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OCTOPUS

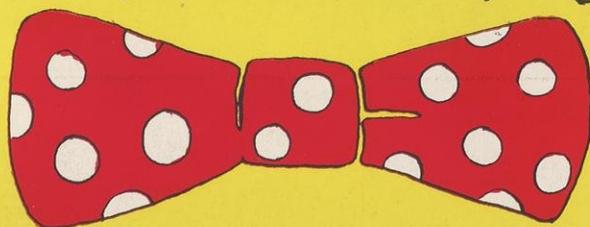
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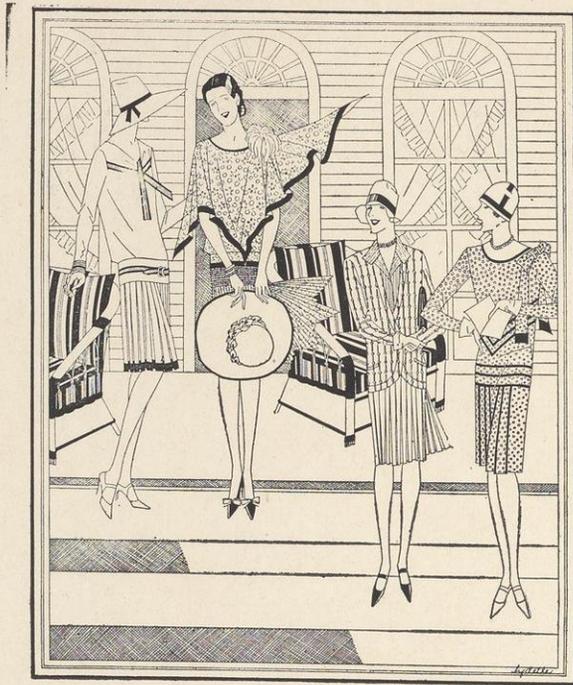
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

the man who
cleaned up the
Stock Exchange

DICK
ABER



JANITOR'S
NUMBER



Now That Spring Has Come To Madison - - -

THE poets that sing of the joys of spring could sing even better songs if they but knew Madison in springtime. New green in the grass of the Hill. New sounds on Langdon street. New freshness in the very "look" of the familiar places.

And matching the newness and loveliness of the scene are the frocks and accessories at Kessenich's. Selected by people who know her best, chosen for her individuality and chic—the Wisconsin girl finds the spring display at Kessenich's a veritable "dream come true" . . . her dream of lovely things for spring . . . at her own store.



Kessenich's
"The Busy Corner"

GELVIN'S

The Ides of March

Neglecting this date cost Caesar no little discomfort.

TOPCOATS by HOAK & DUNN afford comfort and avoid the dangerous temptation to go coatless.

HOAK & DUNN

Gelvin's of Madison

644 State Street



March

Lion and Hare, Blizzard and Slush, Storm and Sunshine—

—Indeed—

A most terrible month as to weather

—So—

Remember your galoshes and The Irving!

You will enjoy the attractive lenten dishes



We
Welcome
You
!

IRVING COFFEE HOUSE
IRVING CAFETERIA
STERLING AT IRVING

Rely on our cars
for dependable
performance.



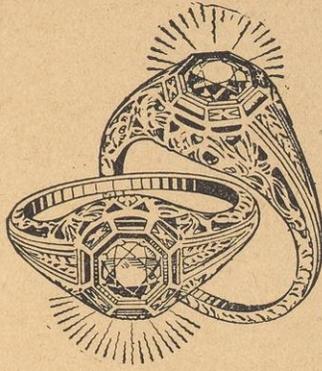
Badger Rent-a-Car Co.

250 State St.

F. 2099



Janitor (after second day on job backstage at the Folies): Gosh! H'ain't had so much fun since Matilda mistook the castor oil for some French dressin'!



FINE QUALITY DIAMONDS

BLUE-WHITE, well cut, brilliant and free from flaws, the quality diamonds we are showing are worthy of purchase for pleasure and investment. Add to this the finest and most novel mountings obtainable and you have something to be proud of always.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS

Engagement rings are given special thought at this store. We provide the very best values at moderate prices—harmonizing the settings and the stones in such a way that they are always sure to please.

Prices Range From \$50 Upward

R. W. NELSON

JEWELER

320 State Street

F. 4242

FOR MARCH OCTY PRESENTS—

Cover by Dick Abert and John Ash

OCTY'S SILENT LETTER CONTEST...page 7
 Frontispiece by Dave Willock.....page 9
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 Page by Loren C. Moore.....page 14
 "How I Became a Janitor," an interview by Bob DeHaven and Don Trenary. Illustrated by John Allcottpage 15
 "Then Came Eve," by Holley J. Smith. Illustrated by Peg Drakepage 16
Editorialspage 20
Book Reviews, by Paul Fulcher.....page 24
 "Virginia Ann Meets the Test," by Franklin Porter, with illustrations.....page 26

And what's more—a whole flock of side-aching jokes and eye-pleasing art work!

FRED W. KRUSE CO.

205 State Street



**Kruse Distinction is Paramount in
 These New**

Easter Coats

OUR Easter collection of coats for university women includes an extensive variety of distinguished fashions—fashions of significance to the smartly dressed, fashions that translate completely smartly and accurately all that is new in coats.

Special Groups at

\$29.50 \$39.50 \$69.50

Mangel's

NEW YORK WAIST HOUSE

27 South Pinckney Street, Madison

Have You Looked at Mangel's?



9.95

14.95

24.75

We bring you the experience gained in 75 successful stores known the country over; the prestige in fashion — more variety — greater conveniences — better values.

"FAN TAN" SILK HOSIERY

Satisfaction or Replacement Guaranteed
56 New Spring Shades - 1.00 to 1.95

A Complete line of
LOVELY SILK LINGERIE

MEAT

Goeden & Company

Facts Every Janitor Should Know

1. Whether the cleaning company will deliver Uncle Amos' blue suit in time for supper.
2. Whether the grand piano will go up the stairs, or will it have to be lifted through a window.
3. How to make the milkman stop leaving our cream down at Mrs. Dingleberry's door.
4. The reason for that peculiar noise one always hears at night, and which simply will not let a soul sleep in peace.
5. Whether it is advisable for Snookums to wander about alone.
6. What to do about those awful all night parties the Joneses are always throwing.
7. How to put an aerial on a roof with forty-nine others already in use.
8. Where to put the key so Fred can get in when he comes home late from the lodge.

Porous: Gotta cigarette?
Plaster: Yeah, guess I'll smoke too.
Porous: Gotta match?
Plaster (disgustedly): Aint'cha got anything but the habit?
Porous (two minutes later): Say, willya blow some smoke rings?

FAIR PRICES—FRIENDLY SERVICE

BROWN'S Rental Library

- ¶ Over 1300 titles of the best fiction since 1925.
- ¶ New titles added immediately upon publication.
- ¶ Books not in, will be reserved for you.
- ¶ Rates only 3c per day; 10c minimum charge; no deposit.

Read A Book Over The Weekend!

BROWN Book Shop

621-623 STATE STREET



QOEHRIQ

"Dang this strike! Here the barbers go and pass a no cut rule just as I was goin' to go and have me mous-tache trimmed."

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM
ICE CREAM

"our wagon passes your door"

Kennedy Dairy Co.

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

Phone - - - - B. 7100

Buttons

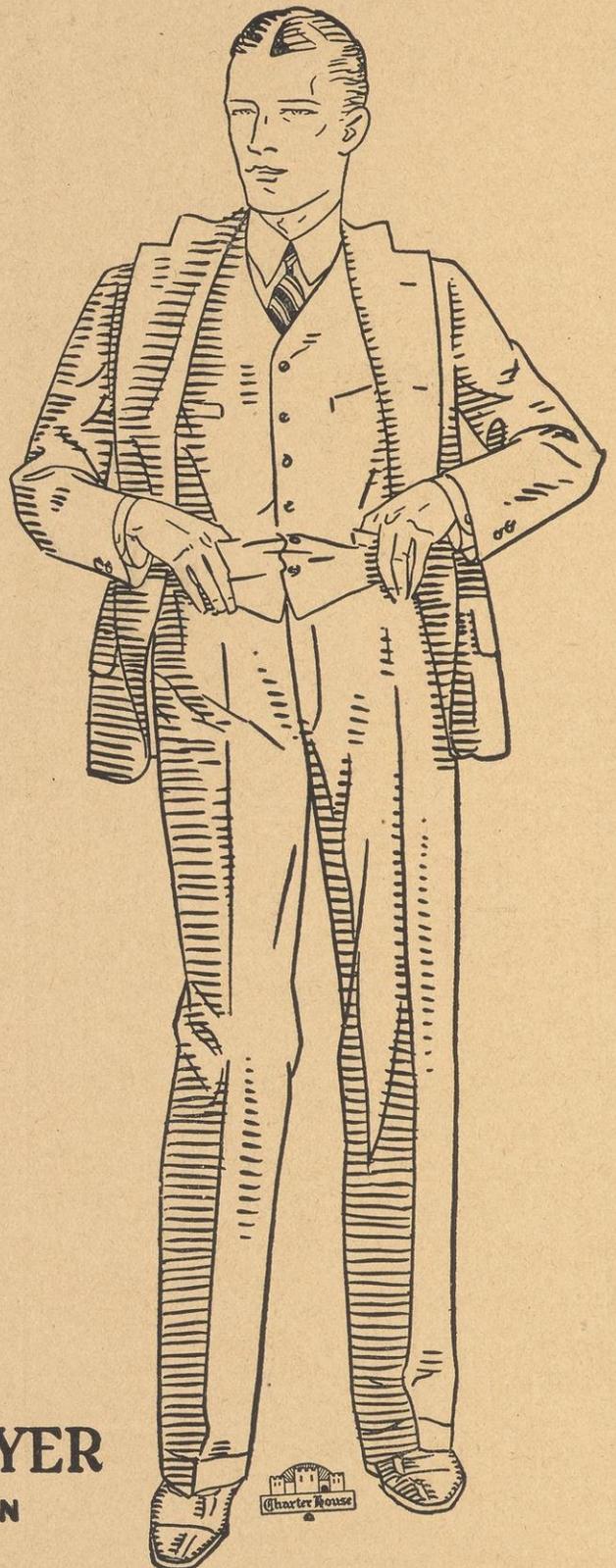
As you wish! The new Charter House model is a coat easy to wear because it buttons in any number of model. As a three or two button, lower or middle button in any position it retains that swing that sets it off from "just another suit."

The stock is now complete and ready for your inspection.

\$40 \$45 \$50

BAILLIE

O'CONNELL AND MEYER
 MADISON ~ WISCONSIN



OCTY'S NEW
SILENT LETTER CONTEST



Octy offers to all of its readers this month something new and different in the way of contests. Said contest will be known as the OCTOPUS SILENT LETTER CONTEST (patent applied for).

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

Charter House

Now, just what *is* a silent letter contest? Well, it amounts to a sort of glorified pun as well as a newer and cleverer way of assaulting the King's English. Here are some samples:

- "The B is silent, as in *hives*."
- "The T is silent, as in *golf*."
- "The M is silent, as in *eggs*."

Get the idea? It's easy—just start through the alphabet (you remember it, don't you?) and see what *horribly* happy results you can get. We've made it *painfully* easy, in fact, all you have to do is to fill out the enclosed form and send it in. If you are stricken with more ideas, merely make copies of the form and fill them out.

Octy will positively pay ONE DOLLAR for each of the ten best answers. Staff members and their families are barred.

The Park Hotel

"Madison's Good Will Hotel"

- 200 Modern Rooms
(All outside)
\$1.50 to \$2.00
- New Private Toilets
\$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50
- New Shower and Tub
Baths
\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4



WALTER A. POCOCK, Prop.

The Inter Collegiate Hotel for Madison

POCOCK HOTELS

WALTER A. POCOCK, President

- PARK HOTEL FREDERIC HOTEL
- Madison Saint Paul

To the Wisconsin Octopus,
Union Building, 772 Langdon Street,
Madison, Wisconsin.

"The ___ is silent, as in _____"

Name _____

Street and City _____

Phone _____



A View of a Section of the First Wisconsin Style Conference

And Now It's Here--"Wisconsin's Own"

IT'S here—on the campus—in the classroom. "Wisconsin's Own" is well named for it has won its way into the choices of hundreds of men of Wisconsin in their spring suit shopping.

It came because Wisconsin men have definite style ideas. And in order that these ideas might be expressed, a truly representative Wisconsin group met last fall to design a suit for Wisconsin for spring.

**By Wisconsin Men,
For Wisconsin Men
"Wisconsin's Own"**

And working with the group in the expression of Wisconsin style, were expert designers from the studios of Society Brand. Fabrics, styles, patterns — all these were incorporated into the discussion and into the suit.

Now it's here—on the campus—in the classroom. And that's the reason for the universal popularity of "Wisconsin's Own" for Wisconsin and by Wisconsin.

THE HUB
F. J. SCHMITZ & SONS CO.
Madison ~ Beloit



The Janitor Spends a Day at Home



MÁLNÁR
GYULA

"Why do you always get so peeved every time we pass this traffic signal?"
"Can I help it if I see red?"

