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FEB 15 1928



Gimme two lemon cokes"

Travel
No. 25¢

REID
JOHNSON
+ John Ash

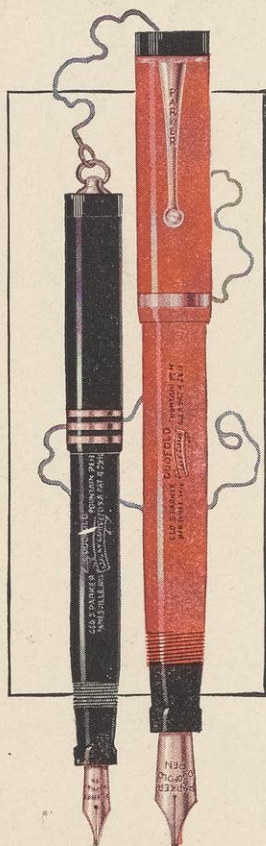
"ALL RIGHT, NOW, 'MR. DUOFOLD,'
TAKE DOWN THESE NOTES."



Pressureless Touch

**Makes Writing with a Parker Duofold
So Easy** that the pen almost does it all itself

No Need to Pay More than \$7 for the Utmost in a Pen



This is not merely a claim. A fine ink-channel ground between the prongs of the Duofold Point now brings Capillary Attraction to the aid of Parker's already famous Gravity Feed.

Result is that the *light weight of the pen itself* is sufficient to start the writing and continue it with scarcely any pressure from the fingers. Now you merely *guide* this almost automatic pen.

Take notes, write themes, long letters, etc., with a New Duofold and learn what it saves in *time* as well as effort.

Neater, cleaner, smoother writing [though professors may not say so] shades grades for the better.

Also this New Duofold made with

Parker Permanite [28% lighter but 1000% stronger than the rubber formerly employed] is *Non-Breakable*. So this new Parker is a *Permanent Pen*.

Thus for \$7 [\$5 if you want a smaller size] you get the utmost in a writing instrument—no need to pay more.

5 smart colors from which to select. 3 sizes—Over-size, Junior and slender Lady Duofold. 6 graduated pen points—one to suit your hand exactly. Ask to try "yours" at your nearest pen counter today.

But be sure to look for this imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—Duofold" on the pen barrel. That identifies the genuine. No other mark does. Duofold Pencils in colors to match pens, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.

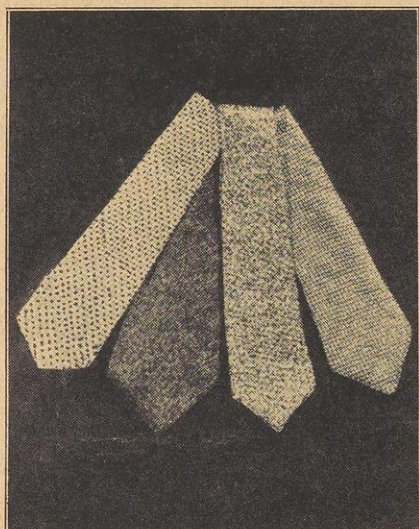
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GELVIN'S

Neckwear



A variety large enough for a single
or quantity selection

HOAK & DUNN

Gelvin's of Madison

644 State Street

The Fun



of operating The Irving lies chiefly in seeing so many food connoisseurs return day after day



And in hearing---not too infrequently-----the expression of their wholehearted approval!



We
Welcome
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!

IRVING COFFEE HOUSE
IRVING CAFETERIA
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TRAVEL

Our cars are always ready and in perfect condition.

Delivered at your call, with or without driver.

Badger Rent-a-Car

250 State St.

F. 2099



Hee-hee Was All She Ever Had!



"Did that French burglar talk a lot?"
"Yes, he had a gift of grab."



OCTY PRESENTS THIS MONTH—

Cover by Reid Winsey and John Ash

<i>Ocean Swells</i> , by Ruth Allcott.....	page 10
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<i>European Sports</i> , by Dan Albrecht. Illus- trated by Dick Abert.....	page 17
<i>Editorials</i>	page 18
<i>Allan Gets a Date</i> (last installment), by Bob Godley. Illustrated by John Allcott.....	page 20
<i>Book Reviews</i> , by Paul Fulcher.....	page 22
<i>Uncle Wiggily Plans a Tour</i> , by Jonah.....	page 24
<i>And a shipload of other sparkling entertainment</i>	

FRED W. KRUSE CO.

205 State Street



The Suit
Smart The Day
Through

The tailored suit is too popular a fashion to ever lose its prestige. It is introduced again this season. Both double and single breasted models are advocated.

Priced \$29.50 to \$65.00

Kessenich's

"The Busy Corner"

Signs of Wisconsin's Springtime are Coming to Kessenich's



SPRINGTIME fashions are arriving daily at Kessenich's. Frocks with the charming gayety that goes with the lovely season—accessories that fit the spirit of play that Wisconsin knows in those gay days. There are a few March winds, a few showers and then . . . but in the meantime you'll want to see the fashions that are even more lovely than ever. And you're invited.

Seasonal Forecast
**Kessenich's, This Spring, Will Continue To Be—
The Wisconsin Girl's Own Store**

Fair Prices—Friendly Service

BROWN BOOK SHOP

621-623 State Street

- ☞ Used text-books, to save you 25% to 50%.
- ☞ New books---if you prefer them.
- ☞ Student Supplies---quality merchandise, fairly priced.
- ☞ Wahl Pens (unconditionally guaranteed) Wahl Eversharps.
- ☞ New and Used Books of every kind from 10 cents up.

BROWN BOOK SHOP

621-623 STATE STREET

"Vers Libre"

Love is like an orange
A golden sphere of happiness
I want an orange
For the world is blue
And I am but a bit of human dust
I want an orange
But grapefruit are bigger.

Love is an orange
Something excelling all other things
People are cruel
I wanted an orange
I found only a lemon . . . instead.

Nine-tenths of the world's price-fighters are Scotchmen.

"On what do you base your qualifications as a candidate for the baseball team?"

"Well, sir, I pitched and tossed last summer on a student tour."



"Are you seasick?"

"No, but I'd hate to yawn."

Crime In Paris —

I. Take the subway if you want to see the real underworld of Paris.

II. For an honest-to-goodness hold-up try an exclusive gown shop.

III. Witness a "genuine American musical comedy" if you like murders.

IV. Hang around a race track bookmaking bureau if you're a dope fiend.

V. Stay a short while in a wine garden and watch your fellow countrymen drown themselves.

Boatswain (to stowaway on cattle boat): What're you doin' here?

Stowaway: Please, sir, I'm a blacksmith!

Boatswain: What of it!

Stowaway: I can't keep away from the bellows!

"Cheese it! The Swiss are coming!" shouted the French cavalry as they sighted the advance guard of the enemy. And, indeed, they b-roquefort shelter.



George O'Connell

For Spring

The Suit—A Charter House model 33 in worsted fabrics of Blue Grey. The Shirt—A long point-collar attached in White, Blue, or Green, (a collar pin.) The Tie—a small all over pattern of Blue and Red on a Silver background. The Hose—plain, lightweight wool of Pastel, Blues, Tans and Greens. A complete array of new apparel awaits your inspection.



109 STATE

STREET



"Travel is so broadening."
 "Yes, my dear, why don't you take a long trip?"



Theophila: I was up till four every night during my last vacation.
 Penelope: That's nothing, I went to bed with the milkman every morning during mine.
 —Lord Jeff



Tol: Could you tell me where Moscow is?
 Stoy: In the pasture with Pa's bull. —Buccaneer

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 Overcoats

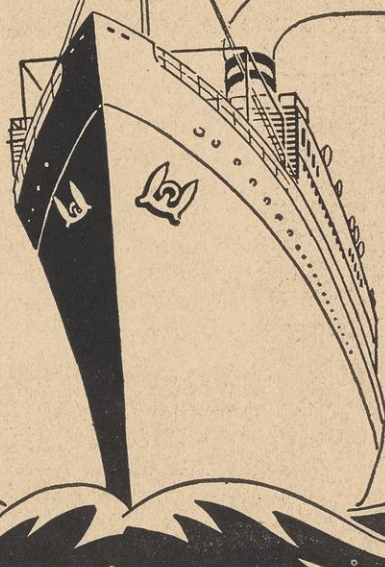
Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165



Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165

COLLEGE CRUISE

AROUND THE WORLD



S. S. Ryndam—
Sailing Sept. 19
Limited to 375
Men Students

Enrolments
accepted now
for 1928 . . .

For further information write to your local representative
UNIVERSITY TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
 285 Madison Ave., New York City

All Your Needs for Spring

For the new semester, for the windy days of March, for the rainy days of April and for the rest of the spring season — you'll find all your needs at The Co-Op. New texts, new supplies, spring clothing, sporting goods, outdoor wear — all

part of the spring stocks of The Co-Op. Because the Co-Op was organized to save money for students in their purchase of student needs, the matter of buying at The Co-Op will prove profitable. Rebates of 15% have been paid annually for many years.

A few of the Hundreds of Items You'll Need---

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Fountain Pens

Sport Clothes

Sport Shoes

Lingerie

Hosiery

Toiletries

Furnishings

Books

Magazines

Sporting Goods

Formal Accessories

Formal Wear

Rental Books

Stationery

Desk Sets

Gifts

Room Furnishings

Shoes

Jewelry

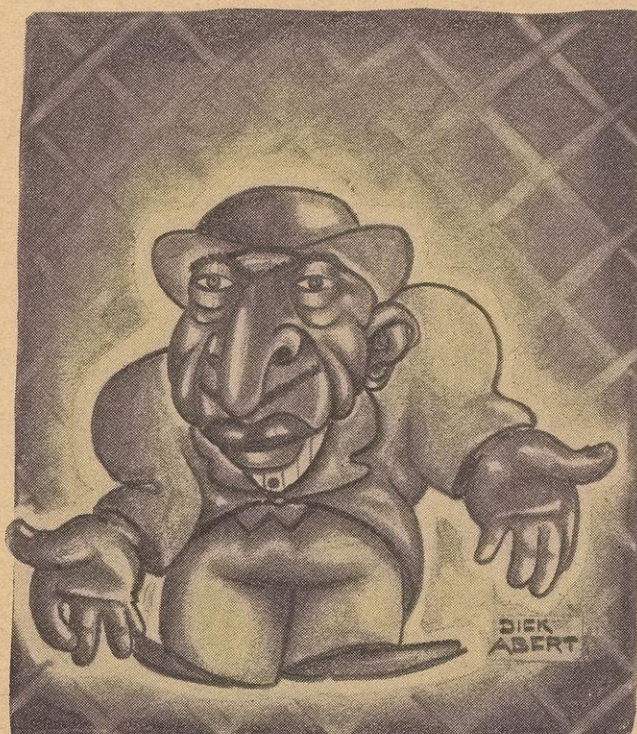
Men's Wear

Hats

The University Co-Op

E. J. Grady, Mgr.

State at Lake

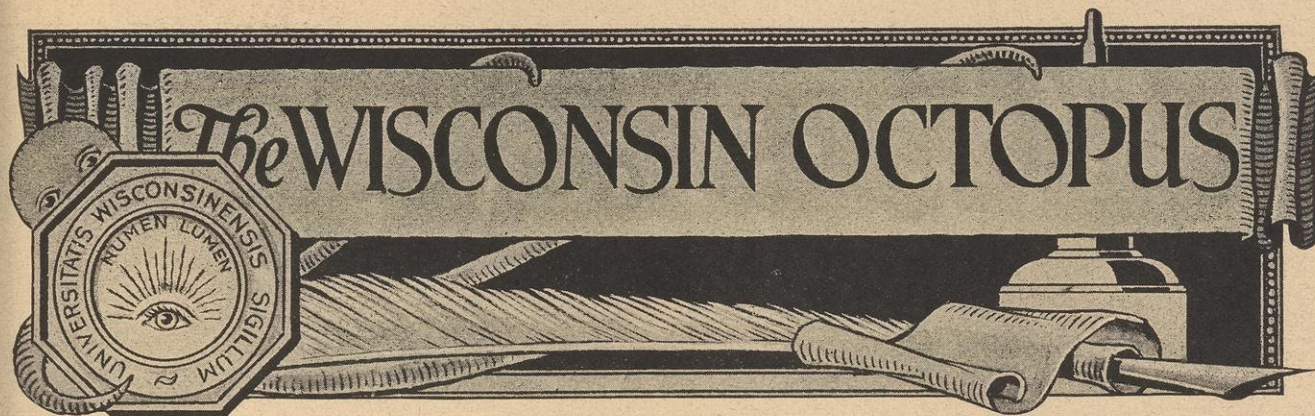


*Portrait of A Russian Jew With An English Accent
Trying To Talk Low Dutch To A Chinaman*



RUTH
FILCOTT +
JOHN
-ASH-

OCEAN SWELLS



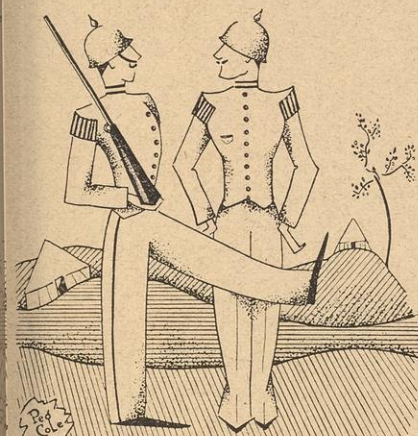
Girl: Do you think you can cure my eczema in time for the dance on Friday?

