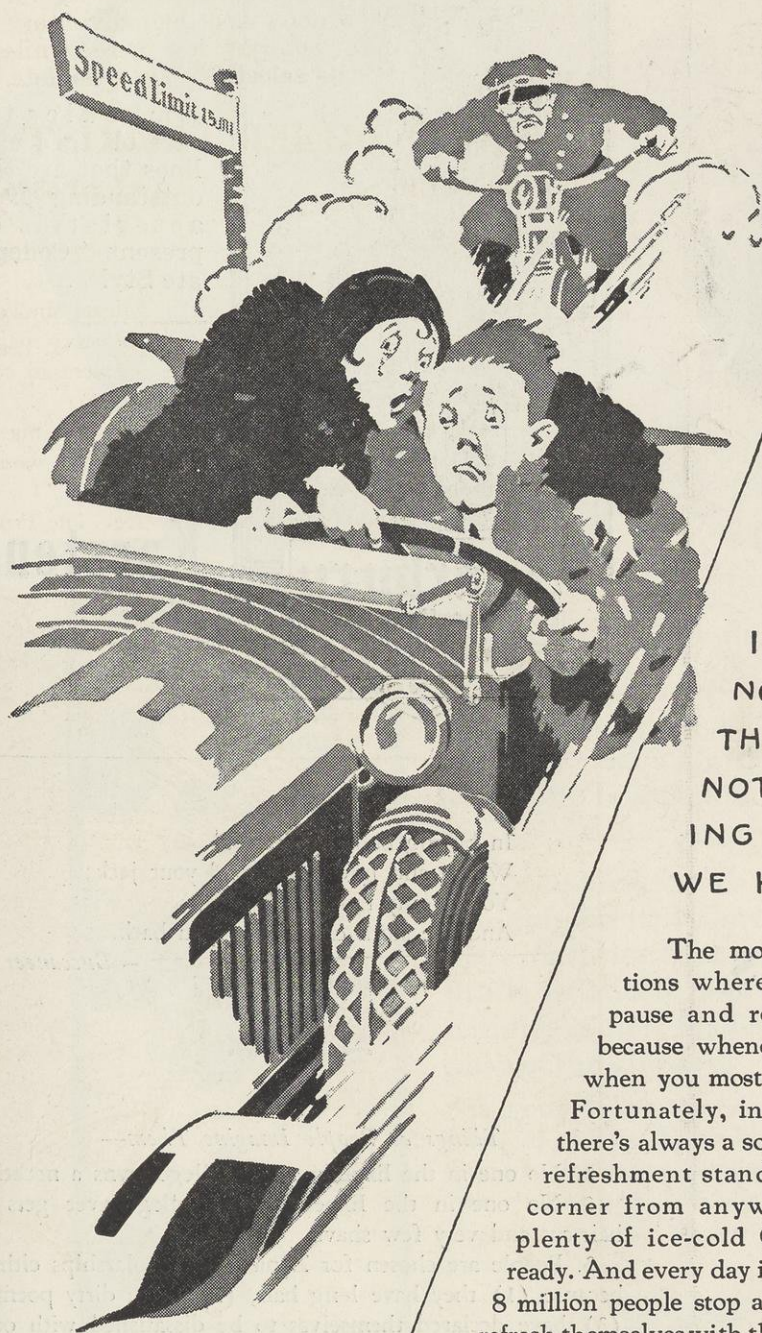
I went to Chicago. I saw its night life, but it left me untouched. It seemed as though I would go through life sweet and simple.

Then my grandmother took me to see "The Front Page."



*The Hit and Run Driver Takes Up Aviation*





Drink  
**Coca-Cola**  
Delicious and Refreshing

## PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

IT WON'T BE LONG  
NOW. AND THE PAUSE  
THAT'S COMING MAY  
NOT BE SO REFRESH-  
ING AS SOME OTHERS  
WE KNOW OF.

The moral is to avoid situa-  
tions where it is impossible to  
pause and refresh yourself—  
because whenever you can't is  
when you most wish you could.  
Fortunately, in normal affairs  
there's always a soda fountain or  
refreshment stand around the  
corner from anywhere with  
plenty of ice-cold Coca-Cola  
ready. And every day in the year  
8 million people stop a minute,  
refresh themselves with this pure  
drink of natural flavors and are off  
again with the zest of a fresh start.  
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER  
**8**  
MILLION  
A DAY

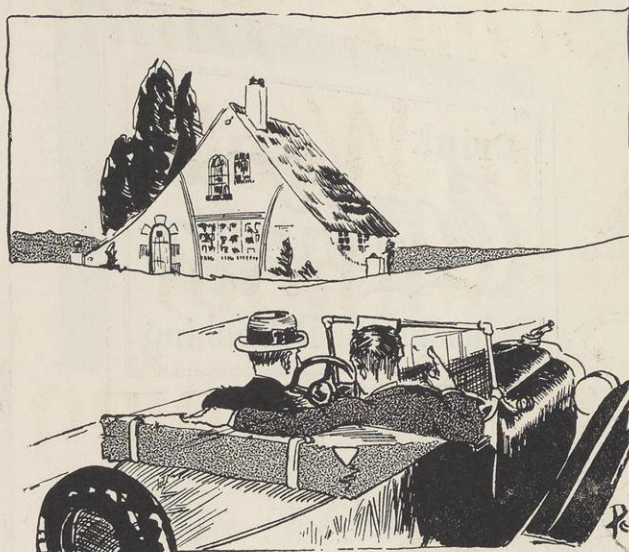


YOU CAN'T BEAT THE  
PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

C-2





For  
Business  
or  
Monkey-Business

Afternoon Drives  
and  
Evening Dates

Badger  
Rent-A-Car  
Fairchild 2099 State at Henry  
We Deliver

LEARBURY



Embodies the careful graceful lines that are the outstanding characteristics of present Collegiate Styles.