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



"I want ice delivered here every day except Mondays and Tuesdays."
 "Oh I see you're away on those days?"
 "No, my husband's home."

Attorney for the plaintiff: Was she a good wife to you?
 Defendant: She was the best I ever had.

He: I had to come clear across the room to see you, so I wanna kiss you.
 She: Gee I'm glad you weren't in the next block!



Small boy (calling up mother at bridge party): Ma! Kin I eat those two doughnuts in the cupboard?

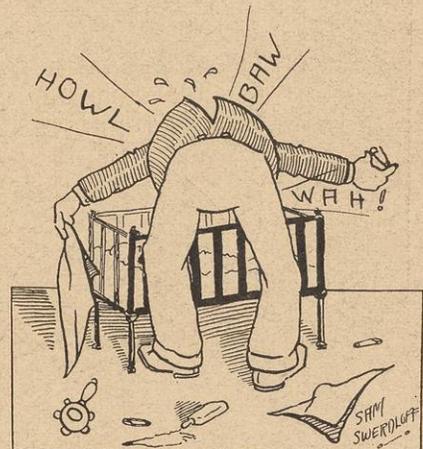
Voice at other end: You have the wrong number!

Small Boy: Well, maybe there are three of 'em, but what I wanta know is kin I have 'em?

Vaudeville Joke

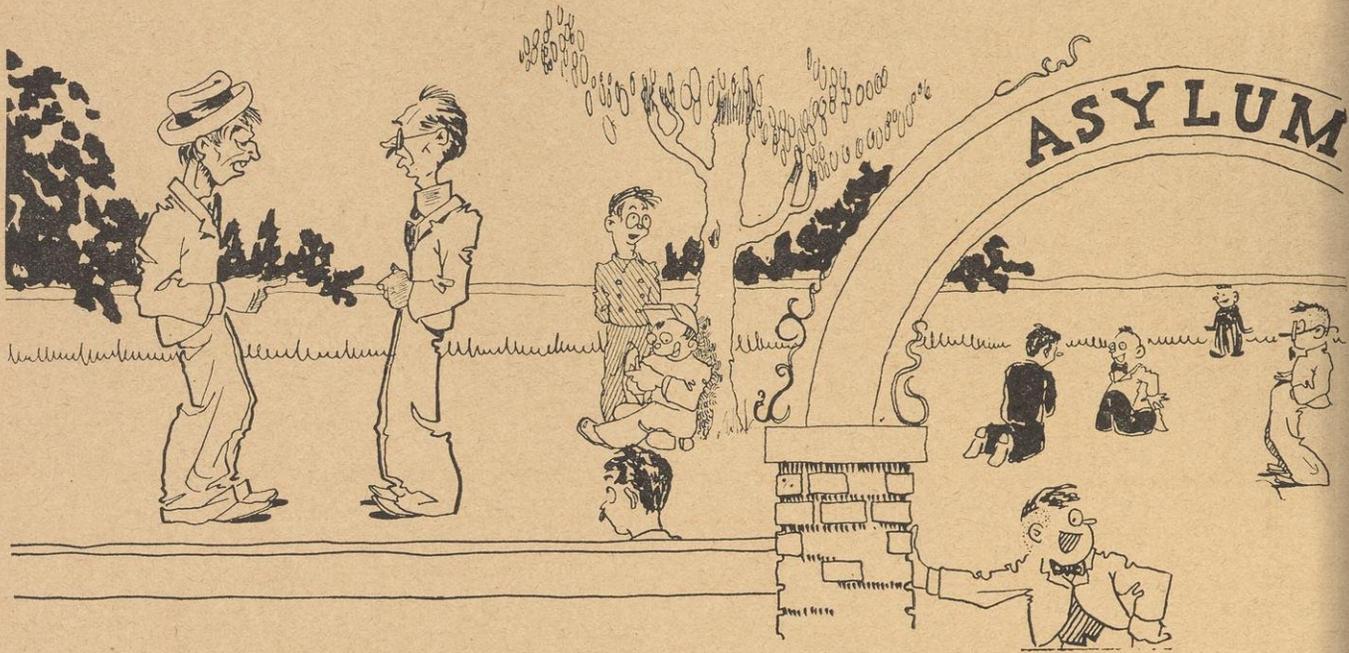
"Has he got big feet?"
 "Has he got big FEET?"
 "Yes, I said has he got big feet?"
 "Well, the other night I answered the door when he called and asked him to take off his snow shoes."
 "Yes, the other night you answered the door when he called and asked him to take off his snow shoes."
 "Well, he had already taken them off."

One—Three co-eds took a tramp out in the woods.
 Two—Did they have any fun?
 One—No; the tramp died.

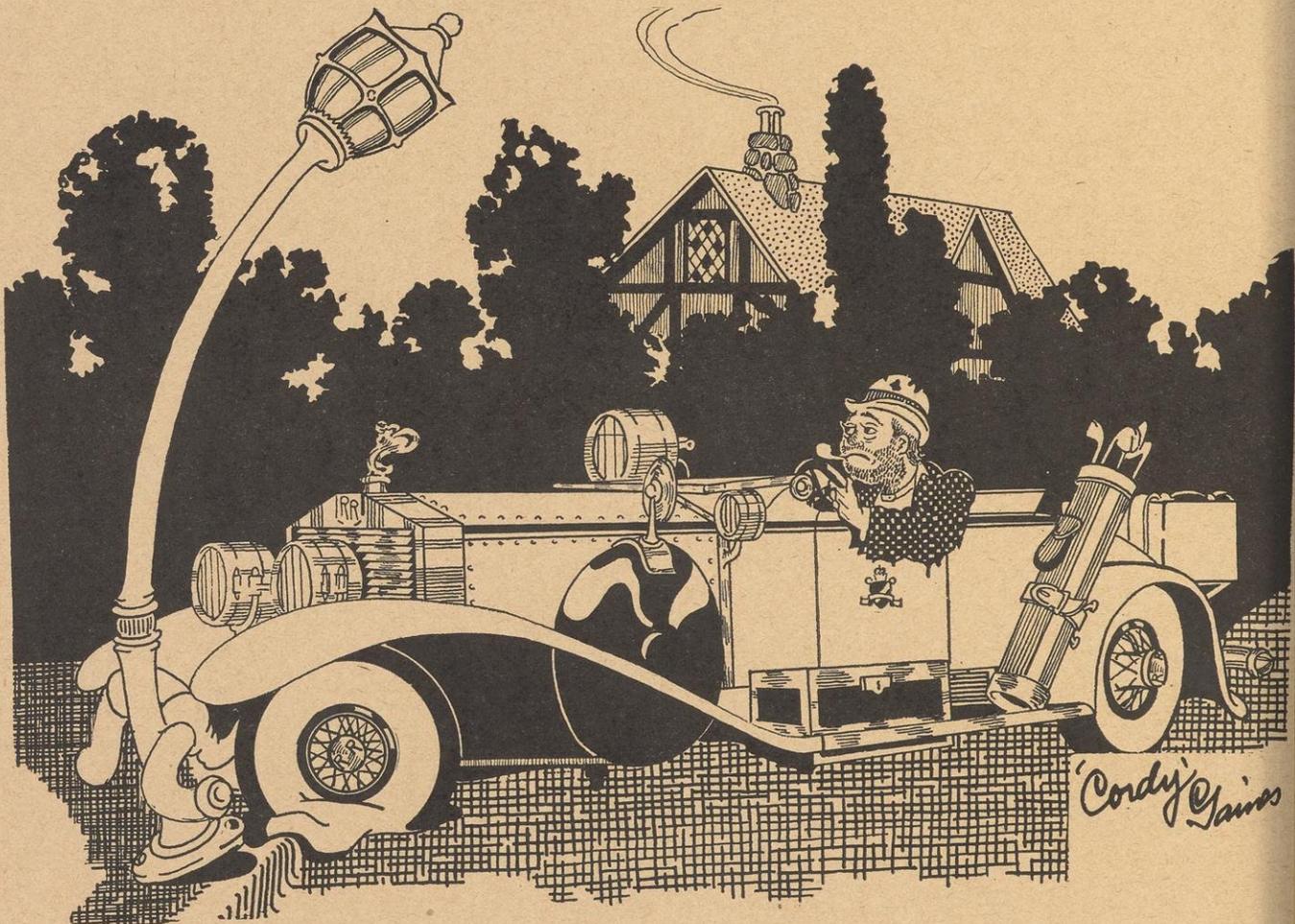


The age of indiscretion

The janitor does a little cleaning up



"That guy over there is crazy!"



A Bum Steer



By the Half-Wit's Half Brother

The regents thought some of using the Gamma Phi house for the library addition. It is an actual fact that the small brother of a member of the Gamma Phi dormitory, while passing Sterling Hall, pointed at it and cried to his sister, "O-o-o-h, that's where you live!"



The Phi Kap maid, Pat, came home one night this month slightly under, or boiled, or loaded whatever term gets the idea across. After she had roused the neighbors and clicked their minds back to the Thetas coming home after Prom, some one of the above frat bellowed out in the night, "Quit actin' like a co-ed and get in here to bed." Well put, one might say.



I was just wondering where this house, Beta Pi of Beta Eta Pi or something like that, got their five foot stack of victrola records. Every house seemed to lose their collection on the same night, and Tom Healy either bought a lot of them or was delivering an awful big order for a music store. Of course, its neither here nor there.

The Phi Gams decided not to have a tile roof on the same house. From 50 to 3000 dollars were saved. It seems to be going into fines. Isn't it strange?



The Phi Psi residence of Killer McKee signed a long official looking document before they built their new house, which is always mistaken for the annex to the University Club. This legal paper was to serve as pro-tection to the Phi Psi house against zealous Board of Regents. Now the trouble is that the Regents in a stupor over a cold dinner egg made appropriations for a library addition, and the Phi Psis can't find their legal matter. Its as serious to any Phi Psi as the loss of his date book.



The Pi Kappa Alpha's seem to have the season's best record for semester losses. Out of eighteen pledges, three were eligible after Dean Good-night lifted his axe.

Last year's Prom queen is a nervous sort. When in suspense she will taste of her right index finger very furiously and at great length. Watch for her in front of Bascom Hall.



Phi Delt alumni will begin requiring all parties at their house to be costume parties. Clever and original take-offs as costumes would be worn by some of the members. Seems to me that the orchestra might as well go home at ten-thirty as far as some of the brothers are concerned.



The Alpha Xis are picking up spending money as models for Pepsodent tooth paste ads. Grandmaw what large teeth you have.



There are three sorority houses on Langdon and Carroll. The Scandals section will run an essay contest with a prize of a date in each house on the subject, "At Least One of the Houses closes its Doors before 2:00 A. M. Now Which One Is It?"



*She: Are you going to the Military Ball tonight?
He: I can't; I'm on the night shift at the hotel.*

How I Became a Janitor In Six (6) Easy Lessons

An Interview by Bob DeHaven and Don Trenary

WE FOUND Luther Limber tinkering on one of his numerous devices, a little machine that cleaned six gaboons and played Chopin's "Minute Waltz" at the same time. Luther Limber was very fond of music. Clear-eyed, nimble fingered, his strong hands caressing lovingly the product of his genius, he smiled at us genially. Few people would have suspected that here in this quiet, unpretentious country estate, clad only in a quiet, unpretentious tuxedo, was a man who was third vice-president of the International Guild of Master Janitors and who was twice honored by gold medals from the Committee on Magnetic Personalities of the World's Fair of 1892. Of all his numerous medals he wore but three, while of all his ribbons only one, presented to him by the King of Portugal, adorned his breast.

"You are of the press, I suppose, and want the story of my life," he said in a quiet, unassuming tone. "I first saw the light of day from a crude log cabin near Kane, Pennsylvania. There were no windows in the log cabin, only jagged apertures covered with oil cloth. Coming on both sides from long lines of college professors, my parents were poor but honest. My early years witnessed a steady growth in my stature and intellect nursed by the symphony of the quiet Pennsylvania hills.

"During my early life I followed in the footsteps of my family tradition. I gained my BA from Kane Normal College, my MA from the Colorado School of Mines, my PhD from Valparaiso and my SP from Wisconsin.

"With these qualifications I succeeded at length in obtaining a professorship at Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin, my subjects being Arabic History and Comparative Choctaw. Here my inherent abhorrence for the teaching job was fanned into flame by the students and my salary of \$998 a year, no bonus. People avoided me on the street; little boys threw snowballs and pointed derisive fingers at me; I missed trains, forgot umbrellas, and because of her shabby clothes my wife, Mrs. Lorene M.



"Some of my larger assignments nearly overcame me"

Limber, was denied membership to the Friendly North Side Neighbors Bridge and Bunco Club. It was very unsatisfactory.

"One Thursday afternoon I read an advertisement of the Bijur Correspondence School. Any other person might have revealed himself as a Mr. John-Put-It-Off. I did not. I acted.

"I enrolled in the Bijur Unparalleled Course in Janitoring. It required but little of my spare time, time I would otherwise have wasted in reading Shakspeare or trying to tune "Blue Heaven" off the radio. In a few days the change was noticeable. My complexion cleared, I began to make witty remarks about the house, I ceased ordering chicken salad, the bagginess from my trousers vanished, I kissed my wife and really jumped on the train, and my dog, lost for three weeks returned to me. I had a profession.

