

# **The Octopus: Decorated. Vol. 1, No. 1**

## **November, 1919**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November, 1919

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



# The Octopus

Vol. 1, No. 1 November, 1919

PRICE 20 CENTS



DECORATED



## Picture Framing Is An Art

¶ As such it requires intelligent thought—good workmanship—the best materials—and above all, artistic and selective taste.

¶ The nature of our business is such that we are eminently better situated to give you the really better sort of picture framing.

¶ It is decidedly to your interest to have us do your picture framing.



Announcing that---

## *Southern Pralines*

The delicious maple sugar cakes of the south thick with pecans—

are ready for you at

**KEELEY'S PALACE OF SWEETS**

NOTE: A southern confectioner from New Mexico is now at Keeley's to make these and other rare candies of the South.

## THAT BOX FROM HOME

Before me is a package,  
A huge package; an oblong package.  
I received this package from home: it  
came

Today.

I wonder what it

Contains!

It is such a large package,—it might  
Contain most anything.

Perhaps inside the box there is a  
CAKE!

A monstrous angel-cake

With icing white;

A devil's food with chocolate covering

A HALF-INCH THICK!

Perhaps it holds a host of

Cookies.

Small, rich, unwholesome cookies which I  
Love.

Perchance it holds some candy; real  
Home-made sugar fudge, or  
Sticky taffy.

Caramels or chocolate creams

Or mints

That melt within one's mouth.

T'is rather too large just for

Candy tho. Still —

It may be both cake AND candy!

Oh happy thot!

And, too, the package may be filled with  
Fruit. Fruit canned at  
Home.

Put up with loving hands.—

Peaches and pears—or better still,

Preserves,

And jams.

Or maybe fresh fruit, even.

Oranges or pears or apples—

Great rosy-cheeked apples, each one

A meal.

But I shake the package;

I hear no sound, much less

A rattle.

Or a jarring.

Therefore it cannot contain fresh fruit  
or

Canned preserves.

Oh blighted hopes! That this should be!



Oh! How I'd like it to be cake; or candy  
or  
Some fruit!  
Something to eat of any kind!  
And so with feverish hands I open  
IT.  
Untie the string, and throw the  
Wrapper off. Lift  
Up the lid — — — — and — — — — then  
— — — — behold!  
Ye gods!!!!  
My dirty laundry, cleaned, sent back  
to me!

— Glad —

### THE HORRID THING!

They were sauntering down the library  
steps,  
Chattering—just about trifling affairs.  
They were quite alone—and the time  
and the place—  
Well, everything showed that 'twas  
clearly a case.

The lights, as electric lights often will  
Went out, and the boy and girl stood  
still  
What a chance! He had longed, but he  
never had dared  
To tell her how much and how truly he  
cared.

The witch! For no matter how often he  
tried,  
The laugh in her eyes all his efforts de-  
fied  
But now he told all, in the dark, on the  
stair;  
The lights flashed on, and she—wasn't  
there!! R. P.

If Helen of Troy  
were a co-ed,

## The VARSITY BEAUTY SHOP

Would be her favorite—  
as it always has been  
among university girls.

Mrs. Ella White Courtney  
Proprietor

## Says Dick to Betty—

My Dear Betty,—  
Well, it certainly was a wonderful  
Homecoming, especially the time spent  
with you. The business world is all right,  
but Betty,—it is real enjoyment to be with  
you.

There is one thing wrong, however,  
and that is that you have not had your  
picture taken as you promised.  
While in Madison, I went in to see my  
friend Mr. De Longe. Have you seen  
those new art photographs which he is  
making?

Really, I wish you would go to the  
De Longe Studio, and just look at some  
of his recent photographic studies of pop-  
ular Wisconsin girls,—like yourself, if I  
may add.  
Please—you see I am rather impatient  
to get this reproduction of you in a De  
Longe Art Photograph. Sincerely, Dick

525  
State  
St.

DE LONGE  
STUDIO

### THE ARMY O'EIGHT O'CLOCKS

Rain or sunshine, snow or sleet,  
Tramping, tramping up the street  
In a surging mass they go,  
Hurrying on with cheeks aglow.  
Block by block they speed along,  
Like the children drawn by the Piper's  
song,  
Their number increases with each street  
passed,  
Everyone swelling it more than the last.  
But when the clock on Music Hall  
Sends o'er the Hill its morning call,  
By eight clear strokes of its iron tongue,  
Their march is completed—the day is  
begun!! R. P.

### IT IS!

Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its doll,  
The eight o'clock bell is beginning to  
toll.  
Put up the curtain and let in the light;  
Toil comes with the morning, in spite of  
last night.  
Hustle to Frank's as fast as you can—  
If you're an engineer, snatch up a plan,  
Rush to the drawing room; then to the  
class,  
Bump into everyone when you must  
pass;  
Slave through the day, and slave all the  
night,  
Gee! This Varsity life is a fright!



We **Hope** You Will Enjoy  
The New Octopus

We **Know** You Will Enjoy Our  
Appetizing Luncheons, Delicious Ice Cream, Hot  
Drinks and Tasty Candies

See if we are right.

*The Chocolate Shop*  
528 State Street

**"Say It With Flowers"**

Find out when her birthday is, and  
then say it with flowers from

**THE RENTSCHLER  
FLORAL CO.**

226 State St.

Special Service on out of town orders.

**JOHN RUNKEL**  
---BARBER---

Never Loses a Customer

## **GEORGE RUPP** **CLOTHING** **FOR MEN**

Selected goods to satisfy  
the discriminating taste.

Will you call and look over the  
following examples of a well chosen stock?

### **Individual Ties**

Your individual taste will be  
pleased by this group of ties in the  
latest degrees of color and style.

### **Well Tailored Caps**

The well tailored effect of our caps  
in the new grey and brown fabrics  
is very good.

### **English Socks**

Woolen socks of the English type,  
made in the popular dark green  
and brown shades have just been  
received.

### **Leather Vests**

These vests in either grey or  
brown leather are very warm, and  
also very neat.

**GEORGE RUPP**

Men's Clothing and Furnishings  
234 State St.



# THE OCTOPUS

## A HUMOROUS CAMPUS JOURNAL

PUBLISHED NOW AND THEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

VOL. 1

MADISON, NOVEMBER 1919

NO. 1

### EDITORIAL STAFF

LOWELL J. RAGATZ ..... *Editor*  
MARIE BODDEN ..... *Associate Editor*  
FREDERICK SPERRY ..... *Art Editor*  
RODNEY C. WELSH ..... *Publicity*

### BUSINESS STAFF

MAURICE E. FIELD ..... *Business Manager*  
JOHN W. McPHERRIN ..... *Advertising Manager*  
LELA HENDRICKS ..... *Circulation Manager*  
JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN ..... *Business Assistant*

CONTRIBUTORS—Charles P. MacGinnis, Robert W. Desmond, Consuelo Burwell, Jean James, Walter K. Schwinn, Frederic W. Beckman, Clara Saunders, Kenneth Scott, John Williams, Earl Hanson, Rupert Prince, Leon Williams, "Glad", L. A. Pradt, Helen Schlosser.

## EDITORIAL

WELL, THE OCTOPUS is out at last. We know that you've all been talking about it, wondering what it was to be like, and when it would actually appear. We hope that you like it, and that you will get as much fun out of reading it as we did in editing and making it up.

Most new publications arrive these days accompanied by apologies on the part of the publishers for their having issued them at all, and especially in the particular forms in which they happen to appear. Just for the sake of variety, we will dispense with that formality.

Then, too, we don't think that an apology is due. We believe that there is a real need at the University of Wisconsin for a humorous campus journal, and we will do our best to fill that need.

Because we are not here primarily to publish a "funny paper", we will make no attempt to issue numbers regularly. To have to grind out humor once a month is no joke, and, besides, we want to stay at the university. Therefore, we have adopted the more leisurely policy of issuing numbers as material accumulates, and as the time seems opportune.

As no definite number of issues is promised, no subscriptions for THE OCTOPUS will be accepted. Instead, all copies will be sold singly. This conservative policy has been adopted to minimize the risk incurred in publishing the paper.

It is our aim to make THE OCTOPUS a truly representative campus magazine. If you don't like the things we publish, don't knock, but sit down and write something yourself as you think it ought to be written. Remember that a dozen people can't get a line on all the queer birds and strange doings at a university the size of Wisconsin.

All of which, when translated, means that contribs will be received with thanks. Our staff is a live and mighty loyal one, but it's not recruited to full strength by a long ways. So, you who think that you can write, let's hear from you, even if none of your work has ever been in print before. Phone the editor at B7457 or the associate editor at B5440 for an appointment, or send along manuscript to THE OCTOPUS, 126 North Butler Street. Due credit will be given for all material accepted.

A word about our make-up may not be amiss. THE OCTOPUS being a deep sea critter, sea green paper is most appropriate, says our worthy business manager. So Volume 1, Number 1 appears on it. But as for Number 2, don't bank too much on the green paper being used again. Our printer has the nicest purple, orange, and black paper, not to mention thirty nine other colors, and twenty-seven colors of ink including white and red. Which facts may lead us to attempt something shocking in our next, THE PROM OCTOPUS. This is not a promise; it's a threat!

We thank you!



# Up the Hill and Down

DOINGS OF THE GREAT AND NEAR GREAT

By The Devil Fish

Owen Scott is spending the week visiting friends at La Crosse.

Janet Durrie will address the freshmen women at a yearling convocation on Lincoln Terrace at seven tomorrow. Her subject will be "Why You Should Join a Sorority."

Dean Nardin was guest of honor at the annual Green Stocking banquet at Hoover's last night.

"I can heartily recommend Skinem's Hair Grower. Before I started using it, my hair came out in bunches. After having used a bottle, I was obliged to contract for the end chair at Runkel's every Friday at five."—Oscar C. F. Dahlman '20 (Note—The editors can support the above statement)—Adv. 3 t.

The International Club will have its weekly meeting in the Y. M. C. A. parlors at seven tonight. M. H. Chou will speak on "The Quantitative Estimation of the Anti-Neuritic and Anti-Scorbutic Properties of the Raw Potato", and Keats S. Chu on "The Construction and Operation of an Ionization Manometer". Special music will be rendered by the Allied Quartet. Everybody welcome. If a foreigner, bring your passport with you.

The 1921 Badger Board is making elaborate plans for the new yearbook, according to Maurice E. Field, Secretary. It is hoped that these plans will be considered by Editor Travers.

Prof. Louis Kahlenberg has purchased a new Pierce Arrow car, and will, it is said, present his son, Herman, with a Ford shortly. The Kahlenberg Shoe Polish factory has been awarded the contract to furnish the Nicaraguan army with 13 boxes of their product monthly.

