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Merry Christmas from the Octopus. Vol. 3, No. 3 December, 1921

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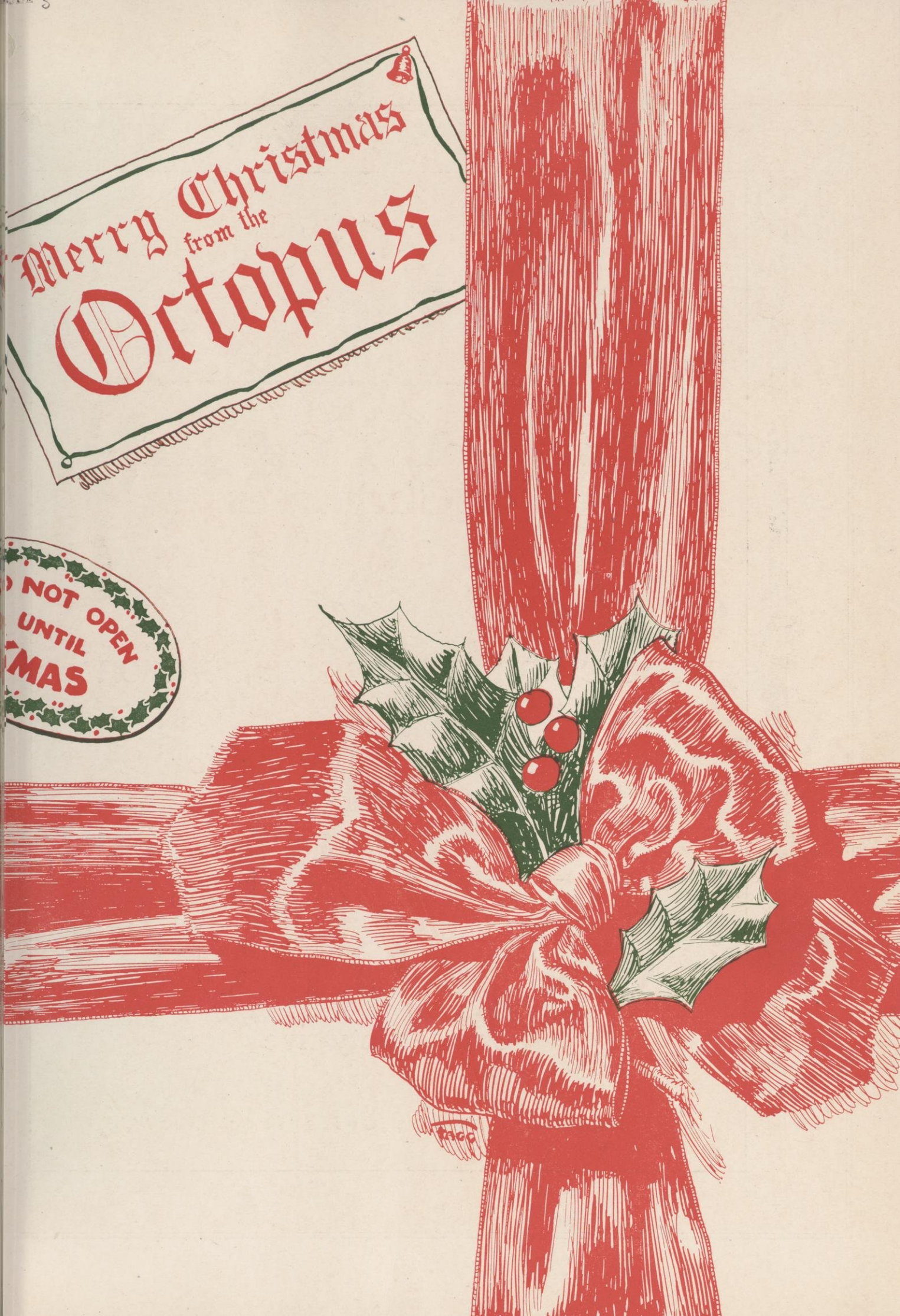
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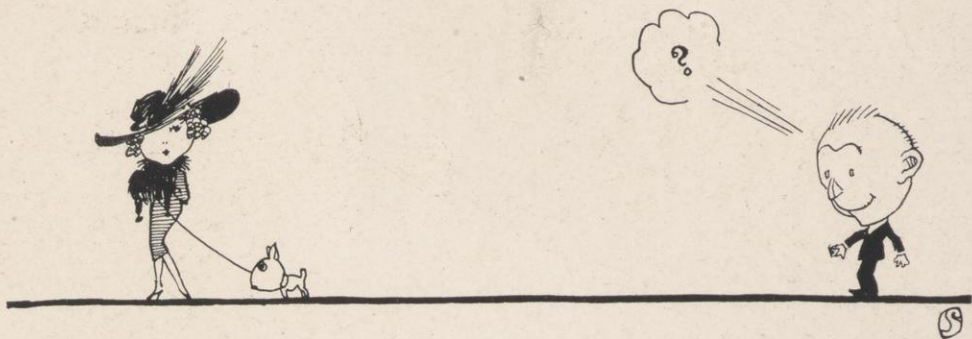
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Merry Christmas
from the
Ortopus

NOT OPEN
UNTIL
MAS





What Shall I Get HER For Christmas ?

Here's an Inexpensive Solution

—and this also goes for
Brother - Sister - Friend

A Year's Subscription to the
OCTOPUS
one-seventy-five

“The Best in the Collegiate West”



Everybody Wants

a private stock of good sweets over the holidays. Everybody's taste can be suited in the variety of Whitman packages of chocolates and confections.

Place your order with the near-by Whitman agency and double the value of your gift by selecting an appropriate package.

THE SAMPLER—chocolates and confections selected from ten leading Whitman's packages. The box is as quaint as the sweets are good.

A FUSSY PACKAGE—nut and hard center chocolates, beautifully boxed.

SUPER EXTRA chocolates and confections—the quality which first made Whitman's famous.

NUTS, CHOCOLATE COVERED—a rich, delicious assortment that enjoys wide popularity.

PLEASURE ISLAND chocolates in a pirate's chest that recalls the romance of R. L. S.

SALMAGUNDI PACKAGE—super-extra chocolates. Metal box lacquered in exquisite mosaic. A gift that is sure to charm.

LIBRARY PACKAGE—Shaped like a book. A new assortment of chocolates.

*Hand painted round boxes and fancy bags,
boxes and cases in great variety*

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

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

The Chocolate Shop, - - - 528 State Street
University Pharmacy, - Cor. State and Lake
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Tiedemann's Pharmacy, - 702 University Ave.
Walter M. Atwood, - - - - 1054 Williamson

Patronize  Advertisers

Octy's Page of Theatrical Attractions

Parkway Theatre

Formerly the Fuller Opera House

Coming Attractions

DEC. 16

The University Glee Club

DEC. 17

"The Son of Wallingford"

DEC. 21

Pavlowa and Her Russian Ballet

The Theatre Beautiful

Bankers' Sons

Bill (pointing to a girl just entering the theatre):
I hear that she attracts quite a bit of interest about here.

John: I wouldn't doubt it in the least—she's got some of my principle.



"I saw a little girl last night who was the sole support of two big husky men."

"How terrible! How could she do it?"

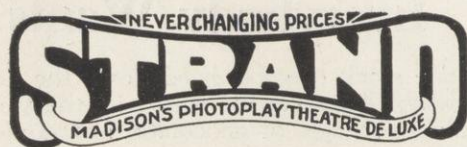
"They were in a tumbling act."



Old lady (at the Follies): She ought to go to the 1000 Islands.

Friend: And why?

O. L.: She needs some dressing.



Coming Attractions

Wed. to Sat. Dec. 14-17

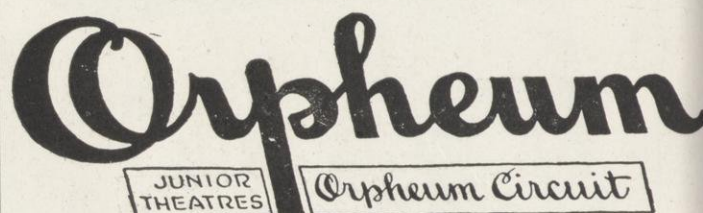
Thos. H. Ince's
"CUP OF LIFE"

Sun. to Tues. Dec. 18-20

TOM MOORE in
"FROM THE GROUND UP"

Coming Soon!
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
in "HUSH"

Madison's Popular Theatre



PRESENTING AT ALL TIMES
VAUDEVILLE'S LEADING ATTRACTIONS

TWO SHOWS EVERY NIGHT
7:15 AND 9:00

MATINEES—WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY

OPENING

NEXT

MONDAY

DEC. 19

"DOC" BAKER

The Noted Protean Artist

in "FLASHES"

A Lightning Revue of Fun, Fads and Fashions

Are you getting full value out of your business associations?

If you trade here, we are both benefited. You, by our efficient service and low prices. We, by the good will of our customers.

FRANK BROS.

