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O The Wisconsin Octopus



Exchange
Number
March
1931
25 cents

OZ OPKER

SANFORIZED SHRUNK

*Here's a Shirt that
fits and fits and
keeps on fitting*

ARROW PADDOCK

THE nearest Arrow shop has the new Arrow Paddock in your size and in your choice of nine smart pastel colors, plus white and including blue, tan and green.

Paddock is Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk, which means that its smart Arrow Collar will never strangle, its cuffs never creep up your wrists, its sleeves never bind under the arms. Arrow Paddock is *guaranteed* for permanent fit or your money back. At \$2.50 this excellent broadcloth shirt will give you more in good looks, comfort and in mileage than you've ever dared expect from *any* shirt. Ask for Paddock; make sure the Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk label is in it, then go ahead and *see* how far Arrow Paddock makes two and a half shirt dollars go.

 CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.



ARROW SANFORIZED
SHRUNK SHIRT

MILITARY 19★ BALL★ 31

R
O
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C



C
O
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Y

Here's to Horatius Conway!!

A long time ago there was a king who came with his army to teach the Romans a lesson. But to get into Rome they had to cross a narrow bridge over the River Tiber. This king, not taking into consideration an officer in the R. O. T. C. called Horatius Conway would greet him. We all know how it come out, so now we are going to celebrate with Wayne King and the co-eds. Smartness may be assured by visiting the following shops when making preparations for the Military Ball.

The Co-op

Tiffany's
"Dresses Exclusively"

Wengels' Marinello Shop
"A Beauty Aid For Every Need"

Hoak & Dunn

Pantorium Co.
"Madison Master Cleaners"

College Rent-A-Car
"Cars For Every Need"



College Humor's ALL- AMERICANS

Basketball AND Hockey IN THE MAY ISSUE

College Humor was the first publication to attempt a selection of honor teams in inter-collegiate basketball and hockey. And today College Humor's selections of All-American stars in these two sports are recognized as official and authentic.

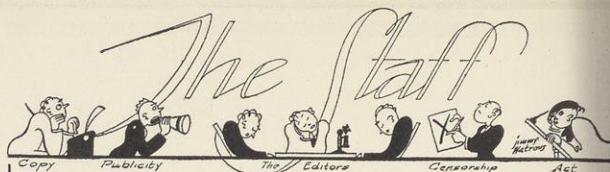
No other national magazine has undertaken to scrutinize the hundreds of college quintets in search of the five or ten most accomplished and consistently brilliant performers . . . or has endeavored a study of the different hockey conferences.

The counsel of college coaches the country over has been employed by Les Gage, Sports Editor, to assure an impartial and complete treatment of the subject. The May issue of College Humor, on sale the first of April, will announce the All-American cage team and hockey sextet for 1931 in conjunction with two comprehensive stories by Les Gage.



College Humor

M A G A Z I N E



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CONTRIBUTORS

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we are indebted to the college
comic magazines of America.



--"So We All Dressed Up For Easter"

Samuel Pepys' Diary?

If old Sam Pepys were writing his diary during 1931, more than likely he would make the above assertion. Dressing for Easter this year is going to be a 'pipe' indeed as Spring garments are much smarter than in previous years, and economics (1A) has so arranged things that fortunately we are able to offer the biggest values of many seasons. Don't let a battered budget keep you from dressing for the Spring vacation, come over to the Co-op and let us show you what can be done with our payment plan.

SUITS

\$35 - \$55

Extra Trousers or Knickers

TOPCOATS

\$25 - \$45

Belted or Plain

Use Your Co-op Number

THE CO-OP

The Student's Store

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

CHECK UP



your wardrobe!

Vogue says you'll need a polo jacket or coat for this sporty Spring Season.



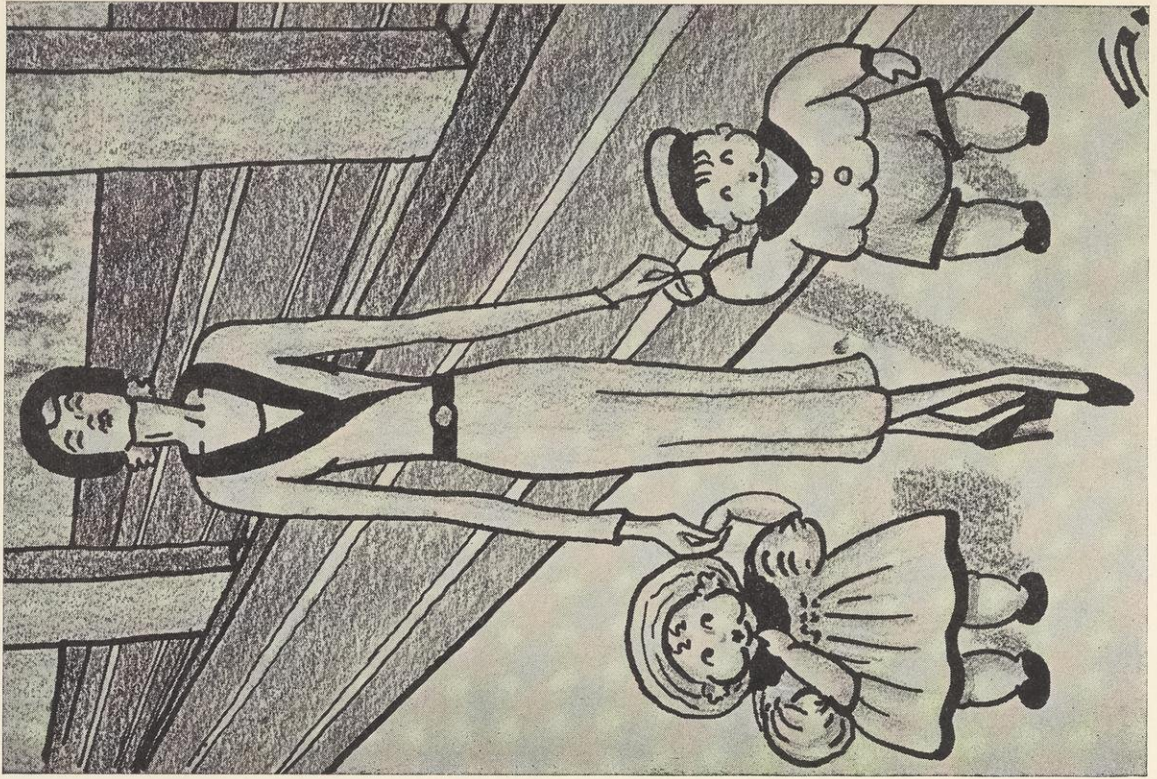
"Yes, I took your advice about **Simpson's at the Co-op.** They have the most attractive polo Jackets and Coats, and so inexpensive, too, can you imagine only **\$10.95, \$16.50 or \$18.50.** Best of all they come in two colors, both tan and white."



March » » »

« Cover Courtesy of Notre Dame Juggler »





Believe it or not.

—Purple Cow



"Can I get on here for the Bronx?"

PHIL
HOLLEY

Irate Theatregoer: Usher, usher!
I ammit, I can't find anything about
the play in this program.

Condescending Usher: Sorry, sir,
but we had to make room for two
new ads.

—Stanford Chaparral

Evolution

Glorified by Ziegfeld.
Scandalized by George White.
Mortified by Earl Carroll.

—Rammer-Jammer

Judge: Remember, anything you
say will be against you.

Prisoner: Greta Garbo.

—Masquerader

"A penny for
your thoughts."

"A penny, hell.
It's the kind of
thing you pay
\$8.80 a seat for
on Broadway."

—Dartmouth
Jack-O-Lantern

Uptown: Will
you marry me?

Downtown:
Marry you! Why
you haven't
money enough to
keep me in
clothes.

Uptown: That
doesn't take
money; that takes
will power.

—Medley

Nod: Wonder why Grace won't
dance with me?

Rod: That girls knows her bun-
ions.

—Owl

The three greatest Presidents of the
United States were Washington, Lin-
coln and Hoover. Washington be-
cause he freed the country; Lincoln
because he freed the slaves; and
Hoover because he freed the laborers.

—Punch Bowl

"Now," said the college man to his
dad at the football game, "You'll see
more excitement for two dollars than
you ever saw before."

"I don't know," replied the old
gent; "that's what my marriage license
cost me."

—Malteaser

Next. Who, me? Yes, sir. Where
born? Russia. What part? All of
me. Why did you leave Russia? I
couldn't bring it with me. Where
were your forefathers from? I only
had one father. Your business?
Rotten. Where is Washington? He's
dead. I mean the capital of the
United States? They loaned it all to
Europe. Now, do you promise to
support the Constitution? Me? How
can I? I've got a wife and six chil-
dren to support.

—Wampus

The Gangster Speaks

"How are your children getting
along?"

"Oh, fine. Tony wants to be a
racketeer, and Molly wants to be a
chorus girl."

"But what happened to Al?"

"Oh, we had to kill him. He
wanted to go to college."

—Wampus

Two Hebrew
gentlemen were
shipwrecked and
were living on a
small raft. Two
days passed and
they were nearly
frantic. However,
they, who had
been scanning the
horizon, now gave
a happy cry.

"I see a sail."

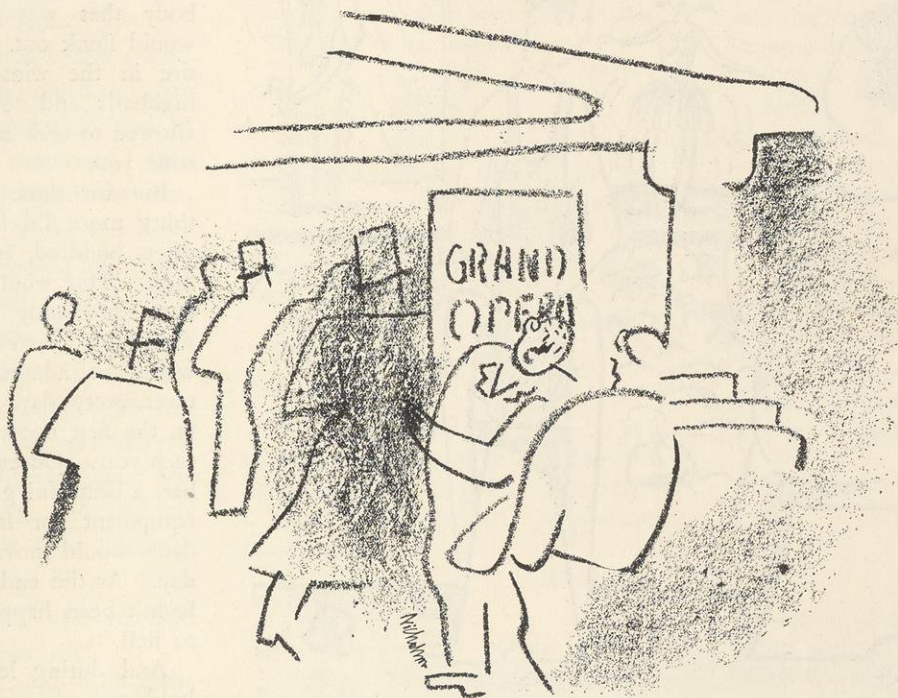
"Wot's der
use," murmured
Jakey; "ve ain't
got no samples."

—Frvivol

"Let's make
whoopie."

"Naw, too
much trouble.
Let's buy it."

—Medley



"His voice? You never seen a better one."

—Pelican

(George Jean Nathan *Condescends to Compile a Travel Guide for Those Contemplating Traveling this Summer*)

The boat trip across the big pond was lousy, the food fierce, and the service was worse. My itinerary was as follows:

London—As interesting as three dead people.

Paris—Like a heavy woolen coat on a hot summer's night.

Berlin—As bad as the Broadway stage.

Venice—It certainly is all wet.

Rome—That's what I should have done instead of coming here.

Madrid—I can't think of anything but Bull about this place.

Vienna—Prairie Junction is a great town.

Budapest—The answer is yes.

Moscow—Religion will never do this place any good.

Peking—I tried it but it didn't work.

Shanghai—That's the only way they'll ever get me here again.

Yokohama—I can't make it out.

The trip across the Pacific was worse than the first crossing; in fact, in crossing a certain meridian (I can't remember its name), they handed me an extra day of sea-sickness.

San Francisco—I couldn't find this here Golden Gate.

New York—Just like a butcher shop—full of hams.

—Medley

Cold?

Once there was a young man named Cole. No, not old King Cole, of the fairy books, but two entirely different persons. Anyway, this Cole was a coal man. One cold morning Cole was delivering coal and it was so cold that while Cole was delivering his coal, Cole not being used to delivering coal while it was cold, Cole caught cold. Now when it is cold, Cole, when Cole has to deliver coal when it is too cold for Cole, Cole wears an overcoat, or Cole waits to deliver his coal until it is not too cold for Cole to deliver his coal.

—Yellow Jacket

The Ideal College

By JIM TULLY

The trouble with colleges these days is that there isn't enough poetry in them. I don't mean courses in poetry. To hell with them. I mean that the people in college are too much of the same mould, too full of what dead men have written. They all have fraternity pins and girls' garters and notebooks with childish drawings in them.

They forget what it's all about. Most of their ambitions, if you could call them so, boil down to getting to a putrid degree that nobody cares about anyhow.