"In eight weeks I had completed the course. My degree, however, was delayed for another two weeks because the postoffice department thought it was too sensuous material for the mails.

"My rise was rapid. I started out in the local Unitarian church with but three rooms and four lumps of coal. Inside of seven months I was janitoring for a dozen of the largest apartment buildings in Beloit. I still have the four lumps of coal.

"Janitoring, my profession, has made a sweeping change in me. It has taken me into some of the best establishments in the Middle West, including the Field Museum, the Indianapolis Soldier and Sailors' Monument, the Kelly Stables, and the stockyards. now number my friends by the score and am pointed out everywhere for my success and my modesty.

"In closing, however, let me say a word of appreciation for my wife and daughter. Without them to do the work, I would never have been able to rise to the high position I now occupy."

And, with a quiet, unassuming air, Luther Limber rose, indicating that the interview was over.

THEN CAME EVE

I

By HOLLEY J. SMITH

THE affair began in a hallway. Of course, it was a very nice hallway, not to be mentioned in the same breath with the adjectives dingy, or small. It was neither, for it was a particularly well furnished and even luxurious sort of place. This was because it belonged to the House, which also accounts for what took place in it. One of its most prominent features was a bench done in the best Spanish style, by Messieurs Liebermann and Schwartz, of 222½ Park Street, New York. The Bench, being Spanish, was not upholstered, but it was a seat of the best kind, serving many purposes.

The Hallway had many other objects in it besides the Bench, but these received far less attention, and usually passed unnoticed by anyone who lingered in the Hallway for any great length of time. The Hallway was typical of the House, and of the Sorority that owned it. One could see that it was intended for masculine use, as well as feminine. The Bench had been placed there especially for the purpose of allowing men to sit and wait, which they did with unceasing regularity. And waiting in the Hallway as a rule was not unpleasant. Apart from its furnishings, the apartment seemed to have an air of romance about, adding an increased charm. It was a spot of unfulfilled possibilities.

The stairway from the Hallway led to the upper regions of the House, where the girls of the Sorority were wont to sleep, study, and ruminate on the injustice of life. Some of them were always worrying about the eternal problem of keeping themselves supplied with eligible males, but these were the legacies. Eve Randall was not of them—Eve sang in the shower, as she splashed the cold water on her beautiful young body. Eve had a date, and if the truth be known, she rather anticipated it. Everyone in the House knew that Eve was going out that evening. How could they help but know it, when the strains of "The Man I Love" sung in a soft, slightly southern drawl, floated from the shower, mingled with the sound of running water. There was no doubt that Eve was happy. Suddenly the buzzer rang, three short sounds which were Eve's signal.



Picture
by
Peg Drake

He kissed her eagerly . . . just once

She heard it unbelievably. "Jud must be early," she thought perplexedly, "I simply can't have taken more than a half hour to bathe." But she had, and Jud was destined to wait.

"Eve, dear, Judson's downstairs, you'd better hurry," said one of her sisters, looking in the door, where she saw Eve's capped head poked from between the rubber curtains, dripping water on the tile floor.

"All right, Anne, I'm doing the best I can, don't bother me."

Meanwhile the House clock struck a note which denoted the half hour. Judson Carey III, seated himself on the Bench, and consumed a cigarette in a careless

manner, taking pains to drop the ashes neatly in his trouser cuff. He consulted his wrist watch, frowning gently. Eve had vaguely said something about eight o'clock; it was half past already. Oh well, it didn't matter, he was in no hurry—women were like that. At least Jud had never found one that wasn't. Eve was different from other girls . . . bue she was late.

This was Jud's third date with her, and he, who knew half the sorority girls on the Campus, and who possessed a battered second hand Dodge, had made no appreciable headway. He had merely discovered that he loved Eve tremendously, and that she didn't seem to care about it. He just wasn't used to such treatment.

Eve was decidedly peculiar. It had all begun in the Hallway one February night, just after his return from a 'tween semester vacation. Jud never failed to take a short rest after exams were over. His brain really demanded it. He had been waiting for Joan, when he saw Eve for the first time. She was a dream, and Jud promptly demanded an introduction, which Joan gave. Joan was just a bit tired of Jud . . . and that was known to be such an easy way. Jud remembered Joan, but only because through her he had met Eve. Unfortunately Eve had left school almost immediately after her meeting with Jud, and he was in a state of complete bewilderment. He was incapable of further action, until her return a year later. That had been just a week ago. A short week, but Jud had made the best of it, mainly because Eve wasn't adverse to giving Jud dates. In fact, she seemed to expect and want him to take her places. Jud didn't know what to do about Eve. She was different, at least he could realize that."

Deciding that he had smoked all of the cigarette meant for use, Jud crushed it out inside a large Spanish vase standing nearby, dropping the butt into the darkest regions of the same. He idly wondered how many butts reposed in the bottom of that vase—thousands probably.

Then a very feminine voice was wafted down the stair wall to him. It was Eve's familiar, faintly southern accent.

"Just another little minute, Jud, and I'll be with you. You don't mind?"

"Sure not, Eve," he replied gallantly, mentally cursing any woman who spoke thus, yet pardoning Eve in the same thought. For Eve was . . . Eve.

Ten minutes passed slowly, and still no prospects of Eve's early arrival downstairs. The front door opened cautiously to admit a timid creature, whom Jud quickly and correctly catalogued as being a freshman, well dressed, but plainly ill at ease, upon his first Sorority date. Jud recalled his first date with a girl from the House. It had seemed hours that night when he had waited on the now well known Bench, with strange females swishing by every now and then, and giving him appraising glances as they passed into the innermost retreats of the House. He had guessed as to what lay beyond—now he knew. He was never bothered anymore

by having to wait in the Hallway. He was an accustomed sight to all the girls, and had dated with most of them. Jud was firmly established.

He heard a staccato clatter of French heels on the stairs, Eve was coming at last. With a last little tattoo, she came down the final short flight, and stood for Jud's inspection. With his first glance at her, the remainder of Jud's annoyance passed. Eve was utterly adorable. He never could stay angry with her. She was dressed simply in blue, with a small blue hat to match, and blue earrings that dangled. She knew that Jud liked earrings, and she knew that she was at her best in blue. She certainly appealed to Jud as he helped her on with her caracul coat, and led the way to the rusty gray roadster. It was a rather cold night, but Eve did not mind the cold, so she said. Jud always liked to drive his own car.

He kicked it into gear, the blatant engine accelerated with astonishing rapidity; they moved through the crisp evening air.

"Where to, madame?" Jud asked lightly, after he had scraped the roaring four into high.

"Why, actually, Jud, I don't care. What's on tonight?"

Jud calculated quickly. It was late, and a ten thirty night. The best thing was a show, or simply a drive. But he knew Eve well enough by now to imagine what she would say if he suggested a drive, so he chose a show instead.

"The Parkway has a good show, Eve, how's that?" She promptly agreed. It was not a part of her program to have Jud take her for a ride. That would come later.

Much of Eve's charm lay in the fact that she never chattered aimlessly as girls will, and Jud, who usually made conversation a large part of his conquering methods, was at a loss as just how to win her. He found himself paying little attention to the various acts as they passed across the stage, but greatly preoccupied in thoughts of Eve who seemed quite interested in the show. As he had always received everything he wanted it seemed to him that Eve had no right to resist him. He believed that he had found the girl at last, and strangely enough, it seemed to make little difference to her. She accepted his attentions, but, then, what girl would not have been flattered to date with Judson Carey III?

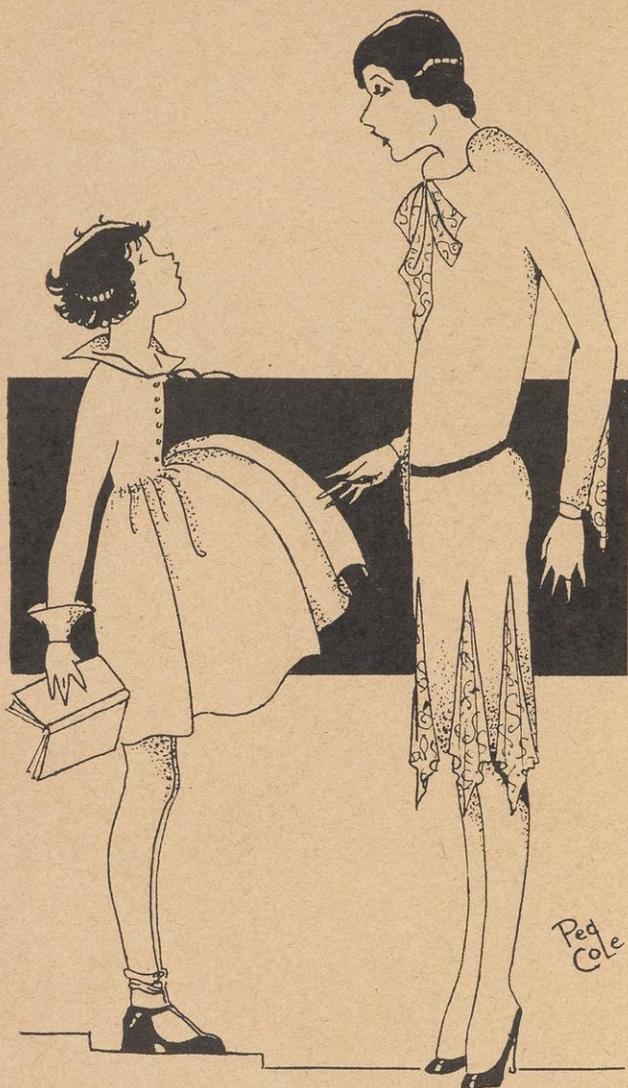
He damned the situation that would soon be the subject for a dozen fraternity house luncheon table conversations. Jud Carey made a fool of by a mere woman. He could hear them talk. "Well, Jud's fallen at last, but I guess she won't have him. Tough on Jud, isn't it?" "Yes, he's hit pretty hard. I always knew he'd weaken some day."

Then Jud banished these dismal thoughts to turn to another aspect of the business. He lost himself in a reverie of mingled emotions and scenes, in which he and Eve were the central characters. Presently he again took stock of what was happening around him, noting that the picture featured on the bill was nearly over.

(Continued on page 31)

*"Lipstick
And Fly Paper,
They're much alike—
They catch the
Careless Creatures
That pause
To investigate."*

—Connie Co-ed



"Mamma, did the stork really bring me?"
 "Yes dear, why?"
 "Then sumpin's the matter with this sex novel."



Coed on (her own) knees before young man: "Marry me or I'll go out for Phi Bete."



Nowadays, instead of saying, "I'll love you for ever and ever," Joe College says, "I'll love you 'till the Delta Gamma mortgage is paid off in full!"



Bright: Why is a duckling so bashful?
 Child: Because it's 'ittle clothes are all "down."

Agitated girl to best friend at dance:
 "Psssst—Gertie—f'evven's sakes beat it, your dress is showing!"



Careless-Like

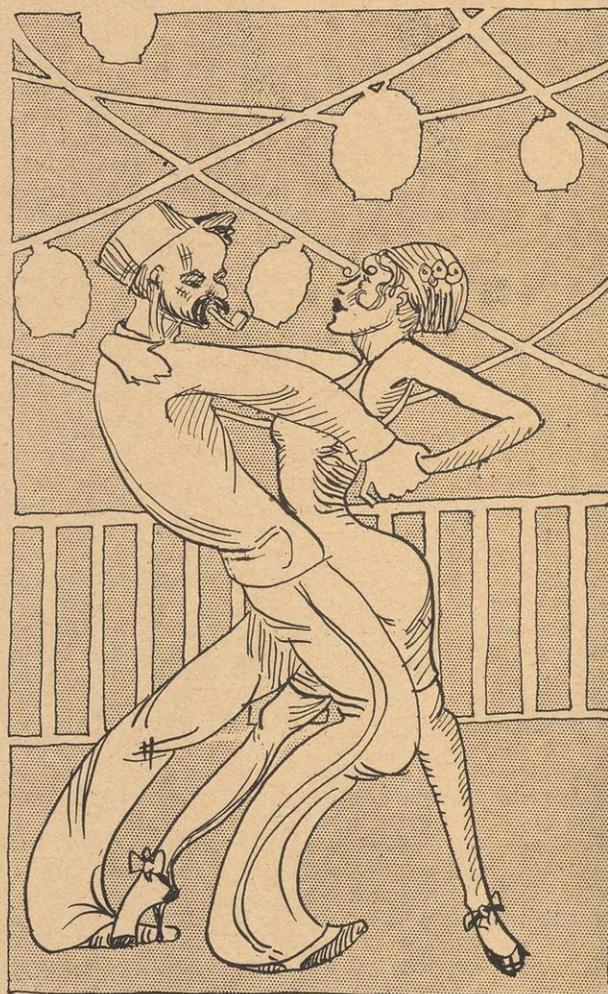
It seems that Mrs. Smith's colored maid had asked for a vacation as she was being married and wanted to go to New Orleans on her honeymoon.

Mrs. Smith, in her usual gracious manner, granted the request.