Prof. Benjamin W. Snow will deliver his famous lecture on snow this afternoon. I. C. Berg and A. Frost will assist him in performing the experimental work.

Milton Borman '21 has been appointed Chairman of the Prom Prayer Meeting committee, according to Lothrop B. Follett, director of the annual junior function.

Tryouts for the checkroom boys are now being held. Among those aspiring for these positions are William B. Florea, Adolph Teckemeyer, and Ham Baldwin.

The residents of the Norwegian House will be at home to their friends on Sunday from five to twelve. Ludefisk and tea will be served, according to Finn Anson, president of the club.

William Ellroy Leonard returned to Madison yesterday after an absence of six weeks, during which he appeared as reader on the Frontier Lyceum Circuit of Alaska, giving interpretations of his own works. A limited edition of his latest verse, "The Bartender's Daughter and Other Studies" will appear shortly.

Herman K. Harley is recuperating after two strenuous weeks of campaign managing.

Lincoln Quarberg is spending the winter at Ann Arbor. If his health permits, he will return to Madison in February.

Menorah Society will hold a shimmy dance in Music Hall next week end.

It is expected that the first soldier educational bonus payments will be made shortly before commencement. George A. Chandler, official custodian of the bonus records, has gone alligator hunting near Tampa but will return in time to mail out the checks.

"The Widow's Revenge, or A Bucket of Blood," a thrilling tale of Greenbush, by James W. Gilman in the next Lit. Place your order with your newsdealer so as to avoid missing it. (Adv.—tf)

B. Moon Worst is displaying a full line of cravats and shoelaces at the Pantorium this week.

Chi Psi will hold a barn dance at their farm on Mendota shore next Tuesday. All are welcome. Music by the Philippine Jazz orchestra, Dr. San Augustine, director. David Weiss, just returned from Castle Hall will demonstrate the Nighterawler Glide. 2½% for all.



“The Call of the Hoot-Owl and Other Lyrics” by Hardy Steeholm appeared in the last issue of the Pacific Quarterly. Mr. Steeholm has promised to favor our readers with a series of spring poems in our next number.

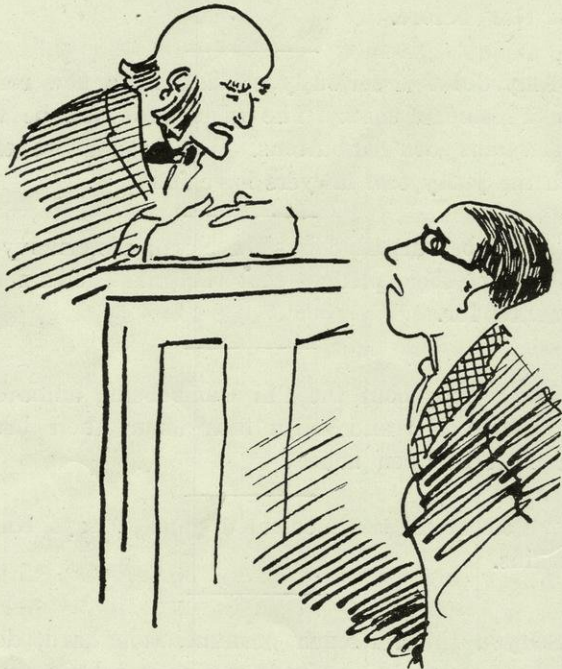


## The Octopus Log

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1919

October 2—Porter Brown starts the year right by giving all his Spanish classes a blessing. He says it was in disguise, though.

4—Some one has said that Professor Cerf made the cutest little soldier they've ever seen.



"HAVE A HEART, MAN!"

6—Donald Potter is held up at 8:32 a. m. for speeding on University avenue:

Cop: "You're under arrest!"

Don: "Have a heart, man, I'm trying to make an eight o'clock."

Cop: "Well, boy, that's another story. Here's your excuse."

8—A Frosh goes to see Professor Rogers chez lui. Prof. Rogers, hair tousled, necktie under his ear—

"Ah—won't you step in?"

Embarrassed Frosh walking right in: "No, thank you, I must leave this very minute."

10—The heating system in room 165 speaks ss-s-s-s—.

12—Besides taking a powder puff, etc. to a dance, Katherine Meyers, ONE of the Gamma Phi's bobbed-hair members, takes along the

trusty curling iron. What trouble we girls will go to!

14—The Profs form a Union. President Birge hopes to call a strike in the near future.

16—At the Northwestern sendoff for the team, Chuck Carpenter while trying to give a speech from the dining car window, knocks out his soup.

17—We note that there will be a gay young Kappa among the chaperons at an A. T. O. dance.

19—The Gamma Phis do have trouble with their hair! Another sister thinks the girls are awfully mean because they let her go up the Hill without telling her that she'd forgotten to do up those back tresses.

23—Professor Kiekhofer in Economics lecture: "Some men are pillars of the church when they're inside, but when they get out they're nothing but sticks."

24—Co-ed: "My dear, do you know, I saw General Haan in an automobile the other day, and I was so excited, I waved my hand right at him before I knew what I was doing! I'll never dare to tell Jim about it. You know he fought at Chateau Thierry—"



CHUCK SPILLS THE SOUP



24—Miss Johnson's public speaking class. Julia Hanks standing before the class with a vacant look.

Miss Johnson: "Now, would you call that an attitude?"

Mary Parkinson: "No, I think an attitude has to have something mental behind it."

25—Walt Perkins, new Frosh president, goes to Barnard tea the night before elections.

Co-ed: "Ah, Mr. Perkins, will you have tea or coffee?"

Perkins: "Neither, thank you, I never drink anything but milk."

26—Bill Delaney asks Virginia Conklin to go to church with him in the morning. Ginie says, "Never again." You see she and Bill forgot to turn back their Baby Bens an hour, so they got there just in time for Sunday school.

27—Dean Sellery in Medieval History, very innocently, "Thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly." Now if they had only been Roman numerals!

Main Hall turns into a second Times Square, New York. THIS WAY UP!

29—These freshmen have a hard time keeping track of things. One of the Green ones was overheard to say on election day, "I don't know what all this durned election's about, nor who it's about, but I suppose I ought-a vote."



KATHERINE'S CRIMP

30—Some Psi U's are planning to have a little fun with tick tacks on Hollowe'en.

The heating system in 165 speaks a little louder.

31—Sonny Pyre requests a scared young thing who struck a hat rack with her foot in his drama class to wait to ring the bell until he makes a joke. If attempts count, she won't have to wait very long.



BILL AND GINNY AT SUNDAY SCHOOL

May I tag you, sir? Send the BAND to the Illinois game. Come on, fellows, you know what the Y does for us all, wear a button and help boost the drive. Have you bought your Badger? Will you buy it from me? I promise you a malted milk if I get the prize. Homecoming buttons? Programs? PROGRAMS—All about the big game!!! WEAR YOUR COLORS—right here—chrysanthemums, pennants, armbands. BROKE???—?—? That's funny.

November 1—Homecoming! We're glad to see the Old Guard again.

3—The Sigma Phis appoint Johnny McPherrin a committee to see that no more than two brothers ride on the family motorcycle at one time. Furthermore, Laurence Hall is to *guarantee* that it does not stop more than twice on the way to any one class.

5—Yes, the Alpha Gamma Rhos went to SCANDAL and were shocked somethin' undescriptively.

6—Gas attack in Chemistry lecture! Professor Walton rushes madly into the room with a gas mask in his hand, looks wildly at the suffering and unprotected victims. Then he dashes blindly to the open window, pokes his head out into the fresh ozone, draws it back again to take another look at the expiring students, then sprints to the next window, ad infinitum.



- 8—Winkie Hall holds open house at Bobbie's. Thank you, I'll have a double chocolate sundae with black walnuts and pecans and marshmallow sauce and candied cherries and a little malted milk as a garnish. No, I guess I will not either, give me a lemon phosphate.
- 10—Agnes Sarles says that out in her poultry class, they have the nicest pet hen. One of the fellows said to it, "You're a cute looking bird." Whereupon the said creature cut-a-cutted with the coyest look right into his face.
- 11—The heating system in room 165 speaks awfully loud. It's getting too sassy to stand. We'll have to call in Mr. Beatty.
- 16—Arnold Bennett Hall entertains his family tree over the week-end.

18—Forms close for THE OCTOPUS and there is lots of news.

Whitney says that it's about time to give the old goloshes a good overhauling before the cold snap comes.

Al Haake's classes miss his rouge misplaced eyebrow. He tells them that the only place he can see red is on a pretty girl's head. Viola! Oh, Hel—en!

The girls are afraid that co-ed's Morgan's will turn into an ed's Bobby's before very many sundaes.

Lawrence Murphy in endeavoring to express his feelings on the new Cardinal typewriter, smashes the "H".

Miss Johnson gives her class the ha-ha-ha. Just expression, that's all.

C. B.

## The Hens and the Wrens

I think that it would be possible to divide all girls into two classes, and call them the Hens and the Wrens. Now, wait a minute and let me explain. Did you ever notice that most all attractive girls like to flirt, and most of the other kind do not? It is an odd scientific phenomenon, and illustrates beautifully the omniscience of Nature, which regulates all things to their own best advantage, and equips all things for the purpose for which they are best suited. (In this connection we note, as someone has said before, that the average circumference of the feminine waist—before thirty—is twenty-six inches, and the average length of the masculine arm is—twenty-six inches! Who can doubt the wonders of Nature?) Thus we find that the girls whom I have called Hens are interested in knitting and cooking and all that sort of thing, because it is what they do best; and the Wrens are interested largely in the subjugation of the other sex, because that is what they do best. It is an ideal arrangement.

The Hen is usually a Very Nice Girl. And I don't wish to intimate that she is necessarily homely, because in fact she is sometimes possessed of a terrible pulchritude. The essence of her hennishness does not consist in looks, but rather in a state of mind. She is the sort of girl who, if she is pretty, draws her hair down severely on her head and wears a sober frock, and neglects all opportunity to exploit herself. Whereas the Wren who happens to be plain will fluff her hair out and wear a bewildering variety of Things, so that, looking at the two

of them, you will have a hard time to decide which is the pretty one.

Furthermore, the Hen is not one to lead a man on to his undoing. She is serious, discreet, capable, kind and sincere. You can usually tell where you stand with a Hen. The Great Question Mark is reduced to its lowest limits in her case. If you are a nervous person, accustomed to take life seriously, and much annoyed by frivolity, you will derive much consolation from the society of a Hen. She will not frown upon you one minute and smile the next, nor converse in the latest unintelligible phrases, nor keep you generally guessing. Instead of dancing four or five miles and talking for all that length of time without saying anything whatever, you may sit quietly on the porch with her and talk rationally about a variety of illuminating and helpful topics, and not have a worry all evening.