Doctor: Well, I hate to make any rash promises.

"What do you know about the Siberian Steppes?"

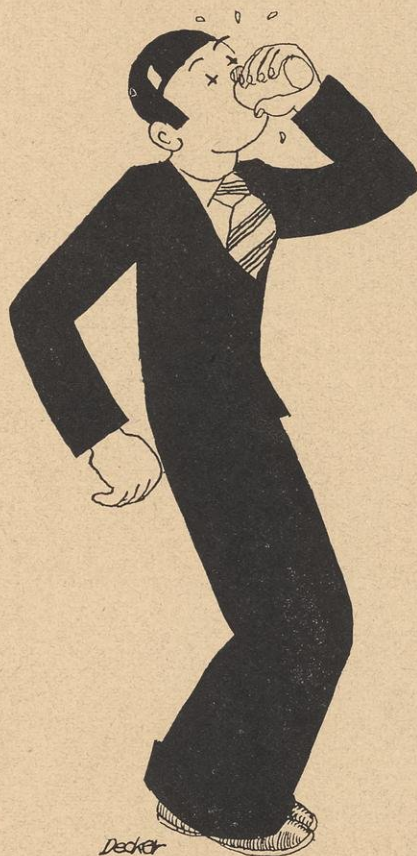
"Sorry, I don't know any of those foreign dances."

"Remember the main!" shouted the foreman of the sewer digging gang as they started to work.



"Ach Heinie, why do you goose step with only one leg?"

"Because I'm German on only one side."



He was only an oysterman's son, but boy what a muscle.

Doris: That was a nice remark you made at that automobile smashup!

August: What?

Doris: Latest wrinkle in Chevrolets!

Voice from deck: Man over board!

College traveler: Come on fellows get a paddle; they're holding an initiation up on deck.

Dinge: Boy, I been everywhere.

Smoke: You ain't been to hell yet.

Dinge: Yeah, but I'se goin' fast.

"Mammy, will yuh Singapore child tuh sleep?"

"Sumatra time, child, Sumatra time!"



"Did you ever hear the story of the pair of tights?"

"No, what is it?"

"Two Scotchmen."



Mayor Thompson Meets An English Bull Dog

Why I Would Like To Go Abroad

- I. So I won't be offered a drink at every party I go to.
- II. In order to get see-sick enough to want to stay home awhile.
- III. So as to be able to say I've played deck tennis.
- IV. In order that I won't "be different."

"Did you have many exciting adventures in Europe?"
 "Yes—I got into hot water at Bath."

Eccentric Elmer sez: It must have been a Chicago student who originated the expression "I'm getting by with murder."

He (On steamer): Where's that man there going?
 Him: To York, I think.
 He: Funny, he looks pretty healthy.

"Where's the captain?"
 "Up on the bridge."
 "Huh! Yuh can't fool me; we ain't anywheres near a river."

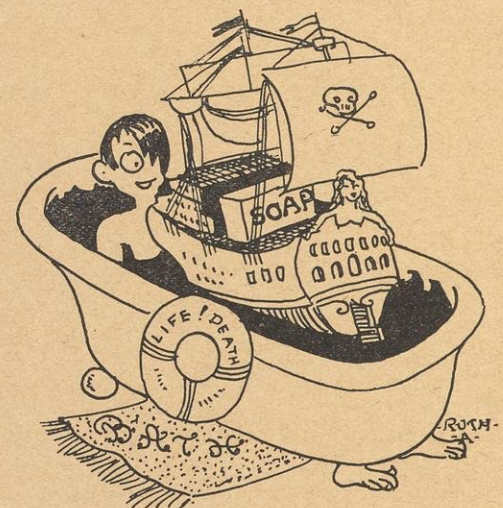
Says the actor to his wife before the show, "Let's kiss and make-up."

Teacher: Egbert, name three cities in Europe noted for packing products.
 Egbert: Hamburg, Frankfort, and Bologna.

"Are you going to Indo-China on your world tour?"
 "Yes Siam."

"How many students are there at Wisconsin?"
 "Oh, about one out of every ten."

She was only a flat tire, but she put the skids under me.



The I. C. S. Student Enrolls In A Student Tour



"Did you hear about the bootlegger who fell into the vat of corn whiskey and was drowned?"

"Oh—the end of the man in the moon."

"The Civics Club has censored a recent book on D'Artagnan."

"Why?"

"Because he lead a duel life."

He: I made a slick grade in that course.

She: Yes, you surely did slip through.

"Why do you strike that pose while waiting for the mail man?"

"I'm taking a boxing course by correspondence."

"I'm taking the Ag course."

"There's a great field for learning."

"They're gonna have a crew from the hospital this year."

"I thought those guys were all sick out there."

"Yeah, but they've got a whole flock of serious strokes."

"You know I'd love to take that trip up the Rhine Gorge!"

"Well, why don't you?"

"I hate to Cologne!"

Fair Southern Transfer: Why do the clocks all run so fast up heah in the noath?

Stude: Because it's so cold.

F. S. T: Oh I see—to keep theah hands wahm.

"Willyum, why did you give baby a knife?"

"Gee, ma, you said he'd soon be cutting his teeth."

"Be careful, or that paint'll run all over you."

"Thass all right, I can run faster than paint."

Teacher: Conjugate drink.

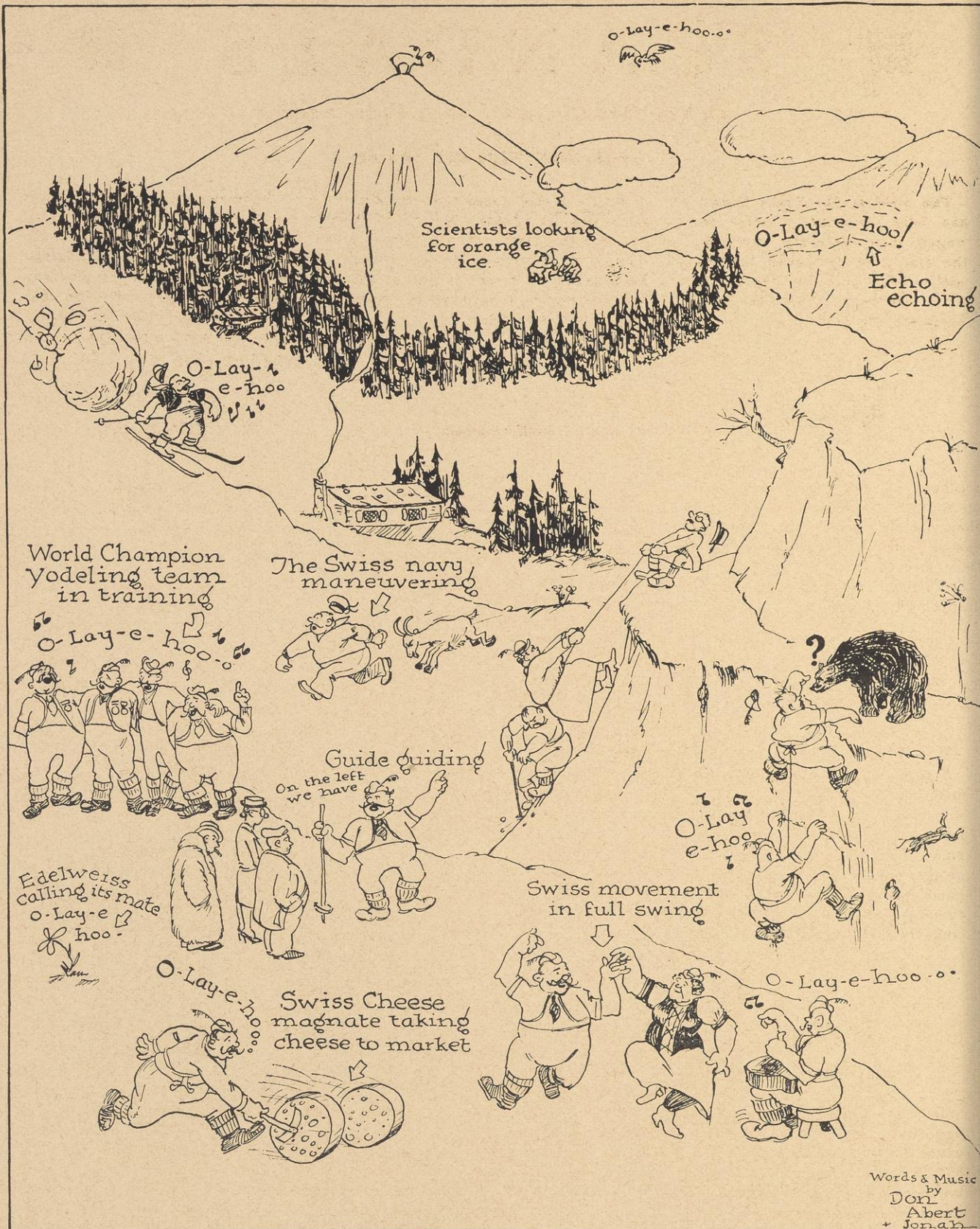
Stewudent: Drink—drank—drunk—passed out.



"Is that fellow over there an Englishman?"

"Yes, he's a knight of the garter."

"Oh—he's been living in Paris, huh?"



An Impression of Switzerland by One Who Has Never Been There



SCANDALS



All The Dirt Dished Up In A Clean Fashion

By the Half Wit's Half Brother

The maid at the Theta House has been enjoying a raise in wages since Saturday morning the 4th. She got credit for reporting for duty at five-thirty A. M. and really *it was* the first Theta coming home.



Who has ever considered the Econ instructor who holds office hours every Monday night for the young ladies or is it *The* young lady? Were he to serve ice cream or peanut butter sandwiches, I vote we all should go up for a conference.

"Signapore Joe" Izard wasn't quite himself Thursday night before Prom. And he didn't get quite up to standard Friday morning. Well, one might say that Ralph was so off form that he didn't enter into any of the week-end festivities except the spirit of Prom.



I have never taken much stock in the saying "We'll raise the roof", but along about five-fifteen Saturday morning, after Prom, some Alpha Delt threw a bottle of "medicine" in the furnace, and all the plaster dropped off the ceilings.

The Haresfoot Club of the University of Wisconsin held a party recently in Springfield which was not included in the itinerary. Dimensions of the gin bowl range from the conservative Phi Gam estimate of a yard and a half in diameter to the less acceptable figure of the width of the Alpha Phi front room. And I was just wondering whether the lads on the Friendly Fraternity Tour were merely drinking that night or all were taking baths after a hard evening before the footlights.

