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## **Octopus: A good mixer. Vol. 10 [9], No. 9 May, 1928**

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MAY 17 1928

# OCTOPUS



Jimmy  
Watrous

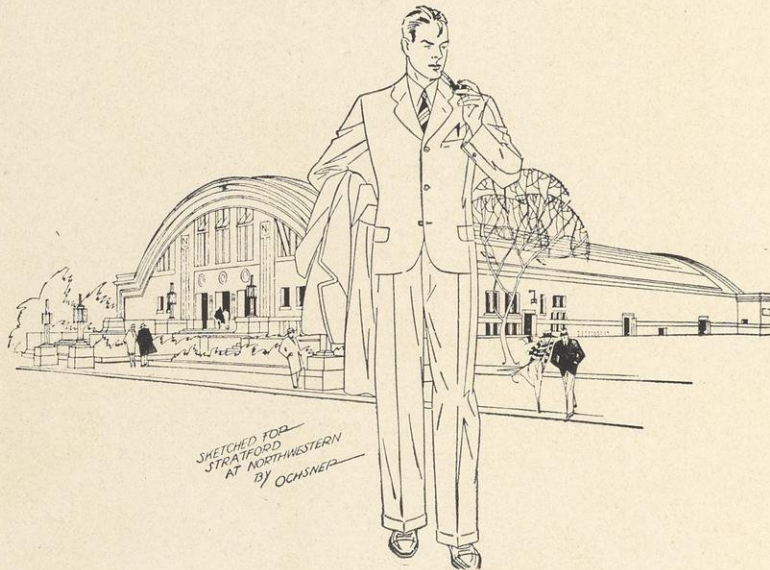
MAY  
25¢

A GOOD MIXER





## At The Country's Leading Schools The Majority Favors Stratford U-Approved!



AND WHY? That's easy. Stratford quality in the fabrics, Stratford craftsmanship in the tailoring and Stratford's envied reputation for value. Then the college style committee, including all the country's prominent schools, designs the styles to meet the approval of college men. That's

why these Stratford U-Approved Clothes are the majority favorite in every leading school. At Wisconsin, you'll find them at The Co-Op, interpreting Wisconsin's approved styles for spring and early summer. See them today!

### The University Co-Op

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STATE AT LAKE



## *For Summer*

Hoak and Dunn Cheviots and Tweeds for sport wear, tailored individually, uphold all standards of comfort and service in Fine Clothes for Particular Men.

HOAK & DUNN

*Gelvin's of Madison*

644 State Street





# Mothers' Day

Friday, Saturday, Sunday, or every day—  
what matter the day, so long as she is here  
to share the fun?

One of the first things to plan for will be  
her meal time enjoyment, so—

We have prepared particularly seductive  
menus for her and you all weekend. We  
know both you and she will approve!

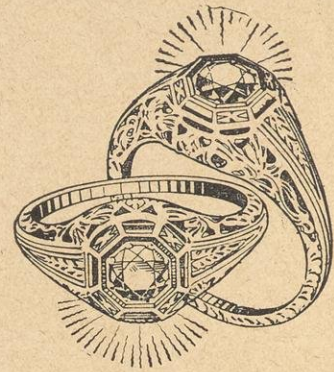
Remember,

All Roads Lead to the Irving!



## We Welcome You !

### IRVING COFFEE HOUSE IRVING CAFETERIA STERLING AT IRVING



### 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.

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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.

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Why the Local R. O. T. C. Went Cockeyed

Home Ec.: The way to a man's heart is through his  
stomach.

Warm One: Yes, but when one has sex appeal why  
bother to make that detour?

Even in Venice one can have a flat tire.



For Remembrance

## The Park Hotel

"Madison's Good Will Hotel"

200 Modern Rooms  
(All outside)  
With Lavatory  
\$1.50 Up

Lavatory and Toilets  
\$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50

New Shower and Tub  
Baths  
\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50

FINE CAFE AND  
COFFEE SHOP



WALTER A. POCKOCK, Prop.

New Dining Room ready May 1st

*The Inter Collegiate Hotel for Madison*

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WALTER A. POCKOCK, President-Manager

PARK HOTEL      FREDERIC HOTEL  
Madison              Saint Paul



## A Sports Shop Replete with Correct Sports Apparel

Here are sports frocks, spirited, completely alive with the vivid buoyancy of youth . . . sports clothes whose dash and certain becomingness are an expression of careful taste . . . inimitably chic hats in felt, baku or ballibuntl . . . costumes for street, sports and traveling, all with that comfortable sporting quality that merges delightful design with meticulous workmanship . . . all assembled in one department for your convenience. Moderate prices and wide selections in sizes and styles.

# FRED W. KRUSE CO.

### FOR MAY OCTY PRESENTS—

Cover by Jimmy Watrous

Full page by Julius Miller -----page 10

*Plainsfield Murder Case*, by Don Trenary  
and Bob De Haven -----page 13

Full page by Reid Winsey -----page 14

*Then Came Eve*, (last installment) Illus-  
trated by Peg Drake -----page 16

*Editorials* -----page 20

*Scandals* -----page 22

*Book Reviews* by Paul Fulcher -----page 26

*And a whole flock of clever drawings and jokes!*



# You Can't Do Better Than Baron's

For the sake of your purse, and your appearance, join the ever-increasing number of smart collegians who are choosing their clothing and accessories from our large selections.

**Baron Brothers**  
INC.

Distinctive and Useful

## Plumbing Equipment



**R. T. ROYSTON**

1319 University Ave. - F. 378

### Our Private Vawdvil

"You are very brave to want to marry me. Do you know that the first man that married me died shortly after?"

"Honest?"

"And the second one committed suicide?"

"Really?"

"And the third one is in an insane asylum?"

"Is that so?"

"Now don't you think I am a very seductive woman?"

"Lady, you ain't no woman—you're a plague."



"I don't like to have a date in a taxi."

"Why not?"

"Because with a meter always before my eyes I can't go as far as I like."



He stood there, contemplating the next move. With sudden determination he did it. For a while he couldn't breathe or swallow. Desperate gurgling noises sounded in his throat. Then, as suddenly as it had started, it was all over and he stood there absolutely breathless. He had gargled his Listerine like a man.



# Anderes & Spoo

MADISON

Formerly Grinde's

18 North Carroll

## SMART GOLF SWEATERS AND HOSE - - - -

They're Part of the Game!

Amber Tans, Ivy Greens, Powder Heathers, Plain Colors  
Self Jacquards and Fancy Patterns  
Small Crew Neck or V Neck Style

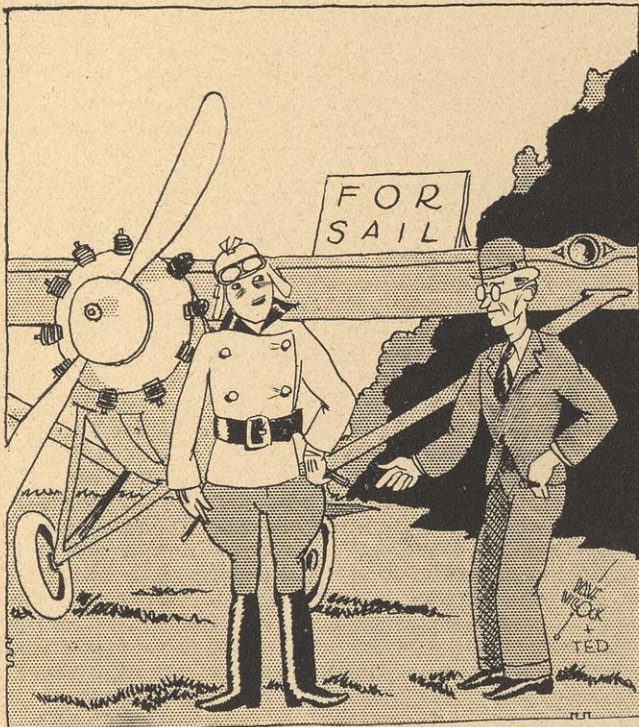
Sweaters \$5 to \$18

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Hose \$2 to \$6.50

Exclusive distributors of

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Rates Five Dollars and Up

# Velvet

IT'S ALL CREAM

## ICE CREAM

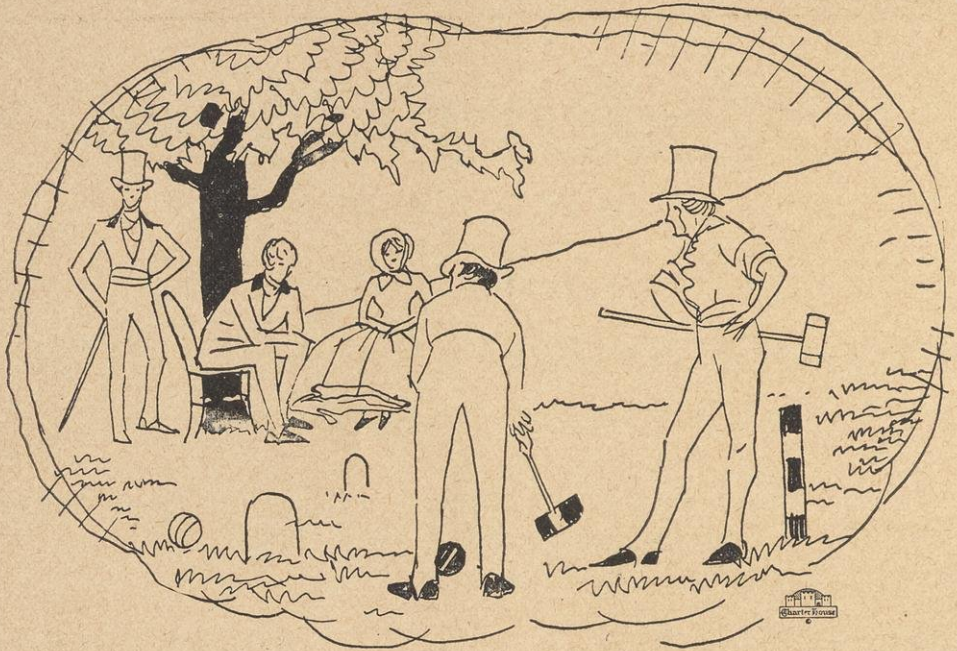
"our wagon passes your door"

## Kennedy Dairy Co.

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

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# “Wicket”

SPORTING EFFORT IN THE CHARTER HOUSE DAYS OF OLD ENGLAND WAS MOST GENTLE, BUT NICE PRECISION AND THE DEFT TOUCH PROVED SUCCESSFUL. AND, SO TODAY, JUST AS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, THE CHARACTERISTICS WHICH ASSURE CONFIDENCE, TASTE, WORTH AND CHARMING RESERVE, ARE SOLIDLY LINKED WITH

## Charter House



CLOTHES

## BAILLIE

O'CONNELL

MADISON ~



AND MEYER

~ WISCONSIN



Noise: Knock, knock, knock.

Pope: Who is it?

Pope's Chamberlain, *a bit griped, for having to wake his master every morning: 8:00 o'clock sir, and all is fair.*

Pope: The Lord and I know it, you may go.

P. C.: You and the Lord are two wise guys—it is 4:00 o'clock and raining like hell. —*Buccaneer*



"I Have A Bird Dog!" "Oh, You Mean You Have A Bird Dog!" Replied His Companion Laughing

It is with the keenest pleasure that Octopus is presenting above, an exact reproduction of Whithler's "Little Boy, Boo!" which remained undiscovered for three centuries in a London restaurant, hidden under a menu. No one was present at the discovery and it is believed that the discoverer will be dismissed with a warning and a possible jail sentence for a second offense. Art critics the world over are puzzled as to what they shall do with it as there is no bathroom in the country with which it will harmonize. The picture, so the story goes, was painted by Whithler unexpectedly, with the result that Little Boy, Boo! was not caught. Besides, it is rumored, Whithler had offended the little curly-headed devil by whithling or whithpering to hith sithters thumthing thimplly therrible, with the result that he walked out of the room never to return until supper time. A complete checkup of all notorious dens failed to disclose his hiding place, and it was not until late that night that they thought of looking in his room where they found him fast asleep. It is related that the incident so moved Whithler that he decided to finish the painting for spite and give it away to a newspaper syndicate for fifty-thousand dollars. He was born a helluvalong time ago and at the age of twenty-three, retired to a nunnery where he was immediately kicked out. He died during his lifetime.

