

The Octopus: Comepromize me!. Vol. 1, No. 2

January, 1920

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The Octopus



FRED
SPERRY

come PROM. lize me!

A Personality Portrait

IT is a Camera study of YOU.

A mere likeness is not enough—the portrait must express your individual qualities

Visit our Studio anytime

THE PORTRAIT STUDIO

"An institution of Personality"

PHONE BADGER 6813

608 STATE STREET

The Art Student . . .

Looking for new ideas visits the McKillop Art Shop where he finds both the old and new products of artistry.

There are pictures with frames that harmonize; there are odd examples of creative art in desk ornaments,—and many other things for your room

The McKillop Art Co.

650 State Street

"When The Clouds Roll By"—

Drop around to "Dad" Morgan's and celebrate. ☐ If said clouds roll too slow come in and you'll cheer up. ☐

MORGAN'S

534 STATE

"A Malted Milk will help"



**FITS-U
WINDSOR**
EYEGLASSES
"My prescription"
Ⓐ

Your Eyes
Deserve the BEST

Your Eyes should be fitted with eyeglasses that feel right and look right.

VICTOR S. MAURSETH
OPTOMETRIST
521 State Street

John Runkel

BARBER

Ready to Serve You

9 Chairs 9

"Never Loses a Customer"

SHOE REPAIRING

Is Done Expertly and Quickly by

TONY PIAZZA

1345 University Ave.

Your shoes will last longer if you have them repaired before their appearance is harmed.

"The tailor says he can promise me my trousers in a week."

"Breeches of promise, huh?"

"Why's Ruth taking calculus?"

"Oh, I guess she needs the curves."

Mamie, with a rusty axe.

Hit her brother fourteen cracks,

Brother died; now ain't that queer

Such a carelessness, my dear.

A jolly young chemistry tough,

While mixing a compounded stuff,

Dropped a match in the vial,

And after a while,

They found his front tooth and his cuff.

"The tailor made a new gown for the judge."

"Ah, a law suit!"

"It's better to love than to be loved," said the girl with three broken ribs.

John—"We make pancakes in our room every night."

Harry—"Where do you get the material?"

John—"Oh, out of the telephone box. That's where the batter is."

Satan (to the new arrival)—"So you're from Wisconsin?"

N. A.—"Yes, my lord."

S.—"And you had to use a locker in the gym?"

N. A.—"Yes, my lord."

S.—"Here, boy, ring up St. Peter and tell him to make room for this gentleman. He's suffered enough already."

Instructor from Boston—"I—I wonder, is it safe foah me to walk through the University fohrest?"

Varsity Out!

for

Chile Con Carne

at

Chili Al's Place



Resolved:

*To have a Wisconsin crew
at the big races.*

W

College Days

And the KODAK

YOUR college days come to an end only too quickly, and memory with its shortcomings soon blots out many worthwhile experiences and acquaintanceships which you are now enjoying.

THE more use you make of your Kodak now the more satisfaction you will get in after years—being able to live over again, as often as you like, the "times" you are now having and renew acquaintances that you now think will never grow dim.

Think it over—and take pictures now.

Kodaks

The **PHOTOART**
HOUSE

Kodak Finishing

WM. J. MEUER, PRESIDENT

212 State Street

"Time is heavy on my hands," said the burglar as he quietly took the watches from the jewelry shop.

"I hear that they are going to form an appendicitis club."

"Don't know; I'm not on the inside."
"Who's in it?"

"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

"Get another pair."



"Une charmant boutique"

A Charming Shop for Women

A Few Suggestions Please !

EXQUISITE BLOUSES

We have secured a group of dainty hand-embroidered Silk Georgettes, Silk Arlettes, Crepe de Chines, and Taffetas. *Mode Shop* blouses have that distinctive expression of individual charm.

CHEMISE and CAMISOLES

Anyone of our large assortment of under-garments will catch your appreciative eye. A garment selected from this collection will be of more than ordinary quality, and yet the price is very moderate.

SILK PETTIBOCKERS

These and also some very fine silk pettitcoats are made from Skinner's Silk carried by us exclusively. They are as serviceable as handsome. You will want them.

The MODE SHOP 433 STATE STREET

Madison's Only Exclusive Waist Shop

Manager—"What ails the human ostrich?"

Living Skeleton—"Oh, he's having trouble with a padlock and chain he ate yesterday."

Manager—"Another case of undigested securities, I see."

Minister (on Sunday afternoon)—"My son, what are you fishing for on the Sabbath?"

Small boy—"Why, fer fish, of course. What do you thing, elephunts?"

Sue—"Why do the wild waves roll?"

Prue—"Probably because they're ill-bred."

"What percent of your class entered the university?"

"Fifty percent."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, the other fellow couldn't come."

THE Singer Barber Shop

620 State Street



will add the finishing to
PROM

She—"If you kiss me, I'll call mother."

He—"But your mother isn't at home."

She—"I know it."

"Why did the coach roast the team?"

"Had to; they were on the gridiron."

Love is the flowergarden of existence, but we can't all be florists.

"What's Bangs profession?"

"He's a poet."

"Yes, I know, but what does he do for a living?"

Little Willie, yesterday,
Ate three bales of new mown hay.
Mother, startled at the sight,
Said, "My dear, how impolite!"

Bruised furniture

Will not look well at
your Prom Party.

Let us rejuvenate
those chairs before
Prom time.

We will call soon after you phone

FURNITURE REPAIR SHOP

Phone Badger 5461
328 State

You Can Use—

Riding Whips
Puttees
Traveling Bags
Belts
Leather Novelties

Visit the

**Madison Leather Goods
Company**

State Street

"Everything in Leather"

Fond mother—"My boy made Phi Beta Kappa in his Junior year."

Equally F. M.—"Well, now, isn't that remarkable? Do you know it, my John married one of them Kappas himself."

Mary—"When Tom proposed last night, he didn't know what to say."

Phyllis—"That's queer, he ought to know. Why, he's practiced on every girl around the place."

A girl isn't an angel just because she's always harping upon something.

"Well, this is certainly a hard lot," said the pirate as they marooned him on a rock.

"I may be a bit slow," said the executioner, as he wiped the blade, "but by heck, I get a head of everyone I meet in a business way."

A precipice climber renowned,
Left the top of a cliff at a bound;
They said, "Does it pay?"
He replied, "In a way,
But I rawther dread reaching the ground."

HAND PAINTED

If her face is her fortune
You'll admit it as true,
That she's made her own fortune
As many girls do.

Woman—But I gave you ten cents last week, and you still look as disreputable as ever.

Hobo—Well, lady, you see, it's darned hard breaking into the smart set on a dime.

—Crescent

A blushing maid,
A steady beau,
A boat, a car,
A dance, a show.

An austere prof,
With notions queer,
A hard exam,
With no one near.

A poor report,
A letter too,
Which said, "We've had
Enough of you."



THE HUB

We are "All Set for
the Prom'

with the most extensive assortment
ever assembled in Madison, of

Evening Clothes and Haberdashery

"Stein-Bloch" Evening Dress

R. & W. Dress Waist-coats

"Dorchester" Dress Shirts

"Quicklock" Dress Ties

Fownes Kid and Silk Gloves

Silk Hats, Reefers, and Dress Jewelry

Evening Dress Shoes

New 1920 Styles in Patent Lace Oxfords, and
Patent Button Tops.

We advise early selections to avoid
possible disappointment because
many lines cannot be duplicated
this season.

