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Exodus Number

*"The Melancholy Days Have Come
The Saddest of the Year"*

WE BLUSH---

at the very idear
of what she did!
Simply because
her hair was so hard to fix
after she got it
sorta wet
in the bath-tub

SHE USED HER BEAN---

and decided
to fix it *first*
and put on her hat
and powder her nose
and then get into
the jolly old tub.

ORIGINAL ENOUGH---

to suit anybody!
says we
and all that sort of thing
and we signed her up
to write for the Octopus.

THERE'S NO TELLING---

just *what* she'll think of
by the next issue.

So to be sure
of getting a copy
you'd better decide
to let the sunshine in
by subscribing.

And as long as
we're way down here
so *ridiculously* handy
to the little coupon
you'd better
do it
NOW



Here's
hoping she
gets more good
idears. I'm enclos-
ing \$1.35 for the young
lady's name and the six re-
maining issues of The Octopus.

Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.

—Carlyle.



ALWAYS

There is an earnest effort in the

Burdick & Murray Store

To offer student needs at lowest prices; maintaining constantly the quality which we gladly guarantee.

17-19 E. MAIN ST.

PHONE B. 1435

Have You Money To Invest?

Our services are yours for the asking.

Come in and see us.

Central Wisconsin Trust Co.

Madison, Wisconsin

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

MADISON

Published by students of the University of Wisconsin

Founded 1919

Incorporated 1920

Office, Union Building, Madison, Wis.

Subscription price one dollar and seventy-five cents the year, twenty-five cents the copy.

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Vol. II.

November, 1920

Number 2

Conklin & Sons

Best Products
Best Service

WOOD
and
COAL

24 East Mifflin St.

Tel. B. 25



David, old dear, do you mind telling me just what you are disguised as?



As a collar advertisement. I claim that by concealing my handsome countenance I'm a living proof that one need not be a manikin to wear Lion Collars - rather clever get up, don't you think?

Trixie the Scalp Hunter

"I don't mind being kidded once in a while," declared Trixie, who was collecting proposals. "But if a man does it all the time he'll get called good and hard sooner or later."

"The deuce you say," said her roommate, the math shark who strives to be mathematical even in her cuss words.

"Yes, and I certainly gave Art his to-night," Trixie continued with a knowing smile. "I told him that he and George and Tom were the only men I was *really* interested in. And he said 'what if all three of us should want to marry you at once?' And I said, 'George can't, Tom won't, and you haven't.'"

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he came through like a good sport and I achieved my 33rd refusal."



Efficiency

Katharyne: "I thought you were majoring in social science. How do you figure that astronomy will help you any?"

Myldrede: "Well, you know a young lady can't get very far socially with a double-chin; and astronomy is a wonderful reducer."



How'd you get the black eye?

Well, a girl told me she kissed.

Yes.

Being doubtful I thought I would see if she lied.

Well?

She did.



C. Stahrs, former aerial observer, in a one-act tragedy entitled, "An Eye for an Eye."

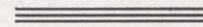


STETSON

FOR any hat that you can wear at all, you will pay nearly the same price as for a STETSON. Never was it better worth while to get Stetson *Quality* and Stetson *Style*!

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia

Large scale commercial transactions are made possible only by the use of the Great Banking Systems of the World with which every Commerce Student should be familiar.



*The Branch
Bank of Wisconsin*

Is part of that system. Let it serve you

The Name

Teckemeyer's

on the following 10c bars stamps them as

The Candies That Please

Nut Patties

White Caps

M M Nut

Peppy Jazz

Pecan Roll

Fudge Egg

Walnut Nougat

Varsity

Nut Rolls

Rah Rah

Try Them and Be Convinced

For sale at the Best Stores

Teckemeyer Candy Co.

Madison, Wisconsin





She: I am always careful about my shades, and I like a close formation that seems to cling together.

He (lost in the wilderness): Are you busy this week end?

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Signs of the Times

By tag-days fourteen times a week,
By Djer kiss in the atmosphere,
By Freshman eyes, both sore and weak,
By these signs know that Fall is here.

By sheepskins floating o'er the hill,
By huge galoshes and such gear,
By Freshmen bathed in waters chill,
By these signs know that Fall is here.

By woolen stockings covering
Those limbs where silk did once appear,
By cheeks with nature's coloring,
By these signs know that Fall is here.

By oyster shells in chicken soup,
By rings returned without a tear
Because she's found another dupe,
By these signs know that Fall is here.



Tough Luck

Frosh—Why do so many Frosh go home on the
"sore eye" special at Thanksgiving?

Soph—They can't get acclimated to windy days
on the hill.



Because a taciturn man has a shovel in his hands
it is no sign he is a grave digger.



Ain't Science Grand?

Another popular fallacy has been eradicated from
the public mind through the instrumentation of the
university.

The idea has long been prevalent that the life of
the average college man is one of ease and idleness.
This, however, has been disproven. The college
man is now recognized to be extremely busy. In
fact, recent scientific investigations demonstrate that
he hasn't even time to get up in the morning.

Inclination

"I am bow-legged," quoth a frosh,
"But I don't care a cent;
This simply shows my legs, b'gosh,
Have lots of natural bent."



Our idea of superfluity is having one's bathing suit
dry-cleaned.



With Apologies

"Hell hath no fury like a woman's corn."

* * *



United We Stand, Divided We Fall



We are Told That Golfing Is Hard on the Heart.

Now They're Married

It is peculiar what a slight incident can at times disclose indissoluble bonds of sympathy.

The co-ed had been chattering along about Alice Blue, and Helen Pink, and Royal Purple. Finally, for want of something more intelligent to remark, she asked him his favorite color.

He paused,—and then sighed as he murmured sadly, "Dago Red."

Whereupon she clasped his hand in consolation,—and now—

**Gal Loo**

Gal Loo,
Why are your lips so cold?
Where is your life of old?
Come show some spirit bold,
Gal Loo.

Gal Loo,
Why don't you answer me?
You stare and do not see.
Come, and let's buddies be,
Gal Loo.



The girl who says she smokes because her Prof. wants to find out what effect smoking has on women, wins the hand painted-----gold fish.



Wall street broker to customer: This is a stock issue of the first water.

**The Truth of Love**

'Tis sweet to love,
But oh how bitter
To love a girl
And then to git her!



Eastern preacher man says he opposes modern dancing because it is destructive to "philosophical calm." He neglects the offsetting beneficent influence the shimmy may have as an exercise abetting digestion and warding off dyspepsia.

Love Song

Two cheeks with a million freckles;
A forehead with freckles, too;
Two eyes with a million speckles,—
Brown speckles in eyes of blue;

One nose with a thousand wrinkles
Which flitter, and flutter, and grin;
One mouth with a thousand dimples
Where a thousand hearts tumbled in;

One voice with a hundred giggles;
One form like the cherubs above,
All full of cute squirms and wriggles,—
Oh, this is the co-ed I love.

