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DECEMBER

TRAVEL NO.



PAUL CLEMENS

25¢

DRAMA DAILY DATE

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UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON



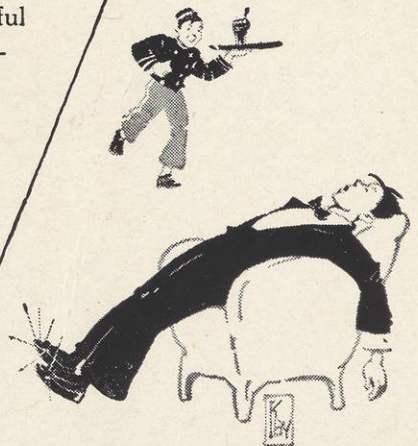
PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

ONE SOUL WITH BUT
A SINGLE THOUGHT-
TO PAUSE AND
REFRESH HIMSELF
AND NOT EVEN A
GLANCE FROM
THE STAG LINE

Enough's enough and too much is not necessary. Work hard enough at anything and you've got to stop. That's where Coca-Cola comes in. Happily, there's always a cool and cheerful place around the corner from anywhere. And an ice-cold Coca-Cola, with that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, leaves no argument about when, where—and how—to pause and refresh yourself.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE
PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



— And How!

Emma, Kate, Art, Bert, Bill, Bob and Oscar ~ ~ ~ It's proud of them we are! Proud to have them serve luncheon and dinner at the Coffee House, where the people who know dine in the style in time that only The Irving has achieved.

It's like the Cafe de la Paix ~ ~ ~ You see everyone who is anyone, and eat food that *is* food!

Haven't you really? Come today then for a corking meal ~ ~ ~ then you'll know why!!

We Welcome You!

IRVING COFFEE HOUSE
IRVING CAFETERIA

STERLING AT IRVING



THE CO-OP TAKES ANOTHER STEP FORWARD



INTRODUCING THE NETTLETON SHOES

It's another step to a greater Co-op. . .
To give the student the finest merchandise at the
lowest market prices. . .

The NETTLETON NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION
Because of the finest of leathers and the most
expert workmanship these shoes are of the
best made in the world.

THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Manager

STATE & LAKE STREET

The king was leaning over the bathtub. His jester, noticing the form, kicked him in the unmentionable spot.

"How dare you?" cried the king.

"My error, your highness," was the reply, "I thought you were the queen."

—Punch Bowl



The French soldier had returned home after six years of constant warfare and was surprised to see his wife standing in the doorway holding a three-year-old child by the hand.

"I see those damned Germans have been here," said the soldier.

Just then the child turned to its mother and asked, "Say, Ma, who's that bally old chappie?"

—Puppet



A little boy was selling newspapers, yelling as he sold—"Great swindle—sixty victims."

An old grouch stopped to buy one, and after looking over the headlines—"I don't see anything about it in the paper."

"Great swindle," shouted the youth even more loudly, "Sixty-one victims."

—Drexerd



"A little bit goes a long way" screamed the bird as it wheeled high above the city.



The young Teke pledge leaned over the edge of the big, overstuffed sofa and whispered shyly in the ear of the Kappa pledge, "You were made by the Greek gods."

"No," she said, "only by three Phi Psi's."

—Ohio Sun Dial



We've Nevada A More Pungent Contrib

"Yale not get another cent from me," said Pat, "to Ripon tear about the country instead of studying."

"If it's Beloit you want to see from the lamp in me room at midnight," retorted his son, "I'll have ye know I do my studying during the day. And remember pa, Arkansas a merrier time when you ran it and mom was out of town than anything it's been through with me. Yeh, Mamie told me all about it and Harvard is good as gold."

"Iowa licking to ye, ye young whelp, and Marquette well your time is coming now."

"Wellesley about that."

Crack!

"Michigan. But Vassar right, pa. Better aim next time. Toodle-oo!"

—Peg



Enter the Spring Mode

Long before the first flower makes its appearance, the spring fashions arrive at Kruse's to enliven and lend interest to February shopping. And the smart university woman will be especially enchanted with the ensembles in their many new forms, and the dresses in the new gay colored prints. Conservatively priced.

New Spring Formals

Early Spring shoppers will be happy that they may now select their gown. Here are the new spring evening gowns, everyone a reproduction of some exclusive Paris creation. Don't fail to see them!

FRED W. KRUSE CO.

205-207 State St.

Anderes & Spoo

MADISON

Men's Quality Apparel

Presenting for Spring

Suits and
Topcoats

New Styles designed for the
University Man

New Colors

New Patterns

Presented in a distinguished collection
of beautiful domestic and imported
woolens—expertly customized under our
detailed specifications.

On Capitol Square

18 North Carroll

PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS

Scotchmen! Attention!

Planters Salted Peanuts are known as
"The Nickel Lunch." If a friend in-
vites himself to lunch—but why ex-
plain? You get the idea.

To All Who Get Hungry: Planters
Peanuts are the big crisp kind. De-
liciously salted. Sold only in the
glassine bag with MR. PEANUT on it.
Buy a bag every day.

"The
Nickel
Lunch"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



MR. PEANUT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE
COMPANY

U.S.A. and Canada

"Say, why did your kid sister get dropped from school?"

"Aw, she was dumb!"

"Dumb! Why she was bright as a dollar!"

"Naw, she didn't no anything!"



"Do you know what the governor of South Carolina
said to the governor of Tennessee?"

"Sure. He said, 'No monkey business'."



"Why is Marge so popular with the boys?"

"'Cause she's so mysterious."

"How's that?"

"She keeps them all in the dark."



Voice From Lake: Help! Help! I'm drowning.

Psychologist: Hold on a minute, and we'll arrange to
communicate together from the spirit world.

"What is Bach remembered for?"
"Beer, sir."
"What?"
"Yes sir, didn't you ever hear of Bach beer?"



Brock Engraving Company

Artists and Engravers



4th Floor
State Journal Building

Phone: Fairchild 913

Rosmor Frocks

Announces the Arrival of

New Spring Ensembles

Spring introduces a delightful array of smart and individual creations for the girl who delights in style that is just a bit nicer, just a bit more expressive of the spirit of the season.

We maintain a standard price of fifteen dollars. Ridiculously low it may seem to the buyer who is not discerning in her conception of value. Visit our shop. You will find it very well worth your while.

*Rosmor
Frocks*

231 State

231 State

We put this question
to every Wisconsin man who
has never worn Charter House!

Why should you investigate
"Charter House" Clothes
for spring 1929?



first . . . because the variety of fabrics include the best patterns from the woolen looms of America and England.

second . . . because the suits are all tailored over charts that are apart from the ordinary. The new "Senior" model is an example.

third . . . because extra trousers or knickers are available to any suit you may select.

fourth . . . because the price range is not extravagant you may choose a garment from forty to fifty dollars.



109 STATE

STREET

She: I'll have you know there's blue blood in my veins.

Her: Honest? Gee, what ya doin' for it?

"See that man."

"He invented the folding chair."

"Then what is he doing at an insane asylum?"

"One day he had to use his own product."

"I believe that there isn't a man living that could forge my name to a check and cash it."

"Why, have you such a peculiar signature?"

"No, I haven't any money in the bank."

All at once he realized what he was facing. He attempted to get out of the way, but it was futile. Having no alternative, he stopped to reflect and followed by throwing out his chest. Bravely he faced the pistol; there was the report of an explosion, a flash of fire, and the smoke coiled toward the ceiling. He stepped back, and gasped. Then he smiled. It was over. The flashlight photo of the banquet had been taken.

APPLICATION FOR USHERS, DOORMEN, AND PAGES Roxymount Theatre

"Citadel of the Cinema"

Name, address, etc. _____

Height, weight _____

Please state your education in detail. (List each university separately) _____

List all work at Oxford in this column _____

In what year were you a Rhodes scholar? _____

From what universities did your parents graduate? _____

In what cabin on the Mayflower did your ancestors sleep? _____

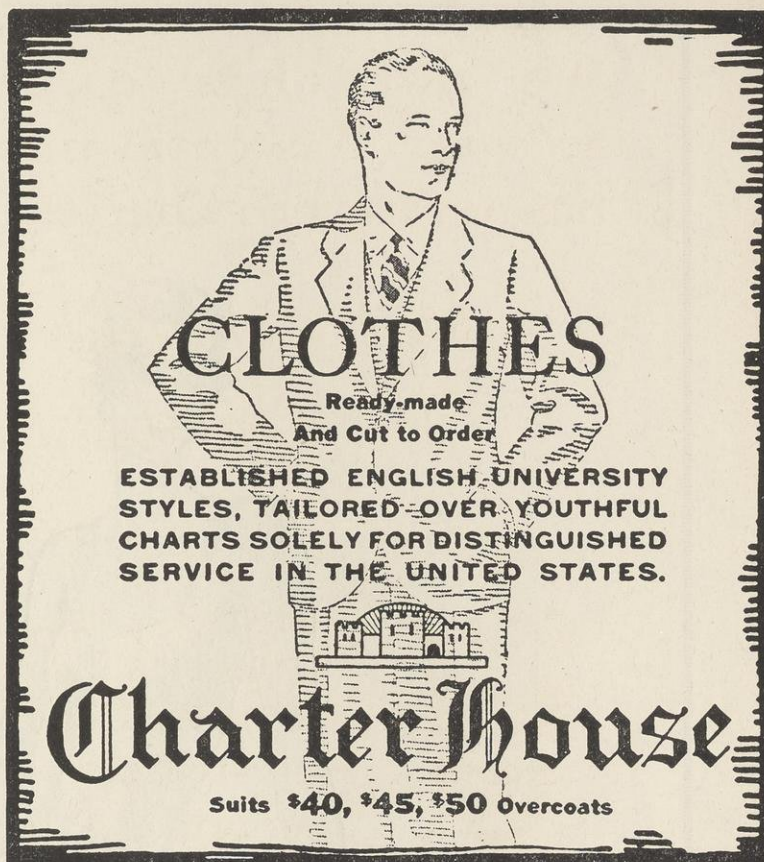
How many times have you read Emily Post? _____

Is Edgar Guest the great American poet? _____

Please write a short thesis of not less than 10,000 words on the tipping evil and its influence on the civilization of mankind from the beginning of times _____

Do you eat crackers in bed? _____

(Note: If your application is considered worthy of further thought, which can only follow the most satisfactory replies to this questionnaire, you will be called before the personnel board. This body is composed of ex-presidents, the Rev. Dr. John Straton-Roach, and the surviving members of Coxey's Army.)



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

Prof.: Mr. —, are you sure that this is a perfectly original theme?

Stude: Not exactly; you may find one or two of the words in the dictionary.

—Drexerd

Patient: I am continually dreaming of girls running around in chemises.

Psychoanalyst: Ah! Slips that pass in the night!

—Virginia Reel

Stage Business

Playwright: Here's my latest play, sir.

Producer: But there's only two sheets here.

Playwright: Oh, that's enough! It's a bedroom farce!

—America's Humor



Her ankles are graceful and trim;
 They twinkle in lights bright or dim,
 Sheathed with hose by McCallum,
 (At Simpson's she buys 'em)
 The hose that intrigue—on a limb.

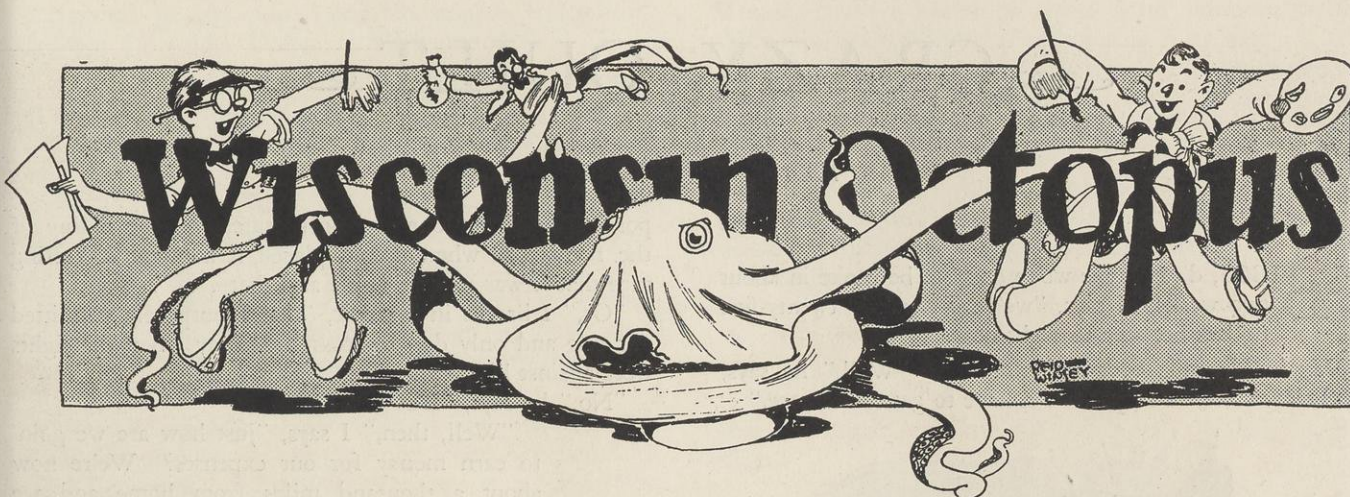
Travel Number



The Floating College Student Flunks Out



First Stowaway To Mate In Life-Boat Which Has Broken Loose From Its Moorings: Bli 'me, Bill, ain't it about time we was crawlin' out 'o 'ere an' showin' oursel's to the cap'n?



He went to France, took some Scotch, did a bit of Russian around, got in Dutch, used his English, and that was his Finnish.

Water You Now?

I'd like to be a London cop,
And have a name like Dennis,
But most of all I'd like to be
A whitewing down in Venice.