But how different is the Wren—Oh, garcon! She is a potential bombshell and a public menace, and she should be interned on some bleak and rock-bound coast. Let us go out on the campus and catch a typical one—they're everywhere this year—and bring her in, fur coat and all, and see what she is like. We will suppose that our specimen has a pair of sky blue eyes, and honey colored hair. Now eyes were given us that we might find our way about in this Vale of Tears; and hair to cover our heads and prevent us from taking cold, but she does not seem to know that. Her idea of the proper function of hair is something to fuss around with, and work up into large



knobs over her ears, (ears are frightfully immodest this year) and—well, to her it is an Ornament, not a Thing with a Purpose. And as for the eyes—ah, what would a Wren do without eyes! I mean, even though she had other and entirely satisfactory methods of vision. She would be sunk entirely. But with that sapphirine battery which we have just supposed, the damage she wreaks is frightful.

Now we will imagine a little further. Bobby Jones, a sophomore, and a serious young man highly aware of his own responsibilities and high estate, meets by chance our exemplary Wren, and has with her a dance,—one little harmless dance. He clasps her about the waist, and off they glide, and he discovers that he never knew any girls before that could dance for sour apples. (There never was a Wren who couldn't dance,—that comes in their Primaries.) And then she looks up at him to make some superfluous remark—well, one does have to look at a person when she speaks to him; it's only common politeness. Oh yes, my dear, but there are ways and ways of looking, and one of them is to tilt the chin a little, and then have your head one place and your eyes another,—and answer me this, why did you drop those aforesaid eyes so suddenly and demurely when they met his? You weren't afraid of him one bit, and you could have looked him straight in the face all evening if you'd wanted to. I know why,—you have tried it out before, and you know the effect of all that little performance; and it's rather nice to get started early and not waste any time on your victim. In this case the effect is just as devastating as it ever was, and Bobby stumbles and gulps, and bumps into three passing couples within five seconds, and sees blue eyes dancing around him in a sort of mist.

And since it worked so nicely, she tries it again once or twice, and presently Bobby doesn't know where he is any more than a rabbit, nor care much either; and he is being cursed by most of the people on the floor as a pestilential nuisance with a marvelous faculty for getting in the way. So she leads him out on the porch, and they sit down under a Japanese lantern, and she prepares to administer the coup de grace. There are a lot of ways to accomplish this, and she knows them all. She snuggles up to him a little, and lets him touch her hand accidentally, and gives him the Look again; and then she tells him two or three things she likes about him, the way he parts his hair, and his quaint manner of talking, and Oh there must be some dark pages in his Book of Life; he looks so sort of—well, she'll just bet he's seen more than he cares to tell! And then the poor fish becomes quite inarticulate, and thinks by Golly here's a girl that really understands him, and he wonders just where he got that fatal fascination. And presently becomes articulate again, and tells her the story of his life in five minutes, and his aim in the world, and all his

secret ambitions. Little Wren, you've done it now, haven't you? Who knows better than you that when they cease to be humorous and complimentary, and start to tell you all about themselves, then they're Hooked, they're Gone, they're past all hope of redemption!

And then of course, he wants like the deuce to kiss her, and thinks possibly he could, too, but there are so many people around—she saw to that—and, perhaps some other time—. So the dance is over, and he wants three or four more, and naturally doesn't get them, because her program was full months ago. So he goes home all turbulent with emotion, and keeps her phone burning for the next month.

And tell me little Wren, how many more Bobbies were there that night?

Well, that is how the Wren works. No matter how homely or old, or generally perverse and no-account the man may be, she smiles on him just the same, and pretty soon has him convinced that she must like him a little better than anyone else on the landscape. Eh, what's that? Some Argumentative Person in the rear of the hall rises and remarks that he would rather be taken out of himself and made to believe a lot of pleasant things, even if they are all damlies, than to be told the truth by a disagreeable thing with a face like a Hard Winter. He says the Wren may be an awful little liar, but she is also an Artist, and has more brains than the Hen anyhow, the only difference being that she conceals them.

The argumentative Person, it seems to me, talks like one who is full of Wet Hay. He is perfectly ridiculous. I scornfully reply to him as follows; Do you hanker for the society of scatterbrained creatures without a thought in their heads? You have more to contribute to society than persiflage about the latest engagements, and who's going with whom at present, and when is the next dance going to be,—haven't you? And if you ever get married, do you want your wife to fix your chair, and fill your pipe, and get out your slippers of an evening, or to drag you off to some polychromatic entertainment? Do you want her to be dependable, reliable and understandable, and to love you steadfastly and obviously; or do you want her to be a bewildering mass of fluff who keeps you constantly in about the same sort of emotions which, in your courting days, assailed your "true lover's ever cowardly heart"? Do you want to marry a nun or a small cyclone, eh?

It oughtn't to be difficult for any sane and serious person to make his choice in a moment. It certainly isn't for me,—I have had my mind made up on that question for a long time. I always was a jackass. I like the Wrens, God bless 'em.

———THIRD FLOOR BACK.



## From the Lit Wastebasket

GEMS PASSED UP BY JIMMIE G.

### A PACKAGE OF OMARS

The profiteering landlords boost the rents  
Robbing the hard-pressed student of his pence  
They'll take to rooming on the campus yet  
And then I'll find a market for my tents.

This college life is, after all, a joke;  
One's brain or purse is always going broke  
Because of some Sorority Lorelei —  
Ain't it enough to make an artichoke?

The Profs are raising Cain about their pay.  
The last to organize they are— but say!  
I'd like to get as much for three hours work  
Just tell me, will you, how they get that way?

Aint it the truth? In just a year or two  
"Teaching a course" means "Nothing much to do."  
O—some there are who work an honest day;  
But I don't seem to hear *them* kick—do you?

—K. S.

### SAILING

Gliding gently o'er Mendota,  
While my heart-strings played a tune,  
In my ecstasy, I wrote a  
Poem, to a night in June.  
Like the sea-gull of the ocean,  
I desired locomotion  
To the port of deep devotion  
'Neath the flickering, love-lorn moon

Let the waves be smooth, or choppy,  
Place a girl each side of me,  
And my heart grows soft and sloppy,  
And I'm glad we're out at sea.  
For the billows of Mendota  
Simply love to take, and float a  
Full, and well-selected quota  
Of the fairer sex,—and me.

E. H.

### LITS OF OUR CONTEMPORARY LIFE

#### AN ODE

##### At Even Tide.

Soft-ticking, round-faced cherub mine,  
Come, let me wind within thee springs and wheels.  
To my early rising I would have thee whirr and buzz  
That I should wake from slumber for my meals.

##### On Approach of the Small Hours.

Hush, thou blear-eyed thing at bed-side,  
Tick on, but do so in a sweeter silent way.  
Fain would I rest my weary self—  
And dream of happiness to come throughout the day.

##### At the Rising Hour.

Bah! Choke thyself thou noisy son of Time,  
Lest in my anger I behead thee of that prize gong.  
Dost hear me threat? Had best cease suddenly.  
Nay? 'Twill be thy last—a boot will end thy song.  
C. P. McG.

### S. G. A. RULES

To be the co-ed's conscience they aspire;  
An automatic-co-ed-purifier.  
Presume to judge—*yourself*—twixt wrong and right—  
You're sure to rouse their just and holy ire.

"Past seven bells you must stay off the ice"  
"No riding after nine"—it isn't nice—  
If rules made angels on this mundane sphere  
Wisconsin were long since a Paradise.

Thus if you tread a measure Friday night  
Anything else you do will be all right  
Only with all due deference they ask  
That when you do it you keep out of sight.  
K. S.

### THE AGS ARE HERE

Hark, hark! The dogs do bark  
The agries are coming around.  
Trousers light,  
Trousers tight  
And trousers high from the ground!



## THE SORE EYE SPECIAL

\* \* \*

Climb aboard, my dropping freshie,  
 Climb aboard the Sore Eye Special,  
 Let me hand you up your luggage,  
 And the stack of books you bought—  
   If you only had perused them,  
   'Stead of let them gather dust,  
   But climb on and wipe those tears, youth,  
   Ways of deans are ever just.

Sit you here, my heart sick freshie,  
 Crowds are on the Sore Eye Special.  
 Each a package carries fondly,  
 Where is wrapped a faded green thing,  
   That will nestle with the moth balls.  
   'Tis the way with frosh who bust,  
   So fear not what welcome waits, youth,  
   Ways of parents all are just.

C. P. McG.

## AN EXERCISE IN \$(\&amp;

An innocent Agric named Sam,  
 While judging a turbulent ram,  
   Was butted ten feet,  
   Right out in the street,  
 Which made him ejaculate, "oh sugar!"  
 A Law, coming in from a revel,  
 With duds rawther torn and "dishevele,"  
   Was accustomed to say,  
   In his jocular way,  
 "Say, boys, don't I look like the— dickens?"  
 The stiff lab mechanic said, "Judge,  
 That cop sure must bear me some grudge;  
   He's lying for fair  
   When he tells you I swear,  
 Why, your honor, I only said—"Beans".  
 The frosh gasped wearily, "Well,  
 I know that we look mighty swell,  
   And it seems like it's fun  
   To march round with a gun,  
 But, honest, it's tiresome as— anything."

R. P.

## CAPRICE

You told me that your love was true,  
 That other love you never knew,  
 The night when seated by my side,  
 You promised low to be my bride.

You whispered that your love was true,  
 That never once should I doubt you,  
 And I, like other men, deceived,  
 Heard your pretty words, believed.

That you were earnest I believed,  
 But now I find myself deceived;  
 I saw a stranger kissing you,  
 The maid who said her love was true!

Go now and be the stranger's bride,  
 Since you have thrust me thus aside!  
 Your cousin ? ! ?—Ah, dear heart, I knew,  
 From first your love for me was true!

## BUCK

So buck that when thy summons comes to join  
 The melancholy throng which slowly moves  
 Up those gloomy halls, where each shall take  
 His place before the stern unyielding profs,  
 Thou go not, like the wicked student of the law,  
 With pockets full and running over with cribs,  
 But, sustained and fortified by knowledge well stored up,  
 During long hours when thou hast burned the midnight  
   Mazda,

Approach thy quiz, even as one who knows  
 That from his non-leak Parker pen shall flow  
 Rich gems of thought resulting in an "Ex."

R. P.

## I LOVE YOU, DEAR!

I love you, dear, and though tonight,  
 I am alone, I'm happy quite;  
 Your letter came; it served to tear,  
 Me from the depths of my despair,  
 For, though I know you do not care,  
 I love you, dear!

I love you, dear, and that despite,  
 That you my love can ne'er requite;  
 Then, since I am so bold and dare,  
 To lay my heart before you bare,  
 Call me at times into your sight.  
 I love you, dear.