THE HUB
Karstens & Schmitz Co.

Father—"I haven't seen my nice umbrella since your George was here."

Grace—"Oo-papa! George would be the last one to take it."

Father—"That's just what I think, daughter."—Crescent.

HONEST WORKMANSHIP

SUPERIOR QUALITY

DISTINCTIVE PATTERNS

— in —

PICTURE FRAMING

Those are

Kamera Kraft Shop

STANDARDS

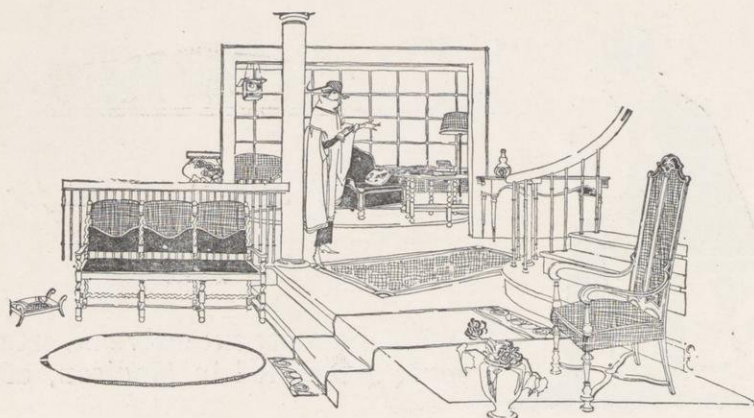
When you get something good remember where you got it

He—"Ping-pong is such a noisy game."

She—"Well, you know, you just simply can't play it without a racquet."



When to Chemistry I go,
A little prayer I utter low,
I say in accents soft but deep,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."



A HALL OF FAME

If you were to enter the Hall of Fame you would be the happiest person living.

Isn't that a fact?

If you were to enter such a hall like illustrated at your home or at the college home you surely would be happy.

Just think of calling on the girl you had a date with and met her in such a hall you might say "Who furnished this hall." Then you would look around to see how the balance of the home was furnished.

Another thought would be—"Who furnished this home." If they told you Van Deusen's would you believe it.

Yes you would if you visited their store.

It is one store you are always welcome to visit whether you buy or not.

The furniture store with the college Spirit.

Van Deusen's
Better Furniture
Madison, Wisconsin



Van Deusen



Write and tell your dad that the aim of your fraternity is scholarship.

Nick—Are you a good card player?

Dick—No. At bridge, I'm a regular Horatius.

Nick—What do you mean by that?

Dick—I keep the others from coming across.—Crescent.

There was a young man named Sam,
Who said to his wife one day, Ma'am,
You're false as to figure,
Your hair is a wig, you're
A false, e'en though your pillow slip's
sham."

Money isn't everything, but then, who
wants everything?



DRUGS - SODAS SUNDRIES

Bring your prescriptions where they will receive that same Expert Attention that you have received from your doctor.

The University Pharmacy

Corner State and Lake Sts.

HINKSON'S

Billiard Parlors

Now equipped to serve
lunches at any hour

Try Them

SUMNER & CRAMTON

Drugs and Photo Supplies

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR DEVELOPING,
PRINTING, AND ENLARGING

Postal Station No. 9

670 State Street

Water, water, everywhere, and a bug
in every drop.

Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow
you have dyspepsia.

"Oh, dear, I wish I were a bird!"
I heard a student say,
He should be doubly happy, for
He's both a goose and jay.

The baby mouthed its toe contentedly.
"I may not be born with a golden
spoon in my mouth," he mused, "but I
can always make both ends meet!"

THE OCTOPUS

A HUMOROUS CAMPUS JOURNAL

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NO. 2

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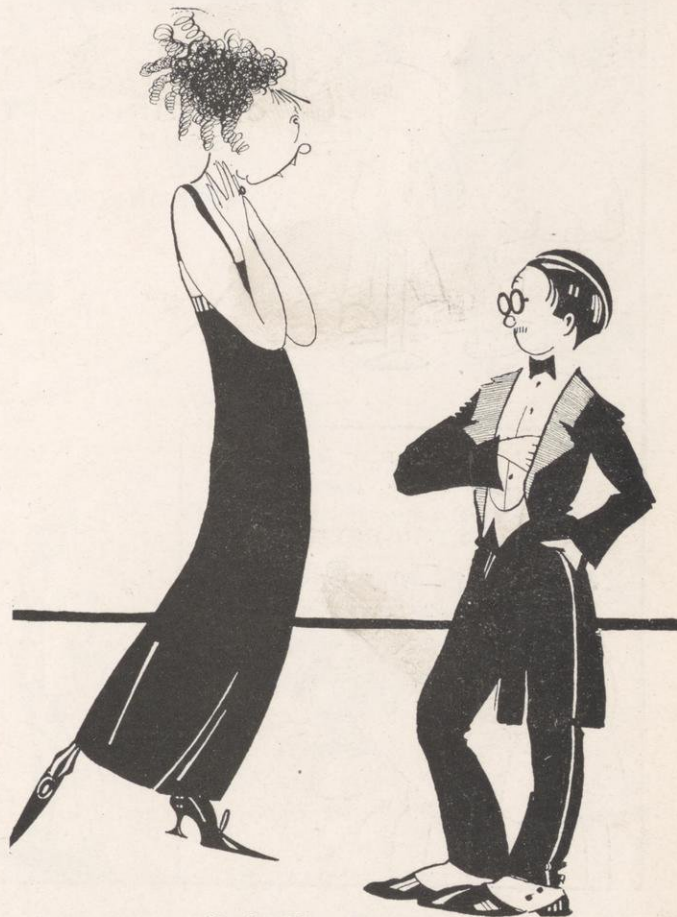
NOW that THE OCTOPUS is to become a fixture at Wisconsin, a loud call for contributors goes forth. Again, we repeat our invitation of last issue, extended to one and all to submit material for consideration. Jokes, sketches, and cartoons are especially desired. Our staff members are already busy grinding out material for the next number, but free lance work is welcome at all times. It is not our policy to publish only the efforts of a chosen few.

THE open season for Volume 1, Number 1's of humorous college journals seems to be on. During the past month, no less than five have reached the editorial desk amid a host of exchanges, and there is a promise of a sixth Welcome, North Carolina Tar Baby, The Manitoba Manitoban, The Michigan Chimes, The Vanderbilt Jade, The Brown Jug, and the as yet unnamed new Beloit magazine. May this year bring you plenty of contribs, big sales, maybe a bouquet or two, and—no increase in printing bills! What more good fortune could one wish you?

