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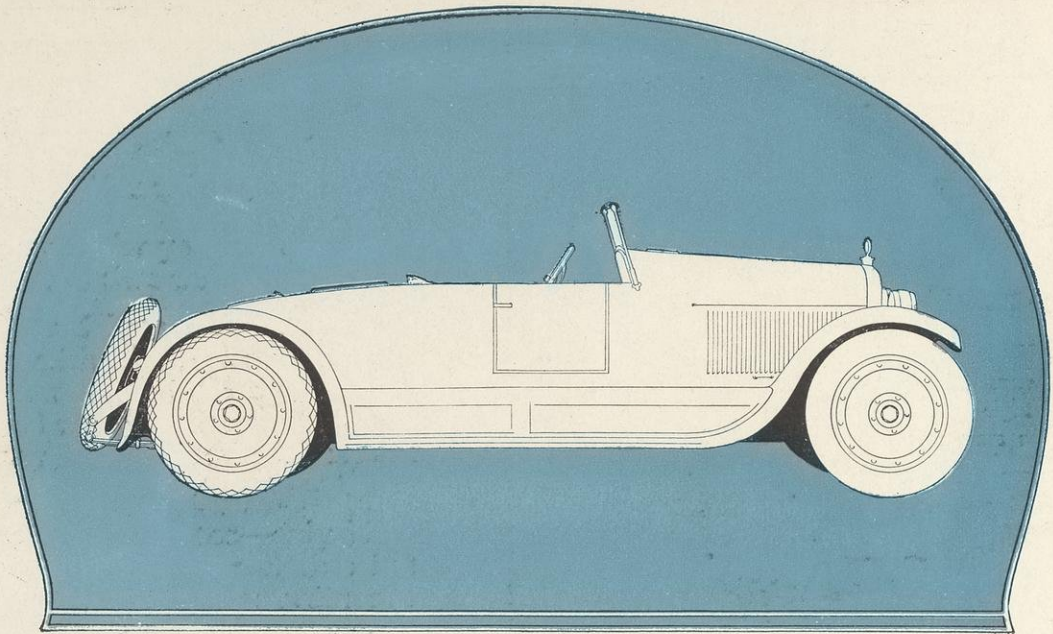
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Octopus



Three O'clock In The Morning~

ORLANDO



The Playboy

The Most Famous Roadster Ever Built

The Playboy—by Jordan—is the most talked about roadster ever produced in America.

Owners do not speak of it as they would a motor car.

They speak of it as they would a pal.

There is something intensely human about that dynamic bundle of good looks—real honest-to-goodness pep and downright class.

It looks as if it cost five times as much.

More interesting still the name has taken its place in the vocabulary of clever American people who are not too old to be young.

To characterize a man who shakes

a shifty foot—debutantes call him a Playboy.

To characterize a girl who swings a wicked mashie—the wag of the mixed foursome decides she's a Playboy.

Strangely we have always underestimated the Playboy demand.

We have never built enough.

But we never will—you may be assured.

There's too much real fun in building a few less than the people want.

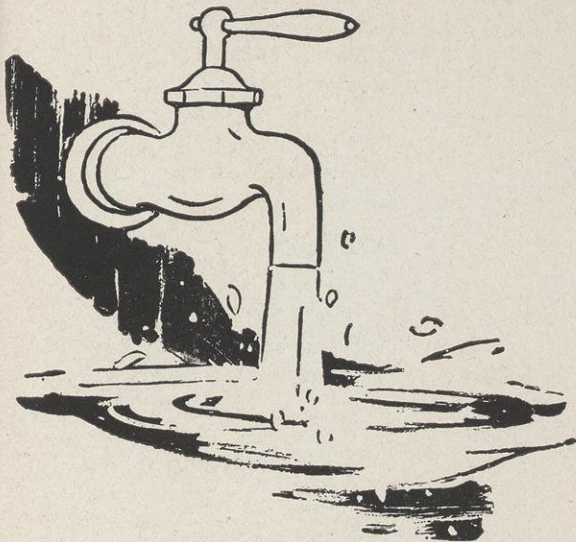
It's friendly, human—you know—to want to have something the other fellow can't easily get.

Yes—you have said it—we have a lot of fun in this business.

To the men and women of the leading colleges who expect to enter business, the Jordan Company is making an unusual proposition. A card, addressed to the sales department will bring complete information.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio



The Water in which we do Your Washing

No detail in the washing of clothes is so important as the water used.

Laundresses once imagined they were exceptionally sanitary when they changed the water in tubs and boilers four or five times during a washday. And considering their limited facilities, they really did do very well.

But if you were to visit our laundry, you would find us doing even better. We use new water not once, but from nine to twelve times while your clothes are being cleansed.

Every few minutes while the washing is in progress, we draw off the muddled water and add more that is fresh and pure—water specially filtered and specially softened.

Isn't this an immense improvement over the home laundering methods of by-gone days? And it is a fine guarantee, too, of true clothes health.

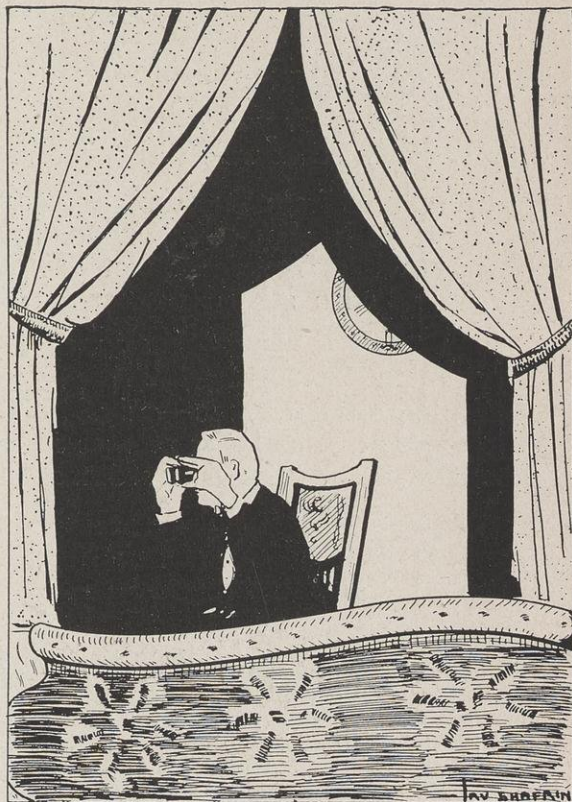
Why seek high and low for a laundress? Why struggle and strain over the family washing when we can give you this ideal laundry service? Why not telephone us and turn your washday worries over to our driver when he calls.

Alford Bros. Laundry

113 N. Carroll Badger 172



© T.A.L.M.C.



FARSIGHTED ?

If you are, you will plan to have one of FLAHERTY'S RENT-A-CARS play an important part in your Prom functions. Give her a breath of fresh air—out in the open country. She will appreciate your thoughtfulness.

FLAHERTY'S RENT-A-CAR

(Drive it Yourself)

If you are leaving this semester let us carry your baggage to the depot.

Open and Closed Fords and Dodges

50c to \$1.50 per hour

FAIRCHILD 334

Purcell-Wischan Garage—State Street

Dinner Clothes \$40

For Young Men, Especially

Made to order for you, are these swagger new dinner clothes that we've just received.

Hand tailored from finest of French-finished worsted; with slim, slender lines that will clothe that athletic body of yours like a glove; and with all the newest touches that the varsity men at Harvard, Yale and Princeton insist upon.

You'll like the price, too—only \$40.00. Think of it—aristocratic dinner clothes in the newest mode at the price of an ordinary sack suit.

Don't put off ordering yours; don't let an unexpected dancing engagement find you unprepared. Come in tomorrow.

O'Connell & Meyer

Fine Tailoring and Men's Furnishing Goods
Telephone Badger 2413 7 East Main Street

Madison, Wisconsin

THE CO-OP.

P R O M

Come to the Co-Op for your
Prom clothes and accessories.

We will help you select the
proper wearing apparel for this
gorgeous occasion.

Our stocks are complete and
contain the newest of the new
in formal dress apparel.

WATCH OUR WINDOWS

THE CO-OP.

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

High Powered

Flapper: Are those binoculars very powerful?

Sailor: Miss, these glasses bring things up so close that everything less than ten miles away looks like it is behind you.

—*Showme.*



Lines on a Girl

She stood on the steps at Denny
As the clock was striking eight
And the "profs" in the class rooms wondered
Why half of the class was late.

—*Sun Dodger.*



Bad Habit

Barber: How did your moustache get in this condition?

Senior: My girl chews gum.

—*Orange Owl.*



Bright Boy

Teacher: Johnny, what is three times three?

Johnny: Three times three is nine.

"That's pretty good, Johnny."

"Pretty good, hell; it's perfect!"

—*Jester.*



No, Thanks

"Ave a bit o'ketchup with yer sossidge, Sam?"

"Not for me, thanks. Gildin' the lily, I calls it."

Humorist (London).



French

"Do you like to dance in the dark, Annette?"

"Mais, oui, M'sieu."

"Close your eyes, then."

—*Widow.*



Not on the Menu

Customer: "Waiter, bring me a typographical error."

Waiter (Returning from kitchen): "We haven't any."

Customer: "Well, here it is on the menu."

—*Flamingo.*

Prom Hints

Here are some mighty nice topics for conversation which may fill up the dull moments of your Prom date:

Tell your girl how you sure fell for the beautiful date you had at the last formal.

If your girl wears a pink gown, tell her that you can't stand the sight of pink in clothing.

Bawl out your woman about her religion.

Tell her you sure envy your roommate who is peacefully sleeping at home while you have to drag her around.

Talk about the amount of money this party is costing you and the house.

Ask her where her sorority picked up the crummy-looking bunch of pledges.

At intervals leave her for a few moments while you talk to other women so she will know how popular you are.

Feed her arsenic and Paris green. She will appreciate it more than she does your conversation.



Absent-Minded

Absent-minded professor (falling down an elevator shaft): Dear me, I forgot to close the door after me.

Pelican.



Dare-Devil

He: I jumped out of a four-story building once.

She: Oh, Jack, were you badly hurt?

He: Naw, you see I was on the first floor when I jumped.

—Widow.



Dumb

The other day a man dashed into the Grand Central Station with only a minute to catch the 20th Century limited. He made the ticket window in two jumps.

"Quick! Give me a round trip ticket."

"Where to?"

"Back here, you fool."

—Avgwan.



For Smooth Sailing

"I've got a date. I wonder if I ought to shave first?"

"Know her very well?"

"Yes, very well."

"Better shave."

—Wag Jag.

HAVE YOUR

PROM GOWN

MADE AT OUR STUDIO
AND GIVE IT THE
ARTISTIC TOUCH

Our patrons are the most discriminating; our prices reasonable



The Vogue Studio
Correct Apparel
for Women and Misses

Formerly The Mode Shop
28 W. Mifflin St. Capitol Square

MOVING

Because our facilities have been entirely inadequate for the volume of business, we are moving to larger quarters about the 15th. Our new studio is one of the finest in the state with two operating rooms and all new modern equipment—and with artists in charge.

PROM PICTURES

Every girl who attends Prom will want a picture of herself in her formal gown

MAKE APPOINTMENTS NOW

Examples of our artistry are on display in our display stand opposite the lower campus

THE BADGER STUDIO

Entire Third Floor 15 West Main

Phone Badger 7904

"On the Square—half block from Park Hotel."



Unfortunate

He: You live in the house next door, don't you?
 She: Yes.
 He: I haven't seen much of you.
 She: No, I live on the other side of the house.
 —*Showme.*



"Is Marie a good dancer?"
 "Why, she outstrips every woman on the floor."
 "Yes, but is she a good dancer?"
 —*Widow.*



In Lecture

Prof: Wake up that fellow next to you.
 Student: Do it yourself. You put him to sleep.
 —*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*



"Ooo-o-o!—Every bone in my body aches!"
 "There are some headache powders in my upper drawer."



Old Lady: Are you a student?
 Young Lady: No mam, I just go to school here.



How To Be Popular

Nine-tenths of popularity is due to a good press agent. If a man is a big talker, if he goes home and sits with the boys in a session, no matter what unattractiveness he may have personally, girls, give him a date and a thrill. If he squeezes your hand, two to one he will tell the boys he had his arm around you. Every girl should have one or more of this type on her string. It is as essential to popularity as handles to tooth brushes.



In the Land of Cotton

"Ah ha! You smell like Jasmine. You've either been South or with my girl."
 "I slept by a jasmine bush so long during the holidays, that they thought the lilies they lay on a dead man's chest had taken root."
 "How does the race question look down there?"
 "Pretty dark."