Wholesale and Retail

609-611 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

PHONES B. 2689, B. 71, B. 5335

Eversharp The Perfect Pointed Pencil

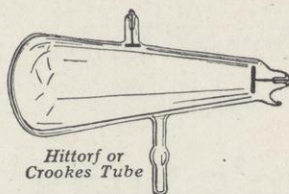
A Xmas Gift that will be appreciated by any member of the family.

\$1 to \$15

University Co-Operative Company

E. J. Grady, Mgr.

506-508 STATE STREET



Hittorf or
Crookes Tube

How Were X-Rays Discovered?

SIR James Mackenzie Davidson visited Professor Roentgen to find out how he discovered the X-rays.

Roentgen had covered a vacuum tube, called a Hittorf or Crookes tube, with black paper so as to cut off all its light. About four yards away was a piece of cardboard coated with a fluorescent compound. He turned on the current in the tube. The cardboard glowed brightly.

Sir James asked him: "What did you think?"

"I didn't think, I investigated," said Roentgen. He wanted to know what made the cardboard glow. Only planned experiments could give the answer. We all know the practical result. Thousands of lives are saved by surgeons who use the X-rays.

Later on, one of the scientists in the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company became interested in a certain phenomenon sometimes observed in incandescent lamps. Others had observed it, but he, like Roentgen, investigated. The result was the discovery of new laws governing electrical conduction in high vacuum.

Another scientist in the same laboratory saw that on the basis of those new laws he could build a new tube for producing X-rays more effectively. This was the Coolidge X-ray tube which marked the greatest advance in the X-ray art since the original discovery by Roentgen.

Thus, scientific investigation of a strange phenomenon led to the discovery of a new art, and scientific investigation of another strange phenomenon led to the greatest improvement in that art.

It is for such reasons that the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are continually investigating, continually exploring the unknown. It is new knowledge that is sought. But practical results follow in an endless stream, and in many unexpected ways.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady,
N. Y.

95-460-J



ASTARRBEST

CHICAGO

Men's Suits of Distinction

The Pitt Model is our own design, bought by young men of good taste, season after season.

It drops gracefully from the shoulders, and has the straight front and back of the English Sack. The style is so conservative that it achieves distinction by its very simplicity.

At \$45.00 to \$75.00 these suits represent the best values obtainable.

Prices approximately one-third less than prevailed last year.

ASTARRBEST

Wisconsin Branch--666 State Street

PARK HOTEL

*Where special attention
is paid to STUDENTS.*

*The ELIZABETHAN
ROOM is unexcelled for
exclusive social functions*

--also--

*The PARK HOTEL CAFE is
well known for its refined
cafe service*

The Season's Greetings

Express the season's greetings with our assorted holiday candies, in lovely gift boxes, leather baskets, or glove and handkerchief cases.

*You select the gift now—we
will mail or deliver it on the
day you specify.*

**The
Chocolate Shop**

528 State Street

**The WISCONSIN
OCTOPUS**

MADISON

Published by students of the
University of Wisconsin

Founded 1919

Incorporated 1920

Office, Union Building, Madison, Wis.

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

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

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

Vol. 3

December, 1921

No. 3



"Ah, dear, 'tis Christmas dear, good cheer!
The dearest time of all the year.
Come, look into this book with me;
My pocket-book holds joy for thee.
Standing 'neath this mistletoe
All I can think of is 'Let's Go.'"



In days of old the brigands bold
Wore flopping boots; so I am told,
And amputated people's gold.
To-day they wear galoshes, rolled.

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Better Try It

A frisky young man in Altoona,
Thought nothing could equal Peruna,
He said with a "hic,"
"This has a real kick!
Why didn't I hear of it soon?"



She: Harold, if you get drunk at the party, I'll never speak to you again.

He: Sorry. The inducement isn't enough.



The co-ed today would have been able to sell fire insurance to the cave dwellers.



Famous Scientist: And five hundred years will find my name talked of everywhere.

Voice: You have nothing on me.

F. S.: Why, who are you; what's your name?

Voice: Smith.



The Male Heart-Breaker

He starts his career back in high school where the Freshmen girls fall for him because he is so big and manly. When he goes to College the Senior girls love him because he is so cute and young.

He goes with a girl until she hypnotizes herself into thinking she loves him. By that time she is monotonous, so he tells her about the convenient "other girl" in Vassar—and starts on another victim.

By the time he is a Senior, all the girls he knows are on to him, so he starts on the Freshmen, and ruins several young lives—for a week or two. Then he graduates, and some shy little miss with freckles snags him and turns him down. So he becomes a cynical old bachelor and raves about the fickleness of women.



Merry Mary

Mary had a little skirt,

The latest style, no doubt,

But every time she got inside

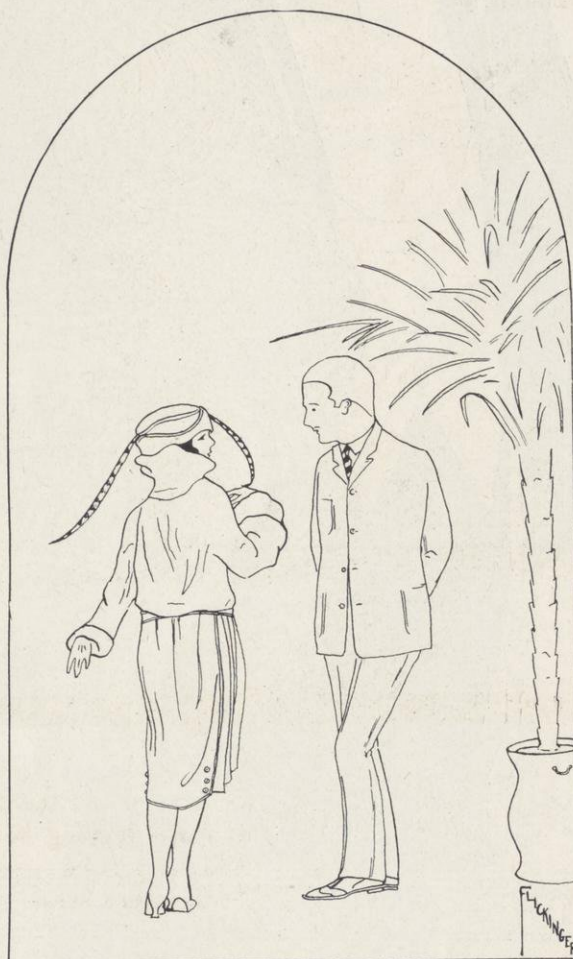
She was more than half way out.

A Pastoral

"Merry Christmas," blatted the mother sheep.
"Same to Ewe," replied the two lambs.



Some fellows swear off on New Year's, but
a lot more swear, off and on, through the
whole year.



She: You have a hungry look these days.

He: Yeah, I'm out for track and they're making me fast.



A Formal Opening.

"You owe it to society, to your business, and to your family to be well dressed," reads a tailor's advertisement. Some studes also owe it to the tailor.



Classic Jest

Alpha: I got some eggs in Italy last summer that reminded me of some well-known poetry.

Bet: Yeh? What was it?

Alpha: Lays of Ancient Rome.



Press me closer, closer still
With what fevor you can master.
All my nerves responsive thrill.
Press me closer—mustard plaster.



"Here's where I pull a good one," said the dentist as he fixed his tweezers on a sound tooth.



Voice over the phone: Hello, is this May?

Gruff Voice: No, this is August.

Other: Great Scott, I've got my dates twisted.

A Child's Christmas Tale

As they languished round the hearth waiting for Santa Claus, they heard a flock of sound and a cockroach daintily reared on silk hosiery chirped up, "When will he come?"

"Who knows?" boomed the canary with a varsity drawl and a sudden rush was heard as in burst a lanky autumn zephyr who sung out, "He comes, he comes."

Down he tumbled with the inners of the chimney and stood gurgling in the fireplace. After the snow had melted from his whiskers and washed off the soot, he gave issue to mighty words, "Sweet friends, you all are here, what luck." Thereupon he tossed a pair of wool socks to the canary, a toy engine to the zephyr and a bottle of moth balls to the cockroach.



Of Course

500,000,000 words were sent across the Atlantic cable last year. No wonder they always refer to the cable as "She."



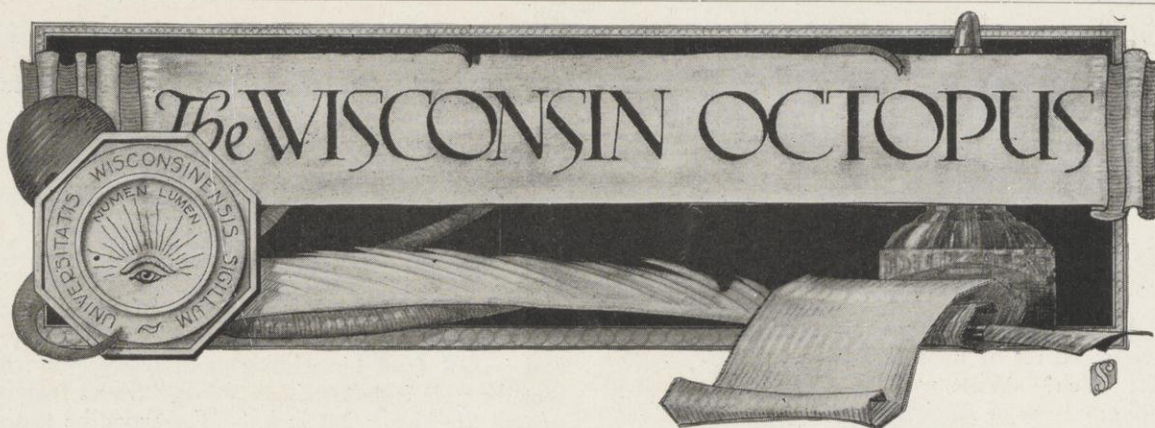
Page a Plumber

Poet: Ah, I hear the gentle pattering of the raindrops on the roof.