## CLOTHES

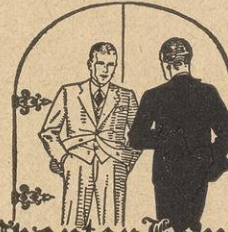
Ready-made  
And Cut to Order

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

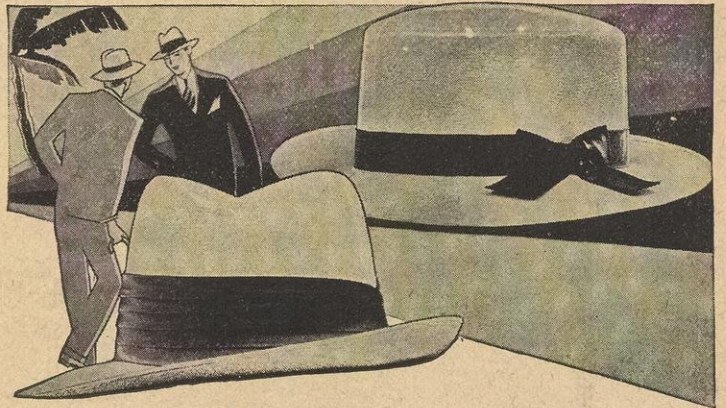


# Charter House

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



Charter House



## Genuine "Supernatural" Panamas

Fashion now says—

WEAR A PANAMA HAT.

We suggest you buy a genuine "SUPERNATURAL" Panama because of its supreme style, soft finish and the comfort and satisfaction it will give you.

Good stores sell these hats with pride.

ECUADORIAN PANAMA HAT COMPANY  
297-303 Mercer Street New York, N.Y.



Look for our  
Trade Mark



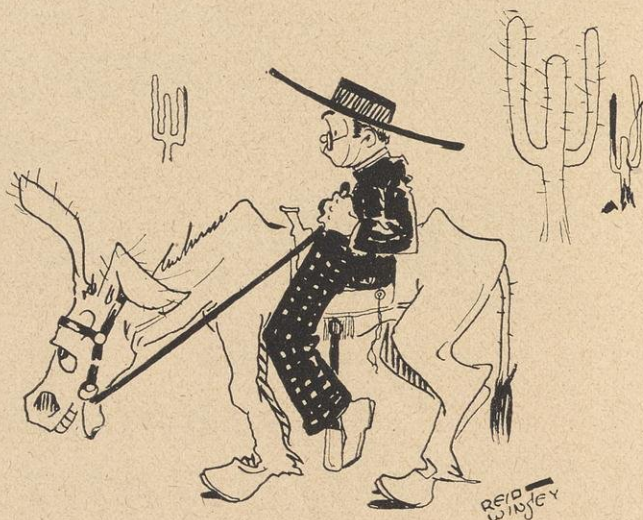
**Highest CASH Prices**

or liberal trade allowance

of ALL of your

**USED BOOKS**

**B R O W N**  
BOOK SHOP



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Good Reason  
Why the Rent-A-Car  
has become so  
Popular\_\_\_\_\_

**Badger Rent-A-Car**

F. 2099

We Deliver

250 State



The Girl: I want to thank you so much for this pleasant evening—it was so nice—you see, I never had a date before.

The Victim: Don't mention it, girlie, don't mention it.



"Was Mary angry when you spilled perfume on her dress accidentally?"

"Yes, she was quite incensed about it."



Four seniors in a southern college were discussing their plans for the future. It seems that all were going to travel, for the summer at least, and then go home and start in at work.

"Where are you goin' Steve?" asked one.

"I'm goin' to Can'da on a fishin' trip, an' where'll you be, Al?"

"I'm goin' to South 'Mer'ca. How 'bout you, Jack?"

"Think I'll go to Mack'nack Isl'nd for the summer, and where you-all goin', Bert?"

"I'm goin' to Eur'pe."

Steve, Al and Jack, in chorus: "Fer gawd sakes don't do it here!"

## Mangel's

NEW YORK WAIST HOUSE

27 S. Pinckney

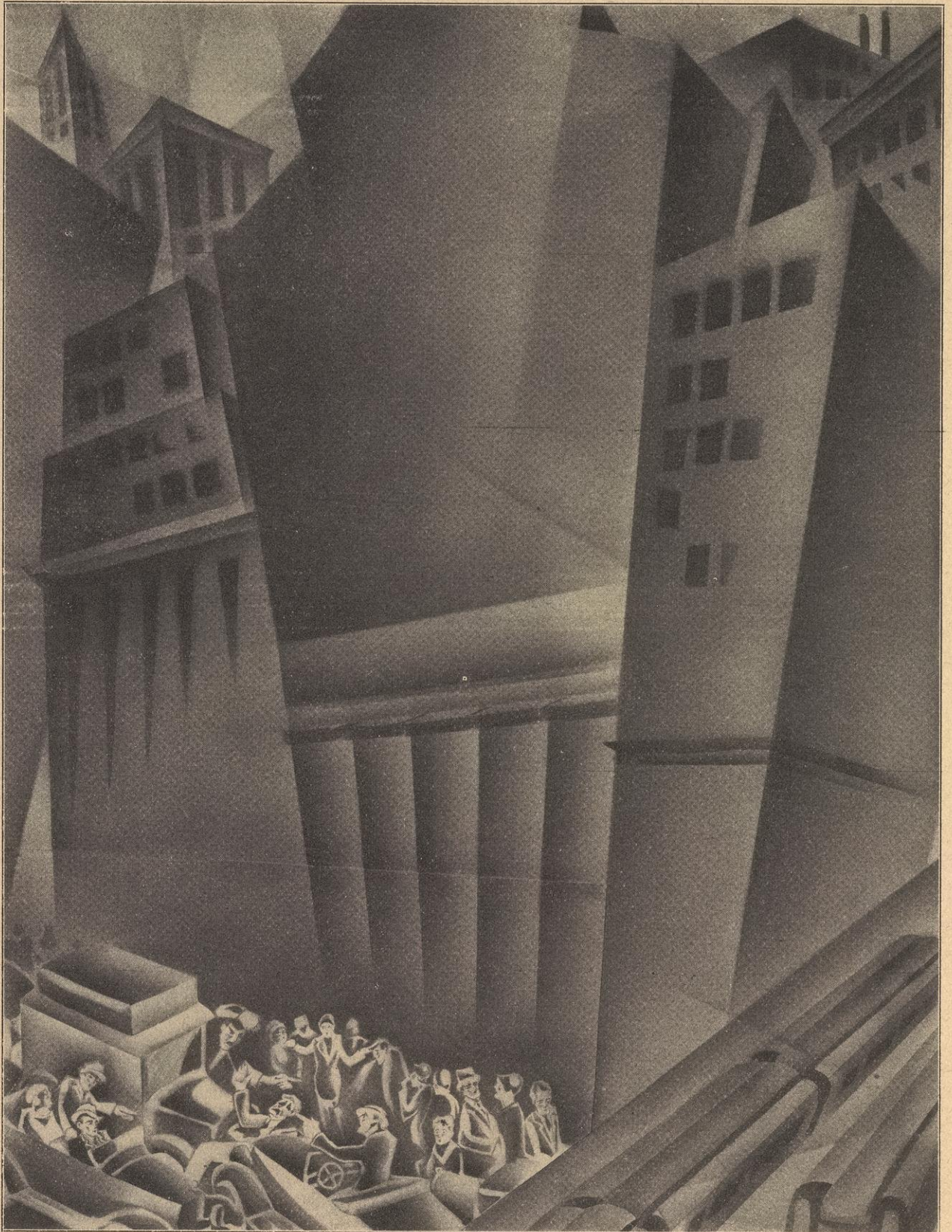
Madison



Newfashions, large assortments, intelligent service, the same courtesy for exchange or credit as for the original sale—all that Mangel has gained in its 83 stores is at your command.

Dresses  
Coats  
Suits  
Hosiery  
Underwear  
Waists

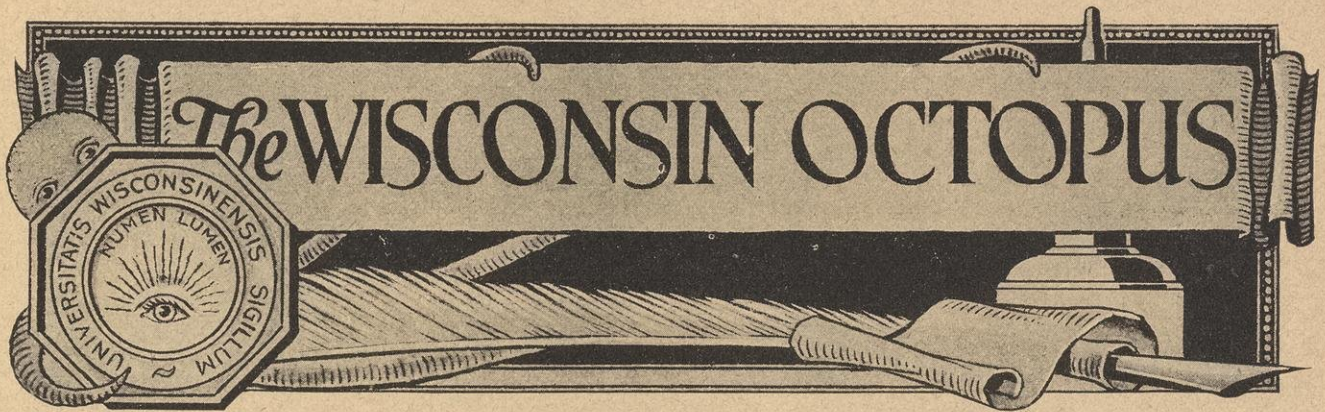




Irate Motorist to Truck Driver—"Hey—watch out where you're going! Why if it hadn't been for this gentleman here we'd had an accident!"

*By Molnár Gyula*





Professor: Mr. Jones, what word does this passage suggest?

M. Jones: Er—, I have it on the tip of my tongue, but—

Ph. D.: Let's see your tongue, then.

"Did you get my letter?"

"No."

"That's funny. I mailed it two weeks ago."

"No, I didn't get your letter; and anyway, I didn't like some of the things you said in it."

"Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"

"Your face isn't; let's go out and find out about your imagination."

1st Co-ed (at baseball game): Look at that man go down to first base.

2nd Co-ed: He never got to first base with me!

The man chased the train out to the end of the platform but failed to catch it. As he slowly walked back to the station mopping his brow, some helpful soul asked:

"Miss the train?"

"Oh not much, I never got to know it very well."



He: Shall we neck a little?

She: A little what?

He: A little longer.

"I'm a somnambulist."

"That's all right; I'll go to my church after we're married and you can go to yours."

"Did you hear about Johnny's accident?"

"No, what happened?"

"He was run over by a street car and had his whole left side cut off."

"How is he now?"

"Oh, he's all right."

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

"As a matter of tact, yes."





Ex-quarterback Turns Safe Cracker

"Did you hear about the moron that attacked a Phy Ed the other day?"

"No! Did he escape unharmed?"

Lady (after operation for appendicitis): Doctor, will the scar show?  
Doctor: I don't know; that's up to you.



Picture of a Man Taking a Shower

"Why is a woman in love like a bath-tub?"

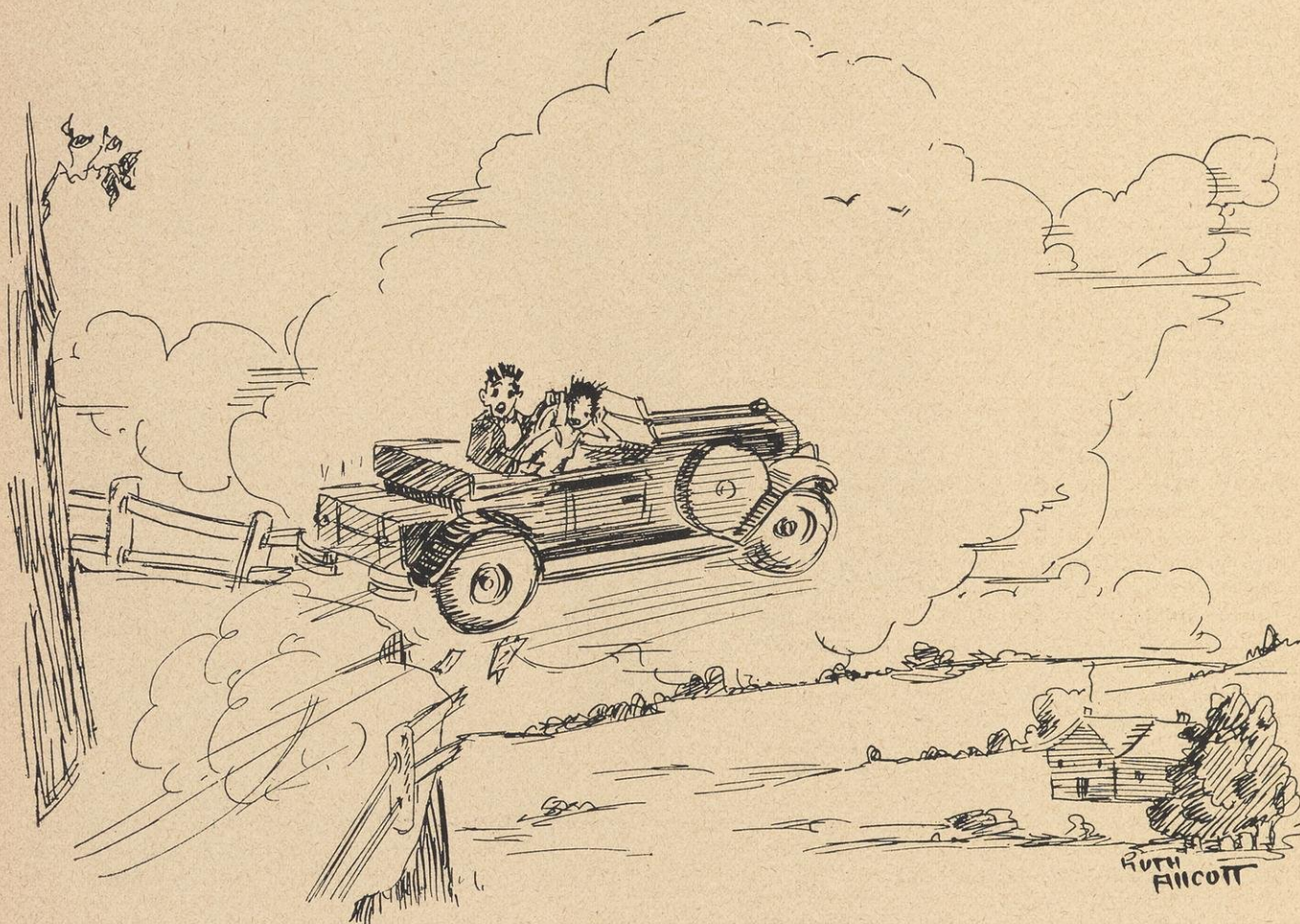
"Yes, yes, go on!"