A young man named Ken Mainland took Miss Nardin to Prom. Need I go further?



I wouldn't be too inquisitive about little things, but I was wondering about the "Athletics for All" slogan. Basketball games seem to be for all Madison people, and the Notre Dame game for anyone who got the rumor of the open sale. But I don't understand evolution either.

The girl's club of Alpha Omicron Pi have finally cleared the property on Lake and Langdon of its tenants and typewriters; the next thing is to move into it. But I was just wondering.



One of the most virtuous looking guards at the Capitol, prom night offered one of the ticket sellers a drink. And I was just wondering.

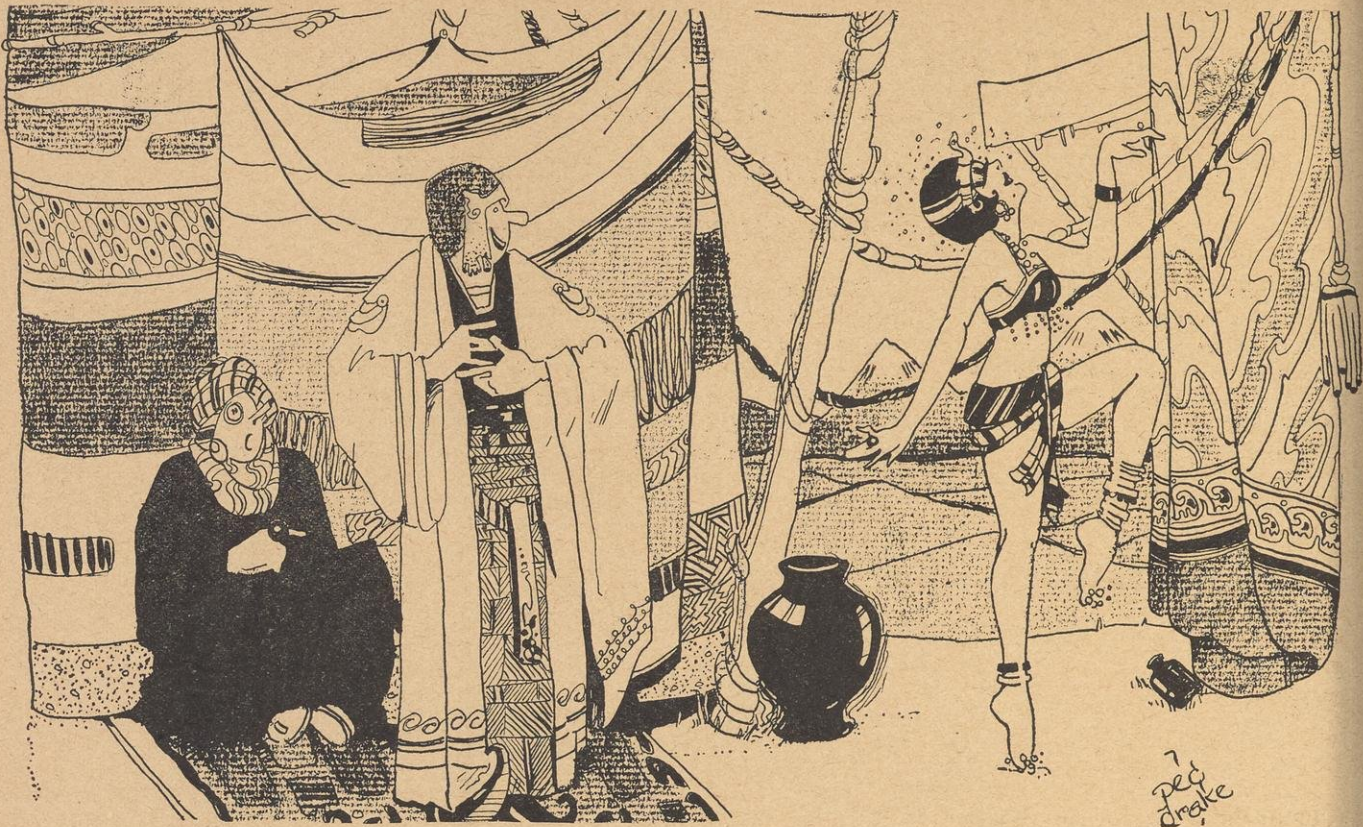


The Mid-west's own poet, who admits himself that the title of his first volume "Chicago Poems" reminds one of the title, "Hell's Roses", gave a recital at our university some time back. But Mr. Sandburg was so fatigued after said recital that he could neither hold a cigar in his mouth nor sit up on a chair. He was to partake of an informal reception at the Arden Club, and everything was quite distressing. But I was only just wondering.



If the principals in the Geology department ever had a math exam and the answers were 93, 85, 77, or 70, they would be sunk because they don't know how to use those figures. To make it real easy the answers should be 92, 84, 76, and 69.

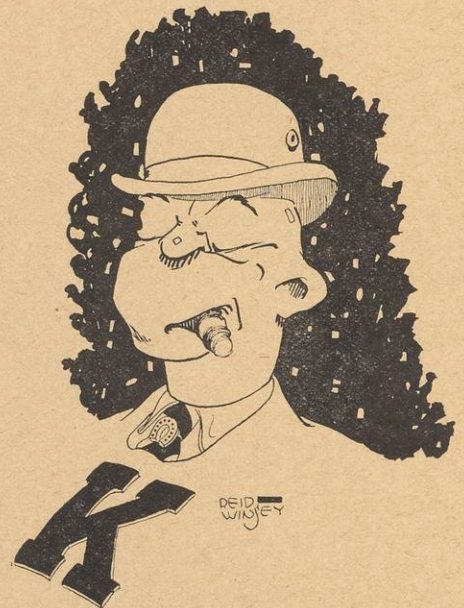
Who would criticize the boys of the Sigma Nu club for getting an old Psi U alum drunk on gin? The dog's name was Torchy. And if the liquid belongs to the Sigma Nu boys and they have it to throw away, why should anyone even mention it?



"She belongs to the Nile sorority."
 "The what!"
 "Delta Delta Delta."



"Why didn't you take a taxi on your date?"
 "The woman doesn't look well in yellow."



Kentucky Derby

EUROPEAN SPORTS

Being Some Inside Dope On Why America Wins the Olympic Games

By Dan Albrecht

Your foreign travels can never be entirely successful unless you understand thoroughly the sporting customs of the countries through which you travel. When somebody shoots at you in Chicago, always duck, because they may mean it; but when somebody shoots at you in Nicaragua, pay no attention, it's just their quaint way of wishing you godspeed.

Knowledge of foreign customs can be acquired in two ways, either by looking into the encyclopedia or by reading the work of some good reliable author. Now that you have given up the idea of looking into the encyclopedia, let's embark.

Bull-Fighting

In Spain, after you have finished testing the California grape wine, do not fail to attend a bull-fight. Bull-fighting is the national pastime of the Spaniards, just as bull-throwing is the national pastime of the Americans. A good, honest bull-fight always consists of one gent in knee-pants, known as a caballero, a toreador, or just a plain goddam fool, and one well-bred bull. The good-breeding is essential,—an ordinary bull might lose his temper and hurt the toreador. Spanish bull-fights are generally unsatisfactory because everybody comes to see the toreador get mangled and he never does. Usually the bull is thrown for a two-yard loss and appears a week or so later as T-bone steak in a nearby Spanish restaurant.

The Frenchmen have been so busy thinking up new names for American tourists that they no longer need any other amusement. If time grows heavy on your hands in Paris, try to leave a porter without tipping him. It's almost as exciting as smoking a cigarette rolled from trinitrotoluol.



Famous German Sport of Bierguzzlen

Cricket, The Manly Sport

Cricket, a nerve-wracking contest of physical strength and endurance, is the favorite English divertimento. The players must be trained from early boyhood to wear stiff collars and exclaim "pshaw" with gentlemanly vehemence whenever one of the captive crickets escapes. To watch crickets properly, you must glance at the playing field and then instantly turn your head away. A half-hour later, look at the game again and you will discover that the next play is about to start. The time between can be utilized in conversation, sleeping, reading, or any other conventional diversion.

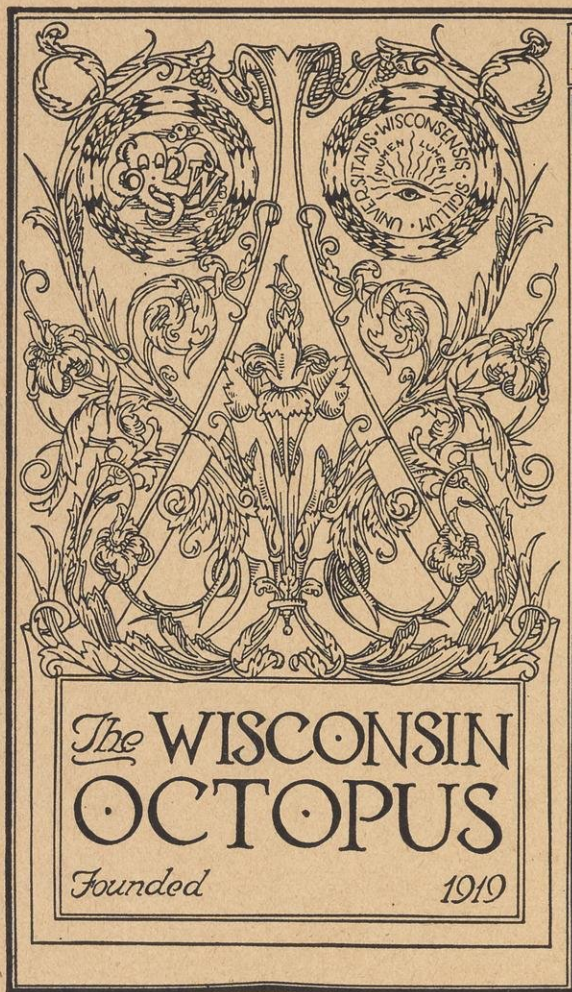
One of the most enjoyable national sports, from the players' standpoint, is that known in German slang as *bierguzzlen*. Any number of persons may compete on a side and there is no sting of defeat because the winner is the last person conscious and the rest have all had a heluva good time anyway. *Bierguzzlen* is a quiet domestic sport, recommended especially for family entertainment.

Among the polyglot tribes of North Africa, dancing girls have developed a dainty little contest generally referred to as the "shakimo." Each competitor must remain standing in one place, and the one who succeeds in covering the widest territory without moving her feet wins a prize of thirteen copper-alloy pesetas. The competition sometimes becomes extremely warm.

Scotch Golf

Besides having invented the custom of sending Christmas cards, the Scotch are also famous for their origination of the game of golf. Various theories exist as to the way in which golf got started, but the most plausible one seems to be that a Scotchman wanted his fields plowed free and organized the game with that end in mind. Golf requires both great endurance and an extensive vocabulary and is like bridge in that it should never be played in mixed company, particularly if the lady is your wife.

Various other national sports may be listed just to show how the general taste runs—Cuba, jai alai; South America, revolution, rebellion, and revolt; China, hating the Japanese; Japan, hating the Chinese; Russia, hating everybody; Finland, mackerel-snapping; and Czecho-Slovakia, learning how to spell Czecho-Slovakia.



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Vol. IX

FEBRUARY, 1928

No. 6

THE NEW MODEL

OCTY is presented to you this month for the first time under its new caretakers, and the caretakers have a chesty feeling that you are going to like Octy nearly as much as you have in the past. No matter what your reaction may be, however, we wish you'd let us know about it, our new feature—the "Scandals"—we are especially anxious to hear about. Down the line further we'll enlarge more on our local revelations.

Octy asks from you make the magazine more a personal part of your student life—to send in a funny idea when you get it, or to frankly tell us how you would like the book to be made up.