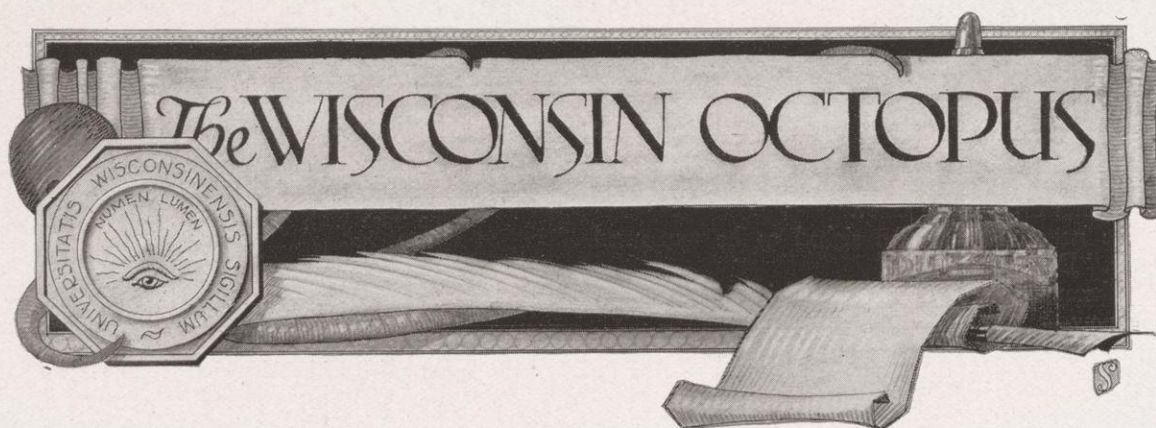
**A Hellish Remark**

He: Do you care if I smoke?
She: I don't care if you burn.

**Who Wouldn't?**

Said the Probate: Gee, boy! If I only get a coupla Ex's for this semester, I'd surely go into ecstasies!

**How We Stand on the Liquor Question**



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Incorporated 1920

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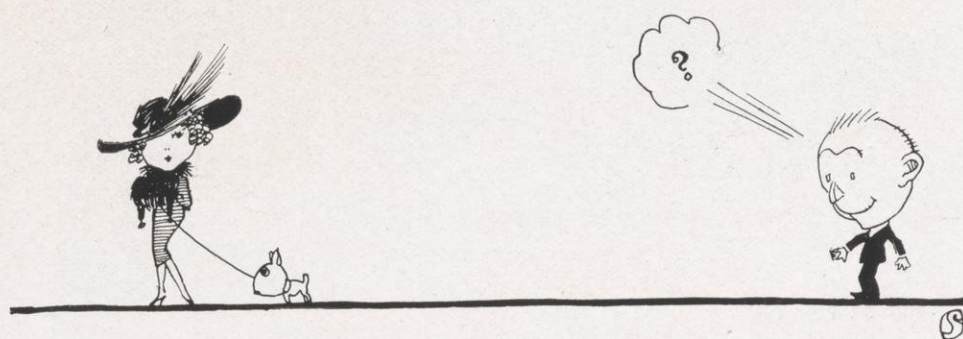
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Vol. II

November, 1920

No. 2



Feather-Minded Friends

An audaciously powdered face; a shiny, kinky, hatless head; a copious but unbuttoned fur coat; gauzy silk socks; tiny French pumps; and zero weather.

Is there a more pitiable creature than our feather minded co-ed who hazzards her health in an insane scramble for "class"? Is there a more culpable co-ed than the one who with her ridiculous theories of fashion endangers not only her own well being but also induces her sisters to do the same?

Unprotected by parental surveillance, some few girls take school not as a chance to embellish the mind but rather as an opportunity to adorn the body, to distinguish themselves by daring dress.

Many of them do succeed in making themselves conspicuous and perhaps in stirring envy in their sisters, but how woefully they fail in arousing approval in the real honest-to-goodness Wisconsin man.

Buy a Tag

Every day is tag day at Wisconsin.

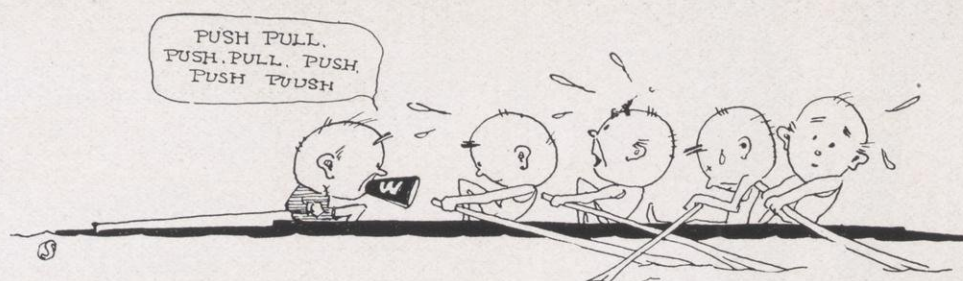
Never has the student been so frequently approached for contributions as he has this fall. Each day finds some new cause he is supposed to support, some new project he is expected to endow.

True, many of the causes are worthy ones, undertakings that merit endorsement; others are less deserving. But to both, the student is slated to contribute.

When Dad made out the budget for his son's education he did not reckon that much of the allowance would go to charity. And why should he?

Has he not a right to suppose that the university will make appropriations for the really necessary charitable works? Emphatically, yes.

The university should eliminate this tag day nuisance.



Pull For the Crew

"Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!"

Have you heard that good, old sound rising from the lake as the varsity shells go skimming over the surface of the water?

Doesn't it thrill you?

Crew is back to stay at the University of Wisconsin. We want a crew at Poughkeepsie this year for the intercollegiate regatta.

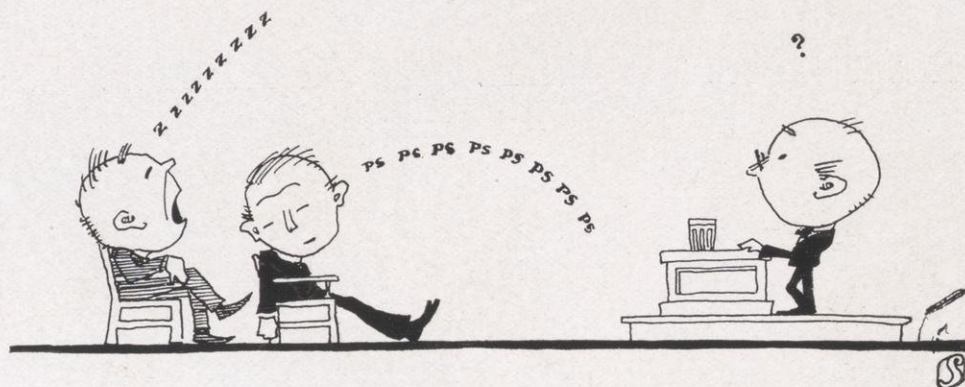
Did you ever pull an oar?

Are you physically qualified to do so?

It behooves every man who is not a member of the Tea Hound clique to report to Coach H. E.

"Dad" Vail to try out for a seat in the varsity boat.

All out for the Cardinal crew!



Somniferous Profs

What good is a horse that can't pull?

What good is a guide that can't lead?

What good is a teacher that can't teach?

Yes, it may add lots of prestige to the school to have these prominent professors on the university payroll while they are unearthing theosophic theories on Theobroma or theochristic Theodotus but why force the students to catch up lost sleep in their classes?

Some of our pedantic pedagogues have a remarkable facility for retaining what they know or else in dishing it out with a dull somniferous monotony.

Why don't the regents have a housecleaning and pension some of these boresome instructors and substitute some somnifugous scholars who can tell what they know?

We can have lullabies sung at home.



Clarence and Silvester

They are young at teaching and they are very wise. They speak with cultivated modulation; one has a slight lisp and the other pares his words carefully as they come from his mouth. They are very precise in their articulation, and never drop "g's" or split infinitives. They quote Wooley glibly—nine reasons for and ten reasons against. They make pretty motions with their hands, which are soft and white and well-kept. Their clothing is still of the impeccable Brooks Brothers cut, but it does not conceal their growing baldness. Nevertheless, they are good fellows and gentlemen, and we like them.

