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Octopus: Merry Christmas. Vol. 4, No. 3 December, 1922

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Octopus



The proof is in the pudding.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The Long and The Short of It



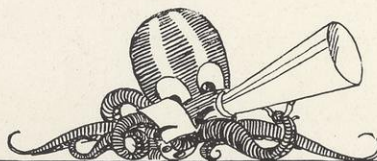
Long: How did you get that heavy drag with that girl?

Short: Nothing to it. I just subscribed for Octy last Christmas and now she gets a reminder of my thoughtfulness every month.

Dear Octy:

(Union Bldg.)

I'd like to have a dra
too. Here's my \$1.50 an
here's the name:



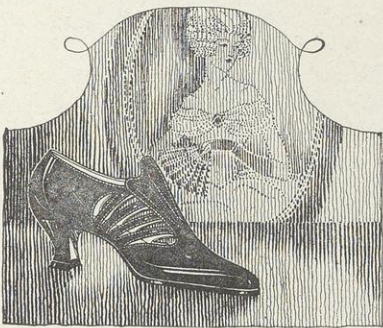
E.L.T.

Muriel: What a lovely little cluster of flowers—and such a Christmasy box. Where did you find it?

Annette: I bought this at Manchester's. In fact I've done most of my Christmas shopping there—ear rings for sis, a silk lounging robe for mother, darling lingerie pins for Louise and Hariette, some toys for my little nephew, and a dream of a necklace for Aunt Flossie. And now—I won't have a single Christmas shopping worry when I get home!

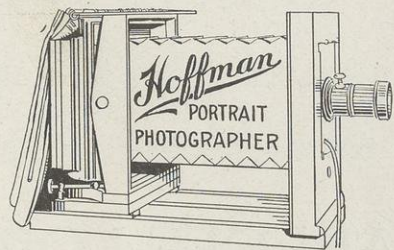


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STORES
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This Christmas

your photograph—the only gift that only you can make.

And now is the time to phone *Badger* 286 for an appointment.

The Hoffman Studio
125 State



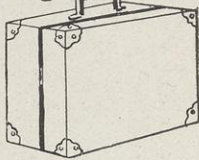
*Chip in with your
room-mates*

And Buy This
PORTABLE

Victor-Victrola

\$5.00

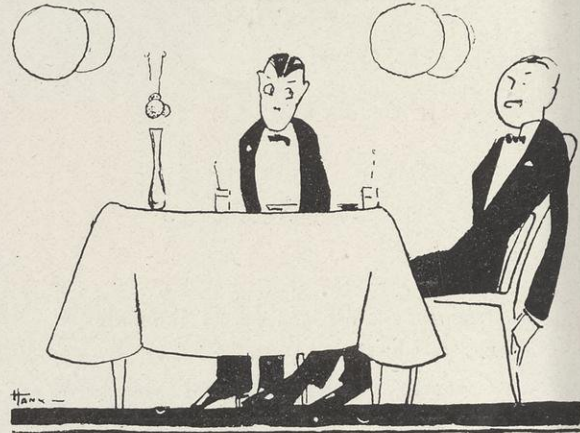
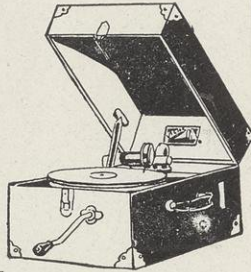
per month



Pays for it and a selection of the latest records.
It will liven up your room

**Forbes-
Meagher
Music Co.**

27 W. Main



"I see where they caught that notorious
cafe' robber."

"What cafe' did he run?"

The Woim Toins

Sweet lady you have jilted me,
You've left me gasping in your wake,
While you go touring o'er life's sea
In search of hearts to break,
But even though we now are through,
I still retain some thoughts of you.

I wander from the city's grind
And roam through woods and pastures wide,
As thoughts of you o'er flow my mind,
I fain would have you by my side.
'Tis my desire that you should see
The things that bring those thoughts to me.

A shiedpoke ruffled, old, and lame,
In search of fish along the brook,
Reminds me of your stately frame
The way you used to walk and look.
Your clothes were never up to date,
And I abhorred your gouty gait.

Tobacco plants hung up to cure,
Crumpled and dry below the eaves,
Reminds me of your brown coiffure,
You used to bob it I believe.
No longer must I grin and bear,
Your unkempt, snarely, hennad hair.

The goslings strutting 'round the farms,
With arms akimbo as they toddle,
Bring to my mind your freckled arms,
And also how you used to toddle.
Although I did admire your face,
Your feet were quite too large for grace.

Ah yes, 'tis strange but still 'tis true,
That when I wander through the sticks,
I can not help but think of you,
My silo siren of the hicks.
I really wish that you could see,
The things that are reminding me.

OTTO HARLOFF

KARL LOPRICH

HARLOFF-LOPRICH
Electric Company

Contracting and Electrical Supplies

Cor. State and Frances Sts.
Badger 1906

MADISON, WIS.

Going Up

"I beat a prof. up today."
"How's 'at?"
"Passed him on the hill."

—Dodo.



(After the ride): "I think you ought to apologize for that frightful slip you made, Helen."
"Fooled you again—I bought this one."

—Dodo.



A Lesson

History Prof.: What does the reign of King Charles teach us?

Freshman: Not to lose our heads in moments of excitement.

—Tiger.



In a Tippy Canoe

He (as canoe rocks): Don't be afraid—we're only ten feet from land.

She (looking around): Where is it?

He: Underneath us!

—Chapparel.



Just Talking

He: I hear that you were entertaining James the other evening.

She: No; we were just talking over old times.

—Punch Bowl.



St. Bad

At a ball, a young man from St. John Wildly gasped, "My suspender St. Ohn."

But his partner replied

In a nervous "aside,"

"Don't worry, your trousers St. Gohn."

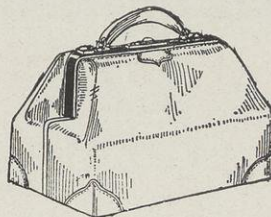
—Flamingo



"Shay's that big, round thing up there the moon?"

"Shearch me. Don't (hic) live around here."

—Phoenix.



Get That Bag

—to use this Christmas.

Luggage is a permanent necessity. The scope of activity of the modern person's life is widened to an extent that travelling equipment is more than a handy possession—a necessity.

What is more suitable as a Christmas gift.

Pleasant surprises—Oriental novelties that are new.

Madison Leather Goods Co.

516 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



It's Real Fun to Shop For Christmas at Karstens

It's easy to find just the right gift for HIM at this great new store. On every hand are hundreds of suggestions. Things HE can wear, put right on, enjoy and find comfort in.

If you asked him he'd say by all means go to

KARSTENS

"The Women's Favorite Men's Gift Store"

22-24 N. Carroll St.

Ask Your Grocer

for

Heilmann's Homaid Bread

2 for 15c

Guaranteed to be as pure as
your home made



"Why do they call him Morris?"
"Because he's such a supreme ham."



News Story In Kokomo Gazoop-Galooop

This was picked up in the journalism lab.—*Editor.*

Rome, Georgia, Dec. 15, midnight—(Via Gazoop-Galooop wireless by special correspondent exclusively for Gazoop-Galooop, copyrighted Gazoop-Galooop domestic news bureau)—An unfortunate accident which might have resulted in the death of several persons and the etaoim shrdlu kissed persons and the death of many more was narrowly averted here today when a narrowly averted here today when a saloonkeeper, Isadore Wright Openn, 1589432075 West Ninety-Fifth street, threw water in the faces of two prohibition agnts. This made them angry, at the point of revolvers later on. itissaid, and they arrested Navy kicked off in the fourth quarter and Barchet returned four with David al though no harm tacklers hanging to his new jersey. was done to the agents who are from the office of State Deputy Prohibition ComMissioner of the Seventh District Smith.



Overlooked

First Goof: Did you notice what Alice had on at the party last night?

Second Goof: No, I didn't have time.

—*Humbug.*

Eggstravaganz

Ike: Say, Yacob, for vy don't you wash your face? I can tell you vat you had for breakfast this morning.

Yacob: Vell, smarty, vat did I haf for breakfast dis morning?

Ike: You had egg for breakfast dis morning.

Yacob: Ah ha. I fooled you. I had egg yesterday morning.

—Sun Dodger.



Mary's Calf

My Mary has a little calf,

It's round and smooth and plump and full;

And now, dear reader, time to laugh—

Its father was a Holstein Bull.

—Whirlwind.



Height of Modesty

First Harvard Student: I think Terrence is the most modest man I ever knew.

Second Wise Crack: How's that?

First H. S.: Why, his girl called him on the phone this morning, and he wouldn't answer because he was in his pajamas.

—Van Doo.



The Last Straw Might Break the Horse's Neck

Livery man to co-ed who has been horseback riding: "Would you mind stepping back so the horse can't see you?"

"I don't mind, but I don't see the reason."

"Well, if the horse sees what it has been carrying around all afternoon for two dollars, I'm afraid she'll drop dead."

—Sun Dial.



A Difficulty

She: They said, to be a Fi Bata, I had to drink a pint of whiskey and moo like a cow.

He: Well, what are you crying about?

She: I can't m-moo.

—Moonshine.



"Is your father home, little boy?"

"No, he ain't been home since maw caught Santy kissing the cook."

We Like Octy and We Like Octy's Readers

That's why we appear inside this wooden border each month.

We enjoy keeping in close touch with University men and women.

YAWKEY • LUMBER CO

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— TWO YARDS —

801 E. Washington Ave. Camp Randall

RECORDS FOR CHRISTMAS

Flood the home with bright and cherry music and make it a merry Christmas.

Records are easily carried, so come in today and select a set of records which will please mother and dad. You can slip them into your grip when you go home.

We have practically every Brunswick and Victor record listed in the catalog.

Albert E. Smith

Since 1905—215 State St.

For Christmas--

Take home
a box
of

Seckmeyer's

Chocolates

Aristocrat
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\$1.25 Boxes

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Community
One Pound

Your Choice of Four
Milk and Bitter Sweets
Coated Creams and Hard Centers

The Chocolates That Please



CHRISTMAS IS ALMOST HERE

No better gift can you choose
than a box of our most delicious
candies.

Remember Everyone Likes Candy.

And there are a myriad of dainty
flavors and novelties.

The Chocolate Shop
"The home of the Hot Fudge"

Handy To The Campus

Being right in the center of the student district, The Branch Bank of Wisconsin has naturally become the student's banking headquarters. This is proven by the enormous number of student accounts we carry.

Student business managers will find it most convenient to do their banking here. In addition, to being so close to the campus we can aid you because we appreciate your problems. Talk it over with us.

