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The OCTOPUS



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COMPLEXION POWDER.

In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

DON'T take our word for it when we say that Armand Complexion Powder is wonderful! Try it once for yourself—you'll love its fineness, its clinging qualities and its delicate perfume.

You can get Armand at any of the better shops in Bouquet, a medium powder, at 50c and Armand's wonderful Cold Cream Powder at \$1. - Armand Rouge and Talcum each have a touch of exquisite cold cream which makes them different and Armand originated them all!

If you prefer, send us 15c and your dealer's name for a sample of Bouquet, Cold Cream Powder and the wonderful Cold Cream Rouge. Address

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STETSON

BECOMING to nearly every alert, smartly turned-out man—the Stetsonian, the feature of the Fall season. You'll want a Stetson Derby, too. You don't always feel like wearing the same hat—nor is the same hat always appropriate to the surroundings or the occasion.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

MADISON

Published by students of the
University of Wisconsin

Founded 1919

Incorporated 1920

Office, Union Building, Madison, Wis.

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All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; literery 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

October, 1920

Number 1

Conklin & Sons

COAL
and
WOOD

24 East Mifflin St.

Tel. B. 25

Whereupon the Ladies of the Court---

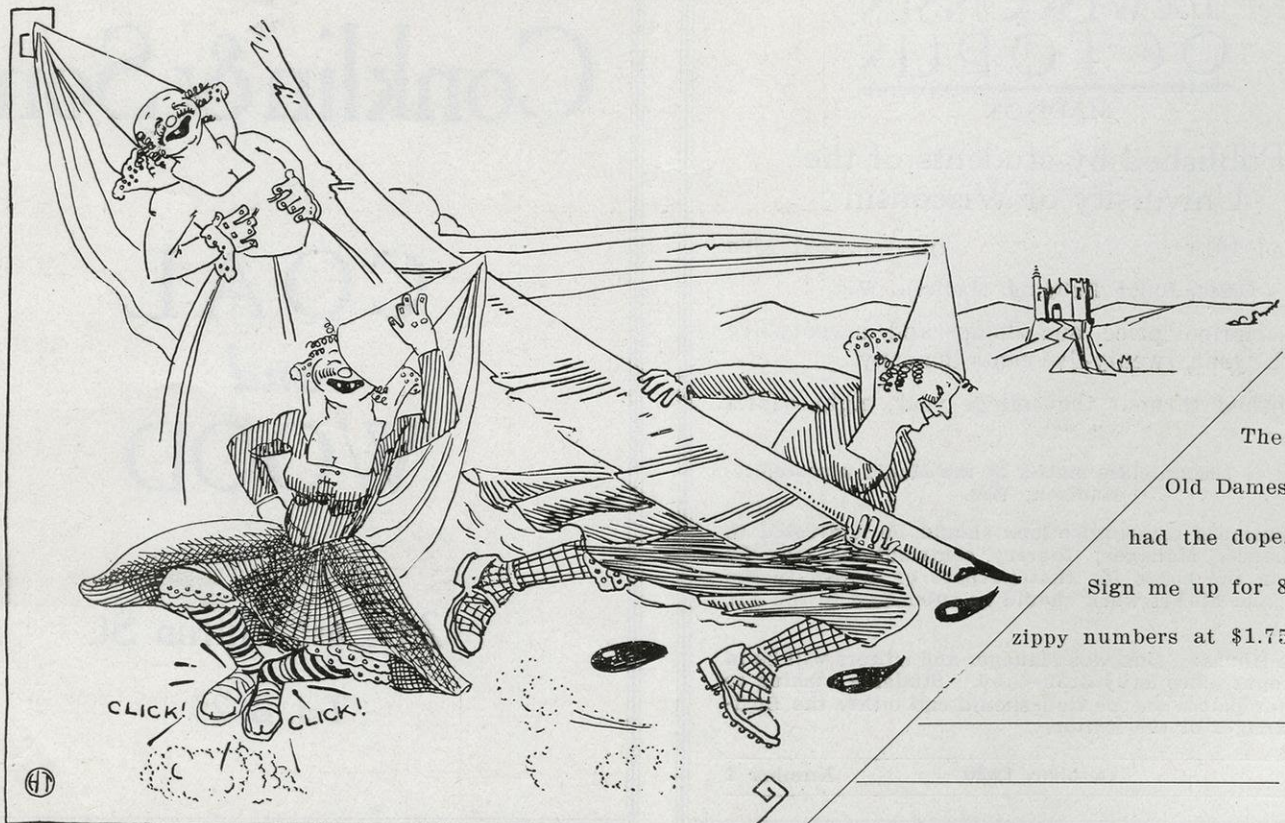
who had been full well bored at the Feeble Buffoonery of the court jester, noticed that tonight his quips were Right Merry, and had not the dewlap of Old Age about them. This put the jovial dames in Fine Fettle. They

Laughed, Quaffed, and---

inquired of him the source of these New-Brewed jokes. So the jester, who was quite Set Up over his sudden popularity, but an Honest Fool notwithstanding, told them. The ladies of the court then Cracked Their Heels in great glee, and

Proceeded Into the Courtyard---

where they were in Great Haste to pluck a goose quill, that they might sign upon the Dotted Line.



The
Old Dames
had the dope.
Sign me up for 8
zippy numbers at \$1.75

For

Quick Service---

Fair Price---

Fine Quality

PRINTING

THE DEMOCRAT

Is in a Class by Itself

Here You Meet College People
Who Understand Your Wants

Badger 486---487---488

Diner—"Do they serve any cheese with apple pie?"

Waiter—"Yassuh, we serve anyone who has the price."

—Tiger.

"Why do you call that old briar of yours Jazz; because it has such a kick?"

"No, because the stem is always clogging."

—Froth.

Bobbed: "Oh dear, I've lost my little pink bow."

Braided: "How perfectly awful. What did he look like?"

—Jester.

Queer

Archie: "Yesterday I saw a man eating shark."

Algy: "You don't say, old fellow. Were you in bathing?"

Archie: "No, in a Chinese restaurant."

—Lampoon.

An Invite

Jack: "Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"

Jackette: "Oh, no."

Jack: "Then let's take a little stroll through the infirmary."

—Sun Dodger.

Not From the Present Prices

Those Indians that swapped Manhattan Island for a bottle of whiskey didn't make such a bad bargain after all.

—Froth.

WE CALL AND DELIVER

PHONE BADGER 1056

MINTZ BROS MAKE SUITS

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing
AND A FINE LINE OF
CLOTHING

1353 UNIVERSITY AVE.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Illinois vs. Wisconsin

HOMECOMING

FOOTBALL GAME

2:00 p. m. ---Camp Randall

November 13, 1920

Mail Order Blanks are distributed around the Campus
and should be mailed before November 6th

Get Your Order In Early



If I should kiss you what would you do?
Oh, scream.
No, don't do that somebody might hear you.
I never thought of that.



He: I'm a man of distinction, I roll my own.
She: How unobserving! So do I!

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Marching Through Georgie!

By George Himself

(Tune: Marching Through Georgia. All Coeds should try this on their —)

In the study libe¹ I sit, thinking bank account of you,
And that little, teeny, weeny, monthly check;
Which persists in being spent spite of all that I can do,
So that now I am in debt up to my neck.

Because:

Vamp, vamp, vamp, the girls are marching!
Comrade, they will get your dough!
And beside a Coed fair² you will breathe the tainted
air
Of the Djerkiss in the Candy Shop or show!

Note 1. This adjective was used to suggest the hypothetical purpose of the Libe, as differentiated from its actual function in the academic life.

Note 2. In this case the word was intended to have the academic significance of 77%,—nothing extra.



Pretty Flat

You've got a flat tire.
That's nothing, you've got a flat head.



Silk Stockings Down One Third.
(from the Daily Deet).
Water, Jenkins.



Mean Men You May Not Have Known

The story is told about a man who used to give nickels attached to strings to blind men. As the blind man was thanking him he would snatch back the nickel and roar with laughter.

It seems he was a brother of the man who paid his young son ten cents to miss his supper. When the lad was asleep the man took the dime out of his pocket and whipped him the next morning for losing it.

Both of these men (being brothers) had an old uncle who took his sausage skins back to the butcher to have them refilled.