Him—They said that she had just bought a very daring batiked negligee.

Her—Yes?

Him—And the next day when I was passing her house she called me in to see—

Her—The nerve of that woman—go on, go on!

Him—To see her new set of mission furniture.

"Wisconsin Cabbage Market Is Weak," says a newspaper headline. But that doesn't mean there won't be any kick in the sauerkraut.

Dreamland

There's a dry, dry trail a-winding
Into the future for me,
Where no purple boa-constrictors
Shimmee on my knee.
Oh, the days are slow in passing,
But in my dreams 'tis still true,—
I can get a woozy, tipsy,
Sousy, tanked-up, sizzling stew!

Too True

A rolling stone gathereth no moss neither doth a monument shimmy.

Proposal

Merry
Mary
Marry
Me.

He: Has she any imagination?
She: Oh yes! She thinks she can write.



Diana had a bow
Diana had a quiver,
I wish I had been Diana's beau,
When she shook her golden quiver.

Hymn of Beelzebub

By F. Frosh Ex-'24.

(To enliven the journey on the sore-eye special.)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of the screams,
 Where the stoker fiends are singing
 And the red fire gleams.
 There's a long, long fork a-waiting
 Until the flames all get blue,
 Till the time when it can toss me
 In that hot, hot fire with you.¹

¹ The hymn will be sung with more religious fervor if each singer has in mind the instructor or instructors with whom he wishes to be tossed into the flames.



Oh, what a beautiful design that is on your tie.
 That isn't any design, that's where I spilled some soup.

**Absurd**

First Bonehad—Why do you play that card?
 It isn't no trump.

Second Bonehad, but more so (correctively)—You mean it isn't any trump.

Lament

The melancollege days have come,
 The saddest of the year;
 The co-eds drive us all to drink
 But we can get no beer;
 And when we drink wood alcohol
 It makes us feel so queer!



"There's a fool born every minute
 And that's not the worst," said Horn;
 "There's a lot become fools later
 Who were not when they were born."

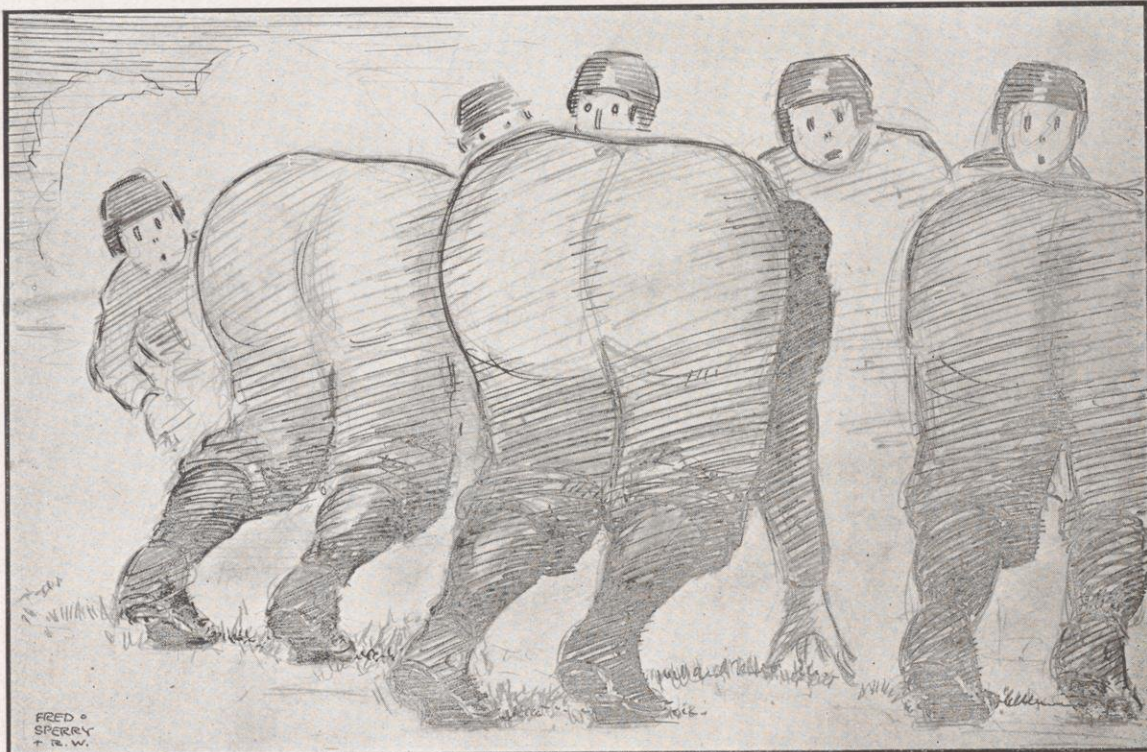
**Hard Luck**

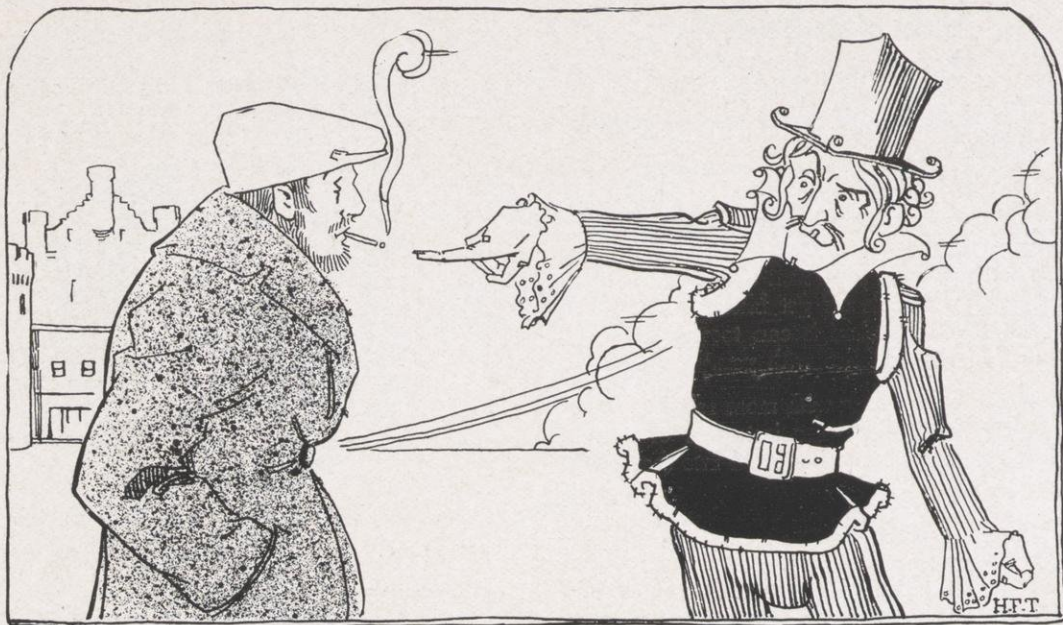
Kitty—She's been going with him for seven years now.

Katty—My word, what a large mirror she must have broken to start that!



**Speaking of graft at state institutions:
 You can't even go through the library door
 without a pull.**

**The Seats of the Mighty**



TWENTY YEARS AFTER

By Dubious

One evening a short time ago I felt myself obsessed by a strange sleepiness. Strange I say, because it was only twelve o'clock and I had had a good four hours sleep the night before.