L. W.

## THE OLD STONE BENCH

There's a certain place on our campus green,  
 Where words are said, and things are seen,  
 A place where only two belong,  
 Somewhat apart from the curious throng—  
 'Tis the old bench on Muir Knoll.



## Health and Beauty Hints

Knowing that our feminine readers are vitally concerned in keeping fit enough to make their 8 o'clocks and pretty enough to land that handsome unknown, we have engaged Dr. G. U. Hurt, a graduate of the Skinanbonian Institoot, to answer all questions concerning the health and looks of co-ed readers. Any queries addressed to Dr. Hurt care of THE OCTUPUS, will be cheerfully answered.

If there are any who desire excuses for absence from classes, and the clinic will not oblige them, Dr. Hurt will be only too glad to write one if the facts of the case are but transmitted to him. The doctor's office is on the eighth floor of the Octopus Building.

### FORWARD CURVATURE OF THE SPINE

A very serious ailment called flagellum serabelum, or forward curvature of the spine has for some time caused great consternation to all those attending the University.

It results from the forward tilt of the body, apparent when one goes up the hill. In the four years at the University it has been estimated that a person goes up the hill some 1,500 times. As the hill is about one quarter of a mile long, this means that he walks 375 miles at a slight angle and with the body rather tense. This is as far as it would be to walk from Madison to Cincinnati. In time, this causes the spine to take an unnatural position, very injurious to health. The resultant bent and aged look is very noticeable in seniors.

The only known way to offset this harmful condition is to walk up the hill with one hand on the head and another touching the middle of the back, walking on the toes and raising the knees high. The books should not be carried but should be placed in a little wagon drawn behind by a string tied about the waist. The reason freshmen do not suffer so much from the spinal affliction is that they walk with their hands on their heads a good deal of the time, as has doubtless been observed. In this respect, the north side of the hill is the healthiest.

Try this remedy next time you go up the hill and avoid any spinal curvature. It is especially to be recommended for winter days when there is ice on the walk.

### EPIDEMIC SPREADS ON CAMPUS

Overrun at the present time by the demand for excuses, the clinic announces that an epidemic of *Examinitis* is prevalent, and offers the following information in regard to the malady.

The disease was first brought to light by Dr. Ella G. Bility. Despite her longevity it is a well-known fact that she is what is termed a "common carrier." Her presence among students at two periods of the year is followed by a serious outbreak of the disorder, not always free from dire results.

The symptoms are marked by a loss of appetite, a desire to sit for hours before books, yet unable to do so because of mind-wandering, and nervousness. With this, cold feet, and a numbness of the entire body, includ-

ing the mental cavity, is often noticed. Chills or excessive perspiration may also be present. The latter are particularly evident if the patient is asked questions, such as "who, what, when, where, etc.," or is shown a book with a blue cover.

Unfortunately no certain remedy can be obtained once the victim is incipient. Isolation is relatively successful, for quiet and concentration relieves the nervousness, and also spread of the disease is prevented. It is highly communicable, and germs of three varieties (discouragement, anxiety, or indifference) easily infect the brain merely through conversation.

### HAVE YOU A LITTLE DENT IN YOUR TABLE?

Dear Dock: I fell asleep studying the other night, my head slipping off of my hand and denting the table. The landlady wants me to pay for it and I suppose I shall have to do so as the table is in a terrible condition. What can I do to prevent a recurrence of this? Thanking you in advance, I am

Francis Drobka.

Dear: Quit studying. Don't thank me.

### WE HAVE HEARD OF A TREE TOAD, BUT—?

Say G. U.: I am bothered by flat feet which I got from standing so long to be waited on at the Co-op. Is there any way that I can make my arches take their former graceful position? Please answer soon as none of the girls will go out with me when my feet look like sod tampers.

Ned Strothman.

Dear Ned: A remedy for flat feet is this: Every morning when you wake up, grasp the rod at the foot of the bed firmly with the feet. Take hold first with one foot, then with the other, at the same time raising yourself to a sitting posture. If your feet are still flat after you have done this for a week or two, you are probably a natural-born policeman. Y'wekkum.

### QUICK JAZBO! GIVE US A SHOT OF THAT!

My Dear Doctor: I am a young lady with hair about the color of wet sand. I have two eyes, rather small and of a greenish-yellow shade. My nose is all right too, except for a hump in the center. My mouth is large and I have slightly crooked teeth, but they are not



very yellow and there are only two out. I am about six feet tall, wear glasses and a number twelve shoe. Of course I wear some other clothes too. I weigh sugar at one of the University Avenue grocery stores. Do you think that I am pretty? Kate Cunningham.

Dear (S)Kate: You must be very fascinating, but keep away from the Vilas Park zoo. Your optimistic and hopeful disposition is refreshing beyond all measure.

#### HOW TO COMMIT SEWER PIPE—IN ONE VOLUME

Friend U. Hurt: I am a freshman here and am very discouraged and dispondent. I have decided to commit suicide. What is the best way? E. Z.

Dear Easy: Easy! The surest way is to put on full dress, a high hat, take a cane, a cigarette, and go and sit on the gym fence at about five-thirty in the afternoon, and yell for the class of 1923. Easy! R. W. D.

#### WHAT COULD BE SIMPLER?

Deer Dokterr: I am a freshman in the College of Letters and Science and I am taking English and History and Physics and Spanish and drill and gym. Mister Slaughter who teaches gym made us climb ropes the other day. I climbed it all right, but burned my leg and hands coming down. How can I prevent this from happening again? I. M. Green.

Dear Green: The best way to prevent burning coming down the rope is to jump when you get to the top.

#### IF YOU ARE A GIRL YOU HAD BETTER STAY HOME

Dear Dr. Hurt: I had my feet stepped on so much at the last mixer that I was unable to get to my classes for a day or two, because my feet hurt so. I want to go to the next mixer but if I do, how can I get to my classes?—A. F. K.

Cute A. F. K.: Learn to walk on your hands. Très facile!

## Sea Food

BY MAC

The aid of the Sophomore Commission has been enlisted by the faculty to aid in the removal of disqualified students. Baggage will be handled free of charge to the Thanksgiving Special.

\* \* \* \*

O grief! How fast the styles do change. What shall be done with the hair is a question that bids fair to turn much of it from its molasses goldenness and midnight blackness (not to mention the hybrid shades) to real-for-sure gray. From pig tails to bangs to marcelle waves was but a step; then the waves broke and eyes and ears were lost in an inundation of fish hook curls or cream puff ear warmers. "Bob it," said Fashion and 'twas done, but now celluloid imitations of what might be Mowhawk feathers or queenly crowns glint among the locks which were unshorn. Many a bottle of hair tonic now goes to the cause. Next!

\* \* \* \*

Ssh—it's a deep secret. The joys of Thanksgiving day are assured, and the annoyances of H. C. L. are no longer. That is, they aren't if it just works right.

For weeks a select group of students and faculty members have worked far into the night, snatched a few moments sleep, and then resumed their labors. With test tubes, bottles, beakers, retorts, and flames they have spent many weary hours. A return to alchemy you say? No, what they seek is not gold, but that which only gold will buy. And that is turkey.

They seek it not in the feathered or the roasted brown form with which in days gone by we were familiar, but

in the utilitarian form of synthetic turkey. So near to completion has the experiment come that the delicious fluid, compounded of what we know not, when poured from vessel to vessel emits sounds clearly comparable to the well known "gobble."

All that remains is to surround the product with an atmosphere so redolent of luxury that it will solidify into a non-perishable and practical article. But the atmosphere has not been found.

The lure of the leather lamb-skin, not forgetting the fad of the fetching fur has not lessened the languid longings of the lass for just about ten more per.

Dear Mac—Last night Marguerite wore my dress and her hat. Tomorrow night I want to wear her dress and my hat. Now Micky, dear, do you think the fellows will get on? Hoping you can advise me before tomorrow night. Ella.

It depends on the fellows, my dear. But I warn you you are playing with fire. Suppose you meet Marguerite's friend tomorrow night and he recognizes the dress and hat but you unconsciously cut him dead. He will remember Marguerite's costume and will be righteously indignant if Marguerite's costume does not recognize him. Be careful! Be careful! The only solution to your problem, as you are no doubt already fully aware is that both of you speak to every man who looks your way.



Dear Mr. Sea Food—I am a very attractive young lady, past twenty, a brunette with snappy black eyes and lots of pep, you know, and have been described as stunning, ripping, ravishing, and racing. I go out with a Commerce, an Ag., a Pre-medic, a Lawyer, a Journalist, and a Pharmacist on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights respectively. But Monday is always Blue Monday for me. Any Monday night may find me down on the D. U. pier staring into the cold bosom of Mendota.

Now, heretofore, timely thots of home and mother have always saved me for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, but I shudder to think of that Monday night when home ties shall prove too weak and the blue and melancholy waters shall make six hearts desolate. I appeal to you as a well known heart healer, not for my sake but for their sakes, to send me an Engineer for Monday night.

'Ginny Conklin.

I am gladly giving space to your request and I am confident that Blue Monday will hereafter be Sunny Monday for you, poor, neglected child. Yes, dear, I am a heart healer and moreover I understand what it means from sad experience to have one night in the week when there is absolutely nothing to prevent one from bucking for the next day's classes.

Personally, I think it is very noble of you and betrays a heart of pure gold that you should endure the loneliness and desolation of Monday night, week after week, only for the peace of mind of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

*"Mac" will be glad to answer all questions concerning propriety on the Hill, in the Stiff Lab, on the Libe steps, or Lathrop parlors. Shoot him a line at the Octopus office; feelers are always out; green lights always lit.*

#### QUITE NATURALLY

The barracks boys were seated around the big heater, and Private Thompson, Q. M. C., was reading a newspaper account of the demobilization program as outlined to Congress by Chief of Staff March, to a most attentive audience.

"In another month, every soldier in this country, excepting those required for overhead duty, will have been discharged—" Overhead! Hm, wonder if that means us Q. M.'s?"

"Q. M.'s!," said Corporal Blinks with fine scorn as he aimed a quid at the open furnace door. "Why, that means the aviation fellows, of course!"