Karstens

In buying booze be careful  
Where and how you spend your jack;  
You're only living this once,  
And the stork can't bring you back.

—Buccaneer

Things as People Imagine Them—

1. No one in the Experimental College owns a necktie.
2. No one in the Experimental College ever gets a hair-cut and very few shave.
3. People are chosen for Zona Gale scholarships either because (1) they have long hair, (2) write dirty poems, (3) have declared themselves to be dissatisfied with our government.

Things as They Really Are—

1. No one in the Experimental College owns a necktie.
2. No one in the Experimental College ever gets a hair-cut and very few shave.
3. People are chosen for Zona Gale scholarships either because (1) they have long hair, (2) write dirty poems, (3) have declared themselves to be dissatisfied with our government.



# "One Schick Blade a Week.. without Stropping!"

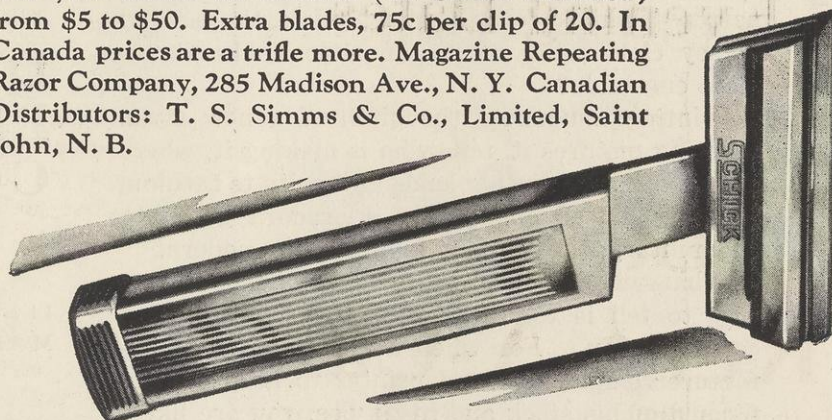
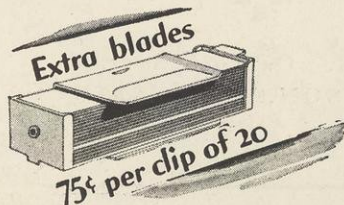
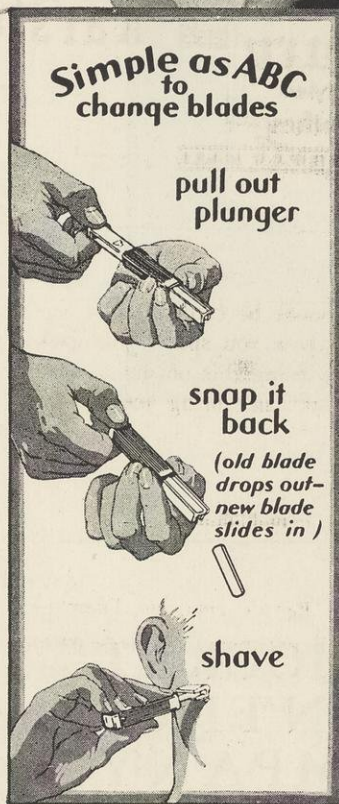
HERE is the keenest, most durable shaving edge men have ever known—thanks to the metal, Schick Steel. Most men use one

Schick blade a whole week and no stropping.

This superkeen edge has given the Schick Repeating Razor its fast growing reputation—"A smooth shave, quick, with a Schick." Schick's best salesmen are men who use it every day. Who boast about it. Who say to their friends, "Now I've got the shaving problem licked. I use a Schick Razor."

Shave one week with a Schick and you will never go back to old-fashioned shaving equipment. You'll find more than marvelous shaves in the Schick. You'll find a beautifully balanced razor with a clip of 20 blades hid in the handle—a new blade in position to shave at a pull and a push of the plunger.

Ask your dealer for Schicks (20 blades included) from \$5 to \$50. Extra blades, 75c per clip of 20. In Canada prices are a trifle more. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Ave., N. Y. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Limited, Saint John, N. B.



A smooth shave, quick with a

# Schick Repeating Razor



## Who gave them authority to wear such clothes?

**I**T would take high courage to appear on the Avenue in April of 1929 garbed as our heroine is garbed.

The military effect, the pinched-in waist, the high laced shoes, the explorer's collar, the horticultural or zoological hat—one might well ask who *ever* gave them authority to wear such clothes.

But it took no courage for the belle of 1917 to wear this suit a short twelve years ago. There was plenty of printed authority to govern every item in her wardrobe.