FISCHER'S
MAJESTIC

Admission Prices
 Adults 30c
 Children 10c

The Pick of the Pictures

Stage Novelties
 Coming Attractions

Thomas Meighan in "Back Home and Broke"
 Alice Brady in "Missing Millions"

One Entire Week January 14th

BURNING SANDS

Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley

Watch for the Opening of Fischer's
 "New Madison Theatre"
 In February

Latest Paramount Pictures
 Original Stage Novelties
 Largest Pipe Organ In The State
 Madison's Finest Entertainment

Some I Have Met at Prom

My first dance was of course with my Prom partner and it was all right or I would not have accepted her invitation to Prom in the first place. It seems that the record dance brought me a robust looking girl who reminded me somewhat of the woman down town who darns my socks. She approached me with a sort of "Lafayette, we are here!" expression, and before I could save my valuables she had me in her grip and we are caroming about the four sides of the capitol. Fortunately, she did not offer a word; perhaps she did not want to endanger her more aesthetic qualities by resorting to mere conversation. When the dance ended I felt as if I had been in the Army-Navy game.

The third dance was better, at least more tolerable. My partner this time was very talkative; she had a habit of drawing the last word in a sentence out to an ungodly length which little eccentricity told me it was my turn to talk. Didn't I think the Canadian Rockies were "perfectly w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l" and wasn't Joseph Hoffman "simply a-d-o-r-a-b-l-e." But she could dance and I forgave her, even for asking me if it was cold in Duluth.

The next girl I met was one of the bubbly, fizzly sort, and I had no straw. She galloped in circles and talked the same way so that when the dance had ended I felt like a panoramic camera at an automobile race. I dragged her from the floor and introduced her to my roommate. Dance number four was a "Good plus," scholastically speaking, and I took heart. But the family china was broken in the next act. This poor thing was devoid of everything a girl going to Prom should have, including face powder. Before long the reflection of the capitol lights on her forehead made me wish for my sun glasses. Her dress looked like an awning which had been blown down in a cyclone, her frame was warped, and her hair reminded me of a bird's nest I had cared for when I was a child. When she opened her mouth I thought of the Grand Canyon or the Mammoth Caves with all their stalactites and stalagmites. When her hair was not in my mouth I tried to tell her she was different from other girls, whereupon, she blushed furiously and smiled a toothless smile. She said that her greatest ambition had been to learn how to dance. I told her not to be discouraged. Then I threw a fit and was taken home to bed.



The Wrong Viewpoint

A lady went into a photographer's to have her picture taken—naturally. While the photographer was adjusting the camera the lady wrapped a clothes-line around her skirts.

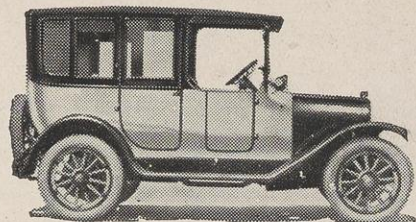
"You'll have to take that off, madam," said the photographer, "I can't take your picture that way."

"You can't fool me that way, young man," she said, "I know you see me upside down in that camera."

—Burr.



"It Pays to Serve Well"



What About Prom?

Order Early

Yellow Cab

The thinking fellows order

YELLOW'S

BAD 500 GER

Yellow Cab & Transfer Co.

643 E. Wilson St.

When the last strains of the music are dying, get into the habit of thinking of

The Chocolate Shop

"The home of hot fudge"

You just have time after the dance, and it sort of rounds off the evening.

All kinds of delicious candies put up so attractive they are bound to please.

Blue Sky Bar

*A delicious candy bar—
Maple Cream center
dipped in peanuts and rich
sweet chocolate*

10c

At All Stores

Teckemeyer's

An Institution With a Purpose

It takes a specialized organization to give service to a peculiar trade. The student financial situation is far distanced from the general commercial world. We have studied the situation and have put ourselves in a position to serve students in the best possible way.

Bank where your account is appreciated

Branch Bank of Wisconsin

State at Gilman



HIS

Jack Spratt
he ate no fat,
His girl, she ate no
lean,

They saved between the
two of them

And went to Drom, I deem —

Cinderella

*My elder sisters make me sad;
Their stubborn fancies drive me mad;
Their waists are all of sheerest lace
While mine seem always out of place;
Their clothes are trim, and up-to-date,
While mine are in an ancient state;
Their hair is done in wond'rous style,
A look at mine would make you smile,
Their marcelled locks are wrought in furls
While all I boast is auburn curls;
Their hats are worth a fortune, yet
The sight of mine just makes me fret.
And when I beg for better gear
They chide and say: "You mustn't dear";
Their lips and cheeks are always blushed
While mine, alas, are barely brushed;
Of powder they have ne'er enough
While I must plead, and hide my puff;
Their eyes are large, their eyebrows bare,
To pattern theirs I cannot dare;
Their doll-like orbs entrance and flash
And glisten like some silken sash,
While mine have but the merest chance
Of subtleness, or naughty glance;
They scold and call me "little scamp",
While each paints up and acts the vamp.*

*And yet, I shouldn't envy them;
I should be happy as can be,
For while they're always chasing men,
The men are always chasing me.*



The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

I'm Different

Just to kind of look at me,
You don't remember what you see,
I'm very uninteresting, I fear,
I fade right in with the atmosphere,
I'm just a middlin' sort of guy,
And yet I'm going to tell you why
I'm different!

All the men that I've heard tell,
Have the greatest girls this side of—well,
The most glorious creatures on God's green earth,
And he lost the mold right after their birth,
Each a miracle of a Fairy's wand,
The men are taking them to Prom.
I'm Different.

I've got a date with Liza Sue,
I've had it only a day or two,
No one's been rushing her off her feet,
Too large, I'd say—but don't repeat
These things, and then her eyes,
Well, she could never hypnotize:
She's different.

The sky is dark with scattered wrath,
The Promenade seemed to be a path
That lead to glowering looks of hate
Of couples fighting for the Gate;
But I'm in love with Liza Sue,
And she tells me, she loves me too.
We're Different!

Save One For Me

Give me the good old-fashioned girl
Who loves a horse and carriage;
For gas and oil are sure to spoil
Your purse soon after marriage.



We Have With Us—

Say, Frank, what's a loan shark?
A loan shark, my boy? Why, he's the fellow
who's going to Prom with my Tux, your shoes, Bill's
necktie, and Fred's suspenders.
Will he use his own underwear?
No, he'll wear B. V. D's.



All Dressed Up, No Place To Go

It was a tough night for little Mary. She had a bid for Prom. The clothes were laid out on the bed. The relatives were all there, and her beau was down stairs waiting anxiously while the folks explained. A few miles away the music sounded merrily. People were happy. The first dance had started. But Mary would not attend Prom—even though she had a bid. For the poor girl had died the night before.



PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME—WOMAN'S SIDE OF PROM



(Just before the Prom.)



(After.)

A Blighted Life

She looked in the mirror of her dressing-table, and tears rolled down her face as she thought of the long, dim future which lay before her. Why was she beautiful? What was the use of it all! Nothing was left; life was not worth living any more.

She thought of him, and a bitter smile crossed her face. Never, never would she trust a man again! Never would she listen to the tender voice of a man begging, pleading, exhorting. No! she was through with them all!

But what was the use? It was too late to repent now. The damage was done—irredeemable damage, that would never leave her the same. She could imagine the words of her friends, murmuring condolences, concealing their triumph. For she had been proud—proud of him, proud of her glory—and now was their chance to exult.

Ah! If only . . . if only . . . ! But how was she to know that after he had asked her to go to Prom, and she had planned for it for weeks, that he would be taken with the measles, and forced to go to the Infirmary!

Ballade of Old Time Prom Queens

Creatures of light, and gorgeous grace,
 Their jeweled crowns in the ball room gleam,
 Youth and pride on every face,
 Youth and pride in their grey eyes beam,
 Each lang'rous step is a rhythmic dream;
 The knights bow down when the queens advance,
 Dames of olden time they seem—
 But say, where is Marie of France?

Catherine the Great and her mighty race,
 Cleopatra by Egypt's stream,
 Theodora in silk and lace,
 Paladin's dame and poet's dream,
 Vision of hermits and marts that teem,
 The dolorous knight's damozel. Perchance
 Like one whose fame her eagles scream—
 But say, where is Marie of France?

Mute and rest, bar and brace,
 Viols softly building the scheme,
 Swiftly by the gay hours race
 As soft young eyes with love-light gleam;
 Schubert's last waltz while bright stars beam,
 And all these queens of old romance
 Step the pirouette in a dream—
 But say, where is Marie of France?

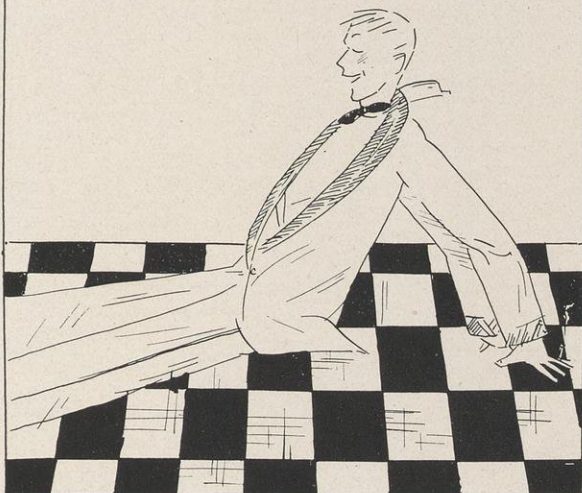
L'envoi

Prince, didst in this sorry scheme
 E'er think on queens of the dance?
 "I am the queen", their big eyes gleam—
 But say, where is Marie of France?



Capitol Punishment

*Cosburn
26 + John Fitzgerald.*



The stag at night had drunk it's fill.



The Reason

They sat alone on the davenport, a faint rose light bathing them and a Victrola moaning the latest sentimental music over in the corner. There was everything that led to a young man speaking his mind, but still he remained silent.

The girl wondered why. Was there no way of making him realize her charm—the romantic atmosphere—the sweetness of the night and of her? She had done everything she could. There had been a home-cooked meal, the davenport was comfortable, she was very close to him, and she had just now lighted his cigarette for the tenth time, at least.

"I guess he's a dud," she thought. "It looks as if I'll have to poke him up."

So as she reached over to get a match for his new cigarette she took care that her cheek came very close to his, that her fragrant hair brushed him, and that he felt for an instant, her round arm linger on his shoulder.

It galvanized him into sudden life. "Dearest," he murmured, "is there any hope for me? Might you consider me good enough—"

"Why, Jim!" she breathed, "What do you mean?"

"Good enough to be your partner at Prom?" he asked humbly.

"Jim," she sighed, "You dear! I never thought of such a thing. I'd love to go with you—but I can't; I'm going with Tom."

And after he left she ran to tell her mother that finally she had beaten Marion's record—for she had just received her fourteenth bid to Prom.

'Twas the Night Before Prom

'Twas the night before Prom, and
All through the house
Not a maiden was sleeping,
Not even the mouse.
For the mouse was quite busy
Inspecting the girls
As they hot-toweled and cold-creamed
And fixed up their curls.

With mud-baths and clay-baths
They plastered their skins,
With orange-wood and scissors
They trimmed up their fins.
With needles and thread how
They fixed up their gowns!
With ice-packs and rubbing
Did away with their frowns.

And poor little Mary,
Got slippers too small,
"And this horrid old village
Can't fit me at all!"
And Carol, who ordered
A gown from Patee,
Was wild with excitement—
'T'was a size forty-three!

The mouse soon was weary,
And hiked off to bed,
But what lovely co-ed
Would lay down her head!
From evening to dawning
Not a moment of calm
Invested the mansion
On the night before Prom.



STIVER,
PLATTEN

PUZZLE

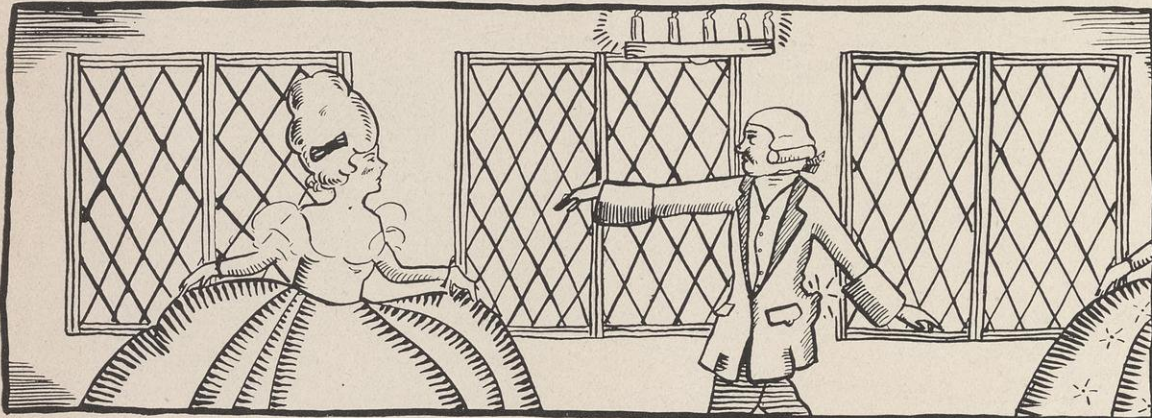
Find the Prom chairman.