Sleepy though I was, I decided to go to bed, for I have a strong will—in fact, my grandfather left me one. Although this will provided that I get nothing unless I give up chewing tobacco, it has always struck me odd that I cannot use tobacco when I chews.

But be this as it may, I went to bed and it was not until I woke up that I found myself awake. I think I must have slept about eight to eight hours and five minutes for I watched the clock constantly during my sleep. I dressed hurriedly, not forgetting to wash myself, and dashed down to a breakfast of beefsteak with a few omelettes to egg on my appetite. I only mention these things for they seem to add complexity to what is to follow and have nothing if anything to do with the matter.

Well, I hurried along toward my morning class and I was surprised to notice how surprising everything looked. The library looked older and seemed closer as I approached it. All this was extraneously foreign to the scheme of orientation with which I am accustomed to be familiar.

I had not been drinking. I remember lamenting the fact—so I pinched several persons to see if I was awake.

All of a sudden a man pointed at me and said, "Give me that cigarette, you."

"I have another similar to it in my pocket, if you care—" I started, when he interrupted me.

"Don't get funny," said he.

"I am endowed with the ordinary mental accouterments," I retorted, "whose function it is to discern humor but I do not strike myself as flaunting facetiousness."

"It is a wonder one of the deans hasn't seen you," continued this galloping ass.

"You talk like there were twenty of them," said I determined to answer him according to his folly lest I be like him (or whatever it is that the Bible advances).

"There are at present just two hundred deans," blurted this demented lunatic.

"You lie," I said, "There are just Goodnight and Nard—"

"They have been retired twenty years," he went on. "Why in 1925—"

"Stick to 1920," I suggested. "Does not rent day come around often enough for you without you have to mess up your A.D.s? Now tell me that Tony Pisuti, the child wonder, is forty-five and has just been elected president by the Socialist party."

"This is 1945," he continued smoothly, "and the deans have prohibited smoking for the last fifteen years."

"Prohibited smoking?" I asked.

"Yes, the year we did away with football," he answered.

I began to see. I had been the victim of a Rip Van Winklihoovian sleep or a Connecticut Yankee knight errant. Here was the university gone to gehenna after twenty-five years of the down grade begun in 1920 when Tea Dancing, the Order of the Barbs, the Deans' Itch, and other epidermal blights universities are heir to. I had hoped for a general delousing, but apparently none had come. So here I was in 1945. I felt for silver threads amongst the mauve in my imperial.

"So they did away with football?" I asked. "I suppose they play conference pingpong now?"

"No," said he, "we really have football but the teams do not actually scrimmage. In fact, the games are decided by vote. We beat Illinois last Sunday

(Continued on page 28)

GEE! I'M FROZEN STIFF. IT FEELS GOOD TO GET UP AND STRETCH THE OLD LEGS AGAIN. DRAT IT! THAT RHEUMATISM I HAD IN THE WINTER OF '64 IS BACK AGAIN.



THE OLD CHAPEAU IS AS GOOD AS EVER. I ALWAYS DID FEEL SILLY SITTING UP HERE WITHOUT A HAT. YOU CERTAINLY HAVE LASTED FOR A \$1.50 HAT.



'AT'S A BOY! CHARGE IT TO GL GILBERT, BURSAR. I NEVER DID LIKE THAT OTHER CHAIR. NO PADDING.



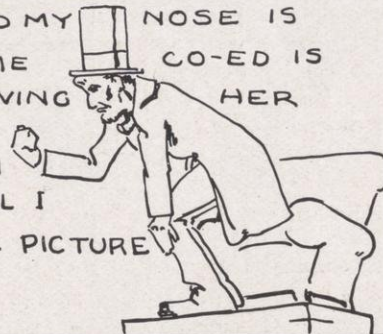
L-A-D-E-E! DID YOU SEE THAT GIRL SMILE AT ME? S'FUNNY BUT I ALWAYS DID MAKE A HIT WITH THE WOMEN. WHY DID THAT SCULPTOR PUT THESE OLD CLOTHES ON ME? LOOK AT THE BAGS AT THE KNEES!



HERE SON! RUN GET ME A SAPPY STORY, POLICE GAZETTE, A SMALL VICTROLA, SOME JAZZ RECORDS, AND A PACKAGE OF CAMELS.



GET AWAY FROM HERE!! YOU DON'T GET ANY MORE PICTURES OF ME. MY COMPLEXION COMES OUT BUM AND MY NOSE IS SHINY. SOME CO-ED IS ALWAYS HAVING HER PICTURE TAKEN WITH ME, AND ALL I GET IN THE PICTURE IS MY FEET.



JE-RUS-A-LEM!! HERE COMES A GIRL WITH TAGS FOR SALE! NOT A JITNEY IN MY JEANS! SAVE ME!!



THANKS, OLD TOP. NOW I'M FIXED FOR THE WINTER.

DON'T MENTION IT. US MEN MUST STAND TO-GETHER. HUBTOWNSEND.



If the Lincoln Statue Came to Life for Fifteen Minutes

Time was when a fraternity dance "lasted almost to 11 o'clock." Now they last, at least in effect, for several weeks.



Belly Hot!

There was a Mongolian Chink
Who said to the preacher, "I think
I should like nothing more
Than to dwell evermore
In an ocean of fiery drink."



Deer, Dear!

Enthusiastic Sorority Sister, advertising a new pledge: "Oh, you must meet her. She's just a dear!"

Wise Guy, who has been there before: "Whadya mean, dear? Swift or expensive?"



Abe Lincoln walked miles to return a cent,
but that was before the price of shoes went up.

Financial Approximations

Hash—The accumulation of last week's surplus.
A friendly loan—More often a Bad Debt than a Promise to Pay.

Pawn Check—A First Chattel Mortgage.

Goodwill—Otherwise known as Sweet William or Bad Bill.

Football Bets—Wildcat Speculation with Uncertain Security.

Father—Comptroller of the Currency.



Although authorities agree that at the age of six, George Washington could not tell a lie, most believe that in later years he outgrew that weakness.