If I were running a college I wouldn't let in a lot of frowzy-eyed nitwits just because they had good records. They're dangerous. And I wouldn't have a bunch of sniggering saps cracking third-rate smutty jokes as professors.

I'd hold my classes outdoors or in the evening. And we'd discuss the way the moon makes you feel, or stars shining in the water, or the sunlight streaming through trees. And anybody that wasn't moved by them would flunk out. I'd have a roaring fire in the winter, with pipes and highballs, and nobody would ever be allowed to take an examination. They'd stifle you.

But for those who wanted something more I'd have a tall building, three hundred and sixty-five stories high. This would be my Ideal College, and only those who wanted something better, something real, would be admitted. College would meet every day. I'd start them off on the first floor at the beginning of each year. On every floor would be a bar, a beautiful girl, music, and other equipment for happiness. The students would move up one floor every day. At the end of the year if they hadn't been happy they could all go to hell.

And during leap years we would hold stag dinners in the basement. Of course I'd change the girls from year to year.

—Columbia Jester



"Thank goodness I outgrew that stage!"

—Gargoyle

The Riddle Murder

I swore softly and placed her inert form upon the flagstones, I wondered who she was. "Who was she?" said giving tone to my thoughts. My reverie was rudely busted by a tall, gaunt stranger who came loping across the court yard. He swore softly and stretched himself luxuriously upon the chaise-longue. "Who she was?" asked pointing at the girl lying on the sands at my feet. "I had a daughter Opal," he mused.

"Is this she?" barked I, grammatically.

"No," he said. There were embarrassed pauses cleverly joined so they seemed like one big one. "I had a daughter Irma," said he.

"I thought her name was Ruby," snapped I, brackishly.

"Opal," he said, "but I have three. The first was Opal, the second," said he menacingly drawing a hatchet from his gabardine, "was Irma."

"I suppose you know," said I, looking utterly unruffled.

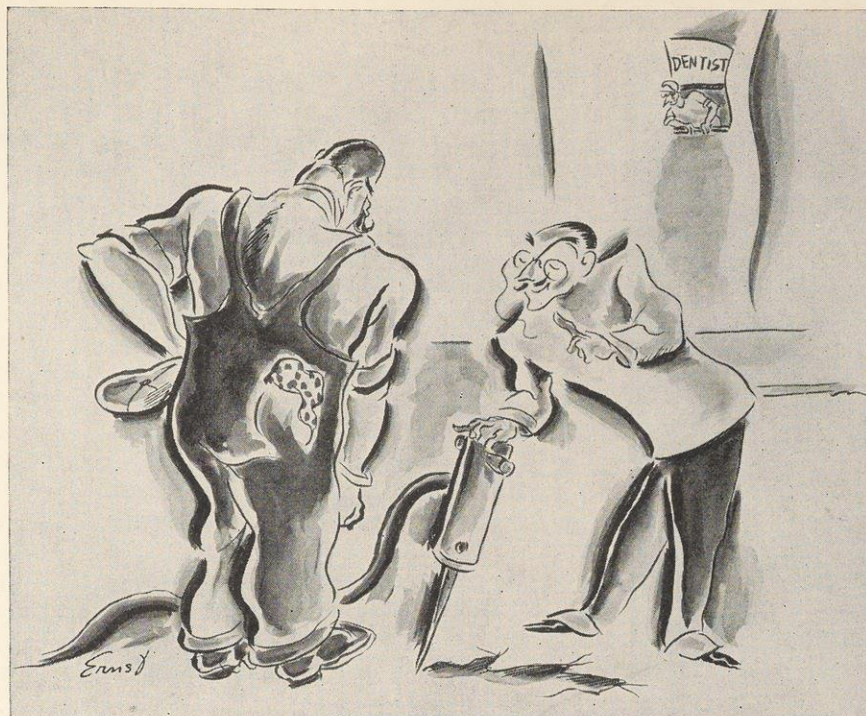
"You look utterly unruffled," he said admiringly.

"It's the tropics," I said. "Go on."

"Irma and Opal used to darn well, damn well," he continued. "They were fired with unmitigated zeal as far as darning was concerned. One day I came home and found them listless with glassy eyes. There was nothing more to darn they told me, trying to hide their feelings. 'Then it is time for you to come out,' I murmured, and so they did. We traveled from city to city bringing them out further each time. We were in London when we remembered ate. She was my other daughter. We had left her at home and the minx had run away with the family silver. Since then we have searched and searched . . ." his voice trailed off.

"If this is she," I said kicking the babe at my feet, "someone has been here first."

—Lampoon



"---Here, now, let me show you."

—Purple Parrot

Those Pilgrim maids were just as hot
As the ones we date today.

Woman alters not a jot,
She behaves the self-same way.
It's true the lack of clothes will give
A wholly new sensation—

The Pilgrim maids were just as hot,
But had more insulation.

—VooDoo

Reformer: Stop, friend! Do you
believe that a glass of that vile stuff
will quench your thirst?

College Lad: Nope. I'm gonna
drink the whole jug.

—Texas Ranger

Prof: And now Mr. D----, will
you please explain to us the difference
between a rowboat and a schooner?

Lam. Chi: Yes, sir! A schooner
has beer in it.

—Beanpot

"You've heard of Naples, the
famous Italian port, haven't you?"

"No. How much is it a bottle?"

—Punch Bowl

Autobiography

My inception was the result of a dare.
I would not have been born had not
someone dared.

On birth I developed an inferiority
complex.

I was but one of many born of that
same dare.

The light of day was denied me at my
birth.

As many others of my sisters, I was
born in the dark,

And there burned my little candle out.

Those of us who live on after those
few happy moments of our fleet-
ing childhood, live on only in
memory.

Ah, me, I died but lately born.

My mother was a chorus girl.

My father—But then, who cares?

I was but a kiss.

—Widow

Dickering, dickering, doc,
With patients lined up a block,
With fits and conniptions,
They wait for prescriptions.
Liquor me, liquor me doc.

—Jack-o-Lantern

Peggy: Harry was held up last night by two men.
 Joyce: Where?
 Peggy: All the way home.

—Stone Mill

LADIES MAN

By Eugene M. Hanson

My friend, Dick Dare, might have been a movie star had he so desired. All women fell in love with him on sight. Dick, however, chose to be a Big Game Hunter; and he returned from the hunt with many thrilling tales of adventure.

One time he returned from the mountains with as strange a story as has ever been told. It seems he had been gunning in the time and place when he ran across a bear cub. He leaned his gun against a tree and—but let him tell it.

"I was playing with this cub," Dick said, "And I failed to notice the lioness's mother come out of the bushes. Before I could reach my gun, she had a paw on my shoulder and I was helpless.

"First she sent her cub away. I waited until he was safely out of sight in the brush. Then she turned to me. She swept me into a bear-hug. There was terrific power in her huge arms. Tighter and tighter she hugged me.

"What did you do?" I interrupted Dick breathlessly. Dick grinned shamefacedly.

"There was only one thing I could do," he confessed. "I kissed her."

—Wampus

Ballad of the Flying Dutchman

Vunce dere vas a Deutschmann
 Named Schlagenkunklestein,
 Und all he did der whole day long
 Vas trink schwartz beer und vine.

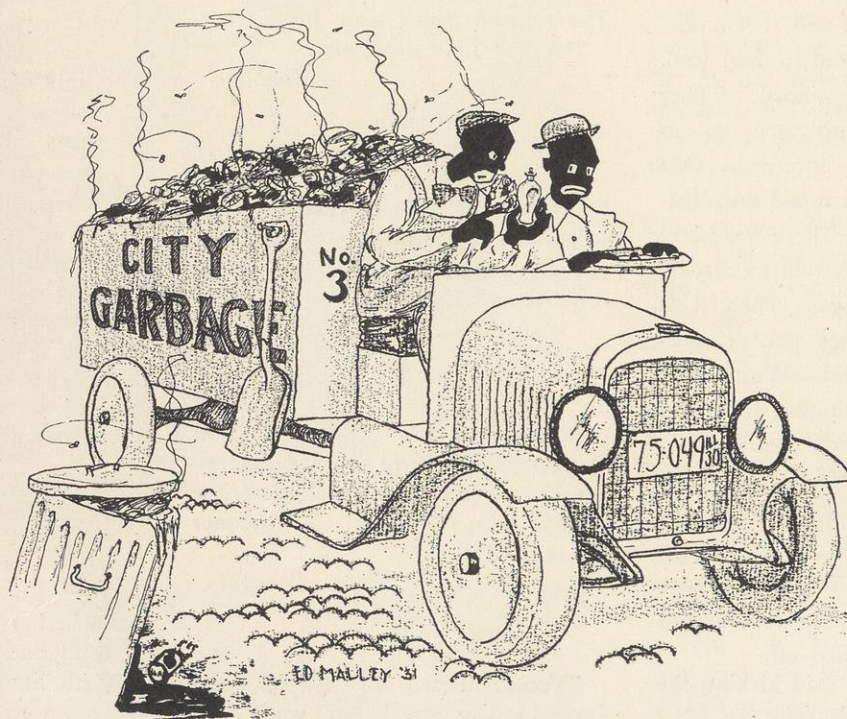
His bruder tried to stop him;
 His wife, she done her pest;
 His children begged him on der knees
 Dat he should stop vunce chest.

He got so trunk he could not stand,
 He fell down on der floor.
 Und den he scweared und den he called
 Und made dem bring him more.

His pelly swelled, he drank so much.
 It poofed oop in der air,
 But all he did vas call to dem
 To bring him some more beer.

He poofed so much he floated oop;
 He sailed right out der door.
 Der Flying Deutschmann vas he called;
 He nefer vas seen more.

—Yale Record



"An' Ah still maintains it was Lily ob de Valley."

—Siren

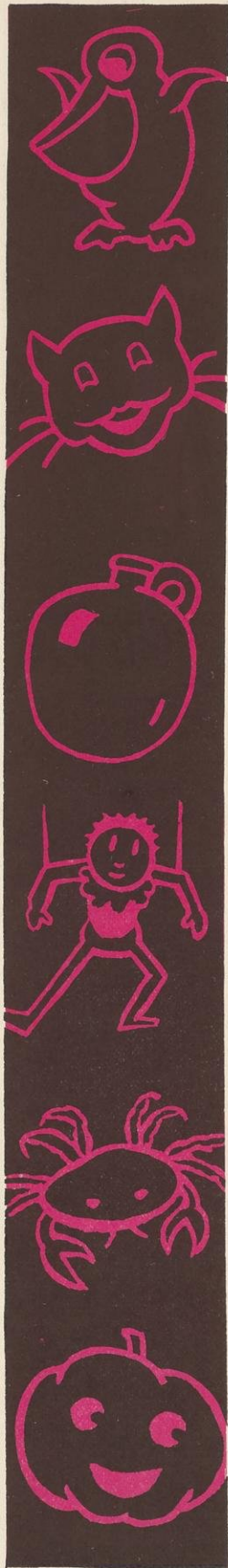
Women give three kinds of kisses: the first one for faith, the second one for hope, and the third and all succeeding ones for charity.

—Wet Hen

Pizarro: Mamma, in' whoopee with that Spanish no rita, eh? What's her name?

Columbus: Columbus offers me such opportunities.

—Exchange



Wrong Room

Guide: On our right we have the paternal home of Mr. Gould.
 Old Lady: John Jay Gould?
 Guide: No, Arthur Gould. And on the left is the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt.
 Old Lady: Cornelius Vanderbilt?
 Guide: No, Reginald Vanderbilt.
 and in front is the First Church of Christ. (To Old Lady) Now's your chance.

—Log

He: I'll tell you something if you promise to keep it dark.
 She: I will, what is it?
 He: You've a nice parlor.

—Claw

Another way for a girl to keep her youth is not to introduce him to her girl friends.

—Beanpot

A traveling man returned home to find his wife in the arms of a movie star.

"How long has this been going on?" he demanded.

"Just ten minutes," said the usher, "Plenty of room down in front."

—The Pup

I'll bet my gal's been asked to marry a hundred times.
 Yea; by her parents.

—Pelican

Architect: Would you like me to design a beautiful mansion with a handsome pergola?

Mrs. Newrich: Goodness! No one in my family could play

—Owl

Life

We've all heard that one-half of life is "if" and three-fourths of it is a "lie," but did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations? He comes into the world without his own consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of his trip.

When he is little, the big girls kiss him; and when he is big, the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich he is dishonest. If he needs credit he can't get it; if he is prosperous everyone wants to do him a favor.

If he is in politics it is for graft; if he isn't you can't find a place for him and he is no good to the country. If he doesn't give to charity he is a stingy cuss; if he does it's for show. If he is active religiously he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion he is a hardened sinner.

If he gives affection he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one he is cold blooded. If he dies young there was a great future before him. If he lives to be an old man he missed his calling.