Janitor: Raindrops nothing. That's the guy upstairs taking a bath.



"All Off. End of Line."



Founded 1919

Published at the University of Wisconsin

Incorporated 1920

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Vol. III

December, 1921

No. 3

**Christmas Greetings**

To all of his followers, Octy extends his warmest and most cordial wishes for a happy Christmas.

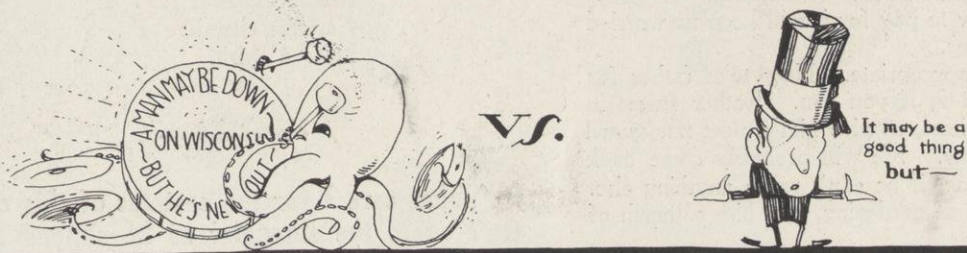
That it may be brimming with fun and laughter, he has gathered all the spice and wit of the campus and packed it into boxes for his followers. And with these boxes of good cheer go the blessings of that sage old spirit of laughter.

He has labored to brighten even those to whom Christmas means an exodus from this the best of all schools. And there are a few of those unfortunates who struck midsemester snags that sank their ships. With his all pervading spirit of optimism, he hopes to release in those who are discouraged that latent stick-to-itivism that will make them resolve to return and succeed.

To them, Octy makes a special appeal. Wise pater that he is, he urges those who think that they are not the fittest because they did not survive to call themselves to account, to take personal inventory and then when they know wherein they lack to return and overcome those deficiencies.

At this time, Octy feels that his mission is doubly important. At no other time in the year should there be such rejoicing, such happiness. And to inculcate this spirit is Octy's job.

Again he gives his Christmas greetings.



Old Man Crepe Hanger

It is the fashion in these days of the ultra-everything to condemn and belittle every effort on the part of our fellows that attempts anything new or worth while.

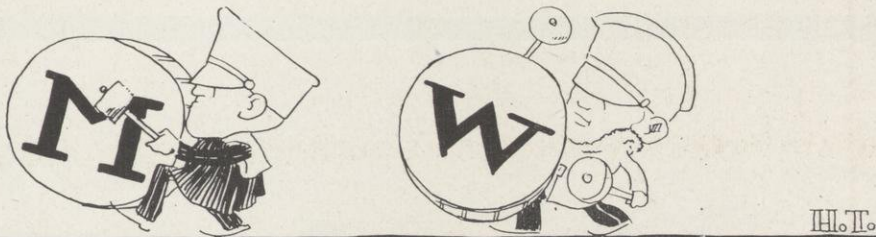
When the Memorial Union drive was being contemplated there were legions that said "It will never go across."

Three years ago there were those who said the Octopus would be drowned amid a mountain of printers' bills and accounts unpaid. But Octy was amphibious and is alive today.

Rome had its quitters in the days of the empire, Columbus had his doubters also.

The race is not extinct. It goes around today with wet blankets and black paint and "I told you so's enough to make a million records on the talking machine.

Octy thinks everything is going to be a success. Octy is an optimist. And Octy would like to add to those who think the Literary Magazine is a past number, that a man is never out although he may be down. The Lit will be going big when the crepe hangers have grey hair; the Lit is not to be discouraged by a few of the "never-will-do-its" around the campus.



"For the Apparel Oft Proclaims the Band"

Polonius was a pretty wise old pa.

Octy is also. He can't help the whimsicality of Fate that created Polonius a couple of centuries before Octy saw light, and thus allowed that illustrious diplomat to be the parent of all that good advice as well as the father of a rambling son.

Octy nevertheless quite agrees with all of the Lord Chamberlain's admonitions to his son, Laertes. And especially emphatic is he in his belief that "the apparel oft proclaims the band."

Perhaps he had better limit that a little and say that if it does not make it, it goes a long way towards helping it out.

Do you remember the Michigan band? A good band it was. But it sounded a great deal better to people who saw it than those who did not. And only because it sported those brilliantly yellow lined capes. How dashing they did appear as they stepped off down the field.

Our band with its variety of sheepskins and vari-colored overcoats looked rather nondescript beside the Michigan aggregation.

Octy says, "Get capes for our band."

As Mr. Morphy, the director, says, not short ones but those that will fall below the knees and allow the players to wear their own heavy coats.

To get them should not be a very difficult proposition if the winter concerts are well patronized or if some kind benefactor puts in an appearance.

About thirty dollars would buy a cape that could be used for a number of years. And what a wise way that would be to spend that sum.

What to Buy

Christmas now being with us, gifts are in order, ordered and mostly C. O. D. What to buy is always a problem but how to pay for it will keep us worried until next Christmas.

Gifts must be appropriate. Now take father for instance, take him in if you can. Father fusses in the garden springtimes, so give him a neat mudguard for his wheelbarrow. He will probably come back with an alarm clock, if he can't reach anything else. If he doesn't play at gardening, buy him a bunch of radishes.

Small brother would be wild to receive a real lace handkerchief. An automatic and a straight edge razor would delight the baby. A set of chains for those galoshes would certainly be a practical gift for sister. For big brother, what could be more acceptable than a large empty bottle full of the spirit of Christmas?

Then there is Uncle John and Aunt Liz out in the country. If Uncle John drives a Ford, send him a hot water bottle and a sledge-hammer; if he doesn't, send him one. Aunt Liz might like a small headstone expressed collect, or a postcard of Niagara Falls sent prepaid. She's lucky to get anything.

And on Christmas don't forget mother. Let the whole family conspire and see that she gets dinner.

A Lot In Four Lines

Ether bottle
Flame too near it
Careless chemist
Now a spirit.



"What care I for the customs of this country?" said the smuggler as he slipped some goods past the inspector.

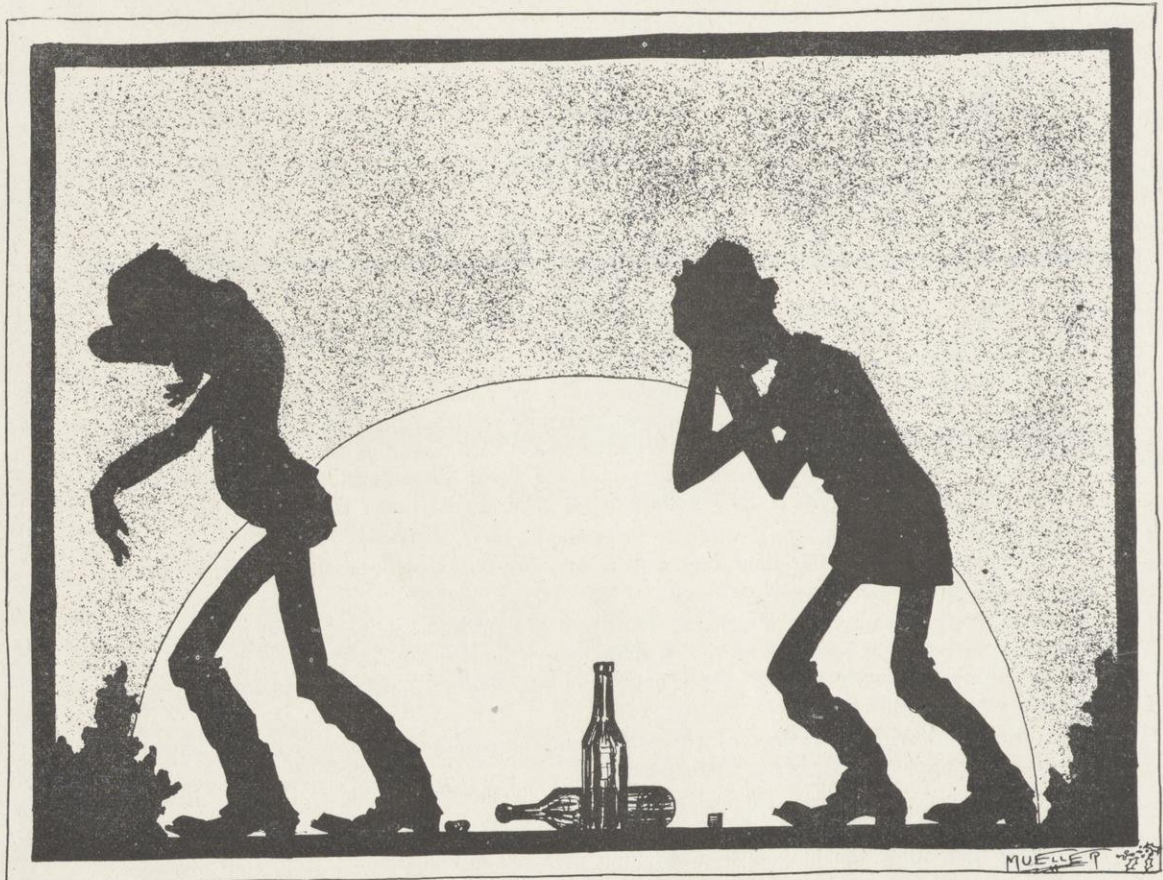


Traveler: Are the students thick around here?
Wise Guy: No, long and thin.