There were the style sheets of the dress shops, the booklets and folders of the milliner, the costumer, the stocking manufacturer and the bootmaker. With scarcely a peep at what others of her sex were wearing, she could tell from good printing what styles were in fashion, where they might be had, and what price she might reasonably expect to pay.

Who authorizes the styles of this spring—the narrow-brimmed felt, the short skirts, the printed Jersey cloths, the return of cottons, the three-piece ensemble?

Printing announces the birth of a new style. Printing pictures it, tells who is making it, where it may be had. Printing lends authority to fashion. Printing helped change the Floradora girl into the military, the military girl into the modern.

What will the next change in style be? One way to tell is to watch the good printing that comes to you. For when a merchant or manufacturer employs a good printer to keep you informed of his stock and his styles, you are likely to find his advice authoritative.




---

### DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY



114 S. Carroll Street  
MADISON, WISCONSIN

---



# Velvet

IT'S ALL CREAM  
ICE CREAM

"our wagon passes your door"

## Kennedy Dairy Company

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

Phone B. 7100

### *Stop! Have You Forgotten Anything?*

An insurance salesman was arrested a few weeks ago on the charge of frightening women at night by appearing clad only in his B. V. D.'s. He was alleged to have been "mentally unsound." If he had only been a professor the authorities would have laughed and called it absent-mindedness.



### *Perhaps It's a Parental Edict, By George!*

Last month it was announced that the Prince of Wales had sold his stables and would limit his riding activities hereafter. With the Prince riding only occasionally this will mean that the telephoto and news dispatches from England will be cut to about half their former amount.



### *Wouldn't a Pied Piper Do?*

The American Heraldry Society has looked up Hoover's family record and discovered an ancient coat of arms whereon is depicted a sheep leaping over three hills, and a rose in full bloom. Now if they could only modernize that and have it show a bootlegger nimbly jumping across the Canadian border closely followed by the whole blooming U. S. prohibition force.

## Stewart Smart Shop

227 State St. Madison

## FOR EASTER



## CO-ED FROCKS

featured at

**\$10 \$15 \$25**

The young Miss will enjoy her Easter Promenade if her frock comes from us. We have all the spring shades and many varieties of styles in our three price groups.



# FIT FOR A KING



Braeburn University Clothes for Spring are plainly smart and smartly plain. The ability to blend deft colour mixtures of intrinsic gentility is portrayed in the new honey shades of tan.

## THE COLLEGE SHOP NEXT TO THE LOWER CAMPUS

**COSTUME JEWELRY**  
*In the Moderne Manner*  
**Must Contrast . . .**



### THE PERFECT ENSEMBLE CALLS FOR A DECIDED CONTRAST

WE are showing Rubies set in Antique Silver to be worn with the new Chartreuse Green.

VERY lovely too is the combination of Sapphire and Silver to be worn with the Green or Red Ensemble.

THE Chrysoprase Green shows off the blue ensemble to decided advantage.

AND last but not least your sun tan in pearls or gold to be worn with Brown and Combinations of Brown, Red and White.

LET experts guide you in the selection of your new Spring jewelry.

**C. W. Parker, Inc.**

9 W. Main St.

Successors to Gamm's  
**JEWELERS**

### *The Little Genius*

"Oy, Mrs. Rabinowitz, guess what ve got by our houze!"

"Vhy, Mrs. Goldberg, I should be a fortunate teller, what iss it?"

"Vhy my Sammie brought a player piano, such a business."

"Hmm, dots nize."

"Aindt it, little Abie is taking lessons, already he can put in de roll and peddle five minutes!"

Optimist: Spring is before us.

Pessimist: Yes, but look before you leap.

She: You mustn't. Nay! Nay!

He: Please!

She: Nay!

He: Say, was your mother ever scared by a horse?

—Columns

Dumb Dora is so dumb she thinks "No kidding" is a slogan for birth control.

—Gargoyle





# Why Yours Should Be a Babro Hat

Mainly because we have made it our business to maintain at all times the finest selection of youthful and fashion-right hats at this very popular price.

\$5

A visit will convince you.

**Baron Brothers**  
Inc

## *Something Should be Done About This!*

"No, I don't belong to a fraternity—but of course I had lots of chances. Oh yes. Let me see—oh, yes, I was rushed by the Pie-Eyeds—and by the Fi-Fis—and the Felta Thighs—oh, yes, nice groups all of them. Not that I had anything against any of them. But I don't approve of the entire situation. Fraternities make one conform too much—narrow one's point of view—restrict one's acquaintanceship—yes. It results in an aristocratic rather than a democratic point of view—what's that? You're a Hi Dri? And you want me to pledge? Why—yes, of course, I will—but understand I don't approve of the entire situation—"



"Boy! Look at that dame! Why do they streamline 'em that way?"

"To overcome resistance."

—Pointer



"You're showing a lot of interest in that money you lent me."

"It isn't the interest, it's the principal of the thing that worries me."

Mrs. Warren Scott

## Gifts

Hawthorne Book Shop 118 N. Fairchild St.