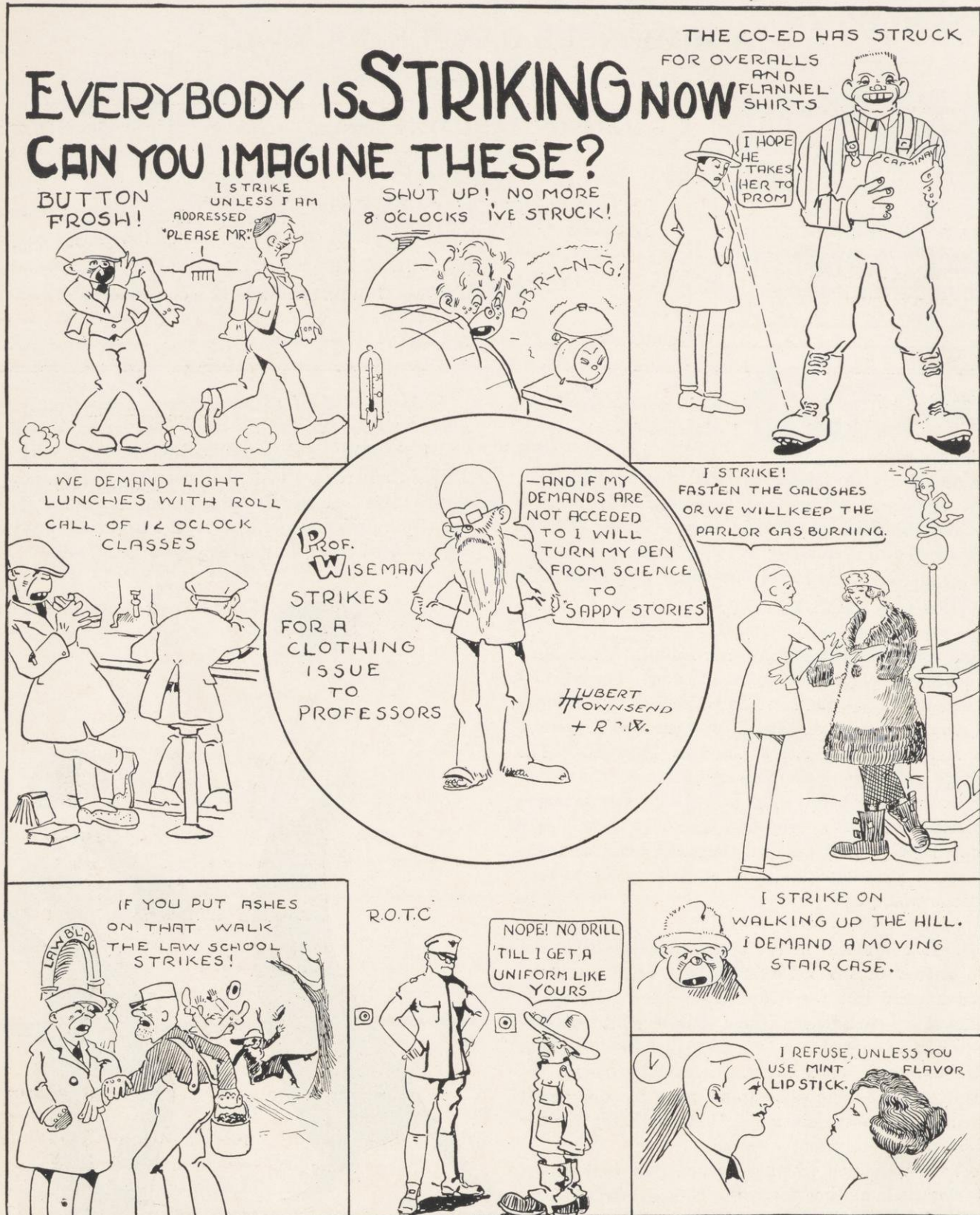
WITH our offices in the new Union Building, the aroma of crisp Union waffles, southern style, wafted upward into the editorial sanctum, and the occasional sharp click of the Union billiard balls breaking the stillness of noon hours, we are daily reminded that the Union Board, but a vague, unmeaning name in the minds of most of those who entered upon the stony road of learning at Wisconsin since 1916, is indeed a very much alive and active organization.

We have wondered whether or not, now that things are taking their oldtime form, the Union Board will revive the all-university circus, one of the student affairs of days not so far distant?

And, speaking of reviving, when will the university administration stage its every four year exposition, which should have been held during the early months of 1919, in accordance with the exposition? It is now too late to stage such an affair this spring, as months of work are required, but why not show the world what Wisconsin has been doing in the early months of 1921?



Voulez-Vous Promenade?



Bazinook

A LOOSE-LEAF PAROXYSM IN ONE VICIOUS ACT

By Helen Gone

Cast of Characters (In Biological Order)

Jimmie, a burglar's tool.
Timothy, a rural blade.
Si Lowe, his fodder.
Bertha Venation, a midwife.
Claire Annette Reed, a vibrant musician.
Aileen, the tower of Pisa.
Miss Prince, a reporter.
Hi Diddle, an amorous aviator.
Harry Chest, a super-man.

SCENE

The interior of a well-furnished meadow. Lambs are seen in the background, rolling the dice merrily as they gambol on the long green. Several kids are seen pulling the wool over each other's eyes. The sea-going mother-sheep are seen standing by for a ram. Nearby some Jerseys, Holsteins, and udder cows are seen admiring their calves, which are voluptuously clad in silk hosiery. These things are seen in the order in which they occur.

The curtain rises high enough to reveal the first floor. The movement of the curtain terrifies the cattle, some of which alight on all fours in the foreground, and others fall upon their backs in the background. The wings, both left and right, flutter at this moment, throwing the sheep into a panic. Exeunt cows and sheep, leaving the bedroom deserted.

A chorus of whitewings passes through, making sweeping gestures and singing "It's All Over." They sweep the foreground with their brooms and the horizon with a glance.

* * *

(Enter Timothy, from the balcony.)

Tim (executing the barnyard tango): Will these feet ne'er be clean?

(Enter Jimmie.)

Jimmie: SHSHSHSH! The child is in London.

Tim (brushing his teeth): What child?

Jimmie (Kalsomining the ceiling): BARON ROTHS-CHILD!

(Enter Hi Diddle and Miss Prince, playing chess on roller skates.)

Hi: You'll be mated soon.

Miss P. (cooing in pigeon-English): This is so sudden!

Jimmie (buttoning his tie): SHSHSHSHSH! Where are the papers?

Harry Chest (from the gondola): What papers?

Jimmie (reupholstering the pew): CIGARETTE PAPERS!

(Enter Aileen, unbalanced.)

Aileen: The papers are in the blacksmith shop, being forged.

(At this point the audience enters the theatre.)

Si Lowe (not even entering): Give me them papers or I'll tear up the child.

(APPLAUSE)

(Enter Claire Annette Reed.)

Claire: The child is in the well.

Timothy (laughing horsely): NO! NO! Say you artesian me.

(Guy Wire gallops in on a motorcycle.)

Guy: Attention, inmates! The Y. M. C. A. has been robbed!

(The audience rises and sings "The Star Spangled Banner" in Esperanto.)

(Bertha Venation enters and brushes the pollen from the pedals of the piano.)

Bertha: Out of my pasture, all of you!

Jimmie (submerging into his galoshes): Is this your pasture? I thought we passed your pasture.

Voice from the orchestra: BAZINOOK!

Bertha: Yes, yes—BAZINOOK!

(Rapid Asbestos)

—Bazinook H. Comstock,
Jijiboom H. Culnan.

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

Mary had a little 4d.

She's smashed up 2, I've heard,

So though this latest 1's her 4d

I thing it is her 3rd.

THE OCTOPUS' WINNING SLOGAN

The Prom for All (who can raise the price).

THE BALD TRUTH

"It's strange, b'gosh," quoth Uncle Josh,

"But didja ever stop

To think why profs, with fertile brains

Can not grow hair on top?"

H. C. L.

"23" According to the tariff, lumber is on the free list, but that doesn't make *board* any cheaper.

"22" Cheer up—No matter how high the cost of Living, writing paper will always remain stationery.