Officer: You're arrested. What do you mean, going so fast?

Collegiate: Hell, officer, I didn't think you could see that much from behind.

Blessed is he who can come home after a trip in Europe, and not reiterate about what one can get to drink over there.

Traveler (enthusiastically): I made the trip across continent by limited in five days.

Hitch-hiker (not so enthusiastically): That so? My last trip took four.

Correct This Sentence

"The most successful aspect of our work," says the head of the foreign language department, "is demonstrated in the fact that when our pupils travel abroad they are able to converse in foreign tongues most readily."

"Are you in favor of censorship of the press?"

"All depends on the kind of press you are referring to, young man."

"I want twenty-five cents worth o' arsenic," said Abie to the druggist.

"And what would you be wanting arsenic for?" asked the apothecary.

"Vell, twenty-two cents wouldn't be a bad price."

"My friend died of lead poisoning."

"Yeah, how did it happen?"

He was passing through Chicago."



American: Why did you come to this country before touring Europe?

Englishman: Because I wanted to see America thirst.

She felt as inconsequential as a Prom Queen after Prom.

Merely a Matter of Taste

The scrublady goes to vaudeville because she likes to see:

1. Comic men do funny falls.
2. Baby-faced girls sing "hot" songs.

3. Homely men and fat women with wise cracks.

4. Movies that are "plenty hot and end happy".

The college man goes to vaudeville because he likes to see:

1. Comic men do funny falls.
2. Baby-faced girls sing "hot" songs.

3. Homely men and fat women with wise cracks.

4. Movies that are "plenty hot and end happy".

Captain: Sire, the recruit is grievously bowlegged.

King John: That's all right, put him in the archery division.

CRAZY QUILT

By Paul Koehner

Illustrated by Molnar Gyula

I

"BIGGS, d'ya realize we're goin' to be broke in about two weeks," I says, "we've got exactly twenty-five dollars between us right now."

My buddy rolls over and stretches. "Well," he says, real clever like, "I suspect we'll have to get some more."



"... we were standin' there and admirin' our work"

"You was the one," I goes on, "who got me to give up a swell job at the busiest filling station in town so as to go with you on a hike around the world. Sure, it was goin' to be simple earnin' our way sellin' postal cards like the fellow who stopped over at Beffel's Park last summer with a letter in his pocket from the mayor of every town. We was goin' to have a dog like he had, an' give 'lustrated lectures like he did, and have the dog walk down the aisle with a hat in his mouth after it was all over. 'Earn money while takin' a vacation' you says. Yeh, we're takin' the vacation, but what about the dough?"

"Charles," he says, lookin' at me reproachful like, "I'm afraid the Lord made a slight miscalculation when allotting you your share from the vessel of Impatience. Why, my dear boy, do you by any chance suppose that I pur-

posely tipped our one and only camera off the railing of the ferry boat where I had placed it a moment, feeling sure that it was perfectly safe and that . . ."

"Or," I breaks in sarcastic, "that I purposely permitted our one and only dog to cross Broadway when the lights were against him?"

"No," he says, "I do not."

"Well, then," I says, "just how are we goin' to earn money for our expenses? We're now about a thousand miles from home and we can't get back. That'd read nice in the Press: BOY GLOBE TROTTERS RETURN AFTER 1,000 MILE HIKE. What'll we do?"

"Charles," he says with a yawn in which I counted five fillings, "it may be necessary to temporarily halt our trip. What's the name of the next town?"

I pulls out our pocket atlas and starts readin': Pardee City. Population 13,580 (1920 Census). Founded in 1843 by Samuel Pardee, a trader, who set up a store on the present site of the Hathaway County Bank. Situated in the midst of a prosperous agricultural district, Pardee City is the . . ."

"That's enough!" he breaks in. "Now we've got to think up some way of earning money there for awhile."

We both sits there starin' at the ground. I tried to think, but by an' by gave it up and watched a caterpillar crawl up my knapsack. I was just goin' to ask Biggs whether caterpillars had eyes or not when I hears a car comin' down the road.

It was a Ford delivery truck and was comin' to beat all Harry. Biggs looks at me, and I looks at him, and then we both steps out to the side of the road and holds up our hands for a ride. There was a big fat fellow drivin' who looked like a wop. He saw us when he was a coupla' hundred yards away, and started slowin' down. Biggs and I edges in closer, and was gettin' all ready to swing aboard when he steps on her, and goes by us like a shot with the doors bangin' and the fenders rattlin'. We heard a horse-laugh, and stood there watchin' the cloud of dust go off down the road.

"Uncivil ass!" grunts Biggs, and I was just goin' to say somethin' a little bit stronger when I trips over somethin'.

"Biggs!" I says, "Look here! It's a jug!"

He grunts and walks over to where I was. "H-m-m-m," he says, "mosta' fallen outa' that truck. What's in it?"

I took it up and shook it. It was full to the top, and smelled somethin' like gasoline. I hands it to Biggs and watches him take the cork out and put it up to his nose.

"Naptha," he says, puttin' back the stopper, and startin' off down the road, "C'mon, let's get started."

"Wait a minute!" I yells, catchin' up to him, "what're you goin' to do with that jug?"

"Carry it along," he says, "may come in handy some-time."

"Carry it along!" I busts out, "why you yap, that must weigh ten pounds and you've already got a forty pound pack on your back! Are you crazy?"

He looks at me the way he does whenever I get excited and shoot my mouth off, and I'm danged if I can ever say anything more. Just seems to take everything right out of my mouth.

For awhile we walks along without sayin' anythin'. All of a sudden he says, "H-m-m-m," and looks at the jug and says, "H-m-m-m," again. Then he turns to me and says, "Charles, will you read the rest of that description of Pardee City? Isn't the state university located there?"

I pulls out the atlas again and starts readin' sorta' grumpy like, wonderin' what in blazes it mattered whether the university was there or not. "And," I goes on, "in addition to being the county seat is the site of the state university; a coeducational institution founded in 1887 by state charter. Approximately four thousand students from forty-one states and five foreign countries attended in the year 1925. More than fifty buildings and over thirty acres of . . ."

"Enough!" he interrupts, and walks on without sayin' anythin' more.

"Well," I starts, "hope you're satisfied. S'pose now we're goin' to take some courses in school so as to give us food for thought to live on."

I was chucklin' at my joke, and feelin' that for once in my life I'd got the best of him when he says sudden like, "Charles, this jug has given me an idea I've heard has been worked before. We're going to stay awhile in Pardee City; going to set up in business."

"Hurray for Lon Chaney!" I says, real sarcastic. "That'll be great! No capital; don't know anyone; no trade we know how to follow—yeh, that'll be swell!"

"Don't need any of those particulars, Charles," he says, "we're going into the necktie dry cleaning business."

II

It was early afternoon when we come walkin' down the main drag of Pardee City. For the last half hour Biggs had been explainin' in detail just how we was goin' to start in on a capital of twenty-five dollars and become the exclusive student neckwear shop of the town. He had talked to me 'till I was dizzy, and I'm danged if it didn't all sound reasonable and possible. He even figured out to the cent just how much we would charge and still make a decent profit. He told just what equipment we'd need; what kind of a store; where it should be

located; how we was to go about gettin' business; everything, until I was almost as enthusiastic as he was.

We had walked about three blocks when Biggs breaks in all of a sudden, "Look around you! Notice all the students; see if they don't look prosperous; as if they had plenty of money. Just notice 'em!"

And he sure was right. Everybody looked as rich as an Oklahoma Indian, judgin' from the way they was dressed. All kinds of cars was runnin' along the streets with here an' there a real expensive one, and most of 'em driven by students. Now and then you'd see a fellow in an old tight-waisted suit with trousers that didn't even come down to his shoe tops, but that was mighty seldom.

We had stopped in front of a real snappy lookin' place that sold men's clothing and had a sign on the window sayin':

GEORGE AND DAVE'S PLACE

"Come In and Look Around"

"College shop," says Biggs, "good place to get the dope on the town. Follow me."

We hadn't no sooner got inside than a young fellow, kinda' fat like, calls out, "Howdy, boys, and what'll it be today?"

Then Biggs spoke up and told him we was strangers in town and was plannin' to stay awhile, and wanted to know a little somethin' about certain things. The fellow was real nice about it, and we stood there talkin' while he arranged a window display of some red and yellow striped B. V. D.'s. Biggs asked him who was a good real estate dealer, and if he had a list of fraternities, and a whole lot more questions. Finally he asks him right out if there was a good dry cleaning place in town. The fellow replies there was two of 'em, but one wasn't much account. The other was run by a couple of Italians, and had most all the trade.

He seemed real interested and asked what we was plannin' to do. Biggs looks at him an' winks, pointin' at the jug, an' tells him he was goin' to put on a jugglin' act.

(Continued on page 34)



"Duck," yells Biggs, sudden like

PROGRESS

At Sixteen

"Well, there's one thing sure, the man I marry is going to be one who can take me to Paris and Monte Carlo on our honeymoon."

At Eighteen

"A honeymoon to New York wouldn't be so bad—at least, one could see the new shows."

At Twenty

"After all, there's something awfully romantic about Niagara Falls for a honeymoon—and it isn't so horribly expensive."

At Twenty-five

"Say, Joe, let's take the money that we were planning to use for our honeymoon to Chicago and put it in furniture instead."

"Oy, oy, mama, hairs in de soup again!"

"Neffar mind Abie, dot's only de bowl papa uses for Sammie's hair-cuts."

Famous Talks

. . . ative
Back . . .
Short . . .
. . . ie

"Are you an educated woman?"
"Well, I was a maid in a fraternity house for three years."

Mamma Gooze

Mary Had A Little Lamb
Its Fleece Was White As Snow
She Painted Red Polka Dots O n It
So She Wouldn't Lose It In Winter.

She stood before him, her eyes afire.
He seemed to quail before her ire.
Coldly she spoke, without a quiver,
"Take back your heart . . . I ordered liver."



The Ex-Waiter Gets a Job at Palm Beach

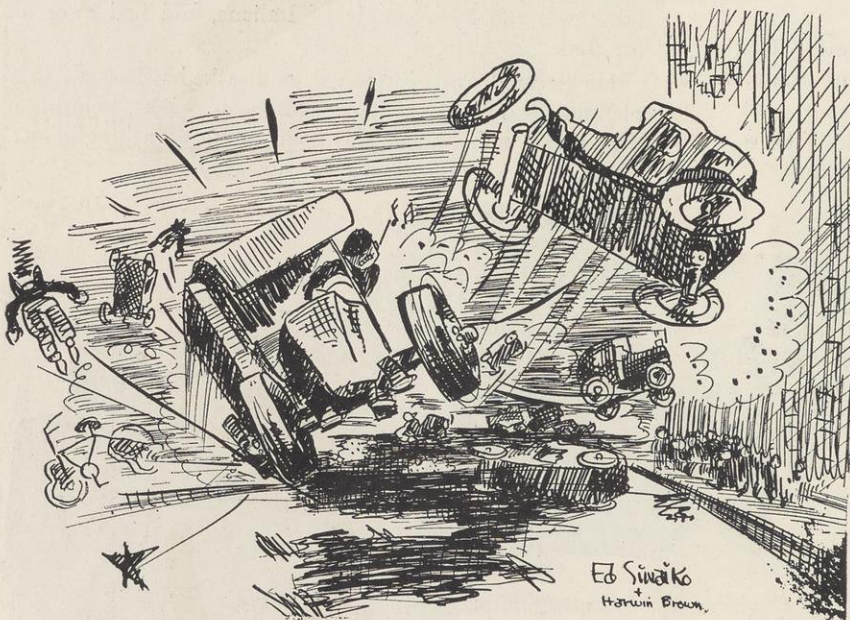
Were the children of the Mormons,
Brigham youngsters?

He clad his masterpiece with poetry,
but the censors draped it.

Believe it or not, dentistry students
here at the "U" are required to take a
freehand drawing course.

Journalism Conferences

"Well, how did you come out last week? Hm. Well, this week I think we'll send you down to the Hititup Club where Adolphus McGoofus is going to speak on 'What is the World Coming to and What of It'. That's real hot stuff, you know—yeah—that ought to be big stuff. Yeah—that's down on 123 N. Walnut Street—yeah, at 7:30—yeah, and you get that down to the Daily Whoopee office tonight—you see—and watch out and see if McGoofus says anything on war or international peace—yeah—you bet, this is big stuff, yeah—"



The Truck Driver's Song
"I'll Get By As Long As I Have You"

THE HOME TALENT PLAY

"Honestly, Lulu, I thought I'd die—we put on 'Kicked Out of College' in two parts—and such fun! Everyone said it was a scream—I almost died laughing myself and I played the heroine—and when I had to go to the telephone and the telephone wasn't there—why, I nearly passed out laughing—Billy had forgotten to get hold of it—and then when Tommy Aster was supposed to say 'The door bell rang' and it hadn't rung—you could have killed me with a feather—I was that weak—everybody said it was gorgeous—they never noticed the slips—not even when I was supposed to open the door for Sally—and she was standing at another door—honestly it was killing—the Weekly Enterprise said it was the best home talent play since the last one and it was really—such fun—and when Tommy was kissing me we expected the curtain to go down and it wouldn't move—and there we stood and him just keeping on kissing me—honestly, I thought I'd die—"

—C. A. B.

"Did he go to the Prom with his best girl?"

"No," he pulled a couple of deuces the night before, and he couldn't play his queen the next night."



Venetian Policeman (to bystander): Did you see that crook run by here?

The Loafer: Yeh, he just dove into that alley there.

Innocent Young Thing (to her masculine companion): I love canoeing, and you paddle so well, where did you learn?

M. Companion: Oh, in a fraternity house.

"Well, Jim, how are ya makin' it these days?"

"Oh! Jes' fine, only malt's a little high."

