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Octopus!



HUB
TOWNSEND.

A Toast

“Here’s to you and me and all of
us, and to all
who, whether they know us or
not, have the divine
spark of good-fellowship glow-
ing in their hearts.”

DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY

Madison, Wisconsin

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Alexander Kornhauser Company

The Modes of Spring



SPRING in all the joyousness of new life and bright days is reflected in the dashing newness of our latest arrivals in Frocks, Wraps and Tailleurs.

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State and Gilman Street

Capital and Surplus, \$360,000

All
General Banking
Transacted

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.

Published thruout the college year, eight copies a year.

Entered as second class matter at the Madison postoffice, Madison, Wis.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; literary contributions may be placed in the boxes for that purpose or mailed to the Editor; and all art work should be submitted to the Art Editor.

Office Hours: Business Manager and editors will be in the Octopus office daily 3:30-5:00. Students wishing to tryout for places on the staff should call either the Business Manager or the Editor.

Vol II.

February, 1921

No. 5

Liegler's
CHOCOLATES

KISSEL
Custom-Built
Six

The New Coach-Sedan

The Latest Example of Kissel Individuality

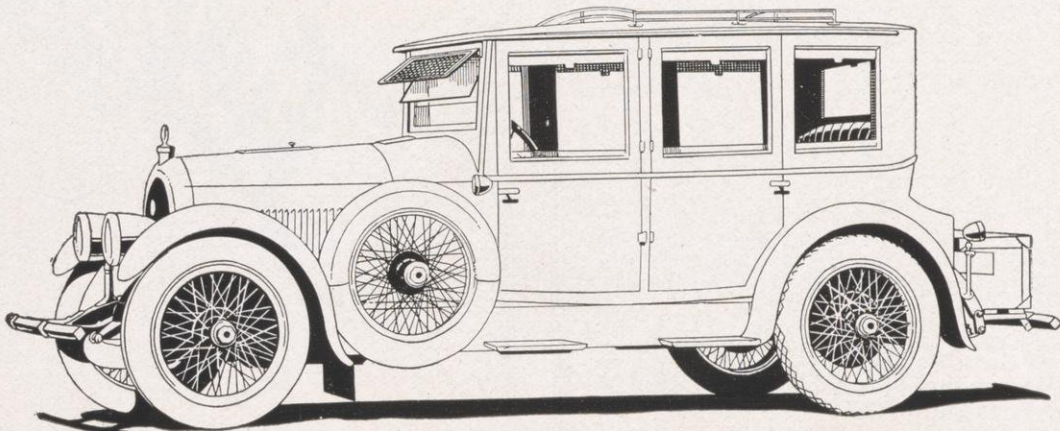
A new type of enclosed Sedan by Kissel—equipped with Kissel four door coach body—two lounge coach seats accommodating three people each—with high form-fitting backs—individual steps and sport fenders.



Luxuriously upholstered—completely equipped—mounted on the custom-built chassis, with the custom-built motor, designed and perfected by Kissel.

Kissel Motor Car Co.

Hartford, Wis.





I lub m' winter girl,
Wi' all m' heart and soul,
But, what progress can a man make,
When 'e 'as a winter cold?



Dolly: I heard that George broke his arm while skating yesterday.

Polly: It isn't true. He called on me last night.

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



Our maid says to us: And just because you use salad oil on your hair, don't think you are well dressed!

Bobbed Hair

He: What is that he is playing?
 She: TheadagiosstenutofromBeethovensappassion-
 ata.
 He: Oh.



Will the "stix" department please tell us
 how many students would miss breakfast if
 not for their eight o'clock classes?



If Dreams Came Through

Instructor in psychology: Know-nothing do you
 believe in dreams.
 Mr. Know-nothing: I did until last night when
 I dreamed I would pass this course.



Polly: Bill can pass everything in his new car.
 Molly: Yes, he can pass everything but his exams.

The Riddle of Life

I.
 Nothing to drink but water.
 Nothing to eat but food.
 Except for your hair
 There's nothing to wear
 But clothes or go in the nude.

II.
 Nothing to read but writing.
 Nothing to bleed but blood
 With water and dust
 The best of us must
 Admit the result will be mud.

III.
 No one to love but women.
 Nowhere to turn but around.
 It's hell to be married,
 But wait 'till we're buried
 A few feet under the ground.

IV.
 Nowhere to go but out.
 Thus thru life we are cursed.
 There's nothing to do
 For a decade or two
 'Till life's blue bubble is burst.



She: That girl we just passed had a perfect figure eight.

He: I would call it a perfect thirty-six.

It's a good thing that the first semester ends in the winter time. The bracing air aids in our recovery from the setbacks most of us know so well.



To His Brainsy Girl

Let us go a'riding
 Riding o'er the road
 You'd better choose a truck horse
 Lord knows you are a load.
 Let us go a'sleighing
 Sleighing in the night
 The night's the time for you
 In daytime you're a sight.



She: Do you like wool hose?
 He: If not too high.



A Hair Raising Episode

He was walking down State street when his eye caught a freshly-painted sign, "Prescriptions Here," displayed in the window of a drug store.

Without a moment's loss he entered, only to find every counter crowded. Would there be any left for him?

He took his place in line, at the same time nervously observing those who came and left. At last his turn came and with a magnetic glance he enticed the clerk to accompany him to the last counter. Here he was safe; there would be none to hear what might transpire between them, no friend to betray him and no acquaintance to cast a blot on his irreproachable reputation.

Leaning far over the counter, he whispered in the other's ear.

"A jar of bandoline, please."



He: Where did you do most of your skating when you were learning?
 She: I think you're horrid.



Her time and rythm were divine,
 I loved her dancing.
 And when her eyes pleaded with mine,
 I loved her, dancing.

Full of Life and Human Interest

With her Lash-browine eyes,
 Wide open with surprise,
 She lamped me!
 With her calcimined nose,
 And her "roll-your-own" hose,
 She vamped me!
 With her come-and-kiss-me lips,
 Red with Melba to the tips,
 She yoked me!
 With her highfalutin' way,
 Wanting candy every day,
 She broke me!!!



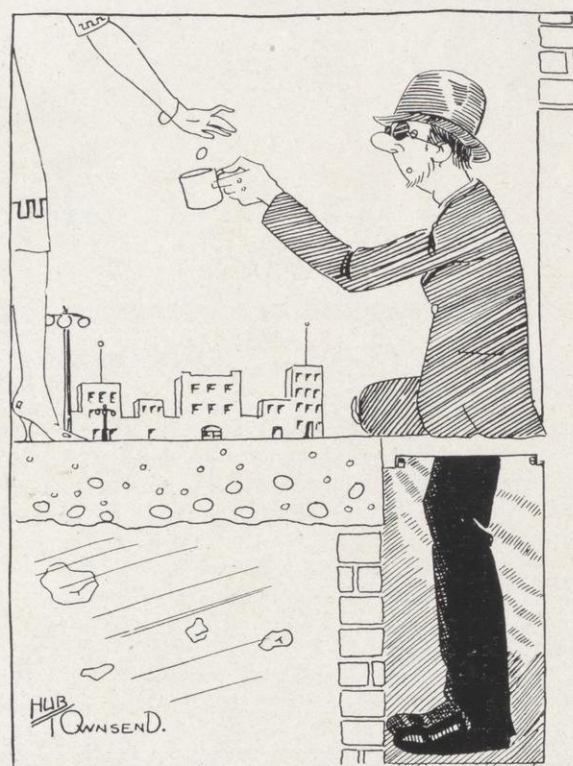
Um-mh!