He—At Mixer—My name is Burns.
She—That's a hot one alright.

IN THE WHIRL OF VANITY FAIR

Well, Dorothy, this is our number.
 Thought I'd forgotten? Oh, no,
 I've been waiting for this,
 And the time has dragged dreadfully slow.
 The floor couldn't be any better—
 Yes, the palms and simlax are fine,
 Must have cost lots of money to get them.
 This music is simply divine!
 The girls do look pretty. That blonde
 With that wonderful head of hair
 Seems to be quite a belle. From Milwaukee?
 Yes, she and Jack do make a pair.
 But just between ourselves, there's another
 Who's prettier still. Let me see,
 She's not very far away, either,
 And her name? It begins with a "D."
 Of course I mean you, and, you know it!
 Why should I stop when it's true?
 Why! all the fellows are raving
 And talk of no-one save you.
 Ah, Dorothy, don't you remember
 That night on Mendota last June
 When we floated along on the water
 'Neath the silvery light of the moon,
 And I told you a secret?—Forgotten!
 You thought *I'd* forget, you say—
 You know, I have always treasured
 The thoughts of that night to this day.
 And I've kept that white rose you gave me,
 It's pressed in my history book,
 And whenever I need inspiration,
 I open it—just for a look.
 You think I'm fooling? Why, Dot!
 I never told other girls this,
 And now that the dance is quite over,
 Tell me, may I have just one kiss?
 No? Well, the music is stopping,
 And your roses are promised? All right;
 Here's a seat—and your partner. I'll leave you,
 Many thanks for the dance. Well, good night.

A POST OFFICE ROMANCE IN FIVE REELS

Friendship, N. Y.
 Love, Va.
 Kissimmee, Fla.
 Ring, Ark.
 Parson, Ky.

THE OCTOPUS' BOOZER'S BIOGRAPHY IN FIVE
BUGS

Pump, N. C.
 Two Beers, Tex.
 Brandy, Va.
 Bourbon, Ky.
 Tombstone, Ariz.

HECTIC HINTS FOR CO-ED HOMEMAKERS

(By the Home Ec. Department)

Do not let baby surreptitiously lunch on hubby's cigars. The kind of cigars hubby smokes may be expensive.

If the castors on the furniture squeak, give them castor oil.

Lace shelf paper on shelves in the pantry, when worn out, can be used in a pianola to produce jazz music.

A substantial-sized flatiron hitched to baby's ankle with a dog chain will prevent the little rascal from wandering far.

To cure father-in-law of the habit of gargling his soup, drop a pinch of arsenic into it.

Don't throw away old stovepipe that you take down in the spring. It can be used as a comfortable kennel for the family dachshund.

Some people stop quarreling and bury the hatchet only to dig up the hammer and start knocking the people they have quarreled with.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

The hari-hari rules Japan.

It's practised far and wide.

But still, we note, the Chinese man

Prefers chop suey-side.



"Gosh, this Prohibition Movement Almost Took
my Breath Away."



ODE
to a
COLLEGE
PRUDENT CORINNE

"Sweetheart, why are you so coy—
"True I'm just a naughty boy?"
"Then, but then, but then, BUT then!—

"I'm not over virtuous
"Yet I fear the Octopus—
"You're like Ou-Ou-other men;—

"Hyet hyou are so goood to me—
"Diddledum and tummydee—
"Won't you come to me again?"

MUSICAL HOSSES

(From the Warren, O., Chronicle)

Several horses belonging to A. S. McKinney, Girard liveryman, were stricken the other day with a strange melody.

CROOL AND UNUSUAL

(From the Terre Haute, Ind., Star)

The woman pointing to a man who stood near, declared he had spoken to her, and then had seized her by the TDhoacy-Sh-ff standingx emf emfwy.

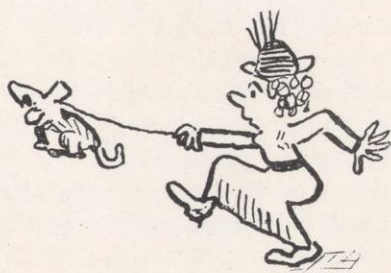
TOO SWIFT

The co-eds all follow the fashions.

The reason they follow them, son,

Is they never catch up, for the styles change so fast

The co-eds are kept on the run.



ALPHA TO OMEGA

Deacon Doodle—"How's yer boy gettin' along at college, Cy?"

Farmer Oatz—"Wal, the last time he wrote he sez ez how he's learned that there Greek alphabet plumb through from Alfalfa to Omaha."

A SCOOP ON THE AG. COLLEGE

Dairymen say playing the victrola at milking time makes cows give more milk—The Paper.

The time has come, 'tis with us now, our dairymen aver, when we must phonograph the cow, play serenades to her. Canned ragtime or grand opera airs should echo from barn gables and make the cows forget their cares in all our dairy stables. The barn will be a music shrine; the milkman, the shrine's druid; and cows that hear the strains divine will yield more lacteal fluid. Take your victrola to the shed, set off its records' rattle; this soothes the bovine soul, 'tis said, indeed, it cows the cattle. Start the machine to beat the cars—Watch tears in bossie's eye as are reeled off some pasture bars of "Coming Through the Rye."

EXPERT

"A co-ed can't throw straight, my lad"

Observed Ezekiel Quince,

"Still, though her aim is always bad,
She's good at throwing hints."

DRIVING OSCAR WILDE

I'd like to follow the Koran,
 I'd surely be a different man;
 I think I'd be more happy, than
 I am beneath the Christian ban.
 In faith, I'd have a wife or two
 Whose lips are sweet, whose eyes are blue.
 I'm going to be a Musselman;
 I'd love to follow the Koran!

Oscar Wilder

I'm glad I'm not a Musselman;
 I'd rather read the Bible, than
 To have to teach the whole Koran
 To tribe on tribe, and clan on clan
 Of kids, and Oriental heirs
 Whose mammas come in groups and pairs.
 I'll stay, beneath the Christian ban,
 A blessed bach'lor,—if I can.

Oscar Wildest

If some of us could see ourselves as others see us we'd
 think it was time to hustle to an oculist.

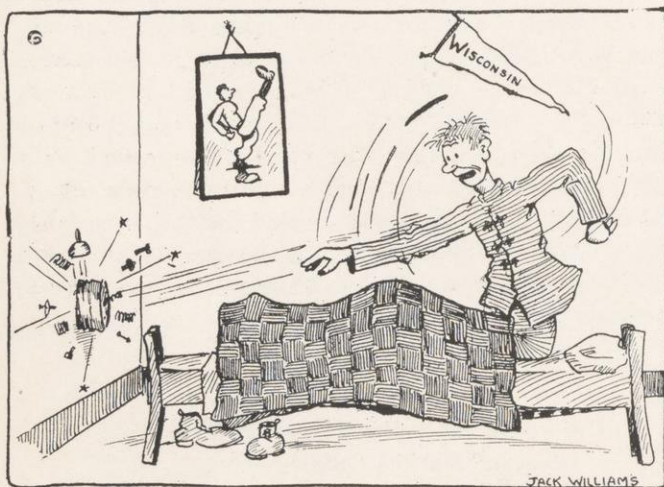
BOW-WOW!

Rabbit sausage has become a dainty in Texas—The
 Paper.

Why should the sausage maker grieve?
 For dole he has no grounds.
 His work's mere play, we must believe—
 A game of hare and hounds.