"Sooner or later she gets a ring!"

When you're lonely and sad  
Smile!  
When you're wicked and bad  
Smile!  
When you're really good'n mad  
Smile!  
When you show your bills to dad  
For gosh sakes, don't smile!

1st Gamma Phi: I'm so broke that I'm actually uncomfortable.

2nd Gamma Phi: Perhaps you're not house-broke.



"Jimmy dear, do you really think we ought to go off like this without leaving any word?"



# The Plainsfield Murder Case

As related by "Get-Your-Man" Snodgrass and interpreted by Bob DeHaven and Don Trenary

("GET-Your-Man" Snodgrass has retired and is now making his living by signing cigarette testimonials, but this is his relation of one of the celebrated crimes of America, in which the brains of the great detective were pitted against criminal cunning and daring.)

"Of all the cases with which I have been connected, I think that none is as baffling as that crime which the world knows as the "Plainsfield Murder Case."

"One day, when I was seated at my office, reading the Police Gazette to find out what the cops were doing besides directing traffic, I received a telephone call and a voice at the other end of the wire said, 'Mr. Snodgrass, a man has been murdered here.' I immediately disguised myself thoroughly, took a handful of cigars, and a train to West Kane, where I immediately started discovering things.

"The first thing that I discovered was that the murder had happened at Plainsfield.

"Briefly, the facts in the case were these:

Ronald Pierce, the murdered man, was one of the outstanding leaders of the community. He had led a wild youth, having gone to Harvard before he was twenty-one, but had finally settled down and was earning an honest living as a bootlegger. Several times, before he was murdered of course, Pierce had been heard in violent altercation with his butler. He insisted upon calling the man "Mr. Jones", whereas the butler wanted to be called "George". An especially heated quarrel had taken place an hour before the crime, as we detectives refer to murders, and the butler had been seen buying a gun. Pierce had been shot, apparently, through the open window and foot tracks corresponding to the butler's were found in the flower bed just outside it. The man had been apprehended and public feeling was running high against him. Many suggested that he be lynched, while the more violent insisted that his brougham be taken away and that he be forced to drive a Chevrolet. Things looked black for the man.



But there were several phases about this crime that made that simple solution impossible for me. Although the crime was said to have happened on the twenty-seventh, and several persons had seen Mr. Pierce on that day, a wall calendar was torn off at the twenty-sixth, making that date, and not the other, the date of the crime.

Also, the butler was a union man, and the murder had been committed after working hours.

I can say with all due modesty that nobody else had even noticed these things.

Upon these slender clues, I started immediately to "chez la Femme", which is a technical term used by my profession meaning, "turn on the gas."

I discovered a family on the east end of town which I placed under suspicion. The man was apparently a hard worker, but he lived fully within his income and loved his wife. This was very strange. I saw his wife.

Meeting the head of this family on the street one day, I asked him what he thought of the Pierce murder. He said he thought that the butler had killed him. An obvious attempt to throw suspicion away from himself.

Immediately I set to work to unravel this most baffling of mysteries.

I bought a dog which made acquaintanceship with their dog.

Disguising myself as a meter reader, I gained access into their cellar and read their gas meter. It read 344—377—25.

Then I discovered that the wife of the family did not like to play bridge and that their daughter had been arrested for speeding.

At this point, my investigation was cut short by the confession of the butler, who admitted that he had shot Pierce following one of their quarrels, but, although this confession satisfied most people, I have never been sure about its truth and put the case down as one of the most baffling, not to say unsolvable, that I have ever worked on.





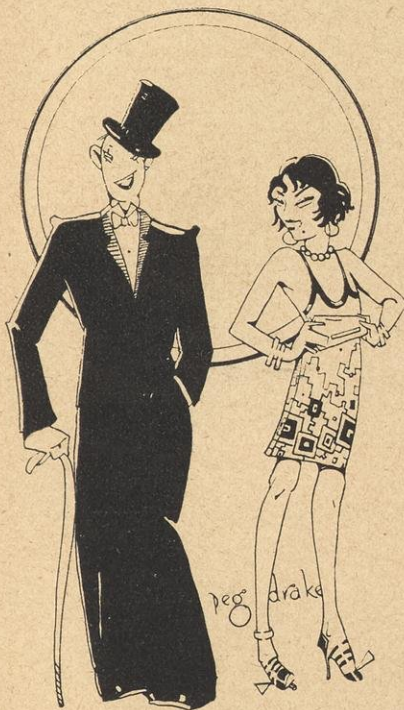
Golf, The Great American Game



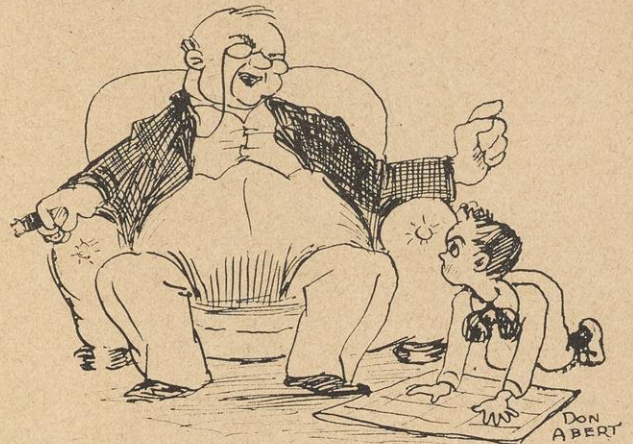


"'allo, there, now, Perkins! Where be ye goin' so fast?"

"W'y ye see it's this way. We be on a party teller-phone line wit' tha' Hooker's, an' las' night I gets a call from my son Alex in town. He says he was comin', an' for me to meet 'im today at the station. Now, fer the life uv me, I can't rec'lect wot time he sez he would come in, so I be goin' down to Hooker's to find out jus' what he said."



"Do you think babies are cute?"  
"Not until they're about 18."



"Well, little boy are you going to be president when you grow up?"

"No, they have one already."

"I know every line of it by heart."

"What's that?"

"My face."





# THEN CAME EVE

By HOLLEY J. SMITH

## WHAT HAS PRECEDED

He had fallen in love very sincerely with Eve Randall; "he" being Jud Carey who had dated half the women on the campus because that alone took up all of his time. Eve, whose first interest in Jud had been that of merely conquering him to win a bet made by her sorority sisters, suddenly found herself swept away by her fondness for Jud. Then, one day, Jud failed to call her, until late that night she learned that Jud was in the hospital as a result of a smashup in which his battered roadster figured. Panic-stricken, Eve spent a sleepless night to learn the next day that Jud was bruised but not seriously hurt. After his spring formal she announced to her sorority that she was engaged to Jud, whereupon the sisters immediately cancelled the bet on the grounds that Eve was to have won Jud, and then dropped him. Eve went to Chicago for a week end visit; there, her friend Joan informed her that Jud had been engaged for a very long time to Anne Huston. Eve cannot understand, but announces tearfully that "she hates him."

## VI

THE next day was torture for Eve. She awoke shortly after the family had left for church. Considerate of Joan, she thought, to let her sleep this morning. But then, church might have helped her to forget. She took a cold shower, dressed listlessly, and began to read the Sunday papers. Finding them a only a chaos of colored paper, she let them slide to the floor and looked at Lake Michigan. It was rough and gray, for the sky was cloudy, and the wind blowing stiffly from the horizon.

The lake might have been Eve's mind. She could not think clearly, for the revelation of the night before had numbed her. Her brain whirled and tossed in ceaseless turbulence. And in the midst of it all she was aware of her love for Jud, which prevailed in spite of her anger at his deceit.

Joan came home to find Eve curled up disconsolately, in the easy chair by the window.

"Hello, dear, how are you this morning?"

"All right I guess. I feel like the end of a misspent life, if you can imagine that."



Pictures by Peg Drake

"I can, I've felt that way myself. You know, when Jim went to New York to work. I got over it. It's a hard life."

"If you weaken, and that's just what I've done. I can't help it. I do love him, and I don't know want Anne to have him at all. Oh damn anyway." Eve was perilously near tears again, but she controlled herself.

"But Eve, if he loves Anne, you can't help it."

"How can I hurt him? I won't let him put anything over on me without getting even. He said he'd meet



me at the station tonight, too. I don't want to talk to him."

"That's easy—tell him about the bet."

"Joan, you're priceless." And Eve felt the first bit of enthusiasm of the day.

The hours passed, Eve never knew quite how. She finally boarded the train for the Town, bidding Joan a reluctant farewell. She wanted some one to talk to most awfully, and Joan was older and wiser in the ways of the world. Eve had been barely repressing her thoughts all day, so alone on the train she gave way to all the tragic points of the situation. For it was a tragedy to Eve. The ride was intolerable, as the car had a flat wheel, something typical of the service from Chicago to the Town. It was hot, and the train went so slowly.

Jud was waiting as he had promised, with his easy, self possessed air. She scarcely knew what to say to him.

"Hello, dear. Have a nice time?" he asked gayly, after kissing her lightly.

"Oh, yes, I had a wonderful time." Her tone was forced. Eve was something of an actress.

"It wasn't so long, I told you it wouldn't be."

"No, Jud, it was much too short." Eve's voice was almost mechanical in its strain. But she couldn't fail now.

"Why, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, except that I want to tell you something. I can't fool you any longer."

"Fool me, how come?"

"I can't marry you, Jud."

"Eve—honey, you don't mean that. Why after all the plans we've made, and everything. Don't you love me?"

Eve was tempted to cry, "Of course I do, that's why I can't." Yet she only said, "It was all the girls' fault. They bet me I couldn't make you propose inside of three weeks. I did, but I don't love you. I just wanted to show them I could win."

Jud hardened.

"I understand—you've been leading me on—you thought because I was Jud Carey that I couldn't ever be serious, that I couldn't really care." Jud was bitter.

"Yes, Jud."

"Come, I'll take you to the House. I can't leave you here when I said I'd meet you," said Jud turning suddenly brusque to hide his emotion.

Eve took the familiar seat beside Jud in the roadster. The night was warm, with stars and a moon. The short distance to the House was covered altogether too soon for them both, had they only known it. Eve was thankful for the darkness which hid the moisture on her cheeks, Jud too, for it covered his stricken face.

In the Hall they paused, as Jud placed the tiny bag on the lower step.

He seemed about to speak, half turned as if to go, but whirling quickly, caught her closely to him, fiercely.

"Eve dearest, I can't let you go like this. Won't you think, couldn't you ever . . . learn . . . to like me . . . a little? God, I love you so."

"I'm sorry Jud."

"Well . . . good night."

"Good bye . . ."

And they both remembered another night when they had said goodbye.

The next week was commencement for Jud. It was the most miserable seven days he had ever spent. Graduation, supposed to be the happiest time of one's college career, was sad enough for Jud. He merely watched the others, walking, or riding past with their girls. The empty seat of the car reminded him of the happiness that should have been his.

The long procession to the chapel was devoid of interest. No one was waiting for Jud, not even his family. His father had been called to New York, and his mother was an invalid. Even the generous check that arrived as his graduation present did not cheer him up. Life seemed worthless to Jud.