Unusual Novelties  
for  
Easter

Florentine Jewelry  
Leather Frames  
Jewel Cases and Boxes

Easter Specialties for the  
Bridge Table



# DON'T WALK!

**Drive a Rent-A-Car  
It's Cheaper in  
the Long Run**

## CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR CO.

430 W. Gilman

F. 334

531 State

*(Continued from page 17)*

"Well, yes . . . and no." He seemed impressed.

"I'm glad of it," he said, falling over another beer bottle. We passed up the alley. . . .

"And now," I suggested tactfully, "we are beginning to pass the Tri Delt mansion of Bunker Fame. Their waiters sing, their cooks dance, and their gold fish fall in for a lot of publicity." He seemed impressed again.

"So they really have something to write about?" he said.

"Yes," I answered, "and that's not all. I hear that next week the house cat is going to have kittens." . . . We passed on.

"Ah!" my partner said, "the A. D. Pi house. What about them?"

"Well . . . Ah . . . Err . . ." I said as fast as I could. He nodded knowingly, and we walked a few steps further on.

Quite suddenly from around the corner came a group of about fifty men, all hollering Delta Sigma Phi, Delta Sigma Phi.

"Chi Omega rushees," I mentioned off hand to my friend.

"Are there always as many as that?" he said.

"Every day," I answered. We walked a little further. . . .

A new face at the Delta Gamma house. They must have got their pledge . . . even after the sleigh ride party in her honor. It's funny what the world is coming to. Just at the end of these musings, the milk man

drove gingerly up, and set some bottles on the back steps. "Is he a frequent visitor?" my companion asked, in surprise.

"Very," I answered. We side stepped just in time to escape being trodden under foot by a sky nosed damsel that had just popped out of the Alpha Phi house at Wisconsin.

"What about them?" my friend asked.

"Well, it has been mentioned that the Alpha Phis and the Dekes at one of their parties . . . No . . . No," I blushed. "Look them up in the September College Humor; they're described in some length there."

"What's that house down there?" my partner pointed gleefully to the

## Buy Good Printing for Best Results

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118 East Main Street

Phone Badger 1763



# O. M. Nelson & Son

## Diamond Merchants, Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street

for

Nearly A Half Century

Alpha Xi Delta house. "It seems pretty close to the Phi Gam Chateau!"

"Not exactly," I said, thinking of the Pi Phis, "but visually."

"How's that?" he replied.

"Well, it's a sort of a shady proposition," I said, dropping the subject and pulling my friend along. . . . He seemed agreeable enough.

Upon turning the corner my friend asked, "Say, haven't you forgotten someone?"

"Oh, you mean the Kappas," I snickered. "Well, they have a new Ford, two prom queens, some new furniture, and are about to have a new house."

"Gosh," he answered, "all they

have to do now is serve meals to pay for them, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, indeed," I answered as we passed the Sigma House. . .

My friend was asleep!

*(The End)*

"Shay, shentral, gimme 200 R, pleash."

"Two hundred is not a party line, sir."

"You lie. There ish too a party, caush I jusht been there."

—Chaparral

"What's a myth?"

"A mamma moth."

—Cougar's Paw

"My God, look! Bill has his thumb on the wrong side of his hand."

"Yeh. His old man was a grafter."

—Chaparral

"I know a joke about why a chicken crosses the road."

"For Gossakes, don't pullet!"

—Ranger

## Spring-and sportwear-

Warmish, sunshiny days make even the most earnest student seek the links, the pleasure of the drive, the goodness of just being outdoors.

Fine sweaters of Scotch imported yarns, in popular pastels; golf sox to match, or contrast, if you desire; knickers of tweeds, or worsteds; light English print ties;—all go to complete the sport attire appropriate to the season.

## HOAK & DUNN

*Gelvin's of Madison*

644 State Street





# Two Suggestions and One Leads to the Other

Directions:

*Start at*

## College Rent-a-Car Co.

315 North Henry St.

New Cars

Fairchild 12 or 13

# MEAT

*Goeden & Company*

"I hear that the dean of women is going to try to stop necking."

"I should think she would, a woman of her age."

—Bull



The old gentleman was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding.

"Are you the groom?" he asked the melancholy-looking young man.

"No, sir," the young man replied, "I was eliminated in the preliminary tryouts."

—Nitt Witt



*College Student on a Date with Gilda Gray*

Stude: Gilda! Are you cold?

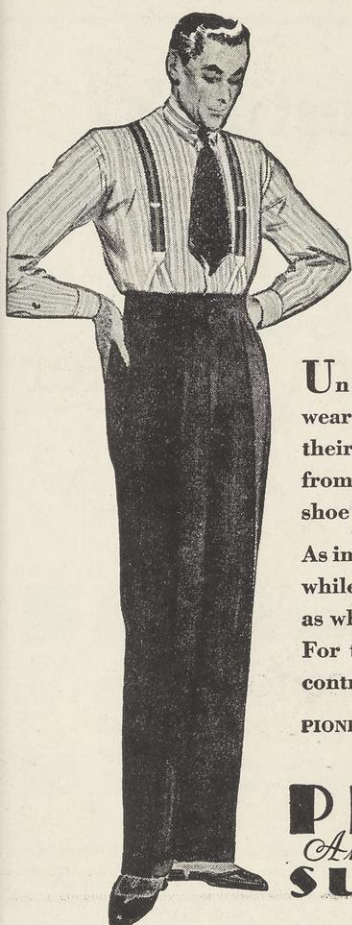
Gilda: No, I'm not cold.