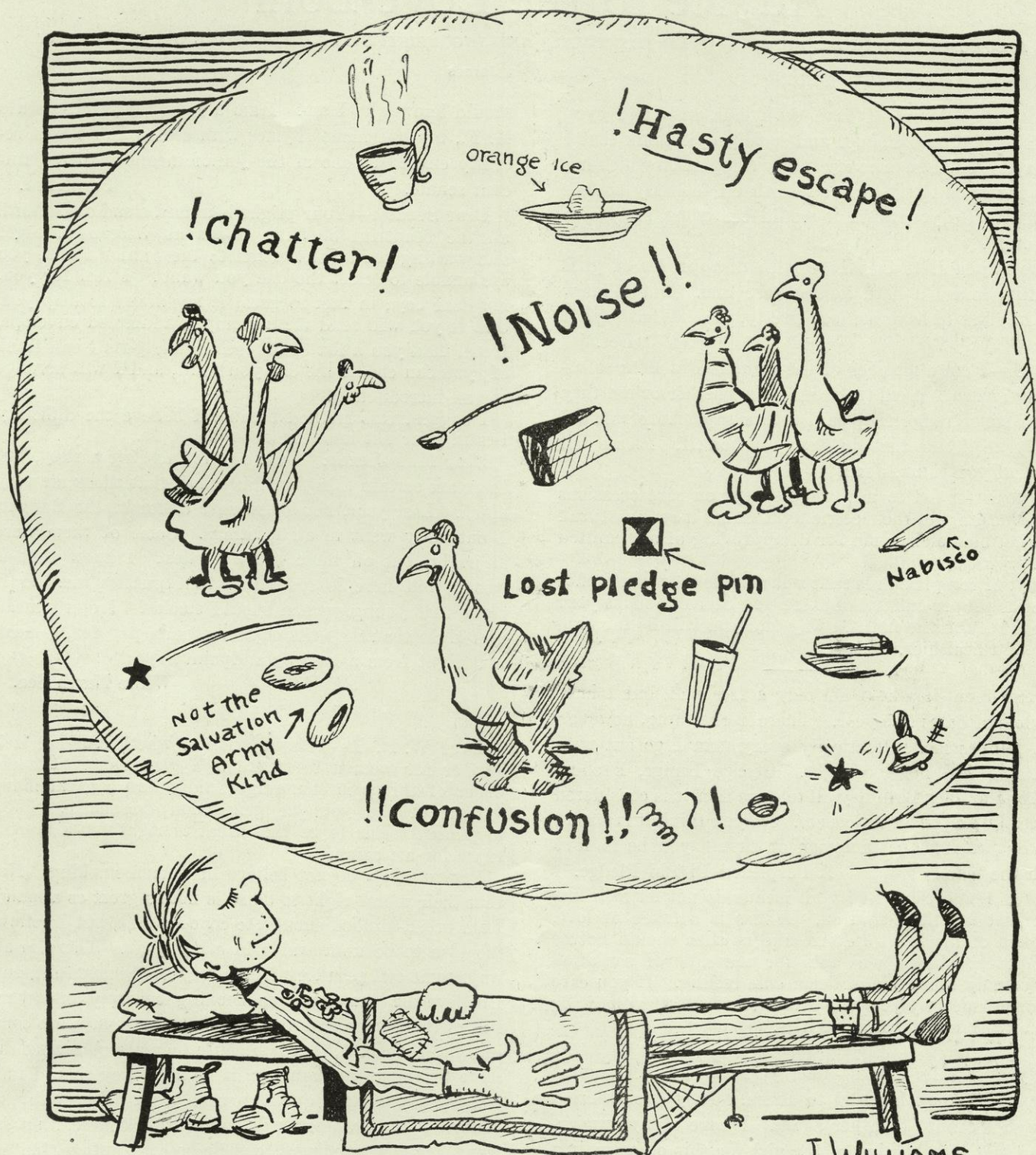
#### SAVEUSAMINUTE

Being the date sheet of Dorothy Shiner of Gamma Phi.  
Date—Sunday, November 16.

- 10:00 Get up
- 10:01 Dress
- 10:52 Write to dad for some cash
- 11:09 Ready Snappy Stories
- 12:13 Write to Jack telling him that I've changed my mind since I left Phila.
- 1:00 Lunch
- 1:32 Borrow Doris' brown shoes and Irene's green veil
- 2:00 Meet Wilbur for an auto ride
- 3:15 Get sudden headache and have to go home
- 3:30 Meet Ferdy for another ride
- 3:37 Mention Bobby's
- 3:49 Mention the dance at the Candy Shop tomorrow. (If he doesn't bite, do same with Bill below)
- 4:15 Another headache
- 4:30 Meet Bill for a walk
- 4:47 Mention the Pal. (If Ferdy didn't bite, do as above here)
- 5:15 Another headache
- 5:32 Date with Charlie. Keep him waiting a bit. Motor.
- 6:30 Dinner with Charlie. If Ferdy and Bill haven't fallen for tomorrow, try Chas.)
- 7:12 Plead "studying"
- 7:30 Meet Louis. Have him do my algebra before I go out
- 8:12 Have headache
- 8:30 Autoing with Howard. If he gets fresh, come home right off; otherwise stay out until 10:00. If I get in before, call up Burdette Kinne re my French so that he'll think I'm studying
- 10:00 Read Laura Jean Libby
- 11:46 Buck for Geology, Astrology, and Animal Husbandry
- 12:00 Lights out

Die Germanistische Gesellschaft, which was active on the campus in pre-war days, will be reorganized at a meeting in the G. A. R. hall tonight. All ex-soldiers are invited to join.





IMPRESSIONS OF AN OPEN HOUSE



## Advice to the Love-Lorn

A COLUMN FOR THOSE PUZZLED OVER THE TRIALS AND INCONSISTENCIES OF AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

By Miss Jean James

Dear Miss James—I have dark hair, skin and eyes, am rather tall and slender and some people think that I am pretty, but I have a very sallow complexion which has been enhanced lately by the fact that I foolishly bobbed my hair. Do you think it would be wrong for me to use rouge?

The Alpha Delt that I go with disapproves of girls painting and I'd hate to displease him. But I know that he likes to have me look pretty, too. What shall I do? "Dot."

P. S.—I am a member of the Gamma Phi Beta sorority, and when I asked the older girls whether or not they approved of rouge they said that a sophomore was old enough to decide that question for herself. Please tell me what you think, Jean.

It is wisest not to use rouge except on rare occasions when the glare of the electric light makes it seem natural. I do not blame any man for disapproving of a "painted idol."

If your complexion is sallow it may be that you do not take the proper amount of exercise. Strive to make your cheeks rosy in the natural way and you will be far happier and healthier.

Dear Jean James—I am only a freshman but I have had lots of dates this year. There is one thing, however, that puzzles me. Practically every man I go out with wants to kiss me goodnight. George Bunge, Freddie Bickel and Jack Brindley all told me that it is considered perfectly proper at Wisconsin. Do you think it is wrong to kiss just for the sensation or should you be in love with the man? A Perplexed Pi Phi Pledge.

Dear Little Pledge—By all means do not let men kiss you just for the sensation. A kiss is a token of love, a token of the heart's desire and as such should not be cheapened. Those who kiss for the sake of sensation are usually incapable of deep, true feeling. If you care for men sincerely you will prefer to win their respect by permitting no silly familiarities.

My dear Miss James—Last year my brother was at war and I took his girl to Prom. They are married now so I cannot take her again. I have always understood that the choosing of the girl for this occasion is a very serious affair. At present I do not know anyone whom I care enough about to take. Have you any constructive suggestions? I am too bashful to sign my own name because I do not like to be the object of public gaze but if you are going to suggest a girl for me you

should know who I am. I am a junior, my initials are M. F., my last name rhymes with sealed and I was recently elected as one of the junior members to the student senate. Perplexed.

Dear Senator—Your plight is indeed a sad one. With all the beautiful blushing co-eds at Wisconsin, eager and waiting for an invitation to the Junior Prom, you are unable to select the one you want? I feel for you, my dear boy; in fact so great is my desire to help you, that if you will send me a stamped addressed envelope, I will mail you a list of all the eligible girls I can think of; you can choose the one you want, and I will arrange for an introduction.

I suggest this method because I believe the difficulty lies in your not knowing enough people.

Dear Miss James: I am far from being a sissy, but there are certain things in this school that shock me very much. Last year, being associate editor of the Badger, I naturally went to all meetings. Some of them were all right, but oh those booze parties! I know that is wrong, but here is something that puzzles me. Is it right that young women should smoke? I don't mean is it right that they use cigarettes men pay for, I mean is it right from a moral standpoint?

White North Sea.

Dear W. N. S.—This question of whether or not it is proper for women to smoke is a grave one. The old order of things is changing rapidly and a great many women of the younger generation do smoke. Their argument seems to be that what is right for a man is right for a woman.

Personally, I do not believe in women smoking. Not that their moral right to do so is not so great as a man's I am broad-minded enough to concede that, but I believe the idea to be undesirable in other ways. There is always some evil resulting from every good movement, and I believe the idea of women smoking is simply an evil result of the woman's movement. Because women are coming into their own, that is because they are obtaining the same privileges as man has, is no sign they should imitate man's weaker qualities and vices. Personally, I believe that if women will follow this course, that is, using her new privileges to their best advantage, imitating into their own, that is, because they are obtaining the feminine virtues she will some day be superior to man.

From this line of argument it would appear that I consider smoking to be one of man's weaker qualities and prefer a man who does not smoke. Broadly speaking,



I do. The only trouble is that a man who does not smoke is apt to be one who is effeminate (is this the right word, Rags,) and of all types I abhor an effeminate man. A thoroughly masculine man who does not smoke is much to be admired.

I have expounded my views at some length, but the subject deserved it.

---

Dear Miss James: I have been elected Prom chairman of the Junior class, but every girl I ask to go with me says, "Huh, dance with a man on crutches?" I try to tell them that the clinic promised me I wouldn't have to use them during Prom week, but all my arguments seem futile. Can you advise me what to do?

Worried Social Bud.

Dearest Bud: The other day at the football game I heard a girl say, "Oh, isn't that circus the cleverest thing ever? I'll bet that Bud will put on a peach of a prom."

At this point she was interrupted by one of her older sisters.

"Speaking of proms, girls," she said, "we simply must see to it that the prom queen comes from our pillared house this year. I don't believe I went at things quite the right way—that's why Ken didn't ask me."

This was all I could hear for the band was beginning to play. Draw your own conclusions.

---

Miss James: I am a poor girl working my way through school and am having no enjoyment from life. I cannot afford to buy as pretty clothes as other girls have and as a result the boys do not look at me. Is it true that girls are not popular if they do not wear pretty clothes?

Lonesome.

My Dear: Do not let yourself be disillusioned by the popular theory that "clothes get the man." You may be poor but it is often the girls with the poorest purses who get the finest men. A real man admires a noble character more than he does a satin gown or a lace hat.

But, on the other hand, do not neglect the opportunity of making yourself as attractive as possible. Inexpensive things like lace, collars, and ribbon bows make even the plainest gown look pretty.

Remember the old adage, "Fair tresses do a man's fond glance ensnare, and beauty draws us with a single hair." Arrange your hair becomingly, remember the bows and ribbons and above all improve your character, and you will come out all right.