—Rammer-Jammer

Inside Dope

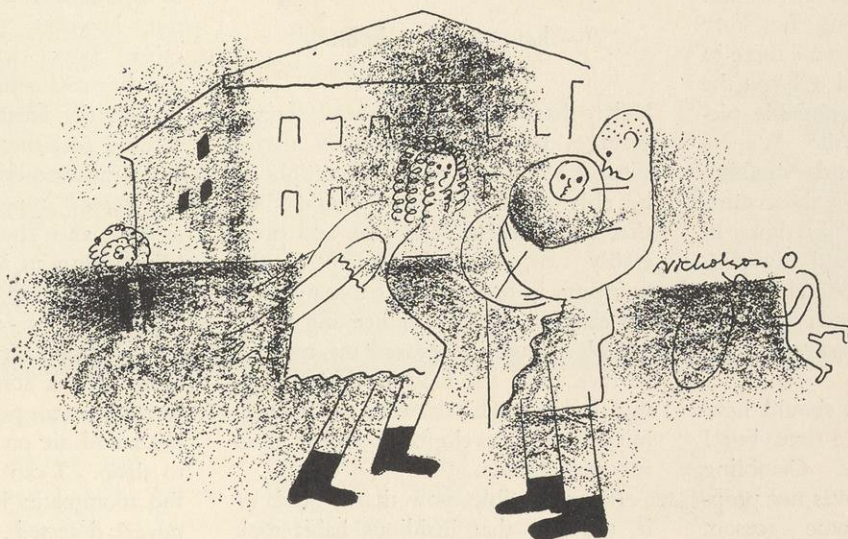
Abou Ben Adhem had no dream of peace:
 He heard some one wish that his tribe would increase.
 And this was a curse to old Ben and wife,
 Who firmly believed in a birth-controlled life.

—Froth

Lamp Post: Have this one on me.

Dog: No, thanks, just had one on the house.

—Exchange



"Just like a human bein', ain't it?"

—Pelican



An Open Letter . . .

"Extra! Extra! Wickersham Committee exposes the presence of Demon Rum and other vicious vices on the University of Wisconsin campus". My Dear Whomever It May Concern:

You will never know, Whom, how this message struck me, for I am one of the boys who needed some such enforcement long ago.

One day, just after arriving here from Jasper as a freshman, I was walking down Langdon Street, thinking of my ideals, when I passed a fraternity house. Otho Wattles, who graduated from high school with me, and knew me, was sitting on the porch. Otho was always thought a little bit loose in Jasper, and now he had joined a fraternity. I hadn't. I sometimes thought my ideals had something to do with it.

"Hello, Junior," said Otho.

"Hello, Otho," said I.

"Won't you come in, Junior?" he asked.

"Well, I reckon so," said I.

When we stop, friend, and look back at events in our lives we are amazed, aren't we, at the importance of the little things. There I was, walking up to the front porch, up the steps, and into a chair of Otho Wattles' fraternity house, without knowing that gambling was going on inside. It wasn't long, though, until Otho had me inside, for I was not suspicious. Just to make the story short, I tell you I lost 15 cents there in two hours' time. I could tell you the details; I could paint a horrible picture of that scene—Otho Wattles smoking a cigarette and shuffling cards; one fellow in his undershirt, slouched in his chair and raking in matches, which represented my pennies; a cloud of blue smoke above the table; the usual calls of men who play cards—but I hate to reveal such sin even to you.

All right. You say I should have reported that event at the time, but I confess to a greater crime. Gambling was attractive to me. I was not properly horrified, for some reason, though, thanks to somebody, I now realize the enormity of crime.

Before reading this message, though, I held no shame. I was walking down Regent Street a few days later, and saw a slot machine in a confectionery where decent people go to buy lunches and picnic baskets, never suspecting, I suppose, what that slot machine could do to them if they fell into sin. I fell, Whom. I tell you in all frankness I played that slot machine, and I kept the mints which it delivered.

At first I was satisfied with just one peppermint, but you know how habit grows. It wasn't long until I



"---that insidious habit---"

had to have two mints; then I began eating three mints every night. Finally I had to have four at night to be able to sleep, and I found then that I must eat at least one, and preferably two, when I got up in the morning, in order to feel like meeting my classes. I still was keeping up in school, though. I passed my courses, in fact, until the machine began paying wintergreen as well as peppermint, and I developed a similar taste for wintergreen.

It was terrible, now that I think of it, the way that insidious habit took hold of me. I remember once, after several months of debauchery, I put

a peppermint in one side of my mouth and a wintergreen in the other, and went along the sidewalk puffing my cheeks and asking perfect strangers to guess which side was which. One fellow, a clean-cut athlete who should have been a model for me, struck me, but I was too far gone to defend myself. I knew deep down in my heart that he was decent and wasn't. For a time my friends would take care of me—when I was in that far-gone stage of minting, but I finally grew weary and left me to my fate.

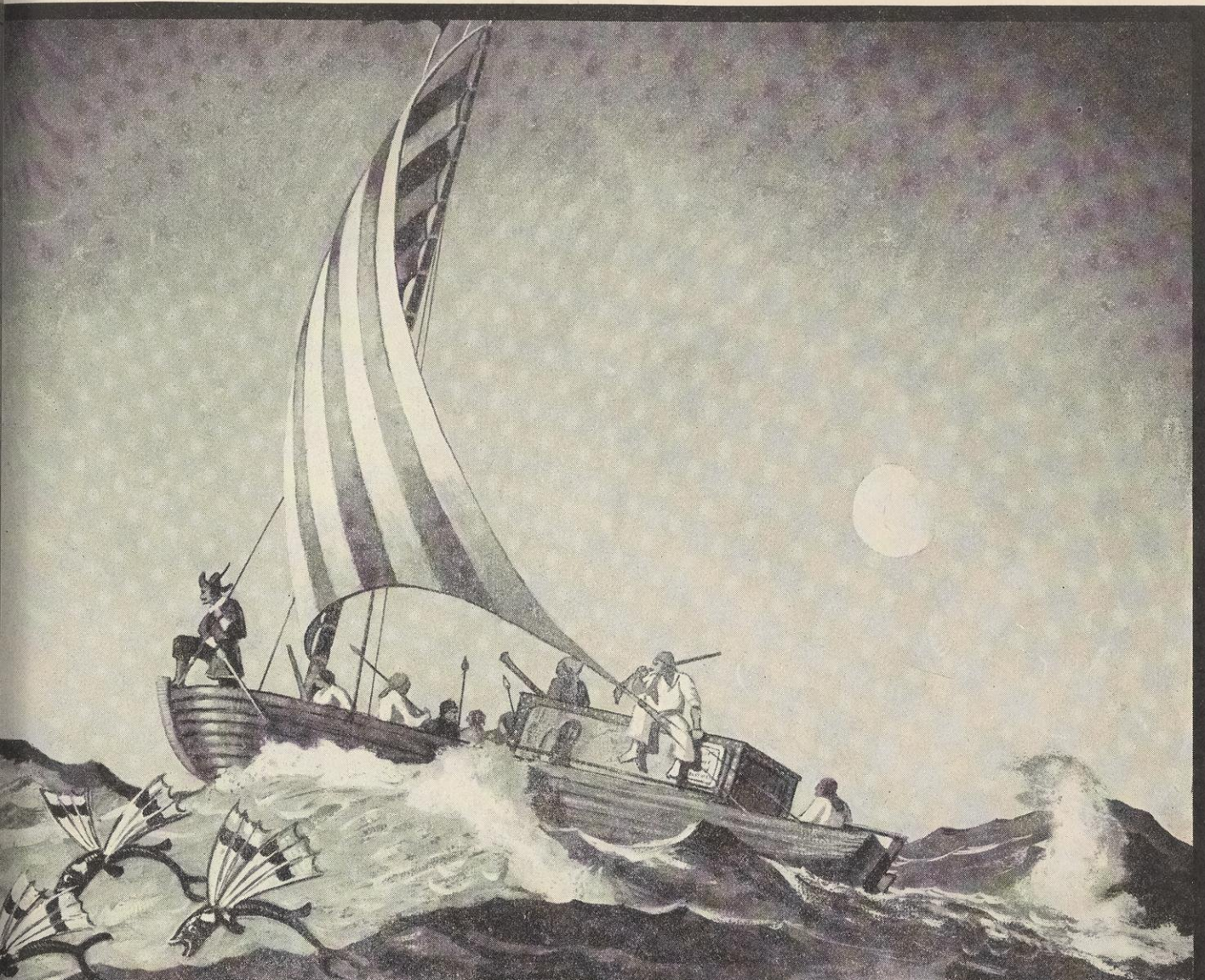
I had sunk about as low as a low could sink. I had come to the University with ideals fresh from my High School, and I was now a common bum.

I have just re-read the other statement to the committee: "Students can't get the right ideas of citizenship along with drinking bootleg liquor."

This brings me to another note in my story—what I might call a symphony of decline if I were writing an English theme.

The gambling had cost me by that time almost \$2.80, because the slot machine didn't always give mints. I sometimes had to spend a dime before getting a package. The machine eating had sent me down the toboggan of sin until I was disgraced. It was not, however, until I realized that other boys were gambling with matches and eating mints that I began to lose my ideas of good citizenship. I could feel these ideas slipping away from me; sometimes in the middle of a night of stupor I would wake with a start and shout to my roommate, "I'm losing an idea of citizenship; it's slipping, slipping . . . then it's gone. Oh, my God!" The way I could recover my composure after such a scene would be for my roommate to put a pillow over his head and sit on it until I went back to sleep. I can say this for Clare, the roommate: in all those weeks he never deserted me, but would sit through long and solemn hours

(Turn to page 38)



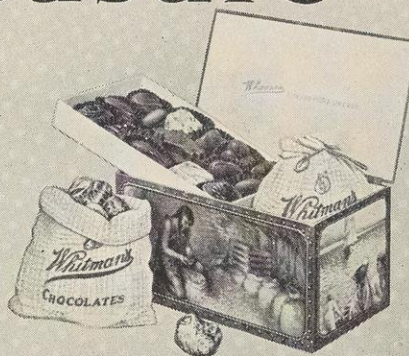
Chocolate Treasure

Pieces of eight, bullion, nuggets of rich chocolate from the pirate's sea of romance—the Spanish Main.

Originally designed as an imaginative, dream-compelling gift for youth, this Whitman assortment has become the favorite with many as their personal choice among all the Whitman chocolates.

Whitman's

PLEASURE ISLAND
CHOCOLATES



© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

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PHARMACY . . . 831 University Avenue.
ARMACY . . . 1118 Atwood Avenue.
PHARMACY . . . 1345 Williamson Street.
PHARMACY . . . 122 W. Washington Ave.
TH . . . 1921 Monroe Street.
L . . . 408 Wilson Street.
RMACY . . . Regent at Allen
ARMACY . . . 708 State Street.
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UNIVERSITY PHARMACY . . . State and Lake Street.
WALTER DRUG COMPANY . . . 111 E. Washington Ave.
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RENNEBOHM DRUG STORES, Inc.
No. 1—1357 University Ave.
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"Special University of Wisconsin Package"

Vagrant Verses . . .

HANGOVER RHYMES

*Jack and Jill went up the hill—
They didn't go for water.
Jack was the famous salesman lad,
And Jill the farmer's daughter.*

*Mary had a little lamb,
And then a chicken dinner;
Topped it off with a quart of gin,
The greedy little sinner!*

*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Whaddye mean by "no"?
Does it mean "go right ahead"
Or simply "Maybe so"?*

*Little Boy Stude, stop blowing that
saxe;
The boys pitched in for a nice sharp
axe.
If you give just one toot more
The boys will shed the tooter's gore.*

*A dillar, a dollar, a pickled scholar;
Give him a pint and bear him holler;
Give him a quart, or maybe two,
And he'll work up a howlin' stew.*

*A dillar, a dollar, a pickled scholar;
Gave him a dinner and watched him
swaller;
Give him a quart of fine Bacardi
And he gave the dinner right back to
me!*

*Ba, Ba, Bootlegger, have you any gin?
Yes sir, yes sir, just came in.
A case from the border and two from
the sea,
And all for the boy with the dough-
re-me.*

*Jack Fin could drink no gin,
His wife could drink no rye;
So the two between them drank
A batch of home-brew dry.*
—Longhorn

*The girl I left behind me
I think of night and day,
For if she ever found me
There'd sure be hell to pay.*
—Whirlwind

*It's easy to smile when your dates are
alone
And there's not a bothering sound;
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When the family sticks around.*
—Dirge

*The devil sends a wicked wind
To blow the skirts neck high
But heaven is just and sends the dust
To fill the bad man's eye.*
—Jester

SPRING

*Leaves on the trees, grass on the
ground
Spring . . . spring's come around.
Moon's so bright, and the warm
winds blow
There's a spot in the woods where
violets grow.*

*Spring, sweet spring
But it's too damn springy
That's the catch in this thing.*

*The girl who never kissed a boy
Can scarce expect connubial joy.
A kiss is trifling, still we know
That mighty oaks from acorns grow.*
—Lampoon

Journeys

*Our train will run the sinuous rails,
To Venus our libation;
And when the darkly purple pales,
Why then—we'll reach our station.*

*With bellied sail our caravel
Will sail the silver main,
We'll tell the world to go to hell,
And then—we'll land again.*

*Through drunken clouds we'll ply our
plane
And Dionysus hail;
But when the bluey blacks with rain,
Write 'Finis' to our tale.*
—Pelican

*Would you buy some dreams? They
very nice
Tho somewhat worn 'tis true;
Here's one quite cheap, tho rather
torn,
But yesterday 'twas new.*

*Dream castles? Quite a charming
we have,
Tho quite in need of care,
Here's a lovely one no one has bou
It's too high in the air.*

*I'm sorry ma'am, if these won't do
There's not much I can say.
A heart? The only one we had
stock
Was broken, yesterday.*
—Wampus

*Here's to her eyes,
Blue eyes like the skies,
A toast to her heavenly eyes.*

*Here's to the prize,
And the price of the prize
That I paid for the sight of her ey*

*Here's to the sighs,
Oh the size of the sighs!
I have sighed for the sight of her ey*

*Here's to the lies
That lie in her eyes,
The lies in the light of her eyes.*

*And here's to the guys,
The guys who were wise,
The guys who were wiser than I.*
—Wampus

*My Dear—
Men drink to you,
Women envy you,
Youths sigh for you,
But—I know you!*
—Wampus



SWING ALONG!