Branch Bank Of Wisconsin

State at Gilman



ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Industrious workers of the night—
Ceaseless, ceaseless toiling sprites,
The morrow's wonders to display.



This Is the Way It All Happened—

King Herod made some home brew. A little fusel oil, some varnish, wood alcohol, asp poison, and then a big piece of yeast to do the work.

Queen Herod was giving a Christmas party soon afterwards, when a breathless messenger dashed in and announced that the king's bootlegger had been

captured by prohibition agents while crossing the Phoenician border. You can well imagine there was no Christmas spirit. The queen bethought herself of the home brew, and tried it on a slave. One sip and he passed out like an Eskimo pie, but not before he saw the Star of the Yeast!

Thereupon all the Wisemen rushed out.

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Sonnet To Santy

You queer old waddling bulk of excess weight,
You aren't so many; I can call your bluff.
I know just where you get this potent stuff
That makes your nose look like a Christmas grate.

I've watched you now for twenty years or more,
And if you came down chimneys as you say,
You'd sure scrape lots of soot off on the way.
You come all right, but through the cellar door.

But this year Santy watch your wayward step,
And don't go stumbling 'round among the crocks,
Before you come to fill the family's socks.
Because, believe me I'll be up and hep,

Since I discovered that 'twas you who took
My last three demijohns of Sunny Brook.



Santa Claus gave five cents to a little boy. Then
he was a Nickel less.

'Twas A Cold Night

Old lady: What did you find in your stocking
on Christmas morning, my little man?

Small boy: Meat.

O. L.: Why, isn't that rather strange?

S. B.: Naw, I had it on.



A Lasting Gift

Last Christmas I fell in love with a girl that re-
jected me—made a regular idiot out of me.

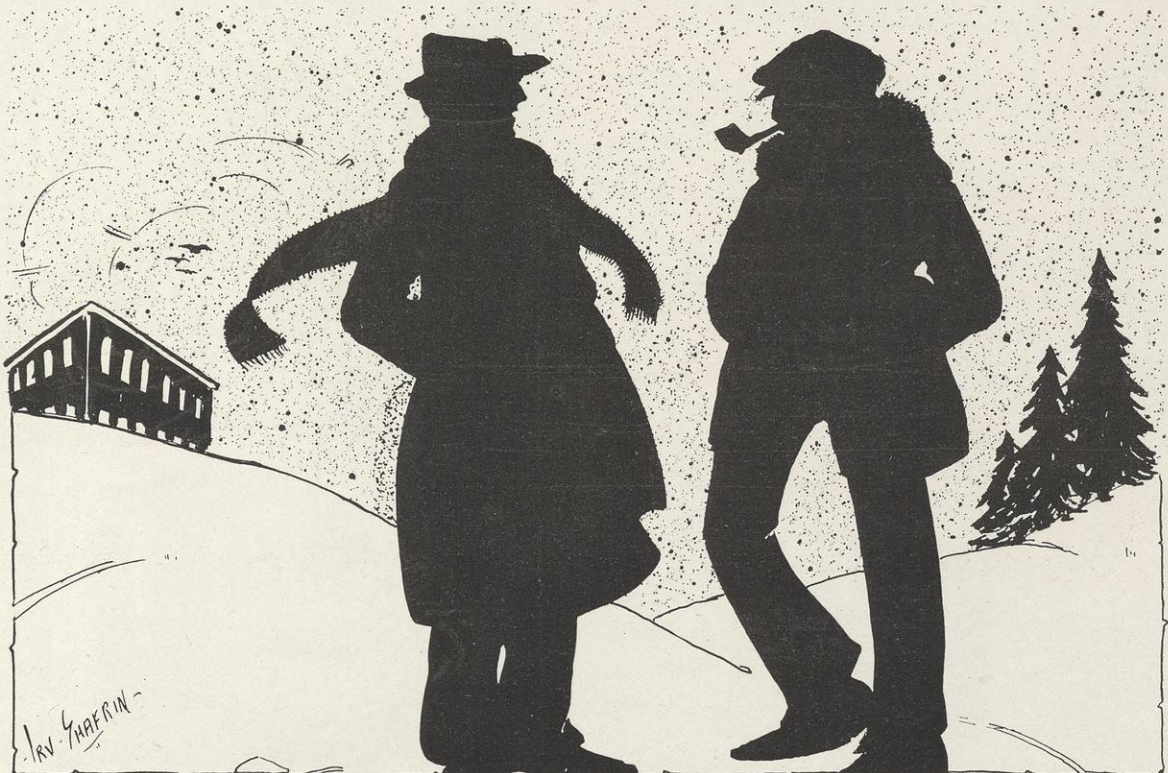
And you never got over it??



Christmas Choir Practice

The Queen: My voice is considerably lower than
the average man's.

The Ace: Why not? The average man is con-
siderably higher than you are.



The one: They tried to make me buy 1,000 seals for Christmas.
The other: Must've thought you run a zoo, eh?



Father hangs the presents on the tree and then hangs himself.

Sinking Situations

When the cards get mixed up, and the one "To my darling ownest" goes to the girl the family has picked out for you, while the stilted "greetings of the day" is enclosed in the present to the girl you have picked out for yourself.

When you receive a gorgeous, handknit silk muffler from "Just May", a girl whose last name you can't even recall.

When mother does not approve of the fur choker you have purchased her, goes to exchange it, and discovers it really did not amount to the high price she credited you with sacrificing for it.

When you receive eight pair of sox, six too small and two too large.

When dad thinks a sheepskin coat more practical than a Tuxedo, and gets it as a surprise, knowing you will be perfectly satisfied with the substitution.

When both you and your rival have sent her the identical edition of "The Greatest Thing In The World."

Said a pretty young thing from Fla.
 "I think this hotel is just ha.
 Young man just told me
 The night-clerk would scold me
 If I ran 'round half-dressed in the ca."

"That's what I'm driving at", said the new car owner as he headed for the garage.

There Ain't No Santy

'Twas one day after Christmas, there's never but one,
 It seemed as if Santy had had lots of fun,
 In giving out presents the evening before,
 For there arose on this earth such a heluva roar,
 That the Claus' 'rose excited and verily swoe,
 That they'd never heard anything like it before.

Parson Brown's woollen sock worn ragged and thin
 Was enclosing a crock of synthetic gin.
 And the sock of his sister the celebrate Lib,
 Was bulging with teething rings, nipples, and bibs.
 And the parson was rabid and so was his sis,
 And the Cringles were cussing; especially Chris.

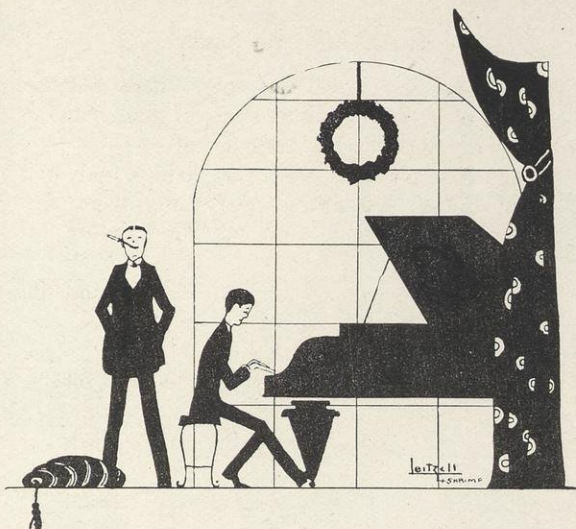
And that's how it all came about if you please,
 That Saint Nick lost his job hanging presents on
 trees,

For the folks got the dope, when he made this mis-
 take,

That jolly old Santy was only a fake.
 For Sammy O'Brien an active young nib,
 Had purchased the teething rings, nipples, and bibs,
 And had stolen the gin just the evening before,
 So you see that is all and there ain't any more.



Are the bleachers we hear men talking
 about peroxide blondes?



"Would you kiss a girl under the mistletoe?"

"No, under the nose."

Pass the Crepe

As I sit beneath the holly,
I am neither blythe nor jolly.
I am sad and cold and lonely,
Listlessly I carve my goose.
Dirges are the Christmas carols,
Chanted for the empty barrels,
Slowly I unfold my napkin
And absorb a bitter tear.

This was sent to the North Pole, and delivered to our office.—The editor.

Dear Sanity i am a old man 72 yrs old but i have writ to you every yer for the past 34 years and ast you what the devul you did with that chewing to-baker you was supposed to bring back in atey ate. I hav finaly got tired of waiting for it and i will tell you that you are a dirty low down 2 faced booze histing lop eared son of a Airzona side winder and i think that you chewd it your self and if you have any left i hope you choke. also you can go to hades and take your old woman with you.

yours truly
amos cottage

The Italian politicians have finally found out the virtue of the Black Shirt. Shucks, I found it out a long time ago. The dirtiness can't be seen, that's all.

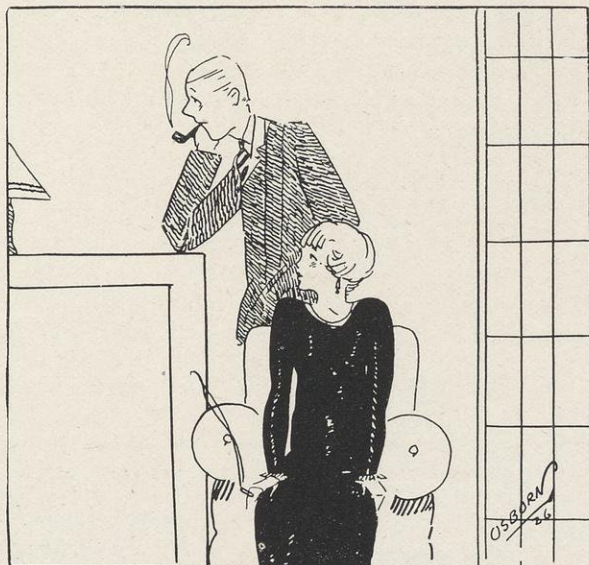
Socks

The downtrodden sock that decorates the pedal extremities of the 100,000,000 more or less human beings who recognize Harding as a hard proposition, has more fun than a hump hair pin in the wig of a lady Raffles.