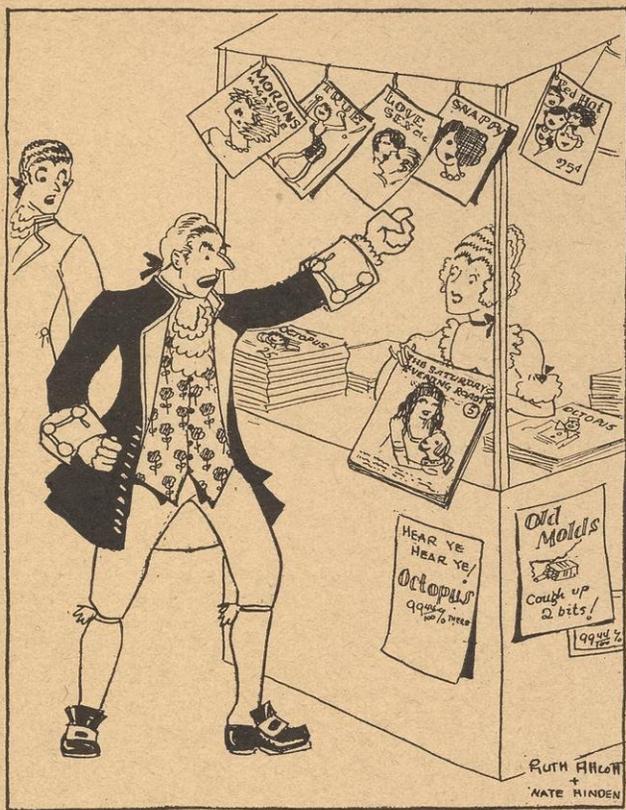
However, the day after the wedding, the maid appeared ready for work. Mrs. Smith, her curiosity aroused, was led to ask questions.

"Why Eliza, I thought that you were going to New Orleans on your honeymoon. Aren't you married?"

"Yessum," said Eliza calmly, "Ah'm married alright, but Ah've been to N'Awlans befoah so I let my cousin go with him."



"What was the temperature this morning?"
 "Eight below."
 "Why Pat said it was four below."
 "That's alright, Pat looked at only one thermometer and I looked at two."



If Patrick Henry were alive today: Give me Liberty or give me my nickle back!

"Is I narrow-minded?"

"Is you—Rastus, you all is so narrow minded, bof your ears shows in profile."

One: My father belongs to the Kiwanis club.

Two: My father is a Rotarian.

Three: Oh.

One and Two: What's your father?

Three: Papa.

One and Two: Yes, but what club does he belong to?

Three: Mamma says he's a dear.

One and Two: You mean an Elk?

Three: Dunno—I guess so.

One and Two: Oh.

Fond Mama: WILLIE! Stop picking your nose this very instant!

Little Willie (commencing to weep): Bawww—I don't get my choice in anything.

Mamma Squaw: Holdum papoosum for while mebbe?

Papa Chief: Yep.

Mamma Squaw (after several moments): KISSUM papoosum mebbe?

Papa Chief (returning papoose rather gingerly and doubtfully): No; gottem towel?

"You're quite lazy, aren't you?"

"Yeah, reckon I is, boss, but ma father had a job once."

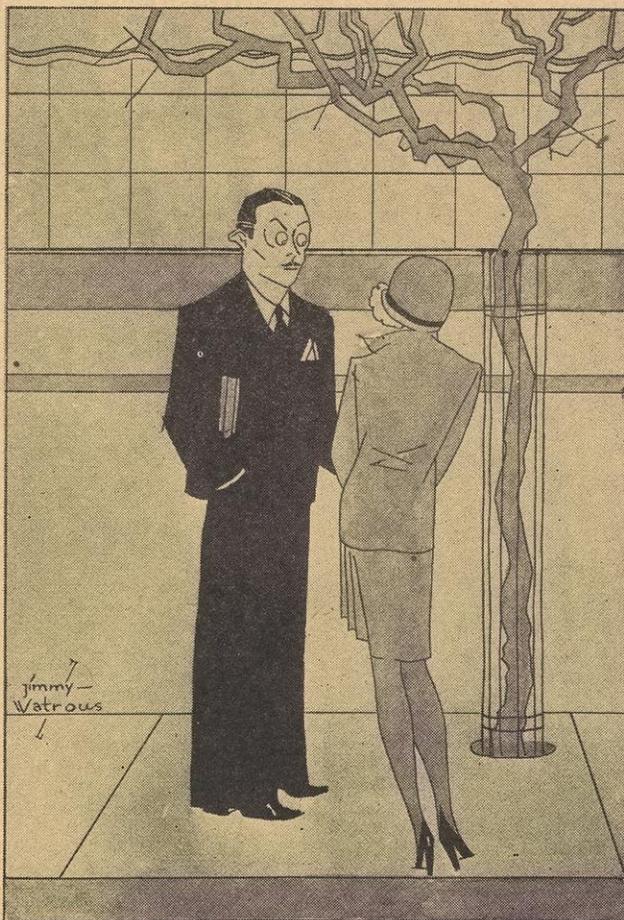
"What was that?"

"He was a bar tender in the state penitentiary."

Father of twins: My wife doesn't know her multiplication tables.

Other athlete: Howcum?

F. of T.: She thinks one times one makes two.



"Let's go to the zoo and watch the funny animals."

"Naw, let's go up in front of Bascom when classes let out."



THE NEW UNION CONSTITUTION

WE GOT a real kick out of reading over the new Union constitution and, while our understanding of legal forms is somewhat limited, it would appear to us that Union Board, if the constitution is liberally interpreted, will be holding an enviable position in student life and government.

Note these points:

"The officers of the Union Council (the governing body of the Wisconsin Union) shall be as follows:

"Chairman—President of the Wisconsin Men's Union. . . . The Chairman shall preside at all meetings of the Union Council and of the Wisconsin Union, and perform such other duties as are incumbent upon the office."

It is also interesting to note that "The Union Council shall be constituted as follows:

"President of the Wisconsin Men's Union, ex officio, . . . 1st Vice president of the Wisconsin Men's Union, ex officio . . . 2nd Vice Presi-

dent of the Wisconsin Men's Union . . . Secretary of the Wisconsin Men's Union, ex officio . . . Treasurer of the Wisconsin Men's Union, ex officio . . ."

That places the head of the Union Council as well as four members in the hands of Union Board.

Then comes this:

"All groups or individuals having jurisdiction in the Memorial Union Building, or using the building, shall be responsible to the Union Council. The Council shall have the power, providing it does not supersede University rules, to govern the activities of members, guests, and organizations in the building, and may suspend membership, deny the privilege of the building, and (or) impose fines to maintain discipline."

Looks as though we'll have to behave ourselves exceedingly well, and be very nice to Mr. Union hisself, since we have high expectations of moving into the new building on its opening. We just hope that Mr. Union is a big hearted sort of man and won't be guilty of using the constitution undemocratically, Octy is very sensitive on the subject of democracy.



HEY MISTER LEVIS!

LAST month we got real daring and asked Mister George Levis, ticket manager deluxe of the University of Wisconsin, the why and wherefore of basketball tickets and how they happened to go in such large numbers and good positions to people outside of the University.

Cousin Daily Cardinal agreed with us that some kind of explanation of the situation should be made, and Octy wishes to thank the Deet.

Somehow, the object of our attention, Mister George Levis, (bow for the ladies, George) completely didn't get around to telling us what it was all about. Maybe Mister Levis didn't read the editorial that we so painstakingly wrote, or maybe he's silently brooding over the situation and contemplating something desperate. Gosh.

At least the new gym will do lots toward clearing up the present condition, and we wish sincerely to congratulate George Little.



Octy's new SILENT LETTER CONTEST appears on page 7. Get the complete details about this exciting and interesting contest—it's something different from what has ever appeared in any other campus publication, and it's very much worth trying!

"Isn't this just fine and Dante?" she asked, looking at a copy of the "Inferno".



They were driving out in the country for a picnic. Suddenly the car hit a bump and a bottle fell smashing to the road.

"Stop the car, John," she screamed in his ear, "The tomato sauce just fell out."

"That's all right; it'll ketchup."

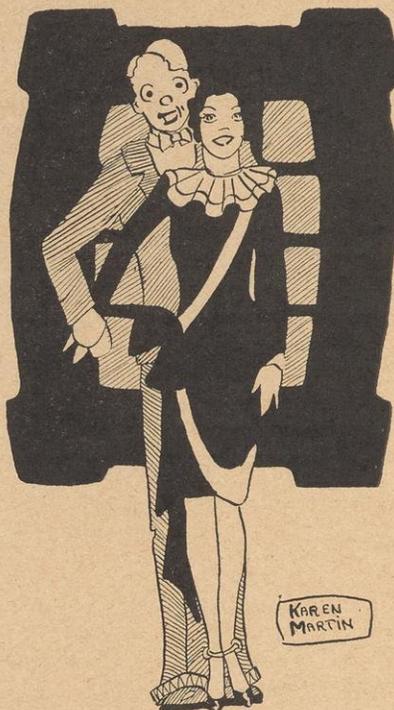


"Did you get a warm reception?"
"Gosh, I got raked over the coals."



Irate tenant: Why isn't there any heat up here?

Knowing janitor: My daughter's gone out.



"For two cents I'd kiss you."
"Will you accept a check?"



"That's me all over!" exclaimed the motorist as his race to the railroad crossing ended in a tie with the train.

The way the average father writes to his son at college—Dear \$on.



"Is she clever?"
"Well, she makes up jokes."
"For Octy?"
"Naw, she works in a beauty parlor."

"Is she an Eskimo?"
"Yes, can't you see her blubber?"



"Is that instrument hard to play?"
"Hell no, it's a pipe organ."



"Her name is a dead give away."
"What is it?"
"Charity."



"Why is the moon like a drunken collitch boy?"
"I'll bite."
"It spends its last quarter passing out."

"Gimme a bottle of ink."
"What size?"
"Black."



Two quarrymen were blasting rock when a stick of dynamite exploded prematurely.

"Cripes!" yelled Bill, "there goes my hand."

"At's awright, Bill," his helper replied, "You got another one."



"I gotta frog in my throat—ulp!"
"I hope ya croak!"

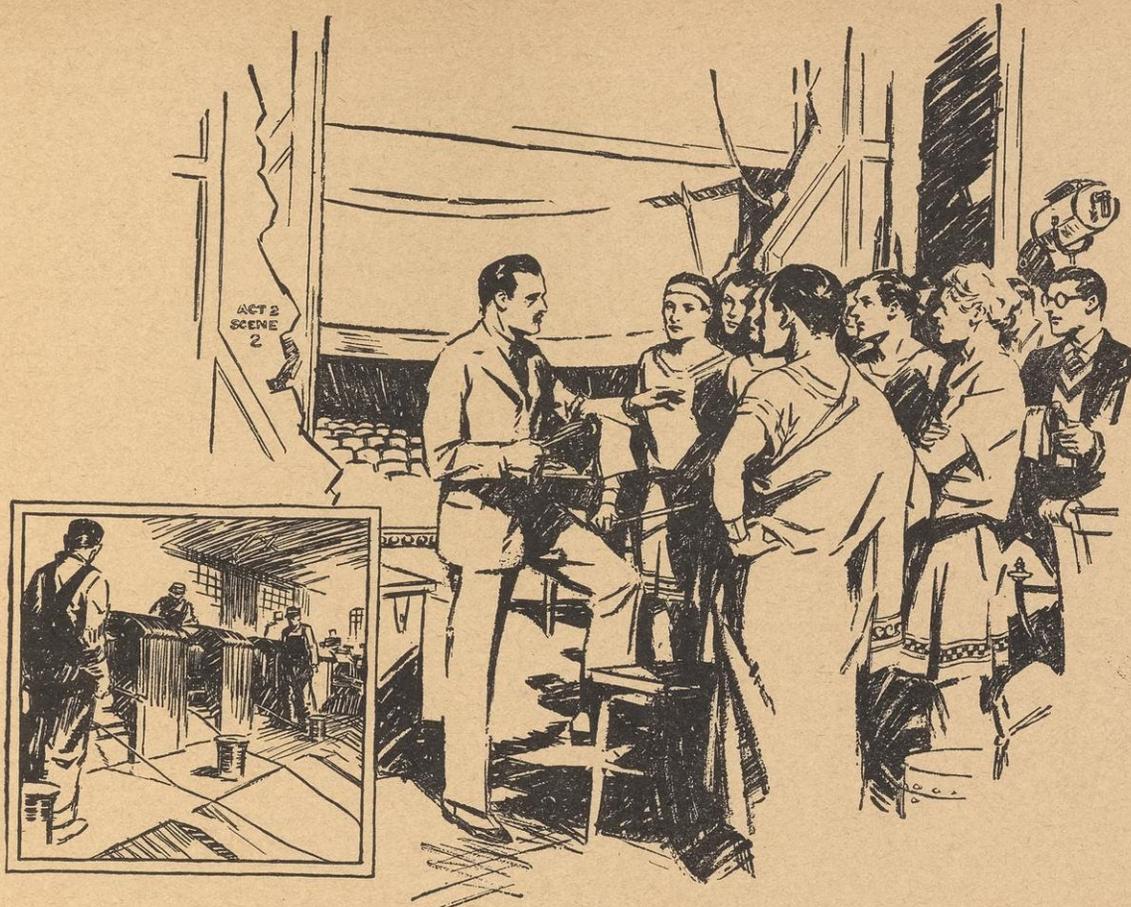


"Do you know the difference between a horse's nose and a mail box?"