HERE'S a thrilling freshness in the smoke of a Camel—a delicately blended fragrance, sunny and mild—that's never even been approached by any other cigarette. Swing along with the modern crowd! They've graduated to Camels and real smoke-enjoyment.

CAMELS



College Efficiency

"You know, I think George is the most efficient man I know."

"How's that?"

"In order to save on his laundry bill he hides his socks in the pockets of his pajamas."

—Malteaser

"So," sobbed Ilma Valadoffovitchskioffshy, "Ivan Nine-spinski died in battle. You say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it. He did his best," replied the returned soldier.

—Drexlerd

A young married couple started out with the baby to buy a baby carriage. They purchased one, put the baby in it and were wheeling it along the street, when they became conscious of the smiles of the passersby and wondered thereat until they got home, when they noticed that the clerk had omitted to remove the sign from the carriage. It read: "Our Own Make."

—Voo Doo

"I fainted and they brought me to. So I fainted again."

"Why?"

"Well, then they brought me two more."

—Columns



"Ish can't stand 'ese school clocks"

—Whirlwind

Disillusioned

When I was ten, I used to hear
Hot yarns from every clime,
And often I was filled with fear
At tales of dread and crime.

But ne'er was I so sore distraught,
Ne'er was my breast with grief so fraught
As when I heard them tell the tale
Of Jonah swallowed by the whale.

I'm now a man, and still I hear
Hot yarns from every clime.
No longer am I filled with fear,
I've wiser grown this time;
For now indeed, I sense the truth,
'Twas I who swallowed much, forsooth
What I gulped down you all can guess,
A whale of a story, nothing less.

"I hear you've been to a school for stuttering. Did it cure you?"

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

"Why that's wonderful!"

"Yes, but it's d-d-darned hard to work into an ordinary c-c-conversation."

—Jack-o-Lantern

An old maid went to have her picture taken and the photographer noticed her tying a piece of clothes line around the bottom of her skirt.

"What's the idea of that?" he asked. "I can't take your picture that way."

"You can't fool me, young man," said the old girl, "I know you see me upside down in that camera."

—Malteaser

It was late of a cold winter evening. She was beginning to get bored, but he showed no signs of leaving. On the contrary, he was waxing more romantic at every tick of the clock.

"Imagine," he said dreamily, "that you are a Queen and I a King, in a far-off mystical land."

"And I," interrupted her father, appearing suddenly upon the scene prepared for action, "Will be the Power Behind the Throwin'."

—Owl

If you're caught red-handed, be nonchalant—tell 'em it's mercurochrome.

—Medley

EVERYBODY is buying a New Coat
this year - - they are so DIFFERENT



STYLES ARE TERRIFICALLY SMART — value priced at

\$19.50 — \$29.50 — \$39.50 — \$49.50 — and up

KESSENICH'S

201 State Street

"You say the third degree didn't bother you a bit."

"No, not at all."

"Didn't they fire questions at you rapidly? Didn't they ask for explanations? Didn't they ask where you were at certain hours of the day and night?"

"Yes."

"Didn't they strike you in an endeavor to eke out a confession? Didn't they tell you that you couldn't drink or smoke until you told the truth? Didn't they threaten you?"

"Yes, they did all that."

"And still you say it didn't bother you a bit. Are you inhuman?"

"No, I was just used to it. My wife's been doing that for years."

—Wampus

Then there's the childless couple that ate lots of oatmeal because the advertisements said that cereals were good for growing children.

—Purple Parrot

Dad: Why did you get seventy-one in German?

Son: Well er, you see, Dad, that's par for the course.

—Wampus

"Honey, I love the very ground you walk on," said the dashing young suitor, as he proposed to the girl whose father owned the oil lands.

—Medley

"If you want to kiss me, squeeze my hand. If you don't want to kiss me, don't squeeze my hand. If you want to kiss me and don't want to tell me, squeeze my hand."

"Oouch. Hey get off my foot."

—Punch Bowl

An absent-minded professor was walking down the street one day with one foot in the gutter and the other on the pavement. A friend, meeting him, said:

"Good morning, professor; and how are you?"

"I was very well, I thought, but now for the last ten minutes I've been limping."

—Gryphon

"Hello, there! Pretty neat room you have here. How ya makin' out this term? Physics? Tough course that. Stick away from Professor A. son, he'll burn you up. Any time you want some notes, lemme know."

"Say, have you fellas paid yer dues yet? No? Intend to? 'Atta boy! Mmm, where'd ya get those hot pictures, you rakes?"

"Oh, yes, by the way, you know the elections are comin' around soon. Heard of Nabbum? Good man, Nabbum; don't let any one tell ya different. Say, if ya wanna do white better, fine fellow, vote for him. N-A-B-U-M. Don't forget now."

"Boy, sweet room you've got here. Remember now, pay your dues. Very glad I met ya. S'long."

—Punch Bowl

First Lad: I'm my father's in Congress.

Second Lad: My father's on the step further.

First Lad: What's that?

Second Lad: In jail.

—Punch Bowl

He: And she's built.

He: Say she's so built, I have to make two trips to get my arm around her.

—Pelican

"Yes, sire. I'm taking twenty units of work, am working my way through school, am on the team for football and I have a steady girl."

"Say! Can you turn water into wine?"

—Kitty-Kat



"You should have thought of that before we came up here."

—Purple Cow

All The Good Eggs Will Wear Murrays Easter Sunday . . .



A pre-Easter parade of young men . . . going from this store with new Murrays . . has been going on for weeks. Easter Sunday 1931 will be celebrated by an unusually well-dressed, fine looking lot of young men.

If you are not to be included in this smartly attired group, we suggest that you make strides here immediately.

\$40 \$45 \$50

Two Trousers

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square

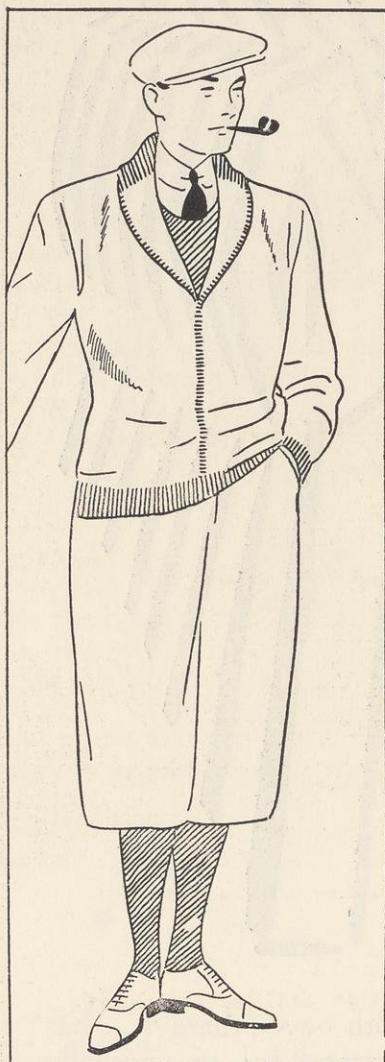
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22 North Carroll Street

MENSWEAR FOR MID-WEST CAMPUSES



© VANITY FAIR

A New Golf Jacket

The figure illustration accompanying this article shows a golfer wearing one of the new golf jackets. About the lines of the jacket, there is nothing very new. It has a knitted collar (in this sketch, turned back) knitted cuffs and knitted waistband. The sleeves are set-in like shirt sleeves.

But its material is water-proofed woolen gabardine, lined for greater comfort and practicality. Usually jackets of this type are leather wind-breakers, but here we have a woolen one impervious to wind and rain alike.

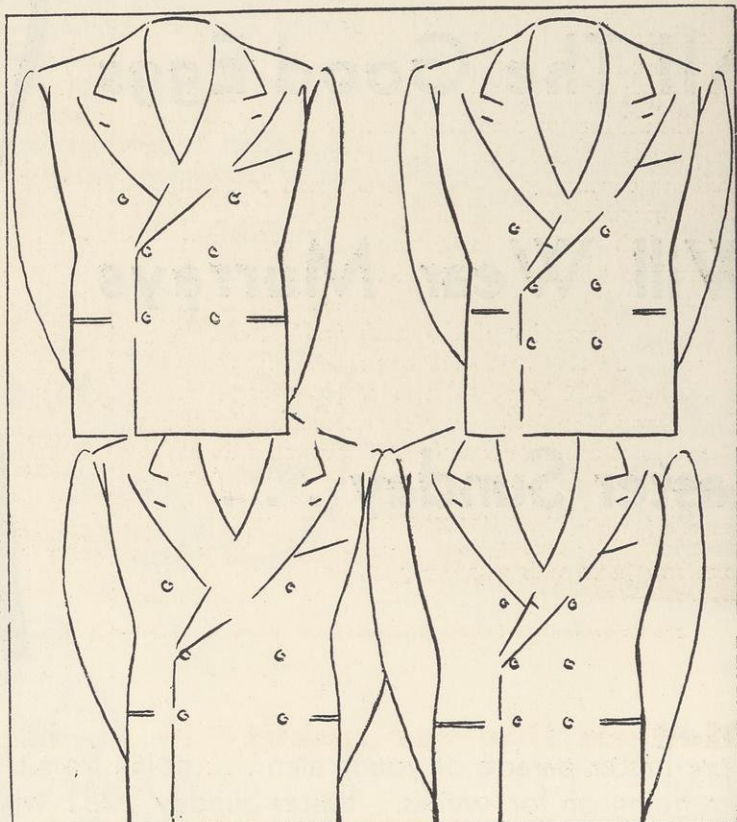
With a jacket of this type is worn a light-weight pull-over sweater without sleeves. The shirt is fine French flannel or possibly a wool taffeta.

Knickerbockers—or long trousers—are tweed, either Harris or Shetland, and the cap is of the same material as the knickers, but in a different pattern and different color.

Stockings or socks are heavy brushed wool to harmonize with the knickerbockers or slacks. Shoes are

stout, waterproofed and made of heavy zyg leather.

This is an ideal outfit for early spring golf or general outdoor wear in the country toward the close of the winter season when only a few patches of snow are left and the ground is apt to be soft in spots.



© VANITY FAIR

Correct Button-placing on Men's Double-breasted Jackets and Coats

The correct placing of buttons on men's double-breasted jackets and coats is as important to the effect of the garment as the width and curl of the brim is to a hat. Unlike a single-breasted jacket where the buttons are all but unnoticed, the two rows of buttons on a double-breasted jacket have a marked effect on the appearance of the jacket.

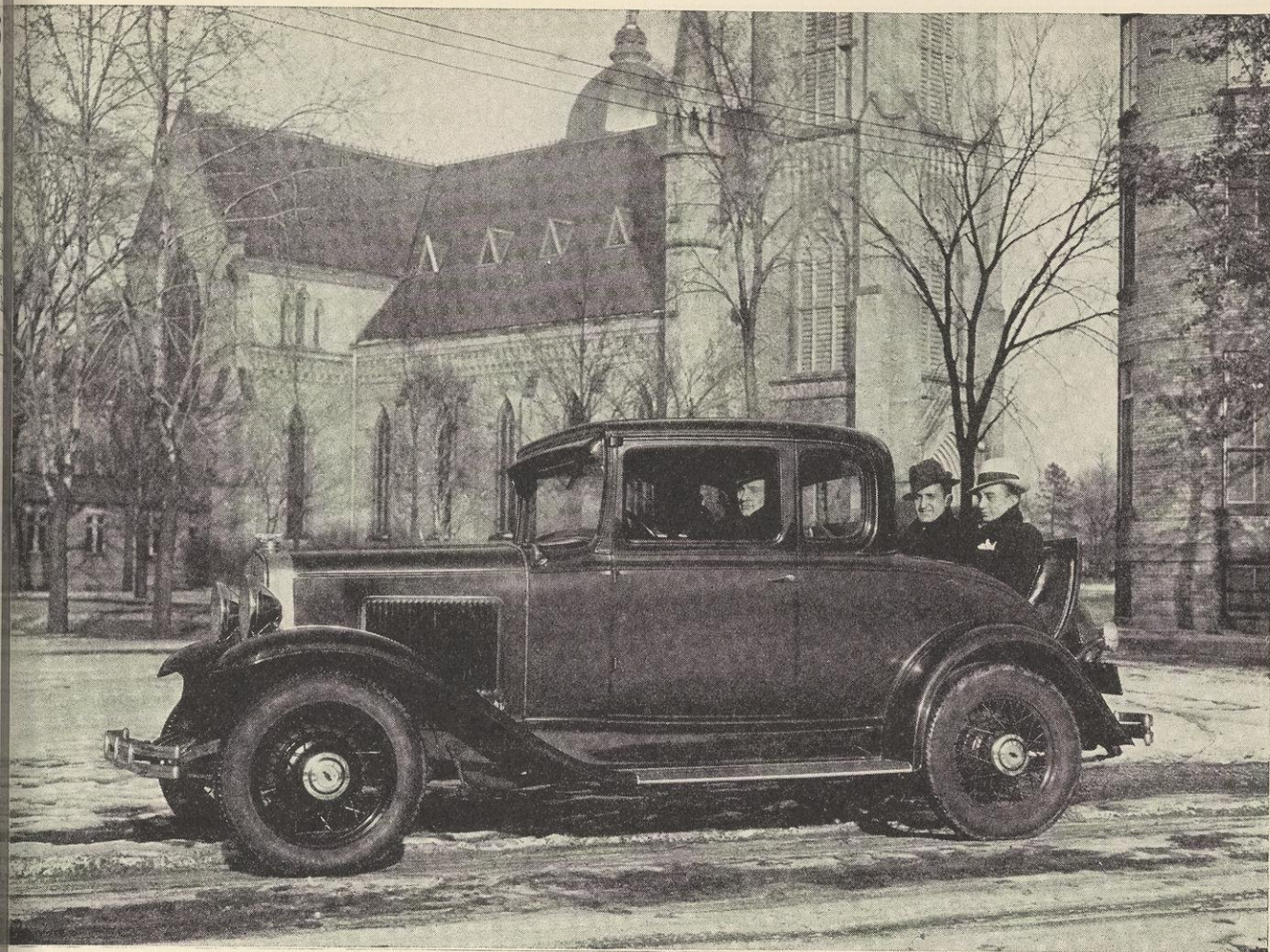
Four general types of button-placing are shown in the accompanying illustration. One shows them placed high on the chest, giving the chest an appearance of great weight. Another has the buttons placed low at the front of the jacket, giving the jacket a longer appearance. A third shows

the buttons placed close together making the jacket appear less bulky at the waist. And the fourth shows the buttons placed well apart, giving a rather broad effect.