Bill: Between you and me, what do you think of her?

Phil: Between you and me I shouldn't like her, but beside me,—I'd love her.



It's a mighty good thing that Madison banks don't publish their annual statements at Prom time.



A Young Man Without Any Visible Means of Support



Founded 1919

Published at the University of Wisconsin

Incorporated 1920

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Vol. II

February, 1921

No. 5



"Wad the Power the Giftie Gie 'Em--"

Let no pessimistic misanthropist think Octy imprecates winter sports for verily no more adjuvant advocate of virile avocations can be found than Octy.

He panegyriizes play; he urges boys and girls to skate and ski and hike; he insists that toddling is no competitor of skating in the stimulation of rosy cheeks and robust health.

And with the ingenuity typical of the feminine mind, the co-eds unearth another point in favor of winter sports; a point, to their minds, vastly more important than any advanced by Octy.

So breeches become a la vogue.

Co-eds storm their brothers' closets and drag forth the olive drab and gabardine that has clad the weary legs of Camp Grant's corporals and Argonne's heroes. With no sentimental reverence, these utilitarian minded co-eds lace themselves in army pants; then promenade.

And such an exposition!

The tall ones look taller and the short ones look shorter.

There is one fair faced damsel with a purple tam and leather coat who looks dangerously insecure on her two be-trousered spindles. Her lankiness is accentuated by her garb.

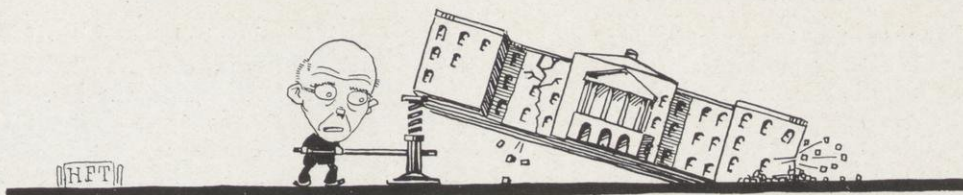
And with her is a rotund little miss in bulging breeches. There is about her an air of sturdy endurance.

Blissfully the two swagger up the street and mistake the craning necks and peering eyes for those of admirers.

Octy, be it known, is no cantankerous misogynist. Far be it.

O, wad some Pow'r the giftie gie 'em—

But you know the rest.



Not A One Man Job

No one is unfamiliar with the broadcast bosh about the lax standards of the modern universities. There is no one who has not heard the lugubrious laments of our hypochondriacal pedagogues who with woe begone wails, descant on the days gone by when students knew by the time they received their degrees that Ibanez was an author and not a disease.

Soured old sophists, bas bleus, and bigwigs bellow 'bout the good old days, the days when school was an institution of learning, not merely a social playground, the days when there were no movies, toddle parties, and W. W.

But our proud peres tell us differently.

They insist that even in their day there were happy times for the students. There were brass rails and Silver Dollars, buggy rides and bones, and plenty of W. W.

This testimony that the average college student is doing an average grade of work comes from men who have been through the mill and despite the unpropitious influences that clutter a college boy's career have made good. But since it does not come from the lips of withered pedants it is held inexpert and therefore incompetent.

So a select few take upon themselves the task of "raising the standards of the school." In the interest of higher education, they start, not by imparting more knowledge, but by cutting down the grades. A ruthless indiscriminacy marks her work.

Students who had heretofore distinguished themselves as unusual are recipients of fairs and sometimes less. Just to raise the standards.

And what is the result? The whole school is thrown topsy turvy. There is no uniform system of credit. A person may receive a grade of excellent from one instructor and get only a fair from another for the same work.

Is that setting up high standards?

Octy thinks it's upsetting 'em.



The Woman Always Pays

When it's all said and done, there's nothing like being a fellow.

You pity yourself when you think what a date costs. You envy your girl when you fritter away a couple of dollars on a dance date.

But did you ever stop to pity the poor girl for having to go out with you, for having no choice in the matter, for either going with you or staying at home? There is no egotist so assotated as to think there is no one more desirable than he.

On your desk you have your little red book with an alphabetized list of all possibilities. There's Mable, Dorothy, and Ruth, Hazel, Edith, and Jane, et cetera ad infinitum. There's one for every occasion. Since Edith is the most serviceable, having been endowed with all the accoutrements of eligibility, you try her first.

But if Fate has thrown some other Adonis at her feet, all you have to do is run down your list and take your choice. Helen is too plump and Nora is too tall; Jennie can't dance and Elsie can't talk. So by the process of elimination, you finally come to your second choice.

For the girls, life is not so easy. She must take what blows her way.

So, dear girls, even if Octy can't break these double standards that have made you unhappy more than once, he sympathizes with you in your predicament and like the optimist that he is predicts the time when you can use the telephone as freely as your Brothers.

Until then, have patience.

Song of the Wage Slave

Sung to the tune of, "Silver
Threads Among the Gold."
Little holes in your silk stockings
Just above your spats I see.
I would rather buy you new ones
Than to have you freeze, tee, hee!

Bevo: My, but Jones' wife is bowlegged.
Vevo: Well, he didn't have a chance to see what
he was getting like the chaps of today.

Tricks of Trixie

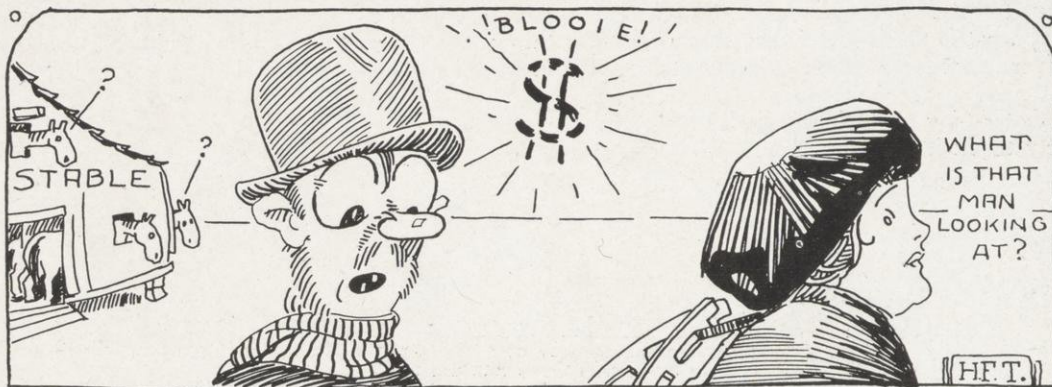
"I know how to get 'em warmed up," remarked
Trixie, who was giving advice to the young'n'innocent
frosh from Sun Prairie.

"How?" howed the frosh, who *really* didn't know.

"Oh, I give this cold he-male the baby stare, and
say, 'Top holding my han'!' and he says, 'Why,
I'm not holding your hand.' And then I say, 'Well,
but you were goin' to, weren't oo?'"

"Stuck"

I had waited
A long time
For this dance with her.
I knew how girls
Liked to dance
With a good dancer,
So I vowed I would
Show her that I was a
Master of this art.
Here was my chance
To make a good impression
And start a friendship
That might prove
Eternal.
My pulse quickened
As we started out
With the music.
But, we had gone
Only a few feet
When I stepped
Onto a wad of gum.
H—ll. You can guess
The rest.