Stude: Why are you shaking, then?

Gilda: That's my business!

—Sun Dial





## IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS

Undergraduates who "belong" wear Pioneer Suspenders to insure their trousers hanging gracefully from the waist-line and meeting the shoe tops at a precise angle.

As important for correct appearance while performing scholastic duties, as while engaging in social activities. For the setting of the sun doesn't control the set of your trousers.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS • PIONEER BELTS  
BRIGHTON GARTERS

**PIONEER**  
*America's word for*  
**SUSPENDERS**

(Continued from page 25)

I hurried through with my calls that night, and cut out a coupla' places that never gave us much trade anyway. The sound of Biggs' voice had been kinda' queer, and I knew he had somethin' up his sleeve. He was sitting in the back of the room when I come in.

"C'mon back here," he says, "I want to show you some-  
thin'."

I went back. He had a wicked looking little automatic lying on the floor. "This," he says, "is our only welcome for nightly visitors."

I sorta' steps back; I wasn't ready for anythin' like this. "Biggs," I says, "do you mean you'd shoot if you caught anybody snoopin' around?"

"Exactly!"

"Why not call the police and tell them about the letter?" I says.

"No! We haven't any proof or clue to work with outside of what we know about these Italians. Police in a small city are worse than nothing when it comes to detective work; we can do our own protecting."

I didn't say nothing.

"Now," he says, "we've got six more nights left before Sunday. We're going to go on just as before and as if nothing had happened. Let 'em see we aren't afraid. On Saturday night the fireworks ought to start. C'mon, let's go out to dinner—I'm hungry!"

I didn't sleep much that night; I could hear Biggs

(Continued on page 42)



## DIRECT TO YOU FROM STYLE CENTERS

Hart, Schaffner & Marx never lose a minute in getting the new styles to us. Style scouts, posted at the world's style centers, see to that. The style report for spring says, "the new colors, Dickens blue, Malacca tan, and Scots greys are in the lead."

Suits with two trousers

**\$50**

**Olson & Veerhusen Co.**

7 and 9 N. Pinckney St.





# Hotel Loraine

Madison, Wisconsin

Many students find this the ideal place for their Sunday dinners. Music and excellent meals in pleasant surroundings

*"Come in and browse"*

## Book Bargains

In new and used books of  
all kinds

5c-10c-25c-35c-50c-75c

**BROWN'S BOOK SHOP**

10% Rebate Checks Good  
NOW

"What are spats?"

"Past tenses of something one is prohibited from doing in a street car."

—Green Goat

Three drunks were lying in the gutter one night, to all appearances unconscious of everything. A blue Cadillac sped by at forty miles an hour.

Half an hour later, one of the three rose to something resembling a sitting position, and said: "That wash a shlick Rollsh Roysh juisht went by!"

An hour later the second of the trio, propping himself on one elbow, scowled and said, "That wash no Rollsh Roysh, 'twash a Piershe Arrow!"

Three hours later the third man raised his head and vehemently avowed, "If yoush guysh don't shtop arguin', I'm gonna leave!"

—Jester

Izzy: Oiy, popah, I got bids from five fraternities. Wot should I do?

Izzy, Sr.: You dumbkopf! Oi, for why am I sending you to business colitch? Sell quick to the highest bidder!

—Wampus

Great Big Pirate: I want you as my booty.

She (disgustedly): I detest men who use baby talk.

—Punch Bowl

"Look here nigger. Why is you borrowing this here razor?"

"Well Rastus, if my wife is all alone I is gwine to shave."

—Whirlwina



# Rosmor Frocks

231 State Street

**Going Out of Business Sale  
Every Dress Must Go  
Regardless of Cost**

**\$5 — \$7.70 — \$9.70**

**Be here early store opens 8:30 A. M.**

*(Continued from page 20)*

whistle of its owner. What fun Tom would have with it at parties, and at school, where he could be the center of all eyes.

That afternoon, just as Tom left the house to go to Wheeling to show Mary the cigar, Bill Collins stepped from the shadow of the ice-house and grabbed the precious possession. He jumped on his motorcycle, and was half way to Halifax before Mr. Onion, who happened to see the accident could jump into his pony cart with Tom and Bob in pursuit. After a hot race of 10 miles, the motorcycle got asthma of the valves and caught fire. Tom, Mr. Onion, and Bob found the tough sitting on an old log, with the cigar between his fingers. As they approached he lit it with a jeering motion, and puffed contentedly. He confronted the trio with a truculent look. Tom was not daunted.

"Give me that cigar, Bill Collins and no fooling about it!" he snapped, quick and tart like, as a rubber band.

"Try and get it, Tom Swift, I've

got you where I want you at last," sneered Bill, laying down the cigar within easy reach on the log.

But Tom had a trick or two up his sleeve, and paid no attention to Collin's attitude. Carelessly he whistled a bar or two of the well known hymn, "Jesus, Why do the Roses Grow so Red?" and the cigar, unable to resist its master's voice, turned about as intended.