Wisconsin Octopus

History You Have Never Read



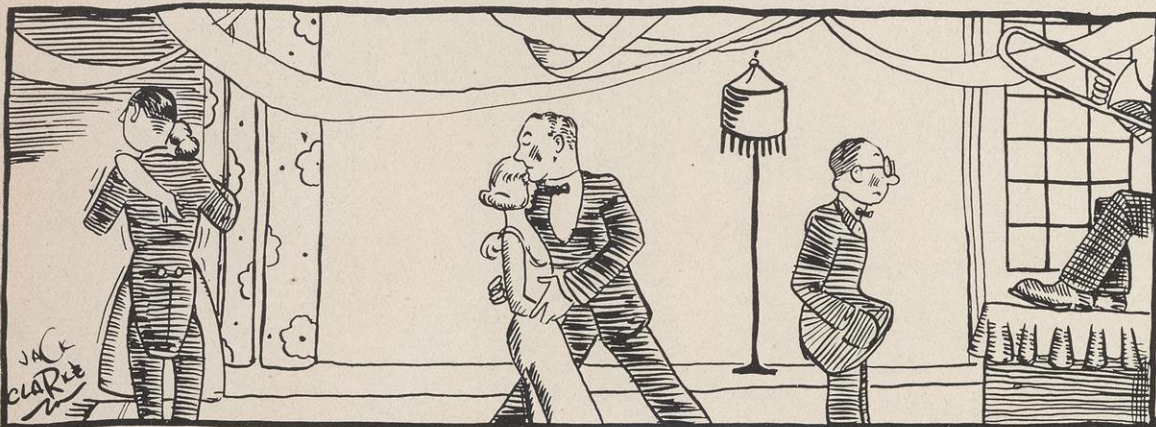
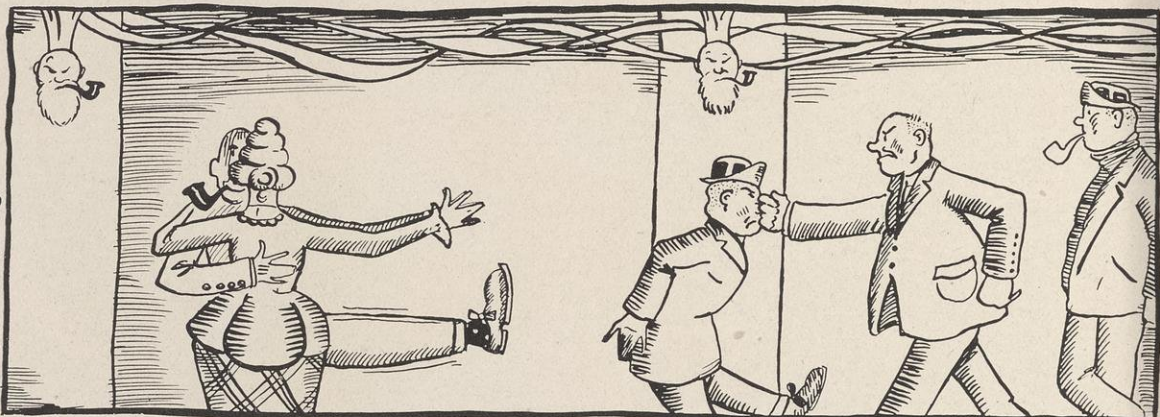
the First
Prom
Knight
1522



the Days
of the
Hoop Skirt
1823



the Junior
Wrestle
1903



Laugh and be
Merry, for
tomorrow you
must start pay-
ing up ~
1923



He: Did you get your Prom gown in time?
She: No, on time.

A Familiar Essay

Prom is not a disease. It is the time for many people to enter in swill society. It is also an abbreviation for Promenade. Many go to dance. Some do. Many don't. Prom has taken the same place in university life as clinic excuses or English themes. Every so often. Most people go to Prom so they can wear a Tuxedo. Lots of others go so they can wear a full dress suit. It's all the same. Only the orchestra and the taxicab drivers enjoy themselves.

Some of these bronze Apollos who shoe horn themselves into a stiff shirt think you must be a beau to have an Arrow collar. They also think their girl is the best-looking skirt on the floor and they dance on their nerve and her toes. These birds make Prom and Sing Sing institutions. They visit each just once. Prom means three days and \$75. Sing Sing means three years. But you don't have to buy your meals at Sing Sing.

The money spent at Prom would buy meat for a vegetarian fifty-two days each year. The distance traveled by dancers is as far as a Johnny can go before his girl tells him to stop. Enough Powder is used to supply the Swiss navy for a Russian year. There are more flowers given away than you can find in an up-to-date tenement house.

Everybody is liberal. With somebody's else clothes and money. Son and daughter have a good time. Dad pays the bills.

"I don't like to get up oily", said the New Yawker as he fixed the carburetor Sunday A. M.

Salt Tears

One summer day on a jolly ship
I sailed o'er seas of blue,
I met the girls of every port
And loved, well, quite a few.

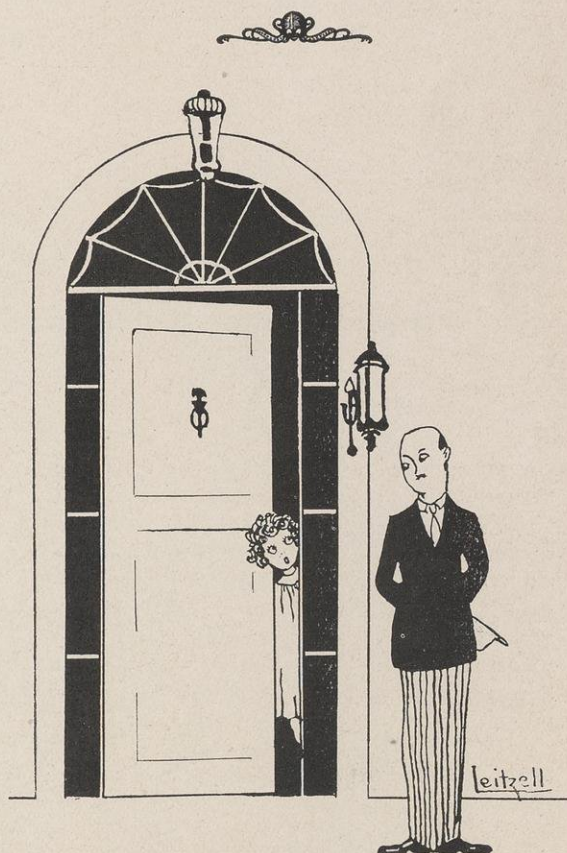
I see blue eyed Coleen of Cork,
Yvonne of Petrograd,
While sweet Marie of Paris, France
Was, well, not quite that bad.

I had my girls in seven seas,
Fair, and slim and tall;
I'm tellin' you the truth, my mate,
For I was true to all.

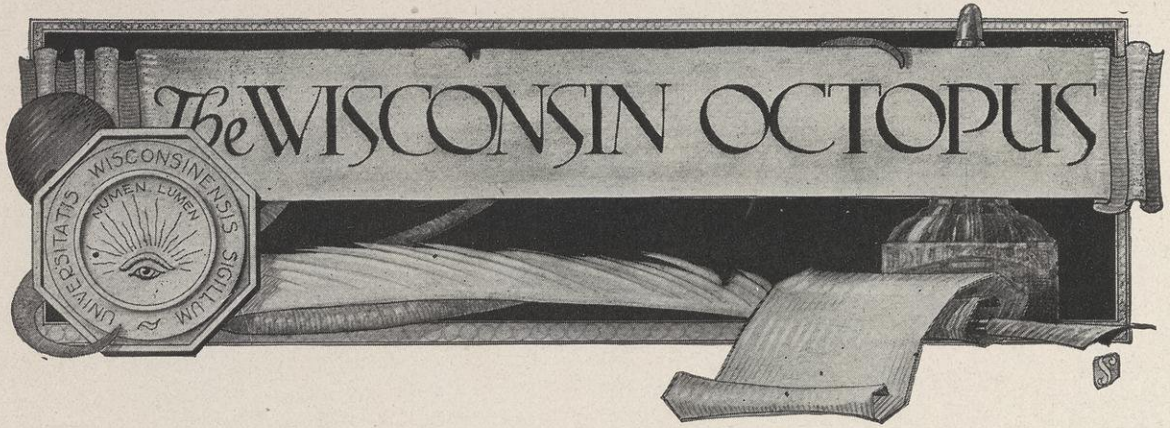
I just returned again, my mate,
Women are false you see,
For everyone had married, my mate;
And none were true to me.

Sms.

She said she came from the Sandwich Is.
To date her, I walked for many ms.
When I looked at her bankbook,
I knew she had ps.
This beautiful girl from the Sandwich Is.



"Is you big sister in?"
"Well, are you Scott Komike, Edgar Gar-
bisch, Tom Dodo, Bill or—Hank Hope?"



Founded 1919

Published at the University of Wisconsin

Incorporated 1920

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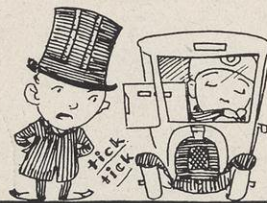
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Vol. IV

January, 1923

No. 4



F.H.T.

Prom

Prom is with us again. It is the magic carpet that carries us out of the drab, every day life into the glittering halls where our dreams unconsciously lie.

We all like stories of knights and fair ladies, and in everyone's heart is the never admitted desire to dress in shining armor, and win a fair lady's hand with gallantries. Who has never read of the courts of old with strong, young knights and modest maidens? Who has failed to picture themselves as the doer or receiver of gallant deeds in this story book land? It is human nature to wish to be picturesque, and it breaks out in the most surprising places. The toreador pants of the big city flipper, and the red flannel shirts of Wisconsin agrics, are among these surprising outbursts. If there was ever a story written entitled, "The Romance of the Stockyards", it would be safe to predict that no reader would desire to feature in it. Simply because it isn't picturesque, and doesn't conform to our story book ideas of ladies and gentlemen as we unconsciously desire to be.

For a night we doff the brogue and slip on the brocaded slipper, exchange the sweater for a vest of silk and enter into the land of Romance. No knight ever crawled into his armor more bravely than the modern Loch-invar crawls into his starched shirt, and no ladies of yesteryear ever strung pearls around more perfect necks than the modern prom queens.

Into a castle of flowers and music, the young man expands under the smile of his lady fair, won at the risk of his foolish neck, as he leaped for her glove under the whirling wheels of a taxi. Never was there a braver deed, and never was there a more dangerous adversary than the demon Yellow.

Ladies and gentlemen at least for a night.



H.L.T.

Those Exams Again

In the Prom issue of the OCTOPUS this page should remain uncut. Exams have the same relation with this magazine as the well meaning friend who warns you that the seat of your borrowed tuxedo trousers is about to give way at any moment. One could easily imagine a perfect life without either.

If you are one of those calm persons who could write the "Outline of History" while sitting on a box of T.N.T. and three eagle-eyed instructors. Stop reading. If you are are of those who has conscientiously prepared each day's assignment, and are able to quiz a professor on a book he wrote; then this is not for you. You should have been tempted instead of Eve, then you would still be lying under banana trees in the Garden of Eden. Anyway, you shouldn't be reading the OCTOPUS.

While terribly nerve racking in themselves, exams are one of the great essentials of our system of education. They are not to be condemned when properly used. In many courses where different incidents and problems are taken up daily, one may dutifully do the work required, and yet he may not receive the full value of the course until the review for the final is completed. Then the daily assignments fall into place and assume their proper position in relation to the whole. In the complete review you learn why a war was fought. Up to that time you had a hazy idea that the Declaration of Independence was signed some time in 1776, and George Washington was first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Exams are valuable as long as they are marked by humans, instead of machines. There are many students physically unable to write an examination. The strain of intensive reviewing, the death like lull of the campus, and the "do-or-die" expression in the class room, all combine to make them "blow" the exam. This fact should be taken into consideration when the papers are marked.