"... and the mighty ocean liner was sweeping through the seas, carrying a thousand souls safely across the boundless deep. Far down in the steel hull, the mighty engines throbbed, pulsing, sending a quiver of life throughout the ship. A mighty heart beating, beating, beat . . ."

"Isn't that divine, George?" asked the sweet co-ed on the floating university.

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Suddenly the engines stopped, what could be the matter? The . . ."

"Hmmm, just another broken heart, I guess."

Why not a handsomely embellished portrait of a young lady of the gay '90s labelled: "The kind that father used to make."

Some people are cold when it's ten below, but the hottest place in existence boasts of millions below.

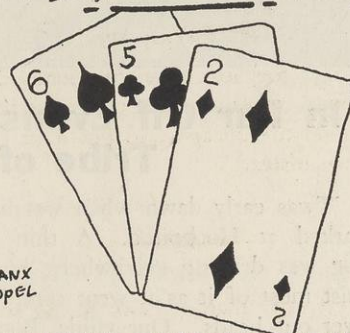
"Say, what are you trying to do, kill your poor old grandmother?" asked a friend of his inebriated companion, as the tipsy one choked the aged lady.

"Sorry, ol' man, thought she wash my motherinlaw."

KRAZY KOLUMN

HASH BY
ZAMMYMURALS BY
Jimmy

A BOSTON TEE PARTY

THANX
KopelTHE ARTIST THAT DREW THIS
IS A HEARTLESS BRUTE

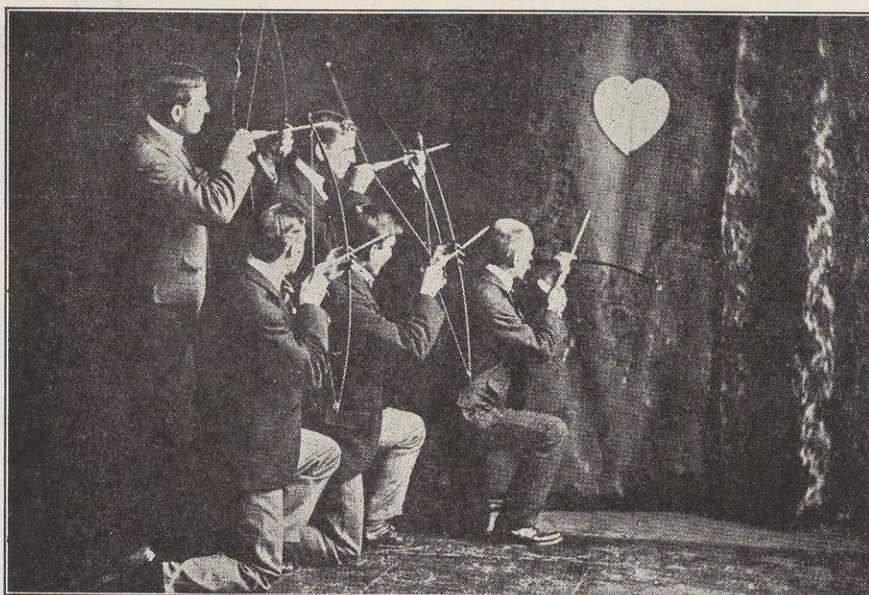
TRAVELING FOR HIS HEALTH

WHEN BILLIARD BALLS
GET TOGETHER THEY CLIQUE

THANX TED



A CROSS COUNTRY MAN



In Far Off Evanston Roams This Savage Tribe of Heart-Hunters

'Twas early dawn when we disembarked at Hochpitoo. A thin grey fog was drifting everywhere, but we mist most of it as it went completely over our heads. Our guide, Boohoo, met us at the wharf. "I have a dolly," he said. "It can run, sing, swear, and pray. See the dolly." This, in English, meant, "Say, have any of youse blokes got the price of a second-hand fireless cooker for a poor devil w'ots out of work?"

For a minute there was an embarrassed silence, and you could have heard an angleworm shiver. Finally Sir Toby came forward. "Aw there, old chappy I say, don't take it so deucedly hard, don't ye know, what! Haw, haw!" This seemed to relieve little Boohoo and he followed along without further word of protest.

At noon sharp we set out on the long long trail that was to carry us deep into the heart of the wild and unchaperoned Java Jungle. We were a motley looking crew as we bade good-bye to the chamber-maid at the Seamen's Rest. Our train consisted of two food-laden pack-horses, a donkey, a camel, and three Chesterfields. There were, also, thirty elephants laden with gin.

Suddenly Sniffsniff, son of Boohoo, clutched me by the arm. "Where are we going?" he said. "Into the unknown!" I replied, looking resolutely ahead. "How silly!" cried little Sniff-

sniff, "X is the unknown and that's been known for a long time." I smiled grimly. "What the X the difference?"

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Our little band of hoboes pushed onward. All about us lay the vast silence of the jungle broken only by the shrill cry of a cockatoo or the low bleat of a postman's whistle. At nightfall the train halted. Ten of us, including myself, formed a baseball nine and had a short workout pitching camp. Tired, but happy we turned in.

The next morning we were up bright and early. Of a sudden there arose a cry. "Someone's been drinking my Corn Lotion!" And a second later came a deeper and gruffer voice shouting, "And someone's been tastin' my Corn Lotion!" And finally came a deep bass voice rumbling, "And if I catch the blankety-blank what's been after my Lotion . . .!"

It was true. Sometime during the night a sneak thief had stolen in and drunk up nearly all of the Corn Lotion in camp. The situation was serious. It was nearly a week's trek to the nearest point of civilization and none of us were trek men, although I had once entered in a high school relay. Sir Toby spoke first.

"Men!" he said, "ha ha!"

A savage old tar thrust his way to the front of the circle, scowling down

(Continued on page 43)

No, John Drinkwater wasn't the first prohibitionist.

He: I need a good stenographer
Do you think you could qualify?

She: I could be good if I had to, I suppose.

Frosh: Say, Pete, how does your girl eat Sunday evenings?

Soph.: Oh! a la carte.

Frosh: My gosh! With my woman I'll have to get a Mack truck.

He: Have you any mission in life?

She: Yes. Submission.

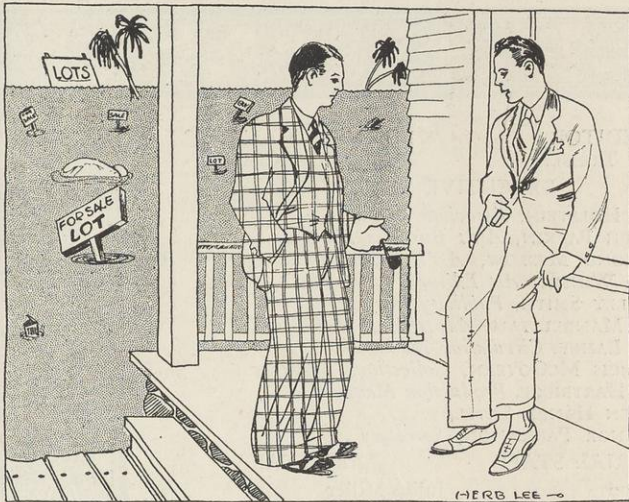
Irate Student: Professor, you're the biggest fool I ever seen.

Prof.: Saw, my boy, saw.

And the new drinking song is:
"Yorking For a Day."

So Do We!

O course I wanna travel. . . Someday when I got a lotta dough, a lotta time, an' the wanderlust, I wanna see everything . . . London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, Rome, the Sahara, the Pyramids, . . . Shanghai, Hawaii . . . Yeh, . . . everythin' . . . sometime. But while my curiosity's up an' my nerve's up, even though I am a frosh, I wanna know what's on the fourth floor of Bascom Hall.



Florida Visitor: I wanta look over some lots.
Resident: Can you swim?

First School Teacher: Conducting classes in math is easy.

Second School Teacher: That's what I t'ought.

"Your heart's of ice, sweetheart."
"Well, is it my fault if you forgot your tongs?"

Listener: And what happened then?
Liar: Oh, then I took the street car, that was just coming along, and went home.

A certain Scotchman lay in bed, ill and likely to pass away. By his bedside a candle flickered brightly. His wife found it necessary to go shopping and as she left she said, "I'll nae be lang away, Sandy, but if ye feel like deein' afore I come back, mind tae blow out the candle, will ye?" However, Sandy recovered, but had a relapse and was getting very weak, so weak that his wife began to prepare for the end. Presently the appetizing aroma of a roast of beef in the oven reached his nostrils. "Meg!" he cried, "I could be takin' some 'a that." "And ye'll do naething of the kind!" was her indignant reply. "That's for the funeral!"

"Can you explain the quotation, 'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety', Mr. Jones?" asked the English prof.

"Why, er-r, I think it has something to do with Coca-Cola, sir," replied the collegian who reads modern advertisements.

"I say old fellow, I'm in a most awful jam, won't you help me out?"

"Well, I might."

"Please, haven't you ever been in a jam yourself?"

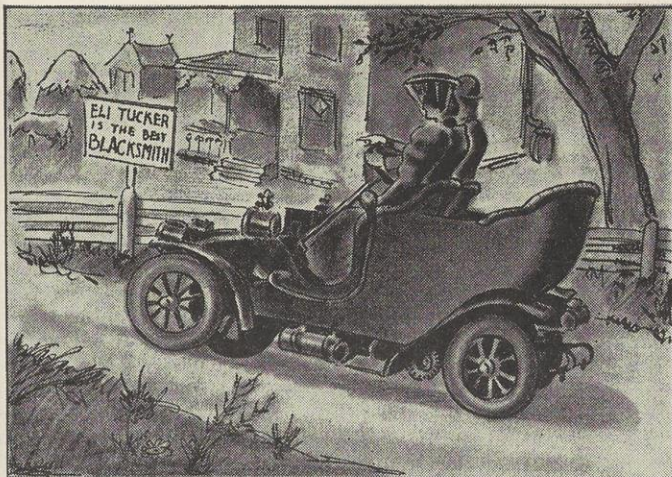
"Well, when I was a kid, usually the strawberry."

"Who was that girl?"

"Just an old friend of mine."

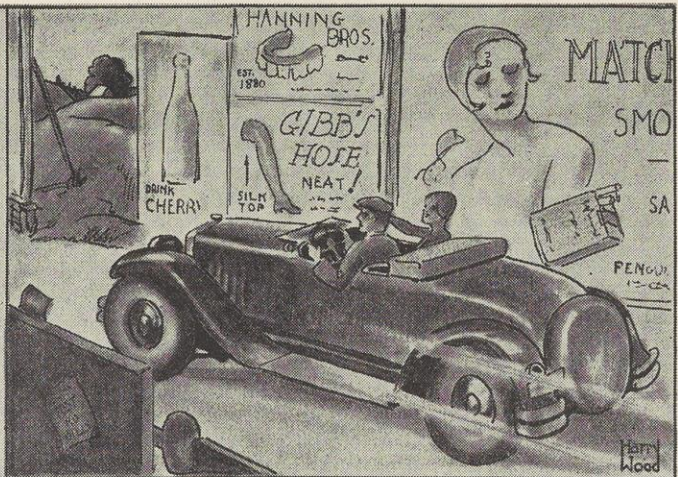
"How long ago?"

"Oh, way back when teddies were fuzzy brown dolls."



In 1905

"George, isn't it marvelous to find advertising signs now-
adays way out on the edge of nowhere?"



In 1930

"George, isn't it marvelous to find a glimpse of the
scenery only a day's ride from the city?"



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Vol. XI

FEBRUARY 13, 1929

No. 6

Just Punnin' 'n Funnin' Around

LOOKS LIKE REIGN, THOUGH!

Weather Prediction for Wisconsin: Clear and Kohler.

... AND THE BABY BAWLING AND MAKING A RACKET?

Helen Wills is going to marry Fred Moody, a young San Francisco broker. Can't you just picture those delicious little Sunday evening cold lunches with Helen serving hard-boiled eggs at Mr. Moody as fast as he can eat them, and Mr. Moody sayin, "Tennis enough! I'm full!"

THAT'S TWO BIG LITTLE MEN THEY'VE LOST!

Up at Michigan the regents made it unpleasant for President Little. As a result, President Little resigned. The Michigan Daily, in an editorial, seemed to think that President Little was too "big" for their little regents.

PLANE ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY!

The plane Question Mark was phenomenally successful in its recent attempt to set a new record for continuous flying. Now why not change its name to Dash and start for the North Pole?

AND THEN THEY FLIT AWAY

Most of us have never knocked a man down. Perhaps that's because not all of us are troubled by the pests who lilt merrily to you upon leave-taking, "Well, if you can't be good be careful!"

HE MUST HAVE GUTTER GOAT

A Chicago street cleaner was recently sued for divorce by his bride of one day. That's the trouble with wives—they expect a man to make a big clean up over night. This poor devil's attorney ought to give him a sweeping reduction in fees, anyway.

ADS JUST ABOUT ENOUGH!

The New York Central road is considering reducing the time of the Twentieth Century Limited to seventeen hours from Chicago to New York. This will mean that a man may settle down in his seat as he leaves Chicago and have the Saturday Evening Post *completely* read through by the time he pulls into the Grand Central Station at New York.

HUMORED ALONG TOO LONG?

During the past year the Western, the Mid-West, and the Eastern Associations of College Comics have all broken off relations with *College Humor*. Looks like a few of the practical jokers were waking up.

IN SUBJECT MATTER—A WIDE RANGE

The Capital Times lately held a Cooking School for women of the city. Why wouldn't it be a good idea for the Daily Cardinal to start such a school for the girls of the senior class?

NOPE, JUST THE OLD SKIN GAME

Again Paris predictions state that skirts will remain just as short and that, in addition, more of the back will be exposed. H-m-m, sort of a back to nature movement.