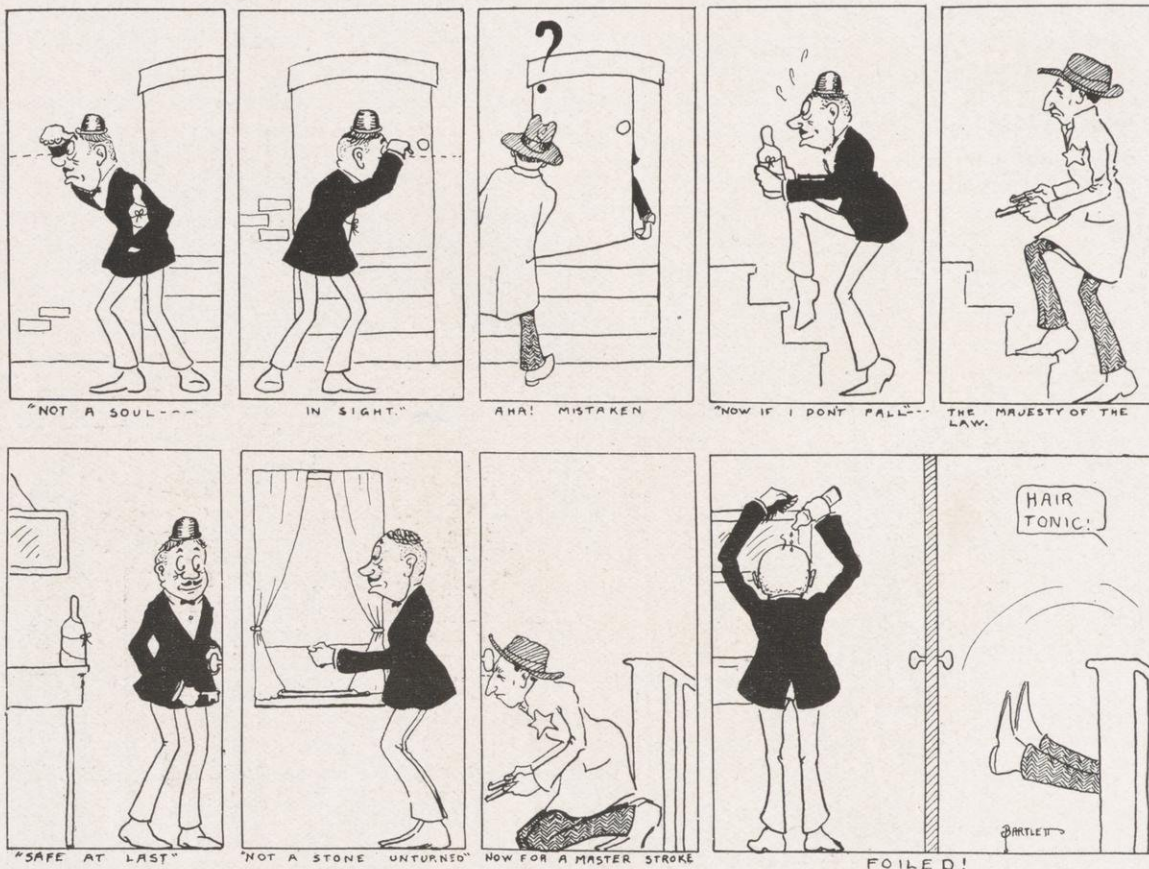
When I stepped into a street car last evening, it was behind a woman who asked of the conductor, "Does this car go to Wingra Park?"

"Yes, madam, isn't that what the sign in front reads?"

"Yes, but on the side it says, 'West Main.'"

Replied the bright Con, "I beg your pardon, lady, but this car doesn't go sideways."—And not having a car check, I dismounted.

The Elusive Elixir, or Saved By A Hair





Notorious Nuisances No. 4

Taggers 'n' Tags

Most co-eds are taggers; all taggers are nuisances; therefore—but that leads us back to a conclusion which we maintained even before the days when we were trapped, tapped, touched, and tagged for everything from the Hospital for Enervated Tea-hounds to the establishment of the Y. M. C. A. among the Amazons. Not that we object to philanthropizing a good cause now and then, such as the maintenance of a Matrimonial Bureau for Unsuccessful Co-eds,—but having the true spirit of philanthropy we object to being advertised as suckers every time we are decorated by a tag, or as sparrows, (cheep, cheep), every time we refuse to be so decorated.

This tagging business seems to have an element of German propaganda, too. If it gets much more prevalent we might as well abandon our American name for "day" and hail our fellows with the ironic greeting, "guten Tag."

Western Stude—Are your brothers still in cahootz?
Frosh Co-ed—No, they both live in Manitowoc.

A Comfortable Religion

Frosh: What's the best church to go to?
Grad: Well the Congregational has the softest seats, but the Baptist has the best looking choir.

Table of Facts and Inferences

Facts	Inferences
A flat quart bottle	Hair tonic.
Incompletes	Sore eyes.
Sore eyes	Orpheim.
Torn hair net	Boisterous wind.
Powdered lapel	Hasty shave.
Short skirt	Advertising.
Mid-week date	Two fools.
Picnic for two	Getting wiser

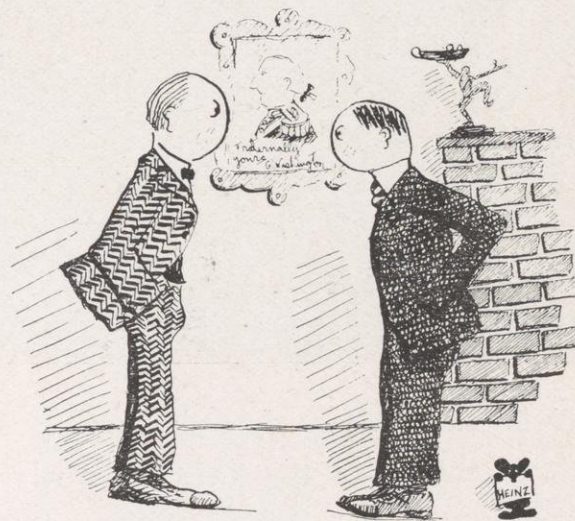
Tragic

I know a maiden who complains
Because she gains!
From fatty foods she e'er abstains;
To touch the floor she wildly strains;
She exercises till it pains;
And still she gains!

Ah, madly has she wracked her brain
To stop that gain.
Her pudginess is her chief bane;
She even prays for it to wane;
But all her efforts are in vain;
She'll always gain!!

My Motor Girl

A long chasis, heavy frame, well upholstered,
plenty of polish, speed and quick pickup, easy to
control, classy lines, but expensive in upkeep.



Say, I want two good girls for our dance,
and I want them bad.



Phyllis Haver, who simply won't attempt to be funny, not even for Mack Sennett, until she's laughed again at that terribly clever ad on page two and followed directions . . .

Biographical Sketches No. 1

CARL RUSSEL FISH

Carl was born, as is not generally known, into an aristocratic family of pheasants; English pheasants. As he was very young at the time he does not feel free to state just where this occurred, but he is able to say with some certainty that it was in England. In England, ah England. What a majesty of thoughts does that word conjure in our hearts. It reminds us of Great Britain. Yes, it fairly brings to us thoughts of the British Isles. So is it with all great names. We can scarce think of Napoleon without the thought of Bonaparte coming into our heads. We live in a world of strange coincidence.

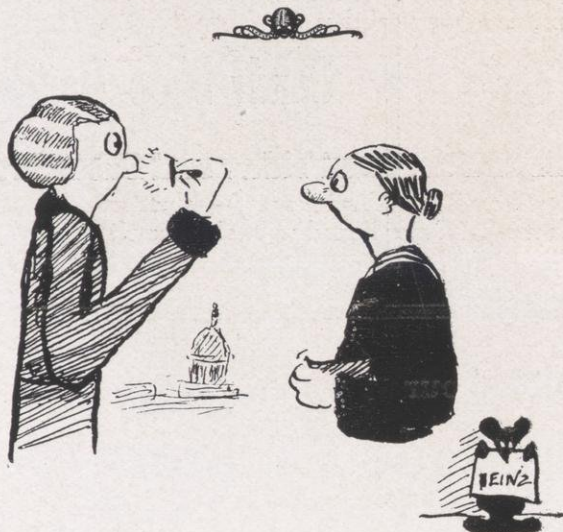
Now, Carl was a natural pedagogue from the very start. He taught school at the age of ten in the little University of Oxford, a modest place but characterized by that sturdy ruggedness which we so often associate with the early haunts of our Lincoln. But Carl was a true son of progress. It was not for him to remain long at one thing. So at the age of ten and a half he taught Applied Mechanics at Edinburgh, when eleven he went to Eaton and became professor of Sanskrit, and at the age of twelve he became professor emeritus of Solar Refraction in the Royal Academy.