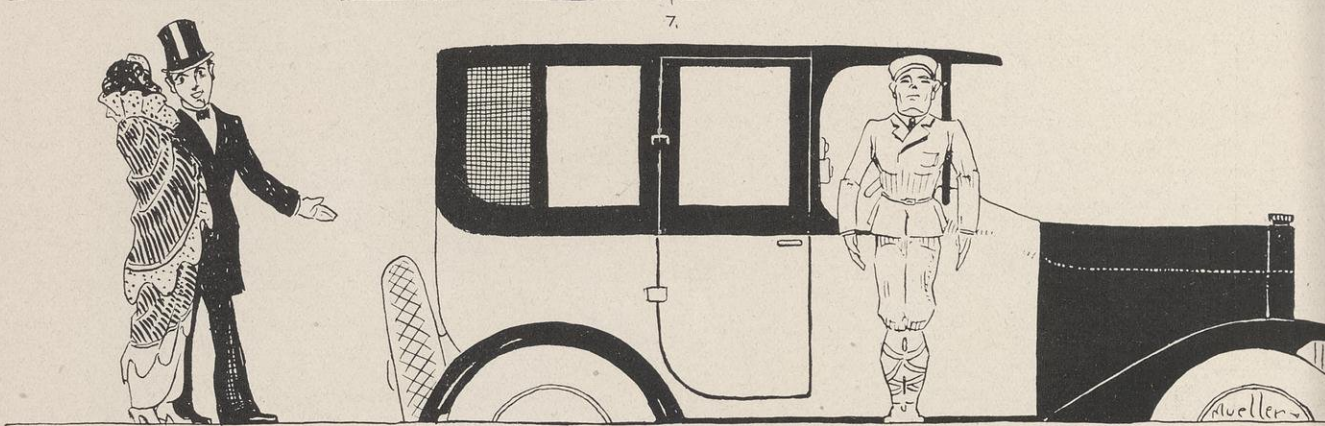
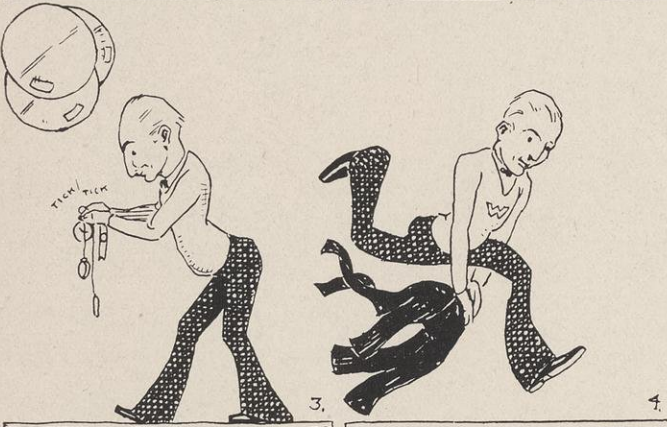
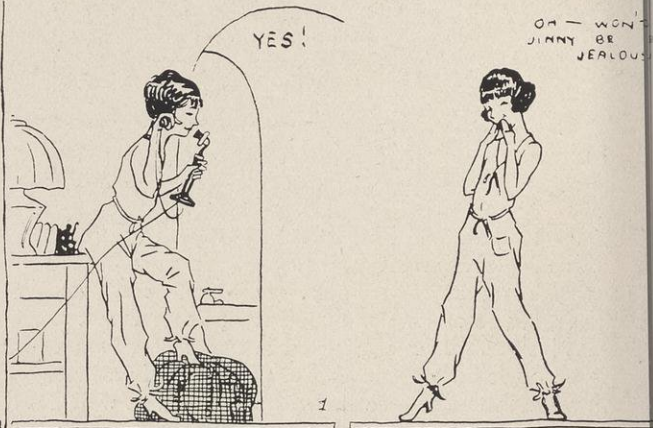
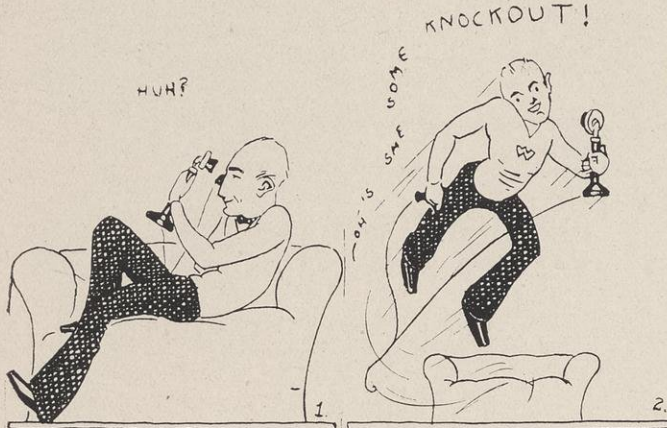
Using \$600 as the approximate cost for a semester at the university, and fifteen credits as t'e average amount of school work, each credit is costing some one forty dollars. When an instructor is about to write Fail across a blue book of a three-credit course, it would be well to imagine himself about to sign a check for \$120 to enable that student to take the course over. Perhaps it is a required course that the student never intends using, but endures in order to have access to valuable courses—a \$120 is a lot of money to some people.

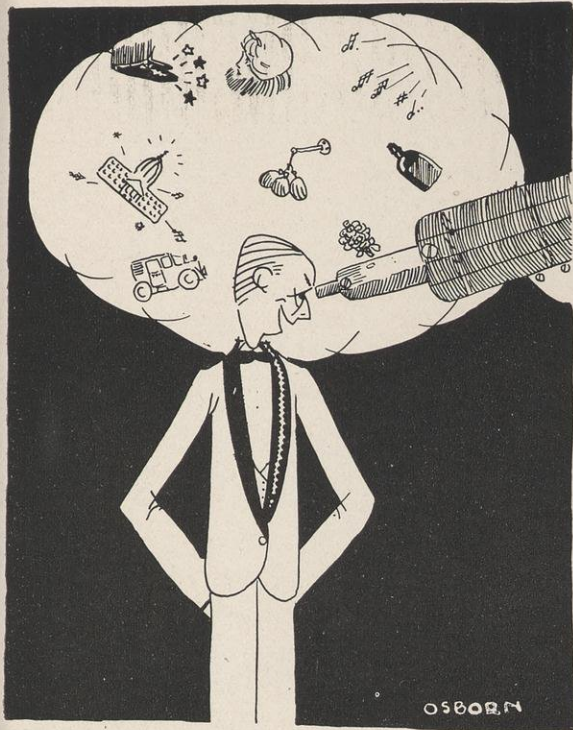


WHAT EVERY MAN DREAMS

Wisconsin Octopus

SEASONAL MADNESS





This Month's Horoscope

The month of January has an all-star case with Mercury and Venus as headliners. With this combination working overtime and called for numerous encores, nothing but a successful show can be looked for.

The position of the planets is beneficial to the Ku Klux Klan, but disastrous for the Etriptian transgressors of the law, altho only the high-strung are apt to be hanged.

There will be the usual number of train wrecks, skating fatalities and Prom disasters. People using dynamite, gas stoves, and water heaters should be particularly careful this month and should look around now and choose the nearest exit. Inventors of automatic record repeaters, adding machines, and Prom fox trots are warned against dementia praecox and chronic insomnia.

The very presence of Mercury and Venus can suggest only one thing, and as the reader could never guess, that one thing is the Prom For Every Badger (copyrighted, 1923). With Mercury standing for the winged representative of the light fantastic (old, but Racine hasn't heard it) and Venus standing for anything, Prom is assured of unusual speed and beauty, mostly speed. Makers of dress suits, evening gowns, suspenders and chewing tobacco should reap immense fortunes through Prom. Pretty girls and girls who live in the Library will all be there. Brawny athletes, timid scholars, and Cup and Saucer, honorary tea-hound society, will all be represented. It will be a Prom of Proms.

The one blot on the radiant aspect of January is the arrival of the exam period and it is a blot which cannot be wiped out with an O-Cedar Mop. Examinations this year, unlike those of former years, will be unusually hard and long, and the resultant marks will worry Prom-goers. Special trains will leave for Chicago and Milwaukee at the close of the examination period for those who are going home "for a few days."

Mendota

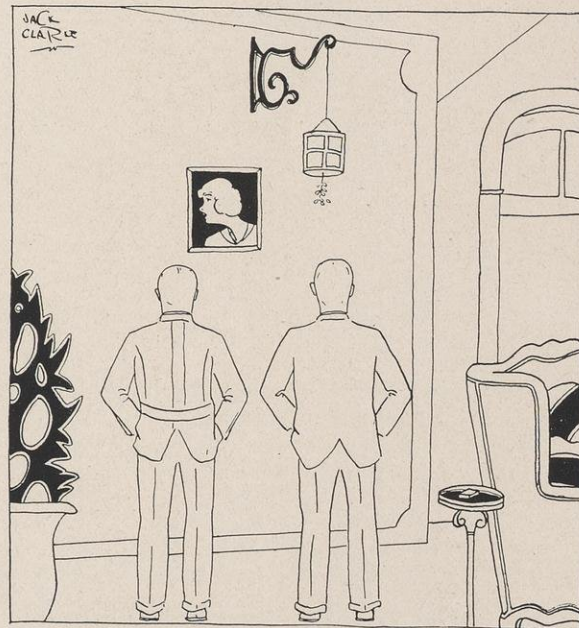
Some love the lake when its black and deep,
And the moon is gold and high,
Where soft waves slap and ripples creep
And a breeze is the warm night's sigh.
When a golden staircase reaches up,
And a canoe lies on its breast;
Silence, except for a banjo's pluck,
And you rest, and rest, and rest.

Give me the lake when it's clear and cold,
With a winter moon, white and chill;
Just off the ice, the bright stars hold
Their watch as the ghost sails fill.
The wind is right, and whips your face;
With your prom girl by your side,
The ice boat roars, and leaps through space,
And you ride, and ride, and ride.



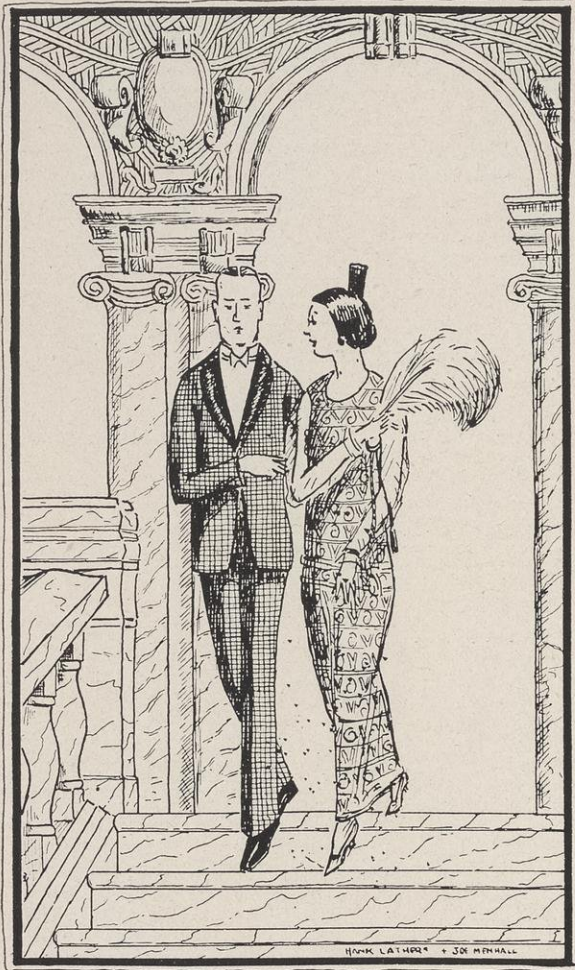
At Parting

And this is the end? Ah! To think that tonight we must part forever! Long hours have I lain within your arms, content. How often have I brought my bruised heart to you, and you have comforted. Last year—the Prom—Helen. She did not understand,—a windsor tie—how should I have known?—but you—. With my tired head upon your soft bosom, I could forget. How could I have thought then that there must someday be an end to it all, that you would leave me—forever! And for such a trivial reason! Merely because I have thrown you down stairs and broken your leg, and your back—and one rocker!



George: They certainly sift out a bunch at Wisconsin.

Georgette: Yes they have a great faculty for that.



“Your lips are too sweet for words.”
 “Could you suggest a better use for them.”

Organic Poetry

At ten o'clock my head was high,
 With lordly air
 And haughty eye
 I led the Prom, and felt life fair.

At twelve o'clock I felt my heart
 Belonged to Tom
 Right from the start,
 And oh! how I adored the Prom!

At two o'clock my knees were weak—
 Like leaves they shook—
 I longed to seek
 Some quiet, lonely, peaceful nook.

At four o'clock my feet were numb,
 My head was low
 And Tom was dumb—
 Oh Lord! Why did I ever go!

“There's nothing in it”, said the prof. as he looked into the empty test tube.