"SIR!"
"Aw you spoiled the joke—I was gonna give you a letter to mail."



"I once acted as a witness at a wedding."
"That's nothing I once attended a public execution."



Where "good enough" isn't—

In producing a college play everything depends on rehearsal. Every part must dovetail into every other part. And only endless hours of hard work can result in a smooth running production.

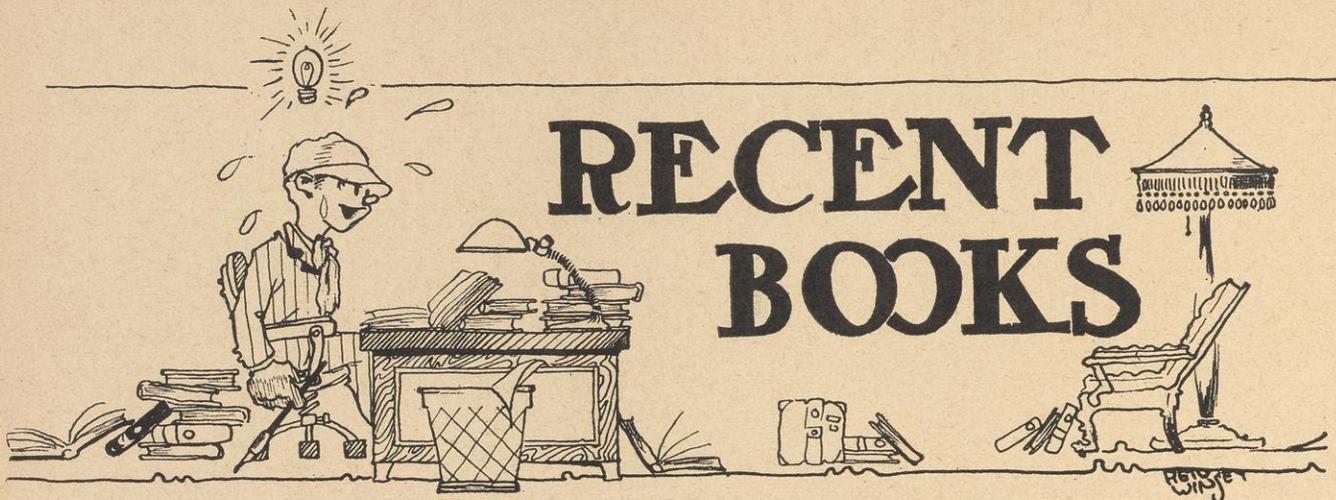
Nor is a college play any different in this respect from a great industrial enterprise. Every day in the Western Electric shops men cooperate unceasingly in the effort to insure smooth running in the machinery of producing the nation's telephone equipment — a job unmatched in complexity in the whole field of industry.

The actors in the Western Electric drama are setting new standards for themselves, developing broader responsibilities as they develop new and better manufacturing methods.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



By PAUL FULCHER

Willa Cather's New Novel

"Whatever is felt upon the page without being specifically named there—that, it seems to me, is created," says Willa Cather in an essay called "The Novel Demeublé." Throughout Miss Cather's latest novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop* (Knopf), this sense of a beauty more real because intangible, a richness more ample because unappraisable, a creative energy more powerful because immeasurable, is felt to the highest degree. No one now writing in America approaches Willa Cather in her ability to combine beauty with power, reality with vision. Her new novel is the simple story of the first Catholic bishop over the regions wrung by the United States from Mexico in 1848; of his

wisdom and humanity, his spirituality and common sense; of his hardships and their compensations; of his work and its rewards.

Death Comes for the Archbishop is rich in overtones. Miss Cather clothes the natural beauty of the new lands with a series of colored lights and shadows—the dark enigma of Indian culture and religion; the half-Moorish, half-Christian civilization of Spain, filtered through its long exile in old Mexico; the insistent push of the United States, blatant and coarsely cruel as in the family to which old Sada belonged, honest and strong as in Kit Carson; and, through the nostalgic memories of the bishop and his friend and fellow worker Father Vaillant, the simple French mountain land of Auvergne. Yet these shadows and these lights never obscure the inherent naked beauty of the land itself.

Here is no plot and no mystery; no pleading for petty causes; no grudges against a social order; no exquisite black-sheep sneerings at the conventionally pasturing flocks and herds. Here is only a beauty to remain "when old age shall t h i s generation waste."

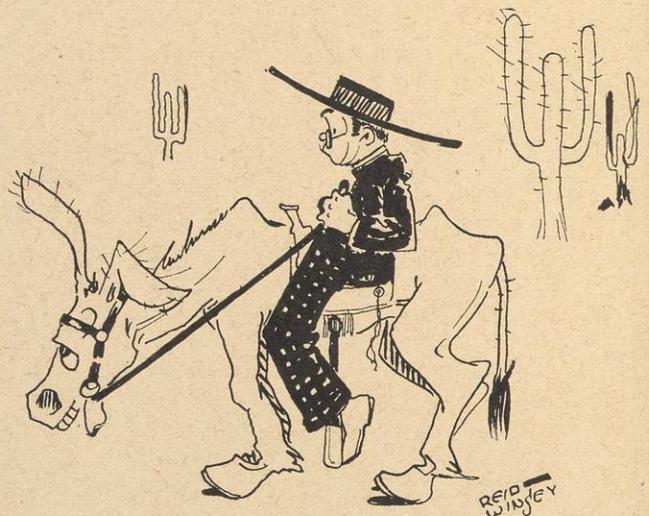
The Prize Novel

Mazo de la Roche's *Jalna* (Little, Brown and Co.)

is the novel that recently won the Atlantic Monthly prize competition. It is the story of an amazing Anglo-Indian family transplanted to Canada. Most of all it is the story of that towering, magnificent figure of a Grandmother, ninety-nine years old when the story opens, and one belongs to the great old ladies of hundred when the story ends. She literature, and if they do not make way for her, beware, for she will knock them over the head with her stick, and her parrot will swear at them in Hindustanee.

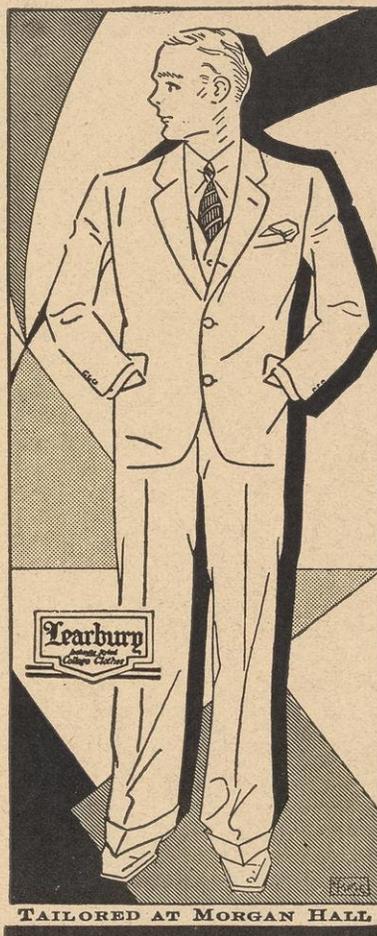
From the grandmother to young Wakefield, with his little deceits and hypocrisies, so charming now but so liable to become repellent later, every member of this family is clear and vivid. It is not a harmonious group—decidedly not. These men and women who dwell together under the

(Continued on page 45)



**All Roads Lead To
Karstens**

They're all direct—no de-tours—University Avenue to State to Carroll to Karstens—Langdon to Carroll to Karstens. The paths are beaten by the feet of hundreds of univer-sity men who have found the road to unusually cor-rect apparel—to exception-ally good values. It's a long road but a good one all the way. And what you'll find at the end of the road will be more than worth the effort.



Learbury Suits - 2 Trousers \$40 \$45

Bart Murray Suits \$45 \$50

KARSTENS

On The Square - Carroll Near State

VIRGINIA ANN MEETS THE TEST

By Franklin Porter

The orchid step-ins lay crumpled in a corner of the room, a pair of silver stockings lay in two little heaps, they looked like . . . well, like stockings. Virginia Ann, who owned the step-ins and the silver stockings was very much asleep. She really shouldn't have been in that condition, either, because it was high time that all good little girls were up. Virginia Ann wasn't a very big girl, but, then, she wasn't very good. If she had been good she wouldn't have wakened with that fur-coat taste in her mouth when the maid rapped on the door. Virginia Ann turned lazily toward the source of annoyance, her very lovely brown hair spilled itself on the pillow.

"Whatcha want?" very slowly.

"Here's breakfast, Miss 'Ginia."

It was Gretchen, the Hamilton maid.

"What breakfast?" growled Virginia Ann, she was beginning to notice a headache.

"Your breakfast," said Gretchen placidly, for she was quite used to Virginia Ann, "And your mother thinks you better eat, too."

"My mother should feel like I do," groaned the sleepy one. But she ate anyway.

"Oh," said Gretchen taking on as much of a surprised look as she was capable, for she had just remembered something, "There's a young fella downstairs to see you," so you hadn't better go back to sleep."

"W-what?" demanded Virginia Ann showing the first signs of life for that morning, "Why didn't you say so at first, who is it?"

"Says his name is Potts," answered Gretchen going through some mental processes, "I think his first name is Wellford. He wears spats," she said as an afterthought.

"Ooooh!" said Virginia Ann brightening up and she fairly whirled out of bed. A moment later she was under a shower.

"Gosh," murmured Gretchen as she began to straighten the disordered room, "How that girl does change her mind."



"I'll be ready in a minute!" murmured Virginia Ann

Splashing quite happily as she washed her neck, Virginia Ann decided that being kicked out of college wasn't so bad after all.

Downstairs in the reception hall, Wellford Potts lit another Melachrino and looked mechanically at his wrist watch. Finding little to do but read, and not being of the sort of person who reads he began carefully to shine his finger nails on his coat sleeve. It was a nice coat, well cut and well tailored and matched his pants perfectly. All in all he was a well dressed man unless you consider lavender shirts and orange neckties contrary to good taste.

Mrs. Hamilton had seen Wellford and wasn't exactly sure what she thought; Papa Hamilton hadn't, which was just as well for Wellford.

Wellford would have tried to sell Papa Hamilton some bonds, for Wellford was meeting with quite some success as a bond salesman even if he hadn't ever been a halfback. His education consisted mainly of two years at the Benedict Arnold high school and many afternoons at the corner drug store.

Virginia Ann came gaily down the stairs. She would have slid down the banister, only she was

a little beyond that age. Virginia was now twenty.

Wellford stroked his straw colored hair with white fingers. Virginia Ann bobbed into the room.

"Good morning—or is it afternoon now. . . You know I just woke up . . . isn't that awful . . . I'm so sorry I kept you waiting," she babbled as women will.

"It hasn't been such a long wait," answered Wellford smoothly, "I should have let you catch a little more sleep but we will have to hurry to make the matinee as it is."

"Oh, I'll be ready in a minute," murmured Virginia Ann vanishing into the next room.

Wellford settled himself into a chair, as he had been accustomed to doing for the past thirty one years. Virginia Ann settled herself into her coat and hastened to his side.

"Really you are quite a rapid child," said Wellford guiding her to his coupe, "most women take a week."

"Oh, I'm insulted, we do not!"

(Continued on page 43)

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



“Nature’s above art in that respect” ~

At the time in question King Lear was tricked up like a walking florist’s shop—but he was still wise in his sayings. Liking to refresh himself, even as you and I, what a full-meaning headline he turned out for the following Coca-Cola ad:

A pure drink of natural flavors — produced before the day of synthetic and artificial drinks, and still made from the same pure products of nature.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

King Lear
Act IV, Scene 6

*8 million
a day*

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Whippets - Chevrolets - Fords

and

A New Ford Coach
Are Waiting For You At The

Capital - City - Rent - A - Car

531 State Street

Fairchild 334

1st Voice on Phone: This is Jack,
do you love me, Peg?

2nd Ditto: Of course, dear?

1st V. O. P.: You two-timer!
This is not Jack, it's Paul.

2nd Ditto: You double-crosser!
This is not Peg, it's Frances.

—Yellow Jacket

"My end draws near," said the
wrestler as his opponent bent him
double.

—Wasp



"Do you suffer with rheumatism?"
"Certainly; what else could I do
with it?"

—Judge

"I hear you've got a new baby,
Mandy. What have you named him?"

"Oh we calls him Veto, Miss
Smif."

"Veto? And why?"

"Cause when de doctah came he
said, 'Well, if it ain't another little
black bawl!'"

—Bison

Permanent
Marcel
Waving

¶ Just as a matter of in-
terest, have you had oc-
casion to admire our at-
tractive finger waves?

**Scott's Beauty
Shop**

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QUALITY never
Goes Out of Style
—That's Why Our
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— and —

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Because We Served the
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We Deliver

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O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants
Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street
for
Nearly A Half Century

"Where were you born?"

"In a hospital."

"No kiddin'! What was the matter with you?"

—Voodoo

"Would you believe it Marge, I only got forty in that history exam."

"Dearie, you don't know the half of it."

—Pitt Panther

God Bless You!