Profit Here

There is a man in our town
And he is wondrous wise,
Puts camouflage on pastry
And calls it apple pies.

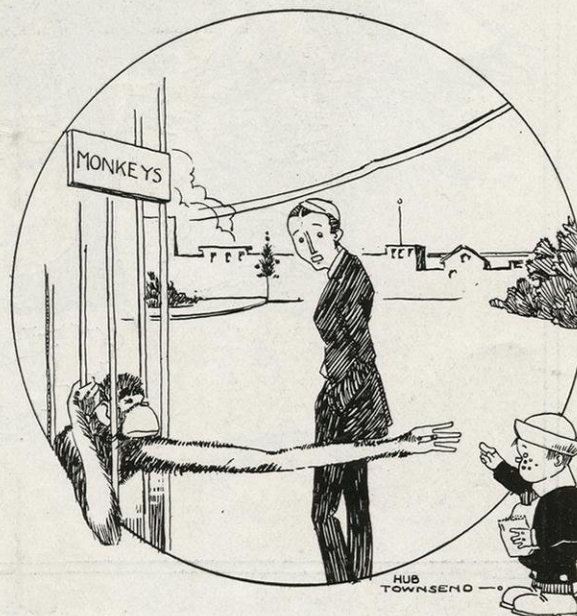


We suggest as the battle-cry of the class of 1925,
"Two-bits Out!"



Speed

Pinky is a speedy boy. Why, ten minutes after he has met a girl he can kiss her.
She: Why what takes him so long?



Hungry Boarding House Student: Gosh! If I only had that reach!



Co-Ed's Song

A touch of color in the autumn weeks,
And the leaves fall to the ground,
For a touch of color on lips and cheeks,
Men will fall—I've found.

Pressed close to his heart—ah, how his blood ran like fire thru his veins. He had been miserable the past few days but now, now everything would be all right. Already with that pressure upon his breast he began to feel soothed and comforted. If only that mustard plaster would cure his cold!



The Poor Old Piker

King Midas was a gazabo
Who hypnotized just scads of dough.
The king possessed a magic hold,
And all he touched just turned to gold.
He had his palace packed with spoil.
His system skinned out Standard Oil.
As for Jawn D.—please pass the smiles—
Old Midas had him beat ten miles.
But though he owned a copious bunch
Of kopecks, still we have a hunch
It always gave the king a jar
That he was not a movie star.



It Pays to Advertise

Why do you give dates to Harold? He's such a gossip.
Yes, but he's quite an efficient press agent.



Lunacy

One day I was hunting and had just killed a couple of eagles which fell at my feet. A gentleman approached me saying, "My friend, you need not have wasted your powder on those eagles. The fall alone would have killed them."

As I was admiring the beautiful sunshine this same man scoffed at me and told me the moonlight was better. When I asked him why, he told me, "The moon is more useful than the sun. The sun only shines during the daytime when it is light enough to see without it, but the moon shines at night when we need the light most."



A Consoling Thought

I hope women will smoke now they have got the vote.

What makes you hope such a thing as that?
Then we'll get cigars and cigarettes marked down at bargain sales.

Song of the University Club

By the YOUTHFUL INSTRUCTORS

(Tune: You Know It)

My library needs to be re-booked;
Come on, you royal!
And it won't get there if I'm hooked;
Come on, you royal!

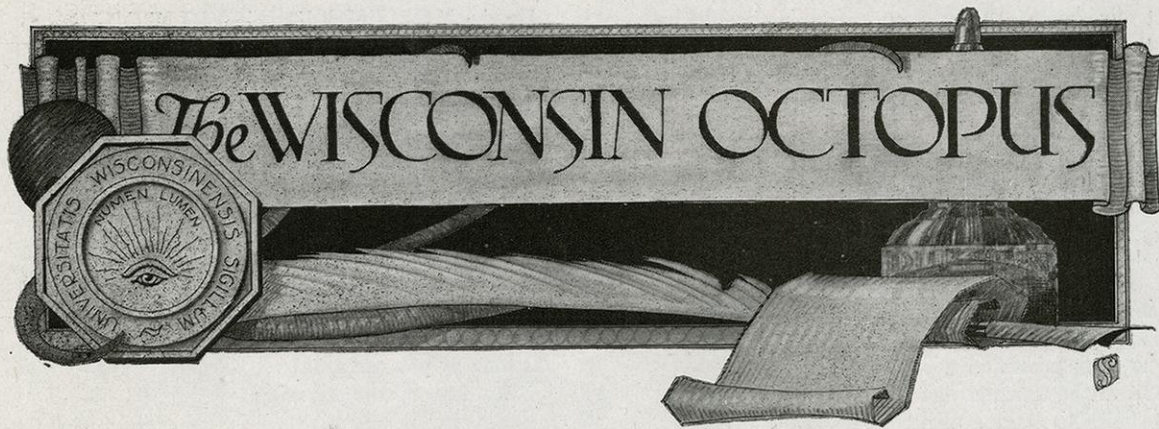
Clink them chips,
Clink them chips,
Clink them on the table;
Clink them in the jack-pot
As long as you are able!
Clink them in the morning,
Clink them in the night;
So we'll clink them chips the whole day long,
When the Frosh are out o' sight!



Sea Captain (to one of many leaning over ship rail): Weak stomach, my lad?
Boy (nervously): Why, ain't I puttin' it as far as the rest of 'em?



There was a young lady--oh dear me:
Who was asked by her prof to shimmy,
She studied awhile,
Then said with a smile,
"If I shimmy, Jimmy, what'll you gimme?"



Founded 1919

Published at the University of Wisconsin

Incorporated 1920

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WELCOME HOME, YE GRADS!

Homecoming

Old pal, we're glad to welcome you back.
 We've missed you.

We have separated, many of us. Our more than 14,000 old grads are scattered all over the world from the Yukon to Transvaal. But even the old Wisconsin man in the heart of Manchuria can never outlive the glorious spirit of Wisconsin. Once a Badger always a Badger.

You will not fail then, old pal, to come back to our big reunion, Homecoming, November 13, that day when our boys buck up against our Zuppke and his Illinois eleven.

It will be a day for recollection, one that will fan the old time spirit and set the blood a-racing. The singing of the rollicking, old songs; the mad cheering; the brilliant red and white; the blaring band; the old friends—that's homecoming.

It's November 13, old pal.

Cheer For Wisconsin!

Here they are, Old Grads, T. E. Jones, chairman of the department of physical education and coach of track and field; John R. Richards, '96, master of the football situation; H. E. "Dad" Vail, coach of the "come back" crew on the Hudson this year; Dr. W. E. Meanwell, rehabilitator of Wisconsin basketball; Joseph C. Steinauer, coach of swimming and wrestling; George T. Bresnahan, '15, coach of cross country; Guy S. Lowman, coach of baseball; Fred E. Schlatter, '15, coach of gymnastics; John F. Neu, boxing coach; and G. E. Linden, coach of tennis.

The University of Wisconsin is staging an athletic come back. Will you do your share back home to see that good students with athletic ability be told of the opportunities afforded by this great school of the Middle West? Pull for Wisconsin even though you are many miles away!

I Hate Me!

How much do I get?

This is the gist of the attitude that is going to spell ruin for activities at the University of Wisconsin. No other university in the country has made such a wonderful record of student activities as has Wisconsin. Cooperation brought about by college spirit par excellence has built up our athletic reputation, our self government associations, our literary organizations, and our university publications.

If Coach John R. Richards should say, "On this year's football team there will be seventy-five positions instead of eleven and to every man who shall sign up to play one of these positions I shall have a 'W' awarded and in addition appoint him captain of the particular position," then there is no doubt but that there would be seventy-five men out for football. The "How much do I get?" squad instead of going out to fight for the eleven which many of them would stand a mighty fine chance of making just live on their high school reputation and present alibis for distribution by their friends.

In the field of publications the question, "May I tryout for a staff position?" is rarely asked in the present scheme of things but rather "I'll do some work if you'll get me a good job on the staff to start with." And then we meet the ultra-independents—those who are skilled workers in certain lines of endeavor but who are utterly devoid of the old Wisconsin spirit—who absolutely refuse to do a thing for university student publications unless they are paid the existing rates of wages for their work.