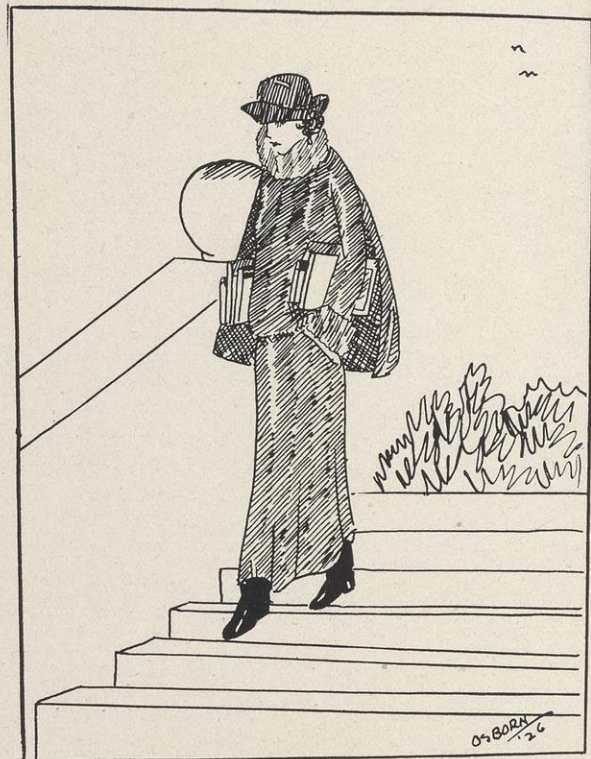
Why She Broke The Date

She got another.
 She heard that Nan was wearing his pin.
 He wore such short trousers.
 High heels made a mortifying difference in stature.
 He was a blonde and her dress was cerise.
 Her best friend had refused him first.
 She was invited to be Prom Queen.
 She didn't know when she was well off.

Woof, Woof, I'm An Indian

“Don't sell the old farm, Nell. We'll starve if you do.”
 “That's all right, daddy”, she coo-cooed. I'll go to the Prom and raise my corn there.”

She thought she'd accept her bid to Prom
 In tranquil quiet and peaceful calm,
 When the invite was uttered,
 She gasped and she stuttered,
 And finally went off like a bomb.



ALL BOOKED UP

Wisconsin Octopus



"I wish I had a dome all lit up like the capitol."
"Yes, but I would not care to have the wings."

The Weak

Weather: Damp but getting warmer.

VOL. XXYYZZ NO. 764254

CITY OF WISCONSIN, M

Why I Am Prom Queen

By INCA ESCANABA

I have consented to write the true reason for my being chosen as Tommy's partner only because the "Canary" would have found it out anyway.

You see, once when I was quite small I met Tommy, and realized at once that he would make his mark in the world. He might be governor, he might be a senator, he might even be president. I never, in my wildest dreams, thought of him as Prom Chairman, but I kept close track of him anyway, knowing that some day that some day day day shrdlu I could blackmail him if I knew enough about him.

My chance finally came when he was elected. I am having my reward for the spies I set on his trail and the sleepless hours I spent thinking of him. He had to ask me—he had no choice. I am the Queen!

Paraguay and Uruguay contribute their share toward the Wisconsin Prom. What would we do without rubber collars and suspenders. Answer that, Edison.

Silks and Satins Shimmy

Once more the old Capitol is resplendent with all the colors of over-ripe tomatoes and egg-plants. Georgettes and Yokes mix gaily with Tricotines and Pleats, while Flounces and Fandangoes are flung here and there with wild abandon.

Miss Escanaba, Queen of the Occasion, is charmingly dressed in a chapeau of burlap and canton crepe, with long poor-imitation pearl earrings shrdlueatoinshrdlu emfwum

Gertrude Ashtabula, attending with Harry Nakomis, Assisting Dancing-Master, wears a very simple gown of flour-sacking and paper bags.

Kizme Kidd, Charwoman of the Floor Committee, was becomingly garbed in a gabardine gown with flowing tulle flying too.

Tommy and Inca

By INOMY SOBSTUFF

When Tommy Oskaloosa was born, twenty-two years ago, in the little town of Pumpkin Center, near Boscobel, on the shores of the beautiful little Milkiwater River, which flows to the Mississippi, which again flows to the Gulf of Mexico, in which is located Cuba—ah Cuba! Heaven bless you for an oasis in the desert of the Western Hemisphere—little do you know how people long for you—little do you realize . . . but hold! As I was saying, Tommy was born in Pumpkin Center, and there he met Inca, renigging queen of the Prom, when they were both but mere children. Hand in hand they went to school together—the little red school upon the hill, where dear old gray-haired, be-spectacled, red-nosed School-Master Tompkins taught in
(Continued later)

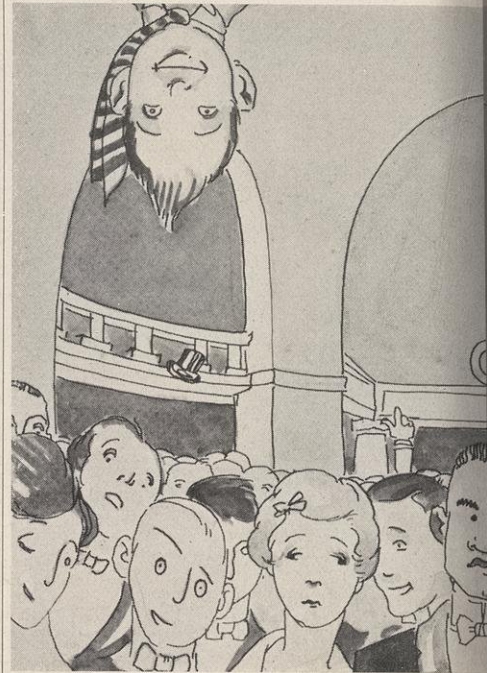
Unlooked For Event

A surprise, even for the committee, occurred when Absalom Oconomowoc, Della Saw Della, fell asleep in a barrel of confetti snow, and was tipped over the railing at the highest point of the dome. He fell 243 feet, striving to the last to shield a mysterious something in his hip pocket. "Never again," said Mr. Oconomowoc when awakened, "will I go to Prom. It is stew strenuous."

Some Music, Hey Kid?

The Picture Puzzle Pandemonium Pounders, imported clear from Middleton, South America, played on a raised platform in the middle of the rotunda. The question raised by the Prom-goers is where the music sounded the best—in College Hills or Nakoma. Needless to say, it filled the spacious marble halls of the Capitol to the exclusion of anything else.

PROM PICTURE—I



This picture was taken and printed in seconds. Our speed demon reporter changed get it done on time. Next year we hope to the year after that to have it printed before

Dean Dirge may be noticed in the background bicycle meet, in which John D. Stony Aquarium as his track. I. Luva Pictor, may have his picture taken, managed to squepper railing by his toes.

The charming expression of the Chairman noted.

Insane Inquisitor

(He started out to ask people what they thought of prom . . . oh yes! . . . hopelessly insane now, thank you.)

Prom Chairman: Well, at least I didn't have to buy a ticket.

Defeated Candidate: I can take my own girl, now.

Janitor (asked by accident): Look at that floor! T'aint justice.

T. N. EEh (prominent clubman): Hie!

(Continued on page 177)

PI EDITION

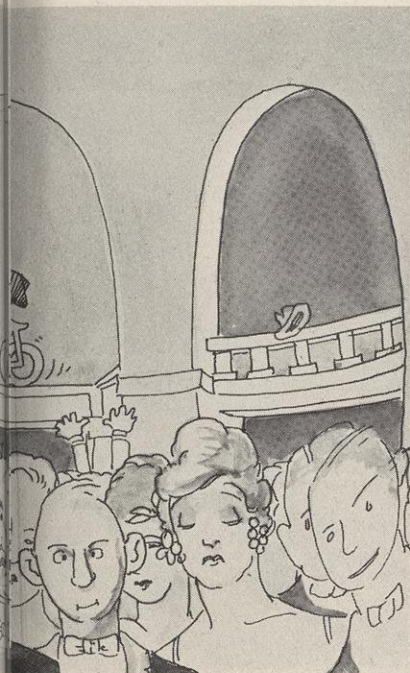
Canary

SPORTING EXTRA

SON, PROM NIGHT

PRICE 47 CENTS

CLUSIVE SLOOP



remarkable time of 1 minute 14 1/4
times three times and his collar once to
mate a minute from this record, and
taken.

ound, engaged in a telegraphic six-
is using the rim of the New York
as never missing an opportunity to
into this one by hanging from the

and their assistants is also to be

Special Feature

ae Cambell Kiddies, imported es-
ally from Soup City, put on an
otation of the Dance of Seven
s, wearing Seventeen instead.
flowing lines of the dancers were
ernible through the veil of smoke
incense which surrounded them.
unfortunate accident occurred
ng the fourth allegro, andante,
ach movement, when the veils
ght on a nail, and andandandshrd
inshrdluemwfyv bvgk emfwypshr
(Continued in our next)

SPOTLIGHTS SPIT AS SLIPPERS SLIP

Inside Stuff, See?

The pop-eyed gentleman with the large bay window is Oso Sweet, Prom Chairman of 1897 1/2, who has returned to see what he started. He is expected to recover.

Dambda Phi Asker has the entire West Wing of the Capitol as its box. The City Hall is being used as an annex to accommodate the overflow. The list of names will be found in the Student Directory.

Prom Chairman Oskaloosa says that Prom boxes are *not* mushrooms. Heh! Heh!

Miss Ima Nabisco, due to the non-arrival of her Prom gown, imported from Rome (N. Y.), was forced to come wearing nothing more nothing more shrdlu etaoin emrdlii emfw emf

Sporty Daze

By CHUCK BLEWIN

After a football man has trained all fall he has as much chance of winning the annual ping-pong contest as Iowa has of getting rid of corns. Why, he's so muscle-bound that he makes a book-binding look like tissue-paper; he's so hard that he'd dent a flat-iron thrown at him; he's so dumb dumbdumbshrdluetaoinmmmm mmm iii udjjjjj;;;lmmmm

(Continued on page 11)

Harold Teen, '24, Sly Fly, Inside Portal, Simple Della's Pi, Black Diamonds, Rubber Necktie, Tickle Me, Presspants Club, A. S. K. M. E., Tee Hee and Ha Ha, is chairman of the Seating Arrangements for Senile Snakes Committee.

PROM CHAIRMAN FALLS DOWN STAIRS

1924 Prom Opens In Blaze of Glory

'Midst the aromatic odors of moth-balls and Melachrinos, the 1924 Prom opened in a blaze of dazzling, brilliant, wonderful, beautiful, splendid, glorious candle-light.

Promptly at 9:30 Tommy Oskaloosa, Prom Chairman, opened the Grand March by descending the marble steps in the South-So'West-So'-by-West side of the Capitol. He descended precipitately, due to the fact that he missed the first step, but this only made the 1924 Prom different from all others.

Four spot-lights lit up the deep gloom of the Capitol, except when some facetious college boy (ah me! to be young again!) turned them off for a merry jest! It was jest heavenly!

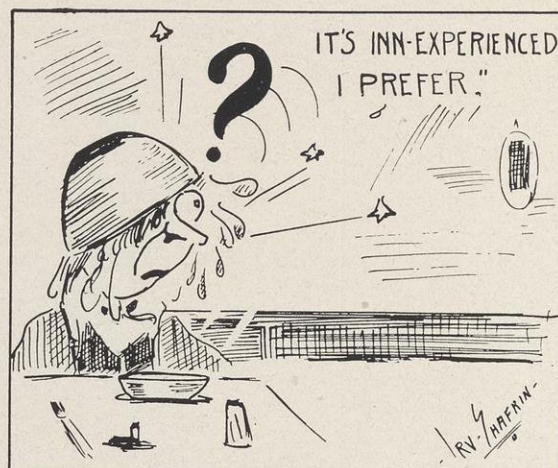
Thousands of notables were present. The Sultan of Turkey is attending with several of the Mrs. Sultans, the President of Liberia and the Governor of Seattle entered arm in arm, and ex-President Tiff arrived at the last minute with the Supine Court decision legalizing the Prom.

This night comes as the culminating incident of years of work by the Prom Chairman and his cohorts of trained workers, and the result is terrible—wonderful, I mean. It is seldom that so handsome a Prom Chairman can be found, together with such a sweet little

(Continued on page 44)

If all the rented tuxedos and dress-suits on the floor tonight were placed end to end, they would reach from Chicago to a civilized country.

RHYMING REGGY



Why People Go To Prom

Some people go to Prom because they enjoy it, but shed a tear, gentle reader, for those who have to go. Take the Prom Chairman, for instance. What would Prom be without the Chairman there? And the defeated candidate—he has to go to avoid implications that he is merely staying away out of jealousy.

Then there's the Governor, who goes every year, and shakes hands with thousands of people—quite unusual for the Governor, you know. And the President of the University, who must smile benignly while careless couples tread heavily on his toes.

The careless sentimentalist is there—the sort of fellow who loses his head some night when a full moon and a pair of blue eyes are shining on him, and wakes up the next morning with a date. And how about the big brother, who has to take sister because it's her last year in the University and nobody has asked her?

Ah, gentle reader, beneath the resigned smiles there lie broken hearts. Pity the poor, poor Prom-goers.

Utopia

Got your Prom date yet, Bill?
Naw, lots of time. It's only 8:30.