A Stable Tale

By Lem N. Ade

Once upon a Time in the Reign of Taychopera, there was a Stable Proprietor who was somewhat of a Shylock.

He hated the Odor of Gasoline, for since the Advent of the Jazz Buggies he had entered a veritable State of Coma. In other Words, his Means of Sustainence had taken the greased Toboggan Route; it had become Null and Void.

His fast failing Critters of former years had long since been sold or relegated to the Scrap Pile. They possessed, since the four-wheeled Benzine Boats had copped the Pennant, about as much Utility as Steam Heat in Hades. A Charger, prancing down the Main Drag these Days, was distinctly out of Step with What Was Being Done.

Thus it came to pass that the Proprietor's Bank Roll was A. W. O. L. The Long Green was decidedly not Among Those Present in his young Life.

Our Hero and his Staff of Life had both become Back Numbers. Cobwebs made up the greater Part of the Furnishings of the Stable, and he was as busy as a Garter Salesman in the Fiji Isles.

An' then it came to pass that Opportunity did her proverbial knocking at the Proprietor's Door. Hope made her Debut, and again Life donned her Glad Rags for the Old Boy.

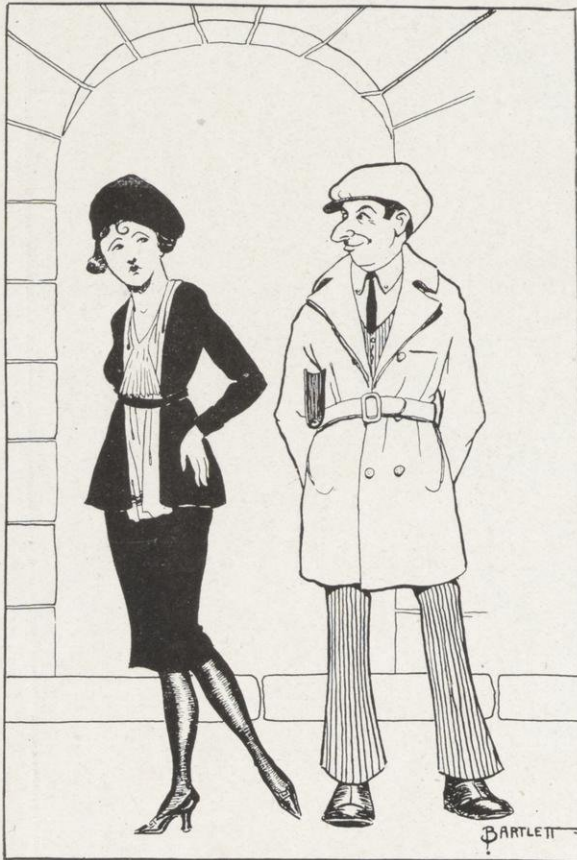
A Tip from his Side-kick, the Taylor, caused him to conjure dizzy Pipe-dreams about the Future. No longer would he have to bother his Nut about the Filthy Lucre. Life would soon be a daily Fox Trot between his Horse Emporium and the Bank. He was to be Sitting Pretty.

And did the Old Boy know what he was talking about? He hoped to Shout he did. Hadn't his Buddie, the Tailor, just given him the Dope that he

(Continued on page 27)



Our Suggestion For Skiing In a Snowless Winter



Have you any class now, Mabel?
Look me over.

He calling up: Listen, Jen, we're throwing another one of our parties, but before you consent you've got to promise not to be so rough after drinking punch.

Recipes

What are little Co-Eds made of, made of—
What are little Co-Eds made of:
Of moonless walks down a quiet street,
Of half-closed eyes that are soft and sweet,
Of nicer things I can't repeat—
Oh, that's what a Co-Ed's made of.

What are little Ed-Wards made of, made of, —
What are little Ed-Wards made of:
Of broken dates and bandoline,
Of midnight rides in a limousine,
And many things that are heard, not seen—
Oh, that's what an Ed-Ward's made of.

The size of a man's hat is a poor indication of brain capacity.

Hard!

Is she hard?
Boy, she's so hard she carries a lead pipe for a pencil.

She: Say, Bill, do you have to regulate the gasoline feed on your Ford with your foot or hand?
He: Oh no, I have an accelerator.
She: Well I was going to say if you didn't you needn't trouble calling me up again.

Supply and Demand

She: Now you can have only one tonight, Jo.
He: Well, then I won't take any.
She: All right; but you know half a loaf is better than no bread.
He: Not when the loaves are as plentiful as they are around here.

The erstwhile sophomore who boasted of one year's attendance at Wisconsin without ever having been in the Libe will not be here the second semester. One guess why.

Co-eds

Co-eds are easily divisible into three classes: the top-notchers, the pinch-hitters, and the also-rans.

The Top-Notcher wears a fur coat, marcelles her hair, makes and breaks dates with impunity and gets by with it. She takes in all the dances, turns down five or six proposals per annum and still keeps them all in love with her. She not only knows her stuff, but knows she knows it and hence struts it. She has a variety of lines, is a knock out for looks, and kids her way thru the big U.

The Pinch-Hitter makes a good sister. You tell her your troubles and receive consolation. She realizes her limitations and knows the equivalent of a man's dollar. She is both clever and careful and makes a good second choice date, getting by in a crowd with ease. Making up in brains what she lacks in brass she manages to carry on a decent conversation and thus appeals to the intellect.

A word about the Also-Ran. She comes from "a good family," is either athletic or Phi Bete, and would be approved of by any national board of censorship. She is proper, studious, and energetic; and the chances are she is a good cook.

The boys usually marry an Also-Ran.



KINK WINTER

Those College kids are putting cupid wings on Me! Can ya bend that? !!!!!



LOVE NEST

In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy etc.

But why limit it to Spring?

A sharp slump has been reported in the sale of rouge.



SEEN ON

THE LAKE

China is having troubles other than Shantung.



I still insist that no one loves a fat man. Dont see anyone staying around, do you?

HUB COWGIND.

From Our Cynical Bachelor

What has become of the girl who had no more appetite than a canary bird?

Women rank men in two classes: those who spend their money freely and those who have to be kidded into it.

The young lady next door asked today if the Atlantic Monthly was a theological review.



Dean: And therefore, young man, on account of your booze parties I must dismiss you from school.

Youth: Thank you, Dean, thank you. That'll please my father.

Dean: B ut why thank me?

Youth: Now father won't have to send me any more booze.



The Guy that said Prom-going at Wisconsin is a Capitol sport just about hit the ball on the head.

Missouri man shot a crow the other day and found a \$1 bill in his beak. Somebody's been throwing money to the birds again.



Human Nature

Alaska's the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Milwaukee's the Land of the Midnight Daughter.

Now which of us go to Alaska? Why, none!