Now, about those Scandals. They represent a conscious effort on our part to answer a persistent demand for more local material

within Octy's pages. For the past semester we have heard this appeal, and, through the medium of little revelations about familiar people and places about the campus, we hope to answer it. We have attempted no startling exposes, leaving that to the Chicago Tribune, because there's no use making people peeved or resentful. It is in your reaction to this feature that we are especially interested since it is written particularly for you.

Everything printed on the Scandals page is, as far as we have been able to determine, true. It is our policy to continue the page as such. Consequently, if you'd like to help us keep it fresh and sparkling, we'll ask that what you tell us be without question as to its veracity. Nobody can hold it against us if what we say is the truth, but Octy is a conscientious sort of creature and hates idle gossip.

Thanks—see you again next month!

IS THE numerous basketball games we can't see, but we get even sorer when we do manage to wiggle into the cigar box and fold up like a pretzel while Doc and his lads are playing. It's this way: the team represents the school, but the crowd surely doesn't! And Mr. Levis, we'd like to ask you why it is that anyone in Madison who can secure a connection with you and who has the necessary extra funds can get into a game where we poor devils must listen over the radio. We'll publish a letter if you'll write it—this is a humor magazine.

his best to remedy that condition, but we wish the rest of the department would assist him in getting "athletics for all."

The attitude taken by the spectators at the games is most indicative. We—don't tell anyone about it—saw the Notre Dame game last week, and we noticed that most of the decent sort of sportsmanship displayed was by students from our university. We aren't blaming all of the population of Madison, either, for the ones who will read this editorial are of the kind who support the school whole-heartedly.

But we wish that something could be done about it.

Cecelia Gmahling
Holley Smith
R. H. L.
Ruth Allcott

Don Kurz
Jimmy Watrous
Fred Dresser
John Allcott

Charles Cading
Tod Williston
Don Abert
Peg Drake



REID ~~WINSEY~~

ALLAN GETS A DATE

By BOB GODLEY, with illustrations by John Allcott

"This all makes me sick," said Allan. "I didn't want to dance with you, and I don't want to see you again."

That Which Has Gone Before

Allan Douglas, woman-hater, picks up Patricia Bryant, heart-breaker, in a Ford on the Drive after her horse has thrown her down. Allan also falls off his high horse under the influence of the charms of Patricia when they have their first date. By a subterfuge Patricia does what is popularly known as two-timing which results in a dateless Allan at Prom time. After drowning his sorrows in accepted fashion, he discovers her at his post-Prom party with another fellow. Though he reiterates to himself that he doesn't love her, the discovery makes him furious. Then he agrees with his room-mate, Jim Barry, that "All women have no brains . . . no soul . . . no . . . nothing."

Part VI

THE next three months were remembered by Allan as ninety days of torture. At first he was angry and fancied that he didn't care; but when he found his anger getting no less as the weeks went by, he grew despondent and grouchy.

His grades dropped from goods and fairs to poors and cons, and he didn't seem to care. Barry and Dunn tried every known method of arousing him but their efforts were fruit-

less. After a time they decided he was hopeless, and gave up their plans for his salvation.

Outwardly he was natural, there was hardly any change in his actions, except that he dated frequently with

as many different girls as he could, subconsciously endeavoring to fall in love again. Half a hundred nights he spent in Hollywood or the Middleton Soda Grill. Week-ends found him in places where his path seemed always to cross with hers. Studied in his lightheartedness, he would always return her nod with a raised eyebrow and a half smile. He often attended dances to which she was invited, but he carefully avoided her—until one night she caught him.

It was at her own sorority where Allan had been invited to assist in



filling out the ranks. The tall, soft spoken southern girl he was with had been a mid-semester transfer from Sweet Briar or Ward-Belmont, or someplace like that. She was quite sweet and Allan cynically wondered why she had come to Wisconsin.

But when he asked her, she drawled a series of reasons that were irrefutable. Then they danced, and he discovered that she was proficient in this line . . . so good in fact that he forgot about everything else and they swept about the floor oblivious for a while.

"Patsy Bryant here?" he asked coldly.

"Yes, you're going to dance with her . . ." she smiled gazing at him innocently.

His heart within him performed several acrobatics, and his throat tightened.

"How lovely!" he murmured absently.

An hour later as they sat in the corner drinking punch, he noticed Patsy's name on his program for the next dance. A sudden fear assailed him . . . Lord . . . he couldn't go through with it. Setting down the punch glasses he made for the back porch . . . and ran straight into Miss Patricia Bryant herself and the pudgy son of a Chicago millionaire whose Cadillac Phaeton was supplying transportation for the evening.

"I think we have this dance . . ." Allan's escort cooed.

Allan nodded and led Patricia onto the floor. His features were immobile. The big blonde trumpet player had slipped a mute into his instrument and was doing things to "Among My Souvenirs".

"You never did like to dance, did you, Allen?"

"Oh, I don't mind it," he snapped.

She raised her eyebrows and seemed to bite her lower lip a little. They moved around the floor in stiff silence . . . Allan's eyes half shut and the pupils beneath them hard as steel.

"Having a nice time?" she inquired.

"No—this all makes me sick . . . I didn't want to dance with you, and I don't want to see you again."

"I'm sorry you feel that way . . . but . . ."

The music ended and Allan with his eyelids almost completely closed hastened to lead her back to the side of the proud and chubby owner of the Cadillac Phaeton.

And because he couldn't keep his eyes from her, the rest of the evening was a nightmare.

For the next three weeks he was gayer than usual . . . he felt that he had matched wits with her and won. Not that he was afraid of going back to her,—he could never do that,—but he had proved to himself that he was cured.

There is nothing which can make a man so angry as to discover duplicity in a woman whom he has idealized. Allan had been angry,—and he was still angry,—but the desire to see her again had gone.

Then came spring,—spring in Madison is not a mere season,—it is an epochal event. With the first coming of green things and warm air, couples began to walk along the Drive . . . Park street pier again heard the soft words and laughter of youth. Boys and girls, debonair and gay, rode down Langdon street in the mysterious dusk, and light-hearted boys drove out to Middleton or Cross Plains on warm nights after ten-thirty. The warm laziness of the air made studies the last things in the world to be considered . . . books were thrown down after classes and forgotten. Canoes dotted the magic waters of Lake Mendota. Music, serenades . . . linen knickers on masculine legs . . . pretty girls with scant clothing, and a warm lazy breeze mingled together in the confusing conglomeration of events that make up this golden season of young folks.

Allan stood the sentimental atmosphere for three nights and then revolted. The cause of the revolt came on a Friday night very late in April, when, with no date, he joined three others for a session over the bridge table.

Several things contributed to his discomfort. One was the almost full moon which let its soft glowing light diffuse itself over the lawn and on the hedges . . . the second thing was the lake, its wavelets crooning cunningly on the bank, telling of the langorous children who rode on its glistening surface in those red and green shells . . . the third, and worst of all, was the dance next door with its muted lazy music and the lightly

laughing couples who gayly moved in and out . . . and that damnable hot orchestra which kept breaking into the sweetest of sweet tunes . . .

"I Ain't Got Nobody and Nobody Cares for Me . . ." wailed the trombone.

Allan gritted his teeth. "I'll go batty . . . let's get out of here and do something."

Even the phlegmatic had been affected. "Tomorrow night we stay at my uncle's cottage on the other side of the lake . . . this is terrible."

"And tonight, dammit must we sit around here and get all hot and bothered listening to that orchestra?"

"No, tonight we drink beer . . ."

"Oh Hell!" snorted Allan.

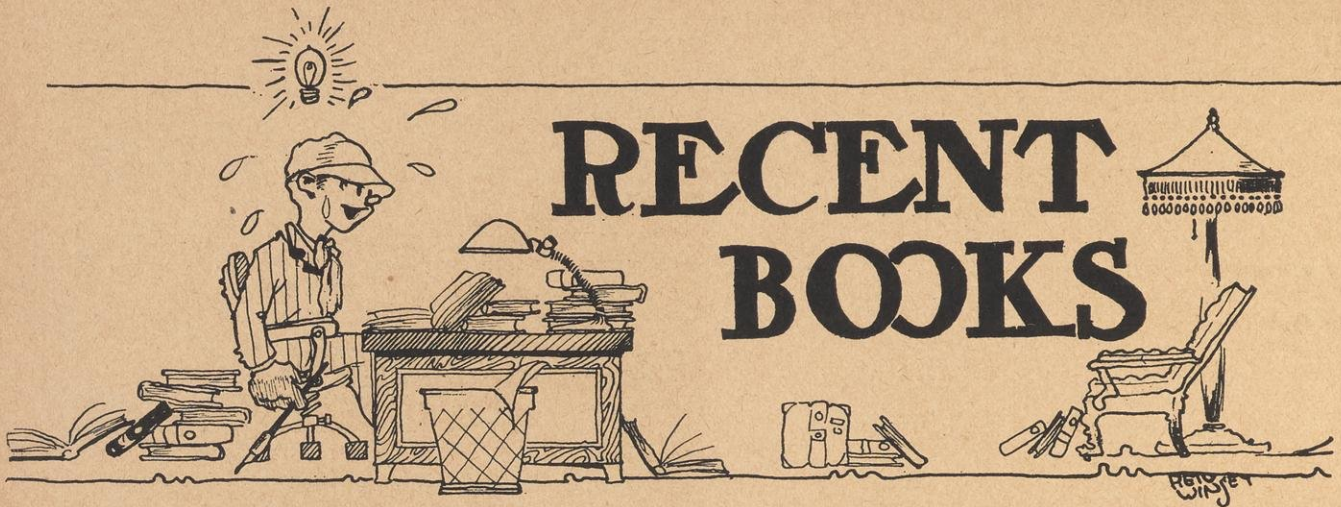
But they drank beer, nevertheless, and found the ride a pleasant relief.

Part VII

Full moon, the wise and cynical moon, the soft and mellow moon of spring peeked over the housetops in its orange splendor as Allan and his four companions rode through the warm evening air toward the cottage passing the drowsy drive. Allan shut his eyes, not on modesty's account, but for sentimental reasons. For as they purred beneath budding branches, he could hear her still . . . "Allan, could you come over tonight?" And tears seemed to fill his throat.

(Continued on page 45)

*"Love
Is like an
Aspirin tablet,
It makes you better
For a while,
But oh—
It hurts your heart!"
—Connie Co-Ed's Diary*



(Books this month courtesy of
Brown's Book Store)

"On The Slope Of Montmartre"

Those who take their sophistication seriously, and their Paris à la Ernest Hemingway, will be disappointed in William Wallace Irwin's *On the Slope of Montmartre*. It is as innocuous as Miss Mitford's *Village*, and as charming; altogether the kind of book to make the tourist who "did" Paris in three days, including a specially conducted eyeful of the underworld after midnight, wonder if perhaps he didn't miss something. This is not the Paris to which Oscar Wilde says all good Americans go when they die. It is the Paris of unmoral . . . concierges and bloodsucking . . . postmen,—both quaint and delightful; of dangerous theatrical ladies—I mean the octogenarian ushers who show one to someone else's seat at the theatre; of the notorious . . . telephone service; of women who leave their husbands . . . comfortably ensconced in the café while they shop; of butchers, who catch the chop on the fly and leave the fly on the chop. And I give it as my humble opinion that all this is as much Paris, and as real, as that saturnalian city on which "The Sun Also Rises."