Collins calmly picked it up for another puff, but no sooner had he carried it to his mouth, than he gave a cry of mingled pain and rage. Emitting another yell of anger and baffled purpose, he fled to parts unknown.

"I guess that'll teach him a lesson," laughed Bob, and the three chuckled heartily at Collin's discomfiture.

To this day Tom always has a twinge of mirth when he looks at the half smoked cigar that lays in the small glass case in his office in the Swift Manufacturing company. Tom is modest about his success, and attributes it all to that first cigar.

*(The End)*

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*(Continued from page 39)*

tossing around uneasy like, too. The next night was like the first. During the day we worked on as usual, and anybody from outside wouldn't have guessed that anythin' unusual was going on inside of us. Once, I looked out of the door across the street and caught one of the wops peeking out through the screen door. He pulled his head in right away when he saw me.

That week passed the slowest of any I've ever seen. We both kept lookin' across the street when we thought the other wasn't lookin', and then we'd jump at every loud noise. We tried playin' cards and readin', but we couldn't keep our minds on either. By the end of the week we was both lookin' as if we hadn't slept a wink for four days, and we hadn't. Saturday night came at last and at seven o'clock, when it was startin' to get dark, Biggs went to the bureau and got our gun. He came and sat down beside me.

"Charles," he says, fumbling around with the loading, "we're going to sit up all night if necessary and try and nab whoever snoops around our lot. We'll divide the night into shifts of three hours each. You sleep from nine 'till twelve; I'll take the next three hours; and so on."

I went to bed at nine, like he said, but I was so full of what might happen, I didn't get more'n a light doze in. I could hear him moving about from time to time, and now and then going outside and standing there listening. He shook me at twelve and I got up and took the gun.

"Nothing's happened yet," he says, "but keep your ear open. Remember to wake me up if you hear the slightest noise."

"Sure!" I says, tryin' to act full of confidence, and a though I was used to this sort of stuff. I sat there awhile staring at nothing. Then I got up and read the Post awhile. I couldn't keep my mind on the story so finally gave it up. I went to the door and stood there looking out. There was no light in the wops' place. Now and then a car passed, and I could hear people laughing and shouting. By quarter of two there was hardly a person on the street. Everything was pitch dark except for a all night hamburger stand a block away. I turned around to go back and sit down in the dark when I heard a little noise. It wasn't nothing more than the rustle of a leaf over by the side of the lot, but I felt somethin' creep up my spine. I turns around tellin' myself I was a fool to think that everything that moved was a man, and that was just imaginin' things. Then I heard it again, and this time I was sure I heard a whisper.

I tiptoed back and woke Biggs up, puttin' my hand over his mouth. He caught on right away and got up without sayin' a word. The two of us sneaked out the front door. Then we stopped and listened. The sound was movin' back towards the end of the shop, and seemed like there was two people. We edged along the wall of the shop without makin' a noise. Up ahead we could hear these two fellows goin' almost as cautious as we were. All of a sudden I stopped and grabbed Biggs' arm.



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Over to the left of us I hear another noise moving along. I never was so scared in my life. Here we were tryin' to fight against what was probably a whole gang of hard-boiled toughs; they had us surrounded and I wasn't goin' to stay there and be beaten up for nothin'. I don't mind a fight, but when there's about ten against two there's no pleasure left in it. I started to turn around and go back when I felt Biggs nab me by the arm and turn me around. He did it so quick and with such force that I lost my balance, tripped over a board lyin' there, and went down with a racket you could have heard a mile.

Before I could jump up, I heard Biggs yell, "Hands up! Stay right where you are!"

I leaps to my feet and the two of us walks slowly over to where we last heard the sound. No one said nothin' and we couldn't tell whether they was still there or not. Then Biggs flipped out his flashlight and turned it on the corner. I just caught a glimpse of two great big fellows, and then there was a shout, and they jumped on us.

Now I used to have a pretty good reputation as a fighter back home, and I guess I can still hold my own with most anyone my size or even a little bigger, but these fellows were about twice our size. I could hear Biggs strugglin' with his man while I was tryin' to get on top of mine and sail into him with my fists. Every time I'd get him part way over he'd flip me back like I was a kid, and start poundin' me in the face. All of a sudden I felt him go limp and he just seemed to roll right off me. I jumped up, and there stood somebody with a flashlight and blackjack in his hand. Biggs was standin' up, too.

"Guess they won't bother you none for awhile!" this fellow was sayin', "grab hold of 'em and we'll carry 'em into the shop." Well, we didn't know who he was or what his name was, but we didn't care, so we just carried these two fellows in and turned on the light.

The birds we'd been fightin' with was the two wops from across the street, but the stranger that'd helped us out and saved us from a good drubbing, I couldn't place for the life of me. His face looked kinda' familiar.

I guess he saw we didn't know who he was so he says, "Guess you boys don't remember me, but I'm the feller you saved from gettin' a nasty crack over the head from these same fellows here, across the street that night," and he points to the wops on the floor who was just beginnin' to move.

"The bootlegger!" I busts out without thinkin'.

"Yup!" he says, "and I'm thinkin' we'd better get these babies tied up, 'cause they seem to be comin' around."