SHORT

"Now what is our shortest day in the year?"
 Quizzed learned old Professor Dill.
 Wrote a youth with a grin from ear to ear:
 "The day we settle our tailor's bill."



Spreading the Alarm

THE GIFT

Elaine was a maid of high degree
 Who shopped from store to store.
 "It is for a birthday gift," quoth she,
 "Or I would shop no more."
 "I think he owns a fountain pen—
 He never could use a fan—
 Cigarette cases are nice for men—
 How *does* the clerk know it's a man?"
 All night they swarm in her busy brain
 Like a cloud of angry bees,
 She tosses and moans and frowns in pain,
 For this is what she sees—

Silver pencils, Eversharp, chinese stencils, neverwarp;
 a paper weight, fishing bait; poker chips, riding whips;
 Yale locks, alarm clocks, a collar box, railroad stocks,
 silken socks, cuff links, purple inks, champagne, a weather
 vane, reading lamps, postage stamps, pork-and-beans,
 magazines!

Elaine rose up from her weary cot
 With a full determined look,
 "I know he still can learn a lot—
 I will go and buy him a book!"

Histories, "Birds and Bees," modern verse, (like this,
 and worse); Bernard Shaw, "Marjorie Daw;" Zane
 Grey, Rienhart's "K;" Stella Maris," Cora Harris,
 "German Spies," "Home Made Dyes;" "Lorna Doone,"
 The Money Moon; "The Honey Pot," Works of Scott;
 "The Rubaiyat;" Anthologies, zoologies, histologies; as-
 tronomy, economy*

But stuff like this can have no end—
 It made the "Preacher" laugh*—
 Unique and lovely she chose to send
 At last, her photograph!

L'Envoi**

Oh, years have passed since the deed was done—
 He remembers not her name.
 'Tis the size o' a print o' his youngest son,
 So he burns it and uses the frame!

Notes:—*It seems that author's names and the titles
 of their books were not chosen with an ear to rime and
 rythm. One night ask, "What's in a title?" and the re-
 ply would be, "Often too many syllables, and perfectly
 impossible words like *Hearts Courageous*, and *Kim*.
 Therefore the mixture of titles and authors by the frantic
 scribe.

*See *Ecclesiastes*, *The Preacher*, Ch.—?, verse—?

**We are aware of cribbing from the Balade (See
 Chaucer's *Complaint to His Empty Purs*—we are fond of
 that poem) but we feel that L'Envoi adds the final touch
 of complete artistry to our work.

N. B.—Profound apologies to Arthur Guiterman. We
 have often wished, as he doubtless will, that a vers-librist
 had intrigued us.



POOR OLD POP

Poor father's face is looking glum,
His brow is puckered in a frown;
At last the zero hour has come
To pay for daughter's new Prom gown.

ONE VIEW

"Good night!"
"Good night."
"Truly you will?"
"Truly I will. And you meant it, every word?"
"Every word! Good night."

The door closed. She trailed upstairs, absent-mindedly dragging her fur coat, behind her. But what of that? Her soul floated among rosy dreams of music, beauty and bliss. Like the lovely maid of St. Agnes Eve, she crept into her chilly nest, and drew her bathrobe up to her chin. A soft whisper of felt slippers along the passage, and the Other Girls slipped in, and sat around Her, on the bed. In the sympathetic silence, someone offered someone peanuts. They began to exclaim softly—as though they had sucklers on their tongues.

"Did he—"
"Did you—?"
"What did he say?"
"He is so tall!"
"And handsome!"
"What difference does *that* make?"

Someone, moved to the utmost, tried to eat a peanut hull. The natural instinct which helps one to differentiate between hulls and peanuts is apt to be lacking in moments of emotional stress—moments, like this one which come to few, and are known only by proxy to the many. After the excitement had subsided, "Girls, he simply said, 'Will you—?' and I hesitated, so that he

couldn't guess I knew it would be tonight, and then I said—"

"What—what *did* you say?"
"I said, 'Yes I will!'"
"And then—?"
"Good night."
"AAh—!"

It was long before any of them slept that night.

* * * *

"Good night."

The door closed softly. The stars twinkled with understanding. He gazed at them with feeling too deep for words—only one escaped him, and we cannot print that. He slipped home, over the frozen street, periously. The stars twinkled like twenty-dollar gold pieces in the far distance.

He carried his overcoat upstairs tenderly. The lining must last—it *must*, it *must*—.

Silently he filled his pipe with his roommate's tobacco.

"What'd sh' say?"
"She said, 'Yes!'"
"What'd you say?"
"Good night!"

* * * *

And did they live happily ever after? No! They did not even intend to. For marriage is not Her goal, nor is it the net into which He is so surely and fatally drawn. It is a bid to Prom.

ANOTHER VIEW

Her sunny hair's like yellow gold,
And she will go to Prom with me—
And sunny smiles her blue eyes hold—
And she will go to Prom with me!
Her chin was made in Venus' mold
(And she will go to Prom with me.)
I tremble, for she might grow cold,
I tremble, yet I am too bold,
Can sunny smiles denial hold?
And are her favors scantily doled?
And will she go to Prom with me?

Then dad came down, and thunder rolled,
Oh, will she go to Prom with me?
My chief possessions I have sold
(And *still* I lack the yellow gold)
Oh, will she go to Prom with me?

—The Starfish.

WHY NOT?

If we can say today it blows
And yesterday it blew,
Why can't we say today it snows
And yesterday it snow?



THE OCTOPUS

FIG LEAF LIMERICKS

Have you found out the Coeds that do?
If you have will you please tell me who?
And here's to the tale
And the heavenly trail
And the goblets of wild honey dew!

These limericks by from the brain
Like chaff that is cut from the grain,
Yet sometimes a wheat
With a kernel of meat
Offers booty to someone in pain.

I hope that you'll not want me to
Tell what the "I" wants of "You;"
But believe me, old dear,
If you want to feet queer,
Just ask me to up and come through.

THEY CAME TOO SOON

(From the Shawnee Chief)

Mrs. Olin Robbins, who has been so sick, is able to sit up at this writing, and seems to be steadily improving. Mr. and Mrs. Ahi Robbins were up from Carbondale for the funeral on Sunday.

WHEN HOMELINESS IS BLISS

(From the Alton, Kans., Empire)

Jake Thornberry has a boil on the side of his jaw. He can't open his mouth wide enough to eat. Although it is painful, yet he should be glad, as it improves his looks.

\$\$\$

"Some thing\$ \$ure take a funny turn,"
Remarked a would-be wit,
"Before a \$tude ha\$ coin to burn
He mu\$t freeze onto it."

If you have finished doing your Christmas swapping early, now is the time to break your New Year's resolutions gently.

GIDDAP

In this old world, we'll tell you pard,
We've noticed many a time and oft
Some fellows' hearts are very hard
Because their heads are very soft.

Some men win in the race for the dollar, but others merely run into debt.

NO HOPE

"Real beauty wasn't made for men,"
Quoth Ebenezer Binns.
"When men hide adam's apples, then
It's just by double chins."

NOCTURNE

"O, I am kept wakeful at night by a muse,"
Murmured Tennyson Longfellow Spenser.
But more of us chaps stay awake from the news
Of the tomeet that is a back-fencer.



Prom—First Down

A LA CARTE

"I dine a la cart,"
Said Freshman Smart.
And he is right.
I see him munch
At the wagon lunch
'Most every night.