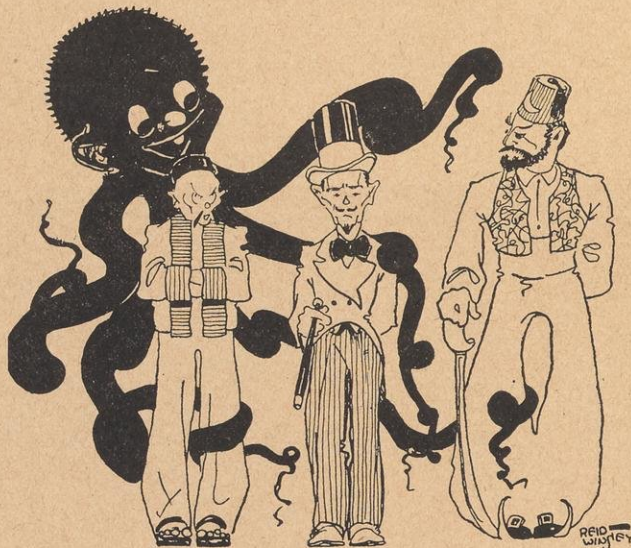
"Oriental Encounters"

Oriental Encounters, by Marmaduke Pickthall, is a series of anecdotes strung together on Marmaduke himself—a kind of literary Turkish paste, delightful, but not very filling. One can imagine—it is wonderful the things one can imagine—one can imagine the president of the local missionary society, in the throes of preparing a paper on the atrocities of the Turks against those nice Armenians who make the lovely rugs, taking the book out of the library and

rogues as servants, losing a bit of money or personal property to engaging vagabonds, chatting with the natives with all the camaraderie of a good housewife over the back fence and the Monday wash, and ultimately filling his mind with a store of pleasantly flavored anecdotes. The book bears about as much relation to the strenuous pages of Lawrence's *Revolts in the Desert* and to the richly packed volumes of Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* as Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* does to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*.

"A Chinaman's Opinion Of Us"

A Chinaman's Opinion Of Us, by Hwuy-Ung (to pronounce the name, start on the left foot) is the correspondence of a young scholar who left his native Middle Kingdom for Australia, at the time of the Boxer rising (which has nothing to do with the Tunney long count) and found in Australia a good deal to write home about. When Hwuy-Ung uses English he touches nothing that he does not deform. Yet the deformation of his stepmother tongue is so winning and so characteristic that we miss it when the editor modernizes those



returning it in anger, because there is not an atrocity in it. There is merely a young English lad (Marmaduke, in person) who travels in a leisurely fashion through Palestine and Syria, collecting a few attractive

portions dealing with the comparative merits of Christianity and Confucianism.

Hwuy-Ung likes jazz but not classical music; he is scandalized at hand—
(Continued on page 41)

"Howcum geometry is a requirement for the law school?"

"To get you prepared for these triangle cases."



"My grandmother was born just south of York, England."

"The Hull you say!"



One Long: I think that we should name our child after Lindbergh.

Mrs. One Long: How could we say it?

Former: One Long Hop.



He: Do you know what I think is terrible?

She: No, what?

He: Tissue paper.



Palm Beach: Mrs. O'Schmaltz gets a wave in her hair.



Teacher: Use the word "Insidip" in a sentence.

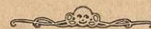
Little Willie: When you get a soda, eat it with a spoon insipid with a straw.



Eccentric Elmer sez: A college education enables one to express his ignorance in scientific terms.



She was only a rancher's daughter, but she could throw the bull.



"Is studying an industry?" asked an economic geography teacher once upon a time.

"No, that's punishment," flashed back Oscar with a grin.

Octy's Slumber Stories For Little Tots

Uncle Wiggily Plans a Tour

Uncle Wiggily went lipperty lip over the green meadows one fine February morning, he was musing over the inconsistencies of life in the main.

"Cripes," said Uncle Wiggily brightening up, "Why should I kick?—I never was in Maine anyway."

He merrily dashed through the house to find Nurse Jane who was supposedly cooking Uncle Wiggily no end of goodies to take along on his trip. Uncle Wiggily was nothing if not prepared, and, since travelling made him ill, he didn't want to waste a lot of good money on meals.

Quietly he turned the knob on the kitchen door, it was locked. Uncle Wiggily knocked.

"Huh?" said Nurse Jane, rather thickly from the kitchen.

"Huh yourself," answered Uncle Wiggily, "Lemme in."

"Why," asked Nurse Jane still very thickly.

"Say, wassa matter with you?" demanded Uncle Wiggily indignantly, "Aren't you feeling well?"

"Jus' great," murmured Nurse Jane, "Jus' great."

"Well you don't sound so hot," said Uncle Wiggily.

"S'hotternell out here," said Nurse Jane, "I got the stove goin'."

"Whatcha doin'?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Wotsit to you?" snapped back Nurse Jane in English so broken you could hear it crack.

"Cripes," said Uncle Wiggily to himself, "Sumpin's wrong with that woman. I gotta think."

The silence which lasted for twenty minutes was almost unbearable to Nurse Jane.

"Whatchoo doin'?" she burst out.

"Thinking," said Uncle Wiggily very seriously.

"Knitting your brow?" she inquired.

Uncle Wiggily felt of his forehead; such remarks startled him a little.

"Yes," he said, "What about it?"

"Don't drop any stitches," said Nurse Jane snappy—like a whip.

Uncle Wiggily groaned, he disliked wisecracks since he wasn't so good at them himself. He started off like a switch engine—on a new track.

"Whatcha cooking out there?" he asked.

"You should guess," replied Nurse Jane, still a bit thickly.

"No, I shouldn't," snarled Uncle Wiggily, "I don't like guessing games."

"This ain't a game," said Nurse Jane.

"What is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I dunno," answered Nurse Jane, "But it's plenty powerful."

"What is?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know.

"This stuff I'm cooking," said Nurse Jane.

"Well lemme in," demanded the rabbit gentleman.

"Can't," said Nurse Jane who once was a school teacher.

"Why not?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"There's too many gone already," said Nurse Jane—she once was a school teacher.

"Has that iceman been here again?" shouted Uncle Wiggily who also remembered that Nurse Jane was a school teacher.

"Yes, but he's out now," said Nurse Jane.

"How about the policeman?" wondered Uncle Wiggily.

"He's out too."

"Where'd they go?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"They didn't, they're still here," said Nurse Jane weakly.

"What didja give 'em?" said Uncle Wiggily curiously.

"Pickles," said Nurse Jane even more weakly.

"Oh, they're pickled," gasped Uncle Wiggily—a great light was beginning to dawn on him.

"Shure," answered Nurse Jane very thickly and very weakly, "Howja guess it?"

There was a loud crash.

"Cripes," said Uncle Wiggily, "She must have fainted, she shouldn't work so much in that hot kitchen."



He: Do you know the difference between Henry Ford and Darwin?

She: No.

He: Well, you see, they both have beards except Henry Ford.

The diner struggled manfully with his steak for several minutes. Finally he stopped and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "I've played quarterback, rowed stroke, and pole vaulted, but I never thought I'd take up bullfighting."



Where “good enough” isn’t —

In making telephones as in debating, one achievement serves only to stimulate the effort toward fresh successes and to overcome new problems as they arise.

In manufacturing communication equipment at Western Electric a wide range of problems is constantly being faced and conquered — in the laboratories where small switchboard lamp manufacturing is planned; in the punch press rooms where huge presses pound away; in the production department where forward planning controls the flow of work.

As the college debater applies himself to preparing new and better arguments, so Western Electric men unceasingly apply themselves to devising new and better methods in the production and distribution of the nation’s telephone equipment needs.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



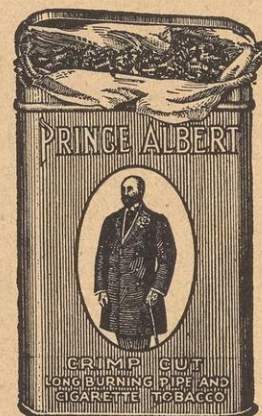
They say P.A. is the world's largest seller

I DON'T doubt it, nor do I wonder why. Just open a tidy red tin and get that full fragrance of Nature's noblest gift to pipe-smokers. Then tuck a load in the business-end of your old jimmy-pipe.

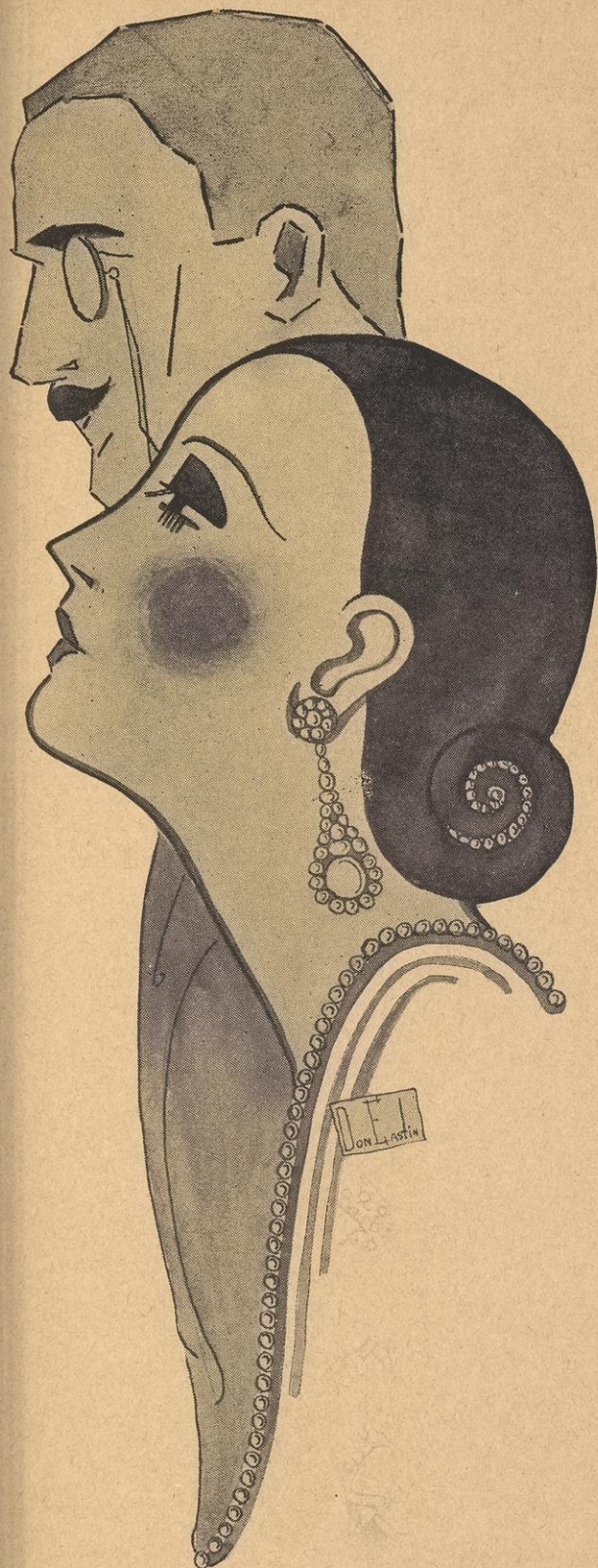
Now you've got it—that taste—that Lead-me-to-it, Gee-how-I-like-it taste! Cool as a condition. Sweet as making it up. Mellow and satisfying. Try this mild, long-burning tobacco, Fellows. I *know* you'll like it.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



*You can pay more
but you can't get
more in satisfaction.*



"I'll bet you're going to drink a lot of Scotch Whiskey while you're over there."

"I will not. I bought some from a fellow in New York last week and it was terrible."



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We are in the typewriter business only. Our judgment is backed by eleven years experience. We are anxious to give you the full benefit of this experience and show you why the Royal Portable represents the best value—why it is the only machine that no discounts are given to any person, corporation, or government. Its price is \$60.00. Royal Portables can be bought on small monthly payments—no extra cost for colors.

Brewington Typewriter Company

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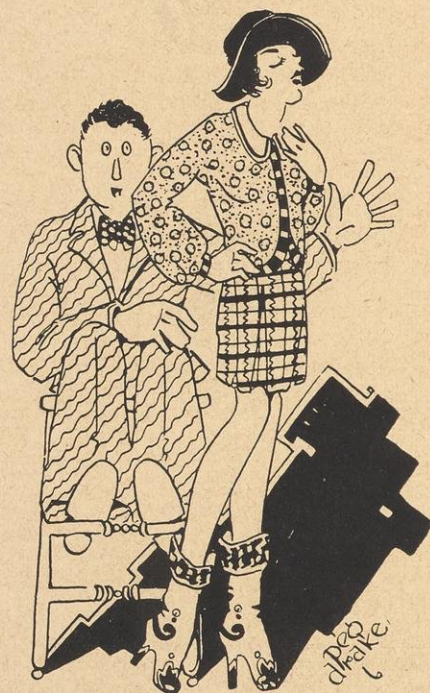
Badger 222

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75^c per vol.