I hustles back and got some cord, and in a few minutes they was both lyin' there tied hand and foot. "How in the deuce," I says, lookin' at the bootlegger, "did you happen to be around here at this time of night?"

"Well," he says, "I got tipped off by one of my wop customers that these babies was braggin' around that they was goin' to clean you out tonight. Now, you done me a good turn once, and knowin' you didn't know what kind of fellers you was up against, I thought I'd drop in on the party. Damn lucky I did!" he says, kickin' one of the wops in the side, "'cause they was up to some mischief

(Continued on next page)





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(Continued from page 43)

sure as hell. Look!" he says, stoopin' down and pullin' somethin' out of the pocket of one of 'em, "look at this fuse! H-m-m-m, wonder what they was goin' to use that for? Don't find anythin' on 'em like dynamite, 'er powder. Got anythin' around back that'd explode if you touched a match 'er a spark to it?"

"No," says Biggs, "no, we never have had anything of that sort around. Can't imagine what they wanted that long fuse for."

"You're sure?" says the bootlegger.

"Yep!" says Biggs.

I pulled on his sleeve a minute, struck by a thought, and whispered in his ear. He looked rather queer for a second and then says to the bootlegger, "Charles, here, has just suggested a possibility—but shucks! they wouldn't stoop to a trick like that!"

"What?" says the bootlegger.

"Why," says Biggs, "he suggests that we have a big barrel of naphtha standing out in back and . . ."

"The dirty low down devils!" busts in the bootlegger, "'course that's what they were after! They'd stoop to anythin'! I know 'em! Why, by God, they'd have blown the whole end of the shop off and no one would have known who done it!"

"Yeh!" I says, kinda' weak like, "and we sleep in that back part of the shop!" and then I went on to tell him all about the letter we got and what we'd decided to do. When I'd finished, Biggs stepped in and says, "Well, it



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seems to me we might as well put a proposition up to 'em right away; now's as good a time as ever."

"What kind of a proposition?" I asks.

"Why," he says, "I'm sure that if we put it up to 'em in the right way and with enough persuasion and evidence from our friend here, we could easily persuade them to buy our store and all its furnishings for the sum of five hundred dollars, which is," he adds, "precisely the sum we would earn through it if we were to stay here until spring, plus, of course, a small bonus for services rendered."

"Biggs!" I whoops, "you're a wonder!" and the bootlegger catches on and lets out a horse laugh fit to raise the dead. Then we all went over to the wops, who were sittin' up and sorta' blinkin' their eyes and mumblin'.

At first they swore a blue streak until the bootlegger cut 'em short and gave 'em a choice of payin' the money or havin' us squeal on 'em to the police and local papers.

"What's more," he says, "I guess you won't do no squealin' on me, either. I've got enough dope on both of you to keep you in the jug the rest of your life!"

I guess they saw the common sense of his argument, anyway, they talked together a minute, and then nods their heads, and one of 'em motions to us to untie his arms. Then he reaches in his back pocket and pulls out a dirty old check book.

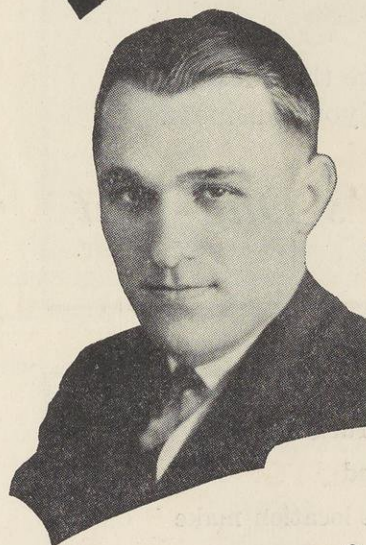
"No you don't!" says the bootlegger, "you give 'em cash! You've pulled that stunt once too many times! One 'a their little tricks," he says, turnin' to us, "is to carry all their money around with 'em and just enough in the bank to cover checkin' expenses."

The fellow growled, but he put back his check book and hauls out a roll 'a bills big enough to choke an ele-

*(Continued on next page)*

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(Continued from page 45)

phant. He counted 'em out slowly in twenties and fifties, and Biggs made out a contract signin' over all our claim to the shop, and then we all signed it, and Biggs took the money. Then we untied 'em, and with me holdin' the gun, showed 'em the door. They went off talkin' fast in Italian.

The bootlegger stayed a few minutes longer, and then got up to go. "Well, boys," he says, "here's hopin' you enjoy your hike—I guess we're about even now!"

"No!" says Biggs, "keep this for a souvenir!" and he hands him one of the fifties. The fellow wouldn't take it at first, but then he grinned and tucked it into his pocket.

"G'bye!" he says.

"S'long!" we yells after him.

### VII

Two days later we was forty miles from Pardee City, headed towards the coast. We both had new outfits on, plenty of grub, and a nice little nest of Travelers' Checks in Biggs' back pocket.

"Biggs," I says, as we was lyin' on a bank at the side of a road after eatin' dinner, "what do you suppose we'd have done if those wops had refused to pay the money to us?"