He (inviting a stranger into a game): Do you play square?

Stranger: Naw, I never heard of it.



Dead.

Two in the morning
Mourning for two, at
Two in the morning.



The Sputtagups.

Now Victor Sputtagup horns in.
When he's wound up 'tis found
That he's a record talker.
A crank of note and sound.

He's making light of picking currents
From electric plants.
He's shocked and all exhausted,
But you cannot hear his pants.

Two swallows by another chased,
A Magpie a-la-mode.
He's alarmed about his ankle.
As the snake says, "I'll be blowed."

"Well, I'm spreading out into the world,"
said the man as he tipped the scales at three
hundred.

There is one satisfaction in giving a girl lipstick
for Christmas—you can pick out the flavor you like.

"What's the use," he muttered, looking at
the lingerie display in the window.

The Jokes Meet

"Who are you, stranger?"
"I'm the joke about alarm clocks. I guess you're
in better condition than I am. You're the—the—"
"The loving joke. Yes, I'm as good as ever and
I expect to live from now on. What's the gang
across the street?"

"Those are puns. They aren't good for much
and they don't last long, but there are lots more
where those came from. Now there's Die Dye—"

A long lean individual with a fissured wooden
head sauntered up. This was the Wise Crack.
"Greetings, gentlemen," he said condescendingly,
for he was in the movies. "Do you know any more
jokes?"

"The mother-in-law joke should have been here
before now, but I guess he's down at the vaudeville
show. But who is this?"

A shapeless, worn, beaten, frayed affair dragged
itself up. "Gentlemen," he cried, "I've been done
to death. But I can't be killed," and he laughed
his hoarse laugh. As soon as they smelled his breath
they knew who he was.

The Younger Generation

Dad: Your mother was the first woman I ever
kissed.

Son: Gee, you married young, pop.

It's a wonder Santa Claus would dare come
to Wisconsin with reindeer if he's read the
hunting season casualty list. Should think
he'd be afraid of being potted as a guide.

Panaceas

The freshman: A law against eight o'clocks,
drill, gym.

The junior: Fifteen credits for Appreciation of
Music.

The professor: Classes of 60 per cent Phi Betas
and the rest old maids.

The co-ed: A level campus.

The 2-year-old and the co-ed: Christmas every
day.

Every man: A front room on sorority alley.



"Just What I Wanted!"

Confessions of a Snuff Eater

I distinctly remember that it was a third Sunday of the month when I first indulged in this new habit. It was after I had consumed the better part of three boxes that I fell into a ponderous, if uneasy slumber.

I awoke in a Grecian garden to the soft strains of music, such as might be produced by the soft sweeping of an angel's wings. Music such as emitted by a low fountain, stealing forth in the midst of a garden of roses. The balmy air, the deep blue of the sky, the pinkness of the arbor columns—ah, it was verily a place of untold delights; a terrestrial paradise, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, and vocal with nature's choicest songsters. I had no more than become aware of my surroundings when I became conscious of another presence, and turning I beheld a person such as I imagine would be an excellent Dean of men.

"And who might you be, come hence in thus wise?" he quiered.

And I, being familiar with the Greek by reason of my long standing in with the various fraternities of my Alma Mater, answered him, "I am but one of the common people, come from the new land of the future, to commune with the sages of old in search of a complete understanding of that new and various creature, the 1921 Co-ed.

"Thou hast duly arrived at the proper time, for his Majesty King Pluto is this day among us, and has not many minutes hence lectured on that very subject."

Whereupon the venerable man, sat him down tailor fashion and spake thusly:

"Now it shall come to pass, that when the words of the Prophet Isaiah have been full-filled that the people shall come to recognize, though not to understand, a beautiful tribe of women that will be known as Co-eds. They shall be bobbed of hair, and their cheeks, as men will know, shall be as the soft down that adorns the soft flush of a new ripe peach. You will recognize them in that they will



A Man's Man.

walk abreast when abroad, no matter how numerous they may be at one gathering. Strong men shall give way to them as they float unconcernedly down the street of State. They shall be the despair of young instructors and of the Deans.

"But to answer your question, sir, as to their power and motives I must say that I can not do justice to the theme. For their power shall be a thing more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset, even more so than the ethereal creations of intellectual frost-work on your window pane on the morning of a clear mid-winter day. Like the poles of the earth, she shall repell and attract; like the Epstein theory of relativity, she shall fit nowhere and everywhere. In a word she shall be in withal a most central being, for the little world she moves in shall center about her. She will be a most attractive pivot for the activities of the future. In fact, sir, she shall be so verily in the center of the world she moves in, that the sky, the inverted bowl of Omars, shall come down at exactly the same distance all around her."

The Cub Gets the Dope

He was a joke as a humorist, his oratorical efforts consisted entirely in arguments with his instructors, and his athletic activities were confined to indoor, dark-cornered sports; but for all that the Cub was a bear of a reporter. He had reported everything from movie gossip to bargain basement brawl, and from charitable philanthropists to the more advertised scandals of base-ball, but his great task lay before him—the job of interviewing the Dean.

He tripped over the welcoming door-mat, skidded on a peal of thunder, and rushed head foremost into the musty domicile of the Dean. An odor of tears permeated the air and a faint light came through the barred window.

"Well?" grumbled the gruesome voice, which the Cub recognized as he had had periodic discourse with it in the past.

"I would like an interview, sir."

"Have you a clinic excuse—er—that is, I will be glad to talk to you."

"What is your opinion of the Class Rush?"

"Ah, a ripping sport," retorted the Dean shrugging his eyes in a knowing manner.

"And how do you look upon the one-piece swimming costume of our co-eds?"

"As often as possible and with great fervor," breathed the Dean, a strange light showing in his eyes. Of course," he hastened to add, "my views on this subject are purely a matter of form."

"Are you aware that the Shakespeare Players are going to play Hamlet next Friday?"

"I hope they win," replied the Dean stepping into the breach like a lead nickel into the collection box.

"Can you tell me who wrote 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room'?"

"Was it Dryden?"

"No it was still wet, for there wouldn't have been any bar rooms to write ten nights in."

This latter remark floored the Dean but our Club magnanimously helped his victim to the chair again, closed his mouth and note-book and departed saying,

"I'm sorry, Dean, that I can't give you any more of my valuable time, but I must hurry to the jail and cover an assignment for the Police Gazette."

And he frisked out of the door leaving his absence behind him.



A la Cafeteria

Wonderful Women

When our forefathers bold with their belicose flintlocks, were sniping the pretzels from Hessians' van dykes, their Marys and Jennies had one pair of brogans to cover their dogs as they traveled the pikes.

They sported them cow hides for milking and toddling, Ash Wednesdays and Sundays, for a wedding or fair. And when they wore out after decades of plodding, they butchered a Holstein and had brogues to spare.

And when U. S. Grant was inhaling mint juleps, while the Blues and the Grays were holding their shoot, the Annies and Fannies were spading their tupils with copper toed cow hides, the national boot.

When Dewey was scorching the Spanish tamales, and your pop was a settin' up with your mom, the girls didn't wear satin pumps to the Follies.

They didn't have taxis to ride to a prom. They never wore rubbers to play in the gutter, they made their own stockings which never were rolled.

They sported red flannels and rode in a cutter, and didn't slop moonshine to keep out the cold.

Now our post-bellum Sallies have foot wear galore, pink satins for dancing, green ones for the bath, they trot to the boot shop and buy out the store, and smile when the parent descends in his wrath.

Their clothes are as scanty as African bath robes, their socks cost ten seeds, and they ride

in a coup. They wear varihued bricks hooked onto their ear lobes, and drink raisin hootch to loosen their croup.

As we stand on the corner of State and Marcella with ice in our glims and slush on our feet, we retreat to an alley and hoist our um-



brella when the Minnies and Ginneys come touring the street.

They kick up a spray like the Spanish Armada, a Disturber the 4th or a Crimean squall. And they scatter a wake like a Kansas tornado as they plaster the slush over chimney and wall.