WOODCUTS AS A HOBBY

Recent news dispatches tell us that the ex-kaiser has just felled the last tree upon his estate at Doorn, cut it up into bits, autographed each piece, and sent them to his friends. Seems as though it would have been rather nice of him to whittle out a few wooden legs and send them with his compliments to some of his disabled soldiers.

OH WAD A PUN!

The Wrigley building in Chicago is estimated to sway a foot and a half at the top, during a strong gale. Well, it ought to be able to stretch further than that—it was made entirely out of gum.

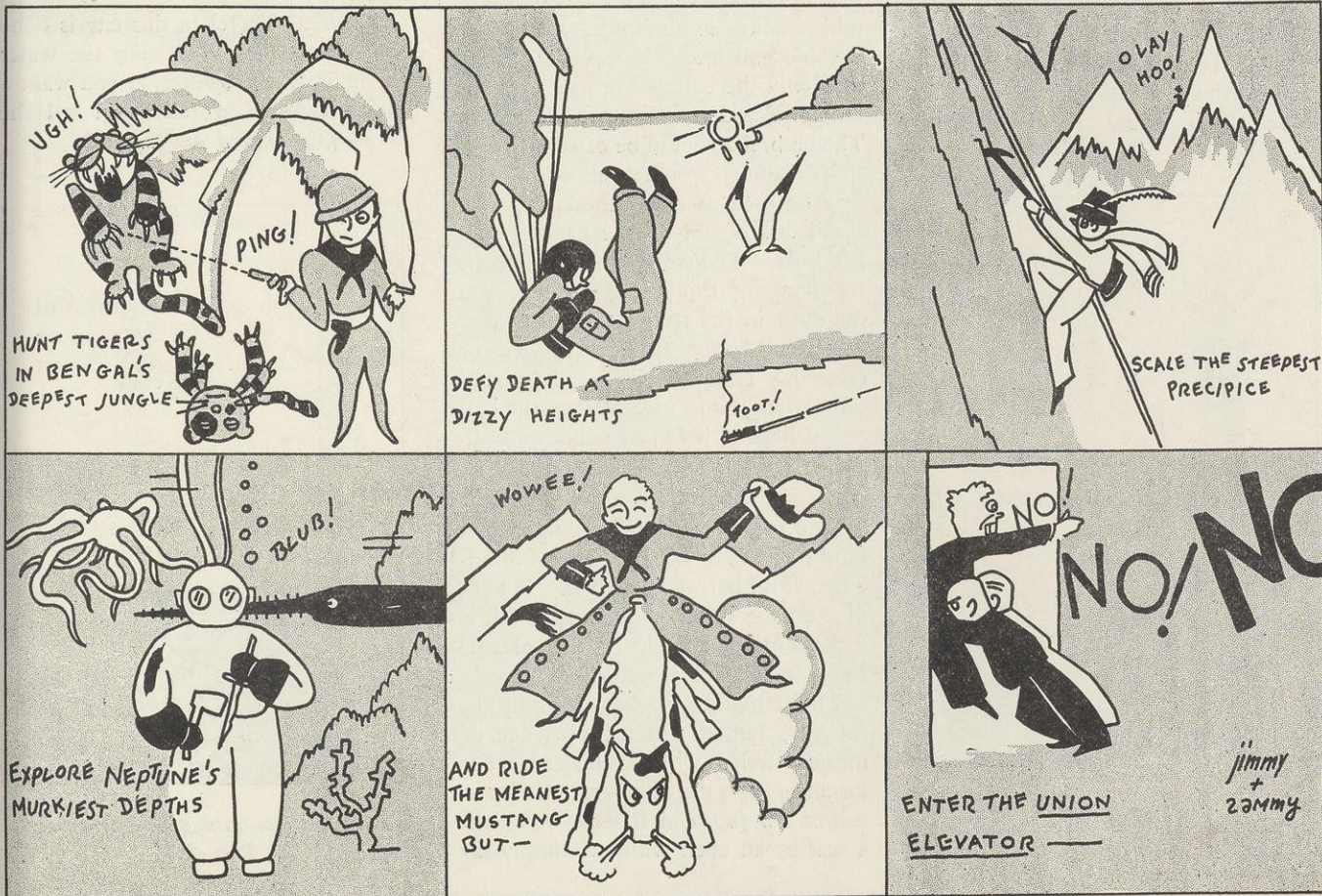
PERHAPS THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEM SO COOL

It's rather annoying these days to pick up copies of the smart magazines and run across full page advertisements for Palm Beach suits and clothing, while you sit hugging the fireplace. About the only comfort you can derive from them is the fact that this same Palm Beach cloth is made way up in Maine, where a palm is just as much at home as a tramp is in the Bath and Tennis Club.

Those Contributing to This Issue Are:

Animus Anon	Maxwell Krasno	Ed Sinaiko	Fritz Airis	Herbert Lee
Ruth Allcott	Sydney	Paul Clemens	Frank Unger	Selby Mills
Baron Munchausen	Sam Steinman	Harry Wood	Gordy Swarthout	Ray Rothman

The Average Student Will . . .

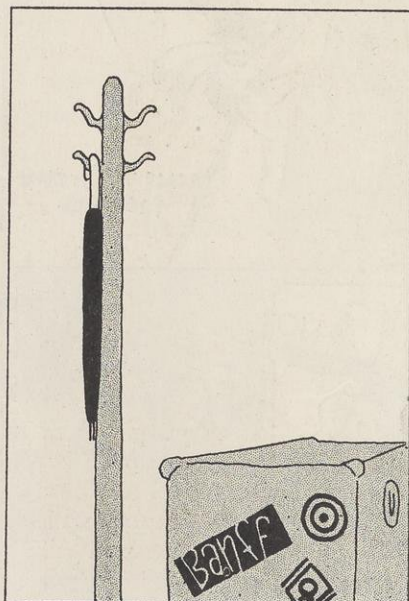


TRAVEL'S A SERIOUS AFFAIR

By Paul Fulcher

Travel is a serious affair. After six weeks abroad, many people return home to find themselves totally changed, even short-changed. Things have often happened at home, too. They may have neglected to put out the gas or the cat, to turn off the water or the gardener, according to season. My advice, though nobody ever takes it, is to buy a few travel books and one of those nice white furnaces the advertisements tell about, and then sit down in the cellar and slowly feed the books, leaf by leaf, into the furnace, looking at the pictures if you like, before you burn them. If your cellar has other attractions, so much the better—or so much the worse, depending on where you got it, a matter entirely outside the scope of this article.

For those who lack the strength of mind needed to follow the hints above, or who are untrammelled by a cat, the hints below should help hasten one's progress through Europe. And, of course, to go as fast as possible through Europe is desirable, because the more you see the less you will have to remember. (If you are thinking of going to Hawaii or the Orient, don't read farther; I know nothing about those places; one can't know everything.)



Luggage Recommended for Light Traveling

Au Revoir, Paul and Polly!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As you read this, Prof. Fulcher will be ready to board ship with his bride, the former Miss Polly Dwyer of the English department, and sail for six months in Europe. On this trip Prof. Fulcher will make a thorough test of the Traveler's Handy Hatrack which he describes in the following article. He will return in the fall bubbling over with enthusiasm and eager to recommence his duties as editor of the "Recent Books" department of the leading campus publication.*

Preparations

Seasickness. The best way to avoid seasickness—*mer de glace* as it is called in French—is to stay on shore. There is no second best way.

Luggage. This depends on whether you are travelling light or heavy. If travelling heavy, take several wardrobe trunks, an umbrella, and a collapsible hall tree. If travelling light, take only the collapsible hall tree, the umbrella, and several wardrobe trunks. The umbrella should be of stout silk—stylish stout if you can afford it—and may be used as a parachute, or, with a sail attachment on the handle, as a life boat. The collapsible hall tree is for hanging everything on that you can't get in the trunks, or things that you don't want to be wrinkled or creased. The umbrella may be placed on it when not in use. When the hall tree collapses, it is just nobody's business.

Italy

One lands in Italy if one takes that kind of boat, or does not absent-mindedly get off before he arrives. "Don't give up the ship," as Sherman said, is a good motto. Resin on the soles of shoes is helpful for this.

The language spoken in Italy is, roughly, Italian, but a knowledge of musical terms will do instead. For instance, if on the train—train is *lenta-menta con fuoco* in Italian—you wish a seat by an open window, simply say

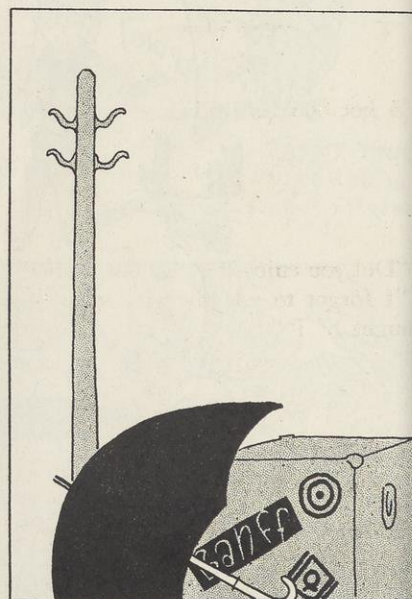
to the porter, or the *Bagatella*, as he is called, "Aria da capo, con brio," which means, "air on the head, with, or by means of, a breeze." He will understand.

Naples. Take warning from the old saying, "See Naples and die," and keep your eyes shut while in this city. You can easily recognize it by the smell, though if you shut your eyes in the wrong town it will do no harm.

Rome. This city has seen its best days. Much of it, including the stadium, is absolutely in ruins. Roman candles are sold at the station. By the way, the men who call the trains in Italian stations are called *Mussolini*. *Mussolini* in Italian means a big noise.

Florence. Named after Flo Ziegfeld. Save the admission fee charged at museums by buying post cards of the best pictures at the drug stores. (Many of the pictures in Florence, however, are unsuitable for exhibition in the family circle. Send ten cents, stamps or coin, for further information as to what to avoid here.)

Venice. Travel in this city is done by water. This is all they use water for in Italy. However, if you want a glass of water in Italy, just tell the
(Continued on page 32)



Luggage Recommended for Heavy Traveling

Get A Lawn Wid Yez!

In Honolulu I loved a lass
With eyes of brown and skirt of
grass.
I thought she loved me too, you
see,
But I was wrong, alack, alas,
She wore a sign, "Keep Off the
Grass."

"I hear your new girl lisps."
"Lisps? Why, she sounds like a
movietone."

"Congratulate me!"
"Why?"
"I'm going to marry your sister."
"Hell! you congratulate *me*."

"Another wise crack", said the thug
as he rapped the professor one with
the butt.

"The only way to be happy is to
make other people happy, Jim."
"Fine, Bob, lend me fifty."

"He's always beating my time,"
said the player who was in love with
the band director's girl.

"Hear Dick's a dry agent now."
"Yeh? Who's he agent for?"

The conventional Scotch good night:
"Sleep tight, Jock, ol' mon."

"Why is election like catching
fish?"

"You cast a vote, the ballot box is
hooked, and then you find someone
swallowed the bait."

"I say, have you a match?"

"No, I'm a minister, I don't carry
them."

"You've made a lot though."

"Is she hard? Say, she's as hard-
boiled as a rent-a-car with a memory!"

A hot book is read.

"Did you enjoy the play last night?"

"I forgot to ask my wife what we
thought of it."

"I see Jane is wearing Jack's pin.
I suppose that means he has necking
privileges."

"Huh! Necking her ain't no privi-
lege."



The Deaf and Dumb Boy Tells a Dirty Story

"Travel Broadens One"

"You must join Miss Flimflam of the language department and bunch when they go to Europe next year. Oh my dear, I went last year and it was more fun—and so educational too, you know! London! I played the best game of bridge there, you know—and in Berlin I made a grand slam! Now in Switzerland they have the cutest mountain guides—the one we had had curly hair and a sweet accent—and say, as for Italy I met the darlinest army officer—he even writes to me sometimes. But, dear, Paris the best of all! I had to pay over \$300 duty on the duckiest dresses I bought!"

If all the vaudeville "artists" who have blatted "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby" within the last two months were laid end to end stretching from here to New York—they would (thank God) probably all be run over.

"You uncouth lout, what you need is the veneer of civilization, that one gets in a big city."

"Oh, I don't know, we drink shellac here, 'tain't much different."

Contents of a Sight-Seeing Bus

1. Two pairs of honeymooners—oblivious to the scenery.
2. One woman with a small child, eating bananas.
3. One old maid stenographer on two weeks vacation.
4. One old couple—"retired from active life".

"Mose, what done happen to yo' brudder?"

"Rastus, he done get in jail agin'."

"Dat makes de fo'th, don' it, Mose?"

"Yas, de fo'th time."

"Boy, he mus' be de white sheep ob yo' fambly."

Professor (in economics class): Does darkness satisfy any desire?

Sweet Thing:
Ohhh, professor!

"Have you ever had foreign relations?"

"No, I only go out with American girls."

"Can a man marry his widow's sister?"

"Why-uh, I suppose so if his wife's dead."

"I'm writing a play that will have more cuss words in it than 'The Front Page.'"

"Like Hecht, you are."

"He's traveled extensively, in fact he was in the floating university."

"Hell, that's nothing, I was on the Notre Dame football team for three years."

"Has he got a large family?"

"Say, if he and his brothers immigrated to America, the Polish quota would be filled for a couple of years."

Traveler, to way-side antique dealer:
And don't you have anything else in the way of antiques?

Rube: Waal, now there's my mother-in-law.



"Good Gracious! I've lost the page."

"Would you give me a kiss if I asked for it?"

"No. . . . Not if you asked for it."



Good news is no news (for the tabloids).



The Italian Waiter Be-Trays His Wife



They say that Misery loves company.
I wish I knew where she lives.



She: Will you take me to my party?

He: I'm sorry but I'm taking another party to another party.