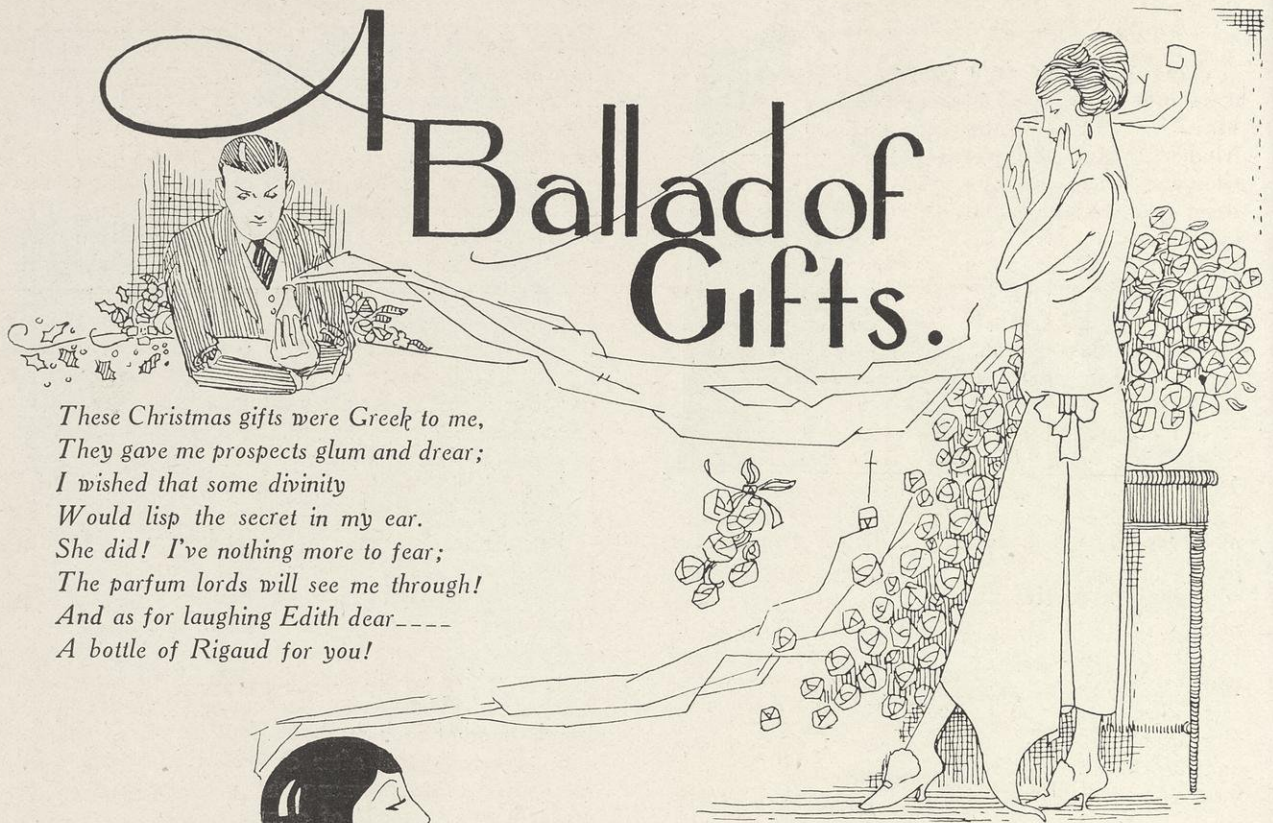
Originally of course it serves as a glove for corns, callouses, and bunions and at the same time, depending upon its length, it may serve the same purpose as a blind man's hat or a tag day. After it has played a losing game of put and take, with a cow hide for a period which depends entirely upon whether the wearer as a child drank milk or coffee, it broadens its scope of usefulness, and becomes a paralyzer of pompadors, a medium for instilling goose grease into a croupy thorax, a container for grandpa's pipe, tobacco, or nicely stuffed with soft soap it is an indispensable ally which gentlemen of the road use on reluctant contributors.

But the most popular and best known use of this representative child of the boudoir comes once every year when it is hung from the mantle, chimney, chair, bed post, or kitchen range, and filled with everything from over ripe oranges to Woolworth confections which would turn the stomach of a Georgia cracker on Thanksgiving day. On Christmas morning the modest sock makes its famous ascension from foot to mouth, and after depositing its wooly pedicles promiscuously among the active molars of its owner it gets a couple of damns, a darn or two, and returns to court the corns.

Minnie is so dumb that she thinks that "Total Levy" is a Jewish name!



She: Well, what will we give father, socks or a tie?

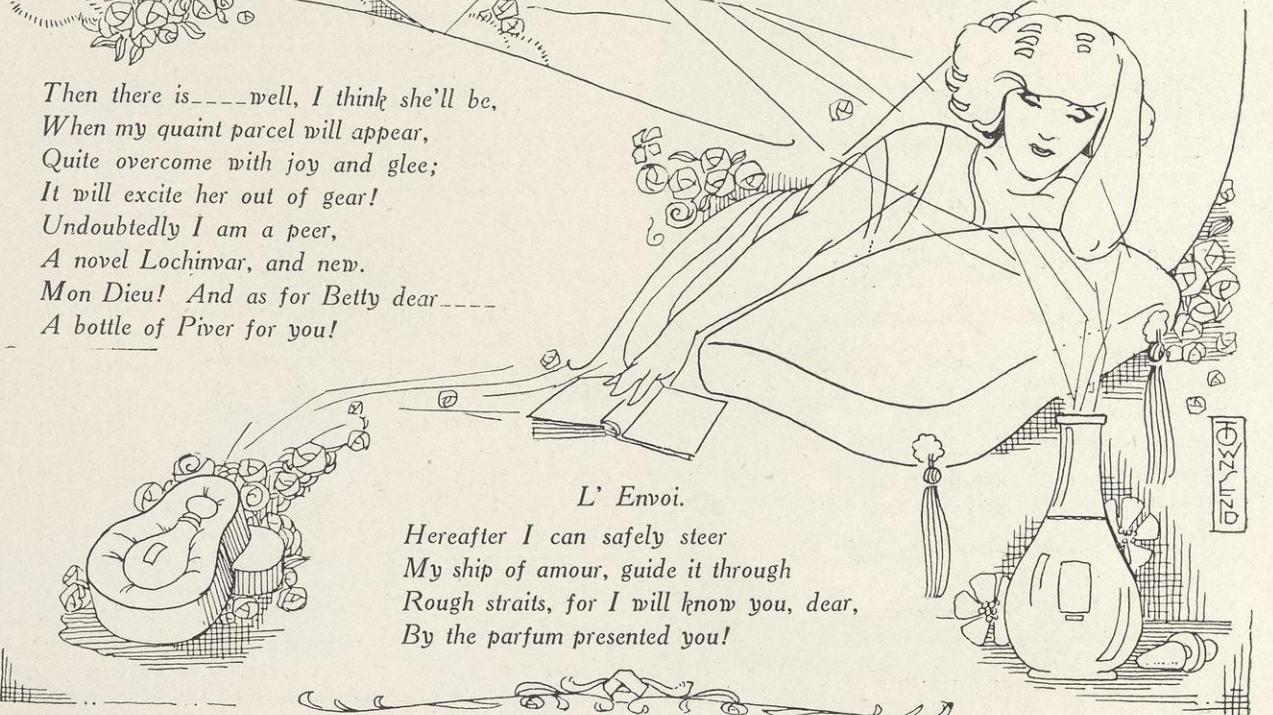


These Christmas gifts were Greek to me,
They gave me prospects glum and drear;
I wished that some divinity
Would lisp the secret in my ear.
She did! I've nothing more to fear;
The parfum lords will see me through!
And as for laughing Edith dear-----
A bottle of Rigaud for you!



And then there's-----to be candid-----she
Has been a treat when I was near;
I should reciprocate, you see;
A token of esteem and cheer.
(She'll think I am a subtle seer
For giving credit where it's due),
Eureka! As for Helen dear-----
A bottle of Djer-Kiss for you!

Then there is-----well, I think she'll be,
When my quaint parcel will appear,
Quite overcome with joy and glee;
It will excite her out of gear!
Undoubtedly I am a peer,
A novel Lochinvar, and new.
Mon Dieu! And as for Betty dear-----
A bottle of Piver for you!



L' Envoi.
Hereafter I can safely steer
My ship of amour, guide it through
Rough straits, for I will know you, dear,
By the parfum presented you!

Another One of Those Exmas Stories

Again it was the night before Christmas and again it happened that this particular night fell on December 24. How strange are the machinations of Mother Nature and Father Time. (By the way, who and where are their children?) There in the street stood Sadie, the match girl, and she was matching pennies. There was no joy for her in Mudville that night. While the snow drifted about the window sills of a beautiful brownstone house in Varsity Row, a harsh north wind swirled and whirled the crystal flakes about her out of date flapper's knees and her rolled socks. The poor child didn't even have a slinker's dress.

In the house, children were happy. They awaited Santy Claus. Father was happy. He trimmed the Xmas tree. Mother was happy. She had trimmed Father, and now she walked the floor with 2-months-old Clarence Aurelius who wanted the North Star to put on his rattle.

But, there, freezing in the cold, wintry December night, stood little Sadie. And she was not happy. Her teeth chattered. Her blue lips quivered. Those two little hands were stretched out in a mute plea.

Chilled to the bone, the frail body shivered in Borean blasts. For she was dressed for a formal and had to wait outside a cigar store while her man went in to call a taxi.



I Ask You

When Merry Xmas rolls around
Our folks get all they want;
The mother has her new fur coat
John gets a speedy boat
Sweet Lucy likes a string of pearls,
There's heaps of nuts for all the squirrels,
A box of bonbons for the cook,
Now whatinell does Dad get
But an emty pocketbook?



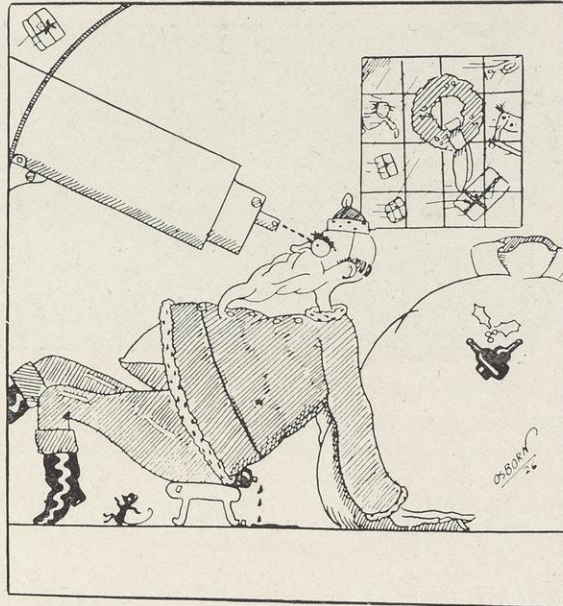
Christmas Carols

In the old days large crowds of the unemployed used to travel around on Christmas eve and sing carols in a carolless manner. "God rest you, merry gentlemen" was one of their favorites, while the merry gentlemen referred to probably shouted "Go 'rest them, merry officers". At any rate, it was a favorite outdoors sport in the days of yore and even before yore.