It was magnificent weather. The drooping elms of the walk were gracefully bent over the shady pavement, shutting out the brilliant summer sunshine that flooded the Campus. Green ivy clung to the buildings that Jud knew so well. The Lake was dotted with canoes and sailboats containing youth . . . that was laughing at life. Windows were open always, cars flew by constantly, fraternity house front porches were the meccas of crowds of young men in light colored knickers and flannels.

But the worst of all to Jud was the frequent glimpses he caught of Eve riding with some one, or swimming from the next door pier, or walking with Diane. Apparently Eve was thoroughly enjoying herself.

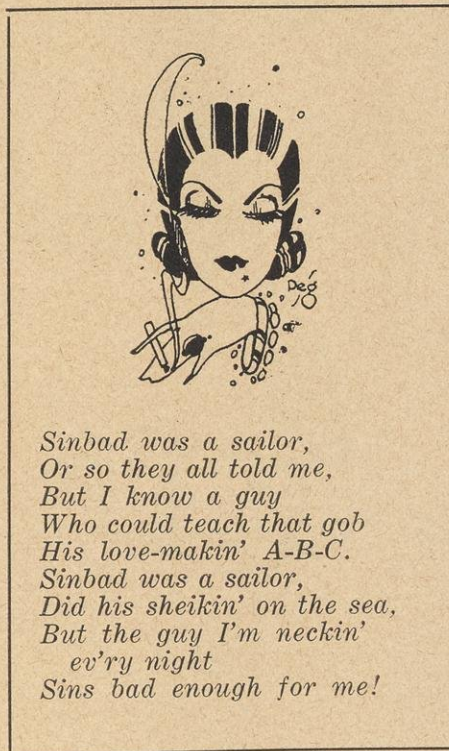
The night of the commencement dance he sat in the living room of the Fraternity, watching the brothers go out to the girls they loved. They had tried in vain to persuade Jud to get a date for it. He was not interested. Jud preferred his unhappiness alone.

Through the tall arched windows came the lapping of the water on the shore. It was a night for love . . . wasted.

His car called him. Perhaps a drive would make him feel better. He climbed in, and ten minutes later was whipping along the smooth concrete road to the next village. Once there he discovered he had acquired a thirst for beer, which he proceeded to quench by visiting a local roadhouse, where bottled beer was to be had very reasonably for the times.

Having consumed several bottles, he was about to

(Continued on page 38)



*Sinbad was a sailor,  
Or so they all told me,  
But I know a guy  
Who could teach that gob  
His love-makin' A-B-C.  
Sinbad was a sailor,  
Did his sheikin' on the sea,  
But the guy I'm neckin'  
ev'ry night  
Sins bad enough for me!*





Thumbing the Pages

"I ought to get a lot out of a tutor."  
"Yes, if she is good-looking."

\$400,000,000.00 is spent annually in beauty parlors. It certainly doesn't look it.

"The big prune! He told me to go fly a kite!"

"Aw, now, dearie! He was probably just stringin' you!"

At the Orph

Old Lady: Oh dear, I do wish you boys would be quiet so that I could hear what's being said.

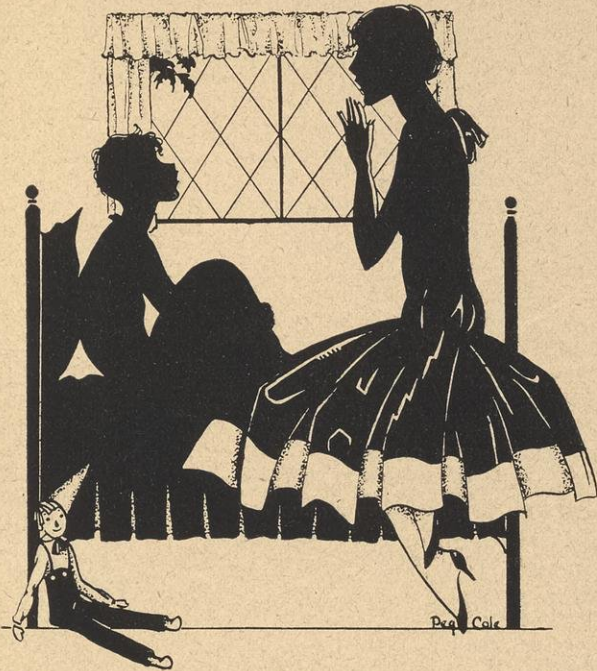
Polite Collitch Boy: That's all-right, Mam, just laugh when we do.



The Crew Men Start a Training Table

'He plays the saxophone, doesn't he?'  
'I don't like him either.'





"Mamma, are there angels in my room every night?"  
 "Why of course, dear. Why?"  
 "Well, I wish you'd tell them to stop biting."



"She was only a preacher's daughter but MY GAWD!"



Waiter: Do you wish to order a la Carte?  
 Diner: Yes, and a piece of apple pie.



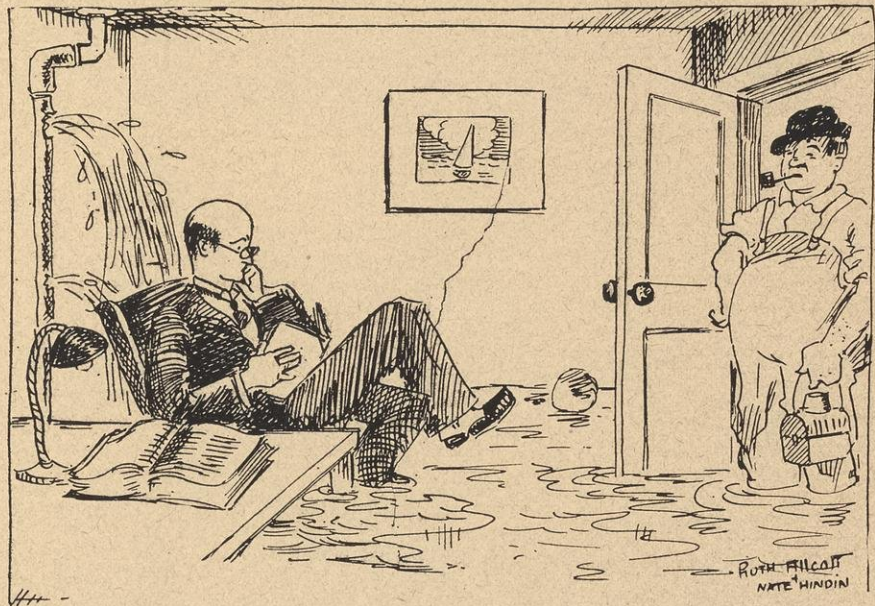
### Pome

(Late Gardonesque Style)

Spring, you are too dam swell  
 All the boys are  
 Hanging out the window—  
 Why?  
 Tell me, Spring!  
 Little girls—  
 Rose petals—  
 Delicate—sweet—  
 And here and there a bitter  
 Thorn.  
 My God—Spring!  
 Tell them women to keep their clothes  
 On  
 Or us boys will go batts!

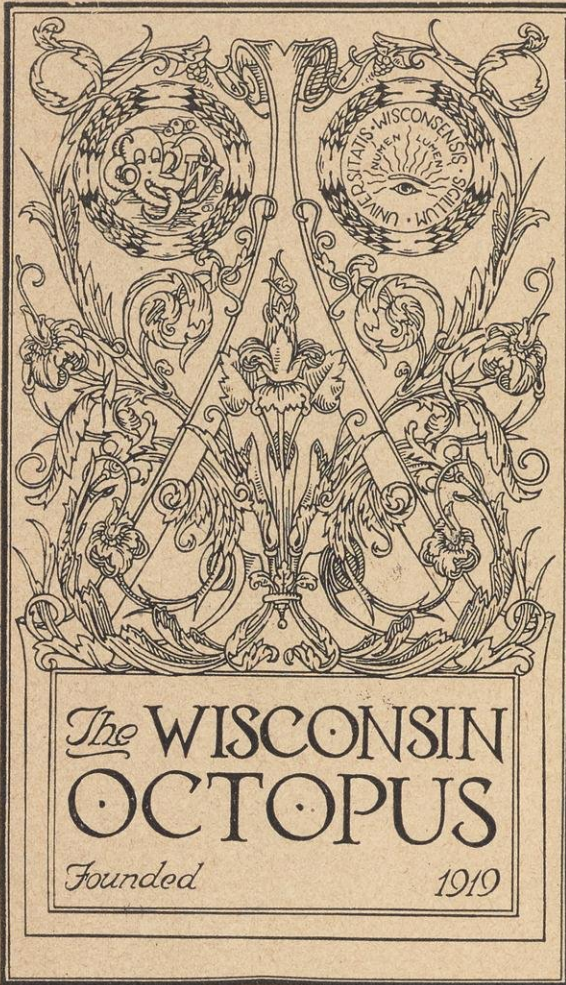


Drunk: What time ish it?  
 Soak: There it ish.  
 Drunk: It sure ish, isn't it?  
 Soak: Yeah, but I thought it was later than that.



Absent Minded Professor: Yes, I did call for you, but I can't remember why.  
 Absent Minded Plumber: That's all right, I forgot my tools anyway.





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BUSINESS MANAGER  
ABE QUISLING

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Vol. X.                                      MAY, 1928                                      No. 9



**SOME GOOFY THOUGHTS**

“SHE luvs me, she luvs me not, she luvs . . . flowers that bloom in the spring tra la . . . a young man’s fancy . . . love . . . moonlight glamour . . . soft, caressing breezes . . . canoeing over a silver sheen . . .”

Hooey? Well, we can’t help it, but when this spring spell hits Wisconsin and spreads around like a pleasant plague, we simply aren’t immune to such diseases. And Mr. Octy, being a sentimental sort of creature, sighs, and observes that the whole blamed world is going around with its arms open and a kiss upon its lips. (We thought that was original, but guess not.)

Conventions, ordinarily not a great sort of burden now have become almost unbearable, we wish that there either would be a change in the weather or a revision of the code of conventions.

And with that remark Octy confidently expects much rain.

**SOME SINCERE BACK-SLAPPING**

**T**HIS is the last Octy of the year, and we, having completed our first semester as editor, want to say some nice things about certain people.

First of all, we want to slap Gene Duffield, who just ascended to the position of Chief Pooh-Bah on Cousin Daily Cardinal, a lusty thwack

(no, we’re not lipping) because we have felt that Gene was going to hold that job down since we were a freshman and when Gene and ourself used to try to keep awake in Journalism 1.

“See that boy?” we used to say, “Well, he’s gonna be editor of the Cardinal some day.”

And while we’re usually not such a good profit



(honest we didn't mean it) we're almost as pleased as Gene is. C'mon Gene, give us one of those good natured grins—atta boy!

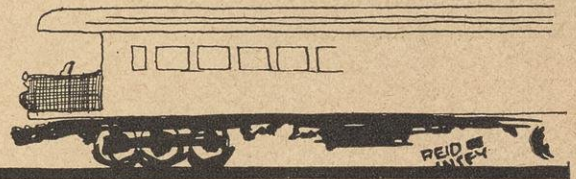
And for Hamp Randolph, who is now assistant Pooh-Bah, we want to swing just as lustily. Hamp is as splendid a handler of men as we have ever known. As managing editor he's going to

run the Cardinal staff in a fine and efficient fashion.

And Hamp, we like the Athletic Review which you've been running, too. Us magazine editors has gotta stick together. Since we've been a freshman, we've expected all this from you, and now you've gone and done it. Nice going!



## A EULOGY—OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT



**I**N ALL our life, nothing has hit us quite so hard in the middle of our emotions as the leave-taking of friends. At our final chapter meeting of each year we usually get so pent up that we can hardly talk.

And so it is now as we begin to write about those friends of ours who are graduating from Wisconsin and from Octy.

Don Abert . . . whose personality and capability ran Octy for a year . . . well, we're gonna miss you Don, and we're wishing you success—and we know you're going to have it.

Johnny Allcott, who with Don kept Octy run-

ning last year . . . Johnny you're going to go a long way in art . . . we wish you were coming back. You, and sister Ruth, have been of large assistance to us since we took the book over when some of the younger artists simply forgot all about it.

Peg Drake . . . whose pictures of glorious girls have danced across the pages of Octy, whose cover last month was an achievement . . . we're glad Peg, that you'll be near enough to draw us some pictures next year.

So, whether it sounds sentimental or not, that's how we feel about them. Goodbye Don and Johnny and Peg, and all the Senior Class, too.