My Prom Girl

Mary is one of those extremely playful creatures who seem perpetually suffering from an acute form of St. Vitus Dance. Prom night she did a figure-eight every time we crossed an open space. She jumped from her chair at the beginning of every dance just to show how peppy she was (you know the ruse), and at the end of the dance, even after one o'clock, she grabbed my hand and half-ran and half-slid to a chair. She ran up the great stairways four steps at a time, waved frantically to her friends, and insisted upon sliding down the marble balustrades. Then she began looking at the chandeliers why shouldn't I think she intended to hang from them by her knees? I went for our wraps.

Dotty thought to Prom he'd bid her
Dotty stung!
Dotty took the line he gave her,
Johnny hung!

Jim: Did ya go to a dance last night?
Slim: No, had to go to Prom.



She: Why did you cut that dance with me last night?

He: I've got to learn some time. You see, I'm a medic.



New Rules For Prom

1. Every girl will wear numbers, not less than 8 inches high nor more than 12, so spectators can see whether she lives in Oshkosh or Baraboo.
2. No man can run more than five yards under penalty of a fractured shin bone and ostracization by the brethren.
3. Borrowed tuxedos must bear the owner's name and weight, and new ones must carry the price tag and the reason for the Russo-Jap war in 1492.
4. Women who carry vanity cases must lose them every second dance or forfeit their right to a good reputation.
5. Three of the musicians must get drunk so no one can keep time with the music.
6. A fine of \$10 will be levied on any girl who wears a dress covering her back.
7. Men who do not fight with their dates at least twice will be branded as slackers and their franchises revoked.
8. Prom couples who enter the front door of the building will have their tickets taken away.
9. A hit into the crowd will be limited to two bases unless the hitter signs an affidavit to the effect that he is a cook and makes a good batter.
10. Anybody with good liquor must give it to the editor of this magazine.



Prom is an investment.

So?

Yes—interest is paid on your capitol time.

If Autumn Came, Can Winter be Far Behind

We met in a marvelous garden
Where the moonlight played through the trees
And her voice was infinitely softer
Than the gently sighing breeze.

We chatted of things aesthetic—
Of poetry, music and art:
Her favorites were Rodin and Handel;
She was cultured, I knew from the start.

She had studied for two years at Vassar—
At Wisconsin she got her M. A.;
She was exquisite, charming, delightful—
And she always knew just what to say.

Our hours together were over
(And the time wasn't all that I spent);
She married an Irish coal heaver—
Now she washes to pay for the rent.



All Over Nothing At All

A farce in one act.

Cast:

Ches Knutt—*A mental genius boarding with the state.*

A. Goof—*An innocent by-stander.*

I. Keepem—*Keeper of State Nut House.*

Scene 1—A. Goof passing along the street sees Ches sobbing in the gutter. The gutter not being large enough for two, Goof had to content himself with lifting Ches to his feet.

Goof—"Why all the tears my poor man"?

Ches—"I was running for Prom Chairman and I stumbled; and now they are going to throw me out for Professionalism because I played summer Hockey for the Y. M. C. A. and shot Craps out of season.

Goof—"But what the—"

Ches—"That isn't all, I had a blind date for Prom and she was more than I expected. Besides being blind she was deaf, dumb, unconscious, unsociable, and I suspect she eats garlic and sardines in private.

Goof—"But I don't understand".

Ches—"I had an argument with the Governor and I can't go in the capitol again. He's crazy; he thinks he is Napoleon, but he isn't; I am. He is so crazy he eats in Chili John's on cold days. But I'll fool him; I'll buy a red flag and join the Social Science club. Then I can get in the Capitol."

Enter the Guard who takes hold of Ches and prepares to leave.

Guard—"Ah, there's the King! Come on, Napoleon. We'll go back to the castle and give the Army a work-out.

Goof—"What drove him crazy?"

Guard—"He had a date with the same co-ed ten nights in succession".

And he drifted out into the shadows with his unhappy prisoner as the birds in the trees and the fish in the brooks merrily chirped Il 'travatore.

Curtain.



“Why do those coeds drink whiskey?”
 “Oh, for snake bites.”



Times A Co-ed Cusses

When Art, who has been rushing her at high speed for three weeks, breaks the news about his prom date with the home town girl.

When Benny told you pathetically how he would just love to take you to Prom, if he wasn't broke—and then he goes in spite of all, and tries to pull the weak stall about a sudden reverse in fortune, and being too much of a man to ask you at the last minute,—bah!

When Charlie finally speaks up and says “Will you go to Prom with me—if I can still get balcony admissions?”

When Elmer tries to beg forgiveness for being compelled to take his sister to Prom, because mamma got her a new dress, and she would cry if she wouldn't go—.

When mother is too blind to see why one \$125 formal will not do for four affairs.

When big sister is so angry at not getting a date that she refuses, in revenge, to rent out her opera cape, the one you counted on to make a million dollar display.



Lucky Dog

I liked a girl
 I started to rush her
 I asked for a Prom date
 I went—
 As an usher.

Feminine Fishing

For a Prom Date.

“Wonder if I'll be having to get a new formal dress during the holidays.”

“My room mate got her Prom date last night. She was thrilled to tears.”

“Let's see, When are exams over?”

“Going home between semesters?”

“I hear that Prom decorations are going to be heavenly.”

“It would have been a shame if they couldn't have had Prom in the Capitol this year, wouldn't it?”



Don'ts For Prom Goers

1. Don't ask your girl where her dress is. She's probably wearing it.

2. Don't drink too often. Take bigger swallows when you do get hold of the bottle.

3. Don't take your wife to Prom. Children are a nuisance.

4. Never criticize the musicians. After seeing you dance, they've always got something on you.

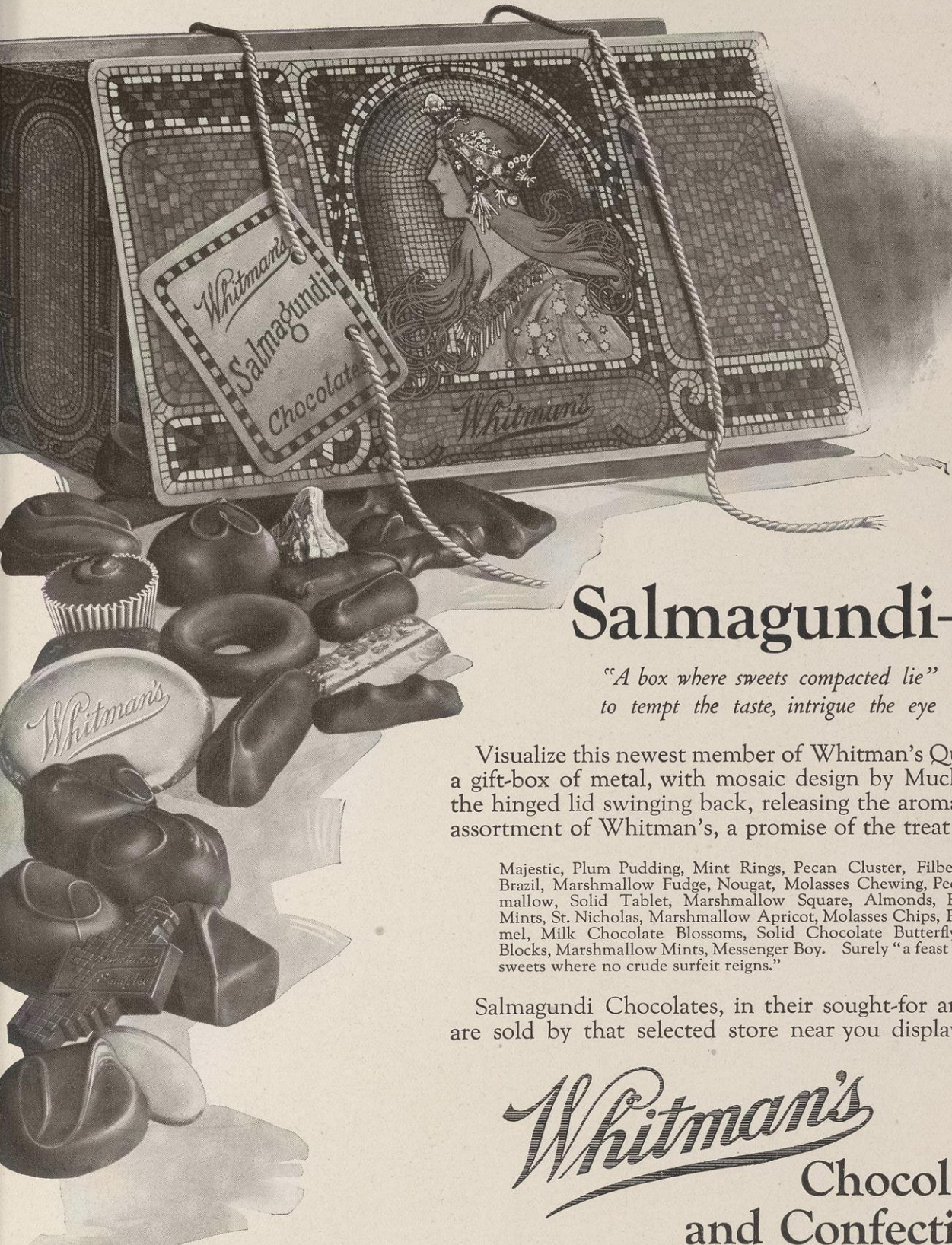
5. Don't chew gum while you Frisco. You're liable to get a shoulder strap mixed up with Wrigleys and you won't be able to get rid of the gum soon enough.



“What's the matter dear?”

“Oh, Jack and I have been quarreling about everything.”

“Everything? That shows you're broad-minded, anyway.”



Salmagundi—

*"A box where sweets compacted lie"
to tempt the taste, intrigue the eye*

Visualize this newest member of Whitman's Quality Group, a gift-box of metal, with mosaic design by Mucha. Imagine the hinged lid swinging back, releasing the aroma of this new assortment of Whitman's, a promise of the treat to come:

Majestic, Plum Pudding, Mint Rings, Pecan Cluster, Filbert Cluster, Brazil, Marshmallow Fudge, Nougat, Molasses Chewing, Pecan Marshmallow, Solid Tablet, Marshmallow Square, Almonds, Flat Cream Mints, St. Nicholas, Marshmallow Apricot, Molasses Chips, Pecan Caramel, Milk Chocolate Blossoms, Solid Chocolate Butterfly, Molasses Blocks, Marshmallow Mints, Messenger Boy. Surely "a feast of nectared sweets where no crude surfeit reigns."

Salmagundi Chocolates, in their sought-for art metal box, are sold by that selected store near you displaying the sign

Whitman's Chocolates and Confections

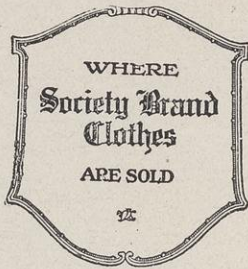
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

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Cardinal Pharmacy - - 831 University Ave.
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The Chocolate Shop - - - 528 State St.
A. W. Krehl - - - - 408 E. Wilson St.
University Pharmacy - Cor. State & Lake Sts.

Tiedemann's Pharmacy - 702 University
Walter M. Atwood - - - 1054 William
Badger Pharmacy Univ. Ave. and Warren
Central Store - - - 208 State St





The Coming of the Prom

The dress up affair of the University, Tuxedos, Full Dress Gloves, Shirts, Studs, Ties,—all that is necessary to make your wardrobe complete for a bigger, better Prom.

The Neckwear House of Madison

permits the inspection of the latest in men's furnishings.

BAILLIE-HEDQUIST COMPANY

where Society Brand Clothes are sold

Read your "Ocky" over a

Steaming

cup of

Coffee

at

Frank's Restaurant

821 University Avenue

How the Prom Is Handled

or

The Army at Work

The Prom Chairman.—The biggest job attached to the position is the choice of a Prom Queen. If she is any sort of a woman she will tell him what to do in other matters.

Another important responsibility of the poor chairman is to see that not more than two-thirds of the class are serving on Prom committees; if more than this number are actively engaged in Prom unanimous action is almost impossible.

The Assistant Chairman.—Usually it is advisable to limit the number of assistant chairmen to sixty so that the remainder can work on the various committees.

It is the duty of the assistant chairmen to sit up late every night thinking of damn-fool questions to ask the Prom chairman in the morning.

The assistant chairmen will act as sort of a clearing house for all committees. All problems which confront the committees shall be presented to the assistant chairmen who will give adequate reasons to the aforesaid committees for not being able to solve the aforesaid problems.

The Committee Chairmen and Committees.—It shall be the duty of all chairmen to meet with their committees either in the Coliseum in Chicago or in the Yale Bowl at New Haven at least once prior to the date set for the Prom. At this meeting the committees shall decide upon the date of the next meeting, all business being postponed until then.

The chairmen of these committees shall try to attend all meetings also, if not inconvenienced.

Those serving on committees shall not be more than ten hours late at any authorized meeting, nor shall they ask to be excused until the chairman has arrived.