Mexican Humor

Little Pancho—Dad, is sister's beau so smooth because he's a greaser?



The Month's Horoscope

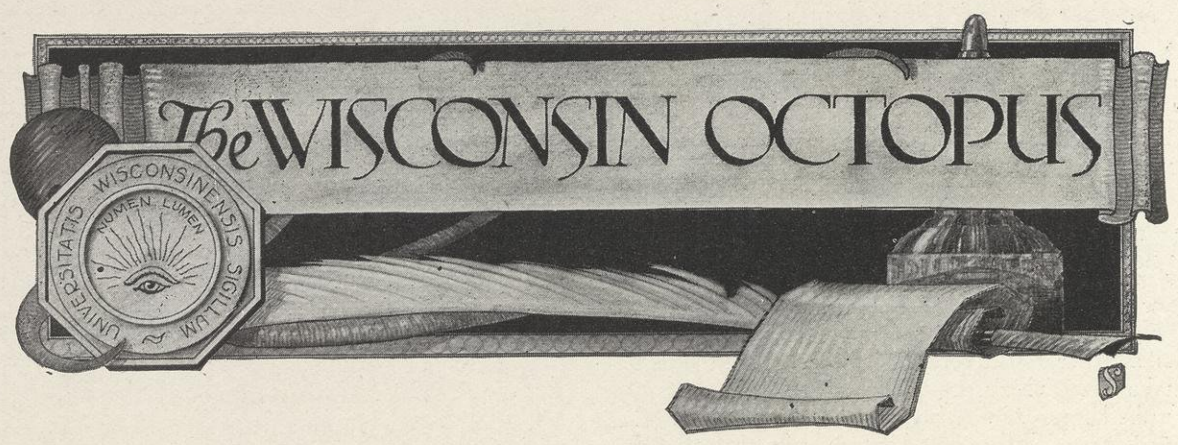
My Stars! but things look good for Santy Clause and bad for Papa. One star Mars everything and the outlook for a happy Yule tide is not very good. But as Mercury has fallen we can be sure of at least twenty to thirty feet of snow for Christmas morn. For some of the tighter gentlemen it will probably look like two to three hundred feet, or perhaps cold feet.

But the general arrangement of the stars is all to the berries for the Christmas shopper. They will wait as usual until the day before Christmas and then hustle down town with only one galosh on and attempt to buy the cook a knitted tooth brush. The shop keepers will be busier than Sicilian dandelion hunters. Yet in the end all will go to bed Christmas eve with a feeling that everything has been done even though two or three of the family will be layed out for the following weeks as a result of the concentrated work upon the bundle of Victor Neats-foot Needles for Aunty Brunzvik.

As a result of the misunderstanding between Jupiter and Venus this coming Xmas will be decidedly wet. In the state of Wisconsin alone there will be 3,478,962 kicked bottles the day after Christmas. Even the snow will be wet and on some of the better farms there will be some whet stones.

There will be the usual number of homeless families when the Christmas bills come in January first, but Christmas must be continued for at least two more years. This must be done for there are at present twenty-seven ivory handled toilet sets which lack combs and mirrors and if Christmas is discontinued, as Congress threatens to do, there will be just that many more untidy little girls running about the streets.

Each star takes the correct position to encourage the use of Christmas trees, a new custom which was started back in the time of Draco when reforms were essential to hold the Greek people together. Some say this custom was instituted in the year 431 B. C. but they are just fooling about the date.



Founded 1919 Published at the University of Wisconsin Incorporated 1920

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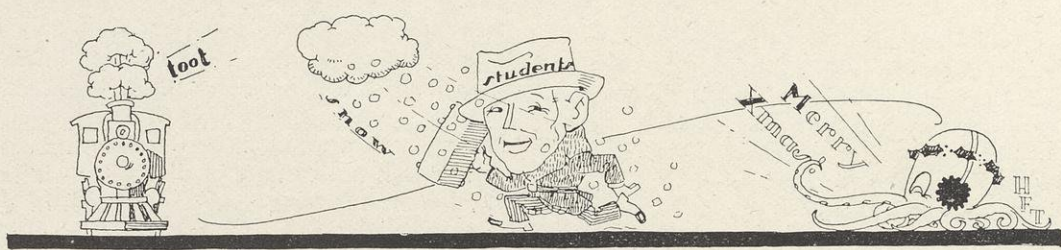
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Vol. IV December, 1922 No. 3



A Merry Christmas to All

Will some bright little person tell the class just how many days it is until Christmas vacation starts? Quick now!

Wouldn't it be great if we were given questions like that to write in blue books?

Christmas is the greatest test of holidays. There may be students who forget the name of the President, and there may be those who forgot that the Frosh were supposed to wear green hats this fall; but, did you ever see anyone who forgot to start packing at least three days before he left on his Christmas vacation?

Christmas sells miles of tooth paste. Everyone brushes up and puts on their Xmas grin. If all of the joy calories that originated during Christmas were put in bulbs, they would give off enough light to make even the 181 course clear to frosh Agrics.

It's the spirit that counts. Your room-mate might give you a pair of socks that were originally yours, but don't get peeved, for maybe his initials on the shirt you gave him weren't entirely washed out.

Isn't Christmas great? It certainly did come in time. In those two weeks you can write half of your thesis, a topic or two, catch up on your reports, and pick a nice soft place from which to watch the ex's roll in. Ninety per cent of us will pick the nice soft place first and arise barely in time to catch the last train back to Madison.

With Christmas all our enemies forgive us, so we start the New Year with no enemies and a lot of resolutions. We end the year with a lot of enemies and no resolutions.

The only unfortunate thing about Christmas is that so many young men pick quarrels with their fair ladies, only to make up after the holidays.



Yea, Basketball

When the university returns from its Christmas vacation, it will find its basketball team ready for them.

This making of a team has been a long and tedious job. Nightly practicing has been going on for months, and with the closing of the football season the gridiron's stars strengthened the squad working on the gym floor.

Basketball makes more requirements of men than football, and skill is essential. Hours of practice are being put in by the squad, and while most of you are eating turkey at home, the men are touring on practice games.

Graduation has hit Wisconsin harder than any other conference school, and the dope sheets aren't overly optimistic; but there is where we are going to fool them.

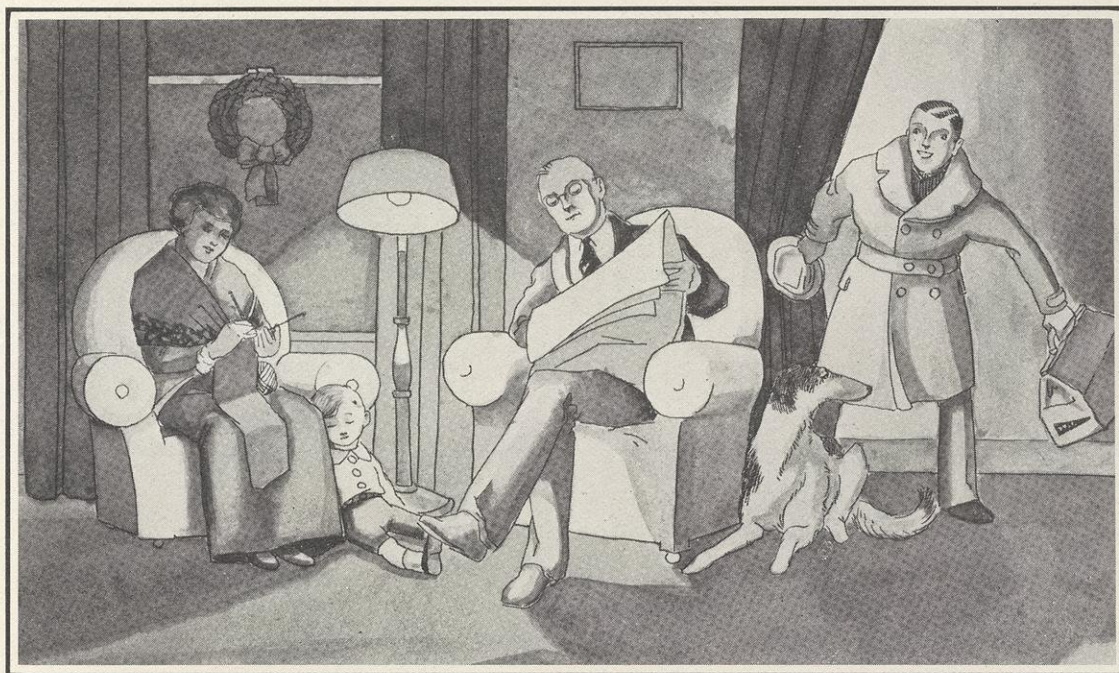
Since 1912 Wisconsin under the coaching of Doc Meanwell has won six championships, tied for first honors once, and has never finished lower than third in the Conference rating. Read that again. It will give you something to talk about at home.

Coach Meanwell says of this year's team, "I do not expect a championship team, but we will have a good team."

No coach makes any overly optimistic remarks at the beginning of a season, for there would be too much to explain in case of accidents. With Coach Meanwell speaking of his squad as he does, there is little to worry about.

The gym should be, and will be filled with yelling fans this winter, telling their team the school is back of them.

So forget the dope sheets for Wisconsin spirit doesn't become figures until the end of the year.



HOME!



Pink: That Brown Boy's always drunk on Christmas.
Dink: Sorta soaked by the Yuletide, eh?



The Professor's Christmas

When the frost upon the pumpkin
Lies beneath six feet of snow,
And the wind is blowing zephyrs
Forty two or three below.
I must don my outing flannels,
And go search for mistletoe.

For the Yuletide has come flowing,
And my wife is on tear,
While I face the chill winds blowing
She is waiting on the stair.
And as I'm vainly searching
I am offering silent prayer.

And my prayer's a supplication
For I spy no decoration,
May God help me miss the missels
If I miss the mistletoe.



A funny old man used a bbl.
In place of a man's usual apbl.,
When a cop came in sight
He'd fade into the night,—
Of arrest he was always in pbl.



REMINISCENCE

He (the love-sick one): Will you suggest a Christmas gift for a young lady—a brunette, brown eyes, lily-white skin, and—Oh, those lips! Pardon—will you suggest—



What Christmas Means

For some people, Christmas means a time to go to church. They don't go to pray, however, Merely to get one of those gift boxes of assorted nuts and candies. For other persons, Christmas is a time for goodwill and love. But for little Johnny Brown, who lives around the corner, it is just an excuse for making him learn one of those darn poems and reciting it on the Sunday School platform. He is practicing on this one now.

Christmas Bells! Christmas Bells!
Oh! how the shop girls toil,
I'll do my shopping early,
Dad owns some Standard Oil.