### OCTY ANNOUNCES SOME NEW STAFF APPOINTMENTS

#### Editorial Staff

Tod Williston  
Carl Buss

John Tufts  
Holley Smith

Jimmy Watrous  
Dave Willock

#### Art Staff

Paul Cassidy

#### Contributing Artists

Peg Drake  
John Allcott  
Ruth Allcott  
Sam Swerdloff

Paul Cassidy  
Don Abert  
Jimmy Watrous  
Fred Kopp

Peg Cole  
Dave Willock  
Frederick Airis

#### Contributing Copy Writers

Dick Abert  
Nate Hinden  
Holley Smith  
Carl Buss

Dave Goldberg  
Cecilia Gmahling  
John Tufts





By the Half-Wit's Half Brother

Al Gottlieb, the man of destiny, directed his trained troops, the Board of Control, to another victory for someone. The Cardinal Staff is in order for another year. Someone had to do it Al, and there will always be squawkers even if Octy is the only one. Brother Aaron landed a snappy sports co-editorship as a member of 1930.

The Deans are all in favor of student government here. They don't even tell the interfraternity council they'll spank it and keep it after school if deferred rushing is not passed by that body, but they say, "Now if you don't pass this yourselves, we are going to force it on you." There's real student government.

Everyone at the Pi K A house was wondering who would put in the breakwater. Our art editor was truly surprised one Sunday morning when he discovered the breakwater all set in. His neighbors, the D. U.s explained that a keg of beer started the whole chapter of Pi K A on the war path, and they did the job and didn't know it.



Some of the experiments from Adams hall are bowing daily before the god of terpsichore over in Lathrop. Help! Help! Help!



The Thetas had another party and Jimmy Clarke held them spell bound during intermission by singing sentimentally "Together". When all were attention one slightly inebriated Gordon Derber was attempting to put on his coat out by the door. Nothing wrong with the picture so far, but when four pieces of silverware initialed KAT clattered to the floor from Gordy's coat pocket, things didn't seem quite right.



What causes Mu of Delta Delta Delta to impose a fine of five bucks (\$5) on any of its affiliates who are so unseemly as to date or speak to any member or members of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.



The Delta Zeta fire escape is doing a very nice early spring business. The girls will certainly know how to use the affair if fire ever does strike their mausoleum.



Phi Delta Phi threw a party (as usual) and the brothers so completely lost themselves in the pleasure that these lost their identity and were known for the evening only by room numbers.



Another office has become hereditary. Don Mitchell upon leaving school respectfully bequeaths the presidency of Athletic Board to John McCarter, also a fraternity man.

Fast, expert, efficient record hooking is a feature of the Phi Psi outfit. A high powered motor car pulled up in the drive at the dorms; eight men stepped out of the high powered motor car and went directly to the dens as must have been previously arranged; in a short time eight men reappeared carrying many victrola records; the group escaped in the high powered motor car.



It takes will power to pass up the drunken Betas on Langdon street at the Pi K A walk without some manner of violence. Red haired ones and fat faced ones gather there and make funny remarks at the passers by; it's a great game as long as one's a Beta and everybody understands.





## Where "good enough" isn't—

**W**AS there ever a "good enough" stroke? Was there ever a winning crew—or, in the business world, a progressive industry—perfectly satisfied with its own coordination?

This self-criticising viewpoint at Western Electric has brought together chemist and mechanical engineer to improve ceramic making methods; mechanical engineer and metallurgist to create new wire-drawing processes; production engineer and personnel manager to create new records for stabilized employment.

There is no resting on the oars in this work of building the nation's telephone equipment. The pace itself sets continually new standards for men with vision, the ability to co-ordinate, and the will to achieve.



# Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM





*The* **SPARTION**





plenty **HOT!**

**MAIL THIS COUPON**

The Sparks-Withington Co.  
Jackson, Michigan

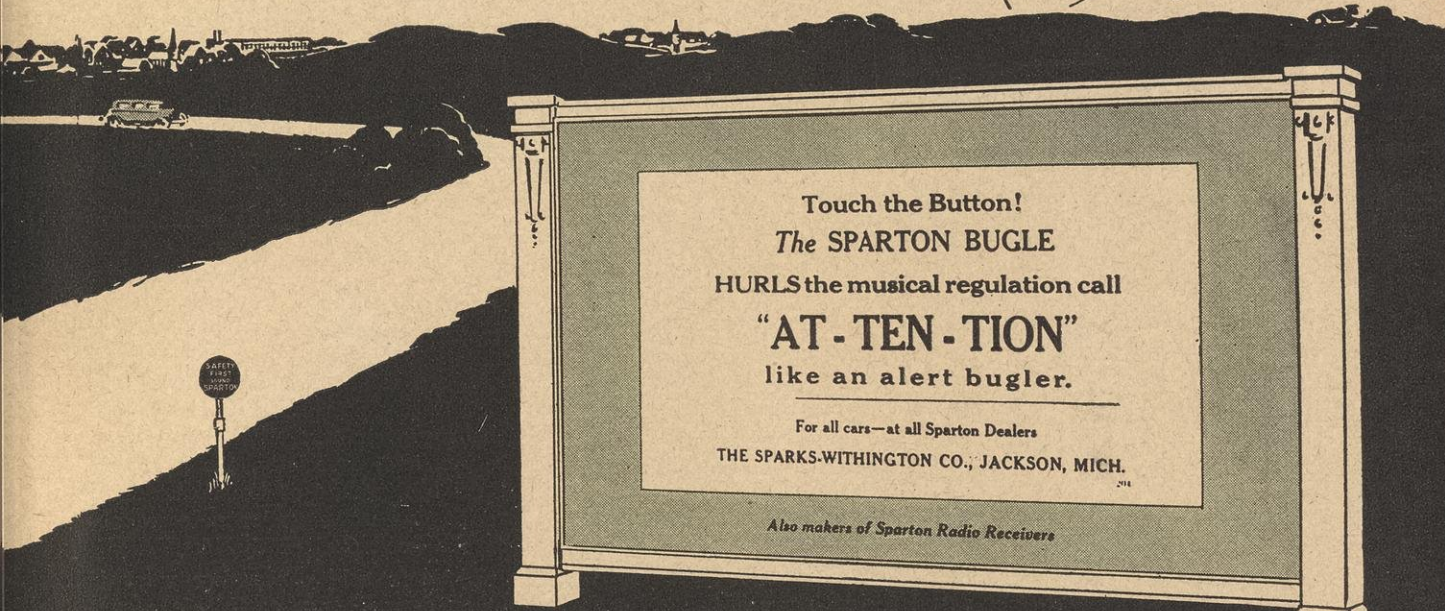
I want to hear a Sparton Bugle. Send me the  
name of the nearest Sparton dealer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address (home or school) \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

(207)



Touch the Button!  
The SPARTON BUGLE  
HURLS the musical regulation call  
"AT - TEN - TION"  
like an alert bugler.


For all cars—at all Sparton Dealers  
THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO., JACKSON, MICH.

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**BUGLE**

**FOR  
MOTOR  
CARS**





# RECENT BOOKS

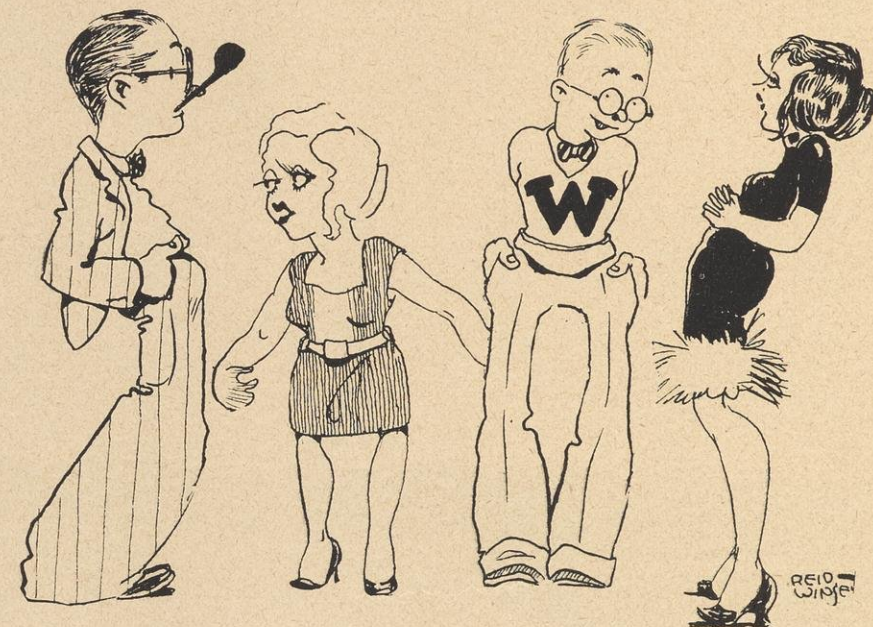
By PAUL FULCHER

## Iron and Smoke

England in the last thirty years is the stretch of Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Iron and Smoke* (Dutton), as England just after the war was the period of her earlier, and better, *The End of the House of Alard*. The books have a similar beginning. In both, a young aristocrat marries a rich girl out of the bourgeoisie in order not to sell his lands and to have an heir to leave them to. But, as if realizing this similarity, the author in *Iron and Smoke* kills off the young man early, and throws his responsibilities on his widow, who meets them in a rather mediocre way. Throughout, one keeps wishing to write the novel oneself. There are so many neglected possibilities—or is it only restraint? One wants Timothy, who inherits the iron business and has ideals, to do something about something. One wants the inspiration of the final chapter, saturated as it is with William Blake and his “dark satanic mills”, to come earlier and work out toward something or else to end in glorious failure. But we are left with only a depressing sense of cycle endlessly and uselessly following cycle, and the challenge of the dark satanic mills is unaccepted. Probably that is what Sheila Kaye-Smith wants to leave with us. But she more than hinted a way out in *The End of the House of Alard*. We want a way out.

## The Campus

*The Campus*, by Robert Cooley Angell (Appleton), is rather a disheartening book—disheartening because too true. When one reads in it such sentences as: “An expert



technician who is also a ‘good mixer’ is the model after which most students are patterning themselves.” and “The American undergraduate does not revel in the discovery of truth; rather, the use of his mental faculties is regarded as a more or less distasteful but necessary means of gaining the coveted ends of high social standing and pecuniary gain.” one has to agree that Mr. Angell knows his campus. I should like to put the book in the hands of a good many of my student friends who spend their time criticizing the faculty instead of getting an education, and say: “What about it?” And then dodge under the desk as the pretty blue volumes come whizzing back at me.

Mr. Angell is an eminently fair-minded man. Even where he con-

demns most harshly, as in his chapters on Learning and on Athletics, he is careful to indicate some almost unsuspected values in the things he finds least generally defensible. Our educational system comes out much less mud-stained than usual. The *Zeit Geist* takes some but not all of the responsibility. Elementary education, and, especially, the poor cultural background of the homes from which our undergraduates come absorb a good deal of the blame.

Little is said concerning what is to be done. Mr. Angell is a sociologist, not a prophet nor a Moses leading the children of Israel (Michigan) out of Egypt, and dividing the Red Sea for them by waving the wand of some new or utopian theory of education. One wishes, in read-

(Continued to page 28)

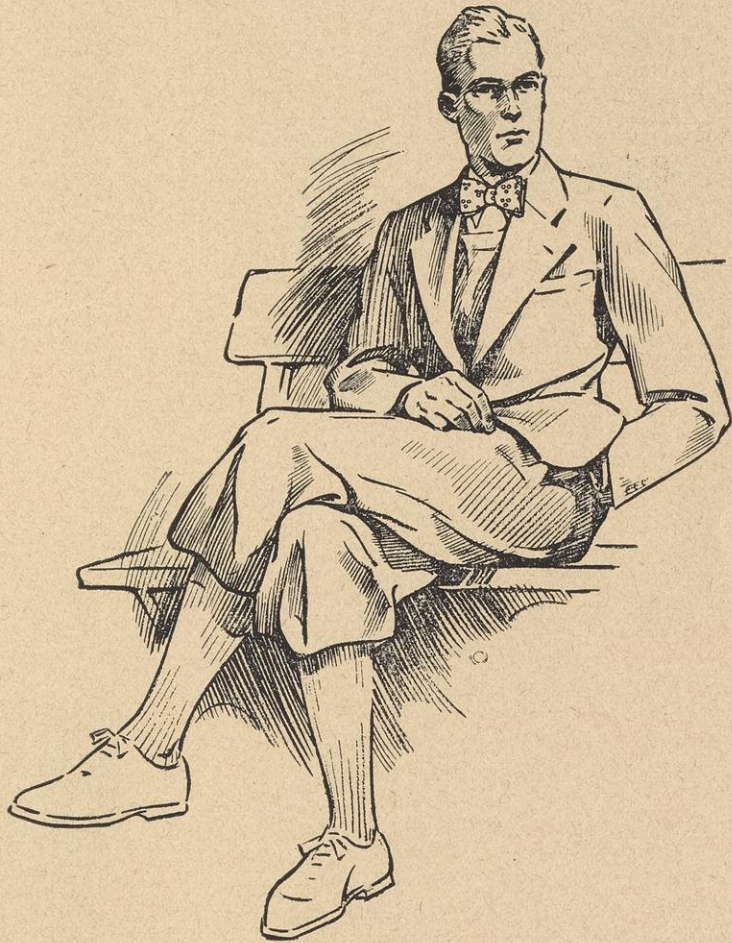


Yours for Service  
*(Friendly Service)*

# For Your Summer Clothing Needs

For over thirty years Karstens has given much thought to anticipating the needs—and suggesting proper dress for the university men of Wisconsin—In this connection we mention, with some pride, and much satisfaction, the statement made to us quite frequently by representatives of clothing manufacturers, that “Karstens,” at Madison, is recognized as one of the best equipped and organized clothing stores in the Northwest, and is especially regarded as a style authority for university men.