Speaking of the gender,
Of the noun Monopoly,
The Prof. asked if it was neuter,
I said, "Yes, it's newter me."

I met a goat, and says to him
This question pray excuse,
Why do you always wag your chin?
Quoth he, "because I chews."

He camped out in the Mountains,
And without fire, it seems strange,
He cooked his meals as nice as you please
For he used the Mountain Range.

OR THE FIRST ROBIN?

It strikes us odd, now, really, that
We have not 'spied the first straw hat.

WUFF!

With loquacity records broken
And mere men talkers balked,
Some co-eds may be outspoken
But they cannot be out-talked.



Love Scene in Revolving Door

CANDIDATE FOR THE FACULTY OVERSEAS
LECTURE COURSE

Professor Blithercuss, who got cut off at the rear, but
wasn't in danger of a brush at the front.

THE PADDED CELL

Poor Jinks, they say he's lost his wit,
Now there's "nobody home."
He tried, from the Wisconsin Lit,
To learn a free verse pome.

THE BALANCE

Some men can falsify with ease
Discretion and agility;
In fact, the great asset of these
Is their great lie ability.

THE FOREHANDS EDITOR

(From the Rural Valley, Pa., Advance)

Mrs. John was taken to the Adrian Hospital last week
to undergo an operation.

Mourning cards and envelopes 25c a dozen at the "Ad-
vance" office.

TUT-TUT!

A co-ed will not tell her age.
Indeed, she won't, no sir;
But finally she will reach the stage
When her age will tell on her.



HERE
IS A PICTURE
OF THE PRICE
FOR THOSE WHO
THINK THEY'D
LIKE TO PAY IT

"Why do they call this prison Sing Sing?"

"Because that's where all the jail birds are."

Mary—"The way you wear your hair is becoming—"

Sue—"Oh, thank you, dear!"

Mary—"—becoming very common, my dear, I was about to say."

Oscar—"Do you like a beard on a man?"

Gertrude—"No, it always gets into your—oh! what a wonderful sunset!"

"He installs store counters.

"Ah, a counterfeiter, I see."

"Is she cold?"

"Well, her father runs an ice-plant."



Jane—"But I can be a sister to you."

Jack—"Got six already. Can't you make it a cousin?"

It may be anti-mathematical, but germs multiply by dividing.

Maud—"He says he loves the steam cars."

Carrie—"Yes, his arms just naturally go for the belt line."

Life is short; why make in shorter,
Doin' things we hadn't orter?

"She fell in love with him when she saw him hoeing corn."

"Sort of a hoe-beau, eh?"



A co-ed is a lady who
In autumn comes to college,
And picks up half a dozen beaus,
And now and then some knowledge.

"Mr. Thomas is much given to telling his stories several times."

"A retailer, is he?"

Helen—"Herb's awfully buoyant."

Dick—"Yes, his girl's been throwing lots of hot air into him."

"His name is Wood."

"Ah, I see, that's his family tree."

Speaking of undertakers, what would you do if an undertaker undertook to undertake you?

"Is he a good fellow?"

"Don't know; never tried to borrow from him."

"Cigarettes are an unmitigated evil," said his father sententiously.

"An evil which I am destroying as fast as my allowance will let me," answered the wayward offspring as he lit up another.

Customer—"Young man, have you smoked beef?"

Student Helper—"N-n-n-no, na'am; nothin' worse'n cigarettes."

John—"I like to watch Mae play tennis. How nicely she serves."

Gertrude—"She ought to; she used to be a waitress."

Some fellows are fat and jolly, some are fat and brainy, and some are just fat.

"Jones has an ingrowing mustache."

"Gee, but he must feel down in the mouth."

Father—"I seriously doubt that young man's capacity to support a household."

Daughter—"Why, papa! How can you talk so? Why, he doesn't yours!"

"I'll go down the chimney first, if you don't mind," said the polite chimney sweeper.

"Oh, certainly, soot yourself," replied his equally courteous assistant.

Tom—"That fellow certainly rose from the ranks.

Jerry—"So?"

Tom—"Yes, he used to be a cigarmaker.

—California Pelican.

Hitch—"Why are they draining the lake?"

E. Koo—"One of the members of the crew has missed a stroke, and they're looking for it.—Princeton Tiger.



His Master's Voice



Prof.—“Do you think that I will be able to pass you with a clear conscience?”

Loafing Louis—“If you'll pass me with a clear 70, I'll be satisfied.”

Farmer Foodershucks—How do them summer boarders of yours keep busy?

Reuben Robbins—They play golf.

F. F.—Whatinsamhills that?

R. R.—‘S near’s I kin figger, it’s solitaire shimmy.—*Crescent*.

Jones—“Hear you’re out for football.”

Bones—“Yes, about \$100.”

Short—“Is there a shower due to-night?”

Horn—“You ought to know better than I do. When did you take the last one?”—*Widow*.



Before he was married
We called him a dude.
But now that he’s wed, why,
He’s only subdued.—*Widow*.

Country Lass—Was I your second choice for the Prom?

He—Lord no! What made you ask that?

She—I heard that chap ask you “if he could have your second.”

—*Yale Record*.

Mary had a little lamb,
Likewise, a lobster stew,
And ere the sunlit morning dawned,
She had a nightmare too.

Announcement

The publishers of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine take great pleasure in informing its readers that through the kindness of one interested in literary work done by students at the University of Wisconsin, they are able to offer a prize of \$50 in gold for the best story or play published in the “Lit” during the present school year.

All material appearing in the current volume will automatically be entered in the competition. The award will be made on June 1, 1920. Judges will be announced later.

Persons interested in competing for this prize should submit their manuscripts to the editor without delay.

The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

752 Langdon Street



Distinctive
Printing



Mrs. Gabble—"Henry, you were talking in your sleep last night."

Mr. G. (meekly)—"Pardon me, my dear, for interrupting you.—*Gargoyle*."

"Do you object to being surrounded by smokers?" he remarked as the conversation lagged.

"Not in the singular," she replied, as she moved nearer.

Father—Well, son, I see you're back from the front and not a scratch.

Son—No, I quit scratchin' as soon as we got out of the trenches.—*Cornell Widow*.

Where is your father? Peeking?
No. Peking.—*Lampoon*.

I offered her a cigarette,
I'm sorry now, and sad;
'Twas wrong of me, because you see,
It was the last I had!

Reckless and extravagant, eh, wifey?
When did I ever make a useless purchase?

Why, there's that fire extinguisher,
you bought last year and never used once.—*Tar Baby*.

"How divinely you Philadelphia men dance!"

"How sublimely you Baltimore girls talk!"

"Oh, I've got a copyright on my line!"

"Well, I've got patent leather on my feet."—*Lampoon*.

He leads a hare-raising life, out West.
Cow-punching?

No. rabbit-farming.—*Lampoon*.

A. A. Landlady—"Sorry, but the coffee is exhausted."

Weary Stude—"I'm not surprised. It has been very weak lately."—*Gargoyle*.

Judged by the Little Things In Dress

THEREFORE

the minor elements in your formal dress demand your careful choice in such goods as are here suggested.

COME IN

before it's too late to get what you want. We have what you want in correct clothes for evening wear.



THE NEAT FORMAL TIE

The little white tie is worthy of careful selection. We have an assortment to please you.

THE RIGHT COLLAR FOR YOU

The band of starched linen that surrounds your neck will feel right if you choose it correctly.