Curious old lady (to one-armed man getting off train):

I notice you have lost your arm, young man.

Young man: So I have—how strange!

—Texas Ranger

Rabbit: We certainly know to multiply.

Snake: I'm a tricky little adder myself.

—Aggievator



Malone Grocery

Agency

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Wholesale and Retail
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The Kind of Girl

Gentlemen are alleged to prefer
should see our new collection of

Red Jewelry

All others should try some of
the pieces in the following at-
tractive list—

Chanel jewelry
Brilliants
Gold jewelry



The Unique Shop
130 State Street

Eat at

FRANK'S RESTAURANT

A Campus Institution
for 17 Years

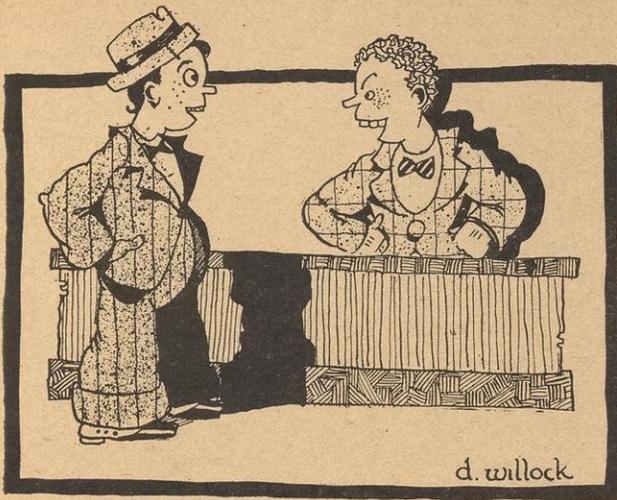
821 University Avenue

H A V E A C A M E L



*One of life's great pleasures
is smoking*

Camels give you all of the enjoyment
of choice tobaccos. Is enjoyment
good for you? You just bet it is.



d. willock

"She's one of the four hundred."
 "Are you sure you haven't got the wrong number?"



(Continued from page 17)

Eve was slumped down in her seat, with her shoulder resting on the arm of it, touching his, something to which he was accustomed from other girls, but which thrilled him vaguely for the first time.

The show over, they gained the surprisingly comfortable seat of the roadster once more. Jud felt that the atmosphere was potent with coming events, just what he did not know. Eve, too, was puzzled by her feelings. Jud was such a nice boy, but so conceited and domineering. She did like him . . . but how much?

They were both unusually silent on the brief ride to the House. Jud wanted to drive about, but it was nearly ten thirty, and too, he felt that Eve would object for some reason. By good luck the Hallway was deserted, for which Jud thanked the gods appropriately.

Eve broke the stillness suddenly, "Jud, I've had such a nice time—"

"Listen, Eve, you know you never have to tell me that. Can't you be a little more kind to me? I—well, I care a lot for you, Eve, and please won't you try to like me just a bit?"

"Oh, Jud, I do like you, very much, but we've only known each other for a week."

So that was her line Jud thought. Well, if she were going to play the old fashioned girl, he could easily counter that. Eve broke in on him quickly.

"Now don't say 'I feel as though I'd known you for all my life', because that is awfully old. If you must say something, please be original."

"I know what you're thinking, Eve. You've made up your mind that I'm playing with you as I did with all the other girls I've gone with. Some one's been telling you stories. But this time . . . it's real, I feel it so. I know that sounds like a good line, too, but please believe I love you, Eve. I can't help it, nobody could."

(Next page)



Madison's Finest Hotel



Enjoy Wisconsin's best tradition of hospitality faithfully kept at Hotel Loraine. Students, their parents and guests are cared for in the most modern manner.

Our Dining Room, Banquet Rooms and Ball Room are the most beautiful in the state.

Coffee Shop serves popular priced food.



Hotel Loraine Madison, Wisconsin



New Four Winds Topcoat

It's stylish, it will stand a world of wear; it comes in many rich shades. Wear it for dress, for drizzles, for knockabout.

\$35

others at \$28 to \$45

Olson & Veerhusen Co.

7 and 9 N. Pinckney St.

"I believe you, Jud, but you're so sure of yourself. Aren't you taking things too much for granted? How do you know that there isn't some one else for me?"

"There couldn't be, Eve, you were made for me. Darling . . ."

Jud stepped closer to Eve. She turned her head away, and he studied the little profile of perfectly molded nose, asking lips, and a chin that gently joined the whiteness of her soft neck. His hands trembled to press her to him, but she seemed all at once forbidding, and he was afraid of a girl for the first time. Then he yielded to his temptation, holding her slender lithe body easily in his strong arms. He kissed her eagerly . . . just once.

"Good night, Eve dear," he said lightly.

"'Bye Jud," she answered in a tone to match his. But beneath the careless air of both of them, they knew that they loved each other. Eve belonged to Jud, and he to her. She had wished to be angry with him for that kiss. She had planned what she would say, but she found it harder than she had expected, her resentment melting at the moment of his caress. He could not be playing this time.

II

Jud walked to the car in an exhilarated state. Only one kiss, but it had held promise. He was certain that Eve cared now, in spite of herself. He felt his old triumphant air returning. With it came a realization that there would be no more playing for him. In two months commencement would be held, he among the seniors in cap and gown, marching to receive their diplomas. Graduation would bring new problems for him to solve. But his greatest was Eve.

The roadster roared wickedly as Jud opened the cut-out and tore down the long street to his Fraternity, where the brothers were probably indulging in an all night poker party. He skidded to a stop in front of the beautiful yellow brick and stone structure that housed the "greatest gang on earth". His heart was singing as he switched off the engine, locked the ignition, and bounded up the steps. Lights in many rooms showed him that the place was not as yet in the arms of Morpheus.

He burst open the door of his room, where Chuck Kane lay lazily on the day bed, in his pajamas, preparing a French lesson for the next day's class. Chuck was only a freshman, so he was not expected to understand the wonderful thing that had happened to Jud. Upon his inquiring as to whether Jud had had a good time or not, Jud mumbled that he guessed so, and went into the hall to seek more mature minds upon which to unburden himself.

Sounds of merriment issued from Tommy Willard's room, and there Jud betook himself. He was greeted by a loud laugh, followed by much talking. "Well, here's little Romeo, come back from his conquest, would you believe it?" This, and similar comments served to let him know that he was in the right place. The boys never failed him.

"Well, Jud, tell us all about it," began Tommy confidentially.

(Continued on page 35)



On Columbia Viva-tonal Records Dance Notes for All the World



Everyone, everywhere dances to the "Magic Notes" on Columbia New Process Records. All the music of all the world is at your command on these electrically recorded records with their smooth, scratchless surface.

Stop in and let your dealer play for you, without obligation on your part, any or all of the latest dance and vocal hits you would like to hear.

Especially recommended are:

- 1285-D—Oh Gee! Oh Joy! (from "Rosalie")
10 in. 75c.—Say So! (from "Rosalie")
Fox Trots, Ben Selvin and His Orchestra
- 1282-D—So Tired
10 in. 75c.—You'd Rather Forget than Forgive
Vocals—The Whispering Pianist (Art Gillham)
- 1283-D—Four Walls, Fox Trot, Vocal Chorus Ipana Troubadours
10 in. 75c.—In the Sing Song Sycamore Tree,
Fox Trot, Vocal Chorus, Ipana Troubadours.
Columbia—New Process—Records
Made the New Way—Electrically
Viva-tonal Recording—The Records Without Scratch

Columbia "NEW PROCESS" Records

Made the New Way - Electrically
Viva-tonal Recording - The Records without Scratch

The Wonderful Bayreuth Wagner Festival Recordings

By the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra
Alexander Kipnis, Fritz Wolff
Flower Maidens, Valkyries, Rhinedaughters and Chorus
Recorded in the Wagner Theatre, Bayreuth
Exclusively Columbia

Our Piano Section

STRAUBE
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Portable Phonographs

Compact	-----	\$7.75
Pal	-----	7.75
Starr	-----15.00 to	25.00
Q R S	-----	25.00
Columbia	-----15.00 to	50.00

Geo. E. Richter Piano Co.

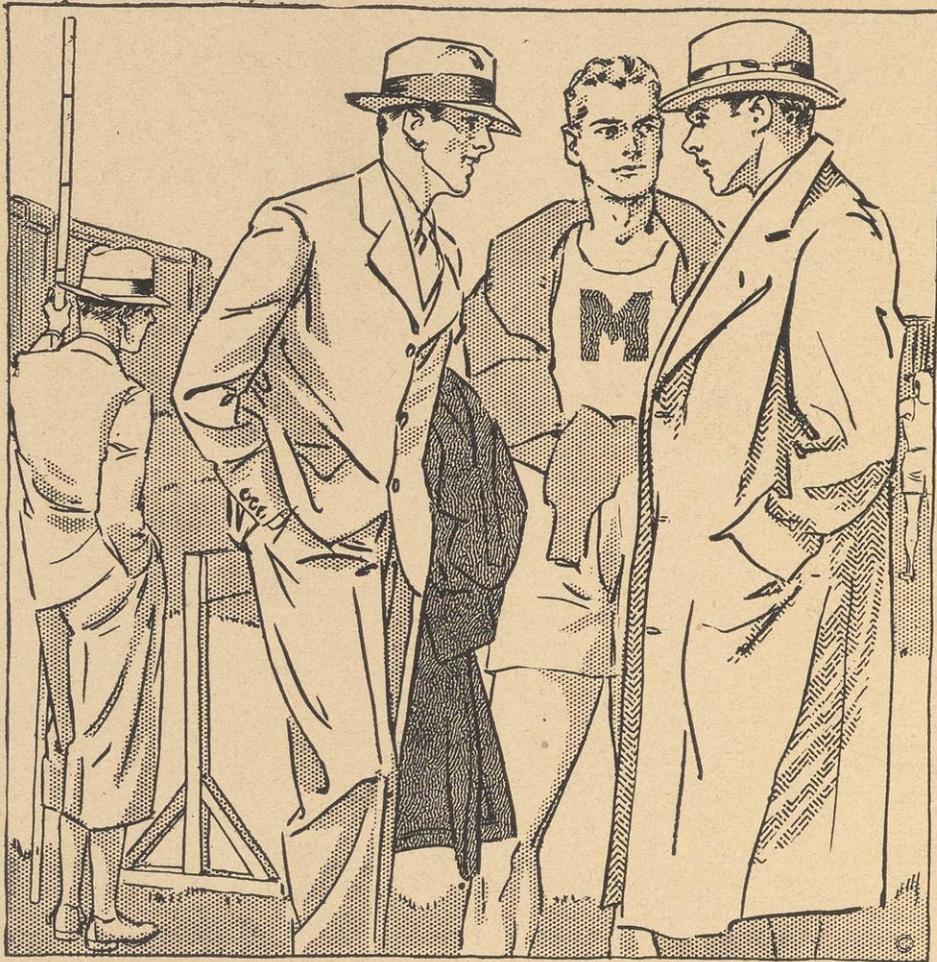
King and Webster Sts.



Madison, Wisconsin

Telephone F. 1296

A Little Out of Your Way—But It Pays to Walk



Spring Suits and Topcoats Are U-Approved

The committee which designs and selects U-Approved clothes for spring is representative of the largest and best dressed schools of the country. From the East and from the West and points in between—this committee brings to the designing the most popular trends in clothing for college men. No wonder the clothing is called U-Approved for it has the

authentic approval of the country's most discriminating men.

These are the suits and topcoats that Wisconsin finds at The Co-Op. And incorporated into them are the styles of Wisconsin, for Mr. Ripp of The Co-Op is a member of the national style committee.

No wonder they are styled right and right in appearance. No wonder they are favorites at Wisconsin.

The University Co-Op

E. J. Grady, Mgr.

STATE AT LAKE

Spring

Simple Frocks Influenced By The
Feminine Trend. One Could
Wish For Nothing More.



10.00

15.00

25.00

Stewart
Smart
Shop

227 State Street

(Continued from page 32)

"There's nothing to tell, Tom, and anyway, I'm afraid my statements would not be available for the press, I'm a retiring man you know." This because Tommy was a journalist if you cared to ask him.

"You're keeping something from us, Jud, I feel it."

"No, fellows, I'll break down, tell you all, I'm in love." And although he spoke in a flippant tone, Jud was never more serious in his life.

"What? A Carey in love—never! You're too lazy to be in love old kid, in fact you're the laziest man on the campus. Remember how you could have been 'varsity quarterback—only you've been too busy chasing women."

Jud wasn't an athlete, as anything which called for great effort was barred from his ideas on existence. He had been somewhat of a football player in high school, and could have made a fine quarterback, but for lack of ambition. Indeed, he still possessed the quickness and the coordinated body that had served him so well. Jud was sinewy, and rather slender. He was of medium height, but well proportioned, with broad shoulders of the kind shown in Fashion Park clothing advertising.

Jud's dark blue eyes held a fascinating dreamy gaze which never failed him in recitations, where many a professor forebore to disturb him in his apparent reverie. His eyes were one of the things which girls found charming.

"If you're in love, Jud, who's the lucky woman, if I

may ask?" remarked Dirk Steele, another brother.

"It's Eve Randall, Dirk, and I've been a fool to have played so much, I realize it now. I think she cares though, and that's all that matters. I've got to write some letters now, so good night."