"H-m-m-m!" he says, lookin' at me and half smilin', "I s'pose we'd have gone and filled that naphtha barrel that'd been empty two days, and continued in business until spring."

(The End)

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—Voo Doo



She: Why, your heart sounds like a drum beating.  
He: Yes, that's the call to arms.

—Banter



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He and She: Can't park here! Well, whaddaya got  
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—Siren

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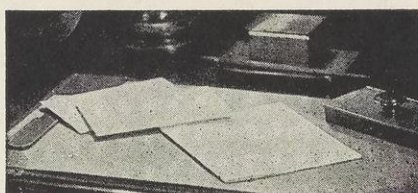
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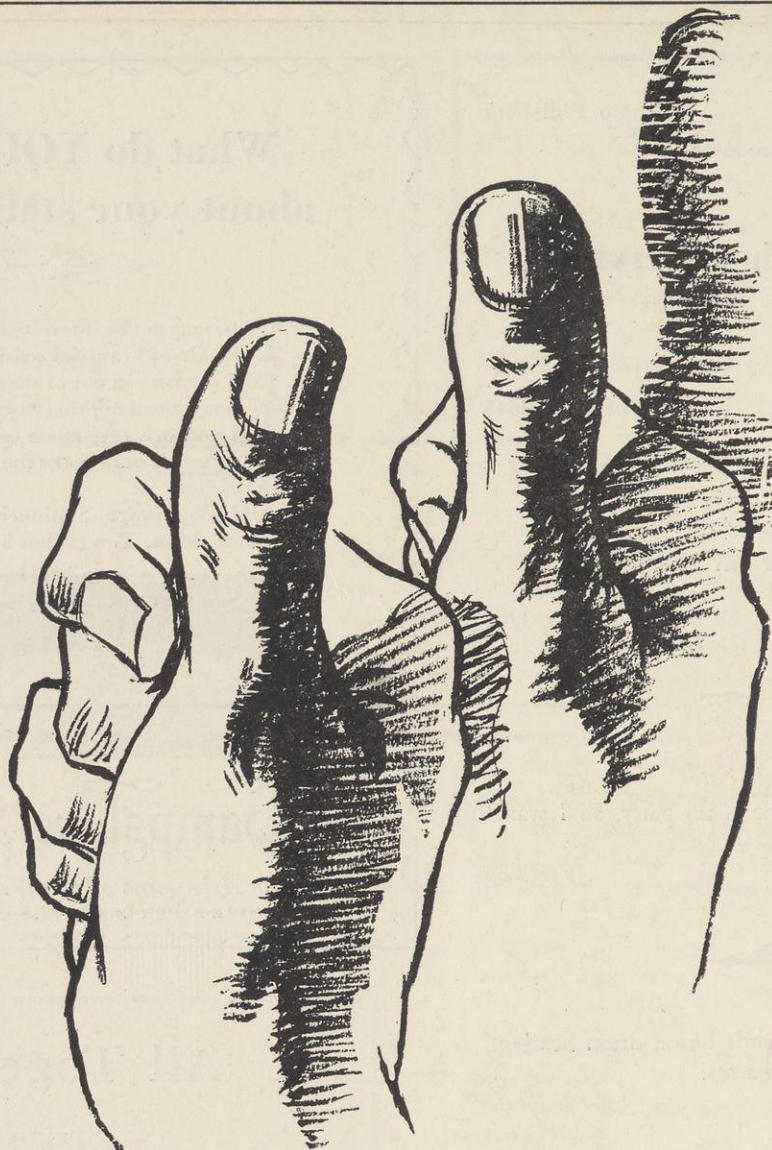
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*Friday, March 22*

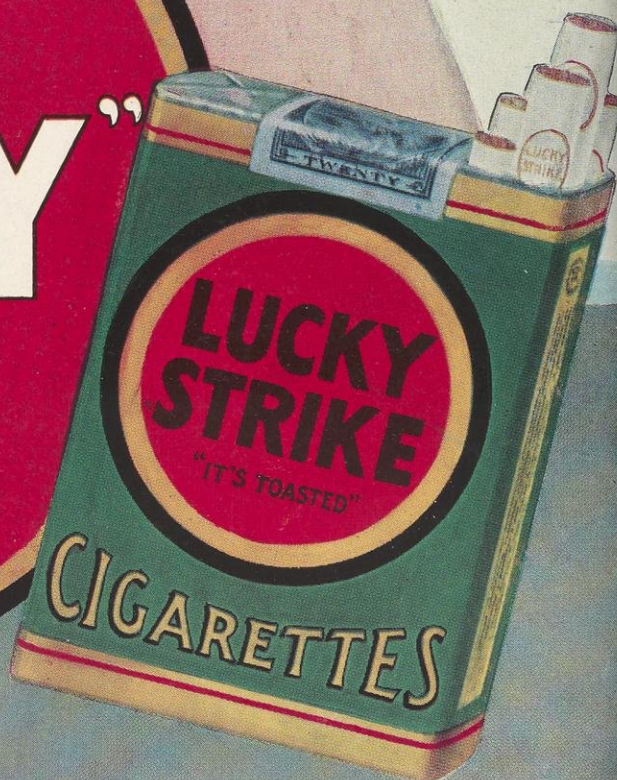
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