Lamp the post-bellum vamps, their bobbed hair and rolled hose, their naked patellas and docked petticoats, their eyebrows that moult and their calcimined robes. Make way for the ladies they're rocking their boats.

'Tis the lumber jacks' daughters, by-hecks and by-goshes, the Alphas, the Betas, the Deltas, and Gams. They're doing the town in the chauffer's goloshes.

Who told us that Armour had all of the hams?

Uplift Work

Epitaphs in a Student Cemetery

Beneath this tomb

A young life spent
He came to school
To H—I he went.

No wine, no life

The student said
And with them words
He fell down dead.

This youth went home
For Christmas day
He couldn't live
So far away.

'Twas at a dance
That Eppie Pound
Fell in the punch
And so was drowned.

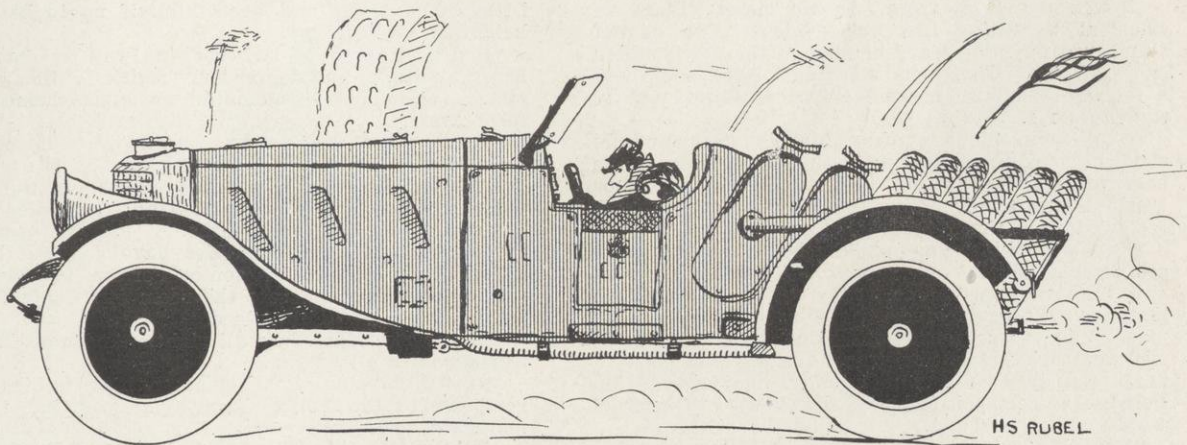
Young Anna Jones
Lived fast and wild
Her last words were
Please save my psychology text
book.

Beneath this sod
Rests Emmy Lou
Peace be to her
Boo Hoo Boo Hoo.

He drove a car
'Til late one night
They missed the bridge
Hence this sad sight.

Here lied the corpse
That once took Greek
But had he lived,
He'd been a freak.

Beneath this tomb
Poor Mary lies
Just like she did
When she had eyes.



HS RUBEL

He: What do you do in dramatics?
She: Oh, I'm the new stage coach. What do you do?
He: Oh, I'm the fast male.

Christmas at the Burgesses



"There ain't gonna be no Santyclaus in this here dump," grunted Battling Burgess, sidestepping a right swing from his wife, and depositing a half-pint of tobacco-juice in the south-east corner of his domicile.

"Pipe down with that line, Unconscious," gently remonstrated his wife, changing her dogs for a drop kick. The kick went wide, landing in the ribs of their three-year old son who was engaged in beating himself in three simultaneous games of chess under the kitchen sink.

"Mother darling, I object to being disturbed in my mental processes. This confusion is abominable," stammered little Axel, whose middle name of Algernon did not improve his dignity as he picked himself and his chess-men out of the garbage pail.

"Shut up! Sub-normal, ain't you been learnt to respect your old lady better?" quietly rebuked Battling Burgess, dropping his guard, whereupon Mrs. Burgess planted a smashing right on the point of the

jaw, putting shy little Battling under the stove for the count.

"Ya will bawl out my sweet little Axel, will ya, ya tin-eared stiff. Maybe there aint no Santyclaus, but

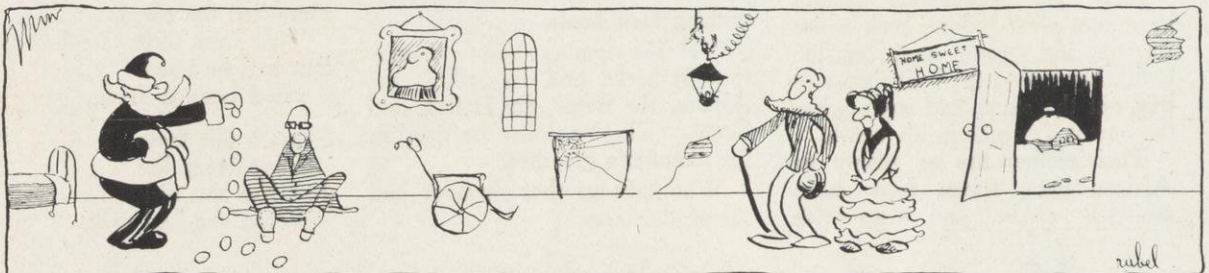
(Santa Claus enters here, with all the conventional trappings.)

"Merry Christmas, my happy people, here are some presents old Santa has brought you this blessed day.

"Here, Papa, are a fine pair of brass knuckles and a nice black-jack. And, Mama, here is a box of bunion protectors that is just what you've been aching for. And now last but not least, here is a present for Axel Algernon. See, Axel, I've brought you Einstein's theory translated into Babylonian slang, and, just think of it, with an introduction by Euripides."

As Santa fades out the door, the Burgess family whisper in chorus . . . "There is a Santyclaus!"

Christmas In Cheerful Creek



It was ten below zero. In the quiet village of Cheerful Creek no life was evident. The hamlet slumbered under a heavy blanket of the newly fallen snow of early Christmas morning. Here and there a lonely, thin wisp of smoke curled timidly out of the chimneys.

It was beneath one of these chimneys that our hero slept, blissfully unconscious of the sad poverty of the bare, cold room around him. Suddenly the door creaked and a pair of gray haired parents entered, red eyed with the night's weeping.

"Purity Perkins, you oughter be ashamed o'yourself; you're gettin' old, you are. T' think you aint able t' get more'n tobacco money out o' the collection plate, so's we could give little Silas a decent Christmas. Why, three years back, when you was spryer, we had turkey for Christmas dinner; you must a made ten dollars in four Sundays that time;" Ma Perkins' voice shook feebly as she shouted these cruel words at her husband.

"Now, Ma, tut! tut! You know my eye sight aint so good as it was then. Thet's why I got all them buttons and slugs out o' the box last Sunday." Purity glowered reproachfully at his old woman, tears formed in his tender, kind-hearted eyes, and, reaching for Silas' bed-quilt, he blew his nose blatantly.

Exposed to the cool balm of winter's icy breath,

little Silas awoke and drew himself up to his full height of six feet.

"Dod gast yer hide, Pa, thet's no way to treat me, I'm a man now and demand my rights." Silas' thin, girl'sh voice shook with emotion as he blasphemed his forebearers.

"There, there, son, we wuz just tryin' to figger out a Christmas fer you. Y' see, yer pa. . .

At these fateful words, Silas whirled to the fire-place and saw his empty stocking. He paled and tottered into his father's arms.

"My son! My son! What have I done? I've killed him," warbled the senior Perkins in agony.

A noise is heard across the room and Santa Claus wriggled out of the fire-place.

"Oh, no my dears, he's all right. And now, Merry Christmas to all of you.

"Purity Perkins, I haven't anything but a subscription to the Police Gazette for you, but that's enough at your age.

"Ma Perkins, I have a dozen china eggs for you, or rather for your hens.

"And now Silas, here's that suit of clothes with the high-water pants and a celluloid collar and red neck tie."

He squirms into the chimney to the tune of "There is a Santyclaus!"

The Passing of the Gambler

The big gambler is rapidly passing. The more rapidly he passes the more he makes. I lost a ten spot in three passes last night. I can't pass a gambler without passing with him. In Eagle Pass I passed some past-masters of passing and after five passes I passed them three eagles and passed out cold.

I can't seem to pasify my passion for passing and every time I perceive passing I positively can't placate my impassible passion for the passing pastime.

Gambling must go. It must otherwise become slow and everybody drops out of the game. All rational citizens will agree with me that it has come to pass that the past-masters of passing are rapidly passing, therein lies their livelihood. "Qui nunc huic huius" which means in the words of Buffalo Bill "Know when to quit," or as Tolstoi so aptly put it, "Shvenoff rzytsky mutzhaska riskie pboff gambling-offsky." or

"Mr. Pip Pass 'em by."

What Happened When—

Happy Harry drove a flivver
Carelessly throughout the country
Carelessly he hit a pussy
Hit a large, whited, striped, black tabby.
What he thought it was it wasn't.
* * * * *

Thursday morn they buried Henry.

Says the history professor: The settlers did
not use wagons---they came on horse-back and
on foot, carrying cattle.

Might Be Useful

Eke: I told that frosh room-mate to get me a
time-table for next semester.