From then on the rest was easy. The dream that some day he should come to America was easily realized. By doing such odd jobs after teaching hours as he was able; lifting keels in the great British ship yards at Glasgow, acting as detective in Scotland Yard, blacking boots in Trafalgar, and driving hacks up Picadilly he was able to earn enough siller (money) to keep himself in stogies (cigars) while he worked his way across the Atlantic in the steerage (helping to steer the boat.)

Truly the life of Carl Russel Fish is one which should inspire every boy between the age of ten and ten and a half to greater things.

We will say in passing that the journey across was made in a big steel steamer, and Carl maintains with emphasis that it was quite a hardship.

Duke Di Kakiak.



Sue: Powder?

Lu: No, Let me reflect.

Andelson Bros

17-19 W. Main Street

Discerning women, we realize, must choose from stocks that are versatile and complete in variety to make satisfactory selections.

University women find this

Madison's Largest Exclusive Women's Ready to Wear Store

a splendid place to shop because the stocks here are as large and varied as those found in the better stores of the larger cities.

The new price levels recently established at this store give our patrons the full benefit of recent reductions in the Wholesale markets.

Save Money In Clothes

All-wool fabrics mean longer wear.

Longer wear means fewer clothes to buy.

Fewer clothes to buy means money saved.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits and Overcoats, \$50.00 and \$60.00

It Pays to Walk Around the Square to

Olson & Veerhusen Co.

"The Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes."

7-9 North Pinckney Street

Novelty Cases

*Just the smart thing
for a College Girl.
In green gold filled,
engraved or engine
turned cases with
tassels and arm
straps.*

Price \$15 to \$50

**Gamm
Jewelry Co.**

Nine West Main Street



Who said button!



Tell us not in melancholy
Life is but a nightmare glum.
Docs all reap their rocks, by golly,
When the football fractures come.



He: You have a wonderful back.
She: What affront!



Jack is selling a low line of goods.
What?
Shoes.



Jery: She's a wild woman.
Pete: How'd you know?
Jery: She told me so.

Try our Cake
It's Fine

**Moeller's
Ice Cream**
25 W. MAIN ST.

**Kodak
Developing
and
Printing**
Best in the West

**The
Photoart House**
Wm. J. Meuer, Pres.

ENGAGE

Boyd's Orchestra
Ten of Them

Candy Shop Dances
Friday and Saturday

Thuringer-Garbutt

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**Toys and Christmas
Novelties a Specialty**

If you enjoy good food
come to

**The
Refectory**

Everything good to eat
Near State and Lake Streets

Have You Sampled our
Home Made Candies

The Chocolate Shop
"The Home of the Hot Fudge."

Ye Ballade of Ye Condemned

As I climbed up the Golden Stairs
Upon the Judgment Day,
I chanced upon a gentleman
A-travelling my way.

My craven heart was full of fear
For what I'd done on earth;
But he was just as placid-calm
As he was large of girth.

St. Peter met us at the gate
With countenance severe.
I slunk behind the gentleman
Who seemed to have no fear.

St. Peter talked to him awhile
And asked about his past.
The gentleman he then kicked out
And left me there aghast.

"Well, who are you?" he said to me,
Down dropped my lower jaw.
"Why, I'm the guy," I stammered out,
"Who killed his mother-in-law!"

"Is that the worst you've done?" he asked,
And clasped me by the hand.
"It is," I answered. Whereupon
I gained the Promised Land.

As we passed through the Pearly Gates
I asked St. Peter straight
How such as I got in and not
My gentlemanly mate.

"You only killed your mother-in-law;
That isn't serious;
But he piled up a hoard of wealth
Through Cafeterias!"



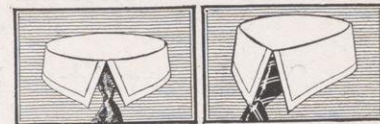
When A Feller Needs a Friend

*That
Something New*

We specialize in the needs of Varsity girls. They want only the newest and the best and all our lines from accessories and toilet preparations to frocks and gowns are entirely different from the average.

Kessenich's

FIFTEEN years ago college men dressed as the movie people believe they still do; today college clothes are the clothes of good taste and conservatism. The right collar is always appropriate.



ZELWOOD

TROTWOOD

EW Collars & Shirts

EARL & WILSON, TROY, N. Y.



Blame it, old man, that's the second time I made a mistake.

Why, what mistake was that?

Mistook that girl going down the street for a boy in knee pants.

A formal affair—a wedding was taking place. The bride and bridegroom swept down the aisles to the strains of the wedding march. Everything tended towards a beautiful ceremony. They approached the altar. The absent minded priest held forth his arms in welcome and said: "Lord, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Things We Don't Like To See

1. The landlord.
2. Feminine ears.
3. Blue books.
4. Deans.
5. A flat tire.



CAPITAL CAFE

Special consideration given student dinners and banquets

Music evenings

Capitol Exchange 217 (Phone)

UNDER MANAGEMENT OF MR. and MRS. F. R. FULLER

IRVING CAFETERIA

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New Equipment

Excellent Service

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Reasonable Prices

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HOSIERY WEEK
AT THE LEADER
**Silk, Wool or Lisle Hose at Discount From
15 to 25 Per Cent**

To buy NOW will be to your advantage

STATE STREET LEADER
Next to the Co-op

Come Again

He: May I kiss you goodnight, dear?
She: Not goodnight, Harold.



How's your son getting on in college?
Great, the Deans are always writing to me about him.



I'm thru with Lucille.
Misunderstanding?
No, understanding.



At Open House

He innocently: I hear you've been a-broad.
She: Sir!

Take your
Prescription to
Lewis
Pharmacy
Across from Co-op.

Filled only by registered pharmacists
at a reasonable price



*These elegant
strap slippers
are very modish
and becoming.
Made of fine,
soft kid in
suede and satin*

Schumacher Shoe Co.

Twenty-one South Pinckney Street

"Where are you going
tonight for coffee."

at the

Doughnut Kitchen

Of Course

Next to Boyds. 422 State St.
C. ROTTIER, Proprietor

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With Every Purchase

Service---Courtesy---Quality

Tiedemann's Pharmacy

702-704 University Avenue

"We're in Business for Your Health."

We are now located in
our new store with a
complete line of electrical
supplies. Give us a call.

Schaub Bros.

229 STATE STREET

"Say it with Flowers"



Rentschler Floral Co.

Store 226 State Street

Phone B. 179

SEE

E. A. Taylor

Registered Chiropodist

About those foot troubles

At the

The Comfort Shop

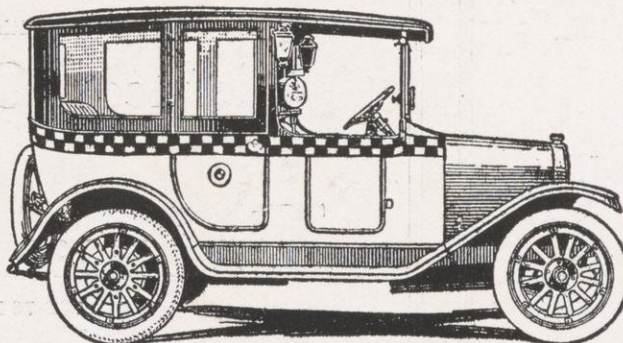
31 East Mifflin Street



"And I was wantin' one of them loose fittin' coats, but the sales lady said this 'un was so becomin' to my figger."

CHECKER CAB CO.