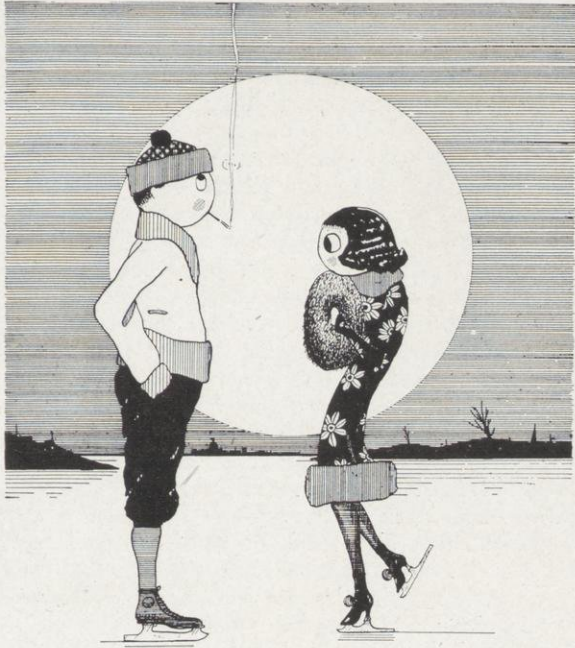
But more of us go to Milwaukee than oughter!!



The trouble with the modern woman is that she now demands all the prerogatives which man has gained by his strength, at the same time refusing to relinquish those which man has heretofore yielded to her on account of her weakness.



Moving Pictures



She: John, what is the matter? You used to be such a good mixer.

He: Nuthin' to mix nowadays. Nuthin' at all!

"Lady Luck, Where At Is You?"

This one annexes the award—A young man was waiting patiently for the exam questions to be handed out for the final in history. He took a pair of bones from his pocket, warmed them up, and spilled them on his blue-book, whispering fervently, "Come Ex."

The Lament of Those Who Went to Prom

Nothing but toast for breakfast
 Popcorn balls for lunch,
 Hash and beans for dinner
 And nothing between to munch.
 Only movies to fuss to
 Unless we fuss to church,
 And perhaps the last is better
 For a dime will do in a lurch.

In the minds of some students the advent of a new semester means only contriving new ways of getting out of work—and, quite unconsciously, of getting out of college.

Gratis

He had the reputation
 For always wanting
 Something extra for his money,
 And it was a hobby of his
 To live up to his reputation.
 So when he was looking at
 A certain make of car
 In view of buying,
 He asked the price, which was \$1,500.
 The car was a beauty
 And he wanted it,
 But not without something extra.
 "Will you give me a spare tire,
 If I take this car?"
 "No, we couldn't do that."
 Won't you put on an all weather top
 In place of the common one?"
 "No, we couldn't do that."
 "Well, will you put on disc wheels
 Instead of the wooden spoked ones?"
 "No, we couldn't do that."
 "Won't you give me anything extra?"
 "Sure," said the alert salesman,
 "I'll throw in the clutch!"
 And so the sale was made.

Physiology, saluting a friend: "Hy-Gene!"

Flo: I thought she was a figure skater.
 Joe: Yes, but a little out of form.



Studiously Inclined

Literature

A. Frosh Mother.
Grass Flats,
North Dakota.

Dear Mother and Father—

Well, speaking of dates, I am sure that the fates have singled me out for a life very rough, so lend me your ear while I slip you a hear that will harden you're arteries, e'en tho' they're tough. As you know very well there's a young demoiselle in whose angelic



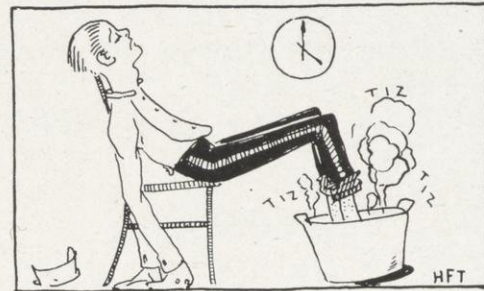
orbs for long weeks I've been peering; when I talked about Prom, she said, "Honey, you're on," and I gushed to myself—, "John the goal you are nearing." However, she said, "there's one chance for a switch; if my lumberjack lover from Muskegon, Mich., should decide to come down for this doggy affair, you will have to scare up a new honey elsewhere." I thot, well that's easy, this backwoodsman cheesy has doubtless holed up like a cinnamon bear, and will not show his snout till the ice is all out of the creeks, and weather is sunny and fair.

'Twas wrong this conjecture—a letter,—“expect your fond Hank on the tenth of the neighboring moon,” came galloping down from this two by four town, and blue was the tune that I started to croon. I sank on my bed in the depths of despair and amused my dumb roommate by tearing my hair. Quoth he, “prithree John, don't take on at this rate, because I know a cootie who'll give you a date; of her face, form, and features there's no room to shout,

but take it from me John, she's sure a good scout.” My grief made my mental state semi-cosmotic—before I quite knew it this lad idiotic had written his sugar in Middletown, O., to drag up this Josephine, best known as Joe.

Two days later I chanct to be taking a look at my roommate's old prep school days photograph book when my idle eye lit on a picture of Joe**** what happened to me then I'm sure I don't know, but when I revived I was flat on my bunk imploring my roommate to say that that punk looking dame in the picture with “Joe” underneath was not my Prom queen, but I heard with clenched teeth, “Yes, John, she's the she;” I fell back in the sea of sublime vacuosity, poor reciprocity for the monstrosity my idiocyt let be imposed on irrational me.

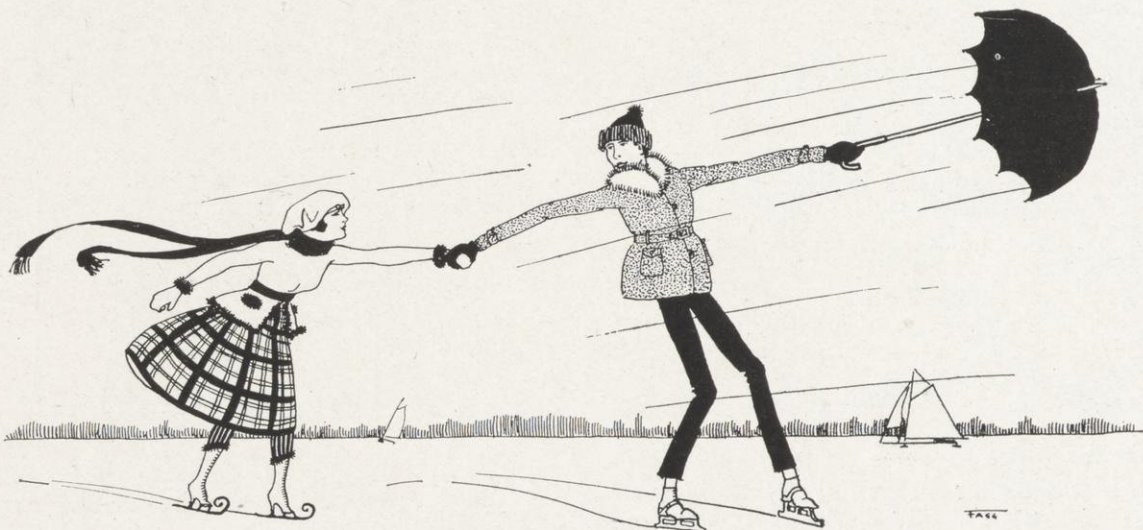
A week of this torture then gloom multiplied, cause it seems that up north on a steep mountain side friend Hank stuck his bean 'neath a tottering tree—in four months, said the Doc, he'll be able to see. Of course this disqualified Henry, but heck, I was in the same fix with this Joe on my neck. But one day in a murderous mental condition, I put myself in an atrocious position by telling my sweetie I'd take her or bust; as for Joe, she would have to deposit



her trust with the Lord, cause in me she would certainly find a cache of a most unreliable kind.