Dear Miss Jean: I am a tall, slender blonde with a studious stoop. I am not an athlete but have a good waistline. I find myself much more at home in an electric closed car than in a Ford speedster. In fact, I think I am what would be styled among the best people, a drawing room type and I flatter myself I make a rather

successful attempt at dressing the part. I own a dress-suit and unlike a lot of perfectly good fellows I do not reserve it for formals and the Prom and consequently I have the advantage of them in the fact that I am always perfectly at home in a low cut vest. Now Jean, you know what sort of chap I am and so you ought to know that I am the sort that knows what is good form and what is not. Well, Jean, you think you have my measure but I've a little surprise for you. I am a bit different from the other fellows in my set. The fact is, I am quite a democratic sort of chap. In fact, I have been accused of being democratic to a fault. Now, although, I believe one fellow is quite as good as another if he isn't too crude, you know, and would hate to be styled a "cad", still I shouldn't care to get the name of being "fast" because, you know, that would never do as a dark reputation like that always gets back to one's set and is apt to lay one open to rather impossible situations, don't you know. Now, Jean, I heard the other day that you people who run these advice columns have really had quite a decent bit of experience in a cosmopolitan way, you know, and so I'm asking you for advice on a matter that I am persuaded demands the point of view of a man of the world to solve. The other night I ran across an old friend of mine at Chili Al's, a cute little chick (pardon the slang) and I must admit she loves me. May shows her speed in Al's kitchen as a hash hopper. Wish there were more like May. She is such a dear little thing. Well, Jean, I have worked out what I think a pretty clever little scheme to fool the world. Every night I take out a Barnard wren till ten and then drop into Al's place to eat. After enjoying Al's Hamburgs I inspect his kitchen. I never cut an eight o'clock. Now, Jean, do you think I will get by with it?

Yours as is, was, and will be,

"Skee". 150 Iota Court.

Lovingly,

"Skee": Your plans are well laid and clever. As long as May is constant you are safe but beware of a jealous woman!

---

#### HEARD ON THE HILL

Co-ed 1—My, but leather coats are cold to lean against.

Co-ed 2—Why, my dear, how shocking! How did you come to know?

---

#### TO THE PUBLIC

It is announced that President Birge, Deans Sellery, Goodnight, and Nardin, and Professor Julius E. Olson, chairman of the Public Functions Committee, will motor down to the Northwestern station to give the Thanksgiving Special a hearty send-off. Professor Olson will act as master of ceremonies.



## Literary Relapses

NO APOLOGIES TO STEPHEN LEACOCK

By Scribs

Have you ever joined a fraternity? I have, and after I have become a member of the First Plymouth Episcopalian church, the Traveling Men's Union, and have been admitted to the local Commercial Club I know that the world will hold no more for me. Not that the latter named associations will thrill me anythink like my initiation in Pi Chi, but I aim to be a well-rounded man; I want to be universal.

My father and mother picked out St. Ugfin's University because I was young, and the "gentle, homelike atmosphere" that was advocated by the catalogue appealed to my careful parents. In July the decision had been made, and in August I began receiving letters from all kinds of young men; letters written on bank stationery with papa's name as the president of the institution; letters on lily pink note paper and a huge crest of cauliflower and nasturtium leaves and hippomatus rampant.

All these little greetings were along the same line.

"My Dear Curtis:

Although I have never met you I have heard that you will enter St. Ugfin's in the fall, and I wanted to be among the first to welcome you. As you know, university life is much different from high school and everyone should be well acquainted before he starts school. May I meet you at the train? I will wear a blue suit and a cap, as well as a polka dot tie.

Be sure to meet me. Write me if you wish me to make any arrangements.

Peter P. Putts.

P. S. Lionel McGill, the alderman of the Third Ward of Kalamazoo is a Pi Chi.

P. P. P.

This apparently sincere little note delighted me until I had shown it to Percy Blatt, the miller's son, who has been east to school. He poo-pooed the idea of my being a Pi Chi; told me they were terrible, very poor in the east and in the west,—unspeakable. Then he sat deliberately down and explained to me the glories of Lambda Zet. *It* really was wonderful; had two chapters, were very exclusive, and only took the ones they really wanted. Now if I would like him to write to the St. Ugfin chapter about my coming, he would be glad to write and tell them about me,—and by the way, did I know that Porter Notts, the stove king was a Lambda Zeta! Oh, yes, a very old one. He uses the Lambda Zeta insignia on all his oven doors, and sends a big check to the grand council every year.

Chauncey McDonnell was the old friend of the family. He always was traveling and dropped in on us this time on the return from Canton, bringing mother a wonderfully carved Chinese egg-beater. On learning that I was to go to St. Ugfin's he immediately said that I must be a Pi Mu. "Pi Mu is very select, and a scholarly bunch of boys. Of course," said Chauncey, "Young men must have their fun and I remember very well the cribbage tournaments we used to enjoy from seven until ten-thirty on Friday nights. Oh, yes, an admirable group of young men."

My mother's grandfather, my own uncle, my sister's fiance and all the neighbors each came in and recommended to me a group of Greeks, and when I left for St. Ugfin's I was quite unsettled.

On the train I had met a most persuasive young fellow who told me the wonders of Iota Deuteron, and what the brothers meant to the school. Fred Pratt was the mainstay of the soccer team, and Leroy Buswell was the pride of the roller-skate instructor. Before we reached Chatsworth-on-the-Iriquois he had promised to look after me and I was to stop at his house until I got settled. As we alighted I was picked upon by several dozen of the swirling mob and was called by name by men whom I had never heard of before. Most astounding. I became separated from my friend of the train and was rushed violently toward a huge Fleet Dart; I yelled vainly for my luggage which was being handed over to some other freshman for his own. And mother had spent nights on the monograms. Ten seconds found me piling out before a huge stone pile on the banks of the river. Here more suave young men took me by the hand, led me to the big chair by the wide window, put a Condax between my lips and asked me graciously, "And how do you like St. Ugfin's?"

In one corner a varnished youth belabored a worn and tired piano and two or three other young men were dropped carelessly about, while a fifth pushed pleadingly at a saxophone. All of this was really astounding. Here I was, known and admired by a handsome set of young men, none of whom I had ever seen before. I wondered if it was because of the prize medal that I had won in high school for oratory. I was wearing it on my lapel.

Later they began to sing, with arms around each other, sitting on spacious divans, and leather cushions on the floor in front of a roaring log fire. Queer melodies they were, but these men got real excited over them. They had terrible voices, though. Some of the men looked



very scared during the rendition of the queerest ones.

Finally it was decided that I should go to bed. "You've lots to do in the morning, registering and things. You must hurry and get it done, so you can -----" I don't know just what I was to do, but it was evident that registration was something that I must get rid of quite soon. I wished I had done it earlier, because they all seemed so anxious over it. Then, as I was ready to go up the stairs, the whole mob gathers round and grabbed by hand, just as if I were never coming back, (and I wondered if I were) or as if I were starting for Nova Zembla or India or some place.

In my upper deck I wondered where Juniper street and my roommate were, who the Pi Chis and Lamba Zetas were, what Dad and Mother were doing, and if my money would be safe in the toe of my shoe. I was wearing my graduation watch; it was too valuable to leave around. So this was college.

In the morning I went to register. Three men tried

to take me out of line, saying that they knew me, and about the desk several attempted to kidnap me. At noon the Lambda Zetas took me in the Fleet Dart, in the afternoon the Pi Chis in a motor boat; the Pi Mus had me for dinner and the Iota Deutrons led me to a show. At night I was dizzy and groggy; tobacco smoke helped some, but the fact that I came from a quiet family and a small town had the greatest effect. Late that night a delegation from some group called and conflicted with a bunch of Zeta Betas who were just looking me up. In the melee I was offered a pretty button, but I told the gentleman politely but firmly that father had already subscribed to the Salvation Army. Then I dropped off, and awoke in the morning to notice the button on my coat lapel. Then I remembered. I was a Pi Chi, brother of Jesse James; I belonged to the oldest, the finest and the best. I sat down immediately and wrote to father for more money. They had promised initiation soon,—but that is, as Harold Bell Wright says, a different story.

## A Dissertation on Chop Suey

WITH APOLOGIES TO CHARLES LAMB

Chop Suey is a concoction of cereal grass (rice), flour and eggs (noodles); the seed of certain leguminous plants of the family Fabaceae (beans), the bulb of the liliaceous plant (onions), a sporophore developed from an underground mycelium belonging to the class Basidiomycetes (mushrooms), animal flesh, fried, sliced, and seasoned with the unctuous combustible fluid of an East Indian annual pedaliaceous plant (oil from the sesame), for which the Chinese are responsible. This is the regulation and, though one might be inclined to doubt it, perfectly palatable dish. It is true that it is a mouthful.

The story of the discovery of the dish taken from an old Chinese legend, is, while not pleasant, supposed to be the true explanation. There was once a Chinese boy, the legend tells us, by the name of Fi Ling. He was the son of Whit Ling, a carpenter.

One day Fi Ling was walking along the street (strange to say). He had been out shimmying until late the night before and was very tired so he was moved to yawn heartily just as he was crossing a street. He consequently did not see the city garbage wagon coming, and the driver in trying to prevent the horse (or whatever it was) from hitting the boy, swerved in such a way as to cause the wagon to tip over, throwing its contents all over the yawning Fi Ling.

When the driver finally recovered his senses, he was amazed to see the pile of garbage seemingly melting into the roadway. Soon the top of Fi's head appeared, then his ears and finally his whole head. Then the people who had assembled saw that he was eating the chop

suey (which the mass had become by being so shaken up.) One could hardly see his hands move in transmitting the food to his mouth, so fast did they work.

When he stopped from sheer exhaustion, he invited the people to try it. He said that as he was yawning when the wagon tipped over, he got the full benefit of what he termed "a delectable delicacy, a perfect poesy of food." The people tried it, timidly at first, but when they found that it was really all that Fi had said, very greedily.

Soon parlors were opened where chop suey was sold, and many varieties in contents were introduced. The novelty was brought to this country by Slam Bing, an educated Chinaman. He opened a parlor in San Francisco from where it (not the chop suey) has spread all over the country.

Now when in the city we see the Chop Suey restaurants on every side. The American and Chinese style of chop suey are being served. The chief difference is that in the Chinese chop suey one of the ingredients is Chinese rats' tails and ears, while in the American variety cats' feet are substituted. This is one of the innovations.

The city now makes hundreds of dollars every year by selling their garbage to chop suey merchants. It is called chop suey because chop suey, literally translated, is Chinese for chopped :— Aw, lissen, let's quit! The party is getting too rough! My dear, I think this is just awful, don't you?



This is the  
first wiggle of

# THE OCTOPUS

Every humorous magazine  
has a little twist, but you  
are going to find that The  
Octopus has a wicked *but*  
*nice* wiggle of its own.

LISTEN



Junior Prom is coming  
with a wild issue  
of The Octopus!