And I am broken hearted,
How embarassed I will feel,
I wanted a Rolls Royce,
I got a Locomobile.

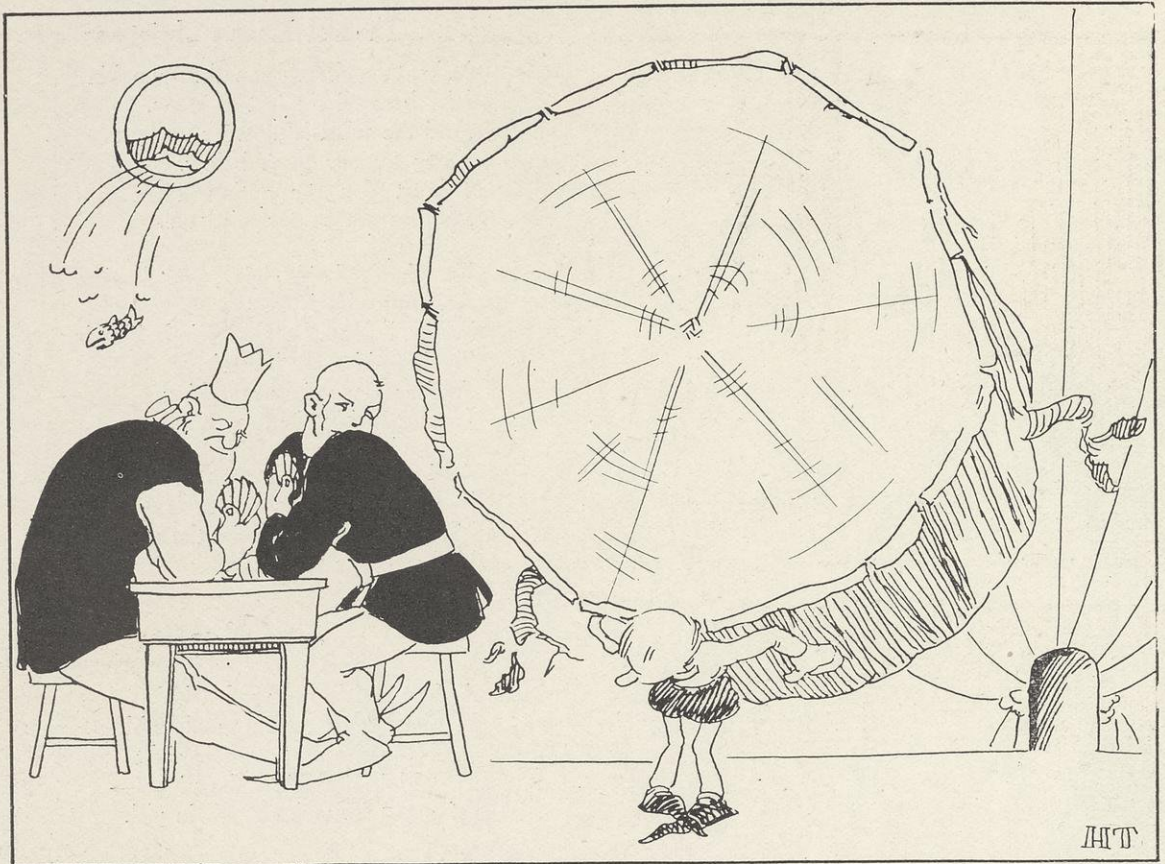


She's a girl in a million.
So are the other 999,999.



She: I believe you could make love to a stick.

He: Yes—I'm beginning to think so myself.



Christmas Morning

A PLEIGH OF YE OLDEN DEIGHS

Characters: The King, The Queen, The Prince, The Court Chamberlain, Sailors, Trumpeters, Servants, etc.

(Crew mutinies and mutilates the mulatto mate.)

King: Bet you two-bits that we'll be bored.

Prince: Take a brace, my lord, it augurs well that these lobsters of the crew cruise crustaceously.

King: But that (hic) ish merely because (hic) they are shelfish.

Act I.

Scene: The Court. Trumpeters sound the Baltic Sea as the Queen enters.

Queen: Why are there so few people here?

Chamberlain: 'Tis due to "Tiers, Idle Tiers", your 'Ighness.

Queen: Is not the King here?

Chamberlain: Nay, he is doing his heirs, your 'Ighness.

Queen: In curlers?

Chamberlain: Nay, your 'Ighness, in black-jack. They have embarked upon a courtship.

Queen: Ah! One of the vessels of the Royal Navy.

Act II.

Scene: The crows-nest of the Golden Gooop It is full of the King, the Prince, Old Crow and cro-quettes.

King: What hoe, you rake?

Prince: A spade, my lord, a spade flush.

King: Flush with what, varlet?

Prince: Flush with the deck, my lord.

(Crew enters, singing: "Swab off the deck, the cards are dirty".)

King: Ho, my good men, bring in the Yule log.

(The crew does so, carrying it on his shoulder.)

King: (reading) The log of the good ship Yale . . .

Act III.

Scene: The Court. King enters and Queen knocks him down and sits upon him. Enter the Court Chamberlain.

Chamberlain: My word, your 'Ighness, what are you sitting on?

Queen: The thrown, vassal.

King: Let me explain. The crew mutinied and seized me, but due to the clause in their contracts, gifted me back.

Queen: What clause is that, my lord?

King: The Santa Clause, dumb-bell.

(Servants enter, singing: "The Queen's the dumbest of the dumb, but still she is a belle". Bells ring out upon the heir, for the Prince has dressed himself in the Court fool's costume.)

Prince: My lord, why does the ocean hug the shore?

King: Because the ocean wavelets it, my boy.

(Curtain descends as the King reaches for his stein, and the servants, full of Christmas spirit, spear it.)

Wisconsin Octopus



CHRISTMAS AT WISCONSIN

A Familiar Essay

There is a young Junior in our university (he is conspicuous in campus politics, you probably know him) who is an exceedingly thoughtful lad.

I visited a certain fraternity dance with him the other night, and we were carried by the steady stream into the "dark room". (you probably know the fraternity of which I speak) He handed me a cigarette in the darkness and I heard him put one in his own mouth. (you probably know the brand to which I refer) Then it was so dark that we couldn't find a match in our pockets. (You probably think we had been reaching in another pocket too often, but you are wrong) At last he exclaimed,

"I have found one!"

(A very appropriate exclamation under the circumstances, don't you think?)

Then I waited and waited for him to light it, and insinuated as much. Then he replied.

"I only have this one match, and I am afraid to light it for I fear that I might not find the cigarette in the darkness."

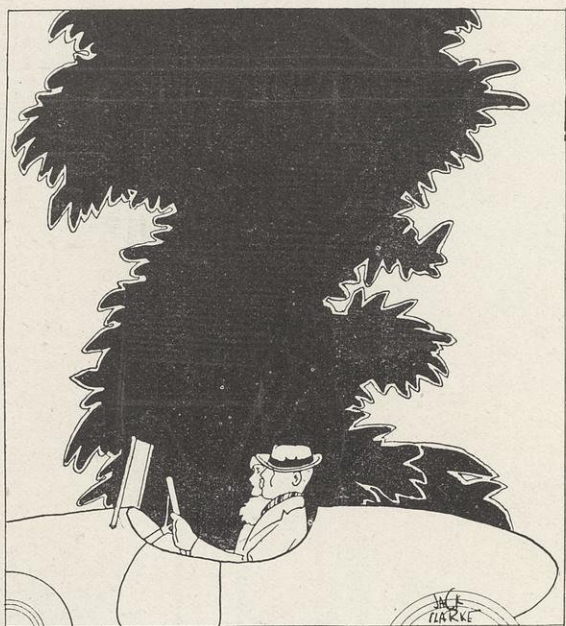
(No, no! Don't do that. Go help the Greeks!)



Those Spectacles

Stude (entering movie): Good Lord! I've forgotten my glasses!

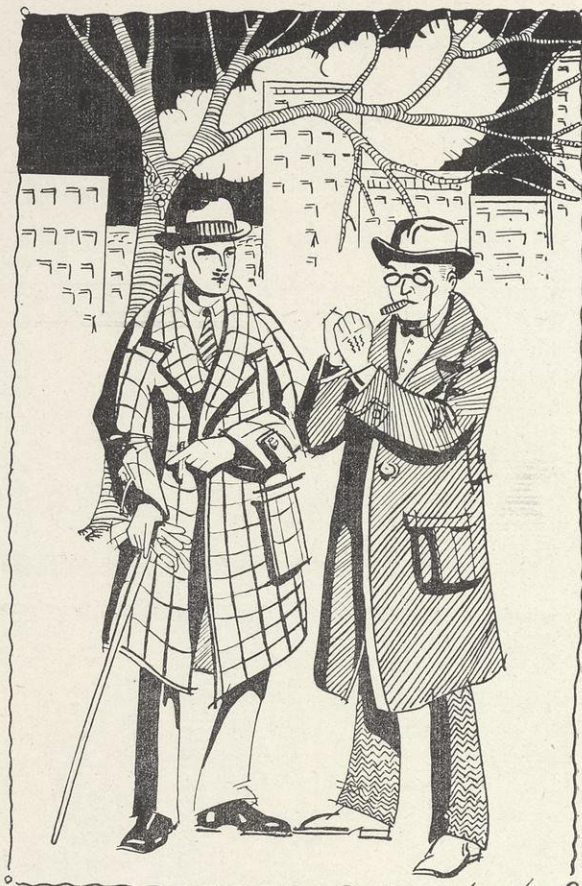
Stewed: 'S'all right, old man, I c'n drink it right out of the bottle.



Rag: The one we just passed is one of A. G. Spaulding's products.

Bag: How is that?

Rag: He's so dumb he thinks the Latin quarter is a Roman coin.



"Are you going to spend the winter in Florida?"

"Why, no—are you?"

"Gosh, what a strange coincide. So am I.



Broken Doll

So you are broken,
 Poor little sweet,
 Draggled your clothing,
 Muddy your feet;
 Tattered your finery
 (Worn far too long)
 Bartered your happiness
 (Sold for a song).

Only last Christmas
 How your eyes shone!
 Ah! you have dimmed them
 Crying alone.
 Then you were courted,
 And petted and kissed;
 Now they've forgotten,
 You're never missed.

Deceived by a man, dear?
 What! By a child?
 How could they harm one
 So sweet and mild?
 Not like last Christmas
 Alone here you loll,
 Your days are over,
 Poor little doll.