The last day of exams as I lurched down the hill, my poor old bean felt like a drunken windmill from the mental onslaught the last few days had brought

(Continued on page 22)



A Seasonable Suggestion To Those Who Can't Sail An Iceboat

Why Nimrod Sneezed at His Last Banquet and Died of Poverty

All men are our shepherds; and, if they and the chocolate shop go not broke, we shall not want.

They lead us along the lake shore beside the still waters; and we, human flies that we are, buz and murmur our way into the purses of the naive simpletons—it needing no poet to tell us what moonlight nights can do.

We dam and darn vociferously without the slightest provocation, that men may know how we appreciate and exercise our latest prerogative; we loiter in public places, knowing that the exiguity of our vestments will surely be noted of men; we are like to the lilacs on the campus; yea, we are the touch-me-lots of Wisconsin, for we think not, neither do thoughts come near our conscience.

Yea, though we toddle through the valley of the shadow of examinations, we fear no evil; the Profs. they expect nothing from us, and our ecstatic prating and rhapsodical inanity they will get us by.

The vicarious pump and granulated sawdust that hold dominion in our fairy domes make response to nothing but nonsense, jazz, and social twaddle; but this troubleth us not, for the desecated turnips that haunt the hill dispense only tons of withtred chaff, which we do shake from our dainty dewlaps as the maid shaketh the ashes from the ashtray.

Yea, though thou betake thee to an airship and fly to any college in the United States, we are there; and, if the Profs. do not become less clement, we shall surely transform colleges into social play-grounds, and stick around the universities forever.

Matthew Arnold.



Necessities of Mother Invention

Willie learned to say his prayers
Sliding down the hard wood stairs.
Willie bumped his head one day.
Now he swears and doesn't pray.



We wonder if the gobs who go to Mare Island, get the horse laugh when they arrive.



If Food Could Talk

The Cheese: I am strong for you.
The Pancake: The cook left me flat.
The Biscuit: I am leading a hard life.
The Yeast: Watch me work.
The Hash: God bless us, every scrap.



A foot below the petticoat
A foot above the galosh
Them socks they wear are pretty thin
And show a lot b'gosh.

Oh These Co-ed Costumes!

First Frosh, skating on the lake: Gee, that's a skinny fellow over there.

Second Frosh, also S. O. T. L.: That ain't a fellow.



A Man's Ideal Day

Canto I.

Alarm goes off at 7:30. Promptly throw it out the window. Joke on room-mate. (His clock.) Sleep.—Get thru sleeping about 11 or later.—Get up.—Smoke—Leisurely dress; an hour at least consumed.—Smoke—Eat lunch. Eat another—

Can't Ho. II.

Sit in poker session and win.—Smoke.—2:30 go to class. Get disgusted, tell prof to go to hell, and leave room.—Shoot some pool. Smoke ad interim.—Shave, shampoo, and manicure.—Heavy dinner topped with good cigar.

Kant O. III.

Sit in session until 8.—Shot from a friend indeed. Mints.—Business of getting ready for a date.—Date with k. o.—Dance two hours without being stepped on.—11 go riding.—11:30 kiss her. Again. Again. Compliment returned.—Stop car.—12:30 start car.—Home.—Again. Again.—Get tired and go home to bed. Wonderful!



She: I have hardly anything to wear to the dance tonight.

He: It must be like the dress you wore last week.



Let Me Help the Poor Sailors On a Night Like This

Darling frosh to cutie froshlet: Helen, are you mean?

Shocked froshlet: Why, Bill, who ever told you that?

Darling Frosh: Well, I was walking up the steps with Jake and you were right ahead of us, and he leaned over to me and said, "Boy, that's mean."

Quizzer (In psych. quiz): Tell us about this unusual case of the "Anaesthetic Boy" which Professor Sharp mentioned in his lecture.

Quizzed: Well, I know he couldn't tell where his limbs were or how far they were going to go.

Funny Fellow: Unusual! did you say? Must be you never went to a mixer.

At an 8 O'clock Botany Lab.

Instructor to Co-ed: Miss Harris, I think you would be much more comfortable if you took off that high necked coat.

Miss Harris: If I did you would be uncomfortable.

"Quit your shoving, Big Boy," said the Ant to the Elephant, as they marched up into the Ark.

Good or Bad

He: What did you get in English?

She: A good.

He: That's not bad.

She: I think it's excellent.

Most of the students who frequent the cafeterias will agree with the man who wants "God bless our home" written over every door in the house except the dining room where he would substitute the word "cook."

There is nothing singular about the Siamese twins.

Sh-Sh-Sh

K. K. G. whispering to T. N. E. "I know a shady place!"

T. N. E. eagerly, "What can you get there, moonshine or Dago Red?"

Bill, why don't you have an accelerator on this Ford? Isn't it rather inconvenient driving with two hands?

Bill: Not at all. I always park.

"Thish affection of yours ish too mush for me," said the 2.75 per cent wreck as they parted at the door.



Yassuh! I slept in the bridal chamber in the early '70.

Weren't you rather young then?

Yessuh but the livery stable hired us.



He: Your eyes have sparks of red light in them.
 She: Do you know what that means?
 He: No, tell me.
 She: Just a small word of four letters.
 He, ardently: Say it to me, dear!
 She: Exit.



Old Saws Resharpned

A rolling stone has plenty of company.
 Silence is as scarce as gold.
 He who loves last loves best.
 Great aches from little corns grow.
 He travels fastest who travels with a co-ed.



Many a man has rushed a co-ed only to find her pledged to someone else.



Optimism

He: I'm having tough luck. Just broke my new glasses.
 Ditto: Well, can't you drink it out of the bottle?



Y. M. C. A. boy: I suppose you're a son of the idle rich.
 Regular fellow: No, just a son of the idle.

Mike: Say, you slipped me a bum check this morning.

Ike. Sure, just endorsed the one you gave me last night.



Heard At The Strand

Usher: Nothing left but single seats.

Voice from the crowd: I'm single, le'mme in.



If the Co-Eds would talk as much of studies as they do of featherweight subjects, we would never have to go to lectures.



He: How was the ice today?
 She: So soft that every time I slipped the water broke my fall.



Following the course of least resistance sends men and rivers off on a tangent.



Superintendent's report of high school fire drill. "The girls made a good showing in coming down the fire escape."



Co-Ed: Jack reminds me of an egg.
 Co-Edith: Not bad, I hope.
 Co-Ed: No. He has possibilities.



He: I think Bill is trying to shake his girl.
She: I think Bill is succeeding.



Ed: Can you go to the dance with me Saturday?
Co: Sorry, but I'm going to a Concrete Mixer.



Rating High

"There goes a popular girl."
"Zasso?"
"she stutters terribly when she says, 'No.'"



Prof: I suppose young man your father is very wealthy?
Dissipated youth: Who told you my father had any booze?



"I'm still on the bum," said the mosquito who lit on the tramp.