Deke: Well?

Eke: He gave me one the other day labeled "C.
& N. W."

Some of these short-skirt jokes go a little
too far!

The Creed of a Frosh

When ice cream grows on cherry trees,
And Sahara's sands grow muddy,
When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.s
That's when I like to study.

Right Survives

Yegg re-entered
Safe was blown.
Now he's busy
Breaking stone.

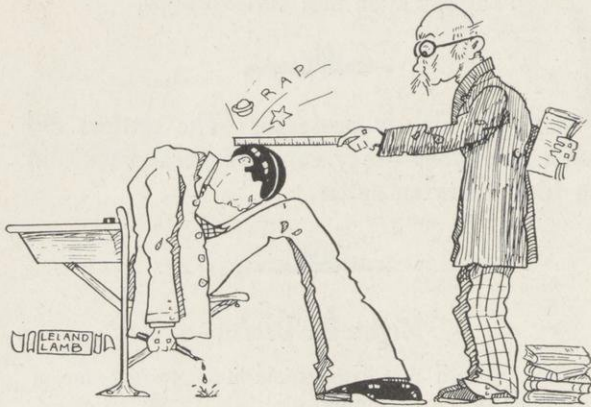
A Mr. Barnes in Ohio has married a Miss
Hays. What will the harvest be?



A Serenade Outdoors
(Action and Reaction)

Octy's High School Page

All Contributions to High School Page Should be Addressed to High School Editor.



Wrapt in Slumber.

Frosh: Faint heart never won fair lady.
Senior: Well, who wants a blond anyway?
—Roy De J.—Tomah

Engineering Professor giving out assignment, "Tomorrow we will take the next three of these dam problems."

History Prof.: What was made in Athens that made the city famous?

Student: Athena underwear.
E. Wineland—Jefferson

Mathias On Deck

Mathias stood on the burning deck,
His arms around her neck.
The flames grew up around his chin,
But all he did was sit and grin.
—Marshfield

Sarrie: What foreign language are you taking?
Larry: Shorthand.

—Robert Lewin—Berlin

Said an aching tooth to his neighbor, "I'll try and get a pull with the dentist."

Frosh: Hey, you had Latin last year.
Soph: The faculty encored me.
—C. Haberman—Jefferson

Novel Christmas Gifts

For Grandpa: A genuine camel hair muffler for his jitney.

For Grandma: Glasses, (choice, depending).

For Dad: Flash light, for cellar use.

For Mother: Device to cut her work in two, (give two).

For Sister: Silk stockings with luminous clocks.

For Brother: Twelve inch cigarette holder, (to keep him away from tobacco).

For Baby: A Holstein cow.

For Sweetheart: A tennis racket (to improve her love game).

For Fiance: Anything he can hock.

For Bald Uncle: Set of military hair brushes.

For Rich Aunt: Colt 45 (or anything else dangerous).

For Old Maid Friend: Bachelor's buttons.

For one armed butler: A finger nail clipper.

For the unmarried cook: A salt seller (traveling).

For any one else: Regards.



His Private Stock.



*Friendship and Personality Find
Expression in Dainty
Christmas Gifts*

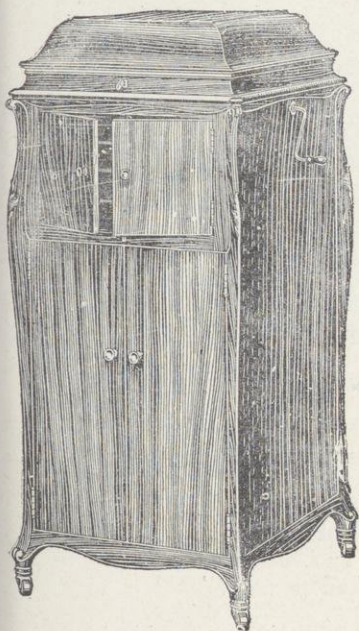


Two thousand years ago, exquisite tributes—expressions of Personality and Love from the Wisemen—were laid before the Child in the Manger.

Today, dainty tokens portray the personality and friendship of the College Girl. Tiny rosebuds on silken powder cases, blue and gold cutex boxes, frivolous powder bags are messengers of Yuletide friendship.

Such charm and originality characterize SIMPSON'S Christmas novelties.

Simpson's



take home Victor Records

other Christmas Suggestions—

a Victrola—from 25.⁰⁰ to 350.⁰⁰

—terms to suit your convenience

a Christmas Gift Certificate

—enabling the recipient to choose their own records or other merchandise.

a Ukelele—a Harmonica

—and many other musical instruments

UNIVERSITY MUSIC SHOP, Inc.

508 STATE (AT THE CO-OP)

PHONE BADGER 2720

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS---OTHER EVENINGS BY APPOINTMENT



Black Hawk Riding Academy

1019 Conklin Place
FOR APPOINTMENT CALL
BADGER 6452

Christmas Suggestions

GIFTS THAT LAST

Wrist Watches

Cuff Links

Silverware

Belt Buckles

Mesh Bags

A. E. Lamboley

Jeweler

220 State Street

Prices on
STETSON HATS
for FALL
averaging
25% lower
than last year



Stetson has always taken particular pride in college men's un-failing approval of Stetson style.

A critical clientele, and one whose influence makes itself felt far beyond the campus.

Stetson Style
Stetson Quality
Stetson Money's Worth
The same today as for
56 years assured
by the
Stetson Quality Mark
in Every Hat

STETSON HATS

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Octy's Department of Fine Arts

An exquisite piece of oil handling is found in the new canvas by Gosh, the eminent canvasser. The picture is called "Kenosha at Nine P. M." and the emptiness of the vast void almost approaches post-impressionism. Only one or two stray bootleggers can be seen down the long street, while in the foreground is a policeman bargaining for some of the *eau de vie*. There is a liquor ring around the moon, and as my friend Clemenceau so aptly put it. "It ees a picture."

MUSIC

The musical season was opened last night in a *umblasse de miracle*. Herr Tonnik, V. K., F. O. B., B. V. D., C. & N. W. gave a delicious violin recital last night. One of the best and most noticable things of the evening was Mrs. Lizzie McQuirkle who wore a Persian *noir robe d'nuit*, and the famous McQuirkle diadem in her hair. The evening was a great success despite the fact that Mrs. Schuyler-Fritter was there. Although Herr Tonnik's violin did not arrive, the evening was a gala affair, and as Mrs. Ribish put it, "We were in no mood for muisc any-way."

LITERATURE

"The "Shriek" a story of the burning sands of Sahara reeks with the beauty of the Moslem. The book is the story of a daring young girl who doesn't want to be married the worst way. She is captured by a desert pirate, who after he sees her face gives her to Mahmed Alhum and makes him marry her. Later they find that they were classmates in correspondence school, class of '20, in Milwaukee and she lives happily ever after.



A "boor" is the guy that talks so much about himself that you don't get a chance to talk about yourself.



Minnie, Ha! Ha!

Minnie was knitting a silken scarf
To give to her lover Fred,
And as she knitted an angel appeared
And said that her lover was dead.

She took on fierce and tore her hair
And broke her looking glass
"What will I get on Christmas morn,
Since Freddie had to pass?"

She wept, she moaned, she got on black,
A wretched child was she.
"Who shall I go to Prom with now?
How luckless I do be."

But Freddie hadn't passed at all.
Her dream—a Freudian fake
She'd had a deadly stifled wish
When he wanted to walk round the lake.

Ode to a Petticoat.

1911

Forbidden word to mouth of man;
 A cause for blush when maidens scan
 Below some sister's over clothes,
 A careless inch of silk exposed,
 Of petticoat.

1921

Forgotten article of dress,
 Or worn by prudish girls at best,
 A remnant of a modest day;
 Discarded now by young and gay,
 The petticoat.



Octy sez, "Only the Lord can understand
 women and he won't translate."



Innocence

He: What's the difference between a kiss and a
 Green River?

She: I don't know, I've never had a Green
 River.



"Why did you sell your vote for five dol-
 lars?"

"Oh, a li'l political economy, judge."

SAY

"MERRY CHRISTMAS DAD"

with a

RIDER MASTERPEN

Then He Will Know You Mean It.

ASK TO SEE THIS FAMOUS PEN AT

RIDER'S PEN SHOP

THE HOME OF THE RIDER MASTERPEN

527 State Street

J. M. Rider, '23, Prop.

BILLIARDS — POOL

The Newest and Latest Equipment

10 BRUNSWICK-BALK, BIL- **10**
 LIARD AND POCKET BIL-
 LIARD TABLES.

PERFECT VENTILATION

CAMEL

613 UNIVERSITY

BETWEEN LAKE AND FRANCES

SODA FOUNTAIN

Where we mix the delicious Thompson's

HEMO—"Better than Malted Milk."

CIGARS AND CIGARETTES

POOL — BILLIARDS

Patronize Advertisers

M. & A. MARKET

TO OUR MANY PATRONS:

We wish you a Merry Christmas
and A Happy New Year

621 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

B. 7759

MONTAGUE & ARTNER

Home Cooking

AT

University "Y" Cafeteria

740 LANGDON STREET

LUDACHKA SISTERS, Managers.