A SHIRT OF IMPORTANCE

The great expanse of white starched linen on your manly chest is really an important part of your equipment. There is a shirt in our selected stock which deserves a place with you.

SILK SOCKS IN EBONY BLACK

These socks will glove your ankles in a sleek blackness that will certainly arouse your pride.

AND, THEN THERE ARE:

Shirt studs that stay in place, cuff links to match them,—just come in, and see what you will need.

GEORGE RUPP

Men's Furnishings

234 STATE STREET 234

Attention Co-eds!



Headquarters

FOR

Evening apparel suitable for Prom and for parties.

We invite your inspection

BADGER 2729

PHONE "BOBBY"

ABOUT

Boyd's Orchestra

PIANO

"Fritz" Mann
"Grof" Groffman
"Bill" Reuter
"Bennie" Engler

VIOLIN

"Fain" Fairbanks
"Jazz" Koltes
"Duke" Ceasar
"Al" Pratt

SAX.

"Don" Bohn
"Hub" Hubbell
"Lany" Lorfeld
"Doc" Walters

BANJO

"Louie" Mann
"Bob" Mailer
"Bill" Gleerup
"Mugs" Duncan

DRUMS

"Walt" Hoffman
"Dizzie" Dysenroth
"Frank" Fosgate
"George" Fosshage

"AND SOME FEW DOZEN MORE"

Do you know the Mexican rag?

No, how does it go?

Well, the idea is to make as many revolutions as possible.

—Jester.

Waiter, bring me some apple pie.

Sorry, sir, it just run out.

Well, then, follow it!

—Princeton Tiger.

Mother was telling her little five year old son about the habit of animals.

"Why do you think a dog hangs its tongue out of its mouth," she asked.

"To balance his tail, of course," said her young hopeful.

—Comet.

Hubby—What! Another new gown? Perhaps you will tell me, madam, how I shall get the money to pay for it?

Wifey—You must excuse me. I am your wife, not your financial adviser.

—Crescent.

Who Said Eats?

If you appreciate good food prepared the right way

Just Like Mother Makes

Then try our lunches. We use nothing but the best of everything in what we serve you, Barker Baked Breads, Rolls, Coffee Cake, Pies, Cake and Cookies.

We serve sandwiches, salads, soups, rolls, cake, pies, etc., etc.

If you have not tried our lunches you do not know what you are missing.

Coffeeteria

Barker Bakeries

110 State St.



The Home of Harvard Clothes

Cleaning, Pres-
sing and
Alterations

A Tailored Gentleman is Distinctive

We can make a tailored suit to please you and all your friends. Make your selection from our stock of fine woolen fabrics.

But if you prefer, we have a ready-to-wear garment for you in tailored Harvard Clothes.

Harvard suits and overcoats are priced within reason.

MINTZ BROS MAKE SUITS

We call and de-
liver
Phone B-1056

1353 University Avenue

Bing—"Has she many suitors?"
Sting—"Oh, yes, but none of them do."

Bing—"Do what?"

Sting—"Suit her."—Widow.

Teacher (to young miss)—"Parse the word 'kiss'."

Y. M.—"This word is a noun but is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined and more common than proper. It is not very singular in that it is usually used in the plural. It agrees with me."—Augwan.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to his roommate said,
"Yes, I think I've met her. Anyway,
the name's familiar,
Take me around, will you?"

—Yale Record.

He—What makes that fellow glare at me so?

She—You're sitting on his ice cream.
—Yale Record.

Anna (sitting in his lap)—"Herbert, aren't your knees tired?"

Herb—"Oh, no, they went to sleep long ago."

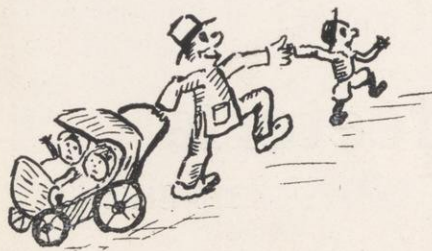
Should a young man give a young lady a box of cigarettes without asking her if she likes the brand?

Fay "I hope that I will never smell liquor on your breath again."

Kay—"No, dear, you never will. Father has cut me off without a scent."
—Widow.

"What you need, my good man, is a little sun and air."

"No, thanks, doc, I've got four already."



Mrs. W. Wengel

Henderson Corsets

What is there about your figure that you do not like?

Whatever it is a Henderson model will correct. Moreover the Henderson is a mould for your form, which will take on its beautiful contour as easily as you breathe.

You will not realize that you are wearing a corset excepting for your attractive figure and its comfortable support.

*"Let a Corsetier
Fit You."*

MARINELLO SHOP

223 State Street

MERE MAN

There was a precise little Miss,
Who vowed that she never would kiss.
She's keeping her vow,
But alas, even now,
She's still a precise little Miss.

Too bad the Army of Foch's
Didn't have some co-eds with galoshes.
With their ungainly stride
And with flaps flying wide,
They sure would have frightened the
Boches.

It curled and twisted, formed a loop,
I plucked it out with one fell swoop.

I put it by
My piece of pie.
Twas but a long hair in my soup.

What's the cage for?
Indoor ball.
Hm. Just like the Prom.—*Yale Record*.



The only son—"My father was a
nervy poker player."
The wag—"He must have been. He
certainly raised the limit."

Who hath not nerve, verily, he shall
be conned repeatedly.

LAWRENCE LUNCH

The Student's
Home of Good Eats

From early morn until the
midnight oil begins to fade

662 State St.

"Say it with Flowers"



THE SWEETEST WAY

to tell a story or deliver a message is "say it with flowers." Especially when the flowers come from the Rentschler greenhouses in Wingra Park which are under 10,000 feet of glass.

Remember flowers are delivered by our Co-operative system anywhere in the United States within twenty-four hours.

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226 STATE STREET



For The **Prom**

Bar and Tongue Pumps

Fashion's Latest Creation
For Dress Occasions

SUEDE — PATENT — KID

High and Baby Louis Heels
Let us Fit You While
The Size Range is Complete

Walk-Over
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BOOT SHOP

Jay F. Rose
15 WEST MAIN STREET

A man knocked me down with a sandwich yesterday.

Club?

No; onion.

—*Yale Record*.

Heard the new name for Prom?

Nope. Shoot.

The feminist movement.

—*Yale Record*.

She (after dancing six dances without being cut in on)—How can you dance with me so long?

Bored Partner—Will power; sheer will power.—*Yale Record*.

Father—Twenty dollars for Prom flowers! Ridiculous, sir, ridiculous!

Son—I know it, father, but I couldn't get any more expensive.—*Yale Record*.

The Badger Cafe

Is here to serve You. We
take Pride in serving Clean
Wholesome Food and Plenty
of it. TRY US!

Meals, 30 cents - - - Meal tickets **\$5.00**
1317 University Avenue **\$4.50**

Mechanical—Why didn't McGood-grades make Sigma Xi?

Civil (so-called)—He got to shimmying on his slide rule in a final and flunked out.
—*The Sour Owl.*

John did not come straight home. Hence he did not come home straight. The towering form of his wife loomed above him, as his stumbling shoeless feet sought the steps.

"Drunk again," she said caustically.
"Hooray, m'dear," he replied cheerfully. "So'm I."
—*Sun Dial.*

Prof.:—"What are the exports of Virginia?"

Stude:—"Tobacco and livestock, sir."

Prof.:—"Livestock? What kind of livestock?"

Stude:—"Camels, sir."