These various types of button placing, even in the case of jackets which are in all other respects identical, are naturally suited to as many types of men.

The first type is advisable for the man who is short and needs to emphasize his length of leg. The second type is well suited to the tall man. Stout men should wear the third type. And thin men should wear the fourth type as described above.

(Continued on page 41)



The Chevrolet Sport Coupe photographed on the Notre Dame Campus with Sacred Heart Church in the background

Modern fine-car quality in an inexpensive automobile



It is wise, in these times, to consider what you get *above the bare needs of transportation*, when you buy a low-priced car. With its fine-looking new Six, Chevrolet has stepped smartly away from standards based on utility alone. Here in this smooth, capable, new automobile are—actually—scores of *fine-car* features . . . features which bring a new measure of quality, style and comfort to the lowest price field. . . . Just slip behind the

wheel once, and drive the smart new Chevrolet Six. Weave this car in and out of tangled traffic—eat up a straightaway at flashing top speed—let loose a thrust of power and take a stubborn hill! Do these things and you will know the new Chevrolet for the excellent automobile it is. . . . Here, from every standpoint, is a low-priced car you'll have every reason to be proud of—speedy, sturdy, smart and dependable—the Great American Value.

Chevrolet prices range from \$475 to \$650, f. o. b. Flint, Mich., Special Equipment Extra

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value



When Spring Comes Down State Street

This year Spring brings us greater variety and greater values than ever before. Our spring ideas in men's apparel include dress and sports attire for every occasion. The Pete E. F. Burns label, of course, guarantees taste and style knowledge which will fulfill the most exacting requirements.

You'll Be Interested To See:

J. & M. Shoes and Boots	Strathclyde Scotch
Leather Sportswear	Sweaters
Chase Hats	Distinctive Shirt and
Flannel Slacks	Neckwear Ensembles
Suits and Topcoats of Donegal	
Shetland and Harris Tweeds	

Pete E. F. Burns.

608 State Street

OPENING NIGHT

(—And what we have always wanted to see printed the following morning)

Well! Diary dear, if what I saw last night was a group of critics, I'll never again allow a curtain to rise over my beautiful body, never again take a long-awaited cue, never again allow my name to appear in big bright lights.

Well! Diary dear, to think that they were the cream of the critic crop. God! Whither is fleeing the ancient and honorable profession of criticism? There were J. Brook Xtkinson, Percy Xammond, Walter Xinchell, Burr Xantle, George Jean Xathan, and Robert Xenchley among the hundreds of others. All had received their Oakley borrowed taxi fare and came as late as possible.

Well! Diary dear, I wish you could have seen the costumes. One of them (bless his laundry lady) had actually worn a clean shirt and had even pressed his suit. He was, of course, ostracized, but nevertheless such a jewel on a night of ebony is of note. The others wore their Abbie Irish Rose clothes, which have been untouched by soap and water since that opening. May their criticisms of this play affect our box office receipts like their raillery of the Irish Rose!

Well! Diary dear, of all the stupid dialogue I have ever heard, theirs was the worst. Due to the fact that we save much of the cast for scene 2, one of the brilliant fellows asked if we were playing "Three's a Crowd"; another intimated that it was reminiscent of the "Vinegar Tree" (without the tree); and there were indications that the curly-haired critic in row 6 was affected by "Petticoat Influence".

Well! Dear Diary, the way they acted was astounding. One was impolite enough to go to sleep during Act I; another told a travelling salesman joke, and a third drank coffee from his saucer during the intermission.

Well! Dear Diary, the high spot of the evening was the crap game in the men's room at half-time. A critic cleaned out all the laymen in the ten minutes' rest, and I am willing to wager he even now won't buy a new ribbon for his typewriter. Some of the younger critics continued the game until well after the janitors wanted to close the building for the night. Other criticizers went back to their office and wrote their masterpieces before the curtain's second rise.

Well! Dear Diary, how they hold their jobs, I don't see, and if they ever want any favors, I won't introduce them to the girl. I'll refuse. But some morons will like the tripe they write, some people will be influenced, and there have always been critics. I guess there always will be, no matter what I say, well, dear Diary . . . what the hell!

Miss Prima Dona,
Zigfield Theatre, N. Y. C.
—Record

Father: And to think that I mortgaged the house to send my boy to college. All he does is go out with girls, drink and smoke.

Crony: Do you regret it?

Father: Yes, I should have gone myself.

—Wampus



When You're in That Lazy Mood, and Lounging Is the Only Thing that Appeals!

Slip into a lovely silk lounging pajama of dull crepe, say in a print, plaid, or paisley design, and read, and lounge, and stretch to your heart's content!

\$10.95 to \$39.50

Negligee Dept., Third Floor

**HARRY S.
MANCHESTER, INC.**



EVEN HIS OLD MAN
WOULDN'T TELL HIM!

B-B B-B B-B

"THEY TAKE
YOUR BREATH AWAY"

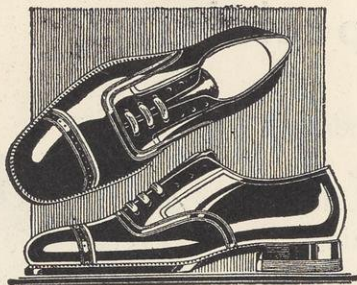
try a LIFE  **SAVER**



"Is nothing sacred?"

—Lyre

**EASTER
WALK-
OVERS**



SHE
will be proud of *her* appearance on Easter.
See to it that she is also proud of *you*. A
pair of these bright, new Walk-Over^s will
play an important part in attaining this
desirable result.

WALK-OVER

8 S. Carroll St. On Capitol Square

She's Queer That Way

My Girl.

She promises to be ready at eight o'clock, but at thirty I'm still in the front room having her old man b cigar smoke at me.

She positively insists that she can't eat a thing, yet she stowed that five dollar dinner.

She will not under any circumstances take a drink, the only thing that I have left of the pint I handed to is the cork.

She is bored to hysterics with movies and shows, whenever something new comes to town we manage have two seats at two fifty top.

She gets tired so easily dancing: you should see trying to keep up with her at three a. m. most morning

She likes nothing better than to spend the afternoon reading books, but she's always dragging me off to tennis golf, tea, drives and horseback rides.

But when she says *she's not that kind of a girl*, I believe she means just what she says.

She's kinda queer that way.

—Stanford Chaparral

She (tenderly): And are mine the only lips you have kissed?

He: Yes, and they are the sweetest of all.

—Rammer-Jammer

"Exciting
isn't it" --

"Yes, this
MILITARY BALL
is a gala affair . . . and
did you ever see such
gowns? They're simply
gorgeous!"

And it's true that frocks
for the Military Ball
abound in new sug-
gestions for fashion-
able attire. Lace . . .
and more of it . . . in
the pastel shades
comes to the fore
with crepes and satin
as close seconds.
Don't miss the fun of
wearing these new
sophisticated frocks.
They're moderately
priced . . . \$22.75
to \$45.

BARON
BROTHERS
Inc.



The Biggest Dress Value in Town

Jilly FROCKS

231 State Street

PRESENT

NEW SILK PRINTS



THAT
YOU'D
NEVER
EXPECT
TO
SEE
AT

6⁹⁵
ALWAYS

\$10—\$15
Values

Frat: Why did you buy a Ford?
Pledge: Well it says in the ad
that a gal will go farther in a Ford
than any other car.

—Dirge

Father: Young lady, do you mean
to tell me that you have been carrying
that money around in your stocking?
ing?

Young Lady: Why, father, you
told me to put it where it would
draw interest.

—The Drexler

I Love to Walk

I love to walk. Last Sunday
took a most wonderful stroll. I went
for quite some distance through the
park, thoroughly enjoying every
breath of the cool, crisp air. I felt
like a new man as I hastened onward,
increasing my speed at every step.
I walked on and on, drinking in the
beauty of all about me. It was won-
derful. Finally I picked her up

—Punch Bowl

Elderly Lady: Do you know my
daughter, May?

Youngster: No, I don't. Thank
you for the tip.

—The Siren

My Girl

If she's over sixteen,
And dark haired, and hot;
A looker, a dancer,
"It" girl, and whatnot;

If she snuggles and loves
And's as cute as can be,
She'll be anyone's girl,
But she's *the* girl for me.

—Kitty-Kat



GEORGE O'CONNELL JR

THE MODERN

TREND IS TO SPORTS WEAR . . . THE NEW SPRING SUITS HAVE PATCH POCKETS AND PLAIN OR HALF BELT BACK. THEY MAY BE HAD EITHER WITH TWO TROUSER OR ONE TROUSER AND ONE KNICKER FOR AS LITTLE AS \$35 . . . TOPCOATS FROM \$25 UP.

OUR STOCK OF SPRING APPAREL IS NOW COMPLETE . . . YOU SHOULD COME IN AND INSPECT THE MANY SMART NEW STYLES WE OFFER.



109 STATE

STREET

HOTEL PLANKINTON

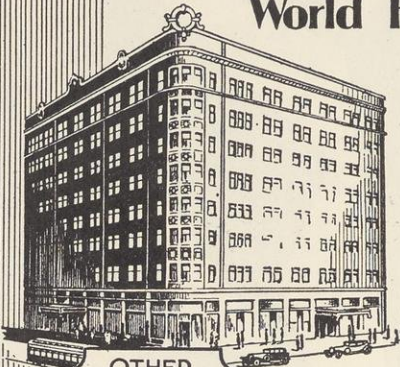
World Famous

In the heart of
the Shopping and
Theatre Districts

300
ROOMS

ALL WITH BATH

\$ **2**
from



OTHER
KEENAN
HOTELS

HOTEL SECOR
Toledo
HOTEL KEENAN
Fort Wayne
HOTEL ANTHONY
Fort Wayne

To Dine in the Celebrated
Sky Room is a treat and
a Delight... Cafeteria...
Sandwich Shop... Ball Room
Seating 300

MILWAUKEE

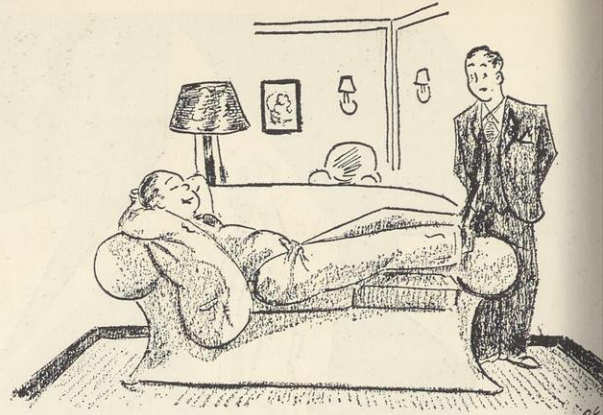
Kennedy's
VELVET
ICE CREAM

"our wagon passes your door"

Kennedy Dairy Company

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

Phone B. 7100



"Freshman, pace nervously back and forth. I've been called to the dean's office."

—Whirlwind

Preacher: Young man, I understand you are courting a widow. Has she given you any encouragement?

Young Hopeful: I'll say she has. Last night she asked me if I snored.

—Mountain Goat

Stout Woman: I want to return this washing machine.

Salesman: Why, what's wrong with it?

Stout Woman: Every time I get in the thing the pedals knock me off my feet!

—Pup

A man was walking by a graveyard one evening and heard a strange noise. Being a kind old gentleman he sauntered over to find out what the trouble was and saw a poor man, weeping and tearing his hair, prostrate upon a grave, sobbing "Oh why did you die? Oh why did you die?"

"What's the matter my good man?" he asked.

But the poor man just sobbed again and again, "Oh why did you die? Oh why did you die?"