Gatewood's

The Student Book Exchange



"What's the European traveler's song?"
"I give up!"
"Visa jolly good fellow!"

The Reputation is Our's
And has been for years



"The best Malted Milks
in Madison"

Campus Soda Grill

Fairchild 3535 for Deliveries

"Have you been drinking?"
"No, mother."
"But your breath smells of liquor?"
"Because I kissed father goodbye."
"Why, your father doesn't drink."
"No, but his stenographer does."

—Burr



Young One: Pardon me, this must be the wrong berth.

Old Maid (sighing): How you boys do jump at conclusions.
—Virginia Reel

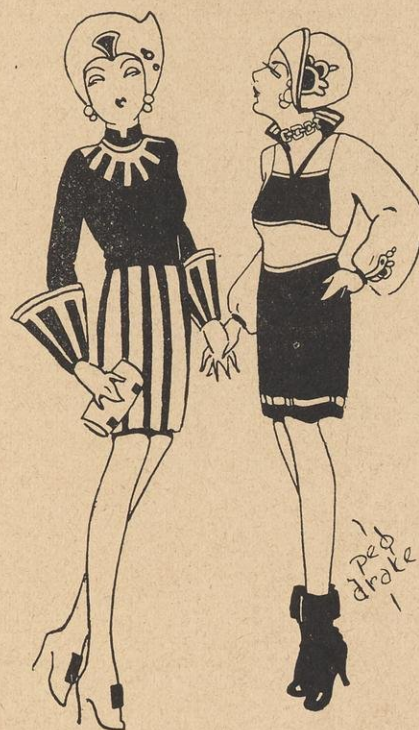


It was noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

A shrill, clear voice broke in, "He is not!" The congregation turned around as one, and among the sea of brown faces could be distinguished one small, delicate yellow one.

The genial priest straightened up and smiled. "There seems to be a little Confucian here," he said.

—Jack-o-Lantern



THE EARLY SPRING STYLES

in smart semi-tailored and afternoon dresses are now being shown.

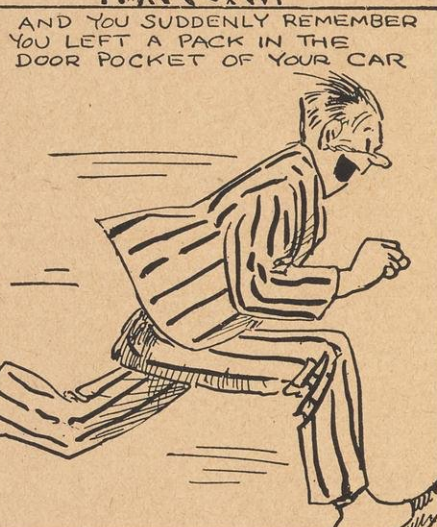
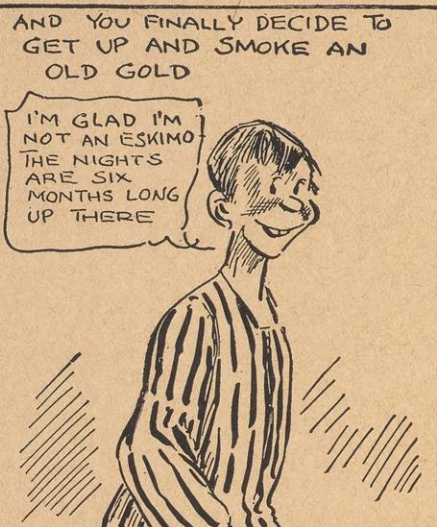
With their perfect draping and their graceful lines, they express the true spirit of being well-dressed.

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SMART
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By BRIGGS



.. not a cough in a carload

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NEW SPRING MODES

Favor the Sport Costume

And conspicuous by their smartness
are the sport frocks and sport en-
sembles now being shown by Barons.



BARON'S SECOND FLOOR

Reformer: Young man, do you realize that you will
never get anywhere by drinking?
Stewed: Ain't it th' truth? I've started home from
this corner five times already!
—Yellow Jacket



John Alden: May I kiss thee on the cheek?
Priscilla: Yes, John, thee may kiss me on the left, then
on the right cheek, and thou mayest also hesitate a long
time between them—if thee cares to."
—Columbia Jester



"Have some peanuts?"
"Yes."
"Wanna neck?"
"No."
"Gimme my peanuts back."
—Bison



Prof: Why were you absent at the last exercise?
Co-ed: Here's my medical excuse. I fell and bruised
my thigh.
Prof. (absent-mindedly): Don't show it to me now—
come into my office and I'll look at it.
—Voo Doo



Cracking the books after exams.

The Chinese Theatre
Hollywood



Style is authentically of Hollywood and quality is unquestioned in Grayco cravats & collar-attached shirts

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



"When will Bob be out of the infirmary?"

"Not for quite a while."

"That's too bad. Did you see his doctor?"

"No, I saw his nurse."

—Drexlerd

Rennebohm Better Drug Stores

are located
conveniently
for all students

Featuring Standard
Merchandise at a
Saving to You

Five Stores

"C'mon, now!" said the oriental lawyer as he grilled the accused murderer, "Fez up that you killed him! Fez up, now!"

"G'wan, you big Turkish towel!" replied the defendant, "don't get rough with me!"

Captain (at life saving drill): Just what would you do in case the ship started to sink?

Sailor Lad: All I can say, sir, is that I'd hate to be in your boat.

"What's the cost of a passage to Liverpool in first-class accommodations on A deck?"

"Three hundred twenty-five dollars, sir."

"Gimme a fourth-class ticket on Z deck."

We wonder whether they played nine pins or ten pins at the Yale Bowl?



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**RICHELIEU PURE FOOD
PRODUCTS**

Wholesale and Retail
Groceries, Fruits, and
Vegetables

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JIMMY
WATROUS
1930

"I know a man that spent six months in the Arctic circle."

"That's nothing; I know a fellow that lived at the Theta Chi house one winter."

Smart Frocks

Made to Your Measure

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MISS HETTY MINCH
at reasonable prices.

Pleating, Hemstitching
Tucking

Rhinestone and Spot
Setting

The Hetty Minch Shop

228 State Street
Badger 3029

"He flunked all his finals."

"What was it—a case of dumb-
ness?"

"No, a case of gin."



"I guess I'll take my girl up in an
airplane, then she can't jump out."

"She can't! Say, this is leap year."



"On my last coast to coast trip I
had three flat tires in Cleveland."

"Yes, I don't think much of the
girls there myself."



He: I dreamed about you last
night.

Him: What did you dream?

He: I dreamed that you were
walking down the street singing "Me
and My Shadow" and leading a mule.

\$5.00

In Advance Gives

\$6.00 Credit

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Pantorium Co.

538 State Street
Badger 1180

Cleaning, Pressing,
Repairing

In far off Persia
They almost cursia
If you don't wear trousers
Or veil.

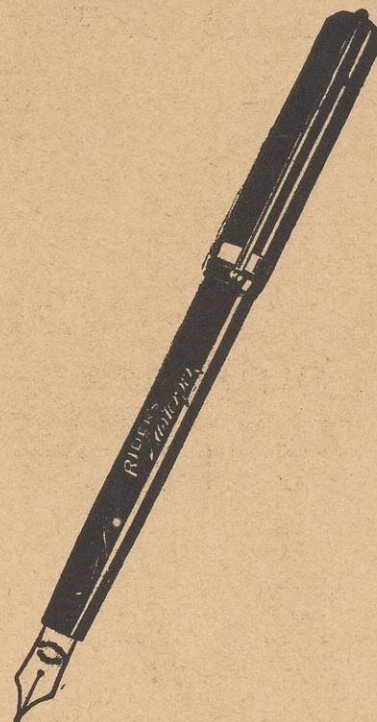
While north in Sweden
It's ten skirts ye're needin'
If yez wanta' keep out
Of jail.

And down in Hawaii
You'd get shot if they saw yuh
Wear more than a smile on
Your skin.

But here in the States
Gosh! Nobody rates
'Less she's half-dressed and lined
With gin.
(Cause the motto is, if you want to
know,
"The More You Wear, The More You
Show")



He: Do you dance?
She: I'd love to.
He: That's good.



When you're on the Fence

Deucedly uncomfortable place to be—
you know.

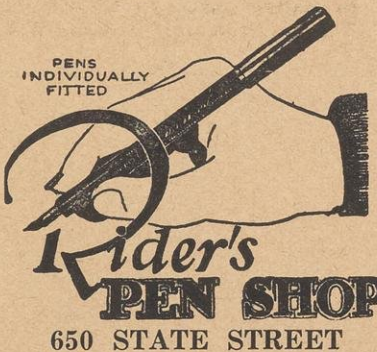
The quicker you get off the better
you feel.

If you're struggling along with an in-
efficient pen that doesn't hold enuf ink
and causes trouble—

Now is the time to bring it in and
exchange it for a Rider's MASTER-
PEN.

The MASTERPEN holds 230 DROPS
of INK and has no trouble-making
parts. We have a fresh shipment of
MASTERPENS with a fine assort-
ment of points.

Get one today at



650 STATE STREET

The Two Essentials:

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Famous Knights

Last -----
----- Shirt
Silent -----
Bath -----
Nighty -----
Good ----- (S. H.)
----- of Love
Morning after the ----- before.
----- cap
----- mare
----- watchman

These Latins

Agonized daughter: Oh, doctor,
there's something wrong with moth-
er's stomach.

Doc, reaching for X-ray: Well, I'll
have to look into the mater.

—Buccaneer

The Determined Appliance

"This appliance will reduce your
hips, or bust."

—New York Paper (Adv.).

Fond Mother: Yes I have a very
dear son at college.

Disillusioned Dad: Emotionally or
financially speaking? —Malteaser

"Why the gloom, Osmond? Girl
not coming?"

"Oh! She's coming all right; but
she can't even send a telegram with-
out saying 'stop' after every sen-
tence." —Penn State Froth.

Crown This

They call her CHECKERS. She jumps when you make
a bad move.

—Iowa Frivol

A Vacation in EUROPE

New Associations—New Sources of Inspiration
New Thrills and Adventures

\$300 up. All Expenses
Sea and Land

Special College Orchestras—Organized
Entertainments—Cultured Hosts and Hostesses

100 Tours

To fit every purpose and every purse. Visiting from one
to twelve European Countries. 23 sailings from New
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551 FIFTH AVE.

NEW YORK

The Leading Student Tours to Europe. Via Cunard Tourist
Cabin—There is no better way.

THE MONTHS WORST PUN

"Did Napoleon have any
regrets?"

"Yes, I believe he wished
he'd kept his Elba out of it."

JAILCOTT

O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants
Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street
for
Nearly A Half Century

Him: Do you intend to be a chorus girl?

Her: No siree! I've never had that end in view." —*Whirlwind*.

"Remains to be seen," said the funeral director as a wheel ran off the hearse.

—*Buccaneer*

"Well that lets me out," said the newly hatched chick as its shell broke open.

—*Malteaser*

Co-ed: You look familiar.

Engineer: Well, maybe I am.
—*Drexlerd*

"Yes indeed! I can do one hundred yards in ten seconds flat."

"Good gracious! I can just imagine in what you could do it standing up."
—*Jester*

"Great Scott, the professor assigned fifty pages for today."

"Good! I'd just as soon not read fifty as not read twenty-five."
—*Malteaser*

Nigger 1 (in jail): Where you all gwine, running so fast?

Niggers 2 and 3 (outside): We all's gwine to the hanging.