Octopus Christmas Carols

Oh, Mr. Gallagher,
 Yes Mr. Sheehan,
 I just saw our iceman fleeing from his wife.
 I was sure there'd be a fray
 When I heard the woman say,
 "Merry Christmas, have you had your iron today."
 Oh Mr. Gallagher,
 Yes Mr. Sheehan.
 Was he fast enough to save his worthy bean?
 Well I thought he'd turn the trick
 'Till he stumbled on a brick
 Did he beat her Mr. Gallagher?
 No, she crowned him Mr. Scheen.

Oh Mr. Gallagher,
 Yes, Mr. Sheehan,
 Is your son at College making quite a splash?
 Well he started like a streak
 Drank a case in just a week
 He can pour like hell but never o'er his Greek.
 Oh Mr. Gallagher,
 Yes Mr. Sheehan
 Is it true you got a letter from the dean?
 'Yes, a message short and frank
 Said, "We're sending back your tank".
 Home for Christmas Mr. Gallagher?
 No, forever, Mr. Sheehan.



The most conceited man we know is the fellow
 who distributes three dozen photos and expects 36
 presents in return.



Carol! Carol!

Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight,
 Christmas in lands of the hop joint and rye,
 Christmas in lands of the wet and the dry,
 Christmas where ice men and bartenders fight,
 Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight.

Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight,
 Greet men in bathtubs, in sewers, and in jail,
 Rushing the tankard, the can, and the pail,
 Guzzling with main and drinking with might,
 Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight.

Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight,
 For young and for old; for cripples and spry
 Say will your Christmas be wet or be dry?
 Will you be plastered or sociably tight
 When you greet Santy at midnight tonight?



The most helpless man in the world is the bozo
 who couldn't sell water-wings at a flood.



Get In Line

It isn't the radiance of your eyes,
 Like corn-flowers sprinkled with dew,
 It isn't your rosy Cupid-bow lips
 With little white teeth peeping through,

It isn't you slenderness, softness and grace
 That draws me so strongly to you—
 For the fact is, my dear, that the reason you're here
 Is because you're the best I can do.

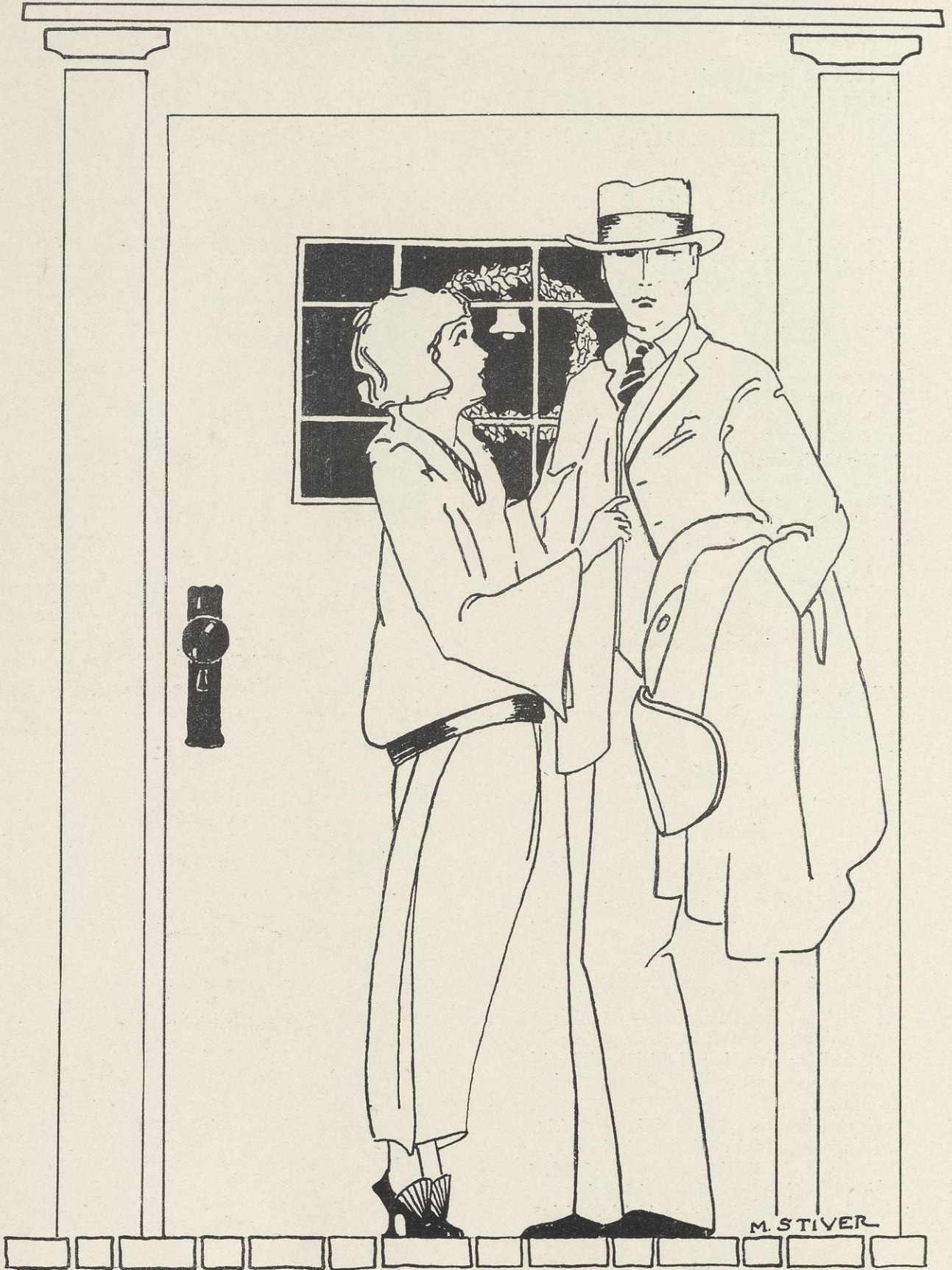


Dad's Lament

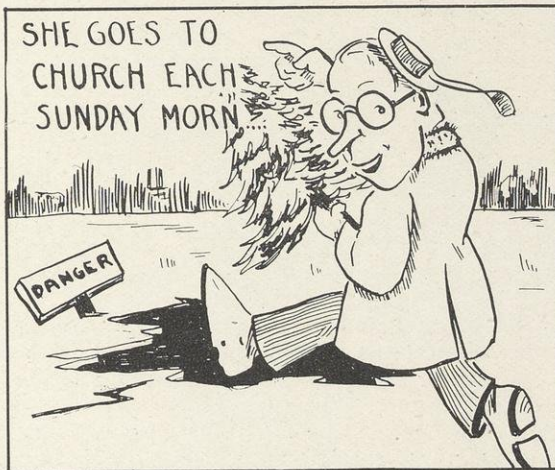
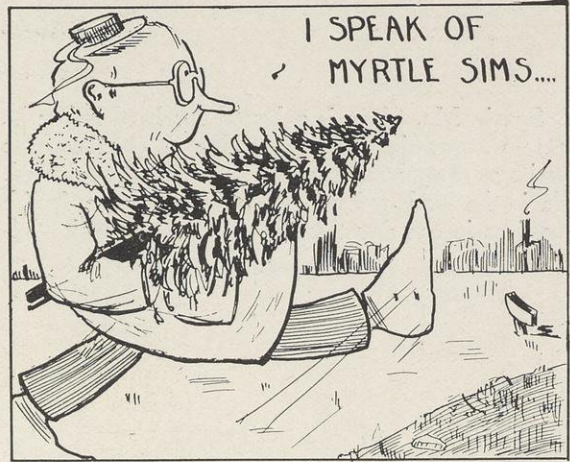
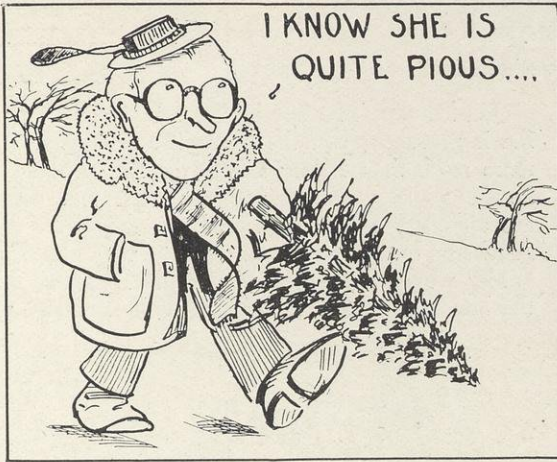
Why do they call it Christmas
 When its Gift-Day that they mean?
 Why do they make us pray and sing
 When all they want are the gifts we bring?
 Doesn't matter what they may call it,
 Sure puts a big crimp in my wallet.
 Why don't they say its Hold-up Day—
 Tell me, why?



Say I would like to have a girl like Dick's.
 How's that?
 Last night when he kissed her she said that she felt
 as though she never wanted to see his face again.



Lena: But if I don't kiss you will you call me up?
Bena: No, but I'll call you down.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Christmas!!!

"Thank you so much; it was *just* what I wanted!"

"Johnny! Keep away from that candy—you've had enough . . ."

"My Gawd! I forgot to send her a present!"

"This is that vase I got from Mary and gave to Virginia four years ago! And to think that that woman would have the nerve . . . !"

"Papa, can I play with my train when you're through with it?"

"Merry Christmas, folks."

"John! Put on your hat and coat. I didn't think she'd send me a present at all, and the store closes in fifteen minutes!"

Some Book

Bibliophile: See that book? It's printed in Burgundy.

Bibbler Phil: Wot a waste of good liquor!



The Christmas Tree

Christmas trees furnish a good excuse for papa and mama to play with bright-colored balls, tinsel and other childish toys. Papa can show his knowledge of electricity by arranging the colored lights, and mama can sweep rugs for a month afterwards, due to the unfortunate habit Christmas trees have of moulting.

Christmas presents hang on trees, usually, unless they happen to be such gifts as a grand piano or an overcoat. The members of the family don't hang on the tree, though, they merely hang around it. And the children, for whom papa and mama worked so hard in fixing it up, occasionally catch a glimpse of it from behind their parents, and wonder why grown-ups play so much with the silly thing.

To Be, or Not To Be

Sam: What are those holes in that fence?

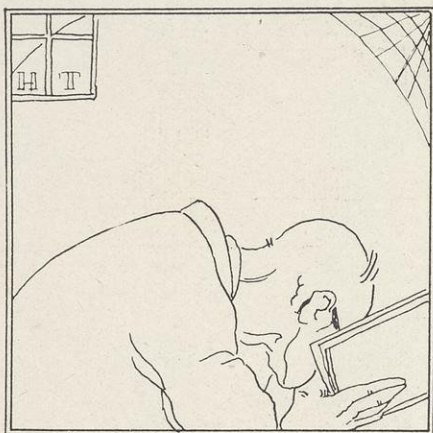
Ham: Those are knotholes.