Never worry, take things as they come, and live while you can, was Jud's creed and favorite topic when breaking into a discussion in a bull session. Jud adhered to his creed, one of his redeeming features. He never advocated what he did not practice . . . and so, it being a week night, Jud had been pleasure bent. Study did not appeal to him as a recreation.

He went to his room, determined to write to his mother, who had been complaining, as most mothers do, of not receiving enough letters. The letter was never written.

Jud lost himself for the second time that evening in his dream pictures of the future. He painted Eve . . . sweet, lovable, with her blond curls, and the soft short hairs on the back of her neck, where the boyish bob ended in a little point of golden down.

Finally he donned pajamas and sought the lower deck of the high bed where he and Chuck slept, in company with two other occupants of the bedroom between study rooms.

From above him a sleepy voice asked solemnly, "Is she really nice, Jud?" Chuck had evidently overheard the conversation.

"Wonderful, Chuck, wonderful!" and Jud was asleep.

(To be continued)



Braeburn Alibis

....but you promised to cram for this quiz.

....I fell for a New Spring Braeburn and killed the afternoon.



Much of the value of a suit of clothes is your enthusiasm when you wear it. You will enthuse in BRAEBURN University Clothes.

Spring Braeburns

\$40 \$45 \$50

With Two Trousers or Knickers

The College Shop

Next to the Lower Campus

Mrs. Warren Scott

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Smart
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Wadsworth Book Shop
118 N. Fairchild St.

Rennebohm
Better Drug Stores

are located
conveniently
for all students

Featuring Standard
Merchandise at a
Saving to You

Five Stores

LITTLE NELL

By Gordon Hansen

I SLEPT
AND I DREAMED A DREARY
DREAM
OF A MAIDEN SLIGHT AND
FAIR

A BIM THAT WAS SLIM
WITH A SHAPELY LIMB
AND A TUFT OF YELLOW HAIR.

I DREAMED THAT SHE FELL
FOR A GUY NAMED PAT
WITH AN UGLY MUG
AND A SOUL
THAT WAS MEAN AND SMALL
AND SHRUNKEN UP
AND DIRTY AND BLACK
AS COAL.

AND I DREAMED THAT SHE
LOVED
WITH A MIGHTY LOVE
WITH A LOVE THAT WAS
FAIR AND SQUARE
THAT REACHED FROM THE
TIPS
OF HER TINY TOES
TO THE ROOTS
OF HER CURLY HAIR.

AND SHE LEFT HER MA
AND SHE LEFT HER PA

AND SHE WENT AWAY WITH
HIM
AND DOWN SHE SUNK
WITH THE DIRTY SKUNK
TO THE GUTTER DEPTHS OF
SIN.

AND I DREAMED ONE DAY
THAT I CAME BY THE WAY
OF THE RAT-TAILED BEAVER'S
TRAIL
AND THERE FROM A SHACK
ON THE GROUND HOG'S BACK
I HEARD A WOMAN'S WAIL.

O LORD SAID SHE
GOD PITY ME
MY LIFE IS DANK AND LONE
I MIGHT AS WELL
BE DOWN IN HELL
MY HEART IS TURNED TO
STONE.

MY SOUL FELT SICK
AND MY HEART BEAT QUICK
AND THE WAY OF LIFE
SEEMED SAD
'T WAS THE MAIDEN THAT
LOVED A GUY NAMED PAT
WITH A SOUL THAT WAS BLACK
AND BAD.

Gifts for yourself
to
cheerify your room



The Mouse-around
Gift Shop

Upstairs at 416 State

Spring is coming! You would never guess it, would you? Nevertheless, it will soon be here and you will want to have your topics, theses, and themes completed in order that you may fully enjoy it when it does arrive. We will type them as fast as you write them. Just try us out.

The College Typing Co.

519 N. Lake St. Ph. B. 3747

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Must Be
Smart Too--

The Success of
the Custome
Depends on them

The thrill of your lifetime is here for you. We've got them now—the new patterns in Costume Jewelry which are different. Necklaces, bracelets, and pendants—jeweled, plain, Cathedral Glass, or any type you prefer.

E. W. Parker
INC.

Successor to
Gamm Jewelry Company

"Why is she called 'the daughter of the revolution'?"
"She was born on a merry-go-round." —Oklahoma Whirlwind

"Where do you live?"
"In Ithaca."
"N. Y.?"
"Oh, because I was born there, I guess." —Drexerd

Two deaf old folks met at a reunion and were talking over old times. Said the old lady to the old man:

"Do you remember how we used to play together when we were young, and how I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"

"Heh? Oh, yes; you would hardly recognize the old place now, would you?" —Puppet

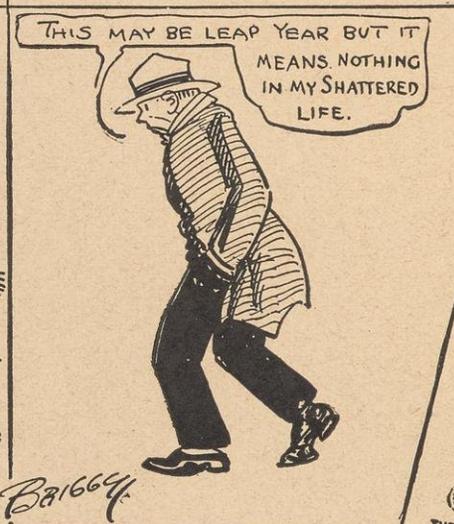
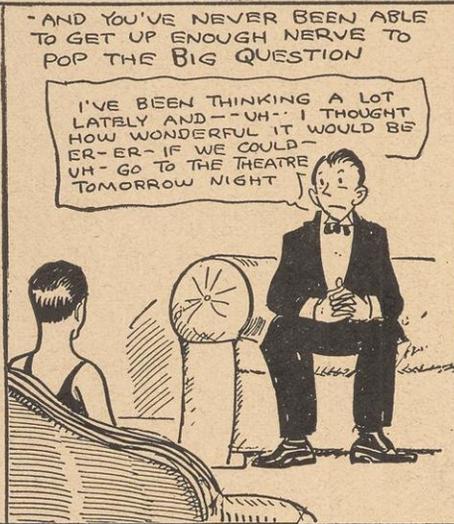
Kitty—Have you a date for the Military Ball yet?

Kat—No, dearie; but I'll wear this dress to class to-day and trust to luck. —Drexerd



Varsity Out!

So, This is Leap Year : : : : : : By BRIGGS



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.. not a cough in a carload

15¢

Choose Your Easter Apparel With Assurance of Style Authenticity



and the assurance of value is yours as well, should you choose yours from our comprehensive selection of smart Easter Fashions.

Baron Brothers
INC.

Then there's the absent minded professor who put a nickel in the gum machine and salted peanuts came out.

Prize Alibis
No. 1

Professor: What's the matter with you? Why aren't you simply afire with ambition?

Student: Sorry, sir, I don't want to run the risk of being burned.

"Kiss me and I am yours."
"Do I look dumb enough to invite a disappointment?"

I Saw It With My Two Bare Hands

"Gentlemen, I stand before you a man of abnormal strength; a man who can take a railroad tie and splinter it over my knee; a man who is able to take a bend in the road and straighten it. Two years ago I was a physical wreck; unable to lift a book without panting; confined to my bed for a week if I exerted myself to the extent of clearing my throat. Now, look at me! Look at those forearms! Watch those powerful muscles ripple up and down those mighty wrists! What, you are asking, brought about this change? Gentlemen, two years ago a friend gave me a head lettuce salad to eat. Since that time I have eaten one every day single-handed with a fork! Look, gentlemen, look at those powerful forearms!

VISIT

Dettloff's Pharmacy

Corner University Avenue at Park
when in need of

Drugs, Toilet Articles or Student Supplies,
and when there, don't fail to try our delicious
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Say It With Spring Flowers

on birthdays, anniversaries and
all remembrances this month.

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Rentschler
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230 State

Badger 177



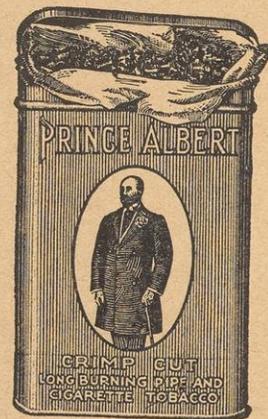
P.A.
suits my taste
like nobody's business

I KNOW what I like in a pipe, and what I like is good old Prince Albert. Fragrant as can be. Cool and mild and long-burning, right to the bottom of the bowl. Welcome as the week-end reprieve. Welcome . . . and satisfying!

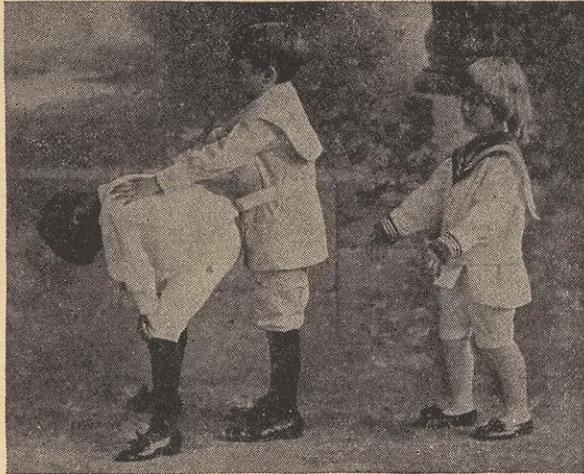
No matter how often I load up and light up, I never tire of good old P.A. Always friendly. Always companionable. P.A. suits my taste. I'll say it does. Take my tip, Fellows, and load up from a tidy red tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!



The tidy red tin that's packed with pipe-joy.



The Fastest Game on Earth

The above painting is an exact reproduction of the new hog-washing machine recently installed in a local meat market and just bristling with new wrinkles. The original of this canvas hangs in the boiler room of the Arden Club and was done by Terry Bull Daub. There are still a few seats left though it is doubtful whether there are enough carp in lake Mendota to assure a birth control lecturer a decent audience. The picture shows Mayor Schmedeman laying the cornerstone while Governor Zimmerman runs the first pig through this new epoch in Madison's forward history. C. B. Ballard was unable to attend because the affair was not strictly dry and pressure brought to bear upon him by outraged citizens and taxpayers forced him to plead guilty. This in no way endangers that fearless sifting and winnowing of truth and the right of free speech for which Wisconsin is justly famed. His only comment on the whole affair was, "Yes, the Dead Sea is five times saltier than the ocean. I do not believe this will in any way affect the sale of the new Ford."



The Blind Date

Have you ever gone out for a glorious "tear,"
More gin than money, more joy than care,
Then suddenly felt a cold deadly stare,
And knew that the death of the party was there?

A "blind" who thinks smoking and drinking a sin,
A "blind" who must leave at half past ten,
A dumb "blind" from whom not a word can you win?
Well, boys, when you blind-date, your troubles begin.

(Ed. note—then, again, maybe not)



Phi: "What's your best course?"

Beta: "Straight past the dean's office
—what's yours?"

Phi: "A course in etiquette! Life
Savers are 'always good taste'."

You should see
them this week

QUALITY BY KUPPENHEIMER

SPETH'S
222 STATE ST.



HAVE I got to say "good-bye" to that forty dollars, too?"

Those who always look well-dressed and yet have money to lend are quite likely to be Michaels - Stern dressers.

They save \$35 to \$50 on good suits, profiting by the service of a great tailoring house that has specialized in the requirements* of college men for many years.

*Exceptional durability, beautiful tailoring, prices within reason.



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CLOTHING CO.
Specialists in Apparel for Men & Boys

Brock Engraving Company

Artists and Engravers



4th Floor
State Journal Building

Phone: Fairchild 913

(Continued from page 26)

"I didn't say you did . . . let's run up to my apartment and have a cocktail."

"I don't drink."

"What were you doing last night, gargling for a sore throat? That wasn't Listerine you were using."

Virginia Ann was quite nonplussed. Here was a man of whom she was going to be afraid. He was older . . . wiser . . . his power over her was mysteriously strong. He shut the door to the coupe—it was very new and shiny—and they went. Virginia Ann's mother looked worriedly at them as they drove away. She turned from the window with a little sigh; Virginia Ann had driven away with many men, but she had always come back although Mrs. Hamilton wasn't sure just how, or when.

"Are you thinking, little girl?" queried Wellford.

"Yes."

"What about?"

"About the rain which is going to fall in a few moments."

"Well this is a cozy coupe but don't you think we had better run up to my apartment?"

"Why are you so anxious to get me into your apartment?"

"I have something to tell you . . ."

"Well you'll have to tell me here," declared Virginia with a firmness that would have surprised her friends.

Wellford lifted his eyebrows and sighed. Then he smiled a little and drew closer to her.

The Best Service And
Work Money
Can Buy



Royston Plumbing Co.
1319 University Ave.

(Continued from page 26)

"Have you ever seen the moon on the waters of Naples bay with the glowing light of old Vesuvius on the deep blue sky above. The little lights in the Neapolitan cottages gleam like tiny gnomes lanterns. The whole sight seems like a miniature village yet the loveliness of it all is stupendous."