Nigger 1: Well, you all needn't be in such a hurry. There won't be anything doin' till I get there.

—*Panther*

"My first name is Paul, but I'm not the apostle Paul."

"My first name is Peter, but I'm not Saint Peter."

"Well, boys, my first name is Mary."

—*Lord Jeff*

Diplomacy

The nervous passenger approached the captain timidly. "What would happen, sir," she asked, "if we struck an iceberg?"

"The iceberg would pass along as if nothing had happened," replied the captain.

And the old lady was very much relieved. —*Tiger*

The Park Hotel

"Madison's Good Will Hotel"

200 Modern Rooms

(All outside)

\$1.50 to \$2.00

New Private Toilets

\$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50

New Shower and Tub

Baths

\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4

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COFFEE SHOP



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The Inter Collegiate Hotel for Madison

POCOCK HOTELS

WALTER A. POCOCK, President

PARK HOTEL
Madison

FREDERIC HOTEL
Saint Paul

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Othello
Act II, Scene 3

*8 million
a day*

**"Your name is great
in mouths of wisest
censure" ~**

Mr. Othello was always very serious. Naturally, Mr. Shakespeare, writing for our day as well as his own, picked him to utter the remark above—a fitting caption for an opinion the United States Supreme Court was one day to hand down on Coca-Cola:

"The name now characterizes a beverage to be had at almost any soda fountain. It means a single thing coming from a single source, and well known to the community."

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

1-CM



"The law now compels drivers to have a license."
"How doggy."



Just Stringing Her Along

"I want to speak to my husband," yelled the murderer's wife, frantically phoning the penitentiary.

"Sorry, madam," replied the polite warden, "but your party has just hung up."
—*Iowa Frivol*



"The young lady in the last chair next!" sang out the barber.

And the young lady sang out, "How th' hell do you know?"
—*Buccaneer*



He: Wait a minute. I thought I heard something break.

She: Oh, never mind. That was just my promise to mother.
—*Ghosts*



"I'll admit you know more than I do."

"Why all the modesty?"

"You know me and I know you."

—*Whirlwind*

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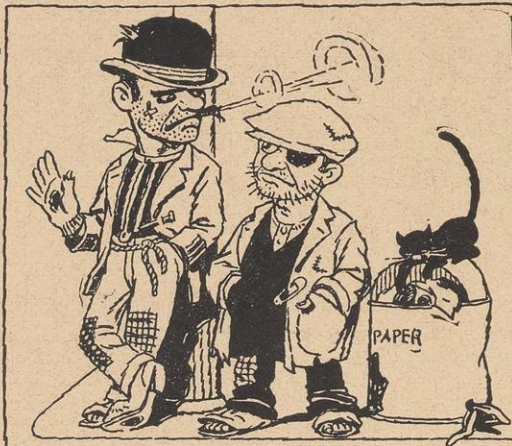
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Naw my S.T.C.A. application
was toined down . . .

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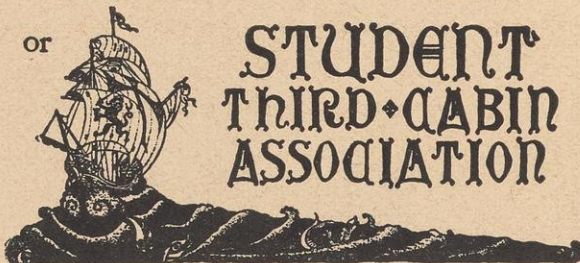
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The Chocolate Shop

"Were you ever in the movies?"

"Sure—I ran for the doctor in "The Birth of a Nation."
—Bison



So: The Greeks don't rate much in the Olympics; do they?

So: No, but they sure shine in America.
—Virginia Reel



The doctor told little Sammy he must go to the hospital. When he refused, the doctor asked him why not.

"I know a hospital is a nice place, Doc," the child replied, "but I don't want a baby, I want a puppy."
—Siren



Lost Balloonist: Ahoy, where am I?

Farmer: Heh, heh, you can't fool me, by gum. Yer right up there in that little basket . . . Giddap Susie.
—G. W. Ghost

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that you have your new electric refrigerator!

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ords supplying daily line of fresh snappy
jokes and gossip!

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thentic Norfolk of the year. Murray Nor-
folks are tailored by Adler-Rochester
from fabrics entirely consistent with
supremacy of style and workmanship.

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Clothes

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showing of Norfolks and other Suits and
Topcoats bearing the Murray label.

KARSTENS

Madison, Wis.

On the Square—22 North Carroll

College youth at steamship office: I want to work my
way to Europe but I don't expect to work too hard.

Manager: Do you think calling out the stations on the
Leviathan would be too much for you? —Lord Jeff



"Why is a woman like a sailboat?"

"Because they both make a better showing in the wind."
—Dirge



Mother: Why do you think my rolling-pin isn't much
good?

Johnny (heavy reader of the funnies): Because it
doesn't say "pow" when I hit baby over the head with it.
—Cornell Ollapad



Judge: You admit you drove over this man with a
loaded truck?

Driver: Yes, Your Honor.

Judge: And what have you to say in your defense?

Driver: I didn't know it was loaded. —Brown Bull

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When the Branch Bank of Wisconsin was organized, it was organized to do a student banking business. The needs and functions of student banking were carefully studied and tested. The years that followed added to the store of information, until today the system designed for your needs is called by those who know, "the best student banking plan ever formulated." You are benefiting by the knowledge that years of experience have given to The Branch in student financial matters.

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BRANCH BANK OF WISCONSIN
State at Gilman **N**

(Continued from page 22)

shaking and the freedom of women and the enthusiasm displayed for sports; he is shocked at public dance halls, with "young females in them as an ants' nest disturbed." But of all these things, sports worry him most, until he arrives at a mystical explanation of them which sounds like an athletic coach making a commencement address. He explains cricket as follows: "Thus I have belief that the origin of this national game, of great antiquity, was a religious ceremony or rite. The three sticks are symbol of the Trinity in Unity—the firm principle of Good. The ball is the active principle of Evil. If the virtue of man—the flat club—overcame Evil by driving ball away, then would the principle of good triumph."

Of the modern novel he writes thus: "They have same subject time-time. Man and woman who speak—mouth of great love, being willing die one for other—and not do one thing. He is same man in ten books; top-powerful but mild as young lamb to her; to rival, fierce as grizzly bear. . . . Below time they have victory over enemies, starvation, wounds, obstacles, trials, finally meet more fresh and handsome than above time and are knotted. Ten books end thus. Marriage be finish of story, for what reason? . . . I desire know reward for such great sufferings."

Early to bed,
And early to rise,
Keeps the roommate
From wearing your ties.

"When I was in India, I saw several of those fakirs."

"But why go to India to see those?"

"What famous war song did our boys over in France sing to keep their spirits up?"

"Well?"

"Jest Before The Bottle, Mother!"

He: Were you ever abroad?

She: Sir!

Dear old lady: Can you please tell me the berth rate for the Twentieth Century?

Agent: See the government statistics, madam. This is a Pullman office.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The fresh co-ed was being enrolled at summer school by the handsome young prof. To hide his embarrassment he fired questions at her in rapid succession:

"What name?"

"Mary Jones."

"What age?"

"Twenty."

"What class?"

"Thanks, prof. You are looking pretty smooth yourself!"

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

"I have seen some movie actors kiss thru some twenty-five feet of film."

"My, gracious, just think how much closer they could get with the daily use of Colgate and a stiff tooth brush."

—*Whirlwind*



He: I'm taking dancing lessons.

She: If I were you, I wouldn't waste any more money.

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Passenger: Oh, captain, can you tell me what time the tide rises? I want to close my portholes.

—*Princeton Tiger*



The waves dashed about, and the tiny raft with Sandy and his wife, was thrown about like a match stick. The liner which they had been crossing the ocean upon had already disappeared from sight beneath the ragged stretches of water, and as the two sat huddled together Mrs. Mac-Tavish said:

"Isn't it terrible Sandy?"

"Ah yes," replied her husband, "but aren't you glad we didn't buy first class tickets."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*



"I just met a dumb man with an impediment in his speech."

"Hell!"

"Yep, he had two fingers missing."

—*Buccaneer*

A new semester,
A new suit;
You have to please her,
You have to be----!

Cute is the word to rhyme with suit but we'd rather say well-dressed. And as usual, authoritatively styled Braeburn clothes are the keynote in the tune, "well-dressed for Spring."

The College Shop

HOWARD L. THRAPP

Next to the Lower Campus

The inebriated young man rocked into the lobby of a great hotel far from his native land. He looked into a tall mirror and smiled with pleasure.

"Look," he cried. "They've got a picture of me here."

—Cal. Pelican

"I'll never go to these foreign cabarets again. The last time I gave the waiter a two franc note, Egyptme."

—Purple Parrot.

Him: Doesn't the house mother stay in the parlor any more when the girls have callers?

Her: No, we're trying the honor system out at our house.

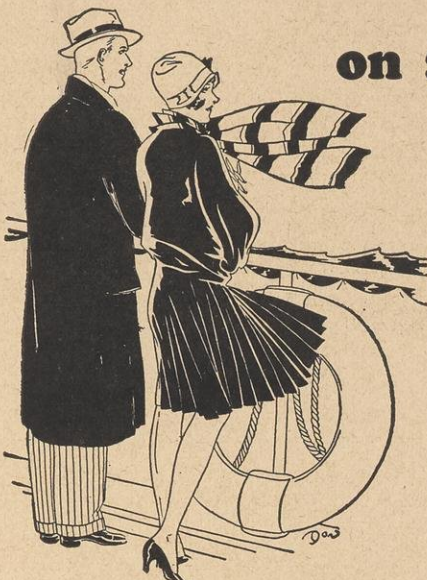
—Gargoyle

"Huh—huh—!—!—! Huh—huh—"
"Such blasphemy, little boy, what are you about?"
"Get the — out of the way, 'fat' lady, I'm late to choir practice! Huh!—huh!"

—Lampoon

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on \$375



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Quebec
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Sailing eastward from Montreal June 22, 1928, a happy group of college men and women will set out to "do" Europe in a campus-like atmosphere of informal good-fellowship, under the auspices of "College Humor" Magazine.

Down the mighty St. Lawrence we'll go, and across the Atlantic—with a college dance band on board to furnish music. There'll be deck sports and bridge tournaments and masquerades to make the ocean voyage a memorable "house party at sea."

Then Europe! We'll see it under the guidance of the Art Crafts Guild Travel Bureau, originators of the justly famed Collegiate Tours. They will make all reservations, handle all details, furnish experienced couriers and guides. We just go along and enjoy ourselves! We sail homeward July 14 from Cherbourg on the famous Canadian Pacific steamship "Empress of Australia," arriving at Quebec July 21.

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The director of “He Who Gets Slapped”

March 2 and 3

Bascom Theatre

He: That man said there was a roadhouse below.
Shall we stop?

She: Did he whisper it or speak out loud?

—California Pelican

“Johnny,” cried Queen Guinevere, “run out and get the
blowtorch, I have to mend Papa’s pants!”

—Jester

Policeman (producing notebook): Name, please.
Motorist: Alogsiurs Alastiat Cryion.
Policeman (putting away notebook): Well, don’t let
me catch you again.

—Punch

President Kinley was showing a member of the Board
around the campus one Sunday. Hearing the chimes con-
cert he remarked:

“Beautiful, aren’t they?”

“I beg your pardon?” inquired the guest.

“I said, they are beautiful, aren’t they?”

“I’m sorry” shouted the board member, “I can’t hear
a word you’re saying for those confounded chimes.”

—Siren

Some studes are always sore at their profs. They’d be
in a fine fix, however, if they lost their faculties.

—Jester

Prof: I believe you missed my class yesterday.

Student: Why, no, I didn’t, old man, not in the least.

—Bobcat

Prof: Which month has twenty-eight days?

Frosh: Why they all have.

—Lord Jeff

“Were you hurt when you lit on the ice?”