140 South Blair Street, Madison, Wis.



RATES

For One Passenger

First (One Half)
Mile 0.35
Each additional
1/4 mile05
Each 2 minutes
waiting05
Cabs by the Hour. 3.00

Each additional
Passenger
above one for
the entire trip. .20

Badger 805 . . . Day and Night Service

Why Freshmen Leave College

By DEAN S. H. GOODNIGHT

In many cases it is because they have never learned to work. Some times the school from which they came is at fault; *more often the trouble is ascribed chiefly to their own "cleverness" in "getting by" in high school without doing any real studying.*

Most students who come here with conspicuously weak high-school records are in serious trouble by mid-semester and many leave then or by February first.

Frequently, however, freshmen fail who have done good work in high school. Unquestionably one of the chief reasons for this is the ridiculous induction into academic life which they receive when they arrive here.

The average freshman leaves home with high ideals and a firm resolve to do good work at college. (This is not a guess, but an observation based on many, many conversations with prospective freshmen). He fully expects to go to work at once and to find an incentive to study in the attitude of all about him.

And what happens? He drops into bedlam. He is "rushed," he is "received," he is "welcomed"—incidentally the "Varsity Welcome" was the one redeeming feature of our reception to our freshmen this year—he is forced to wear a green cap, to "button" *ad nauseam*, he is hauled out on the street at night to do grotesque stunts for the delectation of howling mobs; the hall is a babel of disorder for a riotous two weeks, and if at the end of that time he still has an ounce of idealism left in him, he stands a fair chance of having that punched out of him in that great classic event, the bag rush.

And all in the name of WISCONSIN SPIRIT!!

What wonder that his dreams and ideals are shattered, that weeks must pass and many sad experiences with the faculty must intervene before he can again begin to conceive of the University as a place of intellectual effort worthy of his respect? What wonder that he gets so far behind that he can't catch up?

And if, by virtue of tardy toil and administrative clemency he weathers the gale and gets thru "on probation," what wonder that it often takes him about three years to arrive as a senior at a conception of "Wisconsin spirit" which is worthy of the name?

With a saner and more helpful brand of Wisconsin spirit more in evidence during the first two or three weeks of each academic year, the exodus of freshmen at mid-semester would not be so great as to call for a special number of "The Octopus."



And They Killed Lincoln

"It's nothing but a big bluff," remarked Nero as he gazed upon the Pallisades.

Alexander Kornhauser Company

Lowering Prices

without lowering quality is an aim difficult of achievement, but it is being accomplished in this store. At this time of re-adjustment, quality is of paramount importance to the customer, but in a store such as this where quality is recognized at its true worth, one buys always with the same degree of confidence in the dependability of the merchandise. Prices are stepping down here but not at the expense of quality.

"Gifts That Last"

AT

A. E. LAMBOLEY
The Jeweler

Do your Xmas shopping now

Will reserve on small deposit

Diamonds, Jewelry, Cut Glass

Twenty Years After

(Continued from page 16)

before church 10,000 to 400. Quite overwhelming, not?"

"Anyway," I ventured, "I suppose a man can dance. They can't have made Tea Dancing any worse even in twenty-five years?"

"Well no," he answered, "We have the quadrille and the sextagonal, but the fussing bureau is quite distressing."

"Fussing bureau?" I gasped.

"Yes," he sighed. "Only this morning I called up and asked them what they could give me in a Gamma Phi. They said not much of anything. You see the Pan Hellenicboys have taken away their privileges for coming to breakfast in high heels."

"The sororities and fraternities are still left, then?" I asked.

He admitted that they were. "But they have changed. Everybody belongs now whether he wants to or not. You sign up for a fraternity when you register. There is no rushing; the pledging is done with a roulette wheel. All Agrics must be Dekes, for example. The Phi Delts pledged 3,000 men L & S this fall. They played the blues and the wheel came around pat. Oh, it is all very simple and democratic."

I asked him who won the rush that year.

He told me: "The Frosh should have won it; their singing was the best—you see it is all a question of harmony now. There is no tussling, nothing re-

sembling boistrousness—but some rowdy Freshman threw a caramel, and of course that is unconstituti—"

As he spoke four men in white coats sprang from five directions all different and pinned him to the ground which was not far off.

"Calm down, Napoleon. We're going for a nice boat ride across the lake," said one of the men. Then turning to me—"Sorry he bothered you, sir, Pete broke out last night. He thinks he is Napoleon, the sweet little caporal."

"Oh, that's all right," said I. I felt like fining the city for building the sidewalks so near to me.

Now I eskew was not that a disturbing affair?



Down But Not Out

Spectator: Is this your third year here?

Football Player: Yes, third and ten to go.



Professor—What is the proper re-agent for this solution?

Student—Alcohol.

Professor—That's the proper spirit.



Professor Pyre remarked to one class in English, "I'll meet you in sections."

Our preacher is a good man and he is working to beat Hell. So are we. If you want anything done, give it to a busy man. He knows how; and he loves his work. This is why he is always busy.

Democrat Printing Company
University Printers
Badger 486-7-8

"Une Charmante Boutique"

(A Charming Shop For Women)

BLOUSES

Everything from the plain school and utility waist to the most distinctive models made

LINGERIE

Of individual charm, yet prices are moderate

THE MODE SHOP

Madison's Exclusive Waist Shop

2nd Floor Steensland Bldg.

ON THE SQUARE

Next to Menges Pharmacy.

No matter how far the price of clothes drops
we can rest assured that there will be no radical,
or extremely noticeable, drop in women's
dress.



What a high color Grace has.
Of course, it's high. She won't use any of the
cheap kind.

**An Old Story**

She: Sir, I'm a lady.

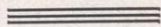
He: I've heard that before too.



Post Grad—What is McFiddle doing since he
graduated last June?

Alumni—He learned so much about home-brew
the prohibition officials engaged him for a special
inspector.

PASTEURIZED MILK, CREAM, BUTTER-
MILK, COTTAGE CHEESE AND
VELVET ICE CREAM

**Kennedy Dairy Company**

"Sole Manufacturers of Velvet Ice Cream"

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Hosiery**In shades to harmonize
with your footwear.

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Walk-Over Boot Shop

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day Novelties

Come Early

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Unique Shop**

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BARBER
SHOP

UNIVERSITY AVENUE
At Park

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Trimmed, Ready to wear
Dress and Dance Hats

Carolyne Hat Shop
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You'll want Our good Groceries
at Our Reasonable Prices

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White Mazda

"Bucking-Lamp"

**Blackhawk Electric
Company**

301 State

Marinello Shop

Have a Permanent Wave
The Frederic System

FOR APPOINTMENT—F. 79
223 STATE STREET



That's an awfully short dress you have on.
Why that's not my dress that's my top coat.



The hostess had trouble in getting Mr. Jones to sing. After the song had been coaxed from him, she came up with a smiling face to her guest and made the ambiguous remark:

"Now, Mr. Jones, you must never tell me again that you cannot sing,—I know now."

The Perfect Gift
A PICTURE
Perfectly Framed

McKillop Art Co.

650 STATE

Personality Portraits
BY
Master Photographers

The Portrait Shop

(Hone & McKillop)

608 STATE

Term-inology

I haven't seen you for a month. What have you been doing?
Thirty days.