Wisconsin activities could climb to lofty heights if they could only make use of all the talent that is in the university.

Are you going to retain your membership in the "How Much Do I Get?" club or are you going to volunteer your talent for the advance of activities at the University of Wisconsin?



You Tell Us!

We agree with you—this is not the greatest humorous publication in the United States. You are quite right. But instead of telling those—who think it a fair attempt—that everything we have tried to do is wrong will you kindly tell us about it? And when you come to tell us what is wrong will you kindly show us how the existing conditions can be improved?

We want to make this paper worthy of Wisconsin. It is a student publication. It is your Octopus. Will you buy it—not borrow it, will you contribute to it—not "pass the buck," and will you offer constructive advice—not adverse criticism?

Let these things be done and the Octopus, the humorous publication of the University of Wisconsin, will be among the Country's greatest wit and humor magazines.

On With the Lid

Little green caps and oafish faces identify Freshmen, but they have the honor of being the only class in school which is recognizable on the street. No one can tell a Sophomore, a Junior, or a Senior—they all look alike.

In some of our neighboring universities each class is conspicuous because of its respective cap. Each class thus gets the honor and prestige which it rightfully should have, and it guarantees that there shall be no meddling in university affairs by "townies" posing as students. While we are adopting knickerbockers and golf stockings at Wisconsin, why not throw in the distinguishing head gear at the same time?



Political Optimism

When little Wisconsin condensaries are closing down because of the foreign money situation, I cannot believe that even the traditional wall of triple brass which most nations have hoped for will unscramble the world omelet of which we are a part.

I have felt that the most optimistic man I have met was the one who said, "At any rate, we can elect only one of them."

And yet are things quite as bad as they seem? We can be sure of several things whoever is elected. Cox will not be as bad as the Republicans say he will be. Harding will not be as bad as the Democrats say he will be.

Whichever is elected will do his darndest to make his administration a success—*there is always more temptation for a president to be a patriot than a knave.*

Of course, a fool may be worse than a knave but after all a man can't be quite a fool and become senator or governor of Ohio.

All is not lost, you will get another vote before the Republic is completely derelict.

It is a little difficult to tell quite what the difference will be, except that if Harding is elected some of our good friends will return home from Washington and abroad, and some other of our good friends will leave us. I suppose if Cox is elected, we may join the League; if Harding is elected we may not (may in the sense of futurity, not indicating volition.)

If Harding is elected we might intervene in Mexico, if Cox is we probably won't. If Harding is elected, it is not probable that we will go to war with Japan; if Cox becomes president it is still less likely. If Harding is successful, we shall probably have tariff revision upward; but if you travel or do business abroad it will require a microscope to see the difference.

Both will enforce the laws moderately; one will be more enthusiastic about one law and the other about another. But neither is going to be real grim.

If you wait to vote until you find a candidate and party that suits you, that candidate will have only one supporter.

CARL RUSSELL FISH.

COME BACKS

These Will Always Come Back!

Bad checks.
Drowned cats.
Freckles.
Galoshes.
Gossip.
H. C. L.
Octopus.
Serenaders.
Spring.
Vaudeville Actors.

These Would Like to Come Back!

Booze.
Democratic Party.
Flunkers.
Germany.
Graduates.
Hazing Parties.
Jess Willard.
Profiteers.
Superstition.
Tea Hounds.

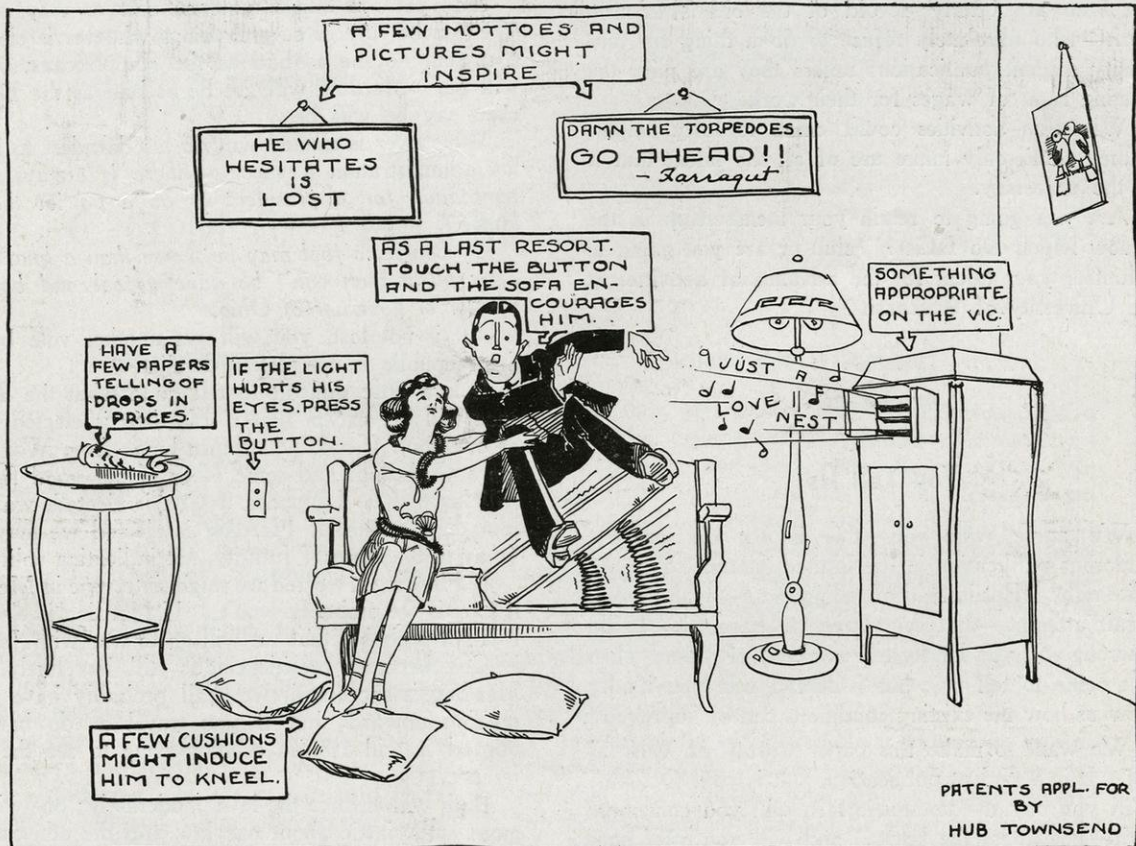
These Will Never Come Back!

Autocracy.
Borrowed Prom Clothes.
Cut Classes.
First Love.
Five Cent Movies.
Innocence.
Jazz Music of Last Week.
Last Year's Clothes.
Natural Complexions.
Today.