“No, I lit bottle side up.”

—Siren

Testimonials Unsolicited

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As the Ad. for a popular cigarette reads
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Our products reflect the age and experience of our organization—They are different.

Straus Printing Company
118 East Main Street

(Continued from page 21)

At the cottage, he found little solace for his troubles. Barry and the others sat on the porch smoking, and in quiet voices discussed the problematical future, and bared their hopeful souls, but Allan was not in the mood for talk. Divesting himself of his coat and tie and rumpling his hair, he walked down to the bank, and sat on the edge of the water, poking at stones with a willow stick. At the next cottage, the lights of which were just visible through the stately trees, there was music, and couples were dancing. Madison was a glowing blot on the opposite shore. The mighty dome of the state capitol shone like silver as the moon ascended with ever increasing brightness.

He caught himself thinking of Patricia again. Why did her image always follow him? Yet, he could remember the smoky auto, and the happy and foolish little dates they had had. He could clearly see her at his side as she had been that gorgeous night when it had snowed for the first time, and they had gone to visit some of his friends who lived near Janesville—and how they had stood in silent contemplation of the little brown house with the soft yellow windows and the silvery snow, half golden in the moonlight gently kissing the roof of the tiny place.

Damned woman . . . she could have made him so happy. He sighed, he had loved her . . .

Something caused him to turn around. Someone was approaching . . . accustoming his eyes to the semi-

darkness, he distinguished a lithe, filmy form near him. He sprang to his feet, his mouth dry, the palms of his hands moist. It was Patricia . . . radiant . . . smiling . . . adorable.

"Where did you come from?" he growled, his voice almost breaking.

"I've been at the party next door with Bunk Stevens . . . I thought I might find you here, I saw you drive up."

"Tricia . . . darlin' . . ."

He slipped his arm around her, and crushed her soft body close to his. Her light, white arm stole around his shoulder, and her fingers rested there like pink rose petals . . . looking into those glorious, half-closed eyes sent the blood to his head, her lips parted imperceptibly, and his hand faltered, as he traced his finger along her throat. He steadied his trembling lips to meet her soft, warm mouth.

Her arm loosened, and he drew his head away—his breath came quick and short. He laughed quietly, and swayed a little as he caressed her lovely mouth with his little finger.

"Precious darling . . . you know I can't live without you," he said, tritely but truly, "Tell me . . . that you love . . . only . . . me . . ."

For an answer, she drew his lips to hers.

The full moon, looking down upon them, cursed, and hid his face behind a cloud.

THE END

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Democrat Printing Company

114 South Carroll Street
Madison, Wisconsin

Footprints On The Bedroom Door

"Come in, Watson," called Holmes from the depths of the comfortable clothes closet in which he lay disguised as a wastebasket, "It is a treat to see you again after all these years, and it would seem from the mercurochrome stains on your hands that you are still keeping up your practise."

"No," I answered, "I retired a year ago. I was painting the town red last night, hence the stains."

Holmes blushed a fiery red with mortification and rouge, and hastily changed the subject.

"We may expect a client from Scotland Yard any minute now. I hope you were thoughtful enough to bring your shotgun along. Ah yes, I see that you are well armed. Hide behind the bridge lamp and we will await our man."

I did as requested. We had not long to wait; for three hours later the door opened very slowly and softly, and a masked figure stole into the room, a 75 caliber field gun in each hand. Without warning he suddenly drew forth a cigarette lighter. It lit at the first trial! My astonishment was so great that before I knew what was happening, I had been overpowered and lashed gently but firmly to the chandelier.

"Holmes, save me!" I cried in an agony of fear. No answer. All was still as the grave except for the rattling of the milk man as he left the evening paper. The intruder bent over me with a sinister snarl, then suddenly snatched off the black mask that covered the lower part of his face.

"My God!" I cried, "You."

"Nope," said the intruder, "It's only Sherlock Holmes."

Salome's dance wasn't original—just a take-off from start to finish.

—Lord Jeff

"I hear Jean is a trifle proper."

"Proper! Why, that girl is so proper she wouldn't accompany a man on the piano without a chaperone."

—Wampus

Then, too, a chapped lip—ask the man who owns one—is not all that it's cracked up to be.

—Drexerd

Her: I can't bear Child's.

Him: Your English is terrible.

—Columbia Jester

Our idea of a lazy collegiate is one who pretends he's drunk so his fraternity brothers will put him to bed.

—Desert Wolf

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821 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

DIARY OF A TRANSATLANTIC FLYER

By General R. N. Down Condition



10:00 A. M.—Took off from Pancake Field at 9:45. Good looking frail in crowd threw kiss at me. Missed it! Hope to G—— I get across so I can get back and meet her.

11:20 A. M.—Just missed smokestack of ship. Got to be more careful. Wirelessly ship to get h—— out of way. Wish I hadn't eaten those radishes.

12:02 P. M.—Passed Dunhill Lighthouse in flying over last outpost of land. Dropped message of farewell. Watched it flutter into pig-sty.

1:18 P. M.—Sailed low over fishing schooner. One of crew threw dead mackerel at me. Just missed head. Motor started hiccupping.

2:34 P. M.—Sea-gull perched on wing. Pruned feathers and started scratching self. Threw Bible at it. Started scratching, myself. Nothing but blue water beneath.

3:48 P. M.—Passed over U. S. S. Eugene Debs, outward bound. Passengers came to rail—not to wave. Circled over twice. Made off to east when they trained small gun on me. Wirelessly I was keeping captain from sleeping during nap.

4:07 P. M.—Mascot guinea pig turned out to be a she. Drowned three of them. Wonder what the show is at the Palace tonight?

5:16 P. M.—Sighted school of fish below me. Let down hook and line, but was three miles away before line touched water. Read awhile in "Dripping Confessions."

6:55 P. M.—Eight more guinea pigs. Drowned four. Wrote letter to Mamie. Told her I wished she was here. Ate Life Saver to keep breath sweet.

7:43 P. M.—More of this damned everlasting blue sea! Never want to see a bath tub again! Wish I'd stored a box of Ivory in the tail so as to have something to fall back on in case I fall in the water.

8:12 P. M.—Can't tell whether motor is running or not guinea pigs are squeaking so much. Have burst out of box and are scampering all over fuselage. Are multiplying faster than I can throw them overboard. What shall I do?

10:30 P. M.—Tried to get time signals from Arlington. Got "Long Limbed Papa" from Louisville orchestra, instead. Tried to do Varsity Drag and knocked oil gauge off. How do you say G—— in French?

12:11 A. M.—Sunday morning. Prayed like hell for ten minutes. Guinea pigs growing more numerous. Have sent out S. O. S. Don't know how long ship can stay up with them multiplying so rapidly. The squeaking is driving me crazy!

3:47 A. M.—Flat tire on port side. Compass run out of alcohol. Who in the devil ever named this the "joy-stick"?

5:04 A. M.—Took sandwich out of pocket and was nearly knocked down by rush of famished animals. Litters being born every minute. Entire tail filled with them. Ship won't fly right. Rodents have gnawed tails off my coat. Help!

7:36 A. M.—Hallelujah! Sighted fishing smack beneath. Dropped note asking which way to Eiffel Tower. Captain pointed back of me. Ha! Ha! Droll fellows these French; always joking. Threw guinea pigs my suitcase. Hope the ambassador's clothes fit me.

10:22 A. M.—More boats! At this rate I will have set a new record. Passengers don't seem excited. Must be common sight to them. Guinea pigs have coat and shirt now. Where's that land?

12:39 P. M.—Land in sight! Garbage boat tooted whistle at me. Plane getting heavier. Am stark naked now. Where will I land?

1:15 P. M.—Am over country now! I can see crowd at landing field—they are cheering. Tail of ship is too heavy with guinea pigs; I'm going to have to smash plane in landing, but I've got here at last! Hope someone has a coat. CRASH! BAM! Here they come! "Howdy, everybody! I'm from the United States! WHAT! You say this is a Sunday School picnic at Two Rivers, Mass.? My Gawd! I've flown in a circle!"

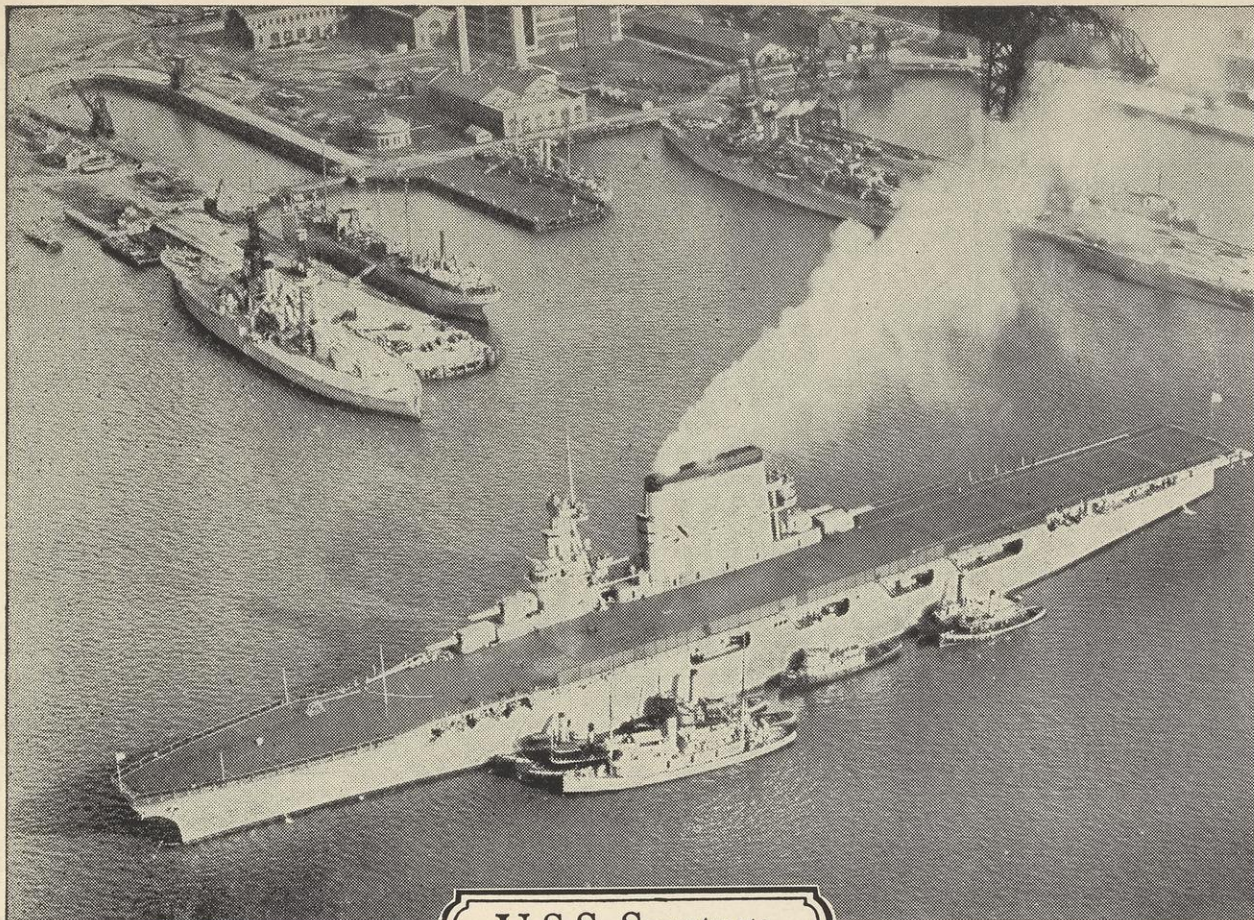
Yep, folks, just a sample from the GENERAL NUMBER of Octopus that's coming out on March 21. General Condition will have another little story for you. So fast will this number be that we are placing only a limited number of copies on sale. Make sure of your's now!

I want the General Number of Octopus and two remaining issues for fifty cents.

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City.....

Name.....



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6-24DH

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