Virginia sighed, she was very fond of travel—the family had taken her to see the Grand Canyon and she was pretty sure she could stand a sea voyage. Then doubts, great and overwhelming doubts, assailed her, she shuddered and drew away.

"Take me home," she commanded.

Wellford shrugged his shoulders, and turned the car back toward the city.

"Just as you wish," he said, then he half smiled; "But I wasn't going to hurt you—I thought you'd like to go to Europe."

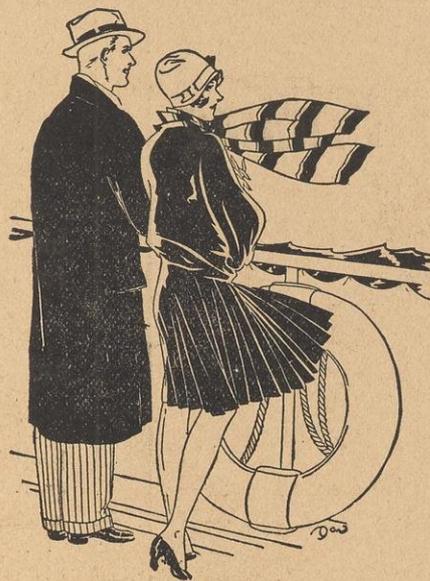
Virginia Ann, huddled in a corner of the car, said nothing; she seemed more interested in the darkening sky. Finally Wellford stopped his coupe before the Hamilton residence. Before he could shut off the motor, Virginia Ann had slammed the door and was scurrying into the house. Sadly Wellford drove back to his apartment.

"Curse these women," he groaned as he went in. Then his face lit up as he saw his wife busily writing at her desk. He went over to kiss her.

"Dammit, Mabel," he said wistfully, "I can't convince any of these girls to go on your tour to Europe next summer, I must be getting old."

THE END

(Watch for further adventures of Virginia Ann by the mysterious Franklin Porter in the next Octy)



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All-Expenses
\$375
INCLUDES:
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NEXT summer! Up in Montreal a swift ocean liner awaits us, to sail Europe-ward with a happy group of college-age men and women who will "do" Europe in a campus-like atmosphere of informal good-fellowship, under the auspices of *College Humor Magazine*.

Down the majestic St. Lawrence and across the Atlantic we'll sail, with a dance band from a famous American college to furnish music. The week's voyage will be a memorable "house party at sea."

Then Europe!—with three days in London, plenty of time for The Shakespeare Country, and Oxford, busy days in Belgium, and Paris for five glorious days and six tumultuous nights!

All travel arrangements by the Art Crafts Guild Travel Bureau, originators of the famous "Collegiate Tours." Membership is limited. For full details, hurry us the coupon below.

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Straus Printing Co.

118 E. Main St.



M'dear Listen!

I'm just prayin' I get a bid to the P. D. Q. spring formal this year!

Yeh—but why all the anxiety over it?

Goodness — haven't you heard? Why, they're getting the most adorable favors in the world—specially ordered for it from—

Mrs. Paxson
113, STATE STREET

Lettercraft



You can tell a LETTER-CRAFT program because of its good looks.

725 University Avenue



1st bim: Do you really think gentlemen prefer blondes?

2nd bim: I don't know, I go to college.

\$5.00

In Advance Gives

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Cleaning, Pressing,
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LAWRENCES

A by - word of

GOOD

FOOD

662 State Street

1317 University Ave.

(Continued from page 24)

same roof are eternally in spiritual and emotional collision; yet they swirl and collide within the vortex of the family whirlpool, and are fearfully at home. Into this vortex they draw, from time to time, some alien beings, such as, such a being as Alayne Archer, wife of Eden, the poet of the family, and the alien is either buffeted into the current, or cast out, broken and crushed.

One feels that *Jalna* is a novel of power and promise, and that the power is not quite disciplined, and the promise only incompletely fulfilled. Mazo de la Roche is surest when she remains on the grounds of *Jalna*, the family domain. There she is alive to every nuance of humor and tragedy. When she shifts the scene to New York her touch falters and she writes only pedestrianly well. Alayne herself is pale and phantom-like compared to any of the robust Whiteoak family.

Steel and Jade

Achmed Abdullah's *Steel and Jade* (Doran) is a collection of exotic short stories laid in the more picturesque and fiercely impassioned re-

gions of central Asia, from Afghanistan to China. I am willing to take on faith the authenticity of Mr. Abdullah's people and their ways. Certainly I have no intention of finding out at first hand, for I think that such an investigation would be, like the selections in the dictionary, interesting but brief; daggers seem more common than toothbrushes in these countries. Life is conducted with the slow, quiet dignity of an Apache dance. Love-affairs dynamite whole communities. Deadly jealousies cross the water from China and continue a generation later in New York. There is, in fact, a theatricality about the life depicted that makes one keep expecting the asbestos curtain to go down amid loud applause from the gallery. Some day, perhaps, some one will come along to show that life in the village of Hunkah Tgin, Afghanistan, is just as drab and gray and rotarian as life in Dubuque—the for the indigenous population, that is.

The best tales in the volume, to my mind, are "*When My Caravan Comes In*," which has rather a poignant beauty to it; "*The Godless Man*," which is really Chaucer's Knight's Tale somewhat stepped up,

The Hollywood Bowl
Hollywood



Grayco
cravats and collar-
attached shirts are
distinctively
"Hollywood"
in hand-tailoring
and fine quality

Marion R. Gray Company
824 S. Los Angeles Street
Los Angeles

and "*A Woman of the Benni Fuhara*," a really effective bit of blood-curdling suspense, with a series of grim surprises. But have all Chinese girls such poetic names as Lotus Bud? Will research never discover one which, being translated, turns out to mean Hogweed, or Cauliflower, or Brussels Sprouts?



You Can't Catch Fish Without Bait

The man who sets up business and does nothing to attract customers will not get far. Roger Babson recently said, "The bankers of the coming generation will hesitate to lend money to a business man who is not advertising."

Insure Customer Influx With Careful Printing

Democrat Printing Company

114 South Carroll Street
Madison, Wisconsin



Stoughton After Midnight

Here y'are, good people of Madison, loyal citizens, indignant mothers, and members of the Labor Temple. A typical scene of vice in the sin-sick mare's nest to the south of us. Look, if you can, at these painted Jezebels of the street, plying their covert nightly trade, luring our finest manhood and youth into dens from which there is no escape. Shapping,—no,—sapping our civilization as some cancerous leach. Look at them, I repeat! See their shapely semi-nude bodies poised in beckoning posture! Imagine, if you can bear to, their soft siren calls as they leer at our finest manhood and youth! The pride, the hope, the coming spinal column of our civilization going down to wallow in lust, and lewdness, and more lust, and shake well and add orange juice. Are we, the citizens and tax-payers of this great and prosperous state, a state which has gained a reputation throughout the width and breadth of this great and prosperous nation, are we going to allow our sons and daughters, the highest types of manhood and youth, to attend an institution where they may come in contact with such a running sore in the side of this great and prosperous state which has gained such a reputation throughout the wide
 ---- z-z-z-z-!



Modern youth respects old age only when it comes in bottles.



Track Season is Here

"I've been spiked!" said the punch.
 "People ought to do more vaulting!" cried the mausoleum.
 "Can't say as I care for the cinder path!" sighed the track-walker.
 "Relay, old thing, you ought to, y'know," tittered the Englishman.

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Hats cleaned and blocked

Always for something

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THE LAUNDRY OF DEPENDABLE SERVICE

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MADISON STEAM LAUNDRY

Fairchild 530

429 State St.

Flowers---

always a good idea

University Floral Co.

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POLITICS

A LA WILL ROGERS

It ought to be a pipe to re-
elect Dawes vice-president.



*The best platform a man can
have is to announce ahead of
time where he will spend his
summer vacations, if elected.*



It is rumored that in case the
next president's wife is anxious
to diet, there will be put on the
market a mechanical horse with
a side-saddle.



*We have no really great men in the presi-
dential race this year. Not a single one has
had his photograph or testimonial in a
cigarette ad.*



It begins to look as though the chances
for a new governor in Illinois were rather
Small.



*Senator Reed doesn't seem to know which
way the wind of popular opinion is blowing.*



Along about this time of year the "Vox
Populi" is generally changed to "Knox Pop-
uli" with everyone throwing their hats in
the ring.



"One man who doesn't
favor a third term."

*P. T. Barnum would have
made about the best chief execu-
tive—"Give he Public What it
Wants."*



Money isn't everything in
this world—unless you want to
become a United States senator.



*Lindbergh would make a good
president if he would only
change his "We" to "I". Trouble
is, he's apt to fly up in the air if
someone doesn't watch him.*



Did it ever occur to you that Mayor
Thompson's animosity towards King George
might be because he just can't quite picture
himself in a pair of tight silk knee-breeches
at the Court of Saint James, in case he
should ever go abroad.



*Exery vaudevillian and polictician has two
sure fire ways of producing applause—ex-
hibiting the American flag with a tremulo
in the voice; and recalling the "good old
days of beer and bouncing babies."*



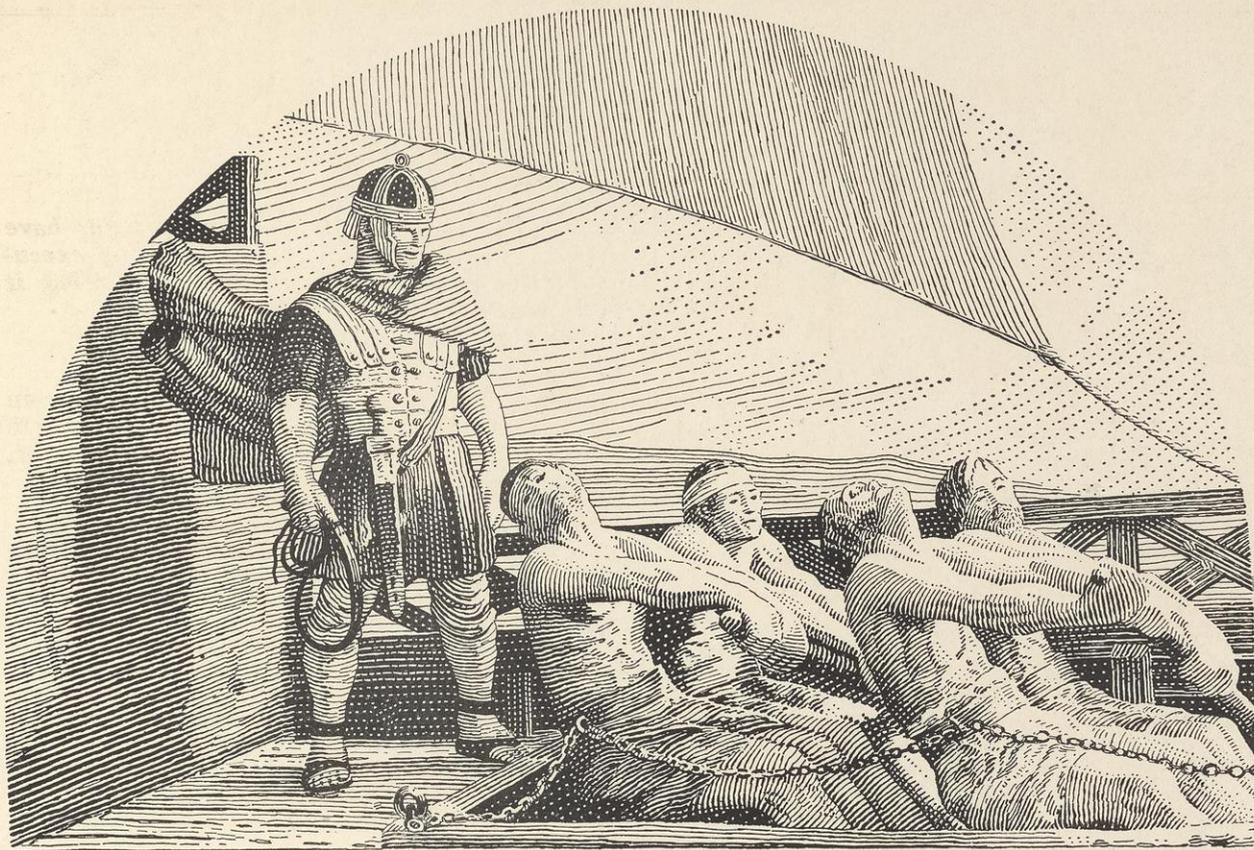
It's about "Time To Retire" for President
Coolidge unless he does not choose to run.

WISCONSIN

99 $\frac{44}{100}$

And in case you don't know it, I reckon
you'll be glad to find that the OCTOPUS is
bringin' out a GIRL'S NUMBER along
about the 18th of this comin' month. Don't
guess you all need to be told it'll be marm'er'n
an Arizon rattlesnake.

OCTOPUS
PURE



Galley Slaves

Chained to their seats, cringing under the lash, the galley slaves slowly propelled the heavy hull of a Roman warship.

Today, the electric motors of an American battleship have the energy of a million men, and drive thousands of tons of steel through the water at amazing speed.

Man is more than a source of power in civilized countries. Electricity has made him master of power. In coming years, the measure

of your success will depend largely on your ability to make electricity work for you. Competition everywhere grows keener, and electricity cuts costs and does work better wherever it is applied.

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