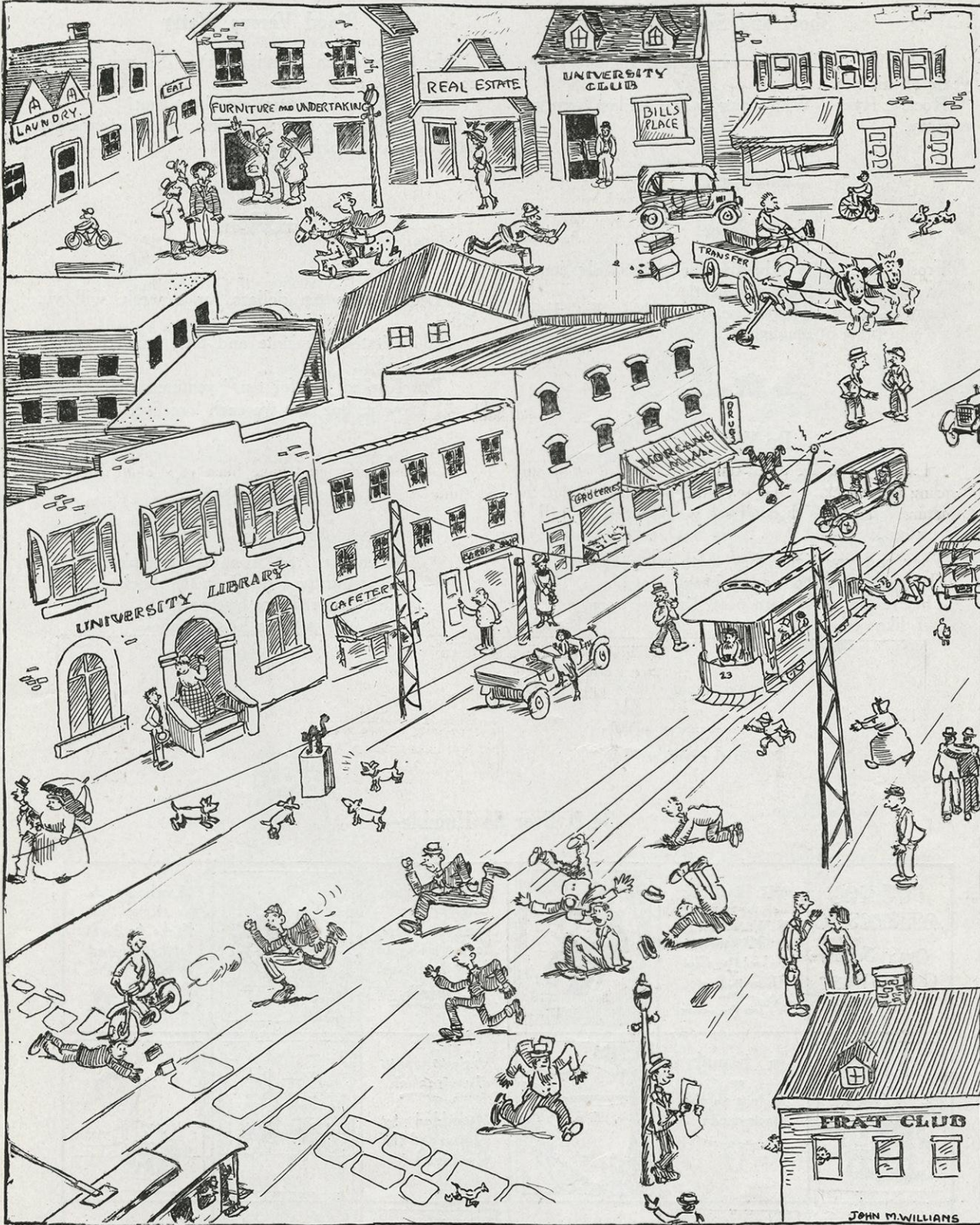
Two women were looking at a picture of a girl riding horseback. One read the quotation under the picture. It was, "I don't see why a horse so full of hay should be so hard." A small boy passing by heard the remark, and said, "I don't see why a cow so full of milk should want a drink."

Auntie, you must have been very beautiful at one time?
How so?
Cause, uncle, would never marry you the way you look now.



PATENTS APPL. FOR
BY
HUB TOWNSEND

Girls, Leap Year Is Nearly Over. If You Have Been Unsuccessful Try Our Suggestions



Freddie Frosh Refused to Button

Short and Sweet

Teetotaler: The man who drinks takes twenty years off his life.

Rock & Rye: Who wants to live the last twenty, anyway.



Toot! Toot!

Frosh, anxious to advertise his accomplishments: "Say, did you ever hear me whistle?"

Long-suffering upperclassman: "No, but I've heard you blow off enough."



Do You?

These co-eds are a noisy lot,
 I like 'em;
 They make you blow the cash you've got,
 I like 'em;
 They call you tight, they think you're green,
 Unless you shell out every bean,
 They're the worst darn pests I've ever seen,
 I like 'em.

Blood Versus Water

He (after much investigation): So you are my cousin?

She: What is so startling about that?

He (embracing her): Think what an excuse I have been overlooking!



"Lemme take ten dollars for a week, will yu, Bill?"

Bill hesitated a minute and then handed Bob a five dollar bill.








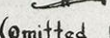




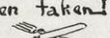


"But I asked you for ten," ventured Bob.

"I know it, but now we each lose five."



When the frost is on the pumpkin
 And the fodder's in the shock,
 Then dad redeems his overcoat
 And puts his Ford in hock.

Be It Ever So Humble—

<p>SPECIAL ATTRACTION ONLY SHOWN ON THIS PAGE —NO TAX—</p>	<p>WEE FILLUM CO Presents S. WERENCE McTINNEY The Lord Mayors Meal or Under the Dome A T. INY PRODUCTION</p>		<p>At a well-known cafe our hero gives his order for a rare and juicy beefsteak.</p> 		<p>In anticipation he allows his thots to drift to the bringing up of a milk- fed calf.</p> 
	<p>In transit or A trip to the stockyards.</p> 		<p>Various stages of vivisection (Omitted by request of the Censors)</p> 		
<p>Ah! — The waiter approaches!</p> 		<p>"Beg pardon, Sir — Has your order been taken? You wish—"</p> 		<p>- Moral - The best place to eat is Home.</p> 	<p>THE END PLEASE Use ALL EXITS</p> <p>—FACE Studios—</p>

Ode to an Athlete Swearing Off Coffee

Black and bitter,
Guess I'll quit her.
Feel much fitter
If I forgit her.



Why He Wasn't Hungry

No, I really don't care for any lunch—I'm not hungry.

Well, what's the matter?

Oh, I have Sellery at 10 and Fish at 11, so by 12 I've no appetite left.



The Plutocrat

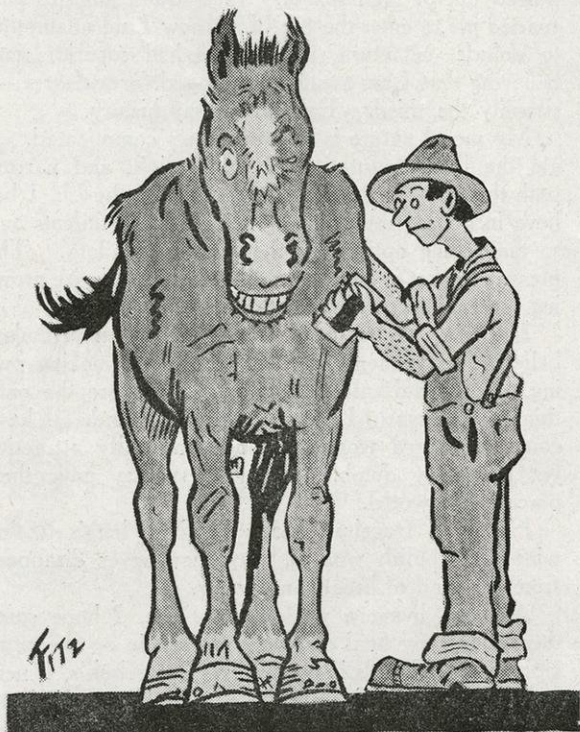
What is your father's occupation?

Plumber.

Lend me a twenty, won't you?



"Alas," cried Uncle Jimmy,
In accents of dismay,
I've never danced the shimmy,
And now it is passe.



Scraping Up An Acquaintance



Father: I thought I heard that fellow kissing you last night. I hope you didn't encourage him.

She: No, Father, I didn't need to.



Will you marry me?

No.

Why not?

I'm already married.



It was easy to see that he was angry.

"What is the matter, dear," she cooed.

"Bill says he has kissed every girl in your house but one," he raved.

"I wonder who she is."



My dear, I'm so sorry I couldn't see you when you called but I was just having my hair washed.

Yes, and the laundries are so slow about returning things, too.



Mr. Billus (at the Orph): Marcia, that fellow is positively the worst stick I ever saw on the stage. He makes love to that pretty girl like a hippopotamus trying to court an angel.

Mrs. Billus (much interested): He does, John, he does. But how vividly it seems to recall the days of our courtship.

Why Wisconsin Students Should Make Good Political Nominees

Students as a rule are keen observers of political science. In fact, some of the methods that are now being used by political leaders in the present campaign were fully developed by college students many years ago. The front porch campaign which Senator Harding has been waging was patterned after similar campaigns here. In adopting the methods used by students, the Ohio nominee merely shows his human insight into the disposition of women who will vote this fall for the first time.