Sam: Those are too holes.

MALES AMONG US

"Look and Ye Shall See"

Spavin Mc. Slave is a hound for hard labor; he eats up long assignments and thrives on overtime. He carries so many honorary keys he is round-shouldered. He is the modern Plato who can ask more foolish questions in one day than Rockefeller can make dol-



lars. This Owl knows so much that he starts in being wise where Solomon left off. After getting a little worse each year he will probably be made an Instructor when he is a Senior. While the Battling Badgers battle on the gridiron, he throws a brutal bout with a book on Bi-metalism in the Library. At Homecoming time he asks someone what all the excitement is about, and he has yet to find out that the country is dry.



Bo McBrummel—At Prep school Bo was all there was. Better looking than Wally Reid, a better dancer than the Castles and a better athlete than Jim Thorpe, he out-shone the rest of the crowd like a Packard looks down on a Fliv. At the University, Bo forgot his athletics and gave more time to his good looks than a Phi Bete gives to his Thermo Dynamics. He got by with the women like candy with the kids and would have been Prom chairman—he admits it—only he was intelligible. After a few years, it finally takes a good rousing tea dance or a snappy petting party to arouse this Rouge-Ruiner's fighting blood. When this Flap is a Senior, the Levitain couldn't pull him off of a Sorority front porch with two days start and a clear field.

Jim Dandy, The boy with the butter-kist hair, the flowing trousers, and the diminutive brain. He knows more mush than Elinor Glynn, or Mr. Balzac, and he dances so well and coos so much that the girls are all crazy to go out with him—they have to be. Anybody but a flapper on a date with this Handholder would enjoy herself like the Belgians did in the late War. He fusses and fools so many wom-



en each year that by the time he is ready to graduate (after seven years of hand-shaking) he is about as popular as a bald-headed man in a State street Barber-shop.

Herk U. Lees—This hard athlete spends more time in the Gym than Harding does in the White House. Aided by the Coaches and a few kindly Instructors he struggles thru school with about as much ease as a snake can do a toe-dance. He can tell you who was quarter-back at Yale the year of



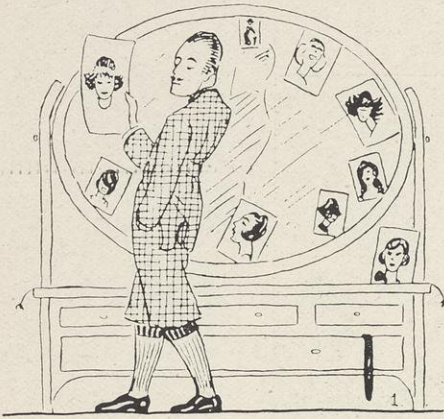
the flood, or the color of Babe Ruth's eyes, but admits that he is a little lax about other things, not caring at all about Beethoven's Dramas or Shakespeare's music. While not what you'd call a social success, he confesses having stepped on some of the most aristocratic feet in the country. Back home they would give this boy Main Street, the Methodist church, and make him sheriff if he wanted the honor.



Muellen

AN INSPIRATION

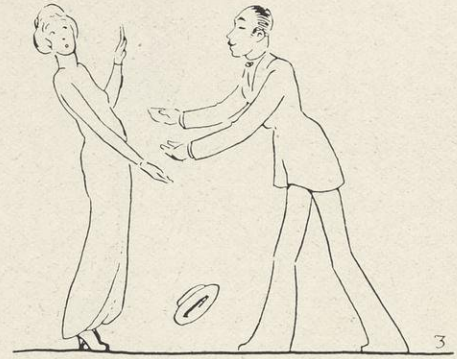
The Yule Tide Complexity



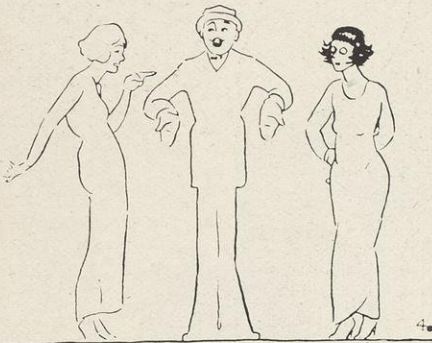
1. A certain young man



2. who has broken



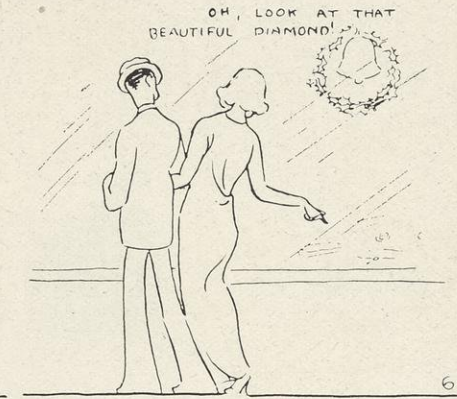
3. all conventionalities



4. in making the acquaintance



5. of a score of girls



OH, LOOK AT THAT BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND!

6. finds,



OH, HELLO THERE! DOING YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPIN'?

7. far more difficult



8. that as Christmas draws near,



SORRY!

9. it is



PLEASE!

OH MY! ?! *

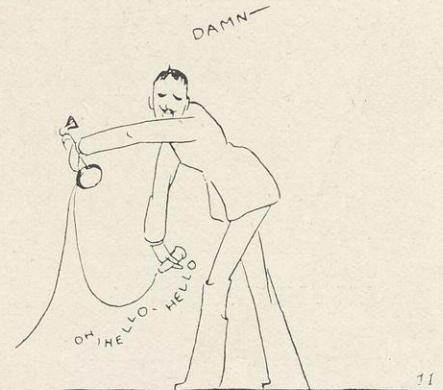
10. acquaintanceship.



I GOT THIS NECKLACE FROM A FELLOW LAST CHRISTMAS.

HOW MANY

11. to break



DAMN—

OH HELLO HELLO

12. the



For each name on your list there's just the right package of *Whitman's*



THE SAMPLER: Judging from its enormous popularity, the Sampler is the most famous as well as the most beautiful gift package of sweets in America. Chocolate and confections culled from ten other leading packages of Whitman's—famous since 1842.

SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES: In their art box of exquisitely lacquered metal, these sweets have won a high place among critical candy lovers. "A medley of good things."

PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES: Here is a gaily colored sea-chest with scenes from Stevenson's "Treasure Island" to charm the eye. Inside are precious bags of "bullion" and "pieces" in gold and silver.

A FUSSY PACKAGE FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS: A luxury in chocolates. The box is in dark rich green, proclaiming the distinction of its contents. Chocolates with nut, and nut combination centers.

LIBRARY PACKAGE: "Exactly right" to give to those who enjoy their candy as they read. The package resembles a leather-bound book in hand-buffed green and gold.

SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES: (or Confections) as far back as 1842 were the standard of Whitman excellence. You'll want to write "Super Extra" opposite several names on your list.

Hand painted round boxes and fancy bags, boxes and cases in great variety. See them at the Whitman Agency which serves you.

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

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

- Cardinal Pharmacy - - - 831 University Ave.
- Dettloff Pharmacy - - - Main and Pinckney St.
- The Chocolate Shop - - - 528 State St.
- A. W. Krehl - - - 408 E. Wilson St.
- University Pharmacy - Cor. State & Lake Sts.
- Tiedemann's Pharmacy - 702 University Ave.
- Walter M. Atwood - - - 1054 Williamson
- Oscar Rennebohm Drug Co. - 208 State St.
- Badger Pharmacy Univ. Ave. and Warren St.



Special Wisconsin Package



Little Bro. Bobby—"Gee, I'm glad Sis didn't see her new Walk-Over silk stocking hanging up here. Mine's so small they wouldn't hold half enough."

"But she shouldn't care, 'cause her sweetie gave her half a dozen pairs for Christmas, from the Walk-Over Boot Shop."



The Walk-Over's new home—611 State

During the Cold Season

We are all inclined to forget our exercise during the colder weather when it is disagreeable to go out of doors. It is unnecessary to go out in the shrieking winds to keep in shape.



Bowl A Game A Day

and you will be fit for your studies. And in our alleys you can be comfortable all the time you are having your recreation.

Wisconsin Bowling Alleys

State Street



Eastern man: I say, look at those youngsters fighting out on the street! Frightfully bad form.

Western man: Oh, I don't know! Sort of think it's good for'm myself.



Bert: How much do you weigh?

Betty: 120.

Bert: With or without your complexion.



Jones: Henry claims that he has had his car for six years and has never paid a cent for repairs. Do you believe it?

Garage man: I do. I was the one who made the repairs.



A Shattered Illusion

The various editors of college humorous magazines love to sob because of the way the co-eds bother them. It seems almost as though they could hardly stand being so popular, for every time they go to a dance the girls fall over themselves to hear the quips and jokes which fall from their lips. The foot-ball heroes haven't a chance when the editors are around, and the poor humorists are so bored with it all that they just fill their pages with wise cracks on the fair sex.

That's a good story, but it's not true. Here I've been a sub-editor for over a week, announced in the daily and everything, and not a single Juliet has fallen for me. I herewith hand in my resignation.



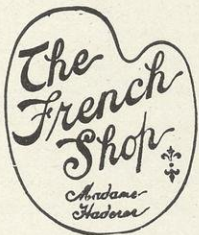
send some **Brunswick**
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS
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will be packed for safe
shipment--- without
charge--a real gift-----

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MERRY CHRISTMAS



When time means money to
you call a

Yellow Cab

BAD 500 GER

Let us haul your trunks



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.

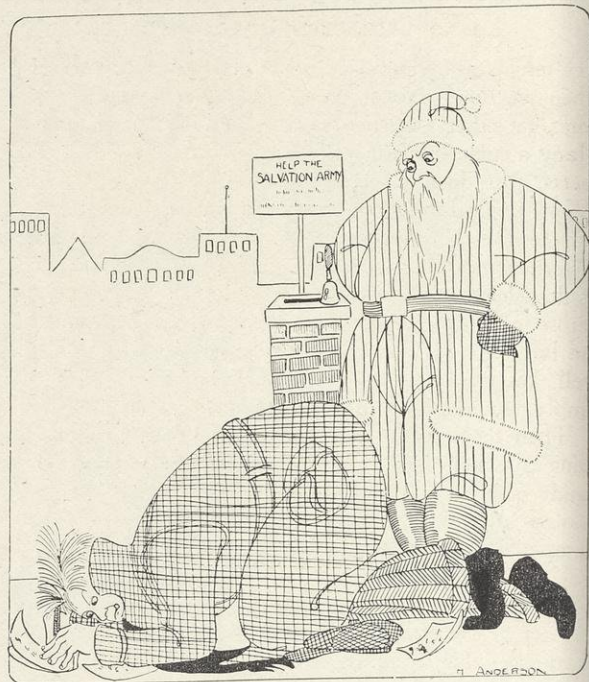
The biggest man in the 16th century was not Galileo in popular estimation, but Suleiman the Magnificent, the Ottoman Emperor, who swept through Eastern Europe with fire and sword and almost captured Vienna. Where is his magnificence now?