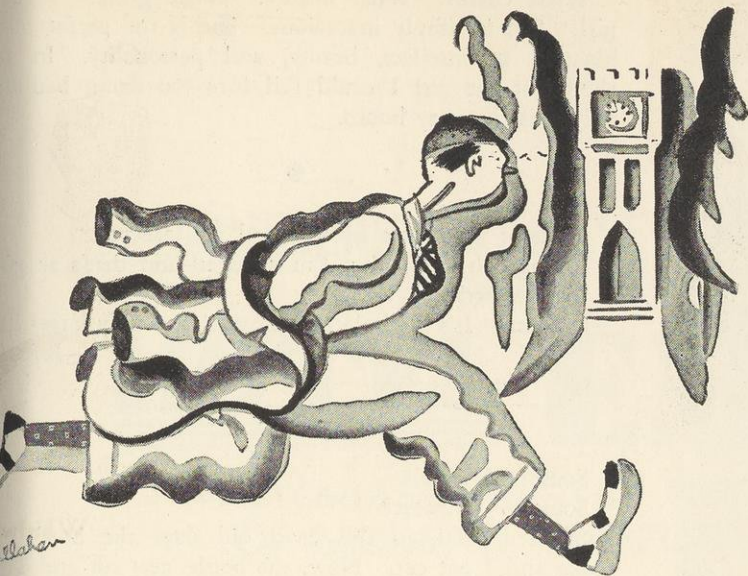
"Who died?" asked the kind old gentleman.

The poor man raised his head and with tears in his eyes and broken voice answered, "My wife's first husband."

—Beanpot

"Junior, where is the change from that ten dollars I gave you to buy those sandwiches?"

"There isn't any change, mother. The only place the change was open was that night club across the street."



Run your heart out? Not much!

no longer is early chapel exclusively
for track men. No wasting time with
old-fashioned socks—you're in these
Holeproof Autogarts in a second,
and what's more, they're up to stay.
They'll wash, too—and come back
as snug-fitting as they went to the
laundry. The Autogart feature will
outwear the sock, and that's saying a
lot because the sock's a Holeproof.
And what is more, you get the
smart new Holeproof designs, too!

Not with

HOLEPROOF

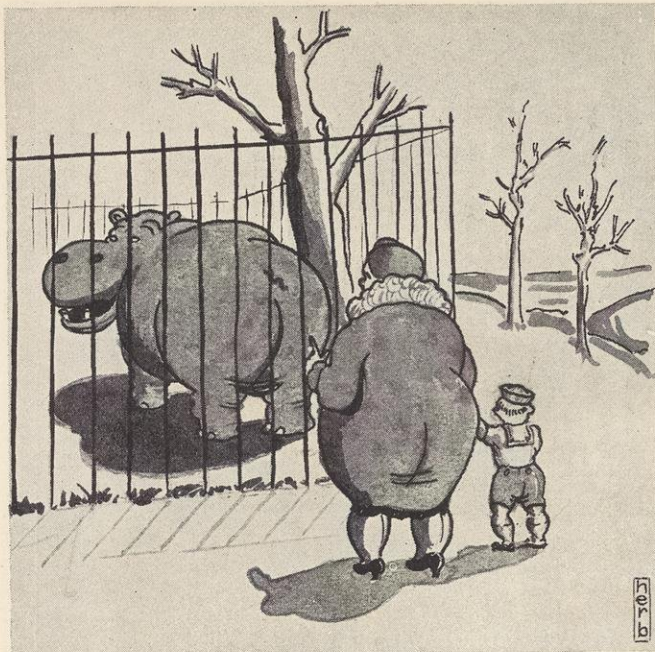
Autogarts
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pat. Pend.

the Self-Supporting Socks

*Just pull 'em up
and they stay up*

55¢ and \$1⁰⁰

at your Haberdasher's



"My, My, My----"

—Tiger

Probably girls use perfume because they believe men can be led by the nose.

—Old Maid

▲▲▲ Our Chef Challenges your Lenten appetite

YOUR Lenten appetite has you hanging on the ropes? Well, listen to the chef's challenge. Bring it to The Chocolate Shop any noon or any evening. Revive it with a glance at the menu. Conquer it with our selection of food and drink. Watch your appetite change to normal full bloom. When will you accept our chef's challenge?

the chocolate shop
548 State Street

What charm! What beauty! What grace! What girl! She is simply marvelous. She is the perfect combination of intellect, beauty, and personality. In fact she's just the girl I could fall for—too damn bad that only exist in story books.

Peckem: You are not married yet, are you?

Youngbach: No, but I'm engaged and that's as good as being married.

Peckem: It's a whole lot better, if you only knew it.

—Frivol

Souse: It's hell.

Souster: Howsat?

Souse: Well, in the good old days the bottle got broke and I got cut. Now, the bottle gets cut and I got broke.

—Voo Doo

"Have a cigarette?"

"No thanks. I don't smoke and besides I've just had one and anyway I'm too busy and to tell the truth I never smoke your brand and I've got a bad cough already and then smoking's prohibited here and what's more my lighter's dry and I haven't a match and even if I had one there'd be no place to strike it and besides one should never smoke before meals and the air is bad enough already and then again we have no ash trays and incidentally my wife is against it and what's more if you weren't such a blind jackass you could see that I already have one."

—Voo Doo

Mack: You say that Nelly is suing you for breach of promise?

Charlie: Yes, and so is Kate.

Mack: Then you have two suits on your hands?

Charlie: No, just a pair of breeches.

—Skipper

From a history paper: "A Papal Bull is a cow that is kept in the Vatican Gardens to give milk for the Pope's children."

—The Pup

First Sparrow: See that nice new hat down there?

Second Sparrow: Well, what of it?

First Sparrow: Well, I was just wondering.

—The Bison

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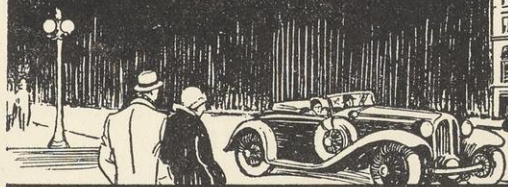
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"Beethoven's Fifth"

—Phoenix

The organ peals out the mullifluous notes of the well-known wedding march, "Someday Sweetheart." The church is packed with decrepit members of the Old Folk's Home, many under the care of doctors. All heads are turned in the direction of the oncoming wedding party—

Down the one aisle comes the groom on crutches, a sprightly old gent of eighty-two summers. In spite of his wrinkled phiz, he still has a naughty little twinkle in his eye. With him as his best man is a shriveled-up little fellow with muttonchop whiskers who looks as though he were about to swallow his upper plate.

But, ah! the bride appears! A rheumatic little lady seated in a wheel-chair,—a gift of the groom. Her transparent hands enfold a bouquet of everlasting flowers. She is seventy-eight years old but her friends have convinced her that this difference in their ages won't matter. Her tottering attendants include several of her girlhood pals—in fact, the only friends of her younger days who have survived the toll of the years.

Just a couple of kids who waited until they could afford to get married.

—Zip 'n Tang

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CORNER STATE AND LAKE

When the smooth little, soft little, sweet little girl edges up to you on the sofa, and the lights are low (or completely out), and there isn't a sound anywhere, and she slips a dainty little arm around your neck, and murmurs "Big boy, kiss me," why man, throw away your package of Murads. That's no time to be nonchalant.

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern

Inscription on the golf player's tombstone THE LAST HOLE.

—Purple Parrot

Frosh: Look at the wrinkles on that co-ed's neck!
Senior: Wrinkles, hell! Those are Service Stripes.

—Voo Doo

George: Yes sir, if I ever get married it will be strictly a companionate marriage.

Mary: What! No kidding?

—Bison

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HOTEL TO
HARRISON PARKING
GARAGE

HOTEL
HARRISON

HARRISON STREET JUST OFF
MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

We bow to the inventive ability of the Scotch engineer who decided that the best way to lift manhole covers was to throw a twenty-five cent piece in the sewer.

—*The Cajoler*

"Did you hear about the Egyptian government washing the desert with Lifebuoy?"

"Yes, there are some awful Sphinx out on the desert."

—*Froth*

An Apology

(With apologies to the author)

The editor of a small town newspaper explains the loss of the letter "S" from his composing room as follows:

"Lath night thome thneaking thcoundril thole into our compothing room and pilfered the cabinetth of all the eththeth! Therefore, we would like to take advantage of thith opportunity to apologize to our readerth for the generally inthipid appearance of your paper. We would altho like to thate that if at any time in the yearth to come we would thee thith dirty thnake-in-the-grathth about the premitheth, it will be our complete and thorough thatithfaction to thoot him full of holeth. Thank you."

—*Malteaser*

SMART, Like the Military Ball

FORMAL GLOVES

FORMAL BAGS

FORMAL JEWELRY

FORMAL SLIPS

For Economy

Wagner's

COLLEGE SHOP

For Women

528 State St.

The only slip that many a co-ed wears, is a credit-slip.

—*Blue Moon*

Phi Psi: I didn't sleep a wink last night.

Bro: Why not?

Phi Psi: The shade was up.

Bro: Well, why didn't you pull it down?

Phi Psi: I couldn't reach to the Theta House.

—*Sour Owl*

"Was it much of a necking party last night?"

"Was it? Say, before the dance the hostess announced 'Everyone chews his partner.'"

—*Royal Gaboon*

I have never made a girl angry at me while I was taking her riding. You ask if I have an automobile? Certainly I have a car, and I take girls riding every night. I always drive with one hand, but I never make any misunderstandings toward the girl-friend. I never take them out on a moonlight night and ask them to give me a kiss while I am driving. I never throw my arms around them and then run into the ditch. I can never make the poor, delicate little sweet innocents walk many weary miles through darkness home, on account of my driving with one hand. But I always drive with one hand—always do. You see, I have to hold my left fender on with the other.

—*Bison*

Applied Psychology

The woman answered the knock at her apartment door.

"Would you be interested in a radio, madam?" The man at the door smiled blandly. "I have some nice loud ones."

"No," snapped the woman; "I detest radios."

"Well, how about a good victrola?" persisted the man, nothing daunted.

"No, I hate talking machines."

"Then how about a harmonica for the children?" beamed the man.

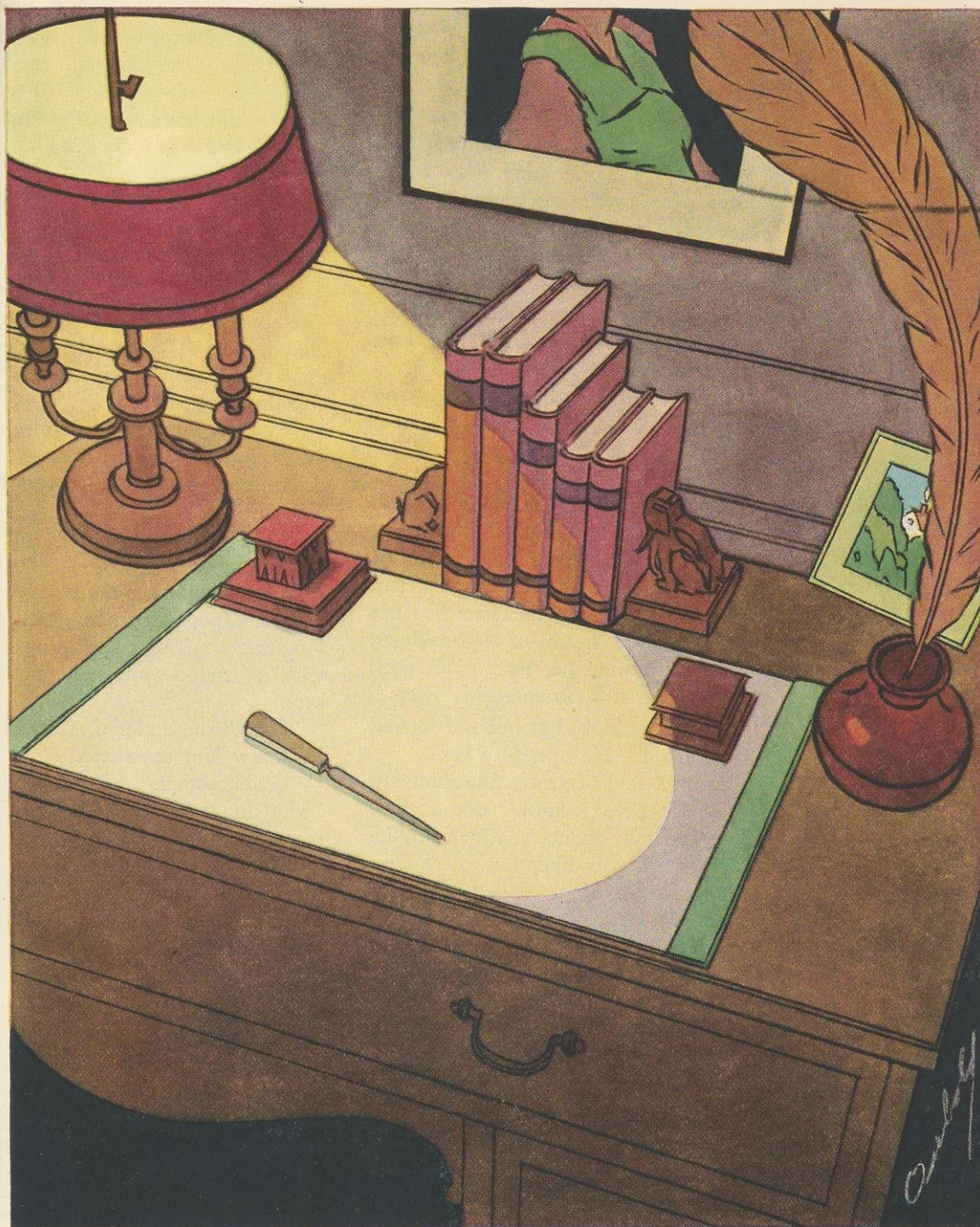
"My husband and I have no children. And I——"

"But then you certainly want a musical ball for your dog or cat?" hastily interposed the man.