HEILMAN BAKING CO.

Our products are
made from the
highest grade
Minnesota flour

121-123 EAST MAIN ST.

BADGER 1109



'Twas the night before check day,
And all through my jeans
I hunted in vain
For the price of some beans.
Not a quarter was stirring,
Not even a jit.
My kale was off duty,
Milled-edges had quit.
Turn forward, turn forward
O Time, in thy flight.
Make it to-morrow
Just for to-night!



"That guy is well heeled," said the rube as
he gazed at the man with cowboy boots on.



Trixie Economizes

"We didn't have any mistletoe in our house this
year," said Trixie, the super-vamp.

"Why not?" inquired the young and green frosh
from across the hall.

"Well, we were cutting down on non-essentials,"
yawned Trixie, "and we had a brand new daven-
port, and we thought we really didn't need mistletoe."



"There's a great field for this," said the
bug-catcher running across the meadow.

Octy sez, "Think how in later years you can throw on the dog telling your grandchildren that when in college you were invited out by the dean."



A Christmas Greeting

Scene: A street in any town in the U. S.

Time: Christmas morning.

Enter two men under the influence of Christmas spirits. They shake hands, and remain standing with clasped hands.

The first man: "Merry Christmas!"

The second man: "Merry Christmas!"

And there they stand, hand in hand, looking into each others eyes and wondering—which is going to supply the first drink!

Curtain.



A wife on hand is worth two on a vacation—
let the married men speak up.



A Poignant Surprise

He: What do you want for Xmas?

She: Oh, a Rolls-Royce, a platinum wrist watch, a seal skin, a diamond solitaire, and a few other trifles,—but don't tell me what you are planning on, I want to be surprised.

He: (Getting his second wind): Don't worry about that, you'll be surprised all right.



He: Betty, let's take a course to-gether.

She: How about Transportation?

He: I was thinking of Steam and Gas.



Knabe

*A tone of rich warmth
that is an indispensable
support to the voice*

FORBES-MEAGHER MUSIC CO.

27 W. Main

Martha Washington CANDIES

They melt in your mouth. Those luscious, creamy centers, covered by just the correct flavored chocolate, make up a box to suit the most particular.

An ideal Christmas gift

85 cents to 5 dollars

Lewis Drug Store

Prescriptions a Specialty

Christmas Greetings

Madison Packing Company

WHOLESALE MEATS

Packers and Curers of Hams, Bacon and Lard

B. 4920

307 W. Johnson Street

Tasty steaks, sandwiches, pies,
salads, sundaes and sodas are
neatly and inexpensively
served at

Frank's Restaurant

CANDY— An Appropriate Gift

"What shall I give" is the popular expression about now. There is nothing more appropriate than delicious candy for mother, sister, sweetheart, or friend.

And then may we suggest

KEELEY'S
OLD FASHIONED
CHOCOLATES

The richest candy in all the world

POUND BOX AT FIFTY CENTS

On Sale at Madison Candy Stores



He: Wouldn't it be funny?

She: What?

He: If they didn't put a "He-and-She" joke below this picture.



More Darned Fun!

It's fine to room with a crazy man,
For he furnishes fun whenever he can.
He puts red pepper in your pipe,
And eats sardines the holdam night;
Gets up at six, and catches frogs,
And takes cold baths, and dances clogs;
Gets lots of "Goods" and walks around
With his feet in the air and hands on the ground;
Wears ice-cream pants with a fur-lined coat,
And butts with his head like a billy-goat;
Smokes Beech-nut pills and carries a cane,
And likes to inquire: "Has the window-pane?"
I tell my friends whenever I can,
"Its fine to room with a crazy man!"



"Fleeced again," said the student, as he
searched in vain for his sheepskin.



She: Have you ever been bitten by a horse?
He: No but I've had connections with the other
end.

Letterature

Dear Famblly—

It may seem decidedly queer, that this is the first time I've written this year, but a sophomore's importance a college is such that his time is all taken with things that are much more absorbing and weighty so choke down your ire, if I get sick my roommate will send you a wire.

Education has surely worked wonders for me and I learned more last year than I would have in three if I'd stuck around home and milked cows and pitched hay and herded a plow or a harrow each day. My clothes are the height of perfection, my poise, is the envy of all the fraternity boys. My ties are all built with the proper width stripe, there's a beautiful cake in my "twenty four" pipe; my ginger bread low cuts are heavy and wide, I have bell bottom trou and a college boy stride. My collars are low and my tie knots are small and my hair is so slick that the flies skid and fall when they try to repose on that glistening mop, and like flies, all the co-eds are taking a flop. I carry a club when I walk down the street; to keep off the swarms of fair damsels I meet.

My dancing's conceded to be superfine, I'm so much in demand that the girls stand in line, refusing the others and taking a chance that I'll ankle up and take bids for a dance. When I've copped off a queen and we ooze round the floor she will lapse into French and coo "je vous adore."

On Homecoming night I was sure going strong—there were two or three other good drinkers along—From the very first snort it was easy to see that the prize would eventually go home with me. At two in the morning my playmates checked in, so I massacred all that remained of the gin, drank a full pint of port wine and called it a day,—wrote a thousand word theme and crawled into the hay.

Of my many accomplishments these are but few, yet I hope that the letter will carry to you some conception of what college training has done, for me.

I remain,

Your Affectionate Son.



Jessie: What is the price of a dress shirt?
James: Pretty stiff.

Thuringer Garbutt Co.

430 STATE STREET

December Sale of Toys, Games, Dolls, Novelties

You will find it well worth while to visit our store during the holiday season.

Thuringer Garbutt Co.

Many Unusual and Attractive
Lines of Gift Novelties to
Choose from at

The Unique Shop

STATE AND DAYTON

Pick
Your
Own
Xmas
Present



In your next letter home, tell your parents the need of a typewriter in your school work,—especially a style like the

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

Easy
terms
can be
arranged.

which has a standard keyboard—no shifting for figures. And hint that it would make an ideal Christmas present to you.

Remington Typewriter Co.

501 Bank of Wisconsin Building.

Badger 940

Coats, Suits, Waists, Dresses and Skirts

At Reduced Prices.

Woldenberg's Cloak Corner

The Irving Cafeteria

419 STERLING PLACE

A desirable place to Eat
where only the best is served

F. R. FULLER, Proprietor

Ask Santa Claus to Bring You

A KODAK For Christmas

There is no gift that can give
you so much real joy and satis-
faction for now and all the
years to come.

Vest Pocket Kodaks and all
larger models.

The Photoart House

WM. J. MEUER, President

Enlarging — For Christmas — Framing



Fido

"How do you like my new fur coat?"
The co-ed sweetly said.
"It sure looks doggy," murmured he.
And now she cuts him dead.



Debates

Have you ever attended one of those contests called debates, where the Shootthebullia Debating Club and the Fullawindia Literary Society try to decide the question, "Resolved, that the U. S. should undertake to extensively cultivate the milk-weed in order to augment the present supply of condensed milk?"

Each side starts out very politely and calls the other side "worthy opponents" but before they get through they call them more vile and suggestive epithets than are heard even at girls' basketball games.

And then they commence giving authorities. "Oscar Nositt says this on page 65,781 of the Sunday School Times," or "I found this in the Encyclopedia Britannica, page 6478, canto 21."

Not to be outdone, the other side comes back with Webster's Dictionary or the Bible. As no one has ever read the latter, the point goes undisputed.

So on—until the rebuttals, when each side has the chance to call the other "liars," "thieves," or anything just so they use polite language. The side which is able to call the worst names usually wins.

Telephone Lines

(Statistics prepared by the class in English Conversation)

—Women—

1. "I'll have to break that date; you see my aunt (1), mother (2), friend (142) just dropped in and I have to entertain her. I'm awfully sorry (256)."
2. "I think I can go; did you say for dinner (322)?"
3. "'You never speak to me when I see you on the street (12), on the street-car (18), in your car (118)'"
4. "He's awfully slick (228), attractive (204), cute (169), scarcastic (342), conceited (495)."
"He's a dear (780)."
5. "That's a good line (144); that's what they all say (427); that's just what you told my roommate last week (961)."

—Men—

1. "I'll see you at church (1), at my eight o'clock (2), Monday (2), Saturday night (643)."
2. "Say, man, we've got some stuff lined up (50), some bonded stuff (2), some grape wine (4), some moonshine (44). Do you know where I can get a quart (1,190)?"
3. "I've been trying to get you for two weeks (127), but the phone was out of order (10), but the line was busy (110)."
4. "Is this the repair shop? When will my car be fixed (3)? When will my shoes be fixed (937)?"
5. "How did you make out in Accounting (356); I hit it hard (1), fairly well (6), missed the last question (21), missed all the questions (121), didn't go (298)."



Grump: I'm only a pebble in her life.
Aristotle: Well why don't you try being a little boulder.



For a large variety of
**New and Clever
Gifts
for Christmas**

Come to

**Gamm
Jewelry Co.**

9 W. Main Street

New York Floral Co.