No, no Ferdinand! Mr. Volstead was NOT the originator of that "Hip, Hip, Hooray" gag.

The Truth About Paris

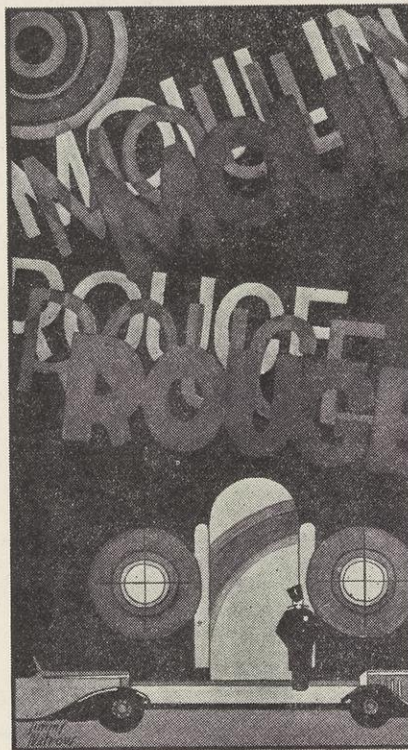
By Homer Stevenson

Small, But Oh My!

WHEN "Augie" Caesar came into France, he had to bring his own cocktails, women, elephants, and other amusements with him; the barbarian women all stood six feet high in their lion skin coats, and the Goth onion punch gave him a headache. Augie didn't care much about large women; not when he had some three thousand fair-to-middling heavies to choose from in his own country. But today France is all changed. The diminutive descendants of these six foot wild women are as fair and sweet as a drink of pre-war rye, and as plump as any of Caesar's extra fancy variety.

A Startling Exposure

The beach at Waikiki may have its lure, but give me a plain every day beach with a French exposure. I remember, one day in Nice, we had gracefully put on the ounce and one half white suits that were given us, in preparation for our swim in the Mediterranean. The American girls would look at the boys and blush, the boys would look at the girls and feel like playing hop-scotch or the dance of the flowers in the moonlight. Along side of us was a French family of three; father, mother, and little Marcie (aged about sixteen). Calmly, and with no undue haste, all three undressed, put on their bathing suits, and went in for a dip. When she came out, they took off their bathing suits, sunned themselves for a while, redonned their clothes, and, whistling a French song by the name of "Dit Ma Pour Moi", walked off the scene. And the best part of it is, every French family follows the same procedure, and nobody cares.



The Paris night clubs, or what are they, take the prize. Our first night in the city, we dutifully attended the world famous Moulin Rouge. The inside of the club is about the size of a five pound box of chocolates. Along each side, tables are placed, and the long space in the center, about twenty-five by three, is for dancing and such shows as are presented there. On each of the various and sundry tables are artificial snow balls in blue hampers. The idea of the snow balls is to hit the proprietor as many times as possible. The chances are the more times you hit him, the better humored you will be, and the more willing you will be to pay the bill he will present to you on your exit.

Such Goings On!

Between every two dances and every three bottles of Champagne, they bring on the girls and raise whoopee. The girls walk, not run, to the nearest exit, and back again, dressed in varying degrees of powder, lip stick, and eyebrow paint. Every time the girls come on they look better—by midnight, they look fairly pretty.

The fun flies thick and fast. The French idea of humor is to fire a revolver off as often as possible. This has the effect of arousing the patrons from their stupors just long enough to have them yell for another bottle of light-foot water. One bearded Frenchman amused the crowd for some time by leaping up from his table (when he was able) and slapping the girls where they probably hadn't

(Continued on page 42)

Verse and More of It

Upon Trifling

*Someone gave me a bauble,
I treasured it as such;
I juggled it and played with it
Nor valued it at much.
Until one day I dropped it,
My plaything fell apart,
And looking at it closely, then,
I saw a broken heart.*

—Ananias

Not Because It's Dangerous

I

*I'll dine you on the liner,
I'll show you London town,
And to quaint Edinburgh
We'll give the run around.*

II

*I'll treat you to the pyramids,
And bull fights in old Spain.
We'll do a turn in Russia,
In a bolshievky strain.*

III

*Venice, Norway, Sweden,
We'll Childe Harold every one,
We've got to do this thing up right
And have a lot of fun.*

IV

*But listen, baby, just one thing,
Before we leave our home,
We two may go to Paris,
But I do THAT town alone!*

—Bob D.

America Abroad

*Under a willow in Picardy
With the dusk wind in my face,
A sky as deep as velvet,
And the willow leaves like lace,
Thoughts rise of a home across the sea,
And I see Wisconsin's lake,
And feel a conquering longing
For American onions and steak.*

—Marcia

I Want To . . .

*I want to sail a high white ship
Through a hurricane's mad glee
And wash my teeth and blow the suds
Through a porthole into the sea.*

*I want to snoop about the Hague
Where state intrigues are woven
And skate across the Zuyder Zee
With a red cheeked Oudenhoven.*

*I want to stand where Caesar stood
And touch the Parthenon
And scale the cloud tipped Pyrenees
With a jealous Spanish Don.*

*I want to hear the Angelus
Ring from a bird incrustated gable
And eat Vienna pastries
At a shaded sidewalk table.*

*I want to sail a Chinese boat
Up a blossom fragrant river
And entertain a Mandarin
In my imported flivver.*

*I want to see a Moslem mosque
And hear a jackal cry
And oh—I want to see the inside
Of the house of Zeta Psi.*

—Peg Joslyn

To a Can of Sardines

*O tiny, dainty, shimmery fish
That lure from veils of lucent oil
With scent of spice; O tingling dish,
You smack of southern soil.*

*My Mediterranean palate, taught
To relish keenly flavored trays,
Approves of you—and yet you're
caught
In cold Norwegian bays?*

*But ah! the olive oil I smell
Is southern; spice, from southern seed;
Of course—my sharpened tongue can
tell
You're not of Nordic breed.*

—Maxwell

Speaking of clean stories there is the one about the tramp who saw a nude maiden bathing, at which point the story ends to stay clean.

Woman: Do you like Shavian drama?

Man: Personally, I prefer Shaw's plays.

Discretion is nothing more than an intelligent lack of curiosity.

"How did you like the prom?"
"It was terrible; we had to dance all evening."

Wife of Absent Minded Professor: Jim! Do you love me still?

Absent Minded Professor: I'll have you know, I play no favorites!

The ancient Egyptians used to bury a man's possessions with him. Modern Americans leave them for the relatives to fight over.

And have you heard of the sad plight of the movie-tone singer who dislocated his jaw trying to keep in time with a slow motion picture?

Hit Him, Men!

Then there's the one about the Scotchman who stood on a busy street corner with a slice of bread in his hand waiting for a jam to form.

"How do you remember Sue's phone number?"

"Oh, it's simple when you systematize it. Mary's is Fairchild 390 and Sue's is just like it, only the first figure is 1, and the second is a 4 instead of a 9, and the third is 8 in place of 0 and then there is an extra 8 on the end. Of course you have to remember that Sue's is Badger instead of Fairchild, but when you memorize that, it's easy, just Badger 1488."



"I hear your Uncle Horace has come to pay a visit?"

"Yeah, reckon he'll stop a spell."

"I suppose you'll have some good times with Horace around?"

"Yeah, 'spect we will, Uncle Horace was always full o' fun."

"You'll be sorry to see him go, won't you?"

"Well, yes and no, you see Uncle Horace was always kind o' queer. We generally keep the silver locked up when he comes. He has a habit o' sorta pickin' up things. Course we never say anything outside the family about it."

"Oh, I see, he's a kleptomaniac, eh?"

"Hmm, I dunno, we always thought he was a little crooked."



"Did you go to Prom?"

"Of course not! You know I have a weak stomach!"



Karl Kampus: How long before Doris will make her appearance?

Little Sister: She's upstairs making it now.



"The Better Things in the Drama"

"After all, the movies will never be able to compete with the legitimate theater. The stage calls for intelligence whereas the movies only blah. . ."

"Quit true. After all, what are the movies anyway—nothing but pretty women and handsome men—really awfully cheap stuff, you know."

"The stage is the only medium for artistic pursuit. . ."

"Oh yes, by the way the Ibsen club is giving a marvelous impressionistic thing tonight. . ."

"Oh, is that so? What a shame I'll have to miss it. You see, it just happens I was going to see Vilma Vamp in 'Her He-Man' down at the Bijou. . ."

"What a coincidence! It just happens I was going too. . ."

"But as I was saying—the movies are pretty cheap. . ."

"Ah yes, pretty cheap."

—C. A. B.

We Sit in on a Discussion Group in the Experimental College

"... you know, old Plato always managed to get in a coupla fast ones. . ."

"... ya bet ... say, hand me a match. . ."

"... and as for communism ... say, I bet there ain't more than two Christians in this ole worl anyway ... leavin' out Xanthiopenes. . ."

"Ain't that the bunk though ... this line he's handin' us. Say, was you born in a cellar and never brung up?"

"Gosh, that was a hot one back when I was a kid ... and as for morality ... the Greeks sure had the right idea on that ... after all instincts is instincts and law can't change 'em. . ."

"Ain't that the gripe, though, this prohibition. . ."

"Tut ... tut ... now you are getting into contemporaneous affairs. American civilization is to be studied next year."

"Gee, pardon me. As I was sayin' old Aristotle hands me a big laugh ... will you give me them cigarettes, damn you?"

—C. A. B.



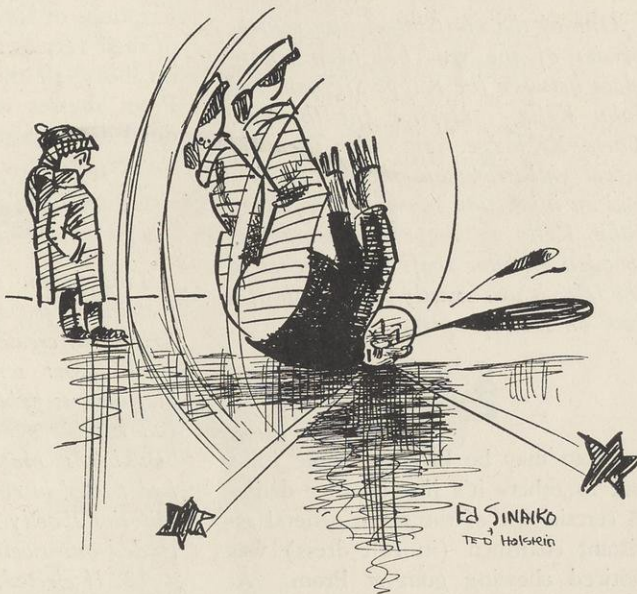
"My brother was a four letter man last year."

"Cut the comedy."

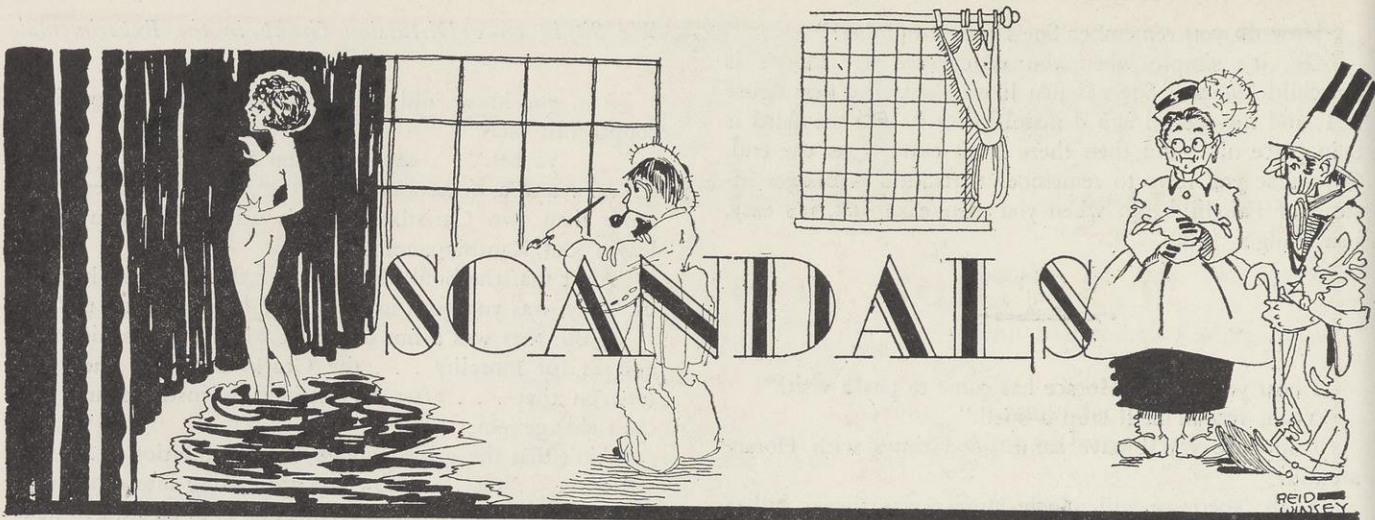
"Honest. And all from the dean."



Word has it that a Scotchman once gave a tip to a waiter—but the horse failed to run.



Small Boy: Ya gotta do it agin', mister, ya fergot to go "boom"



By Sinus and The Rover Boys

Mrs. Jones, the Chi Omega house mother, has the window of her room opening just above the Delta Gamma back door. One night, before Christmas, she had heard the milk man come and go, and was just turning over for another little snooze, when she was almost startled out of her bed by the bumping of a half dozen quarts of good rich milk down the stairs. She would have thought no more of the incident if she hadn't immediately afterwards heard a sweet feminine voice say, "Hell, we've knocked over the milk." Mrs. Jones can't stand swearing.