"We have no pets. We detest animals. And we are not in the market for any musical instruments. I don't bother anyone and I don't like to be bothered. Your foot is in the way of the door."

"Yes, I guess I will take the apartment next this lady's."

—*Juggler*



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TURMOIL

Marcia was among the first of those who rushed to the class the first day. She huddled unobtrusively in a far corner. She sighed.

"Hope there are none of my friends in here," she mumbled, "so I can meet some interesting people."

People began to trickle in—uninteresting people in dirty cords. "Damn!" said Marcia.

Pretty soon the door opened (it had been opening off and on all the time, of course). But this time it opened and how, and in walked an interesting people with polished hair and that conceited look. He sneered and sat down.

"Oh," said Marcia, and moved. She moved to across from the sneer, to a seat in the path of a beam of light that came in the window and went out the door. She stretched her neck till the beam of light shone shimmeringly on her hair. Her neck was getting stiff, so she said "ahem."

The sneer looked at her and looked away again. He opened a book.

"Damn!" said Marcia. She slumped. "Nobody here I know—not a soul. You can talk about loneliness in the country all you like, but there's no loneliness like a co-ed without friends."

Just then the door opened. In walked Freddie.

Marcia started. "What shall I do?" she cried. "If Freddie sees me he'll sit by me and I won't get to meet anyone interesting. Oh God! What shall I do?" She looked wild eyed.

Freddie walked down the aisle. There was no place else to walk. He walked right past Marcia and sat unobtrusively in a corner. The same corner.

Good! Freddie missed her! Ha-ha. Well, could you beat that. That was friendship for you—walk right past just like she didn't exist. Didn't even notice her.

But what was this? The sneer was moving over by Marcia! He was sitting by her! Suppose he should engage her in conversation before she could get away; suppose she'd have to sit by the sneer all during the course!

Marcia rose breathlessly and stammered out into the aisle. "Oh,

Freddie! Hello, Freddie! Save that seat by you there, save it Freddie!"

Marcia slumped unobtrusively in the corner. The same corner. "You know," she said to Freddie, "I thought for a while there wasn't going to be a soul I knew in this class."

—Pelican

Grandmother's Last Request

Grandmother was on her deathbed. The sons and sons of sons were gathered around to see her die. Her oldest son, himself a gray-haired man of sixty-five approached.

"Mother," he said, gently, "You are going. Is there anything we can do to put your mind at rest before you go?"

"Yes," she said, "bring me your father's picture."

They brought her the picture of her departed spouse and she gazed at it a long time. Then she leaned back with a beatific smile, and closed her eyes.

"Now," she declared, "I'm satisfied. I'd know him anywhere."

"Grandmother," said her grandson, "why do you want to be sure you'll recognize him?"

"When he first asked me to marry him," said grandmother, "I told him to go to hell. I'd bet anything the little runt disobeyed me, and if I find him I'll make it hot for him."

And with that she passed on.

—Brown Jug



"Eustacia! Those pajamas look as though they had been slept in!"

—Pelican

Girls You Don't Want To Know

The one who says, "What's he? Is he a Beta?"
 The one who calls up athletes and asks them if they
 don't want to come down and study with her.
 The one who says, when another girl is mentioned, "I
 know her; she's not so much."
 The one who says, "I never study, but I get by."
 The one who never says anything and studies all the
 time.
 The one who, when taken for a canoe ride, says, "I
 wish I had brought a book."

—C. A. B.

"Can you cook?"
 "Yes."
 "Can you darn socks, sew on buttons and press neck-
 ties?"
 "Yes."
 "Play an intelligent game of bridge?"
 "Yes."
 "Wear conservative clothes, never ask for an ermine?"
 "Yes. Are you going to marry me?"
 "No; I'm going to put you in a museum."

—Buccaneer

Bob: Hey, Jake, you know my wife really kisses me
 every time I come into the house.
 Jake: Great affection.
 Bob: No, investigation.

—Royal Gaboon

There was once a travelling salesman—now there are
 lots of them.

—Widow

We hear that in the next Harvard Varsity Show they're
 going to hire some real chorus girls to give the affair a
 little tougher aspect.

—Stone Mill

"What a charming baby, Mrs. Jones, and he does re-
 semble your husband."

"Gracious, you alarm me; we adopted this baby."

—Beanpot

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■ ■
 In an Austin It's Impossible

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Easter Cards and Easter Gifts



The
**MOUSE AROUND
GIFT SHOP**

Upstairs at 416 State

An Open Letter . . .

(Continued from page 12)

Sometimes I would wake in the morning and draw my head out to see good old Clarence sitting there on my pillow, his head fallen over on his bosom, fast asleep from fatigue.

Finally, after the last idea had slipped away, I happened to be in Chicago, Illinois, where my folks had sent me to get away from the temptations of Regent Street. (Sin Boulevard, I call it now.) I fought off the appeal of gambling with all my weak effort, there in a hotel room in Chicago. I said, "Zilch, it's up to you now or never!" And faintly first, then louder, would come the call of my habit: "Just across the river, Zilch; just across the river. It's easy to get over there!"

The answer can be foretold. I ran down through the hotel lobby and rushed into a taxicab. "Take me over there!" I screamed to the driver. "Take me over there, where there's life and laughter, and I can indulge myself. Take me quickly!"

He took me, and that time I played with real money. I put real buffalo nickles in a slot machine in Mrs. Crosby's restaurant and saloon in South Chicago, and sometimes I took out similar nickles. I had fallen at last to playing with real money, just as the people in Monte Carlo or Aguas Calientes—those hopeless people.

Some friend of my family saw me there and wired my father, who came in haste. Father found me, red-eyed with excitement, putting nickles in and out, and took me in hand. I had lost 75 cents in three hours. What a change from the time when I walked into Otho Wattles' fraternity house and lost 15 cents!

Father placed me in a sanitarium for the rest of that year. I took sun baths and read judicial charges to keep my mind off gambling and mints, which run hand in hand, as you've seen. I came out with a good coat of tan, a clear brain, and as a free man.

My only concern about such things now is to keep other University boys from going my route, and that is why I write this appreciation of that charge to the committee and to wish

everybody more front-page space in a campaign to clean gambling and its kindred evils from the University of Wisconsin. May we see the time when a flag waves over every teacher's desk in the University, an American flag of good citizenship on the top of the mast and a white flag of purity below it! Success to us, for ours is great and noble fight!

Your pal,

Gregory Zilch, Jr.

Appreciation and Apologies to U. of Texas Longhorn.

The Smoke Nuisance

Poor Rupert, how I miss him! It is exactly two years today since he died. And he was such a good boy. But it was all due to cigarettes. Rupert was one of those boys who must be original, and he decided that every time a character smoked, or fire was mentioned in a book he was reading, he too would light a cigarette. If the book said "And so our hero blew a puff of smoke in the villain's face," Rupert had to light a cigarette. When he read of a Wiener Roast and a campfire, he had to light a cigarette. He used to scan the pages eagerly for a sign of fire, so he also could smoke! But poor Rupert, how foolish he was. One night he procured a copy of "The Burning of Rome" and the poor boy died from suffocation.

—Panther



"I have a frog in my throat,"
gulped Gaspard

Gangster: Come on! Let's figure up how much we made by this job.

Accomplice: Hell no! I'm tired. Let's wait and look at the morning paper.

—Texas Ranger Longhorn

The girl of my dreams was Fleurette.
She acted the perfect coquette.
She lived in a daze
And had funny ways,
But how that woman could pette.

—Royal Gaboon

He stole a kiss from a college lass,
And then jumped on the train.
She neither raved nor tore her hair—
For she had his watch and chain.

—Dodo

A college lad had taken his girl, who was a Catholic, to a banquet on Friday night. The meat course was chicken. The girl was served a drum stick, which happened to be her favorite piece. She looked at it longingly. Finally she decided it would be better to offer her piece to the b. f. She leaned over to him and said: "Could I interest you in my leg?"

—Frigol

Check and Double Check

He phoned his sweet boop a doop long distance. Five minutes later: "Deposit one dollar please."

He talked some more.

"Deposit another dollar please."

No answer.

"Deposit another dollar please."

"For goodness sake, how can I? The thing's clogged up with my last check."

—Siren

The laziest man in the world is the one who held a cocktail shaker in his hand and waited for an earthquake.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

"That man over there looks badly."

"Yes, he's Dr. Bloop the famous surgeon. He made a mistake and he's all cut up about it."

College Men Will Find Greater Quality And Smarter Style in

"Society Brand" Spring Suits

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The finest spring suits "Society Brand" has ever produced at this price. The "Dunlin" . . . the college man's model, with notch lapels and conservative lines is here in the season's newest colors.

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A famous hat that rates high with the men on the campus. 14 new shapes . . . 8 new colors!

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\$1

Clocks and small patterns are the preference of college men this spring. They're built for extra mileage.

"Florsheim" Shoes

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White is again the prevailing favorite in shirts and it's at its best in the "Arrow" Trump. Permanent fitting, of course.

THE  HUB

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"You'll hardly know me when you see me!"

—Widow

"Son," said my father, "put down that dime novel and come here. Daddy's going to tell you about What Every Young Man Should Know. You're twelve now, and it's time you were laying off Jessie James stories and learning something useful."

"Oh, yeh?" I answered. "And how is all this dope useful? How so?"

Father blushed. "Now don't rush me, sonny, this is *my* story."

"It is, eh?" I replied, and gave him a nasty sort of smile.

The old man squirmed a bit in his chair. "I mean I'm *telling* it, sonny, now listen—have you ever spent a day just watching the little flowers bloom and blossom?"

"And you were the guy that was boobin' me about reading Jessie James!" I answered with a snicker.

"Have you ever watched the Momma Bird and the Papa Bird?" inquired father, eyeing me sideways.

"Now listen, dad," I said, "do you want to make this interesting?"

"Well . . ."

"Then cut out the birds and use oysters instead."

Father got pretty angry and stood up. "Don't you want to hear about Life?"

"Dad," I replied, picking up my "Jessie James," "buzz along and play the Peepin' Tom with your birds. I'm an individual, and what Everyone knows doesn't interest me."

—Pelican

A NIGHTMARE

As Dreamed by Prof. Zeleny

"This is station WOW, the cou of Fatima, N. C., broadcasting t match between Johnny Walker an Herb Tareyton. Walker enters t ring, dressed in a long Chesterfield Tareytown has on a pair of Old Go shorts. Walker has a Barking Dog a mascot, while Tareyton is chaperon by a Camel. Walker puts over Lucky Strike in the first round an Tareyton bends over like an Engli Oval. Tareyton Raleighs in the seco round and has Walker running P Mall around the ring, with a Me chrino expression on his map. Four round Walker comes back and, Om but he hits him. Tarreyton is dizzi than Three Kings in a Turret. He in as bad condition as Cornwallis Yorktown. He's been reading t much Longfellow, and eating t many Spuds. Tareyton Wings Walk and makes him Murad. He goes do in a haze of smoke. He's as far go as an Egyptian Deity. This concluc our broadcast of the fight, and v now bring you the Coca-Cola ho direct from Stiffy's Drug store."

—Ski-U-Mab



"Folks say I am pretty----"

—Punch Boy

Correct!

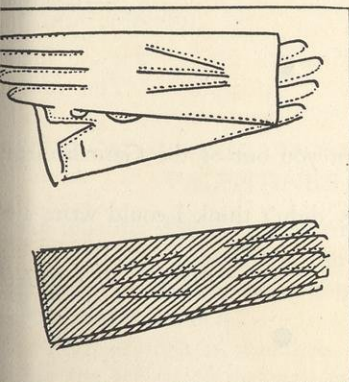
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ANITY FAIR

The Types of Gloves Well-Dressed Men Wear

White and very light shades of tan and brown are the smartest types of gloves that well-dressed men wear.

The white glove, of course, is correct for formal and informal evening wear. It may be either a slip-on type or the button and button-hole type. And in addition to its use in the evening it is worn during the day as well, even with the black bowler and dark blue overcoat of lounge or business dress.

Chamois gloves, light brown reindeer, buff goat, and buckskin are only a few of the suede-finished leathers

in light shades that are correct with business clothes. Cocoa-brown, reddish-browns and mahogany brown are good in suede-finished leathers as well as capeskin.

Formal day clothes require light gray, buff or white gloves.

The styles are only three, a simple hand-stitched glove finished at the wrist with a white pearl button and a button-hole, a short gauntlet type, and a longer gauntlet type with a raw edge and no seam or welt at the cuff. The white pearl button is used for gloves of any color.