(Continued from page 18)

but my soul was assuaged by the comforting thot of the "doins," but Oh—all too soon did I know of this last and most horribly sickening blow. It came o'er the wire as I sat by the fire evolving weird tunes from my seven stringed lyre. I sprang to the phone and a sweet dulcet tone filled my ear with a tale that evoked a loud groan from my overwrought system, for what did she say but that one night (she thot it was way back in May), she had promised Erasmus McGillespie Splatt he could take her to Prom, now he held her to that,—even tho' she'd not seen him for four weeks or more and had long since forgotten that promise of yore. My breath came in gasps and my head reeled and sang, the receiver I gently placed back with a bang; I buried my head in the pit of my bed and the words that I uttered made "damn" sound like "dang!"

My clothes were all rented, my ticket was bought, Josephine was still coming so I thot I ought to hang on the glad rags and give it a whirl altho' my flesh crawled when I thot of the girl.

Why burden you folks with a tale of the rest?—for of all lifeless jokes it is easily best; with a queer frozen smile and my molars clinched tight I managed to last thru that terrible night.

And now as I soak my raw feet in the tub, I realize just what a terrible dub I have been for believing so implicitly in the feather-brained co-ed; I sink on my knees, and thank my good star that the lesson was free;—that I've cut my eye teeth, without having the grief of experience which deals with such sad mundane things as divorce, broken hearts and returned wedding rings; which all might have happened if this awful muss had, a few years hence-forward, been dropped upon us.

I'm sadder and wiser, dear Mother and Dad, cause this is the first really tough luck I've had. In the future my watchword is impunity and the sign "safety first" will be hung out on me; so that nothing like this can occur from now on, to mangle the soul of

Your Loving Son,

John.



Prof. in Greek history: Which statue do you consider the most beautiful, Aphrodite or the Discus Thrower?

Inattentive Student (who got the question indistinctly): The Biscuit Thrower.



Pianissimo

He: What's that he's playing?
She: Tschaikowshi's "Song Without Words."
Don't you just love it?
He: I think I prefer the words to the music.



"I know why they call it Angel cake!"
"Why, then?"
"Just think—It made angels out of eight little might-have-been chickens!"

"Let's take a yellow" often means a street car.



More Brains: I don't see how you can dance with her.

Less Brains: Easy enough, I'm near-sighted.



She: Oh, I've stepped on your foot again.
He: S'alright, its been numb since we started to dance.



He to Her—What are you doing this Friday nite?
She to Him—Now, Jack, don't get personal.



Those Blue Laws

Bube: Wasn't your topic accepted?
Rube: I wrote it on Sunday.



"Does she love?"
"Yes, human beings."
"Guess I'll call her up and get a date."
"No use. I told you only human beings."



Helen: You must have liked that wild girl show they had at the Orph.
Bill: Howsat?
Helen: 'Cause I saw you up there twice.



Ed: I think I recall that girl's face.
Ned: It needs to be recalled.



Oh Mercy!

Bevo: My, but she shimmies terribly.
Pluto: She likes to shake their confidence.

Vin Rouge

Prof, speaking of League of Nations: In what respect is the United States behind Europe?
Ex-Servicio: In humidity.



Bob, who is engaged: Helen, I hate the length of your skirt.
Helen: I'm sorry, Bob, but I couldn't possibly shorten it any more.



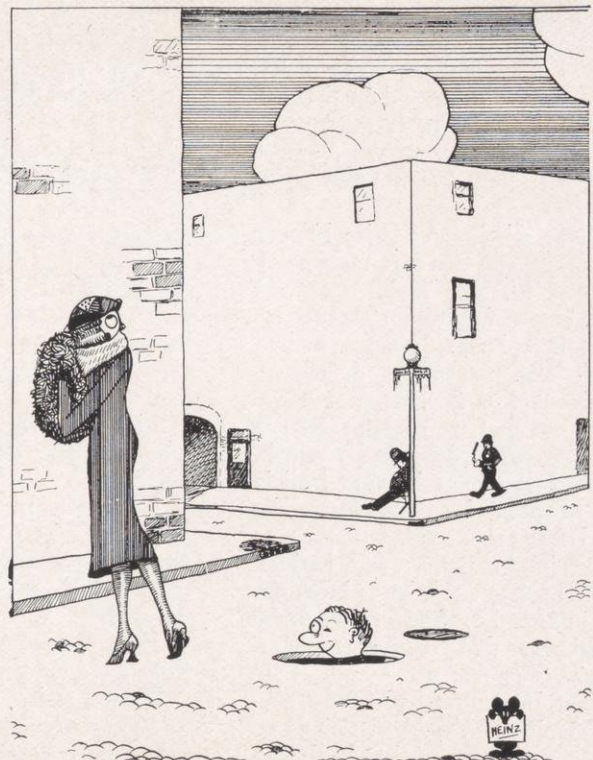
"Don't pull that one, it's too old," said the man as he trembled in the dentist's chair.



The sociologist who said that "people are young when they are born" forgot to add how many remain that way ad infinitum.



"I see you got stuck too," said one fly to his neighbor on the fly-paper.



Oh, that poor man. Down in that hole on such a cold day.

A Birthday Present For the Landlady

Scene—Any girls' rooming house.
Time, 10:10 P. M. House-meeting. Various wrecks of humanity with the powder off are lopped around on chairs, bed, and the radiator, chastely clad in kimonas.

House Chairman—a prize Freak—I guess we're all here. Shall we start the meeting, girls? (Girls go on talking to each other). Will you come to order, please, girls? (Conversation gradually subsides, although the latest scandal is slow to pass out). There has been some argumentation about the purchasing of the birthday present for Mrs. Buggins. Will the committee please make their report? (Local silence). Who is the chairman of that committee?

First Inmate—Gladys is.

First Wreck—No, Marcella is.

House Chairman—Marcella, will you make the report?

First Inmate—Well, there has been so much discussion and criticism of my part on this committee that I would rather Gladys would make the report.

Complete Wreck, sitting on top of the radiator, industriously filing her nails—Say, I simply can't afford to give fifty cents. I don't want you girls to think I'm cheap and I'm not, and I know you'll think so, but it's so anyway. You know I'm earning my own living and you don't know how hard I have to work for it, or maybe you know, but it's so, anyway, and I don't feel that I can afford fifty cents.

House Chairman (Prize Freak)—Gladys, will you give the report?

First Wreck—Well, we went down to a furniture store to see about floor lamps, because we had voted—you remember, dontcha—to give her a floor lamp but we found out that we couldn't get one for fifty cents apiece, and we looked at a davenport because Policia was so strong for that, but we decided that there wouldn't be room to put it in the parlor, and besides, Mrs. Buggins won't let us bring our men in after 12:30 any more. How much was that davenport, Marcella?

First Inmate—\$350.00.

Complete Wreck—Starting on the nails of her other hand—I wish you girls would count me out. I don't care what you do about putting your names in and leaving mine out, but I wish you'd leave me out because although I look as though I had lots of money and dress up

to the minute I have to make my own clothes and I can't afford it and it's so, anyway.

Prize Freak—Has anyone any objections to the floor lamp?

Wrecked wild woman (with a malignant glance around the room)—Yes, I have.

Loquacious silence.

Prize Freak—What is your objection Policia?

Wrecked wild woman—Sheds too much light, besides what we really need is some sort of a seating arrangement for the vestibule—one gets so tired there.

Grand Inmate (insinuatingly)—Well I wish you'd get tired enough to give someone else a chance once in a while.