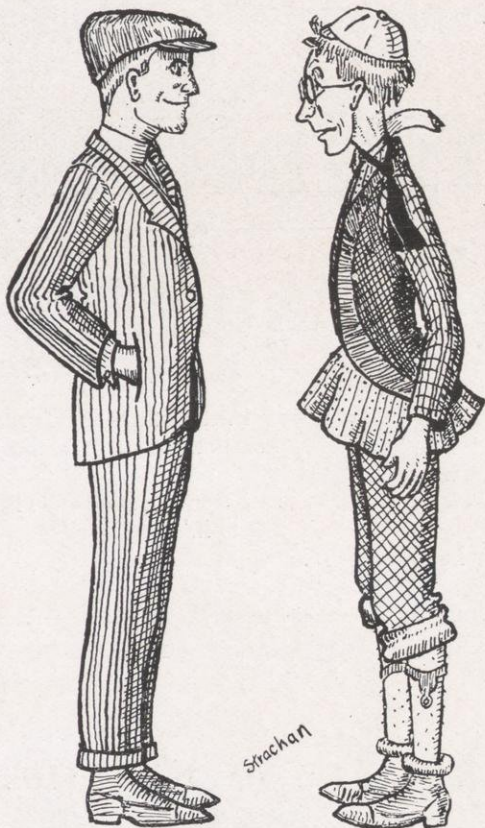
He: Do you love me?
She: Yes.
He: How much?
She: How much have you got?



News Item:
Miss Sweet was recently arrested for speeding, and was fined by the judge.
SHE PAID THE FINE WITH A SMILE.



The man who waited twelve years for his wife to return before he instituted suit for divorce must be the same person who borrowed five iron men from us years and years ago.



Tailor—That coat is too short for you.
Youth—Well, it will be long enough before I get another one.

Latest Paris Styles

Created at

The French Shop

MRS. L. F. HADERER

Formal Gowns—Street Gowns

Gowns—Gowns—Gowns

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Reasonable Prices
Quick Service
Good Food

FRANK'S

University Avenue

Coyne Hat Shop

Correct
Millinery

10 S. CARROLL ST.

A Snap Course

Soph: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Frosh: "No, who teaches it?"
—Voo Doo.



Not For Me

Night Owl: "Set the alarm for two, will you?"

Roomie: "You and who else?"
—Widow.



Geographical

"Papa, where is Atoms?"

"I don't know, my boy. Do you mean Athens?"

"No, Atoms, the place where everything is blown to."

—Voo Doo.



"Would you like to take a walk with me?"

"But I don't know you—"

"Ah, but what you don't know won't hurt you."

—Tiger.

Tb Tb Tb

She: "Did the doctor treat you?"

He: "No, he charged me five dollars."

—Jester.



Girl: "What's the nearest port in a storm?"

Date (getting the idea): "The davenport."

—Fivol.



"Take that!" cried the student.

"Fare enough," retorted the conductor, pocketing the pennies.

—The Juggler.



It Would Bare Watching

First Bather—"It is rumored that her bathing suit is the object of much criticism."

Second Bather—"There's nothing to it."

—Froth.

Postal Station No. 9

Sumner & Cramton

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PHOTO SUPPLIES

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Printing and Enlarging

670 STATE STREET

MADISON, - WISCONSIN

Thompson's Orchestras

For All Student Parties

Student Dances at Hall
Every Friday and Saturday Evening

I'll See You at

Fred. Mautz's

821 University Ave.

Billiards

Pocket Billiards

Glass Houses, Etc.

The prof. had written on the back of a theme: "Please write more legibly."

Next day—"Prof., what is this you put on my theme?"

—Tar Baby.

**Those Memory Wizards**

"I know all the telephone numbers in town."

"How extraordinary."

"—only I don't know whom they belong to."

—Jack-o-Lantern.



Nice Boy (to co-ed): "Would you like to go to the Senior play?"

Co-ed (all flutter): "Why, I'd just love to."

Nice Boy: "Then buy your ticket of me, will you?"

—Frigol.

What Men Like in Women

1. Looks
2. Brains
3. Looks
4. Money
5. Looks
6. Flattery
7. Looks
8. Responsiveness
9. Looks

—Jester.

**Squashed**

He—My brother is exactly the opposite of me. I don't suppose you've met him, have you?

She—No, but I should like to.

**Creak!**

"Have you been gyming Bertie?"

"Yeth; and getting strong.

Cawn't roll a sigawette now without bweaking the papah."

—Punch Bowl.

Anslinger Gowns

Exclusive Dressmaking

The Fashion Shop

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Badger 5069

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and want you to see them

THE CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Manager
506-508 State Street

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FEATURES,
ART, EDITORIALS
AND
SPORTS

The Milwaukee Journal

Capital City Meat Market

421 State Street

Insist that your meats
come from a clean
sanitary shop.

Give Us A Trial

Sweet Kisses

Prof. in Govt. (speaking on Woman's Suffrage in France): "In comparison with other countries, the Woman's Movement in France has been slow."

A. E. F. Buck: "Not where I was, Prof."

—Scalper.



Hanky: "Why did the girl detective throw up her job?"

Panky: "They wanted her to be a plain clothes woman."

—Gargoyle.

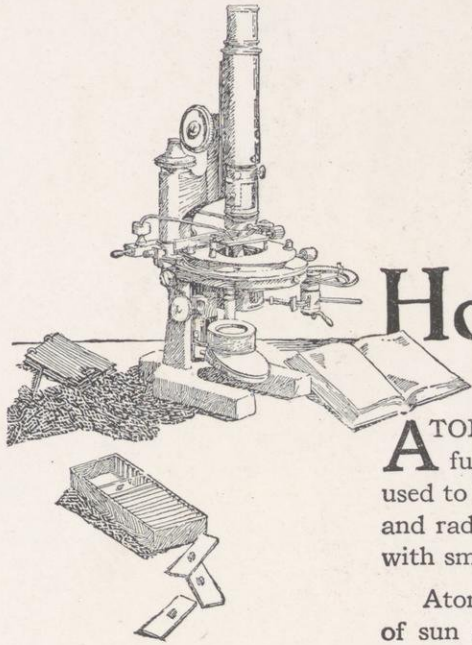


Girl: "I'll marry you under one condition."

He: "I'll accept any condition."

Girl: "Get Dick's consent. I have been engaged to him for a week and the old-fashioned dear might want to keep me."

—Tar Baby.



How Large is an Atom?

ATOMS are so infinitesimal that to be seen under the most powerful microscope one hundred million must be grouped. The atom used to be the smallest indivisible unit of matter. When the X-Rays and radium were discovered physicists found that they were dealing with smaller things than atoms—with particles they call “electrons.”

Atoms are built up of electrons, just as the solar system is built up of sun and planets. Magnify the hydrogen atom, says Sir Oliver Lodge, to the size of a cathedral, and an electron, in comparison, will be no bigger than a bird-shot.

Not much substantial progress can be made in chemical and electrical industries unless the action of electrons is studied. For that reason the chemists and physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the very constitution of matter as they are with the development of new inventions. They use the X-Ray tube as if it were a machine-gun; for by its means electrons are shot at targets in new ways so as to reveal more about the structure of matter.

As the result of such experiments, the X-Ray tube has been greatly improved and the vacuum tube, now so indispensable in radio communication, has been developed into a kind of trigger device for guiding electrons by radio waves.

Years may thus be spent in what seems to be merely a purely “theoretical” investigation. Yet nothing is so practical as a good theory. The whole structure of modern mechanical engineering is reared on Newton’s laws of gravitation and motion—theories stated in the form of immutable propositions.

In the past the theories that resulted from purely scientific research usually came from the university laboratories, whereupon the industries applied them. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company conceive it as part of their task to explore the unknown in the same spirit, even though there may be no immediate commercial goal in view. Sooner or later the world profits by such research in pure science. Wireless communication, for example, was accomplished largely as the result of Herz’s brilliant series of purely scientific experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves.

General Electric
General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.



Prince

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