In the event that the committee is composed of twenty or more persons, it is necessary that at least three be present in order to transact business.

All those serving on committees who know the names of their respective committee chairmen shall be advanced free tickets to Prom.

All those who really know what their committees are doing will be awarded a free scholarship.

The Finance Committee shall, in short, do all financing. It should be thoroughly able to pick out slugs, street car tokens and cough drops when offered as currency.

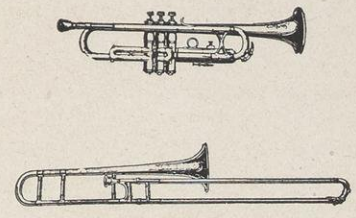
The Music Committee shall, in short, contract for Prom music. The price paid for Prom music does not usually exceed \$50,000 including a special train for the celloist and haircuts for the violinists.

The Reception Committee shall receive all hosts and hostages, mates and matronesses, patrons and patronesses, and also not more than 100 uninvited guests who stray in to warm up.

It shall be the duty of the Floor Committee to pick up all cigarette butts and chewing gum from the dance floor.

The Publicity Committee shall by special arrangement with the Police Gazette, The Farm Journal, and the Woman's Home Companion, release all official information concerning Prom.

The Arrangements Committee shall, in short, by special arrangement arrange for all arrangements.



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REAL PEN SERVICE
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While You're Reading "Octy"

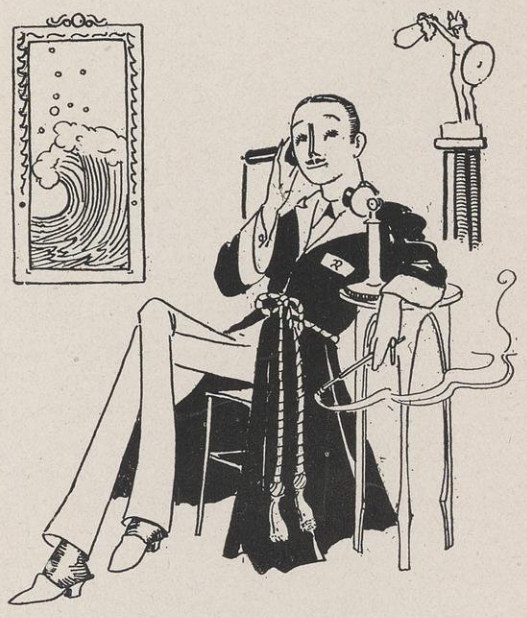
Call up the Badger or Fairchild number that heads your list—or, if needs be, write your letter,—and invite the girl to be your partner at America's Greatest Collegiate Social Function.

1924 JUNIOR PROM

The Dance For Every Badger

Wisconsin State Capitol

February 2





IPSE DIXIT and GALILEO

There was much learning but little real knowledge in Galileo's time (1564-1642). Aristotle was swallowed in bad Latin translations. Ipse dixit. No one checked him by what seemed vulgar, coarse experiment.

Galileo fought against the dead hand of tradition. He did not argue about Aristotle, but put him to the test. Aristotle led his readers to believe that of two bodies the heavier will fall the faster. Galileo simply climbed to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and dropped two unequal weights. The "best people" were horrified; they even refused to believe the result—that the weights reached the ground in equal times.

"Look at the world, and experiment, experiment," cried Galileo.

The biggest man in the 16th century was not Galileo in popular estimation, but Suleiman the Magnificent, the Ottoman Emperor, who swept through Eastern Europe with fire and sword and almost captured Vienna. Where is his magnificence now?

Galileo gave us science—established the paramount right of experimental evidence. Suleiman did little to help the world.

Hardly an experiment is made in modern science which does not apply Galileo's results. When, for instance, the physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company study the motions of electrons in rarified atmospheres, or experiment to heighten the efficiency of generators and motors, they follow Galileo's example and substitute facts for beliefs.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

95-627J

A Novelet

Bill (Bill's my room-mate) told me plainly that "when prom is over you will either be engaged or married to your prom girl." Of course, a warning like that frightened me terribly, but I saw that my big opportunity had come. I was very careful in picking out my date and the girl I finally selected met all the requirements. I noted her face, figure, disposition, and how much money she was likely to inherit. She was exactly right. Before prom I showed her with dinners, shows, candy, dances,—everything, in fact, that either she or I could think of. My bank balance shriveled up and disappeared.

Prom night I was neither married nor engaged. After the dance we went out joy-riding in a taxi. It was then or never. Finally she spoke: "My but proms are a bore! Aren't you glad that it's all over?"

I wish Bill were smaller than I.



The Prom Story

Seated one day at my typewriter,
I was writing along with ease,
And I let my mind go wandering,
As I pounded the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was thinking,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But suddenly I struck a combination
That made me start and gasp, Amen!

I've tried, but I try it vainly,
To decipher that word,
Which came from the keys of my typewriter,
Which I could have massacred.

It may be some day I'll know it,
My mind will have peace again;
But I'm off the typewriter forever,
Henceforth, I write with a pen.



When A Feller Needs A Friend

When your sole stiff front meets with bandoline at 8.59, and your taxi is tooting at 9 promptly.

When you have lavished jewelry, flowers, and sweets upon her straight through Prom week, and on Sunday night she hands back your pin.

When you have strategically put all your exchange dances towards the front to get them over with, and have her all to herself for the rest of the evening, and then the orchestra cuts the last four.

When some forward feminine affair in your Prom party insists as affectionately addressing you as George, and your best girl gets the peevies.

When you borrow a black top coat for the occasion, because yours is grey, and then lose the wardrobe check, and incidentally the coat, too.

The Origin of Prom

(Some time ago a remarkable papyrus was discovered in Egypt, but it was not until Octy's special representative hurried to the spot that it could be translated. The origin of Prom is described on this unusual manuscript, and we present it to our readers herewith.)

Mark Antony, attired in robes of ease, chatted with Cleopatra in one of her many gondolas on the Nile, and watched her and his faithful subjects as they gondoliered hither and yon.

"I say," quoth Mark, "let us have a grand shindig to celebrate the end of a period of labor. Let us gather our cohorts together and let them dance for our amusement. Let each woman spend months on her complexion and her gown, and each man start saving money, rent the stiffest and most uncomfortable clothes he can find and put on a shiny helmet."

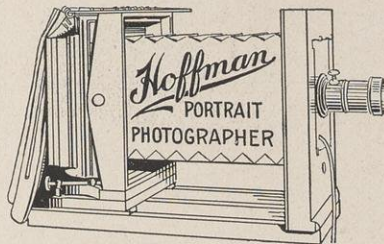
"Brilliant, old bean," responded Cleo. "We shall start things going at once. What ho! Scribe, come hither! But Mark, what shall we call this great orgy of spending and discomfort?"

Mark pondered, while the scribe chewed his reed. Then our hero had an inspiration.

"Surely," said he. "it will be a prom—"

"Wonderful," quoth Cleo, "is that one of your fancy Roman words?"

And Mark, pitying her dumbness, did not tell her that he had started to call it a promiscuous madhouse, but presented her with an adder.

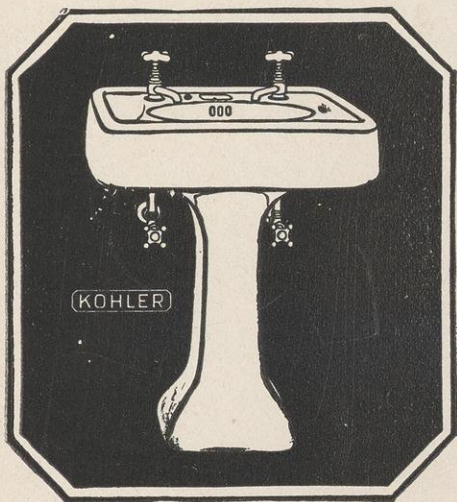


An exchange of photographs keeps friendships close.

Before the rush of the social season takes your time

Phone Badger
286 for an
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Pedestal Lavatory

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The result has been an unmistakable public acceptance. A list of Kohler Enameled Ware installations would very nearly constitute a Blue Book of America's finest hotels, institutions, and homes.

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Suits That Are Absolutely New

We know from our thirty years experience with university men that most young fellows like a new suit after Christmas.

With this in mind, we've had a number of the newer three and four button high front collegiate models made up to our own specifications. They are in unfinished worsteds, herringbones and Diamond weaves. New pencil stripes, too, in the assortment.

\$45 \$50 \$55

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PIPER BROS. Candy Jobbing Dept.

*The finest assortment
of Bars in the city*

WHEN UPTOWN
Call and make your own
selection

Small Change

One of the main reasons why a little boy wants to go to a party is because he can show off the little girl who is going with him. He can help her with her coat, and take hold of her arm when they go home, and call her out to get a "letter" when they play Post Office. He can watch the other little boys jealousy and glory in their admiration of her and hatred of him.

And one of the main reasons why a college man goes to Prom is to show off the girl whom he is (temporarily at least) sure is the loveliest girl on the campus. He can whisper a couple of sweet nothings into her ear when he slips her cap over her shoulders, and read into the bored stares of the other men jealousy and admiration. He may not play kissing-games with her—but games are silly things anyway, and what girl would refuse a kiss to her Prom man? (Mine would, but that has nothing to do with the case.)

The motives are the same—the difference is that the little boy party cost him nothing, and the Prom—Oh, the family pocket-book!



How She Got a Bid To Prom

She rented a Marmon for two months and drove up and down State street every day at high noon.

She told George that his fraternity house was the best on the campus.

She told Herb that his fraternity house was the best on the campus.

She told Edgar that she admired his temperance.

She complimented Don on his choice of liquor.

She gave Bob a list of fictitious names for rushing.

She confessed to Doug that she did not believe in fraternities.

She went to church regularly.

She mailed out 156 Christmas cards with the help of a student directory and a Chicago telephone book.

She told Dick that he had wonderful eyelashes. He took her to prom.



Let's go to the prizefight.

Naw, I'm going to Prom and see the Phi Zeta's box.



It is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all,
But count up the expenditures,
And look before you fall.



Mary went to Prom one night
With an awful bore
When the time for parting came,
He only shut the door.

How I Chose My Prom Queen

By T. Hound

King of the shoe-shufflers.

Sally was a bird; she reminded me very much of a bird—pigeon-toed and coo-coo. I thought maybe she ought to feather my nest at Prom, but she was no beauty, and as far as my Prom Queen was concerned this was going to be a Brains and Beauty contest. I swore that if I ever found a girl with both I'd tip over the Capitol and dive off Main Hall into a thimble full of Bevo. Two dates and I gave Sally the air.

Peggy was better looking than a composite picture of all the Follies girls since the Revolution; but she was dumb—painfully dumb. We went in the Ritz one time and she asked the elevator man what floor the roof-garden was on. When I asked her if she liked Kipling she said yes, but she guessed she liked Bourbon better, and playfully pushed me into a tray of dishes by way of emphasis. I was afraid to take a chance on Peggy.

Jane was a girl I knew back home. She was so good she wore cotton stockings, heavies, and a flannel on her chest in cold weather. She was so innocent she thought that all Teddy Bears were animals and that a Camisole was something to cook beans in. Jane didn't care much for society but she was an enthusiastic member of Y. M. C. A. sorority. She didn't get the Queen Job.

Micky is so good looking she would make Solomon move to Reno, and has more brains than Plato, Shakespeare, and all the rest of the historical Phi Betes together. She gets more dates in one week than a Frosh gets paddles and that's some dates. If Micky had been born sooner she would have been Eve, Venus, Cleopatra, and Juliet. She gets the job if she can break her other six dates.



A Perfect Prom Date

It was Prom night. The dance was over. But not a sound could be heard in the little, darkened room at the front of the house. Not even the bed ticks. Nobody moved. Nobody spoke. There must have been a reason. There was. Nobody was in the room.



Mutual

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

"Drunk again," she said caustically.

"Hooray, m'dear," he replied cheerfully, "So'm I."

—Sun Dial.



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PROM GOWN
made at our shop, gives you a feeling of distinction and exclusiveness, reserve time now.

The French Shop

Park Hotel

F. 543

PARK HOTEL

*Unexcelled for Exclusive
Student Functions*

*For a most enjoyable dinner party, plan it at the
Elizabethan Room*

also

*The PARK HOTEL CAFE is
well known for its refined
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Quality of silk? Smoothness? Conservative plainness? Novelty effects? Smart, new colors? Perfect fit? Trimness over ankles? Sheerest Chiffon? Rich, heavy silk? Durability? Long wear?

You'll find them all at the Walk-Over Boot Shop—in endless variety and beauty—in the new Van Raalte and Luxite Silk Stockings for late Winter and Early Spring.



The Walk-Over Boot Shop is located at 611 State Street.

Your Guarantee

If you would have your milk pure, safe, pasteurized, insist upon our name appearing on the milk bottle cap. It is a guarantee of its goodness.