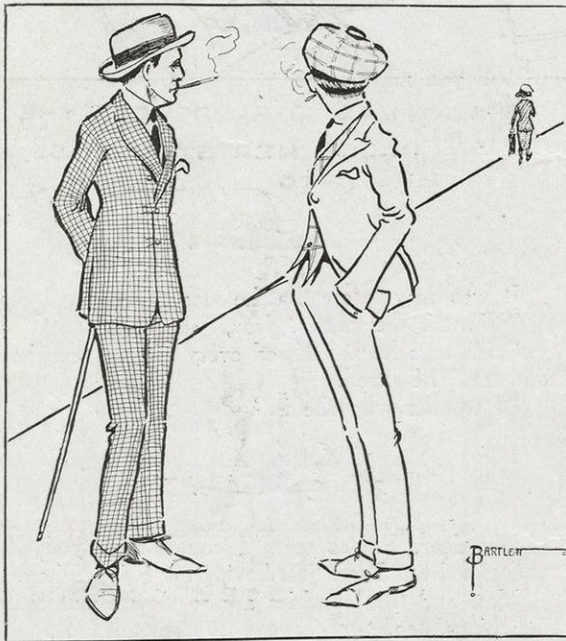
If You Are Abel

One way to reduce sugar rates—
We guess you cannot doubt it—
Is to go to the sugar states
And raise some cane about it.



Practical Advice

Soph: I've never won a bet.
Frosh: Why don't you bet the other way?



"Do you think your art study did you any good?"

"You bet. I am going to take a course in accounting."

"Well, what is the connection?"

"Why man, I already have a splendid knowledge of figures."



Harry: He is singing "Mephistophocles."

Larry: I thought so.

Harry: Why?

Larry: Sounds like the devil.



Autobiography of a Moron

I have no apologies to make for my birth, otherwise I apologize for everything else.

Being born, I attempted to make the best of my fate and passed my early years stealing apples from the village grocer and a diploma from the township school. My high school teachers, being unable to understand me, put into practice that antedeluvian custom of passing the buck, only it was Bill, and so I passed out of high school. A deluded minister persuaded me to enter the big U. so now I am attempting to delude, in return, my pedagogical superiors into believing that I am mentally equipped for a degree,—possibly the third. Enough for my history.

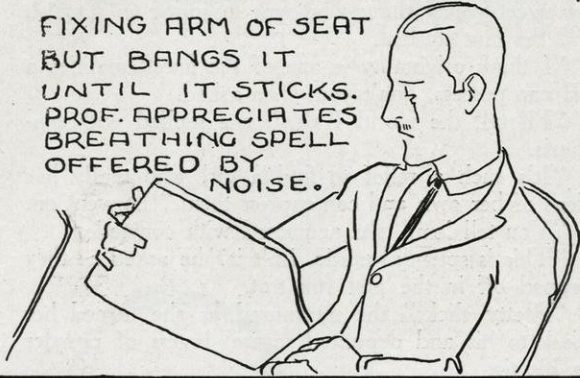
My moral nature is somewhat less complicated. I am the living refutation of the straight and narrow path theory. Following the example of the U., I believe in getting my living by sticking the students and so am selling options on the fish in Mendota. The present market is good for suckers, small fish are growing, and pike are way up the scale.

Indulging in the gentlemanly vices, I nevertheless believe that women should abstain from smoking owing to the Malthusian theory. Co-eds are the only things in the world I do not fully understand. I have come to regard women as mathematically attractive yet inherently dumb. Nevertheless they have their place in the world.

Here's to Bacchus, here's to Eros, here's to fine wine and foolish women, may they never disappear from the land of bread and water.

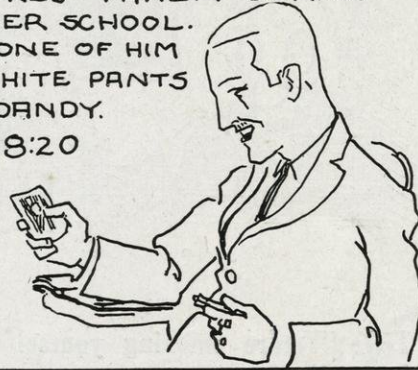
And so, living a well-rounded life, I hope some day to clip my final coupon and cash in on the principle, at St. Peter's if possible, at Beelzebub's, if necessary and spend the rest of eternity in a quaint and novel fashion. What the fates have ordained let not mere man confuse.

8:10-8:15 ARRIVES AT LECTURE, HALF ASLEEP. HAS DIFFICULTY FIXING ARM OF SEAT BUT BANGS IT UNTIL IT STICKS. PROF. APPRECIATES BREATHING SPELL OFFERED BY NOISE.



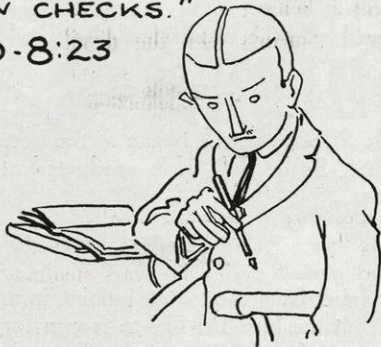
WHEN HE OPENS HIS NOTE BOOK, HE FINDS SOME KODAK PICTURES TAKEN DURING SUMMER SCHOOL. THIS ONE OF HIM IN WHITE PANTS IS A DANDY.

8:15-8:20



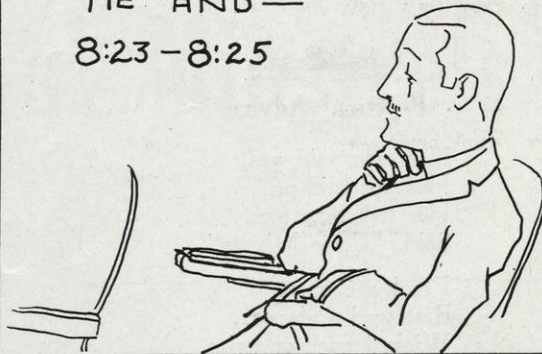
"PEN DRY. THATS FUNNY, AND ONLY USED IT TO WRITE A FEW CHECKS."

8:20-8:23



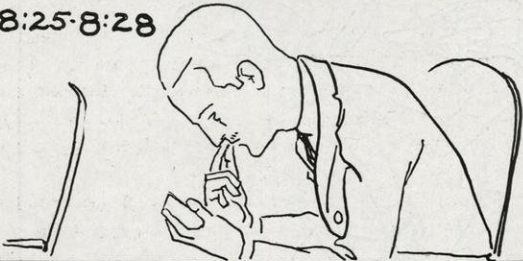
"OH! WELL! I KNEW I WOULD FORGET SOMETHING." FIXES TIE AND —

8:23-8:25



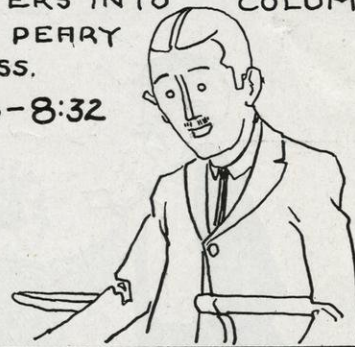
— AS HIS MUSTACHE MUST BE ARRANGED SO THAT EACH HAIR WILL COVER ITS ALLOTTED SPACE. NOW TO LOOK OVER THE GIRLS.

8:25-8:28



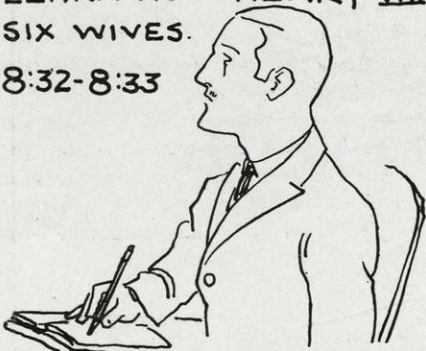
DISCOVERS GIRL ACROSS THE WAY ROLLS HER STOCKINGS. ENTERS INTO COLUMBUS AND PERRY CLASS.