One of the most interesting controversies of the year has been taking place between the Kappa Sigs and one John Kelly, contractor for the new Theta Xi lodge. In order to avoid actual embarrassment the Kappa Sigs had an injunction sworn out requiring John Kelly to move his temporary wooden elevator shaft three inches to the left; it was exactly one fourth of a foot on their property.



Prom may be Prom to some folks but to others it's just another dance. A certain one of the seven general assistant chairmen (in full dress) was noticed chewing gum at Prom. At second glance it was noticed that his partner was likewise indulging.

Something Phoney About This

This cold weather has driven most of the Drive parkers indoors. Porter Butts is worried because, not once, but many times he has found couples using the Union telephone booths as parking areas. The Union is an upright institution. This should be stopped.



What about the fraternity on Langdon, between Frances and Henry, where the brothers looked in the Cardinal one morning and saw the descriptions of seven of the Prom gowns of their very own girl friends? Cheer up, boys, all the girls who had their Prom dresses described in the Cardinal didn't go to Prom.



This fellow Bubbert, whose anti-fraternity campaign for presidency of Tripp hall created such a chaos, pulled some rather sensational stuff in his platform as published in the Cardinal. But his more esoteric bulletin, called "Bubbert's Magna Carta" which he had posted in every section of the dormitories shortly before the election included one swell plank:

12. If elected, I shall do my best to obtain younger and better-looking maids for the dormitories.

Old timers of Madison have been wondering what has become of William Ellery Leonard this winter. They miss him on the lower campus rink where he spent one-fourth of his time skating and the remainder in chasing small urchin hockey and tag-players off the ice. The kids are worse than ever this year, Prof. Leonard.



The garage fire on University avenue early in January was not without its humorous aspects, but one that strikes us vehemently is the one about the fraternity man who gained entrance into a grocery store adjacent to the fire on the pretext of being a reporter wanting to use a telephone. Everything was roses until the proprietor discovered him walking out the front door with the cash register in his arms.



The Chi Phi's have at last moved into their new house. No more will the Editor, News Editor, and Theater Editor of the Cardinal have to crowd into the one tiny bathroom of mornings along with the Editor, and half the Badger staff. There are five of them (meaning bathrooms) in the new place.

Peggy Paige Presents Ensembles for Spring

For spring, Peggy Paige presents the ensemble costume in its most charming aspect. The ensemble illustrated at right joins the embroidered painted coat with the monotone frock. The frock—smartly tailored of beige crepe—has a pleated skirt and gracefully draped girdle. The long coat, painted in modernistic oblongs of tan and brown, is further animated by ubiquitous embroidery.....\$69.50

Other smart Peggy Paige ensembles are.....\$39.50



The Ultra-Modern Frock

Embroiders a Striking Blouse

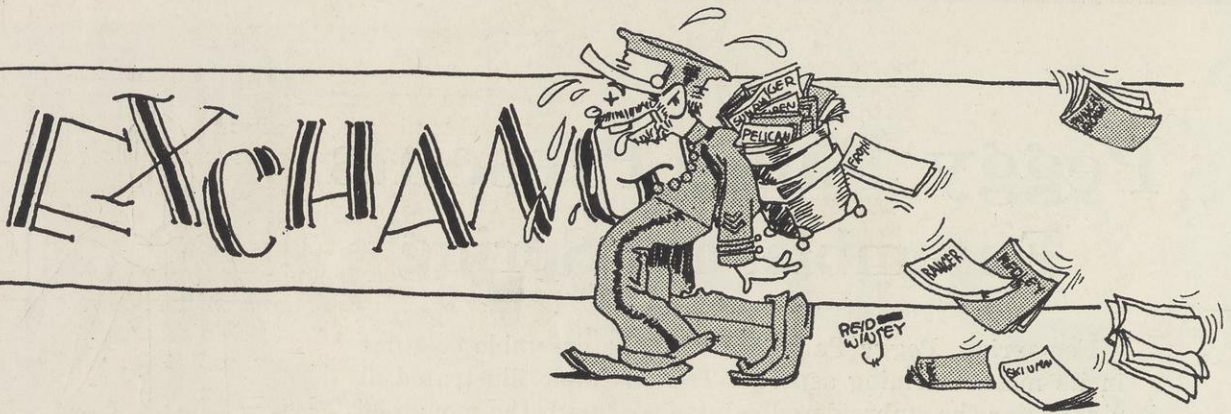


Every Peggy Paige frock has its own smart individuality—and new models are being constantly received by Kessenich's. The dashing little frock shown at the left has a blouse hand-painted in modernistic patterns. The design is further emphasised by Sheffi embroidery. The black crepe skirt is banded with green and white, repeating the colors of the blouse. It is most reasonably priced at...\$39.50

Peggy Paige frocks are exclusive in Madison with Kessenich's. The one-of-a-kind models are cleverly chosen as the smart types that college girls demand. Come in and choose one of these smart frocks or ensembles for spring.

Kessenich's

State at Fairchild



Two Mexican athletes were discussing their respective abilities to see and hear. One said, "Do you see that barn over there on the horizon?"

"Yes."

"Can you see that fly walking around on the roof of the barn?"

"No, but I can hear the shingles crack every time he steps on them."

—Pup

And then on the right, in the padded cell, we have the pitiful case of the man who tried to describe a waffle to an Englishman.

—Ghost

How Times Have Changed!!

Formerly: Children should be seen and not heard.

Now: Children should be obscene but not absurd.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind



—Widow

He: But dear, the engine is hot and it really needs to rest.

She: Oh yes, of course. That is your pet excuse.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind

When better girls are made they won't be half so interesting.

—Humbug

Just yesterday we realized with horror that we have been giving the Coop our telephone number.

—Harvard Lampoon

Lady: I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please.

Polite Clerk: Yes, madam, white kid?

Lady: Sir!

—Princeton Tiger



"Come In or I'll Shoot!"

—Cornell Widow

"Let's go down and watch the women's crew."

"Why?"

"The paper says the coach now has the girls rowing in combinations."

—Widow

Lots of English

Lord Egree: The first game of cricket was started in London in the thirteenth century.

Cynic: Who is winning?

—Siren



AT THE MASQUERADE

LADY CYNTHIA—Milord, you're a perfect Chesterfield...

LORD CHESTERFIELD—Milady, every Chesterfield is perfect!

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

The tobaccos in Chesterfield cigarettes are blended and

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

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



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Jack Confers with His Advisor

"Let's see, you've got your program all made out, have you? Well, that's fine. O mercy, you must continue Economics. I know it's hard, but you ought to have it. So that will change your program some—won't it? Let's see, now that conflicts with Sociology—I wouldn't bother with that anyway if I were you, it's pretty thin. Hmm! And we might just as well cross off this Contemporary Literature course—you ought to be reading those things anyway. Hmm. No Political Science! You must have political science! I know it's a bore, but it's one of the requirements and we might just as well work off our requirements first. Well that conflicts with your French course, doesn't it? Well, perhaps, you'd better take this other French course—it's a little harder and it doesn't amount to much but then—hmm! Have you ever thought of taking Greek, Mr. Adams? I learned it when I was a sawfmore at cawlege. You really must take it some time."

—C. A. B.

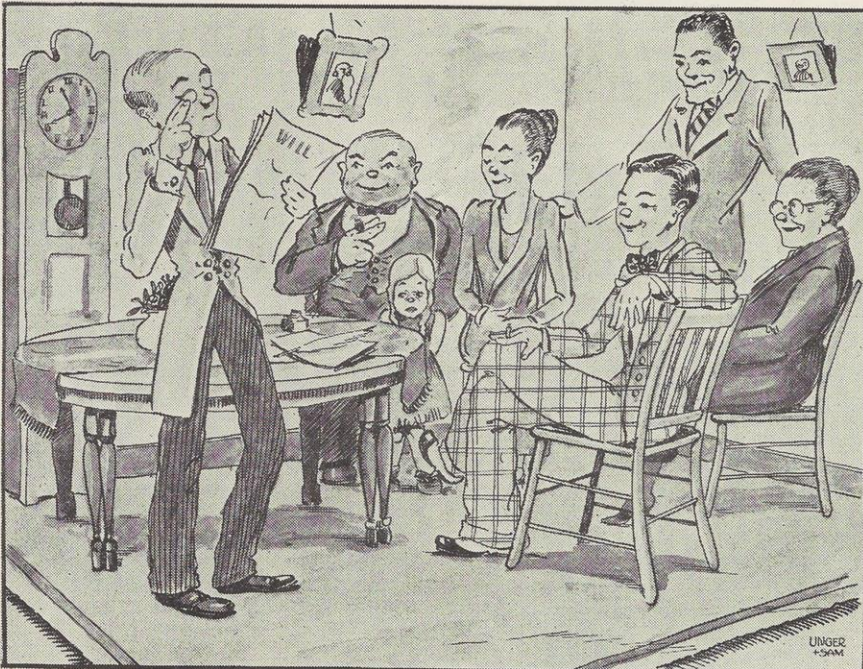
Mamma (the stone age parent): Willie, don't always be complaining, it isn't every day in the week we have nice roast giraffe for dinner."

Willie: But Ma, do I always have to eat the neck?

Here's A Variation

"Say waiter, remove this soup, it has a foreign body in it."

"Sorry sir, it must be the cook's glass eye again, he can't tell the difference in the oyster soup, sir."



Now Would You Call This a Good Will Gathering?

A Syllogism

1. Cleanliness is next to Godliness.
2. Godliness is impossible.
3. Therefore, cleanliness is next to impossible.

"Have you heard the monkey song?"

"No, what is it?"

"Fleas a Jolly Good Fellow."

"Ouch!" Said the Male Man

"Gloria, there is something I want to ask you," said Herbert.

"Yes, Herbert," said Gloria, "I'm listening."

"You're sailing the first, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am, Herbert."

"Well, are you going to England?"

"Yes, Herbert."

"Well, you'll write to me, won't you?"

"Yes, Herbert."

"Well, you are going to France, aren't you?"

"Yes, Herbert."

"Well, you'll write to me, won't you?"

"Yes, Herbert."

"And you'll write me from Spain if you go, won't you?"

"Yes, and I'm going to Italy too, you know."

"Oh gee, I'm so thrilled about your trip, I'm saving stamps."

—Bob

Ouch!

*The joys of travel
Are these three:
Tours, trophies,
And absence from thee.*
—Marcia

"My girl acts like Hell all the time."

"Like Hell?"

"Yeh. Hot."

Patient: Wheww! One hundred dollars! I'll fool those Doctors; I won't have the operation. . . .

When Men Get Together in the Union or their offices



—If they talk shop at all—their conversation on policies, methods, or what have you has some direct bearing upon printing.

Ideas can't be put into execution, committees can't function, correspondence can't be written, business can't go on unless there are the prerequisites of forms, stationery, booklets, and so on.

And gratifying it is to us of the Democrat Printing Company to realize that in the realm of student activities our concern is usually first suggested when it is necessary to resupply on these prerequisites.

"Let's go down to the Democrat and see what sort of a program they will lay out for us", or "send Jack down to the Democrat to get these tickets printed in a hurry," say the live-wire student leaders.

This confidence is appreciated and, we feel, merited.

DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY
114 S. Carroll Street - - Badger 486-487-488
MADISON WISCONSIN

Al Thompson

Announces

the following Orchestras
for second semester
parties

Clarence Barto
"Bob" Berigan
"Bunny" Lyons
Frank Rohrer
"Cec" Brodt
Merrill Owens

Phone Badger 2020

(Continued from page 20)

waiter "Chianti," or "Asti Spumanti", and he will bring you something satisfactory.

France

Separated from Italy by the Alps and the Swiss navy. The language is French, except in Paris, where American is spoken exclusively. The only phrase you need to remember is, "rien moins cher?" (not *chérie*), which means, "haven't you anything less ritzy?" The answer is always no.

Paris. If you have heard the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise, rural France need not detain you. Once in Paris—and you can't afford to go twice—ask someone to point out the Eiffel tower, or *tour Eiffel* in French. That will serve as a landmark. A peculiarity of the Paris atmosphere is that after a few hours in Paris, many Americans see two Eiffel towers—or, *deux tours Eiffel*.

England

The English language requires long study. My advice is not to attempt it unless you were in an advanced section. To think that a few expressions like "Cheerio," "topping," and "priceless," will suffice is a great mistake.

London. Get tickets at once for the Picadilly Circus. Oxford Circus is not so good. And be sure to see Cleopatra's Needle; it will correct your prejudice against that misunderstood queen to study this evidence of her domesticity.

The rest of England is not interesting. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge are very backward, though some of the fraternity houses—called "colleges"—were nice buildings when they were first put up, a long time ago. But the whole of England is on a very small scale. There is no comparison between the English lakes and Lake Michigan, and those of us who are used to the roadhouses around Madison will find the English inns very dull indeed.

Other Places

Little else in Europe need delay the tourist. Even the Kaiser has left Germany. Belgium and Holland are so small that you usually pass through them without noticing them while you are hunting for your ticket. You can see the midnight sun in Norway, but

who wants to see the sun at that time? Spain is very unhandily located. There are a lot of little countries in the lower right hand corner of the map, but if they are anything like the things you find in gift shops that are supposed to be manufactured there, I don't want to see them.

She: Every time I come to Minnesota I have to change to my heavy undies. You know, I'm from Georgia.

He: That so? I'm from Missouri.

She: Sir!!!

—Ski-U-Mab

"What did the boss do when you told him it was triplets?"

"He promoted me to the head of my department."

"What department are you in?"

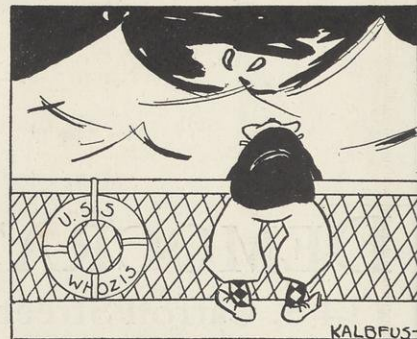
"Production."