—*Awgan.*

Lip-stick—What do you mean, "she has teeth like the stars?"

Hair-oil—They come out at night.

—*Sour Owl.*

Starched Front—"Isn't the bride beautifully gowned?"

Decollete—"Yes, and well-groomed, too."

—*Jester.*

They say that—A man is known by the company he keeps—

But—A woman is known by the company she keeps waiting.

—*Awgan.*

They sat upon the garden stile—

The youthlet and the maid;

"The stars above are not so bright

As you," he softly said.

She lifted up her little hand

Toward's Luna's golden light;

"The moon above is not so full

As you, my dear, tonight."

—*Punch Bowl.*

Press me closer, closer still,

With what fervor you can master;

All my nerves responsive thrill—

Press me closer—mustard plaster.

—*Punch Bowl.*

Host No. 1—We're going to have some members of the faculty for dinner to-night.

Ditto No. 2—I hope it's a young instructor. These old profs are frightfully tough.

—*Sour Owl.*

Prof.—What is the meaning of "dogma" in the philosophical sense?

Stude—Er—er—ah—the mother of puppies.

—*Sour Owl.*

A BITER BITTEN

"When Sid first met Sara she was so bashful that she'd blush and bite her lip at every word he'd say to her."

"Its different now. He bites her lip."

—*Sour Owl.*

Father—"My son, the early bird catches the worm."

Wayward Son—"But fawthuh, you know that I can't eat the nawsty things."

"Pat, did you threaten to fracture this officer's cranium?"

"No, y'r honor, I jest said I'd bust in his head."

Jack (over the 'phone)—"Have you anything on this evening?"

Helen—"Sir!!!!"

"Big audience at the Soph Open."

"That so?"

"You bet! Five contestants, the judge, the janitor, and three dogs."

GOOD FOOD

Always at
College Refectory

IT PLEASES YOU

At The Corner
STATE AND LAKE

The reason you never see pictures of angels with whiskers is because when men get into Heaven, it is always by a close shave.

—Sour Owl.

F. A. Stude—What do you think of my range, Professor?

F. A. Prof.—You ought to go in for Home Economics with your range.

—Sour Owl.

Freshman woman to Zoo Prof.—“Professor, shall I include this bone in the drawing?”

Prof.—“Certainly. If you were drawing a human head, you wouldn’t omit the ears, would you?”

Freshman—“I surely would. We are taught down at our house that ears aren’t in style any more.”

—Sour Owl.

Fatima—I haven’t seen much of your girl lately.

Camel—Neither have I. Not since the swimming season closed.

—Sour Owl.

A Thompson Orchestra Insures a Good Dance

Thompson’s men know how to play real dance music. As they are all college students they enter into the spirit of your party and make the dance a complete success.

There will be many dances this spring so be sure and phone us the date of your party very soon.

Thompson’s Orchestra Hall

Phone Badger 2020

Good Meats Are Worth Your Consideration

Good Meats must come from inspected stock. The meat inspector considers the sanitary production, the conditions at the packing house, and every process in meat production until the meat is delivered at the meat market.

And yet, with all this carefulness the Capital City Market sells its quality meats at reasonable prices.

VICTORY BRAND SAUSAGE is an example of the quality of meats in this market. It is that kind of sausage which makes you ask for more—in a class by itself.

CAPITAL CITY MEAT MARKET

421 State Street

Fellows, we are ready to furnish you with correct

Wearing Apparel

for

Prom

Get our prices on the Suit-the Shirt-the Waist-coat-the Gloves-the Hat-the Tie-the Studs-the Col-lar, and the Hose.

Speth's

On State

“Love not, for you’re always pur-sued.”

“Yes, but love, and you’re sued.”

First Farmer—“I see by this here paper that some of them students down in Madison painted the town red last night.”

Second Farmer—“Does beat all what some of them fellows will do to earn some money.”

“He can’t complain that he never had a show.”

“Who can’t?”

“The circus man.”

“Why do they keep the billiard table covered with black cloth?”

“Because the cushions are dead.”

May—“Dancing is the poetry of the motion.”

June—“Maybe—it all depends upon the feet.”

FOR SALE OR TRADE--One Prom girl: well shod; fur coat; a Heluva line. A bargain. Owner must vacate at once.



Kessenich's

MADISON, WIS.

Apparel and Accessories for College Women

A special effort has been made here to cater to the wants and meet the demands of student girls. A large percentage have made this store their headquarters — if you haven't, come and investigate.—Our slogan is:

"Something New and Different"

— and you will be surprised at the fine grade of merchandise handled and the ever changing variety.

26-28 NORTH CARROLL

Phone Badger 7530

A GOOD TIME

Enjoy this real winter weather
and get on a pair of our

SKIS

OR

Spaulding Skates

and enjoy having the best.

Hockey Shoes, Sticks

Pucks, Guides

The Co-Op

E. J. Grady, Mgr.

TWO DAYS

Monday

Long I studied in the alcoves,
Hoping some professor kind,
Would discover my industry,
And I great reward should find.
But not a single prof then saw me
And when my classroom soon I sought,
Alas! I was not even called on,
So my bucking went for naught.

Tuesday

But when upon the upper campus,
Where it lingers 'long the lake,
Far removed from thought of study,
She and I a walk did take,
Three or four professors passed us,
While we the happy hours beguiled;
They called on me in class next day,
And when I flunked, they smiled.

NOW AS THEN

When he was a freshman green
Any night he could be seen,
Pressing his suit.

When he a Senior Law became,
His occupation was the same—
Pressing his suit.

"Money is the root of all evil."

"Yes, most of us grub for it all the time."

Come, zephyrs sweet with sunshine,
Awaken now my soul:
Melt the woodland music
And—REDUCE THE PRICE OF
COAL!

Overheard on the campus:

"Oh, Kay, have you seen Ed. lately?"

"No, he's cramming for a stiff math exam."

"Oh, is he? Funny! I saw him at Haresfoot Dance last night."

"Oh-h-h-h-h. Who was he with?"

"Some little doll-faced chick from Barnyard."

"Not even a Vamp from the D. G. house? Oh—waywardness, thy name is man."

"Aint it awful, Sally? First you have 'im and then you don't."

"Take m yadvice, Kay, all men are treacherous."

"Absolutely unscrupulous."

"Not fit for us to wipe our feet on."

"Well I'm glad all is over between us. Say, Sa'ly, Let's go to another mixer."

Alexander Kornhauser Company

FOR THE PROM

An Interesting Display of Beautiful
Dancing Frocks

Presenting the newest ideas and the latest developments in the art of fashionable evening dress



Discount Your Cleaning==

**\$5.00 in advance
Gives \$6.00 Credit**

Ten Per Cent Discount on Cash Call Orders

Pantorium Co.

Quality Cleaners

538 State St. Phones ¹¹⁸⁰₁₅₉₈

A Shop for Men

Who Dress Well

We are furnishers for men who want to dress correctly at reasonable prices.

Come to our shop for your furnishings necessary for the Prom.

THE TOGGERY SHOP

1347 University Ave.

THE OCTOBER 1931

For Your Better Taste---



*"The Chocolate
That Pleases"*

Carmela
MILK CHOCOLATES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Your palate welcomes such a sweet-meat of taste and quality—one which satisfies a genuine desire of your better taste. **Q** A Carmela is a nugget of flavor in milk chocolate candies.

Teckemeyer Candy Co.
Madison