8:28-8:32



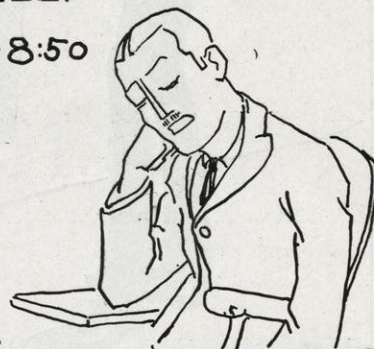
INTEREST PICKS UP IN THE LECTURE. HE WANTS TO LEARN HOW HENRY VIII GOT SIX WIVES.

8:32-8:33



REMEMBERS HE CAN COPY SOMEONES NOTES, SO GOES TO SLEEP

8:33-8:50



HUB TOWNSEND.

A Young Man At An Eight O'Clock Lecture

English As She Is Spoke



Ted: "You're smoking yourself to death, old man."

Fred: "Well, the doctor told me if I kept up smoking I would not have any of my remaining faculty."



Mixer

Her eyes said yes,
Her lips said no,
Her twitching toes
Said, "Come let's go."

I took a chance,
Bestowed a glance,
Winked once or twice,
We had a dance.



Bill: Jack says he began at the bottom.

Bob: So he did. He graduated at the foot of his class.



Far be it from me to put quinine in any one's lip-rouge, but the bird I'd like to mourn for is the vegetarian so strict that he won't allow his children to eat animal crackers.



Outdone!

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Heather Wool Hose-----\$1 to \$2

Lined Gloves-----\$2 to \$12

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Mexican pecan candies.

Our best assorted
chocolates and bon
bons at one dollar a
pound.

The Psychology of Laughter

BY

PROF. JOSEPH JASTROW

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, more than in the tongue of him that makes it."

When Lord Chesterfield, laying down the law of decorum, mentioned that since he reached the maturity of his reason no one had heard him laugh, he expressed an attitude far more remote in mental habit than in historical age. Yet the implied counsel may serve as a check upon the impertinent mottoes brandished in aggressive office-buildings, inviting all comers to smile, in and out of season. The noun commonly associated with "cheerful" is "idiot." Between the two extremes of attitude lies the propriety as well as the prosperity of a jest. To be accused of a lack of a sense of humor is in our day a questioning of the sanity of our reason,—a suggestion of the dullness of our wit. Words afford clues to philosophies. To be *witty* you must have your *wits* about you. But life is not a joke; and living on one's wits too exclusively betokens a failure of other desirable if commonplace qualities.

The skill of wit lies in the fact that—like Tell shooting an arrow at the apple on his son's head—if you miss, there are serious consequences. It is in the nature of the sublime that, failing of the mark, it tumbles into the ridiculous. The appeal to the laugh must make its way by psychological insight among the tangle of human emotions; it must avoid hitting the wrong ones. Nothing less than the human is rich enough in content to raise a laugh; animals may frisk and caper, but they do not attain a laugh. Young human animals, upon the comic bent, may get no further than cutting capers. The grotesque suggests the limit of what you can do to the human face to raise a laugh. The disfigurement slightly altered arouses pity, or disgust. The case of *Cyrano* is handled with masterly artistry by the rare blending of pity and humor, making something heroic out of a facial misfortune.

In the background of humor stands the conventional, the expected, the proper, the attainable; by leading to it and yet away from it, the effect is obtained. It takes rare sense to write rare nonsense. It isn't an accident that the author

(Continued p. 24)

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AT VERY FAIR PRICES

When you compare style, quality,
and service with inferior makes.



“Upon my word,” Edith exclaimed.
“Your word? What good is your word?”
“Why, I always keep my word.”
“Yes, you may as well; nobody would take it
for anything.”



If They Called a Spade a Spade

“Oh, Katheryne, I’ve invited the swellest Cadillac
to our formal!”
The old saying, “Man shall not judge,” is cer-
tainly taken literally by most women.



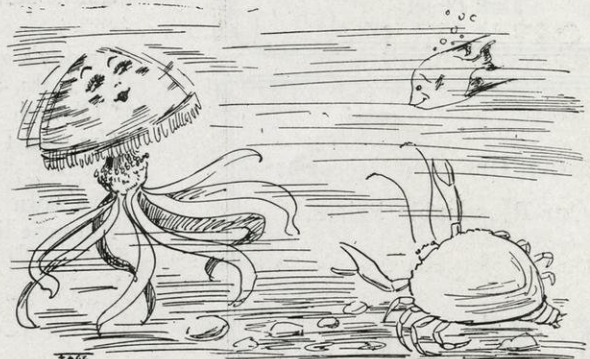
He: “Did you see John walk out of the class
in the middle of Prof. Jastrow’s lecture?”
She: “Yes, what was the matter?”
He: “Why, he walks in his sleep.”



The Rube: See that girl opposite us? She’s
got some dirt on her knee.
The clever one: Fool, that isn’t dirt, that’s a
beauty spot.

Ta-Da

There was a young Freshman ta-da,
Who smoked on the Campus ta-da.
Some Sophs got ahold
Of this Freshman so bold
And paddled his ta-dee-da-da.



Mrs. Crab: See here, Miss Jelly Fish, you
will have to stop that shimmying.

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Candidate For the "Sore Eye Special"

Freddy Frosh came off the farm—
His dad thot books could do no harm.
Now dad was right about the books,
But that's not where our Freddy looks.

Let us observe dear Freddy Frosh
Start up The Hill—on high, by gosh;
Half way up he's not so spry,
For he has learned why rents are high.

Freddy's glad it isn't night,
He looks, and wonders at the sight:—
"Oh gosh, oh GEE, what's this I see?
I'm glad I come to the Universitee!"

I've sawn lots of calves back thar,
But none like these, by heck, by gar."



How old are you madam?
I have seen twenty-three summers.
How long have you been blind?



She likes onions.
How'd you know?
Guess I know how onions taste.

(Continued from p. 22)

of "Alice in Wonderland" was a distinguished mathematician. It is the play of fine reason that makes fine wit; coarse wit is equally if differently illuminating. It may be that beauty is but skin deep, and it may have only a cosmetic dimension; but ugliness, and, by the same token,—vulgarity—goes to the bone.

The venture in the laugh works both ways: in the tongue of him that makes it, in the ear of him that hears it. The jester shooting a little wide of the mark becomes risky, or, in the neater Gallic, *risque*,—or more commonly, flat. The hearer may laugh at the wrong place, or, more commonly, fails to get a message to his laughing muscles until his ears are warned of his omission by those quicker of wit; he tries to cover his discomfiture by making up in injected vigor what he lacked in promptness. By that very defection he illustrates the distinction between making a joke and being one. It is not his joke but his self that is laughed at. When Charles Lamb, called to account for his chronic tardiness at the India Office, explained that he would make up for coming late by leaving early, he raised a laugh, provided the ear of the employer was attuned to the saving grace of humor. As everywhere intention and the subtlety of means and end measure intelligence. The laugh that Lamb raised was a tribute to his wit; the laugh that the hearer raised who wanted it explained how promptness in going could make up for tardiness in coming, was an explosive exposé of his dullness.

When men attempt the role of the feminine, they easily, and often skillfully, attain the comic. "Our girls are all men and everyone a lady." The feminine is so obviously the unattainable that the approximation arouses only the laughable aspect of contrast. When the woman attempts the masculine role, the psychology is totally different, dealing in incommensurables. Rosalind charms in so far as she is more herself than the boy of her attire. It is only the immature masculine that is within the feminine dramatic part; even so rare a talent as that of Bernhardt, in attempting *Hamlet* was a foregone failure. The superior interest in the impersonator detracts from the impersonation. What the actress really is throws the part out of focus disturbingly.

Though the essential in the joke is the point, it is an artifice of many

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Gowns!!

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"The Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes"
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dimensions, while its very essence is spontaneity, its mortal antipathy labor. We may laugh broadly, deeply, thinly, with shades and grades of manner and meaning. However varied our attainments, we have the common ground of play and laughter. Yet we judge others, as others judge us, by what they and we laugh at. The laugh is a mental test.



S. G. A.

S. G. A. is the excuse which most coeds use for ridding themselves of boresome escorts early in the evening. It is used only in case of such an emergency.



She—My hands are always cold.
He—I say, how awfully convenient.



Hasty Exit

2nd Floor: How is Binks coming along in his love affair with Celia?

3rd Floor: He's like my bank account. Checked out.