Isn't it reasonable to expect that you will find here what you want and should have in summer clothing.



**KARSTENS**  
On The Square-Carroll Near State



### At Class Reunion

Ten years from now your graduation gift will be the one still cherished if it comes from here.

frinstance—

**Jewelry  
Lamps  
Desk Sets**



**The Unique Shop**  
130 State Street

Fine  
Flowers  
for  
Commencement

**University  
Floral Shop**

723 University Ave.

(Continued from page 26)  
ing the book, for a little more constructive guidance, and, I think, one is wrong so to wish. For Mr. Angell seems to realize that costly fads and eccentric windmill-smashing will scarcely change into real students that all too large group of undergraduates who come to college to avoid getting an education; and who, if by some miracle they found themselves suddenly equipped with one, would be as painfully embarrassed by possessing it as was the pagan and promiscuous Horrig in Mr. Cabell's *The High Place* when he found himself furnished with an undemountable halo.

#### Daisy and Daphne

For the sake of the nice old ladies of various sexes and ages, who will ask at the end of the story: "But which was Daisy and which was Daphne?", the reviewer is tempted to explain the ingenious device on which Miss Rose Macahlay's latest novel, *Daisy and Daphne*, (Boni and

Liveright) is built. For other readers, however, that would take away a good deal of the delight of the book; and in this instance—whisper it not among the publishers—not much of anything would be left. For *Daisy and Daphne* is not a meaty performance. One feels that it should have come out in August, the time for what domestic science students call pineapple surprises and banana souffles, when the roast beef of old England remains in pasture, on the hoof. In spite of some clever satire on Freud and journalism and popular novels and English lecturers in America, the book leaves one with only the impression of having been pleasantly amused. Miss Macaulay can do more than that. So this reviewer wags a mildly admonitory and academic finger at her, and urges her to try again—or else to re-circulate *Potterism* and *Dangerous Ages* and *Told by an Idiot*, which are now all too difficult to find in the average book store.



"Forsooth, Adonis, she has a well turned ankle."



# What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



“Framed in the prodigality of nature” ~

What’s the difference if King Richard III did live several centuries ago? Shakespeare wrote his speech and Shakespeare wrote for the ages. Both liked to refresh themselves. Maybe Shakespeare saw the handwriting on the wall — one of those Coca-Cola ads, reading:

*Good things from nine sunny climes poured into a single glass.*

King Richard III  
Act I, Scene 2

*8 million  
a day*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS





# Braeburn

*that means style, wear,  
value in clothes tailored  
especially for university  
men.*

# The College Shop

Howard L. Thrapp, Mgr.  
*On the Lower Campus*



## Malone Grocery

Agency

**RICHELIEU PURE FOOD  
PRODUCTS**

**Wholesale and Retail  
Groceries, Fruits and  
Vegetables**

434 State. B. 1163-1164

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We cordially invite all  
Mother's Week-end visitors  
to stay in and look over our  
attractive gifts.

## The Mouse-around Gift Shop

*Upstairs at 416 State  
F. 324*

---

---



*"Have you a date to-morrow  
night?"*

*"It depends on the weather."*

*"Why the weather?"*

*"Yeh, whether she'll go or not."*



He: Would you let me kiss you?  
She: Well, I don't 'no'.

# SCOTT'S

For

Permanent Marcel Waving  
(Garamound)

Experts in Beauty Culture

## SCOTT'S BEAUTY SHOP

672 State Upstairs B. 7170



**Rennebohm**  
**Better Drug Stores**

*Save You Money*

**Five Stores**

located  
conveniently  
for all students

**\$5.00**

In Advance Gives

**\$6.00**  
**Credit**

We Call and Deliver

**Pantorium Co.**

538 State Street  
Badger 1180

Cleaning, Pressing,  
Repairing

For the House or Your  
Room

**A Movie  
Show**

We rent projectors and  
films. Consult us for fur-  
ther details.

*The*  
**PHOTOART  
HOUSE**

Wm. J. Meuer, President

"Low bridge," shouted the bus con-  
ductor. "Everyone keep his seat and  
face to the front."

A gay little flapper up forward  
turned around, smiled sweetly, and  
said, "My dear, you know that can't  
be done." —Log



Stage Struck

**DRY?**

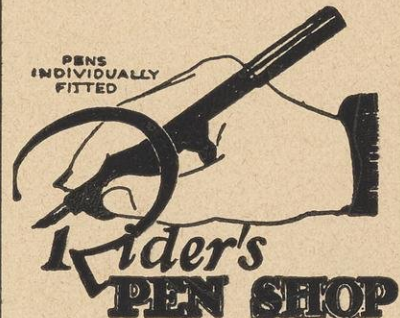
Mr. A. Stew Dent went  
to a lecture one morning,  
an important lecture. Full,  
clear notes were essential.  
The Prof. had said so.

"Getting all the main  
points, anyhow", he flat-  
tered himself.

Just then something  
happened. Mr. Dent said  
something forcible in a  
very loud tone of voice.  
Coeds looked up and bit  
their lips. But nothing  
could stop the avalanche of  
words that flowed from the  
tongue of the Prof.

"Dry! Absolutely dry!  
Who has an extra pen",  
Dent implored in a hoarse  
whisper. But no one had  
time to pay any attention  
to him. And so the im-  
portant lecture was utterly  
ruined.

After class he did what  
he had intended to do long  
before. He made hot  
tracks to RIDER'S PEN  
SHOP and bought himself  
a RIDER MASTERPEN  
eight times as much ink as  
the ordinary pen, and never  
runs dry in the middle of a  
lecture.



650 State Street



# Kessenich's



## Fashion Has Invaded The Beaches

But it is a pleasing invasion because it is a colorful one.

Today — bathing suits are smart when close fitting. Solid colors, stripes and figured patterns prevail.

Select yours at Kessenich's while stocks are complete.

\$6.00

### Diving Caps 35 cents and up

They will flash their color across Mendota's waters. Tight fitting styles with or without chin straps.



*Baby Cannibal: Bean soup again mother?  
Cannibal Mother: No dear, noodle soup.*

"I can't understand why they refused to take that fat man's body at the morgue."

"Well, they just thought it would be too big an undertaking."

### Why Men Stay Single

She: You won't smoke any more?  
 He: Oh no!  
 She: You won't drink?  
 He: I should say not.  
 She: You won't flirt with other women?  
 He: Absolutely not.  
 She: You'll stay home every night and not go away and leave me alone?  
 He: I promise, dear.  
 She: Very well, then I'll marry you.  
 He: Who—me?





## AN ADDITION TO CAMEL SMOKE-LORE . . . .

WE SUBMIT the sad case of the freshman in zoology, who, when asked to describe a camel, said, "A camel is what you wish you were smoking while you try to think of the right answers." He flunked zoology—but he knew his cigarettes. For in time of trial or time of joy, there's no friend like Camels.

*The subtle influences of choice tobaccos upon the smoke-spots of mankind have been carefully studied, identified, and blended smoothly into Camels—the finest of cigarettes. And we'll bet an alkaflitch on this: Camels have just the taste and aroma to pack your smoke-spot with the "fill-fulment" every experienced smoker seeks. Got an alkaflitch you want to lose?*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



# Afternoon Frocks



Smart occasions  
demand distinct  
apparel

Newest creations----sport,  
semi-tailored, and Formals

\$10 - \$15 - \$25

## Stewart Smart Shop

227 State Street

"There's mother's ashes in the jar on the mantelpiece."  
 "So your mother is with the angels?"  
 "No, sir; she's just too lazy to look for an ash tray."  
 —Northwestern Purple Parrot



### We Can't Believe This

It is rumored that several boys are trying to marry  
 Greta Garbo for her money.  
 —W. and L. Mink



"Darn It! Oh Dash It All! I Simply Hate America!"  
 Said David Gordon, Stamping His Foot

This remarkable photo shows the leaders in C. C. Pyle's Transcontinental Foot-Race as they came pounding into Cackleville, Ohio on the last charley-horse of the grueling grind. It is the first time that corn has been successfully grown from coast to coast though most of it has turned to bunions by this time. The picture was snapped on Sunday as the contestants, togged in their Sunday best, came jogging out of the church-on-wheels in which the congregation runs while it listens. Services were temporarily halted by a flat tire. Following church, a short programme was held on the rear of a large truck in front of the runners. A lecture was given on the care of the feet with slides showing children wading in cool spring water and sand. The dust kicked up by the truck made visibility poor and the slides were discontinued. Following this, Mr. Pyle gave a brief pep talk called "Smile at Miles". The gist of his speech was that steps would be taken to reach New York in time for a whirlwind finish.



Employer: Have you had a college education?  
 Nigger: Ah sure has, suh. Ah's been a Pullman porter fo' twenty years!  
 —Chaparral



# Plan Now---

## For the Outdoor Trips Ahead

Spring is just around the corner. Plan now for those camping trips, picnics, and automobile tours. Of course you'll want to take music and entertainment with you. Ask your dealer to play for you on a Columbia Viva-tonal Portable some of the records listed below.

A Columbia Portable is ideal for your room, too. Great volume and clarity. Tucks away in the closet or on a shelf.

**BE SURE TO HEAR**

- |             |   |                                |               |
|-------------|---|--------------------------------|---------------|
| 1325—D      | } | On Wisconsin                   |               |
| 10 in. 75c. |   | The Minnesota March            | Columbia Band |
| 1337—D      | } | Ramona                         | Waltz         |
| 10 in. 75c. |   | In My Bouquet of Memories      | Fox Trot      |
|             |   | Ben Selvin and His Orchestra   |               |
| 1343—D      | } | Together                       | Waltz         |
| 10 in. 75c. |   | Without You Sweetheart         | Fox Trot      |
| T. M.       |   | Columbia "New Process" Records | T. M.         |
|             |   | Gerald Marks and His Orchestra |               |

Made the New Way—Electrically

Viva-tonal Recording. The Records without a scratch



"Like  
Life  
Itself"

Model

No. 130

List Price

\$30



# Columbia "NEW PROCESS" Records

*Made the New Way - Electrically*

*Viva-tonal Recording - The Records without Scratch*

*Schubert Centennial—Organized by Columbia Phonograph Company*



Columbia Phonograph Company

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*Authorized Columbia Dealer*

## GEO. E. RICHTER PIANO COMPANY

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Madison, Wisconsin

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Extensive Library of Columbia Records

Monthly Record Catalogs mailed upon request free

Largest Assortment of **Portable Phonographs.** Prices Range From \$7.75 to \$50.00

Pianos of national reputation, small Uprights and Grands in up to date, modern designs

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Everyone with a modest, steady income can enjoy his own piano through our individual plan

Our Service and Our Guarantee Protects You

Form a Habit to Visit Us

**Business is not good Business unless it makes a Friend**





**LEARBURY**  
 has been designed only  
 after a study of the  
**COLLEGE MAN** at  
 the foremost campus-  
 es all over the country.



**KARSTENS**

On the Square  
Carroll near State

Tailored at the  
**HOUSE OF COLLEGE CLOTHES**  
MORGAN HALL - SAINT LOUIS



George: Does your friend mind petting?  
Georgette: No, if you're doggy enough.



Every Man, Woman, and Pi Phi Ought To

Get behind a new national movement that is sweep-  
 ing the country! From every nook and cranny in the  
 United States money is pouring in to further this great  
 cause. School children everywhere are contributing their  
 pennies. The object is to convince the housewives of  
 America that all garbage should be wrapped in the  
 American Mercury or Atlantic Monthly. Newspapers  
 surrounding the coffee grounds and banana peels will  
 no longer be idly read by the garbage truck employees  
 as they ride gaily from house to house, but in their  
 place will be substituted real literature of a cultural  
 and entertaining value. It has been estimated that the  
 average garbage truck worker reads nearly three thou-  
 sand words a day, ninety-eight percent of which is  
 gleaned from the daily newspapers in which the refuse  
 is wrapped. Why shouldn't these three thousand words  
 be of an intellectual and beneficial nature instead of  
 crude news stories of murders and baseball? Talk this  
 over with your collector!