Little Freak—I don't think we have to have anything so grand, for Mrs. Buggins is a woman of plain tastes and I don't think she's like anything wonderful. I heard Mrs. Buggins say that she wished someone would give her a new scrubbing brush and a cake of soap for her birthday and I've been down to price them and they were very reasonable.

Complete Wreck (heatedly from the radiator)—I think so too. It isn't what we give Mrs. Buggins for her birthday that's going to show her how much we appreciate her—it's what we do every day in the year, not just what we give her on one day, and I know you girls think I'm cheap, but it's so anyway.

Wrecked wild woman—Well if you don't feel like giving the whole davenport we could put in enough to pay for part of it and charge the rest to Mrs. Buggins. I guess you girls weren't brought up the way I was. We always have had a davenport in our home and I'm used to one.

First Inmate—Say, Policia, what the hell's the matter with your hair?

Prize Freak—Now girls we'll vote on this issue. All in favor say aye. The ayes have it.

Wrecked wild woman (excitedly) No!

First Inmate—Well what the devil were we voting about?

Prize Freak—Well let's see—

Second Inmate (practically)—We were voting on the motion that was made at the last house meeting and laid on the table,—that we should each give five dollars.

Complete Wreck melts and runs off the top of the radiator.

There Are Others

“Why did they put Jack out of the game?”

“For holding.”

“Oh, isn't that just like Jack?”
Virginia Reel.



Yes, Marietta, my description of a mean man is one who takes his girl on a joy-ride, promises not to kiss her—then keeps his promise.

Orange Peel.



“Jim was quite put out over his girl's dress at the Prom.”

“So was she, and she had to stay out.”

Yale Record.



Felix: Are the pictures in the rogues' gallery framed?

Eyeted: Yes, in guilt!

Tiger.

As The Day Died

Awgwan: What a sick looking watch!

Punch Bowl: Yes, it's hours are numbered.

Siren.



There Before

She fell with a light sigh into his arms. Her head tilted backward and their lips met. She turned her head and spoke:

“You understand, don't you, Jack that I've never done a thing like this before?” she asked anxiously.

He, thinking of what had just happened.

“Yes; but what an awful lot of experience you must have inherited from someone.”

Punch Bowl.



Look at Jimmy Love with a new girl and new evening clothes!

Wrong, Emery—it's his old girl painted over and a new Lion Collar that makes him look dressed up.

Wish I had that collar on — mine's a mess already and I have the third and fourth dance with Jimmy's girl.



The Last Word!!!

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Good, home cooked
food

Come once—you'll
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Refectory College

The Trysting Place

"I see Jinks has another new car."

"Yes, he can afford it. He goes to every Prom, you know—

"Uh-huh."

"And always parks his boat right outside the gym door."

"Yeh."

"Well, he told me the last Prom he swept up four vanity bags, a couple of fat wallets, a wrist-watch and a quart of miscellaneous jewelry from his back seat."

Tiger.

Sonny Finklestein: Fadder, vas your beeples vell-to-do?

Fadder Finklestein: Nein, son, dey vas hard to do.

Tar Baby.

1st Soph: She reminds me of a kitchen range.

2nd Soph: Why so?

1st Soph: Because she needs a l'il oven to keep her going.

Phoenix.



Belle (protestingly): Don't do that.

Jack: Dearest, don't you crave affection?

Bell: Yes, but why treat me like a cafeteria and help yourself?

Pitt Panther.



He: "You look beautiful this morning."

She: "Dont make me laugh, you'll crack the plaster."

Sun Dodger.



HINKSON'S
644 STATE ST.
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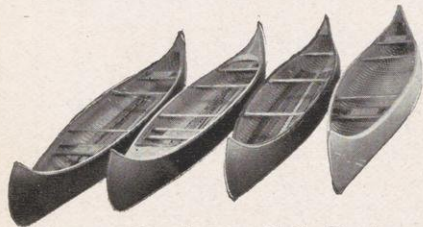
In Art Class

Dawgone it, they said this was "Permanent" Blue paint, and a tube only lasted me two weeks!



Advertisement in Paper

Will the girl who took the pair of tweezers and Vanity Box from Mr. Smiz of the English department, kindly return them to his desk as she is known, and furthermore it really inconveniences Mr. Smiz. Thank you.



Canoes, Rowboats, Fish Boats, Hunting Boats, Boats for Outboard Motor, Motor Boats 16 to 24 Ft. Long.

We have brought out a new canvas covered canoe in which we have incorporated the very best features that has been brought out in the design and construction of canvas covered canoes up to the present time. This canoe is called the HIAWATHA and was brought out with the view of making it the finest and most-up-to-date canoe on the market. The price is lower than the price other builders ask for canoes of this class and a large stock has been built up to insure prompt shipment.

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MILK, COTTAGE CHEESE AND
VELVET ICE CREAM

Kennedy Dairy Company

"Sole Manufacturers of Velvet Ice Cream"

618 University Avenue.

Badger 7100

(Continued from page 12)

was being rushed off his Dogs with work? And all of the Grand Rush was for the same Article—Riding Breeches!

With this Earful of Tidings fermenting in his Cranium, the Old Boy wasted no Time. He was going to be All Set when his Biz was to stage the big Come-back.

He hocked the Family Jewels, mortgaged his Joint in order to Corall the necessary Jack for his Flyer with Fate. With the Mazuma thus Rounded Up, he invested in Equinines and hired a Bunch of Renovaters to give the Dirt and Cobwebs the Grand Raz. Within a Week his Stables contained some of the best Critters in the State, and his Place was the Hot Dog of the Town. His next Cue was to wait for the Lucre to roll in.

He waited a Week, but there was decidedly Nothing Doing. He advertised in the Daily Bleat, but didn't even get a Rise out of the Dear Public. It was then he got the Hunch that there was something Rotten in the County Denmark. Somebody was Gumming the Deal.

He checked up on his Buddie the Tailor, but found that Bird had not strung anyone since his wife quit Gossards. Riding breeches were being sold by the Crate. They were all the Rage. Every Tea Hound and Jane on the Thoroughfare was wearing one of the Outfits, but still his Chargers were standing idle in the Barns. Riding breeches were all Jake, but Riding was their Idea of Nothing to Do.

In desperation, he decided to find out What was What. He followed several of the Riding Habit Models to that part of the Burg where the Young People Hung Out. He wanted to Get Hep as to why everybody was Dolled Up as they were.

It was then that Quotations on Horse Meat took a Fall through the Cellar. The Real Dope on the Situation struck him with a Clank. All of the Young Things were headed for the Pond, with Skates on their Arms. Giddeap and Whoa were still Dead Vernacular—the Young People were merely Dolled Up to do the Light Fantastic on Frozen Water.

The Proprietor had Bet his Wad and had Come Out with a Snake-Eye. He was Spurlos Versankt!



He, after stealing a kiss: I suppose you'll tell me never to come around again.

She: No, I was just going to give you a standing invitation.



No Help Wanted

He, willing to help: Let me hold you.

She, learning to skate: The ice is capable of doing that unaided.



Lester: Have you tried to ski-jump yet?

Esther: No, what sort of a dance is that?

Simpson's

"It Pays to Buy in Madison"

Suits, Frocks, Coats, Millinery, Blouses

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Billiards Pocket Billiards

McNutt: Have you any rustic
furniture in your room?

McNitt: No, but I have a log
table in my math book.

Brown Jug.