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Tea Hounds, 'Tention

CHARACTERS:

Father, *anybody's dad, but your own.*

Roderick, *his son, all that the name implies, if your name isn't Roderick.*

Father—Roderick, oh, Roderick; come here!

Enter Roderick.

Rod.—Yes, father. Did you want me?

Father—Roderick, I have called you to have a very important discussion with you—

Rod.—Yes, father.

Father—Don't interrupt! This is a discussion on a very serious subject—

Rod.—Why, father—

Father—Young man, don't interrupt! I want to talk to you about your smoking.

Rod.—My smoking? But father, I don't smoke. I never smoked but once in my life.

Father—You young scape-grace! Don't tell me that you have never smoked!

Rod.—Just once, father; a long time ago; and I was so sick that I am never going to smoke again. I promise you father, I shall never **smoke** again as long as I live.

Father—That is what I wanted to talk to you about. I think that it is time for you to start smoking as a regular thing now. In a year or two, you will be twenty-one and you ought to be a man. When any one offers you a cigar or a cigarette, I want you to take it and smoke it. Smoking is one of the sure signs of manhood!

Rod.—But father, I shall be dreadfully ill.

Father—Perhaps you will at first, but if you are to be a man, you will be over it soon.

Rod.—But father, I don't want to smoke.

Father—Do as I tell you. Go and get a package of cigarettes. They will be easiest for you to learn on and then I want you to smoke cigars. Go now, and let's see how much you can learn this evening. Tomorrow, I shall teach you to inhale!

Rod.—Inhale? Father, please—

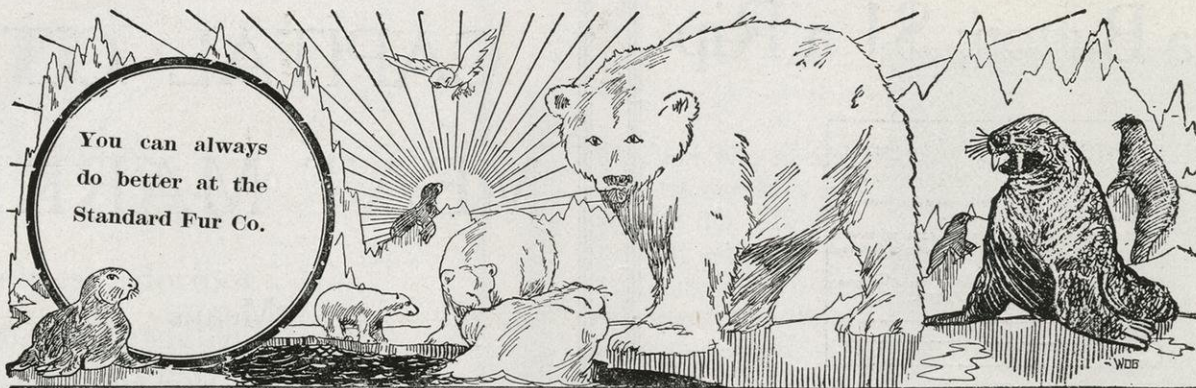
Father—Go!

Rod.—Fa-th-er—

Father—Roderick!

Rod.—F-a-t-h-e-r—

Curtain



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421 State Street

Robbed: A Tragedy

Dramatis Personae: John Smith (a husband);
Mary (his wife);

Unknown Pedestrian. Place: South Side Chicago. Time: Hold-up Scare.

Act I.

(Library in Smith's house after supper; Mary sitting in easy chair by library table reading newspaper; John pulling on overcoat preparatory to going out.)

Mary (looking up): "For goodness sake, John, where are you going tonight? Every time you go out at night I'm worried to death. Just look here! (pointing to newspaper headlines). "Yeggs Busy—Thugs Get Three On South Side Last Night. I wish to goodness you'd stay home. I'm just worrying myself sick."

John: "You needn't worry. I'm fixed for 'em. (Sticks hand in overcoat pocket, and pulls out new revolver) I got this today, and the first bum that monkeys with me is going to get what's coming to him. (Stoops over and kisses Mary) Bye, bye, dear. Don't worry. I guess I can take care of myself." (Goes out).

Act II.

(Dimly lighted street. John hurrying along with overcoat collar turned up and hat pulled down over eyes. Overhead bridge in same block. Unknown pedestrian coming in opposite direction. They run into each other in the dark under the bridge.)

Pedestrian: "Ugh" (murmurs incoherently to himself; hurries on).

John: "Gosh" (hurries on very rapidly).
(Middle of the next block. John stops suddenly. Feels for watch).

John: "Gosh! Gone!"
(He runs after U. P. Catches up within three or four rods. Slips up behind him with revolver in his hand).

John: (poking revolver in U. P.'s face) "Now then, give me that watch."

(Ped. hands over watch without a word)

Act III.

5 min. later. (Smith's library. Mary still reading newspaper.)

(John enters, flushed but victorious.)

Mary (looking up surprised): "What's the matter? You're all hot and excited. Tell me quick, John, it must be something dreadful. Tell me quick!"

John (affecting nonchalance): "Nothing—nothing 't all." (Lights cigar).

Mary: "Well, for goodness sake, don't keep me so all wrought up. I know there's something wrong. Tell me what's the matter."

John (clears throat slowly, pulls up his trousers): "Nothing, I told you, Mary, nothing. A yegg down by the bridge grabbed my watch, but I pulled my gun and he had to come across. That's all there was to it. Didn't amount to anything."

Mary (starting up with open mouth): "Watch? Why, for goodness sake, you didn't take it with you. There it is over on the bookcase."

John: — — —!
(Quick curtain.)

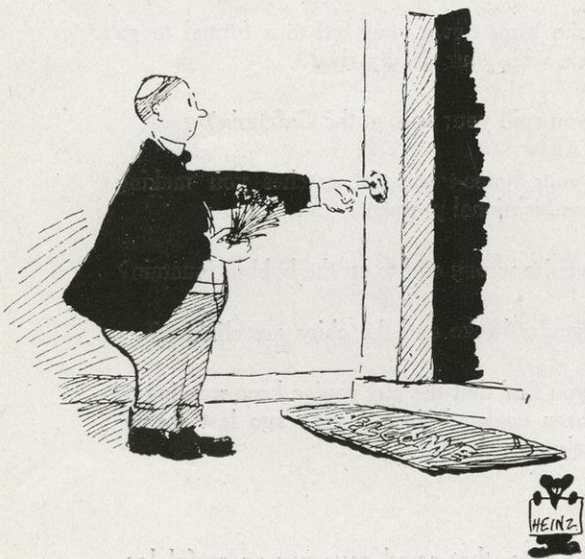
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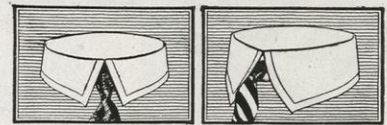
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Pale Prevarications

"Oh, yes. I saw you last night, but you did not see me."

"The alarm didn't go off."

"I tried to get you, but the line was always busy."

"Why, I was only two minutes late."

"Your face seemed familiar, but I couldn't place you for a minute."

"Oh, I enjoyed the dance immensely."

"I'd just as soon; in fact, I'd rather."

"That is so becoming to your type."

"I've just had a wonderful time."

"No, I'm not a bit cold."

'17 Grad at Homecoming: Oh, so you're back, too?

Should Have Been '17: Naw, still here.

The Unkindest Cut of All

Montgomery Jones, colored, had a razor he called Mary. One day he was found with his throat slashed open and the neighbors all said, "Mary cut him dead."

Ain't It a Damned Inglorious Feelin'?

When she effervesces about how wonderful it would be to ride in a Cadillac all the time you are walking her to the show?

When the icy waters of the impassive Mendota surge over your writhing form?

When both your arms are full of books and both hands are on the button?

When she turns down your bid to a formal to go to the movie with your deadly rival?

When you spill your milk at the Cafeteria?