—Brown Jug

Weren't you afraid of gettin' pinched in that dress you wore to the Prom?

Naw, that gown wasn't as tight as that!

—Belle Hop



And he went to Europe by rail,
Whooppee!

—Witt

O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants, Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street

for

Nearly A Half Century

Our Goal Is

Better and better printing service

Straus Printing Co.

118 East Main Street

Phone Badger 1763

Do you lead—or just follow?

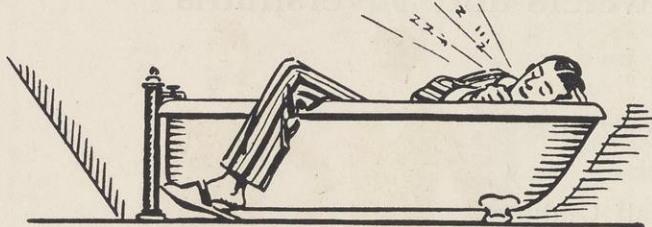
—If you desire to be ahead of the next person, in matters of dress, may we suggest that you drop in and inspect our line of spring suitings now

HOAK & DUNN

Gelvin's of Madison

644 State Street

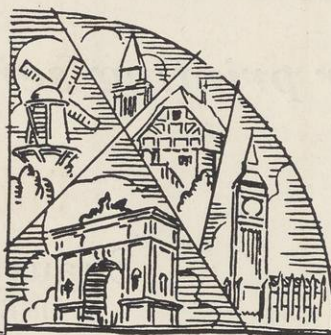
He slept in a bathtub...?!!



BECAUSE—as usual all the STCA cabins were sold—and he simply had to go—all his friends were aboard—he'd intended to book anyway—it was a case of take him or he'd stow away—

STCA

is the way to Europe maintained entirely for college people and those of similar tastes (applications required)—at the infinitesimal round trip rate of \$184.50 to \$208, Tourist Third Cabin—beside comfort, cleanliness,



and careful cuisine you find the best lecturers, crack college orchestras—and all your friends—Europe means more the STCA way—Avoid the bathtub predicament—Book early and don't be left waving on the Pier!



See . . .

Perry Thomas
425 Hawthorne Court

or the

**STUDENT
THIRD CABIN
★ ASSOCIATION**
HOLLAND-AMERICA-LINE
24 STATE STREET
NEW YORK

{ Don't miss the STCA movie when it comes to town! }

(Continued from page 13)

The fellow laughs, and slaps him on the back, and says he guessed we was all right.

When we got out on the street again, Biggs hands me the list of fraternities and addresses. "Now," he says, we're goin' to get busy. Your job is to learn the names and locations of all these houses within the next half hour." With that he walks off down the street leavin' me standin' there. "I'll meet you here at three o'clock," he calls out over his shoulder.

I started in to memorize those names, but had to get the fellow in the store to help me pronounce 'em. After about a quarter of an hour I got so I was fairly sure of 'em. They was mostly all on a couple of streets so it didn't take long to locate 'em.

As it was I waited near ten minutes for Biggs, and was just startin' out to look for him when he come down the street in the opposite direction, walkin' fast and talkin' to a little short man who just walked and listened. Biggs spotted me, and the two stops, and he introduces me to Mr. McCurdy.

"C'mon," he says, and I follows along behind 'em. Pretty soon we stops in front of a vacant lot. At some time a little dinky sheet iron building had been put up there, and probably used by some third rate dealer in school kid candy. It looked as if no one had touched it for a couple of years and was all rusty in spots.

"Well, boys," says Mr. McCurdy, "here she is. Couldn't find a neater little place if you tried. Course, don't look like much, but with a coat of paint on there, and get them windows washed up, and a snappy sign out in front, and she'll look pretty cozy. 'Tell you what, I'll come down a bit just to show you my heart's in the right place, and you can have this for five dollars a week."

Biggs says, "H-m-m-m," and we all walks over to it. The inside was all covered in dirt and cobwebs, and there was a lot of old newspapers and boxes on the floor, but even I could see it was just what we wanted, and I started to tell Mr. McCurdy so, when Biggs nudges me to shut up.

"Mr. McCurdy," he says, "we can't pay that sum for a building in this condition. Why, look, nothing furnished except a couple of chairs and an old counter; the roof sags; and the outside isn't even painted! Nope, I'm afraid we can't take it, and you say that's all you've got? Well, much obliged," and he starts movin' off, motionin' for me to follow.

Mr. McCurdy looks kinda' funny for a second, and then he says, "Well, come now, boys, maybe we could reconsider. I ain't the one to haggle over a few dollars, an' I'm interested in you boys. Tell you, now, you can paint it at your own expense, an' I'll let you have it for three-fifty a week. What say?"

"Sold!" says Biggs, and we starts off with McCurdy for the office. In fifteen minutes everything was signed, and we left, leavin' McCurdy lookin' sorta' pleased, and with Biggs whisperin' in my ear that it was the biggest bargain we could have picked up.

"Now," he says, "we've got just twenty-one dollars and fifty cents left with which to start in business. Take this

money and go buy some pails, brushes, cloths, and broom, and scrub and clean that shack until it yells. I'm going to do some purchasing of my own."

"Thanks!" I says, real sarcastic, as he shoves a bill in my hand.

Now maybe I ain't known from coast to coast for bein' a hard worker, but I'm here to tell you I sure spread myself on that old building. I swept out the rubbish and burned it; I brushed down all the cobwebs and carted out the boxes; I scrubbed the floor and washed every piece of wood in the place; and I polished the windows 'till they showed like street car rails, and finally sat down and panted like a dog. I tell you you wouldn't have recognized the building.

And just as I was sittin' there wonderin' where Biggs was all this time, up drives a great big rickety truck, and he hops off the back. "C'mere and help us with this stuff," he says pointin' in my direction.

I wish you could have seen all the junk. There was an old table; a three-legged bureau with a cracked mirror on top; an ironing board; a big double army cot; a couple of washtubs; an old sign-board, and about ten buckets of paint about half used, and of every color you could think of. The driver helped us unload, and then Biggs paid him off.

"Well," he says, "we've got just fourteen dollars left."

"Where," I asks, grunting as I tries to squeeze through the door with the tubs, "did you pick up all this stuff for seven dollars?"

"Seven-fifty," he comes back, "Got it at a second hand store. Regular gold mine. Get anything you want for one-third the original price and just about as good as new. By day after tomorrow we're goin' to be started in business. Tonight we're going to be working late."

"What doin'?"

"Painting this shack inside and out. Ought to finish it by tomorrow."

"Yeh," I says, "that'll be great fun paintin' in the dark without a light."

"All the light we need," he says. "Look out in front at that ornamental street light, and then across at that big electric sign. Both of 'em will be turned on when it gets dark, and they're going to show enough so as to let us see what we're doing."

We was quiet for awhile, movin' stuff around in the building, putting up our cot, and makin' our living quarters half-way respectable in the back of the shop, when all of a sudden I looks out the window.

"Biggs!" I yells.

"What?" he asks, comin' over to the door with me.

"Look!" I says, "that sign across the street has gone on! We've gone and rented a place across from the largest dry cleaning place in town!"

Well, he looks at me, and I looks at him, and then we both sits down on the steps and busts out laughin'.

(Continued on next page)

SMARTNESS WITH PARISIENNE STYLING



DRESSES

that are replicas
of French models

Chic in their simplicity
the gay spring prints
are just the thing for
classroom wear.

New scarf effects, bows
and flounces feature the
correct afternoon frock
which comes in navy
georgette and all the
new spring shades.

\$10

\$15

\$25

The Correct Dress for the Coed

Stewart Smart Shop

227 State Street

Start the semester right with the
correct means of transporta-
tion. Our cars, service,
and prices will please
you

BADGER RENT-A-CAR CO.

Fairchild 2099

--

State at Henry

MAXIMUM DISCOUNT
GIVEN IN

CASH

AT TIME OF PURCHASE

WE ALWAYS WANT TO
BUY MORE BOOKS
FOR CASH

Gatewood's

The Students Book Exchange
WALT GIBSON MGR.

(Continued from page 35)

III

Well, sir, I wish you could have seen us paint. While it was gettin' dark, Biggs lays out a rough outline in heavy pencil in a sorta' futuristic pattern, or whatever you call this modern stuff with all the angles and lightnin' zigzags in it. He says we didn't have enough paint of one kind so we might as well be right up to the minute and make it real fancy with all the different colors we had.

I would paint while Biggs'd map out the pattern. Then by the time he'd finish one I'd catch up to him, and he'd tell me what kind of color to use, and then we'd go at it again. We used every color we had, and it sure was some startling job. First there'd be a long jagged streak of orange; then next to it would come another of blue; then a small notched circle of red and some splashes of green. I painted 'till my wrist was so sore I could hardly move it, and then Biggs took my brush and went after it.

At eleven-thirty both the lights went out and left us standing there in the dark. I lets out a whoop of thanks and starts puttin' away my brush, when Biggs says, "Wait a minute!" and he goes inside and starts rummaging around. Pretty soon he comes out with an old kerosene lantern.

"I kinda' thought," he says, "that this'd come in handy some time. Anyway, it was thrown in with the tubs for nothing."

Then we took turns holding the lantern and painting with the other hand. Talk was kinda' scarce and only

ON THOSE FEW OCCASIONS

When you step out to invest in clothing for the season, it pays well to step into the right store to select the right clothes. The College Shop, featuring Braeburn University Clothes, should be your first stopping place in your quest for authentically styled Spring clothing.

THE COLLEGE SHOP

NEXT TO THE LOWER CAMPUS

broke out now and then. I was just on the point of askin' Biggs about how long that jug of naptha'd last us, and how much the stuff'd cost a barrel, when I noticed he'd stopped painting, and was starin' at somethin' across the street.

A small touring car had pulled up at Grecko Brothers, which was the name of the wop dry cleaning place, and a man had jumped out. He knocked soft-like on the door, and it was opened a crack, and then he went in. Pretty soon he come out again, this time with a couple of great big fellows. The three of 'em was all talkin' fast. Finally the big fellows started to unload some suitcases from the car. Then all of a sudden the fellow from the car grabs hold of their arms.

"No, by God!" he says, "you don't get this shipment 'till ya' pay for the last! You skinned me out of one case last time an' I didn't say nothin'; you've been thinnin' the stuff out and tellin' all over that my booze ain't no good; and the last check you gave wasn't no good. Now give me cash or go to hell!" and he stands there ready to jump in the car. They all stands there a minute, and then the two big fellows didn't say nothin', so the other man turns and starts to get in the car. Just as he was turnin' one of the big wops reaches around in his back pocket.

"Duck!" yells Biggs, sudden like from clear across the street, and the fellow from the car squats down just in time to miss a nasty swipe with a black-jack.

"Why you dirty . . .!" he jells, jumpin' up and grabbin' the fellow's arm. "Take that!" and he knocks him down

(Continued on next page)

Spring Ensembles

and

Sports Dresses

by Claire Tiffany give you
the latest in style at the
most reasonable prices.

Tiffany's

524 State

Reserved
for
Collegiate Special
Advertising Agency

(Continued from page 37)

with a hook to the jaw. Then he takes him by the feet and drags him in the doorway where the other guy had run. "Now," he yells, "ever try a stunt like that again and I'll drill ya' both, and he walks over to the car and drives away. "Thanks!" he calls out over his shoulder in the general direction of our place.

"Well," I says, at last, "did you know you was helpin' a bootlegger?"

"Sure," says Biggs, "that doesn't make any difference. I'm not going to stand here and let those dirty sneaks try and get away with what they tried to."

It was three o'clock before we finally finished the outside of the shack. We was both so tired we just crawled inside, undid our blankets and slept on the floor. The last thing I heard was Biggs stumbling against one of the washtubs.

I don't think I'd been asleep more'n five minutes when I felt someone shakin' me and yellin' in my ear. I opens my eyes, and there was Biggs standin' over me, and it was broad daylight. "Have to get up," he says, "it's nine o'clock and I've got half the counter painted already."

You coulda' heard me groan in China. "Whatta' 'bout breakfast?" I asks, sleepy like.

"Here!" he says, shovin' out a bottle of milk, a ring of sausage, and a loaf of bread, "this has got to do us through the day. Every night we'll go to some restaurant and get a good meal, but morning and noon we've got to go light so as to keep down expenses."

All that day we worked like Japs. It seemed as though we didn't stop a minute. We finished painting the inside by doing the counter and table in a real nice light apple green and the chairs and cornices in red. Biggs went down and saw about getting the light and water turned on, and had some cheap chintz curtains stitched up for the front window. Meantime, I was raking the dinky little yard and making a brick walk out of some old brick from a house they was tearin' down near us. Then with the bricks that was left I banked up dirt all around the front and made some neat little flower beds on three sides. Biggs took our sign-board and made a real handsome sign with the paint we had left over. It said in big red letters, not too big:

THE CRAZY-QUILT SHOP

"Your Neckties Cleaned and Made Like New for
Ten Cents"

WE CALL AND DELIVER

We was standin' there lookin' at and admirin' the sign when all of a sudden my jaw drops, and I began to suspect somethin'. "Biggs," I says "what does that last line mean?"

"You," he says, without lookin' at me.

"I thought so!" I says.

(To be Continued)

Co (giving her flipper an outing in her roadster):
Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?

Ed (expectantly): Yes, indeed.

Co: Well, keep your eyes open, we'll drive by there pretty soon.

—Tawney Kat

"I see by the paper that a widower with nine children has married a widow with seven children."

"That was no marriage. That was a merger."

—Oregon Orange Owl

Footie: Yoah feet suttinly mus' be built like camels.

Ease: Meanin' which?

Footie: Becuz dey can exist so powaful long widout watah.