*Be sure of yourself and  
get your copy early!*



## SAMSON UP TO DATE

There is a man upon the Hill  
Of bearing brave and bold;  
Abundant locks his head protect  
From wind and rain and cold.  
Does Leonard ever cut his hair?  
The answer follows then:  
Oh, no! Because in that event  
He'd be like other men!

R. P.

## A FRESHMAN'S SWAN SONG

I'm almost dead, my eyes they pain;  
If they give out, I can't remain.  
Now as exams are drawing nigh,  
All stiff with fright my fingers lie—  
When first I came, I loved to fool.  
My lessons were a second thought;  
But ah! 'tis not like our High School—  
I haven't studied as I ought.

Young as I am, my course is run—  
I've wasted time and spent dad's mon,—  
I daresn't ask the pros to say  
If I have any chance or nay.  
My ge-busted head; if I  
For once could cram thee full of brains,  
With happy heart I then could die  
And save my family undue pain.

Goodbye, dear friends; I'm going home,  
Conned out, but joy, I'm not alone!!

C. P. McG.

*The*  
**McKillop Art Co.**

650 State Street

*Picture*  
*Frames*  
*Novelties*  
*Stationary*

Also  
Greeting Cards  
Developing  
and Printing

*If its a frame*  
*we have it*

*The*  
**Portrait Shop**

*"An institution*  
*of personality"*

*Let your portrait be*  
*made by distinctive*  
*photography*



*Watch the window*  
*for examples of*  
*personality*  
*photographs*

*Hone & McKillop*  
*State St.*

## Save Your Chairs

Let us mend your  
bruised and broken  
furniture.

We will call for the work, and do  
it neatly and quickly.

## Furniture Repair Shop

Phone Badger 5461  
328 State

# The Badger Pharmacy

Supplies Students with  
everything a drug store  
should and a little bit  
more . . . . .

1320 UNIVERSITY AVENUE



## IF IT'S PAPER

and  
Loose Leaf Note Books  
you want

call at

**GRIMM'S**  
326 W. Gorham

### OUR THEME IS THEMES

Theme required—  
Freshman tired.  
Theme due—  
Freshman blue.  
Theme cribbed—  
Freshman fibbed.  
Theme suspected—  
Frosh detected.  
Theme refused—  
Frosh excused.

R. P.

### IN THE COMP CLASS

In the comp class sat two maidens,  
Sat two maidens young and frisky.  
Brilliant were their arts and ever  
Brilliant was their conversation.  
And an inspiration seized them,  
Seized them as they sat in comp class,  
And they reeled off soulful rhymelets—  
Rhymelets writ in perfect meter.  
But alas for those two maidens!

Harkness' eagle eye lit on them,  
As they sat there, giggling, howling,  
Roaring at their pretty verses—  
And he called on each in order—  
And they flunked with many a dismal  
stab,  
Flunked disgracefully and straightway  
Swore they'd never write more verses,  
As they sat in Harkness' comp class.  
R. P.

## "A Malted Milk With a Smooth Finish"

The above description is the way a patron of Tiedemann's Pharmacy approved of a Tiedemann Malted Milk. You should try one.

This drug store is for the convenience of its patrons in all branches of drug store service.

### TIEDEMANN'S PHARMACY

702 University Avenue

Badger 4858

## MINTZ BROS MAKE SUITS

Ready Made Clothing in At-  
tractive Styles and Prices

Buy a Ticket { \$6.00 for \$5.00  
\$3.00 for \$2.50

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing a Specialty

1353 University Ave.

Madison, Wisconsin

## SHOE REPAIRING

IS DONE  
Expertly and Quickly by the

**Piazza Bros.**

1335 University Ave.

Bring in your next pair of shoes  
that need any repairing.



## A CHAD CALL

Queer sensation  
 Heart a-thumpin'  
 Quiet giggles overhead,  
 Giggles, giggles, yet more giggles—  
 Gee, my face is getting red!

Noise in hall  
 And buzz in parlor;  
 A queer roaring in my ears.  
 Giggles, snickers, laughs and whispers—  
 What a lot of things one hears;

Swish of skirts,  
 Faces o'er the railing;  
 Faces, faces, everywhere.  
 Chadbourns Hall? Yes, I've been call-  
 ing,  
 And the inmates all were there.

R. P.

## THE FROSH

He had all the dignity  
 Airs and benignity  
 Seniors or Juniors enjoy;

But it all flickered out,  
 When a girl snickered out,  
 "My, what a cute little boy!"

R. P.



20 East Mifflin St.

Announcing the arrival  
 of a hundred new

**Dancing Frocks**  
 moderately priced at  
**\$29.50 and**  
**\$35.00**

**Democrat Service Excels**  
**Democrat Price Is Fair**  
**Democrat Patrons Are Pleased**

**Are**  
**You One?**

**Democrat Printing Company**

Madison, Wisconsin

PRINTERS OF THE OCTUPUS



# YOUR SUPERLATIVE STATE- HOUSE

*Editor's Note. With the Junior class members holding their "Big" prom in the capitol, we are glad to publish an opinion on the building by a Harvard professor, a recent visitor at Madison, who had intended this article for publication in the Antarctic Monthly, but who, upon hearing of our plans to publish THE OCTOPUS, kindly submitted the manuscript to us. His name is being withheld by request.*

Back at Harvard, I had heard a great deal about your new statehouse during the past few years. Those of my friends who had seen it had waxed eloquent upon their return home, and by their enthusiastic praise and their vivid descriptions of its majestic columns, its stately porticos, and its gorgeous interior had aroused within me a great desire to see that wonderful building which, as someone has said, is so typical of the great state of Wisconsin, for myself. Therefore, when it was arranged that I should tour the mid-west to deliver a course of lectures on the pe-

culiarly enlightening, but possibly somewhat prosaic, subject of "Pyrogallie Acid as an Absorber," on which I am held to be an authority, I was glad that Madison was included in my itinerary.

It was early in the morning of my only day in the city that my particular friend and I left his home in the suburbs where I had spent the night, and bowled easily along some miles of asphalt, arriving at length on what my companion termed "the Square," doubtless because in former years, the rural population in the vicinity had been wont to bring its produce to market here, as is still done in certain portions of my own New England. However that may be, the Square of Wisconsin's capital city bore no resemblance to a market place on that November morning.

Through the window of the sedan, down which rivers of what my friend termed "regular, good, old Wisconsin rain" were coursing, I could distinguish a large open park, with a white marble palace standing on a hill top in the center, filling half the park, and extending its wings in four directions, something after the fashion of two crossed swords.

## Got a Date?

---No

Good, let's go down to Dad Morgan's and have a game or two.

—Who's there?

Oh, everybody!

—All right, I'll see you at

## MORGAN'S

534 State Street

"And Morgan's Malted"

Will you see  
Your greatest year  
in  
Wisconsin's Greatest Book

The 1921 BADGER  
?

You will if you *pledge* your Badger now.



## Andelson Bros

"The House of Courtesy"

19 W. Main St.

### Gigantic Stock Reducing Sales

Now on in Full Blast  
Womens' and Misses  
Winter Apparel at  
January Prices.

Attend this great cut price  
event now!

Indeed, I was told that the building is constructed in the shape of a Greek cross, though few persons would recognize the fact from their own observations from terra firma.

Braving the storm, my particular friend and I entered the building, passing through heavy swinging doors "made of the best mahogany, directly imported from the fever swamps of Honduras." We walked along a great, yellow, marble-walled corridor, poorly lit by clusters of frosted light bulbs projecting from the sides.

Even in the semi-darkness, however, the lights did not attract me so much as did the long, shining rows of immense golden vessels, placed at regular intervals along the way, one directly underneath each group of lights.

I paused and looked at one to ascertain its probable function. My companion stopped impatiently.

"Oh, those are only cuspidors. Yes, they are largely of gold," he explained.

Then, with a touch of pride in his

voice, he added, "They were tremendously expensive. So many were bought that room could scarcely be found for them. There are more cuspidors in this capital than in any other American capitol. It created quite a scandal when they were bought, but folks soon forgot all about it. Everyone comes to see this place at one time or another, you see, and it gives even the most tight fisted farmer from the North woods a glow about the heart to be able to aim his quid at one of these."

After which introduction to the Wisconsin statehouse and the people who had made its erection and furnishing possible, I was prepared for any display of mere vulgar wealth.

Emerging from the passage way, we found ourselves in the Rotunda, a circular space guarded by massive coloured pillars, standing in the central part of the building. Above us was yawning space, bounded by marble walls which arched gradually until they met, or seemed to meet, at the circumference of a picture looking down at us from a height of some hundreds of feet. It was only then that I realized that I was



### The Permanent Wave

—Attractive, refreshing, charming and beautiful.  
—Our new equipment enables us to give you an excellent service in the shortest possible time.  
**THE PERMANENT WAVE** is becoming very popular among discriminating ladies.

—It does away with that extra half hour of patience-trying time when you are hurriedly dressing to keep an appointment.

—Come in and let us explain the merits of this new wave with a Frederick's machine.

—Out of town patrons can make appointments by dropping us a card.

### The Marinello Shop

MRS. W. WENGEL

223 State Street



# THE BADGER CAFE

Popular because of  
Pure food  
Sanitary preparation  
Quick service

The Agric students  
eat here because they  
know good food

Regular Meals 30c  
\$5 Meal Ticket \$4.50

1317 University Ave.

at length standing under" the highest dome in the world, save one." I was thrilled at the thought, and gazed directly upward in boundless rapture.

My friend broke in on my reverie.

"See these great columns supporting the gallery running around the Rotunda on the second floor. They are from Greece, and are the largest single pieces of stone ever brought from European quarries. They cost over \$10,000 each ten years ago, but would cost twice as much now. In buying them when it did, the state made one of the greatest savings in years. And see those glass mosaics by Cox. They are the largest in the world, and cost \$50,000. And since he's dead now, they will increase in value right along."

The pillars were large and they were beautiful, so were the pictures of inlaid glass. I admired both whole-heartedly, but somehow, they, with their price tags so conspicuously placed, did not make the impression on me that the cuspidors had—probably because they, unlike the latter, had no visible utilitarian use for the rusties from the north woods.

We moved on to a little room below

a flight of marble steps. Inside, a couple of gentlemen, white haired and yellow-toothed, were heatedly arguing the points of the Hayes-Tilden controversy with all the vigor evinced by cracker-box politicians in my native state. My friend interrupted their flow of eloquence, and punctiliously requested the services of a guide. The two eyed him in child-like wonderment, and looked at the pneumatic clock (the largest west

of New York, as I was soon to learn) on the wall.

Then the Tilden partisan explained that groups of sightseers left on the hour, and it was already long past eight. But since neither of them was busy, he would condescend to lend us his services. We accepted his gracious offer, though I was somewhat taken aback when I heard him add to his opponent in the controversy, that he would "show 'em through in half an hour."