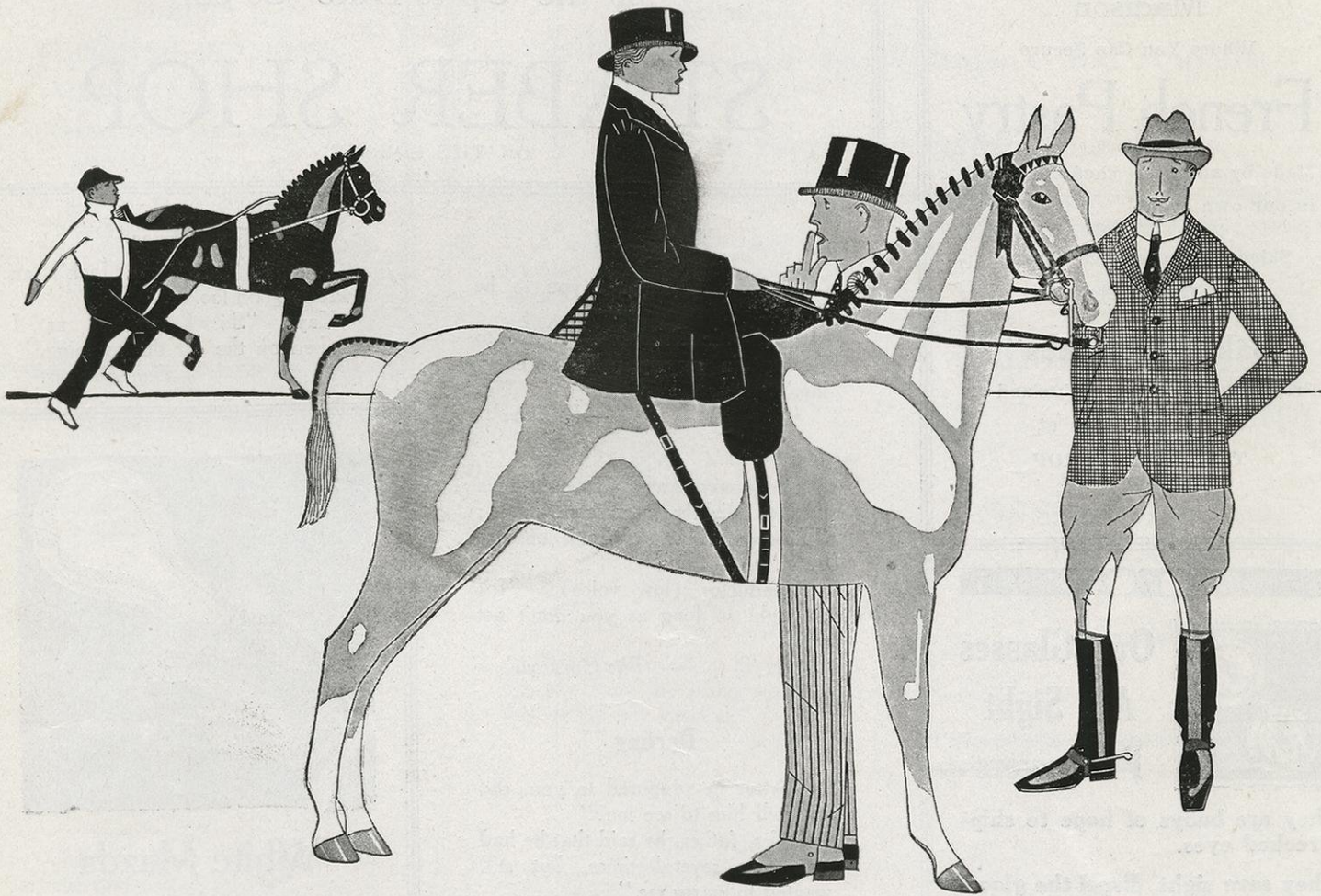
When your home-town girl catches you making love to a coeducational prospect?

When you're wrong end to on the bubble fountain?

When you're broke and the chips are clinking?

When you find that the girl you've been wanting to rush has been engaged since a year ago last spring, and strangely enough, still is?

Say, old shoe, that co-ed gave you an awful lacing. She said that you knew so little that you couldn't pass a written quiz in oral penmanship.



Jimmy, I could really learn to love you if you wore a collar as well as Stubby Bates.

Well turned out, isn't he? Crank on dress - always wears Lion collars and a grey hat.

I'm not so fussy about the hat, but Jimmy, do hurry and get in Lion.



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ON THE SQUARE

What Fun!

Judge—"I sentence you to be
hanged."

Optimistic Prisoner—"I love to
be kept in suspense; it's so excit-
ing."

—Widow.

Clergyman (who has sat down
next to slightly intoxicated man):
"Do you allow a drunk on this
car?"

Conductor (low voice): "It's
all right so long as you don't get
noisy."

—The Gargoyle.

Darling

"After he proposed to you, did
you tell him to see me?"

"Yes, father, he said that he had
seen you several times, but still
wanted to marry me."

—Voo Doo.

A modest little girl was Violet Dale,
So modest, coy, and shy:
She always wore a dotted veil
To clothe her naked eye.

—Burr.

Wisteria: "Oh, don't you think
these life savers are thrilling?"

Dedleigh Nightshade (absently):
"Yes, they often take my breath
away."

—Purple Cow.

Live and Learn

Junior Co-ed: "Why doesn't
Jack take you to the theatre any
more?"

Frosh Co-ed: "Well, you see,
one night it rained and we couldn't
go so we sat in the parlor. But
anyway, I think theatres are an aw-
ful bore, don't you?"

—Orange Peel.

Good Eyes

Rysse: "They say Jack's an
awfully good looker."

Kay: "So I noticed as I
climbed on the car this morning."

—Sun Dodger.



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Store operated by Wisconsin
Men
L. D. Stephenson, 1910
H. W. Leonard, 1911

Their Nose Knows

Slick: "How do you get so many girls?"
Slicker: "Oh, I just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief."
—Chaparral.

The Usual Thing

'21: "When I was calling on a girl the other night her father turned off the light. What d'je suppose he meant?"
'20: "Why light out of course."
—Tar Baby.

Chemistry Prof.: "Name three articles that contain starch."
Freshman: "Two cuffs and a collar."
—Burr.

A man's clothes reveal his tailor,
a woman's, herself.
—Tiger.

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- ☞ And don't forget our delicious luncheons.

A woman's first kiss may be attributed to childish curiosity; her second to misplaced confidence; the others are just downright carelessness.
—Tar Baby.

Co-ed Hater: "Don't you know that woman is man's worst enemy?"
Frosh: "Yes, but the Good Book tells us to love our enemies."
—Gargoyle.

"Ah!" he cried, as he picked up an egg from the piano stool, "the lay of the last minstrel."
—Jester.

Barber: "Your hair is falling out fast. Have you ever used our Miracle Hair Balm?"
Stude: "No, no, that wasn't what caused it."
—The Gargoyle.

He took her rowing on the lake,
She vowed she'd go no more—
I asked her why—her answer came:
"He only hugged the shore."
—Burr.

These dumb Ag's aren't such bad fellows to have around the lodge after all, especially at rushing season, for they can always pick out the fruits.
—Froth.

Accommodating

She: "Can you drive a car with one hand?"
He: "No, but I can stop."
—Tar Baby.

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434 State Street

MADISON, WISCONSIN

I read the other day where a fellow fell 20 feet into the lake and was broken into pieces.
How could falling 20 feet into the lake hurt him?
He struck hard water.



Do you think an engagement ring makes a girl more thought of by her chums?
Well, it is a good thing for a girl to have on hand.



Why is Johns Hopkins medical college in Maryland?
Because the abbreviation for Maryland is Md.



Jack (at a formal): "Gee, I just discovered a patch in these trousers."
Jim: "Cheer up, just think how you'd feel if there were no patch there."



The Seattle city council has passed an ordinance to prohibit dogs yelping, but we question whether it will turn out to be a howling success.



Modern Motive Might

MOUNTAINS, miles and minutes give way before electricity, the magic motive power. Properly applied, it drives giant locomotives across the continental divide, tows ocean liners through the Panama Canal, or propels huge ships.

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In short, electricity is revolutionizing transportation, making it quicker, safer, more economical and reliable in all sorts of weather.

And back of this development in electric transportation, in generating and transmitting apparatus as well as motive mechanisms, are the co-ordinated scientific, engineering and manufacturing resources of the General Electric Company, working to the end that electricity may better serve mankind.

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