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Badger 1763

The evening was superb—gentle breezes were ruffling the thick moonbeams that poured down upon that idyllic woodland nook where their roadster was parked. They embraced. He kissed her fervently while she gazed dreamily and longingly into his eyes. Did he mistake that look? He whispered a few words into her ear. A strange look came into her eyes and she slapped him. "Let's not talk shop," she said. "I'm so happy to get away for a change."

Prof: What can you tell about Elizabeth, the virgin queen of England?

Student: As a queen she was mighty successful.

—*Royal Gaboon*

"What are you laughing at, Ptolemy?"

"I am just thinking how surprised grandmother is going to look when that bomb goes off."

—*Sun Dial*

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Caught With the Goods

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost. "Well if it ain't my old d... he said as he looked in the mirror. I never knew he his pitcher took." He took the mirror home, stole the house and hid it in the attic, but his actions did escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept slipped up to the attic and found the mirror. "Hm... she said looking into it, "So that's the old hag he's chasin'."

—*Exchange*

I am no gentleman. I never doff my hat to a lady. Why should I? If a lady should drop her handkerchief in front of me I wouldn't stoop to pick it up. I would let it lie. If I were riding in the street car I was fortunate enough to find a seat, I wouldn't get up to offer my seat to a lady; even if she were standing directly over me. I insist I am no gentleman; I am a lady.

—*Wamp*

Schmaltz: What kept you out of the German army in 1914?

Fenstermacher: They didn't think I could write a book about it afterwards.

—*Marquis of Lafayette*

Awful!

How cruel we are! We split infinitives, murder so-called thought, dye hair, break up sentences, hit books, wear socks, cut remarks short, make a stab at things, strike a match, slay the woman, punch the clock jump at conclusions, kick-off, tear paper, and hang ticiples.

—*Wamp*

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Finger Waving Marcelling Manicuring
Facials Electrolysis Hair Bobbing
Chiropody

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O'Neil Writes of the Classroom

Prof: (These empty-minded idiots won't learn a damn thing from this course, but I must draw my pay.) Membership in the House of Representatives is determined by Congress following . . .

Coed: (He expects me to listen to that stuff. It must be hell to have a husband like that. I wonder if that rock is right. He called my name, but I'll pretend not to have heard.)

Prof: Miss Jones! (She's too nice a girl to treat harshly but I must remember my position.) Miss Jones! insist that you either pay attention to the class work or continue the course.

Coed: (He thinks that will frighten me. He knows damn well that I'm his favorite.) Oh, I beg your pardon, Prof. Smith. I was reading my lecture notes.

Prof: (I wish she wouldn't display her legs so conspicuously in the classroom.) Miss Jones, I asked how many Representatives there are in Washington. (I wonder if she would come to my apartment if I asked her.)

Coed: (He's really a honey, but I hate that wife of his. Representatives, let me think. I'll have to make him sore.) Well, that depends on what's going on outside of Washington!

THE ADMINISTRATION OBSERVES ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Prexy tells the Association of Amalgamated Aspirin Advertisers, "I heartily endorse the candid custom common to young hearts of exchanging exhortative epistles expressive of their ecstatic emotion."

The dean of men is seated in a favorite rocking chair awaiting the arrival of the mail man suspected of delivering illicit postcards to students.

The dean of women makes a tour of sororities and female lodging houses to confiscate red cardboard hearts and carnation roses.

The registrar mails greeting cards which read, "If you desire to be my valentine for the ensuing term, fill out enclosed blank and return to this office immediately. It is important that you write legibly, especially if you have a name which is likely to be misspelled."

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*Rumidor is a scientific, patented container for cigarettes, tobacco and cigars, using 12-year-old Medford rum for a preservative. The rum keeps the tobacco moist and mellow and imparts a delightful aroma. Poor tobaccos taste good. Good tobaccos taste better. Beware of imitations. Look for name on cover.



VARSITY MODEL
complete with rum
refill and divider
\$3 and \$5



COLLEGE BOWL
rum refill included
\$15

RUMIDOR

CAN BE BOUGHT AT THE FOLLOWING STORES:

UNIVERSITY PHARMACY	672 State
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MALLATT PHARMACY	708 State
HOAK & DUNN	644 State
WEHRMANN'S LUGGAGE	508 State
SPETH'S CLOTHING CO.	222 State
O & V COLLEGE SHOP	654 State
THE HUB	22 W. Mifflin
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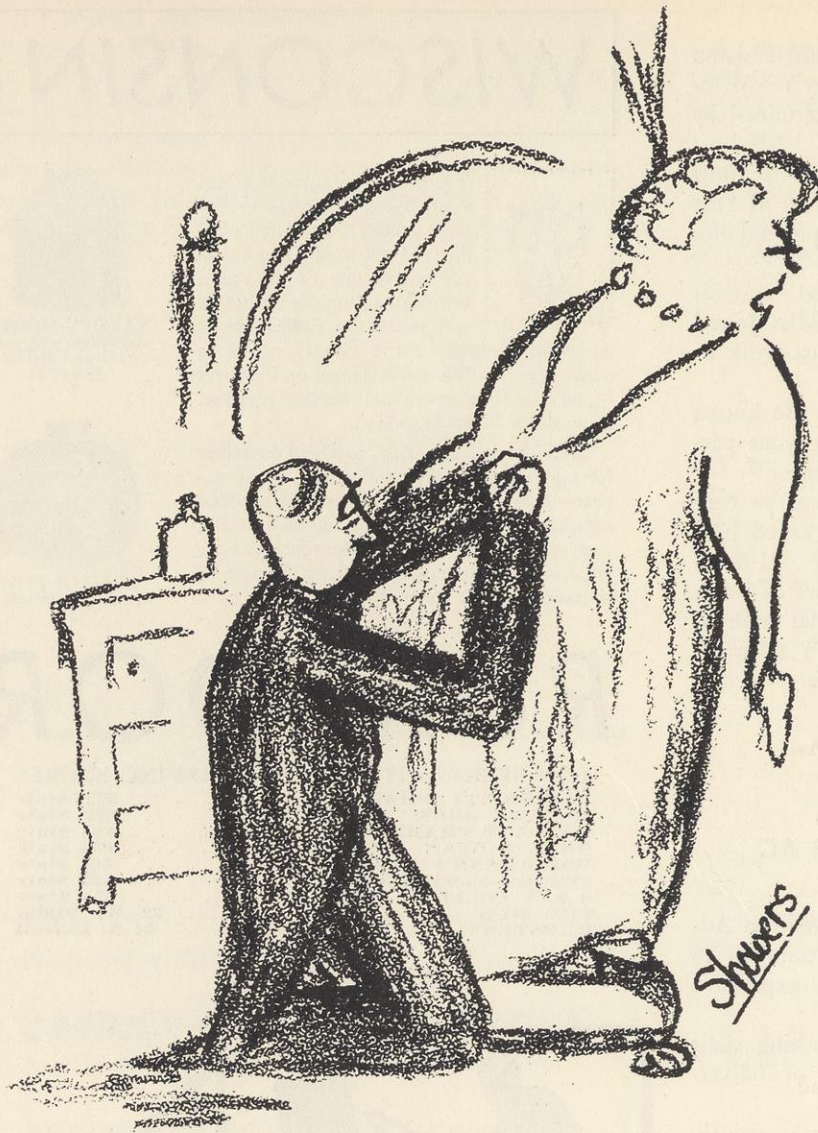
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SALTED PEANUTS

WHENEVER there's a hungry crowd to feed, serve Planters Salted Peanuts. They are a concentrated food, full to overflowing with energy-giving calories.

The familiar 5c glassine bag of Planters contains as many calories as a beefsteak costing 60c in most restaurants. That's why Planters are called "The Nickel Lunch." Big Virginia Peanuts, blanched, whole-roasted, salted just right.



"You don't dare Look me in the face and tell me I'm getting fat."
—Gargoyle

"Can you lend me a few of y
last year's themes?"

"Yes, but you'd better look o
The prof. said that the one I cop
from Emerson was a direct steal
Voltaire, and the theme reader mar
"Did you not copy this from R
Lardner?" on one I lifted from
themes he wrote himself while he
a frosh."

—Panthe

Jones rang the bell at the new d
tor's house. The doctor's wife
swered the ring.

"You wish to see the doctor?"
said. "Couldn't you come tomorro
morning?"

"Why," said Jones, "Isn't the d
tor in?"

"Oh, yes, he's in," said the you
wife wistfully, "but you're his f
patient, and I'd like you to come a
surprise for him tomorrow. You s
it's his birthday.

—Boston Transcrip

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Nursing a bad black eye.
He'd been frolicsome
On Bicardy Rum;
Said he, "I thought it was rye!"

—Jack-O-Lantern

The Dean: Young man, there is no place for drin
ing in this college.

Young man: What an oversight. I'll have to find
place at once.

—Pup

As a booster for his home State, a certain Western re
resentative is noted for his famous "movie-picture" hig
balls. You know—one drink and you go home in s
reels.

—Punch Bowl

"Hey, gal, how about goin' for a ride with me tonight
"I'll be tickled to death."

—Red Cat

When

You Miss Mother's
Cooking

Visit

BELMONT TAVERN

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Phone Fairchild 3866

He groped blindly in the darkness—his fingers half frozen and his body rapidly becoming numb. He grew leepy, then shook himself. Finally his groping fingers found what he sought. It was hanging from a high hook. When he seized hold of it, his flesh crept and he shivered, for the flesh of the object was soft, cold, and moist. He mastered his impulse to get out of the ghastly hole, and pulled hard on the object. It tore loose from the hook with a sickening sound. Scarcely able to lift it, he managed to carry it to the door, which he opened and entered a warmer room. "Will this be all right?" he asked a man, as he held up the object. "Yes," the man answered, "it's a good bologna. I'll have twenty-five cents worth, sliced thin—off the small end."

NOW THAT APARTMENT SKYSCRAPERS ARE BEING BUILT OF GLASS:

1. There will be an astonishing increase in the sale of high-powered field glasses and telescopes.
2. Window washers will cease wondering if there is a heaven.
3. There will be more shady stories than ever.
4. Scarecrows will have to be placed on the tops of the buildings to frighten away wandering flocks of starlings and other birds who might yield to temptation.
5. Everyone will be within a stone's throw of everyone else.

The Radio Announcer Proposes

I love you dearly, spelled D-E-A-R-L-Y. I cannot live without you, honey, spelled H-O-N-E-Y. You're wonderful, spelled W-O-N-D-E-R-F-U-L; you're adorable, spelled A-D-O-R-A-B-L-E; you're beautiful, spelled B-E-A-U-T-I-F-U-L. I love you, spelled Y-O-U. Won't you be mine, spelled M-I-N-E?

For months, the two boys who live in the apartment next door have been visited every evening by crowds of other boys. We wondered what the source of the attraction was. We surmised it as being a sort of speakeasy, but after watching for several nights, we saw no sign of drunkenness or ribaldry. In fact, after quite a crowd had gathered there, everything would be deathly quiet. Spookily so. This fact rather upset our speakeasy theory. We finally decided that it must be meetings of some secret campus society. Communists perhaps. One night a gang of fellows entered the apartment next door but soon after left. Then, a few minutes later two more came. This time we heard one of the two boys who rented the apartment say, "Sorry, boys, but there's no performance tonight. I guess the girls next door have got dates."



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WE DELIVER

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"Golly, Count, you sure look good in a soup and fish."

—Tiger

A sot was standing on the corner, interestedly watching every car that passed. A curious bystander finally asked him if he was waiting for any particular car.

"Yessh," he guzzled. "That cop over thersh tol' mesh tu catsh thu 29th Street car and only 13 have passed sho far."

—Whirlwind

The Dean of Princeton said that there is only one sheepskin for every four entering college; so if you don't have pyorrhea you had better start worrying, as you have a better chance of getting that than you do a diploma.

—Burr

"Help! they're tryin' to put me the spot," said the cleaning fluid.

—Blue Moon

Our idea of the best joke of season: The directions on a white prescription . . . Two tablets full every three hours.

—Rice

"—and mother," said little B enthusiastically describing her morning at Sunday school, "'Onward Christian Soldiers' was the theme song."

—Sire

"What shall I do? I'm engaged to a man who says he simply can't have children."

"Well, you can't expect too much from a husband."

—Owl

Old Maid (hopefully): Why am I under the bed?

Voice: Nobody but us shoes.

Old Maid: Aw, Heck!

—Snipe

Pat: Well, how's your football team this year?

Mike: Pretty good.

Pat: Fine, let's hire a couple of professors and start a university!

—Owl

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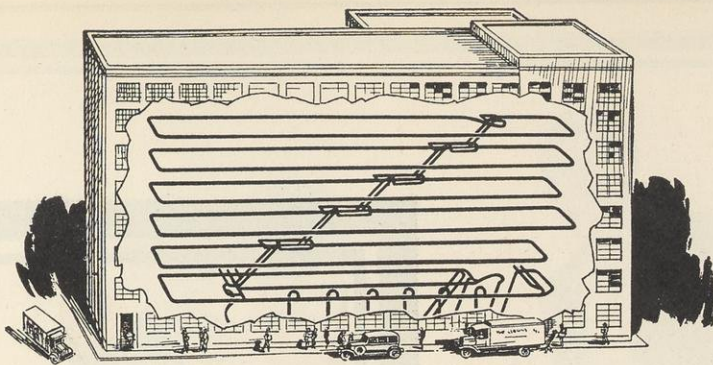
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