—Panther

He: How do I go to find your house?

She: Well, you come down Thirty-sixth street to Figueroa—the University candy shop is on the corner—and after you come out of there, turn to the right and I live on the next corner.

—Wampus

Temperance Advocate: If you give up drinking beer you will live to be eighty.

Villager: It is too late for me to do that.

Temperance Advocate: Not at all.

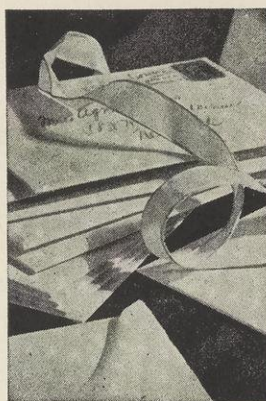
Villager: But, I am eighty-one already.

—Frivol

If Girls Bought Books Like They Buy Clothes

If you please. Well, I don't know exactly what I want. Something in a Spanish book. Well, I don't know—not anything blue this time. Don't you think orchid is nice, Lucile? You know I have so many blue books now. No, I don't seem to care for that, do you, Lucile? Have you something without that little gold whickie under the title? Yes, that's better—only not with red edges, please. It wouldn't look at all well with my econ book. Perhaps something in tan. There, Lucile, how do you think that would go with it? And come to think of it, that shade just matches my French reader too. Well, isn't that lucky? Yes, it's awfully cute and quite the right color, but I don't know. It just doesn't appeal to me somehow. Maybe something a little brighter. There, that's nice, but don't you think it's just a little wide, Lucile? No, I don't care for that. That one isn't quite the thing I was looking for. No, I don't believe so. Will you have some new ones in before Saturday? I really hadn't quite planned to buy one this afternoon. I'll come in then. Thank you so much. Come on, Lucile. Let's look at the Co-op. They had some awfully cute ones in the window.

—M. T.



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A Little Nuts, Please

Scene—National Tea-room.

Waitress: Hawaii, gentlemen? You must be Hungary to eat in a dump like this.

Customer: Yes, Siam. And we can't Rumania long, either. Venice lunch ready?

Waitress: I'll Russia to a table. Will you Havana?

Customer: Nome, we'd just as soon have you wait on us.

Waitress: Good. Japan the menu yet? The Turkey is Nice.

Customer: Anything at all, but can't Jamaica little speed? Ask the cook if we can get out in ten minutes.

Waitress: I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska.

Customer: Never mind—just put a Cuba sugar in my Java.

Waitress: Sweden it yourself; I'm only here to Servia.

Customer: Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He ought to Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am.

Waitress: No, and I don't Caribbean. You guys sure Armenia.

Boss: Samoa your smart cracks, is it? Don't Genoa customer is always right? What's got India? You think maybe this arguing Alps business?

Customer: Oh, Canada racket; Spain in the neck. I won't leave her any Tipperary manners griped me so much. Gobi.

—Purple Parrot

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The Girl Fren Sez:

"If what they can't see won't hurt them, why not let them see it?"

—Sniper

Smart: Why do women carry money in their stockings?
Smarter: Because it draws interest.

—Cougar's Paw

And then there is the Scotchman who put a quarter in his mouth and had someone tie his hands behind him so he wouldn't get sea sick.

—Aggievator

She: Who brought Doris to the party? She can't dance.
He: Who said anything about dancing?

—State Lion

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(Continued from page 23)

been slapped since the old days when
papa took them out in the woodshed.

Hard Boiled Eggs!

Strange as it may seem, I only remember one of the so called dances. The maidens came out, did their usual prance, and then each of them selected a man and invited him to dance. There is, without a doubt, some novelty connected to dancing with a girl clad "Au naturelle".

We left a little later, about four in the morning, and walked to the nearest open air restaurant for food. The great French night food is hard boiled eggs. We ate five, while watching a Nubian and a white girl go through a regular outer-drive workout in the stall next to us. All of a sudden a crowd seemed to gather in front of the restaurant. The people in the place stood up, joined hands with the rest, and skipping out into the street, played the old game of ring around the rosy. First the men would all fall down, and then the women would follow suit. (Nor did they go boom.) From such sport as this the crowd

turned to post office and other games. In the midst of the fun one of the girls came up to me and spoke, in French, much as William Jennings Bryan must have spoken in behalf of free silver.

"What," I said mildly to myself, "the Hell is she talking about? No! I won't buy a drink! I might as well have another myself, though . . ."

"Say, Cabbie, can you take us home?" We saw the Eiffel tower the next day.

Larry got acquainted with a young lady who had the bathhouse across from him and they wagered a box of cigars against a box of candy to see which could get dressed the fastest.

Larry was the first to call to the girl, "I've got my stockings on."

Sally called sweetly, "So have I."

Then Larry called, "I have my shoes on."

Sally again, "So have I."

A moment later Larry said, "I've got my pants on."

Silence.

—Blue Gator

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(Continued from page 16)
into Sir Toby's face. "Please!" he roared, holding up his hand and dancing around, "May I be excused, sir?" "Ha ha!" said Sir Toby again.

Heat, blistering, withering, scorching heat! It wilted our collars and mildewed the meat; it dried out the jungle and swelled up our feet! Vo do deo do! A little more gravy, please!

At last I could stand it no longer, so I sat down. The idea caught like wild-fire. Soon everyone was sitting down. Great brawny men who hadn't sat down for years were sprawled out like children, grateful tears streaming down their roughened old faces. And so in this way, alternately sitting and standing, we finally reached port and a supply of Corn Lotion.

"Huzzah!" cried the little knot of men, waving their caps in the air and nervously biting their nails. "A cheer fer 'im, boys!"

"No!" I said firmly, bursting into tears, "I want to go home! I've been a poor fish—I've got a catch in my voice now." And so with the band playing Beautiful Ohio Shore I sailed out of the harbor never to return.

Omar says, "Where there is method, there is badness."

—Pup

"Whence the holes in the dress, Aloha?"

"Truly, Aloma, I was on a tear last night."

—Dirge

He: Don't you dare scream, girl.

She: Why not, pray?

He: All right, pray then, but it won't do you any good.

—Ski-U-Mah

She (drawing away): Oh, that reminds me. . . .

He: What?

She: I forgot to order onions with the steak for tomorrow's dinner.

—Blue Baboon



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Life is Like That

He was a boy of twenty, not very strong, and he was sobbing as though his heart would break.

"What's the matter? Who hit you?" queried a passer-by.

"A-a-a b-b-b-ig fellow!" choked the boy, vainly striving to dry his tears.

"But why?" pressed the stranger, interested, sympathetic.

"B-b-b-ecause I t-t-old a joke!" sniffled the lad.

"Because you told a joke!" laughed the inquisitor.

"Y-yes, we were cracking puns, and I-I"—here the boy broke down and burst into tears again.

"But what did you do or say?"

"I-I just asked him whether he had ever heard about the French-English student who wished his mother a happy hallucination as he kissed her before going to bed."

"A happy hallucination!"

"Y-y-es, the student said 'good night mere'."

The passerby swung once, twice. The boy commenced sobbing afresh as he picked himself up from the street. He never knew why he was hit.



It wouldn't be necessary to kiss and make up if some fellows were more careful about the way they kiss.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind

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She: Gee, if I don't look out I'll flunk out of school.

He: Well, why don't you get hot and study?

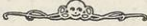
She: That's the trouble, when I get hot I can't study.

—Kitty Kat



And then there is the sad plight of the deaf and dumb man who fell over a cliff and caught his pants on a tree and wore out two fingers calling for help.

—Beanpot



He: Never tell a secret around chairs.

She: Why?

He: Because chairs are talebearers.

—Yellow Jacket



"Sambo, yo' ain't got no sense at all."

"Mandy, Ah'll have yo' know Ah's de most sensuous man in de world!"

—Medley

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"At one time," says Maggie, who appeared at the left of Josie and Mildred, we were so timid that we would scream at the mere sight of a pedestrian being run down and squashed like a tomato by a truck. Josie was so bashful she would get red in the face whenever she drank a quart of gin. Mildred was so modest she wore cotton stockings on her cork leg. As for myself, I actually blushed once when the shoulder straps to my evening gown broke and I barely got off the dance floor. But now all is changed.

"One night some practical joker left a dead cat on our front porch. It was wrapped in an Octopus. With idle curiosity the three of us grouped ourselves around the cat and leafed through the magazine. It was like a breath of fresh air in a pool hall. Quickly we flung the cat to one side and read the fascinating periodical from cover to cover. We have been avid readers of it ever since and can truthfully say that we owe our present popularity and vim to the 'King Of Kollege Komiks'—the Octopus."

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"Did you fall for him?"
 "No, but I sure slipped."

—Voo Doo

"You're fat."
 "Well, in the best places they say one is stout."
 "Well, in the best places you're fat."

—Brown Jug

"That rooster is the cockiest thing I've ever seen."
 "Is that right? He used to be a good egg."

—Ohio Green Goat

Old Lady: You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?
 Little Boy: No mum, but I could let you have a cigarette.

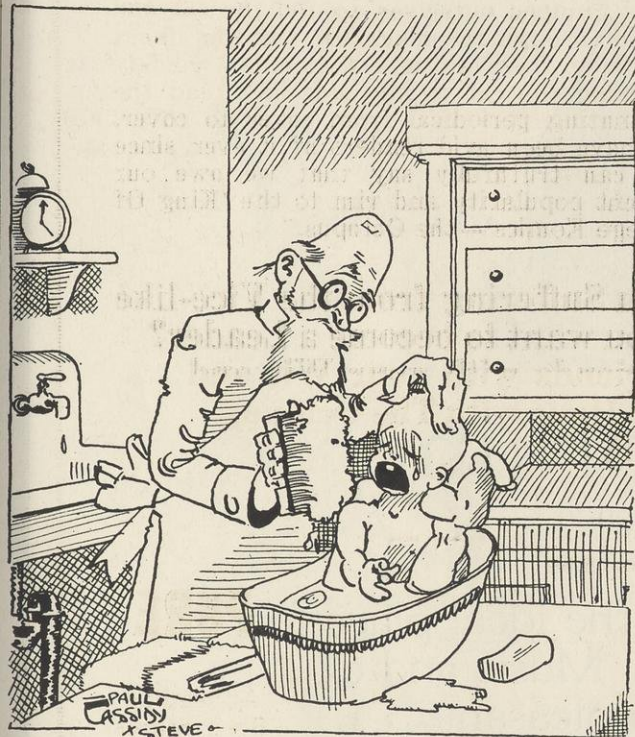


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Is it so different after all—this world beyond the campus gates?

Men in industry have their baskets to shoot at. They have their scores to make. Not on regulation courts, perhaps; but what of that? The principle is the same.

The five man Varsity becomes the five thousand, or fifty thousand, man industrial organization.

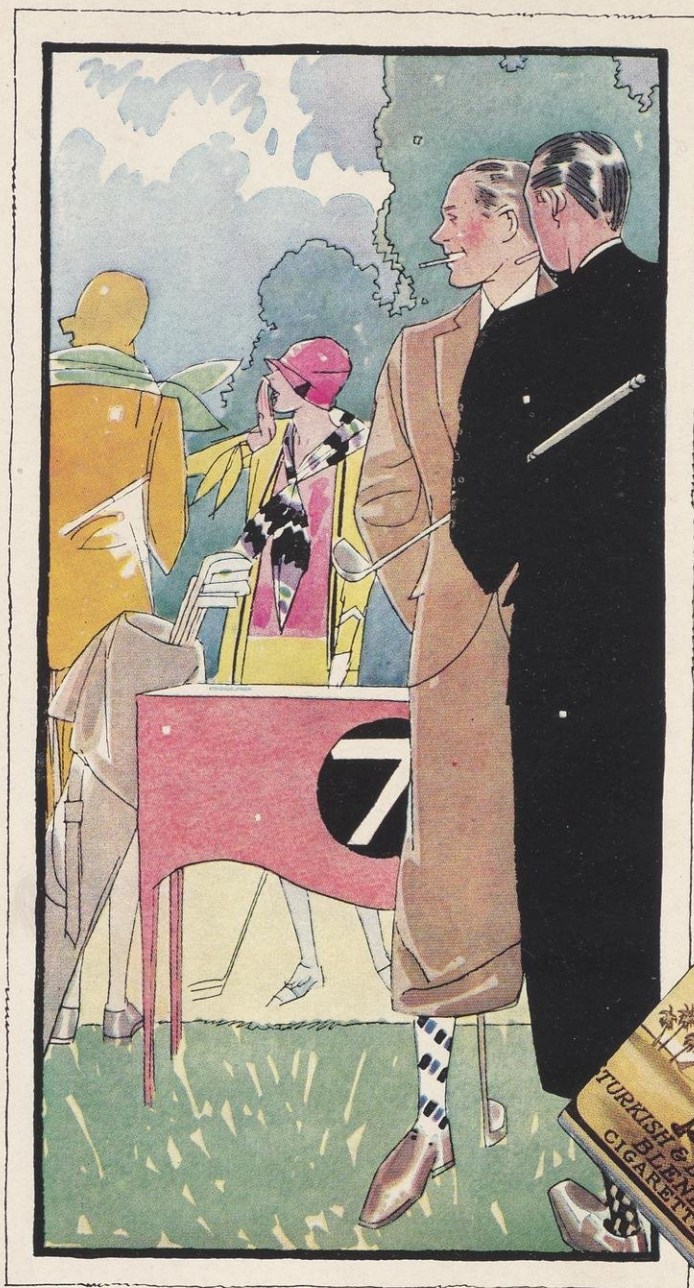
Not one opponent, but dozens, press in on all sides. From colloidal solutions to coordination of personnel, from electronic phenomena to fundamental commercial trends, the battle goes on.

Plenty of chances for the man with the mental training to match his wits against the questions of the day!



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