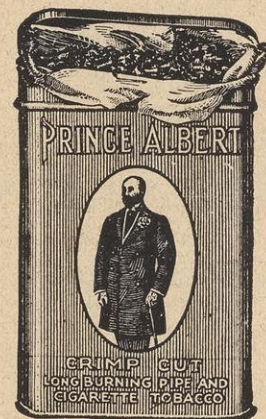
# P. A. wins on every count

ANY way you figure it, P. A. is better tobacco. Take fragrance, for instance. Your well-known olfactory organ will tell you. And taste—who can describe that? And mildness—you couldn't ask for anything milder.

Yes, Sir, P. A. is cool and comfortable and mellow and mild. Long-burning, with a good clean ash. You never tire of P. A. It's always the same old friendly smoke. Get yourself a tidy red tin and check everything I'm telling you!

## PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!



*The more you know  
about tobaccos, the  
more you appreciate  
P. A.*



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Inc.

Established 1882

Diamond Merchants  
Jewelers and Silversmiths

Dependable  
Yesterday  
To-day  
and Tomorrow

21 N. Pinckney St.

(Continued from page 17)

leave, when a party came in. He saw Diane among them. She saw Jud quickly, and came over to talk.

"Hello, Diane. I thought you were at the dance?"

"We were, but Don had a wonderful idea when he suggested coming out here. We're going back in a while. I wanted to ride."

"Yes, you would, Diane. I remember—." Jud checked himself. He and Diane had once been very good friends.

"What's the idea of coming out here alone, Jud?"

"Just trying to drown my sorrows, m'dear, I guess the glass isn't big enough though."

**MEAT**  
Goeden & Company

"Jud, be serious for once in your life. I want to tell you a thing or two. I shouldn't because I promised Eve, but I can't see you lose her. First tell me whether you're engaged to Anne Huston or not?"

"Of course not, who told you that?"

"Eve told me, and Joan told her while she was in Chicago. And you're really not engaged?"

"No, I haven't even seen her since the Michigan game last September. We were engaged then, but I couldn't stand her any longer. It was mostly mother anyway, she thought Anne was so sweet, and just because we were kids together, and I used to like Anne then, she wanted us to marry. No soap on that deal, though. You've heard the line of rot before."

Diane thought in silence, she was doing some rapid headwork. Finally she came to some startling conclusions.

"Well, if that's the case, you'd better get going, Eve is leaving on the ten-thirty tonight for home, you've got nine minutes to catch it if you want her, and seven miles to go."

"But hell, Diane, she doesn't want me, it was a bet. You know that."

"Yes, and I know it wasn't a bet that she accepted you, too. You dummy, she loves you. Can't you see that she thought you were playing with her when she found out from Joan that you were supposedly already engaged?"

Jud took one second to digest this information, let out a wild whoop, threw a dollar bill on the table, and leaped for the door. He was thankful that he had overhauled the car before Eve had left for Chicago.

Diane watched him go with a glance that was a bit sad . . . she had once loved Jud, but she had been one in a long list of girls.

The old motor roared after one application of the starter, and Jud was off. He knew approximately what the car could do, as he had never been reluctant to let it out. He only hoped that it wouldn't fail him now that he needed it. The needle of the speedometer slowly advanced to forty five, where it stopped, quivering slightly. When the engine grew warm enough Jud knew he could get fifty out of her.

And presently he did. The car swayed, rattled some-



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a Rent-a-Car from the*

## Capital City Rent-A-Car

When you drive one of our cars you have a  
feeling of confidence

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F. 334

times, but kept on going. Trees and fences swept by. Jud was enjoying himself immensely. What he feared was the entrance into the Town, because he would be constantly in danger there, from the other cars, although most of them would not be on the streets at this hour, as the dance and other parties were in progress.

He sighted the dome of the Capitol and knew he was approaching the Town. Soon he crossed the city limits. From the dim depths of a side street came a motorcycle. Jud knew what that meant, but kept on going. The cop was along side of him and asking him to pull up. He did, and fidgeted impatiently while the slip was made out. That took more time. At last he started again. Twisting, dodging, and speeding in and out, he tore down the main street. Policemen yelled at him futilely, people stared. Then the gods were kind. From a cross street came a fire truck, turning in ahead of him. Jud stepped harder on the gas and followed it, taking advantage of its bell and siren to use the empty streets.

He found himself at the station. Leaving the motor running, he hastened through the waiting room and onto the platform. In the darkness down the track were the lights of the departing train. He swore breathlessly in a steady monotone.

### VII

Eve sat in her stateroom on the Berengeria, gazing at the stretch of blue water through the porthole. Europe didn't seem to appeal to her for some reason. But her mother and father had insisted, and when they said that she could take Joan along, she consented.

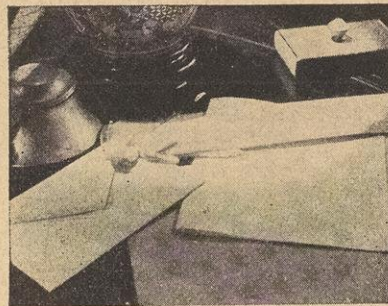
"I haven't heard from a soul since we started, Joan, not even in New York. And nobody knows where we will be on the continent because Dad didn't want to be bothered with business or anything. I think it's horrid."

"You're only hoping that Jud will write you, that's all you want. You can't fool me."

"Well . . . maybe. Did I tell you I wrote him? I couldn't help it. But he didn't answer before we left . . . I guess he didn't want to."

The tale of Eve's letter was sad. It reposed in the Fraternity mail box at the very moment when Eve was telling Joan about it, overlooked in the last frantic packing and closing of the house for the summer. Jud had left for Chicago, where he found that his father had arranged a trip to England for him during the summer, an additional commencement present. Jud was delighted,

*(Continued on page 40)*



## A jewel changes according to its setting



A gem, reset by an artist-jeweler, acquires new radiance and beauty.

Similarly, a letter on rich and correctly styled Old

Hampshire Stationery, takes on added character and charm. Correct stationery of fine quality is an important social asset.

## Old Hampshire Stationery

*"The Aristocrat of the Writing Table"*

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls, Mass.





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**Tar:** A Life Saver!

**Jack:** What flavor?

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REGISTERED  
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and when there, don't fail to try our delicious  
Sodas, Malted Milks or Toastwiches.

(Continued from page 39)

for the prospect of going to work right away did not appear in the least attractive to him. He had packed and left for New York on the same day, two weeks after Eve had taken the train from Town.

The frantic telegrams had never been answered, nor had the special delivery letter he had written every day. Evidently Eve was lost forever. His inquiries in Cleveland, where Eve now lived revealed nothing. The family had gone for the summer, leaving no address.

Jud boarded the Berengeria in a troubled state of mind, but he hoped that in the fall he could locate Eve again. She'd be back at school certainly.

The masquerade dance announced on the bulletin board on the fourth day out did not interest Jud, but he made up his mind to go just to be sociable. Jud was obliging. He invented a weird costume composed of two sheets and his riding boots, and a bath towel, which made him a desert shiek in a twinkling. Over his face he wore a large black mask.

The spirit of the evening overwhelmed him, and he danced with everyone, keeping a constant stream of bright conversation flowing glibly in the ears of his fair companions. Jud was never at loss for small talk. A certain girl in a peasant smock, which smacked strongly of Fifth Avenue, interested him. So he devoted himself to her after the fifth dance. She seemed not averse to his attentions.

At midnight masks came off. The peasant girl slowly pulled the piece of black silk from her face. A pair of deep blue eyes looked into his, golden hair was revealed when she took off the cap she had worn.

It was Eve.

Jud swallowed very hard, then he blinked.

"What the devil . . ." which was a rather inappropriate but typically manlike remark.

Then, despite a mob of startled persons in variegated costumes, and a pair of shocked parents, just what occurred immediately after is really none of your business.

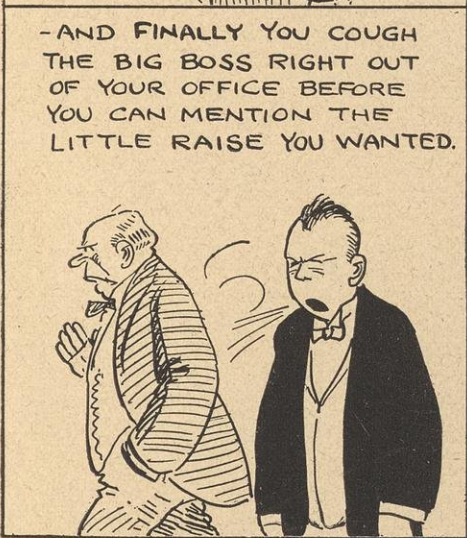
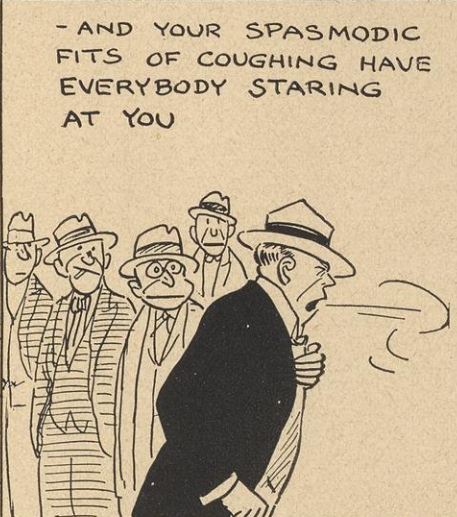
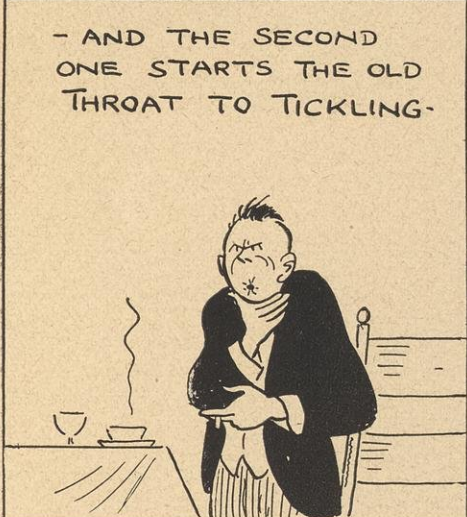
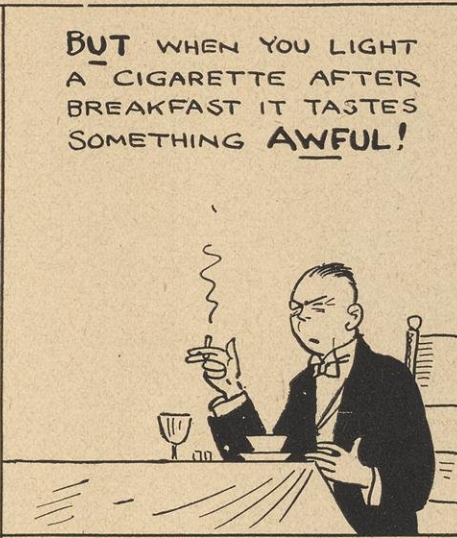
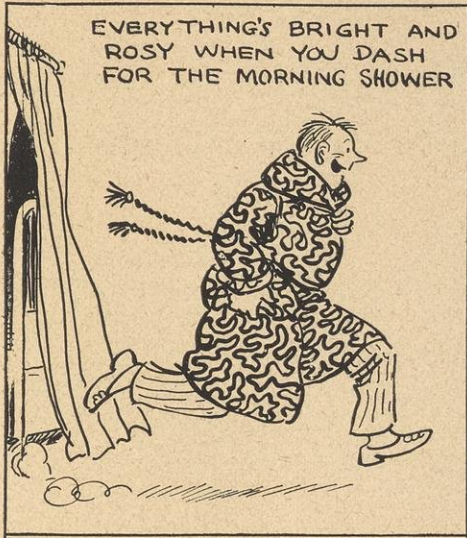
THE END



A Wisconsin Co-Ed Asserts Her Right



How to Start the Day Wrong : : : : : By BRIGGS



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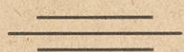
.. not a cough in a carload

15¢

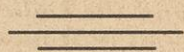




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#### A Mormon Wedding

Some people wonder what the Mormon wedding ceremony is like. It's something like this:

Preacher (to groom): Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?

Groom: I do.

Preacher (to brides): Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?

Brides: We do.

Preacher: Some of you girls there in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this.

—Judge



Proud Father: Don't you think it's about time the baby learned to say "papa?"

Mother: Oh, no, I hadn't intended telling him who you are until he becomes a little stronger.

—Texas Ranger



She: Henry Smith! I've heard about you. What makes you so popular with all the girls?

Henry: Well, you see it's this way—

She (some few moments later): Henry, would you mind explaining that all over again?