Parlez: A rolling stone gath-
ers no moss.

Vous: Yes, but rolling hosiery
gathers a lot of mossbacks.

Phoenix.



Query

'20: Did you ever hear the
story about the women's stocking?

'21: Nope! Elucidate.

'20: Some yarn! Some yarn!
Chapparal.



He: Was she shy when you
asked her age?

She: Yes, about ten years.
Froth.

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*Beautiful shades of
Light Greys, Tans, Checks
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"Isn't it strange that all those men in the front row are bald-headed?"

"They must have bought their tickets from scalpers."

Jack-O-Lantern.



Jane: Were his letters to you during the summer a sort of Romeo and Juliet affair?

Betty: No—Much Ado About Nothing.

Punch Bowl.



He (who has just purchased a dozen oranges from fruit dealer): Your sign says forty cents a dozen. What do you mean by charging me seventy-five cents?

Dealer: Sir, that sign doesn't mean anything, that's just advertising.

Drexard.



"We girls have to be so careful these days."

"How's that?"

"If a fellow tries to tell us a risqué joke and we stop him too soon, he knows we've heard it before."

Jack-O-Lantern.



Grad: Where can I put this suitcase?

'21: I'm sorry old man, but the ice box is full.

Frivol.



Love is noon on a sun dial—but marriage is seven A. M. on an alarm clock.

Brown Jug.



"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the Hen as the Farmer crossed the yard.

Badger 5069

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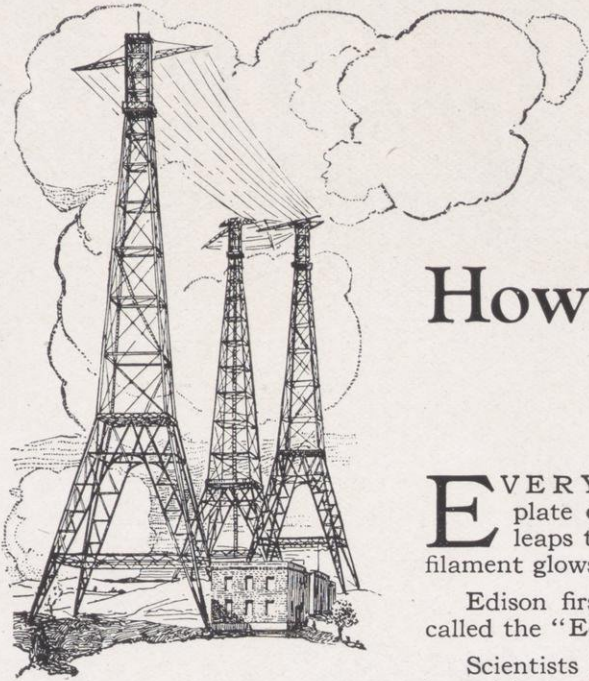
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How is a Wireless Message Received?

EVERY incandescent lamp has a filament. Mount a metal plate on a wire in the lamp near the filament. A current leaps the space between the filament and the plate when the filament glows.

Edison first observed this phenomenon in 1883. Hence it was called the "Edison effect."

Scientists long studied the "effect" but they could not explain it satisfactorily. Now, after years of experimenting with Crookes tubes, X-ray tubes and radium, it is known that the current that leaps across is a stream of "electrons"— exceedingly minute particles negatively charged with electricity.

These electrons play an important part in wireless communication. When a wire grid is interposed between the filament and the plate and charged positively, the plate is aided in drawing electrons across; but when the grid is charged negatively it drives back the electrons. A very small charge applied to the grid, as small as that received from a feeble wireless wave, is enough to vary the electron stream.

So the grid in the tube enables a faint wireless impulse to control the very much greater amount of energy in the flow of electrons, and so radio signals too weak to be perceived by other means become perceptible by the effects that they produce. Just as the movement of a throttle controls a great locomotive in motion, so a wireless wave, by means of the grid, affects the powerful electron stream.

All this followed from studying the mysterious "Edison effect"— a purely scientific discovery.

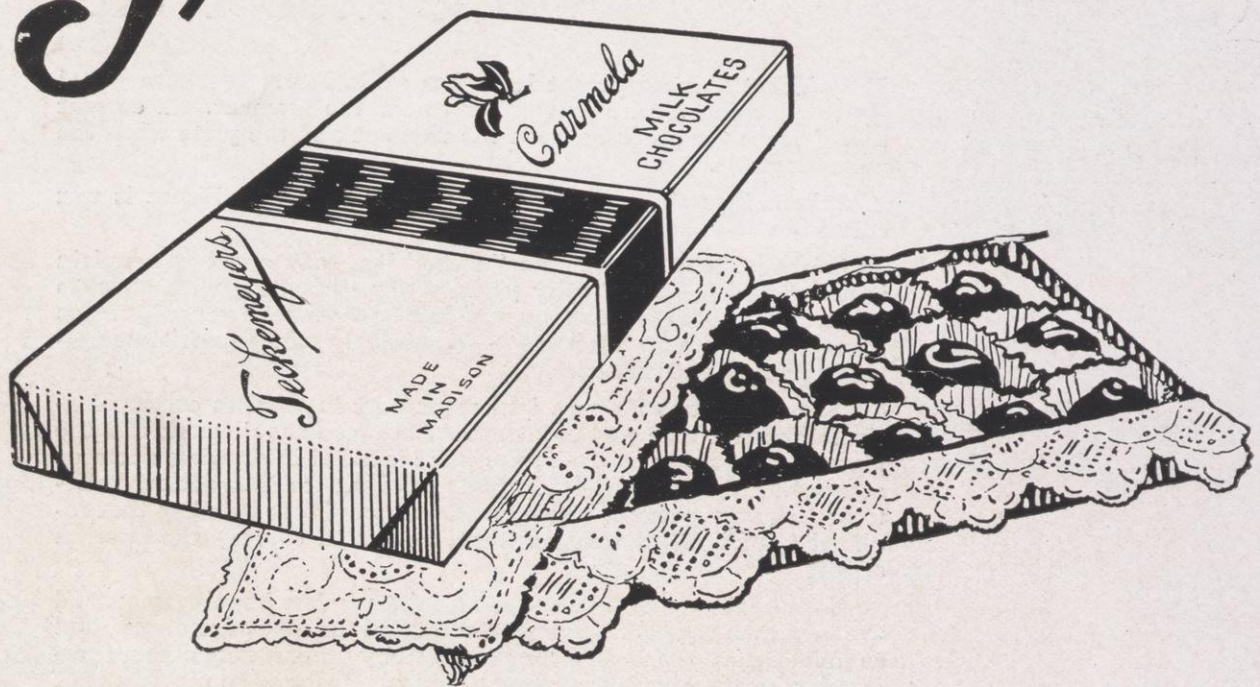
No one can foresee what results will follow from research in pure science. Sooner or later the world must benefit practically from the discovery of new facts.

For this reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are concerned as much with investigations in pure science as they are with the improvement of industrial processes and products. They, too, have studied the "Edison effect" scientifically. The result has been a new form of electron tube, known as the "pliotron", a type of X-ray tube free from the vagaries of the old tube; and the "kenetron", which is called by electrical engineers a "rectifier" because it has the property of changing an alternating into a direct current.

All these improvements followed because the Research Laboratories try to discover the "how" of things. Pure science always justifies itself.

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