Just before departing on our tour of inspection, the old gentleman who was to act as our guide invited us to sign our names in a greasy, leather-bound book.

"The register," he explained. "One hundred ninety-three thousand, four hundred and thirteen persons went through here last year. That's more than in any other capitol in America."

He watched me write my name and address with the blunt stub pen he had provided.

"From Massachusetts, be ye? Well now, that's queer. I came from them parts myself before the war. Ever been

## DRINK MORE MILK

Its healthy

Be sure your milk and  
cream comes from the

### Kennedy Dairy Company

618 University Ave.

Phone Badger 7100

### THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

The Best of Verse  
and Story

Issued Monthly

15c a Copy



in Boston? You have, eh? Say, who's running the grog shop on lower Tremont Street now?"

Demosthenes betrayed disappointment when I was obliged to confess my ignorance, but stoically consoled himself.

"Well," he said resignedly, "I suppose the old town has changed a bit in the last fifty odd years."

He had promised to show us through in half an hour, and he was as good as his word. The twenty-nine and a half minutes after leaving the guides' room were crowded with a hurrying from place to place. During that time, the garrulous old fellow leading us in the race chanted fervently of one thing or another, interspersing his sing-song frequently with antediluvian jokes at which he himself roared loudly, and I have only a hazy recollection of having seen anything but pillar after pillar, room after room, and innumerable paintings.

Try as I will, I can recall little but a general impression of wealth on every hand, with an oppressive air of luxury and lavish display bearing down on me.

"Greatest, richest, largest, unique, most expensive, most beautiful, most wonderful" ring constantly in my ears when the memory of that half hour comes back to me. There was scarcely a thing, from the \$100,000 decorations of the governor's reception room, to the marbles in the walls of the Supreme Court Chamber with its \$25,000 mahogany table and \$10,000 oriental rug, that

THANKSGIVING TIME  
means

## A Turkey Dinner

There will be a great demand for turkeys—reserve yours now at the

# U. W. MARKET

621 University Ave.

# Your Clothes Look Well

*But not when wrinkled*

Keep your clothes neat all the time by using a convenient Electric Iron in your room.

Of course you will save money—go to

## SCHAUB BROS.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

306 State St.

# RUUD & IRION

Madison's Premier  
Photographers

Interior and Exterior groups,  
Flashlight pictures, etc.

Let us make a photograph of your next party.

521 State Street

Madison, Wis.

did not call forth a bombastic superlative from the veteran elephant driver.

We were about to ascend into the gallery of the Assembly Chamber to inspect the new automatic voting machine (the only one in the world; the most remarkable invention of the age), when our guide pulled forth a huge silver,

stem-wind time piece, and regarded it anxiously.

"Two minutes and a half, my friends," he said in a funeral tone. "I've got to go down stairs and start with the regular nine o'clock party now. But of course, if you want to make the trip over, you're welcome."



Consider the source of your food.

From what store does it come? How is it kept? How is it delivered?

You can rest assured that all meat from our market is fresh. It is carefully kept at a temperature of 40 Fahrenheit and is delivered promptly.

Each Monday a price list for the week following to every fraternity house.

Ask your steward where he is buying your meat.

Prices vary frequently. He can save you money if he will check each week's prices up with the week preceeding and take advantage of the fluctuation of the market.

## THE CAPITAL CITY MARKET

421 State Street

Phone Badger 2905

Turning to me, he added, "I'm sure you don't have such buildings in Boston. Why, the only building that amounts to anything in that town is the Krauskopff Brewery, and I suppose that with this here prohibition coming on—"

As we descended in one of the elevators which are to be found on every hand (there are more elevator boys employed in the Wisconsin capitol than in any similar building in the world), my friend and I assured the little man that we had a most delightful time, and would, but for pressing business, accept his kind invitation to join the regular party which was doubtless waiting restively now to start on its tour of inspection under his leadership within another minute. Incidentally, the party in question cannot have been very large, for as we left the man from Boston at the door of the guides' room, I noted but a lone occupant—the Hayes supporter.

So I have seen your \$10,000,000 capitol, the building about which one hears and reads so much these days. I have seen it from top to bottom, and that inside of half an hour. You will be bound to admit that an accomplishment, even under the personal supervision of a Wisconsin guide.

And, so that I may be able to enthuse about the building as my friends have done; so that I may be able to describe its distinctive features from the golden cuspidors on every hand to the Miss Liberty overlooking all, with accuracy, when my last listener has absorbed the last principle of the absorptive powers of pyrogallie acid, and I am back in Harvard once more, I have purchased a little volume which I will peruse most diligently during the remaining time of my stay in the West—a visitors' key to your superlative statehouse.

### THE VARSITY OR "U"?

I fear I'm very weak of will  
But then, what could I do?  
We disagreed the other day,  
For Jimmie says "the U,"  
While I insist on Varsity.  
Think of Wisconsin called  
"The U", just like Chicago;  
Why I was quite appalled;  
I said I wouldn't have it,  
—As crossly as I might,  
But after what he answered  
How could I want to fight?  
For then he said, the foolish boy,  
With eyes that would adore,  
"Of course, I love the Varsity,  
But still, I love U more!"

R. P.

## You and Your Suit

If all you want in a suit of clothes is a coat, a vest, and a pair of trousers, anybody can sell it to you.

Or do you want something more—a suit that is shaped to your personality—a suit that is **absolutely correct**. I will make that suit for you.

Your enjoyment of all social functions will be doubled if you are conscious that your clothes conform to the little conventionalities that give the wearer **Dignity and Style**.

My shop is small and I can take but a certain amount of work, as my service is personal. My running expenses are so low that I can save you \$10 to \$15 on a suit.

## Tetzlaff Tailoring Co.

410 State St.

### MALEC and MALAS

Are at your feet with

**Sensible Shoes**

For Men and Women

Our Repair Shopahatsehdarth



### OUR REPAIR SHOP

has a staff of skilled workmen to do your work neatly and when you want it.

State St.



## PRISCILLA'S EYES

Priscilla's eyes are fair to see  
 When she so coyly looks at me;  
 The flashes from those depths of gray  
 Her inmost thoughts to me betray;  
 I could not want a better key;  
 Sometimes they dance in open glee;  
 Sometimes a storm I can foresee,  
 And then I hasten to obey  
                     Priscilla's eyes.

When at her feet on bended knee  
 I urge my oft-repeated plea,  
 Although Priscilla tells me nay,  
 Those tell-tale eyes her love display—  
 Ah, then I dearly like to see  
                     Priscilla's eyes.  
                             R. P.

FROM THE LAW SCHOOL  
WINDOWS

Dainty little co-ed  
 Coming down from class,  
 Sees a red stone building,  
 Which she needs must pass.

Manner somewhat haughty  
 Head and nose in air;  
 Knows full the lawyers  
 Will be watching there.

Sidewalk rather icy,  
 From the cold and rain.  
 Lawyers stand and rubber  
 Through the window pane.

Co-ed goes in safety  
 On her homeward way,  
 Lawyers go to classes,  
 Same old stuff each day!

R. P.



## BILLIARD PARLOR

"Hot dogs" and other sandwiches  
 served all day.

622 State St.

# The Congenial Collegiate Atmosphere of - - -

THOMPSON'S Orchestra Hall is always present  
 in Thompson's Orchestras where ever they may  
 be playing.

For your successful parties phone Badger 2020  
 and reserve

## Thompson's Orchestra

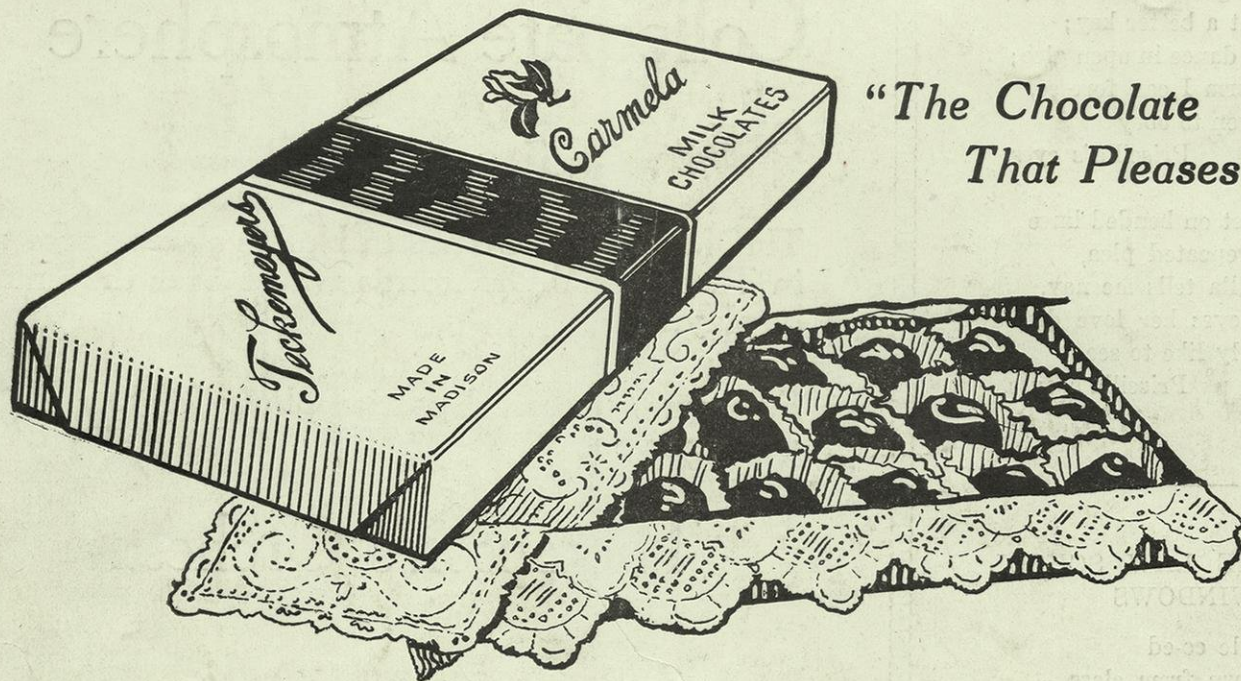
# AFTER THE DANCE ---GO TO--- Frank's Restaurant

The most popular place to eat good food,  
 and meet good friends.

821 University Ave.



# *For Your Better Taste—*



*"The Chocolate  
That Pleases"*

## *Carmela* MILK CHOCOLATES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

---

Because these sweet-meats will always  
compliment your palate with their  
creamy half-melted centers, and rich  
velvet milk chocolate coverings, they de-  
serve your better taste.

---

### TECKEMEYER CANDY CO.

Madison, Wisconsin