—Ranger





**KNICKERS  
And Golf Togs**

*The kind you want at  
what you want to pay*

**SPETH'S**  
222 STATE ST.

*the HOUSE of KUPPENHEIMER Good CLOTHES*

He: Gee, that's a funny dress!

She: WHAT!?!

He: Sure, why not? Isn't brevity the soul of wit?

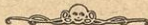
—Black and Blue Jay



**Infamous Women**

"Just Another Day Wasted Away," sang the 999 wives of Solomon, as he picked out the favorite again.

—Punch Bowl



**Same Old Story**

Judge (to culprit): So we caught you with this bundle of silverware, etc? Whom did you rob?

Inexperienced Burglar: Two fraternity houses, sir.

Judge (to orderly): Call up all of the downtown hotels and have them claim this stuff.

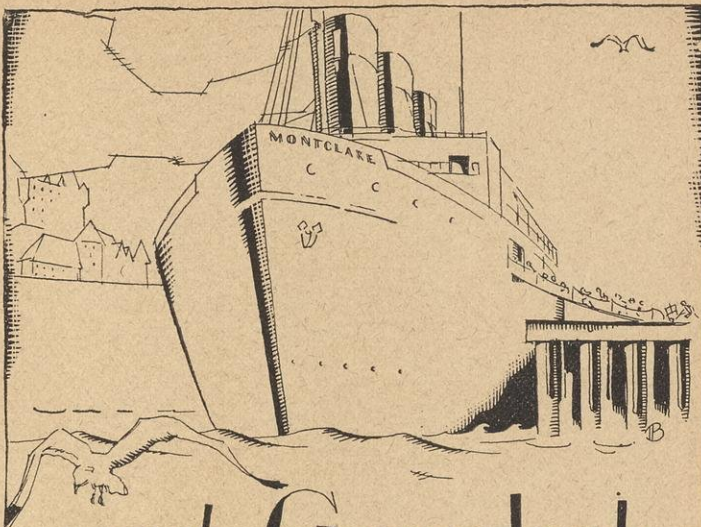
—Puppet



"Pardon me, sir, but could you tell me where I could get a drink?"

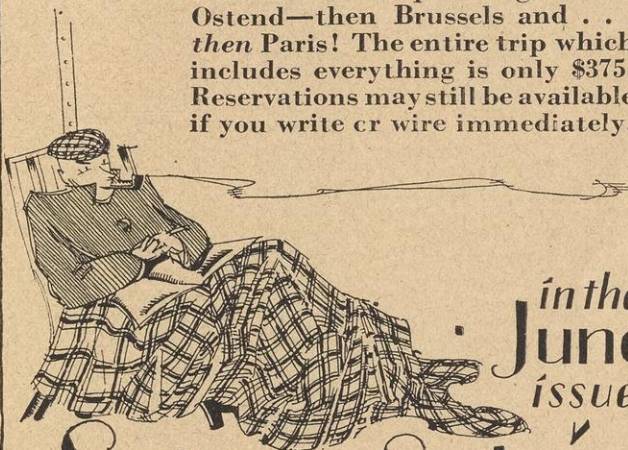
"Mister, I'm only a street car motorman. You're the third man this morning who has mistaken me for a policeman."

—Exchange



*up the* **Gangplank**

Off for Europe. Six glorious days on the great Atlantic. Deck games—dancing in the moonlight—big Fourth of July celebration in London—beach parties galore at Ostend—then Brussels and . . . then Paris! The entire trip which includes everything is only \$375. Reservations may still be available if you write or wire immediately.



*in the*  
**June**  
*issue*

**Sailing - Sailing**

*Over the Bounding Main—Lew Tyler and the Ladies*, by Wallace Irwin—*Mad Money*, about this marriage business, by Charles Brackett—*The Space Getter*, by Mildred Cram—*The Queen Wins*, and six other features in addition to the sparkling humor.



*you will enjoy  
this number*

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Jane: I don't see why he dates her. She's a terrible dancer.

Jean: No, she can't dance but she sure can intermission. —Awwan



"Did you say your girl's legs were without equal?"

"No; I said they knew no parallel." —Judge



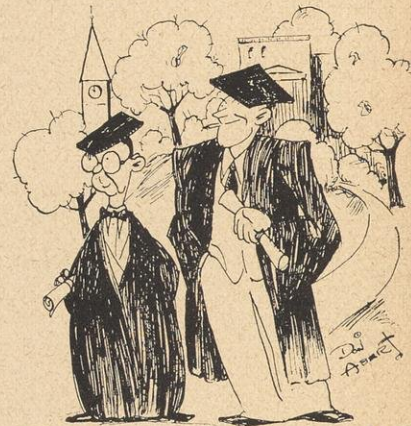
"Get the hell out of here," said the evangelist as he pounded the pulpit. —Ranger



Tough

"Are you positive the defendant was drunk?"

"Well, your honor, I saw him put a penny in a patrol box and then he looked up at the court house clock and roared, 'Gawd, I've lost 14 pounds.'" —Yellow Jacket



"Oh, so you know John. How come?"

"Oh, we went to different schools together."



Sweet Young Thing: I'll positively never marry a man who snores.

He: Good idea—but how are you going to find out? —Brown Jug



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Austere Aunt: Young man, don't argue with me. Why, I knew you when you were but a wicked gleam in your father's eye.

—Punch Bowl



Freshman (home on vacation, telling mother about the R. O. T. C. maneuvers)—And then they gave us some blank cartridges—

"Be natural, dear. Say 'damned cartridges' if you want to."

—Georgie Cracker



Old Lady: How does a fine-looking man like you happen to be a street sweeper in this one-horse town?

Him: One horse! You ought to have my job!

—Columns



Old Lady: You don't chew tobacco, do you little boy?

Little Boy: No mum, but I could let you have a cigarette.

—Cracker

## Spring!

Fresh Breezes blowing across the campus.

Fresh men standing in front of Bascom.

Fresh Vegetables served deliciously.

at

**Lawrence  
Restaurants**

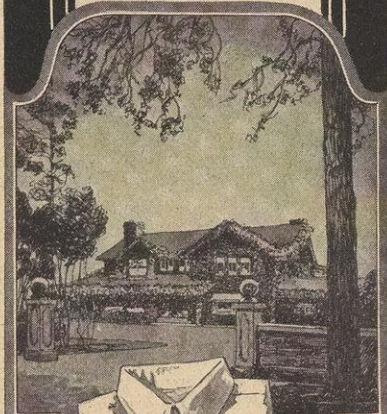
662 State St.  
1317 University Ave.

### EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

I was only a freshman girl and I had never been inside the men's gym. When mother came to visit me on Mothers' Week-End I thought it would be nice to take her through all the university buildings including the big, red gym. So we started on through—and went to see the big swimming pool. Imagine our embarrassment when we discovered a class in session. (Susie Plotz.)

I am really not lazy but just born tired. I never did like studying foreign languages anyway, so even though I was taking French I attended classes only now and then. I was always careful to cut days when quizzes were assigned. I have always been opposed to final examinations so I did not write my French final. You can well feature my extreme embarrassment when I was told I had flunked the course. (Lulu Blimps).

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**Grayco**



I am one of those persons who like to oblige people. So when a nice girl came and asked me to sign a card which she called a Union pledge I didn't want to be obstinate. Imagine my embarrassment when a few months later I was asked to pay \$50. (Si Hokum.)



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118 N. Fairchild

A British scientist now estimates that Do Do birds became extinct in about 1665. By 1965 perhaps the Do Do Deo Do birds will be extinct too. *Judge*



That dumbest feeling—To catch a stranger in town kissing a girl you've been trying to kiss for six months. *—Masquerader*



The preacher had been doing his stuff for nigh on to two hours, and the length of the sermon and dryness of the subject was beginning to tell on the congregation. In fact, Deacon Beggs, who was seated near the rear end of the church, had dozed off. Finally the minister became pretty well exhausted so he ended his sermon with the following words: "We will close with a short prayer. Deacon Beggs will lead."

The deacon awoke with a jerk and replied: "It ain't my lead, I just dealt." *—Exchange*



"Who's that lady I seen with you last night?"  
"That wasn't no lady, that was my nephew from Scotland." *—Juggler*



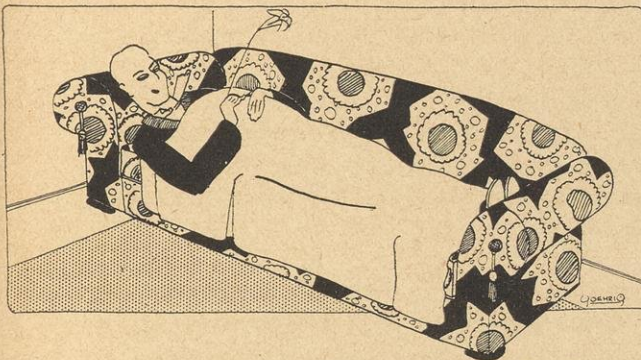
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### Things That Ain't So

Actors hate publicity.  
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Only gentlemen prefer blondes.

An old maid is a woman who had plenty of chances to get married but "the right man didn't come along—tee, hee".

Students who stay after a lecture to ask the professor questions are really interested in the subject and are not just trying to get a grade.

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Whether it is your "line" of talk or the "line" of samples in your salesman's brief case, the fact remains that you have to have something to "show" in order to make a sale.

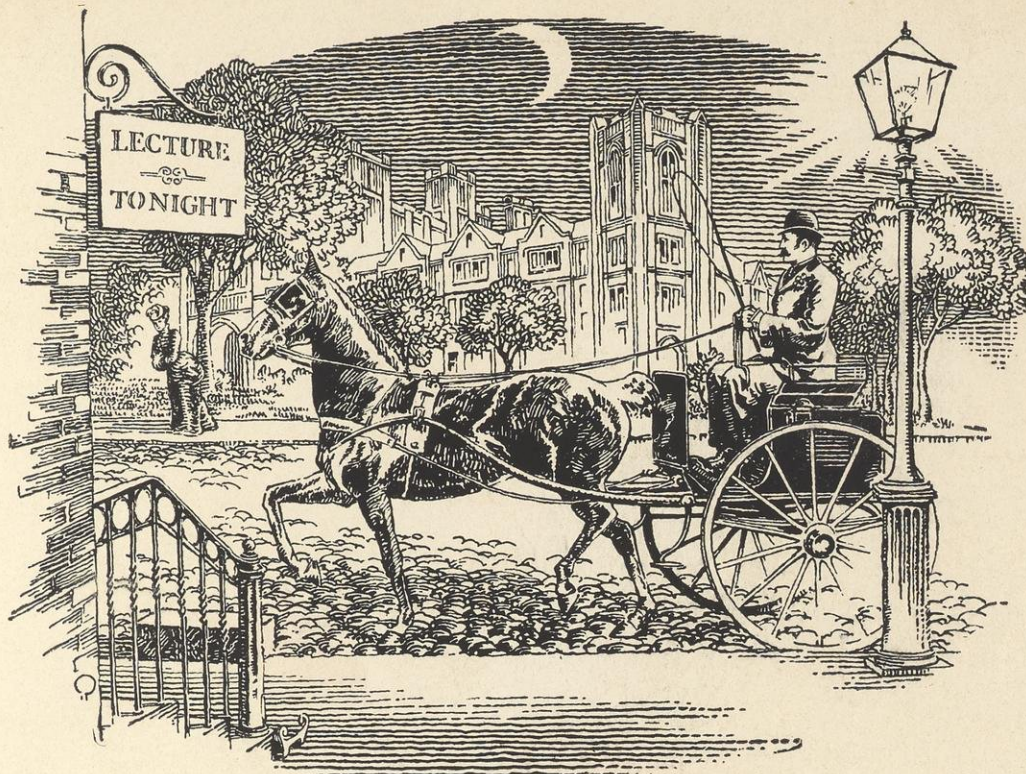
Help your salesman to increase the potency of his "line" by backing him up with adequately printed sales literature.

The Democrat Printing Company's only "line" is the success of its clients who have put their faith in Democrat printed material.

# Democrat Printing Company

114 South Carroll Street  
Madison, Wisconsin





## When Dad was a "Modern Youth"

**B**ICYCLES, stereopticon lectures, and the "gilded" youths with their horses and carts; at night the midnight oil burning in student lamps while the gas lights glared and flickered across the campus—the gay nineties when Dad was in college seem primitive to us to-day.

Now it's sport roadsters, the movies, and radios. At night the MAZDA lamp replaces the midnight oil in dormitory rooms, while modern

street lighting sheds its friendly glow over the campus.

Without electricity we would have none of these improvements. To-day's marvel of electrical invention becomes to-morrow's accepted utility. In the coming years, by taking advantage of new uses of electricity you will be able to go so much farther that the "tearing twenties" will seem just as primitive as the "gay nineties".



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