Flowers as Christmas Gifts—always appropriate.

Telegraph service anywhere. Leave your order with us now.

"Say It With Flowers"

CORNER MIFFLIN AND CARROLL

BADGER 476

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Candies---

Brand new candies of all kinds, in attractive gift boxes, including the famous WHITMAN'S Chocolates and JACOB'S New Orleans candy.

Toilet Goods---

The best of their kind, among them COTY'S imported perfumes, toilet water, and powders.

The University Pharmacy
STATE AND LAKE

C. W. ANDERSEN

JEWELER

"Gifts That Last"

*You will find gifts of permanent value
here that are sure to please.*

Come in for suggestions.

124 STATE STREET

SATISFACTION---

Clothes returned spotlessly clean, fault-
lessly ironed—fresh and handsome as the
day you bought them.

Special rates on laundry brought and
called for.

Madison Steam Laundry

429 State.

Fairchild 530

The "Different" Gifts are those from Netherwood's

Here you'll find boxed stationery of Whiting's and
Crane's—boxed novelty gifts and innumerable
other gift suggestions.

Thousands of Greeting Cards for Selection, now

NETHERWOOD'S

519 STATE STREET

Sumner & Cramton

CANDIES, DRUGS AND PHOTO
SUPPLIES

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR DEVELOPING
PRINTING AND ENLARGING

670 STATE STREET

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Telephone Conversations

The K. O. Discouraging the Dumbell

"Yes this is she. And who's the naughty man I'm
talking to?"

"Oh, I just couldn't guess—I'd be sure to be
wrong, and then I would feel terribly."

"Aren't you mean? Well I won't guess your
name, but I guess that you are big and handsome with
such lovely eyes and herringbone suit, and you are a
wonderful dancer and are going to ask me to a formal
real soon. Now just tell me who it is or we won't
play anymore."

"Bill Jones!!! Well!! This is certainly a sur-
prise."

"Of course I'm busy all this week-end."

"Wednesday night I have to study for an exam,
I just couldn't go out then."

"Yes, just about every night and the nights I don't
study I go to meetings."

"Yes, I am busy that week-end too, anyway I
don't want to make a date three weeks in advance,
it would be too much trouble to remember it."

"No really I can't. Pardon me but I must go to
the door. Good-bye."



An Impossible and a Semi-Eligible

"Hello."

"Oh, just fine, how are you?"

"Well, that's nice. Awfully bum weather, isn't
it?"

"Did you see her? She's a dumbell."

"Well, that's a fine thing to say of me."

"No, I'm bored to tears."

"I'll have to do some papers or some thing to keep
me busy."

"Of course I'm not short of dates—well I should
say not!"

"Oh, my dear. I'm busy tonight and Saturday
nights—if you had only called up sooner. You know
I'd rather go out with you."

"Well, George, I don't know—"

"Wait a minute—don't be in such a hurry. I
guess I can get out of the other date all right."

"Fine. See you soon George. Good-bye."



In the game of life it is preferable that the
"steaks" be not high but large and juicy.



Two Of A Kind

Pan: Will you take a blind date?

Cake: I hate to, he might be a nut.

Pan: You can stand it for once, you'll never see
him again anyway.



She: Why is it that all the boy's ties are so
poorly tied?

He: They're all tied by the same fellow.

Two Great Women in History

Teacher: Johnie, name two great women in history.

Johnie: Don't know.

Teacher: Yes you do. Think of the pictures on the wall at home. Think of the big posters gotten out during the war.

Johnie: Joan of Arc.

Teacher: Now that's it, think of some picture on the wall at home.

Johnie: Oh, yes. Joan of Arc and September Morn.



"I'm all bald up!" said the hairless business man looking in the mirror.



Briber

"I don't see how you keep from falling."

"Oh, I slipped the sidewalk a little something last Christmas."



"What do you think of this California weather?"
"Great, only yesterday I picked up two lemons."



Abbreviations

- C. P. Conglomerated penance.
- Dr. Delivers results.
- D. D. Dirty devils.
- Mr. Minus rib.
- U. W. Out withem.
- Prof. Proves rational over females.
- C. O. D. Can't offend driver.
- B. A. Ballast added.
- M. A. More added.
- Ph. D. Final decadence.



We'd All Qualify

Ag: You certainly cut an awful lot.

Medic: That's part of my future profession.



Wise Old Boy

Fred: What's the idea of the smoked glasses, old man?

Ned: Safety first; I've got a blind date tonight.

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She: Really, Imogene is dear.
He: Don't I know it!



Absent-minded one: What's the score?
Knowing one: Seven to seven.
Absent-minded one: In favor of whom?



A Tragedy

By Adam Lyre

(A grave digger, a professor, and a student are sitting about a dimly lighted stage)

Prof.: Your exam is tomorrow.

Student: Will I pass?

Prof.: Either that or—

Grave digger: I get a job.

Stude: What are you going to ask?

Prof. Everything.

Grave digger: Our price is ten dollars for every five feet.

(Enter ghost)

(Exit two ghosts)



What became of the audience when the speaker took the floor?



L. and S. Grad—I understand Jones is selling fire insurance now in Wisconsin.

Commerce Grad—Every Commerce student ought to be interested in his line. I've been fired myself eight times since I graduated.



It All Depends

She (looking at a pair of golf socks in a men's furnishing store): Don't you think they'll be too short?

He: That's according.

She: Yes, to your point of view.

Harold: That soprano had a very large repertoire.

Maggie: Ain't it the truth now! And since you mention it I think her dress only made it look worse.

—Purple Cow



"I've called full twenty times," said he,
Your stoney heart to soften."

"I'm shocked to hear," responded she,
That you've been full so often."

—Orange Peel



Flapper Song

Delta Kappa Epsilon,
Kappa Gamma Mu,
Pearl pins, gold pins,
Pins enameled blue—
Chi Psi, Delta Phi,
Delta Sigma Nu,
Tea time, toddle time,
Taxicabs for two.

—Life



Insidious Phidous

There was a young sculptor named Phidias,
Whose wife was so fearfully hideous
That he sculpted Aphrodite
Without any nighty,
And shocked the ultra-fastidious.

—Tiger



"What only one undertaker in
this town?"

"Yeh, the stiff competition
drove out the others.

—Purple Cow



"'Tis passing strange," says the literary youth, as
his companion seventhed for the seventh time.

—Showme



He finished reading the note and swooned.
His wife had run off with his last bottle of Old
Kentucky.

—Frvol

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The sailor still will have his port,
The farmer have his rye.
The cotton still will have its gin,
The seacoast have its bar,
And each of us will have a bier,
No matter where we are.

—Punch Bowl



A cross eyed girl may be virtuous but she doesn't
look straight.

—Froth



What Had Mamma Arranged?

It was at Christmas, and he had been calling on
her twice a week for six months, but had not pro-
posed.

"Ethel," he said, "I—er—am going to ask you
an important question."

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden!
Why I—"

"No, excuse me," he interrupted; "what I want
to ask is this: What date have you and your mother
decided upon for our wedding?"

—Mugwump.



"Have you an oil painting of John D. Rockefel-
ler?" queried the librarian of the shopkeeper.

"No, ma'am, no one has. He has never been
done in oil."

—Drexer.



One Foot Up

Judge: You were present when this fight started?

Mandy: Yessah.

Judge: And you got cut in the fracas?

Mandy: Nossuh, Ah got cut in the arm.

—Sun Dodger.



My son, he playa da polo,

He vera fine player, he said;

He maka da wonderful goalo

By hitting da ball wit' his head.

Da captain, he maka objection;

He calla him "bigga da stiff!"

If my boy had da righta direction

When he hitta, why, wotta da diff?

—Record.



"I'll raise you two," said the wealthy lady to the
orphans.

—Yale Record.

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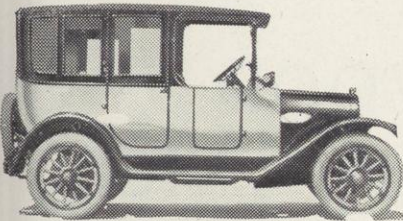
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Not Now

She: I thought you were on the square.

He: I used to be, but I've been knocking around quite a bit.

—Jack O'Lantern



"My good man, you had better take the trolley car home.

"Shs' No Use! Ma wouldn't let me—hic—keep it in the house.

—Banter



No Need of Worry

Insulted Maiden: Oh, sir, catch that man! He tried to kiss me!

Genial passer-by: That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute.

—Purple Cow



Office Boy: Mr. Smith, I heard Mr. Louder say that he was going to get you a box of cigars for your birthday.

Mr. Smith: Well.

Office Boy: Here's a box of matches.

—Froth



Just As Helpful

Sorority Sister: Have you ever read Kant?

Rushee: No, but I've read "Don't—For Young Girls."

—Gargoyl



First Souse: Haw! Haw! Thasha good joke on you.

Second Souse: Washa good joke?

Number One: Thash not your hat yer sitten' on. 'Smine.

—Sun Dodger



Thassal

He: What would you do if I kissed you?

She: How do I know? You konw perfectly well that I haven't read the latest college comics."

—Jack O'Lantern

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