Kennedy Dairy Company

Perfectly Pasteurized Milk and Cream

618 University Avenue.

Badger 7100

Sport

The moon was great and they were all alone underneath it. They were very quiet—and then something slipped. It was his arm around her waist. He had a brainstorm. "Lib", he breathed, "you say you won't let me kiss you. I'll bet I can without touching you. I'll bet a dollar." (Careless youth.)

"I'll bet."

He kissed her right on the cheek, or somewhere. "But you touched me," she yelped, not disappointedly.

"I know it. Here's your dollar."

"What other games do you play?" she gulped.

—Jack O'Lantern.



Extravagance

Son: Don't you think that after a fellow has taken a girl to the theater, given her candy and also flowers, and then treated her to a good supper, he should kiss her goodnight?

Father: Huh! I should think he'd done enough for her already.

—Flamingo.



Poem

Gather ye kisses while ye may,
Time brings only sorrow;
For the flappers who flap so free today,
Are the chaperones of tomorrow.

—Pitt Panther.



A Hazard

Second-mate (pointing to inscribed plate on deck):
That is where our gallant captain fell.

Elderly Lady Visitor: No wonder, I nearly tripped over it myself.

—Flamingo.



Summer Fiction

First Co-ed (glancing at summer's collection of snaps): Who's he? He looks familiar!

Second Co-ed (reflectively): He was!

—Punch Bowl.



In the Ring

Pugilist (meeting his opponent for the first time in the ring): Glad to know yuh. Excuse the glove.

—Phoenix.

I saw a show the other day that was so dumb that they had to play the Star-Spangled Banner to get a rise out of the audience—and then they just walked out.



Criminally Careless

Horse Salesman: Sure he's a good horse.

Prospective Buyer: But man, he must be blind, he walks into everything.

H. S.: Naw, 'taint that. He just natcherly don't give a damn.

—Mugwump.



Lines

How sad the story of Jane McCleek!

Her will was strong, but her won't was weak.

—Virginia Reel.



Mental Magic

Ma'm'selle X.: Jim is a good fellow but he knows some of the awfulest songs —

Ma'm'selle Y: Does he sing them to you?

Ditto X: No, but he whistles them.

Yellow Jacket.



Rushing Business

"Well, Bloom," a physician asked a young colleague who was just starting in, "how's your practice?"

"In the mornings, practically no one comes," was the reply, "and in the afternoons the rush falls off a bit."

—Penn Froth.



Give Him Credit

Sea Captain (to one of the passengers leaning over the ship's rail): S'matter, m'lady? Weak stomach?

Passenger (nervously): Hell, ain't I puttin' it as far as the rest of 'em?

—Jester.



Suppose

She (soulfully): Suppose we had never met.

Him (more so): Yes, I wonder who I'd be engaged to then.

—Gargoyle.

After 6 P. M.

Evening Clothes



The social season is on! Dinners, dances, theaters. They all require correct attire—and here you'll find clothes distinguished by their quiet simplicity, individuality and correct style.

Tuxedos \$50 to \$75
Full Dress \$75

Florsheim
Shoes

THE HUB

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THAT WE SELL -
ARE BOUND
TO HELP
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KEEP WELL



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The best book on how to keep well could be written by a sanitary engineer because in sanitary plumbing you will find the modern method of keeping your home wholesome and healthful. Phone Badger 6396.

F. Wigglesworth Plumbing Co.

1511 Monroe St.

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FORMAL CLOTHES

for you men who want to be dressed
in the "height of Fashion" at a
moderate price.

Tuxedo
\$30 \$35 & \$40

Full Dress
\$42

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Your best at
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Park Hotel
Barber Shop

Jack Hicks, Prop.

Just off the Lobby

Our Careful Methods of Modern Laundering

enable us to do up the daintiest things just like new. We take great care that chemicals never touch your pretty, flimsy materials and that not a single silken thread is strained in the process.

"Where things are done up dainty"

Madison Steam Laundry

429 State Street

Fairchild 530

**WE CAN LIVE
WITHOUT PICTURES, BUT—
NOT SO WELL**

—John Ruskin

McKillop Art Co.
650 State St.

Ignorance Is Bliss

A couple of shorthorns had been dragged into a game of draw poker. The game reached the point where the betting was fast and furious.

"I'll bet it all," said the first shorthorn.

"Call you," said shorthorn number two. "Wa:cha got?"

"Aces."

"How many?"

"One."

"You win—Darned if I didn't think you was bluffin'!"

—Penn Froth.



Grab 'em Young

If you love me tay tow,
If you don't love me, tay tow;
If you love me tweeze my hand,
But don't keep me titting on these told teps
All night long. I'll freez to deff.

Damit.

—Virginia Reel.



Between Dances

He (with much enthusiasm): I could go on dancing with you like this forever.

She: Oh, no, you couldn't possibly. You're bound to improve.

—Tiger.



An Awful Scrape

Soph: One of our freshmen did an awful bone-head trick the other day.

Junior: What was that?

Soph: The poor yap shaved twice before he discovered there was no blade in his razor.

—Ski-U-Mah.

**Get your Gents' Furnishings
and Clothing
at the**

Campus Clothes Shop

Near the Campus
827 University Avenue

Checker Cab Company

140 South Blair Street

LOWEST RATES

Prompt Service Day and Night

SPECIAL RATES FOR FORMALS AND PARTIES

Phone Fairchild 200

MARINELLO SHOP

Trained Marinello Operators

Marcelling, Shampooing, Facial Massage,
Scalp Treatments, Hair Dyeing a Specialty

Latest Styles In Hair Goods

225 State St.

F. 79

Wild Girl

She: I'm simply wild about a yacht.

He: Er, how do you act on a motor boat?

—Jug.



Rude

She: What a peculiar looking thing on your upper lip.

He: My dear girl, never knock a mustache when it's down.

—Wasp.



It Takes the Boys of Commerce School—

You have probably wondered many times at the signs exhibited, "All students must show their fee cards when presenting checks". This the result of a little incident that has become the favorite story of a Madison bank president.

It seems that a lordly Commerce student (one of those with the blow of champagne and a moonshine breath) entered a downtown bank soon after Prom and presented a check.

The cashier looked up his account and returning the check, said,

"I'm sorry, but you haven't sufficient funds."

Arching his eyebrows, and slowly pulling on his gloves, the young Dollar Chaser remarked.

"Keep it, my man. In a couple of years the autograph will be worth twice the amount."

ORIENTAL SHOPPE

235 State Street

Phone B. 7412

PROM SPECIALS

In beautiful Silk Underwear, Hose, Dresses,
Sweaters and Blouses.

Latest Styles

Maderia Linens and Real Laces

FRANCIS MISLEH, Prop.

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Start the New Year
with a New Monarch
Pen. It will see you
through many more.

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If You Want
A Smart and Individual
Prom Gown or Wrap

You will want to see

MISS HETTY MINCH

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226 State Street

As much a part of the University
as Bascom Hall

**Morgan's Malted
Milks**

The funniest thing that we know of is
that

A KODAK

is not owned by every student
You owe it to yourself and the folks
back home to take pictures now while
you are still at school.

The Photoart House
The House of a Thousand Kodaks

Enjoy a game of Billiards
at

MAUTZ'

on

well kept tables

in a pleasant, well lighted room

We have added more tables for you



Writes An Old Gra

The co-eds used to praise
my looks,
Thanks to my barber John
Things are not what they
used to be
Those days forever gone.

Runkel Barber Shop

616 State

Dignity

Doesn't Charles look distinguished in that dress suit?"

"He should. That outfit has been worn by three football captains, two tackles, two editors, and the whole debating team."

—Burr.



Between Dumbs

First Englishman: Charley, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?

Second ditto: No, let's hear it.

—Gargoyle.



Sharing the Burden

She drove him out in the country four or five miles and then stopped the car.

"Shan't we go a little further," he asked.

"No," she responded, "I've gone far enough. Now it's up to you."

—Frvol.

Prom Appointments

Make your Prom Appointments now at either
of our two most modern Beauty Parlors.

Varsity Shops

Park Hotel
Fairchild 822

Park Street
Badger 429

UNTIL you try the Harper Method for your hair, you have no idea how beautiful nature intended it to be. After it is brought to a state of perfect health, beauty follows naturally. The Harper Method of Shampooing and Scalp Treatment

Facial and Manicuring

MISS M. HUFFAKER

12 State—Close to the Campus B 3770

Prom in 1999

The reporter eager for news came out of the fight with eyes blackened, face scratched, and hair torn, but to no avail. To get news at any cost was his slogan, but to lose one's life is another story. For the life of him he could not tell what this fight was all about.

The ambulance arrived and for thirty days and thirty nights they dragged away those that were either killed or mortally wounded.

On the thirty-first day the struggle had somewhat waned, for there were only two to continue the battle. Crawling on the ground from where she had been struck down, the wreck of a beauty made her way to a prone form which was slowly sinking into oblivion.

With the last effort of reserved energy, the woman raised herself and struck the prone figure on the head. With a smile on her face the victor faced the vast multitude and in a faint voice cried, "By golly, I'm prom queen".



Gargoyle

I've seen a man without a home,
And a ship without a sail
But the darndest sight I've ever seen
Was a shirt without a tail.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

STABER SHOP

Telephone F. 601 4 So. Carroll St.

Women's and Infant's Novelties, Dresses, Sweaters etc. Come in for all accessories for the Prom.

We have evening Brassiers, hose, head bands, Silk Underwear, any smart item you would be interested in come in and see the Sweater Shop We will make or order anything.

TIME TO STEP OUT!

TUXEDOS

A new lot of Tuxedo suits and also the correct accessories just received

Moderately priced

\$40 - \$45 - \$50

Speth's

"That Something New"

Kessenich's

New spring fabrics of silk in exclusive dress patterns and beautiful costumes and gowns for evening wear are featured this month.

"Say it with Flowers"

AT PRE and POST-PROM AFFAIRS

That most wonderful girl in the world will think you ever so thoughtful if you order a pretty corsage from the

New York Floral Store

Corner Mifflin and Carroll

O. M. NELSON & SON, Inc.

JEWELERS

Established 40 years

21 North Pinckney Street

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Trophies

Prom Accessories

The
place to have
your

Prom Dress
made

Miss Luttrell's

F. 329

26 Karsten Dean Bldg.

Rosemary Beauty Shop

523 State Street

De Longe Building

Make your Prom appointments early

Scientific operators in each department. Five
Marcellers. Soft Water Shampooing

THERMOLYSIS

Warts, Moles, Superfluous Hairs removed painless
by electric needle

OPEN THURSDAY EVENING

Phone B. 6211

Rent Your Dishes

and Glassware for Prom
from

J. F. Schadauer

China Shop

Phone Badger 3471

307 State

Let'er Be

Pete: Got any mail for me?

Postman: What's your name?

Peter: You'll find it on the envelope.

—*Ski-U-Mah.*



So!

"Naw—she's not two-faced."

"Zat so?"

"She wouldn't wear that one if she were."

—*Penn Froth.*



Quite Right

We are becoming more and more convinced that
the function of a College Comic is to be written but
not to be published.

—*Jester.*



"It takes a spoon to stir things up", confided
Betty, after she had received an unexpected Prom
date at the fudge party.

Good Clothes Mean Nothing

UNLESS KEPT IN GOOD
CONDITION BY PERIOD-
ICAL PRESSING AND
CLEANING BY THE

PANTORIUM

Say It With Flowers

Choice Home Grown Cut Flowers, Artistic Floral
Decorations and Corsage Bouquets Our Specialty.

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The Gift Shop

Gifts that express your thoughtfulness and that
exactly exemplify your sincere wishes,— such
you will find in a wide array here.

The Unique Shop

Badger 2099

130 State St.

*We Help You Look Your
Very Best*

Our up-to-date equipment and most modern methods will make you appear at your very best. Arrange your Prom Appointments now

*Mrs. R. Bastick
Beauty Shop*

Madger 3047

18 E. Miffin

Fine Watch Repairing

Swiss Repairing a Specialty

GAMM'S

9 WEST MAIN

B. 1404

Afterthoughts

When I consider how my days are spent
In poring o'er my textbooks, great and small;
And each new Monday finds me weak and bent,
And once more plodding down each endless hall—
I often pause to wonder where I'm at,
If all my study e'er will gain me bliss,
If ninety-fives will buy me a new hat
And excellents will grant me Fortune's kiss;
I muse and ponder o'er my hapless state,
I scan my shabby suit and empty purse,
My worn and stolid look; I chide my fate
And try to find my place upon this universe.
'Tis then the world I shower with abuse
And groan the time-worn by-word: "What's the use?"



Rolled Socks

I need no nurse, I'm not adverse
To paint and other fakings;
I must confess to the success
Of shimmyings and quakings;
But darn these queens who are the means
Of first love's quick forsakings—
They'll pay their toll, these ones who roll
Their own without the makings.

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