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 Beaver Christmas Carol

Once he was a beaver hound,
Who beavered night and day,
He counted every whisk of hair
To pass the time away.

His eyes were keen, his score was high,
His figuring correct;
He lamped a fuzz at fifty yards
And noted its effect.

But now he's done; his day is o'er,
His eyes are worn and weak,
A few Salvation Army Nicks
Have made him wildly shriek,

"The full white beard of Santa Claus
Counts twelve and, decimal, three;
The calculation taxed my brain
And made a nut of me."



Defeating Justice

The prisoner chuckled to himself after being sentenced, and confided to his counsel, "I been before this here court five times and got off every time."

"Well, you didn't fool them this time," observed the lawyer.

"Hee haw! tha's funny part of it," chortled the prisoner, "I didn't do it this time."

—Sun Dodger.



"I'll never take another drop" said the drunk as he fell off the Sky-scraper.

Co-Ed Comments On Presents

Presents are what some of us get some Christmases when we don't expect them, and what others of us don't get other Christmases when we do expect them. Many a man who is really very tolerable in other respects, just does not seem to believe in the Yuletide. When a hard fusser leads a lady on to believe she will receive a jewel, at least—a string of pearls or a sterling mesh bag, and then disappointingly and unapologetically destroys the air castles by only coming across with a parchment greeting booklet—no wonder the lady out of luck is forced to resort to the all too well known, old as Eve maintenance: "Mother simply would not let me accept a gift from a man."

Then there is the customary "I never expected a thing", which gets by rather well when a box of candy or a half dozen roses finally come, after she has waited all day for the doorbell to announce something. While all the time she was wondering whether it would be that autographic kodak they had admired together (with tactful insinuation on her part).

Best of all is the designing young woman who can evade the direct inquisitiveness of so many kittenish questionnaires, by simply smiling when asked what Bob gave her, and Harold gave her, and all the rest gave her, and implying worlds with this tantalizing smirk. This "Oh you should know" comeback is the safest armor to shield the stingy, the absent-minded, or the downright mean Romeo who plays the piker.



"That fellow over there is a man of iron!"
 "Prizefighter?"
 "No, laundryman."



Christmas Greetings

I hate Christmas greeting cards. Scores of them arrive just before Christmas, all bearing the same time-worn sentiments, all covered with the same idiotic pictures of happy homes and reindeer and holly wreaths. There are always a few which come the day after Christmas, and remind you that you have not sent cards to their senders. There are always a few which come a week after Christmas, indicating that their senders had forgotten you. Everybody feels cheap and Christmas is ruined.

Of course, there are some little games which can be played with Christmas cards. One can always try to figure out the signature on the cards, and it is an excellent memory test to endeavor to recall who "Emma" is, and where you possibly met the "Amos" who sends you a card from South America. One can always make a list of those who remembered one, with the intention of sending them cards the coming Christmas. The list is always lost, but it recalls your friends to you.

They have their uses, but oh!—how I do hate Christmas cards.

Make Her Smile

You know what I mean—that slow, crinkly, wrinkly, twinkly smile that says, I knew he'd remember me with something nice." Better make it something practical, too, so she'll think of you after Christmas and smile every time she uses it. Now listen! Here's something on the Q. T. I've bet \$500 in hard cold cash, that a Wahl combination pen and pencil set would please her. (Get me?) You would be willing to bet as much if you could only see them. And you can! Come in early while we have a complete selection and before our neatest boxes are all gone. Make her smile!

Rider's Pen Shop
 REAL PEN SERVICE

666 STATE STREET

HERE'S A HAPPY-HOME SOLUTION — WRITE THIS NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION



Wigglesworth's Little Plumber

Have you resolved during the new year to have modern plumbing placed in your home? If so, don't neglect the matter any longer. Have the work done at once. We wish you a healthy, happy, prosperous New Year in a home where proper plumbing reigns.

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**Morgan's Malted
Milks**

Some Suggestions For Christmas

Mother: Carefully analyse your mother's likes and dislikes and I think you will find that any of the following will be more than welcome:

1. A bridge score and several packs of cards depending on how much you play yourself.
2. Some books which you require in outside reading at school.
3. A group of travel books in foreign countries such as Baedeker's "Oshkosh" and Houdini's "Peoria."

Father: The family exchequer always involves a problem, but whatever you do, get away from giving him his annual necktie. It may be a loving thought but it is a poor buy. Give him something he really wants even if you have to keep it out of mother's sight. Two bottles of Canadian Club should make him happy if you can keep it until Christmas without drinking it yourself. Or better yet give him two tickets to the Follies if he has a stenographer, or more depending on how many girls there are at his office. It is human nature to want to fool the home folks, and dad is no exception in this regard.

Brother: As for brother the prime consideration should be his age. If you have an older brother you have an especially fine chance to get even with him for wrongs done you in the past. An automatic razor sharpener would be just the thing; this contraction never works except when demonstrated, and the store clerk can let you in on this secret. If your brother is not old enough to wave a Gillett buy him a cigarette lighter and he will spend the rest of the day wading in kerosene, benzine, gasoline and matches. This contrivance costs but a dollar and is not worth that much. If the brother in question is several years your junior the game of "Who Done It?" and "The Cat and the Canary" or books such as "The Rover Boys at Ag Hall" and Alger's "Phil the Fumbler," "Sam the Shoveller" are all very interesting to young boys.

Sister: Sister would be simply overjoyed were you to give her a barrel of flour and a Nevershine Powder Puff, but since flour is so expensive it would be well to go fifty-fifty (or twenty-five-seventy five if you are that clever) with some other member of the family in purchasing it. Providing she is not cosmetically inclined give her a framed picture of yourself as she can always use the frame.

Friends: And now comes the most perplexing solution of all. What will, most of all, satisfy your friends? Although the matter of choosing in this instance must be left entirely to the discretion of the readers. I can at least offer some advice. By observing the simple rules which follow, many of the holiday "bulls" which are pulled every year may be avoided:

1. Do not send your friend anything you received from him last Christmas.
2. Do not send him anything until he sends you something.
3. In all cases of doubt send nothing.
4. If the friend is not of the opposite sex a post card will be sufficient and probably more than you'll get in return.

My Diary

Dec. 18.—Had a date with Marge last night and wrote father today for more money. Have decided that Marge would have a fair time if John D. would spend a year's income for a night's entertainment. Marge said something funny tonight. She says this is going to be a Volstead Christmas, "It's the gift, not the spirit that counts." I wonder what she meant by that? I don't know whether to give her a Packard or a new lip stick for this Merry Yuletide. I guess the latter would be a bit more colorful.—Stalled off the landlady for another week.

Dec. 19—Had a talk with the Dean today and he decided to give me another trial. If I didn't have to give so much time to Marge I would be a Phi Beta. She was wonderful last night. I wonder if she would like an ermine coat for Christmas. Got two checks back today marked, "no funds". It's queer these big banks haven't any funds.

Dec. 20—Took Marge to the train this afternoon. She certainly was keen in her traveling suit. Have decided to do my Christmas shop-lifting early. Marge was with another fellow last night and seemed to be having a good time. I asked for the date first but I guess the other boy asked her louder. It may be advisable to break off with her 'til after Christmas, and save myself a little money. Got a letter from home today and father asked if I had bought a share of the University.—Wonder what he meant.—I wonder if a diamond ring and a fraternity pin would make Marge forget the other fellow.

Dec. 25—Well, Christmas is here at last. Santa Claus was as good to me as Mustapha Kemal to an Armenian chorus girl. All I got in my sock was a run, two unpaid bills, a calendar, and a copy of "The Sheik."

Sent Marge a five-cent Christmas card.



He Plays Fair

O Fair and Dear,
 O Dear and Fair
 Would thou wert here
 Or I were there!
 O Dear, repair
 I pray to hear,
 I can't go there,
 The fare's so dear.
 I must adhere,
 Oh, curst affair,
 If thou weren't dear
 I wouldn't care.
 Still thou art there
 And I am here.
 It isn't fair,
 O Dear, O Dear!



Eagle: Jessie has been married three times since she left school. Isn't that the limit?

Eagle: No, not the limit, but quite often.

Hand-Tailored, Smartly Styled Dinner Suits at \$40.00

You'll not understand all that price means until you've seen the suits—

Handsome, sleek, well-bred garments in silky French-finished worsteds; strictly hand tailored; designed by a man who knows the latest whims of the metropolitan clubs, where men's styles are made.

They're comfortable, convenient, practical—and quite the smartest thing for evening wear.

Which means, of course, that you'll want a suit for that next affair. Come in tomorrow; we have your exact size in dinner clothes that lend real distinction—and at the remarkable price of \$40.00.

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There is no doubt as to the joy it will bring the recipient. Here you will find everything from the smallest trinket to the highly prized diamond in a most generous display.

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Oldest Members of Florist Telegraph Delivery

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Devoe Art Materials

For Best Results

L. KLEIN & SONS
Wall Paper and Paints

724 University Ave.

Phone B. 7900

So This is Woman!

Well, I was out
For a little stroll.
And I saw her.
She said "Hello".
And I couldn't
Be rude
To a lovely
Girl like that.
I soon saw
She was the
Pumpkin's umbrella.
Tall with
Green eyes,
And such blonde
Bobbed hair.
Lissome, the guy
That writes books
Would say.
So we went
To the movies
And took a little
Walk afterwards.
And she was
All that a
Beautiful girl
Can be
On the first date.
And after our
Goodnight kiss,
I resolved to
Call her up
The very next
Night.
So I sat
Dreaming about
Her.
It was my first.
Case for a year.
Marvelous girl.
And then my eye
Lit on the picture
Of my room-mate's
Best girl.
It was the lady
I had picked up.
He was in Chicago
For this week-end.
* * *
I took out
Carlyle's
"French Revolution."



Yankee Doodle Doo

There was an old lady in Worcester,
Who had a melodious rorchester;
But he met his destruction
By midnight abduction—
And now he won't crow like he yorchester.

—Cargyle.

A Barnyard (Pshaw!) Tragedy

Characters: *The young scientific agriculturist and his fiancée.*

Scene: *In the barnyard, beside a cow.*

Sezzhe: And from the butyraceous lacteal fluid of this bovine quadraped we secure daily a not considerable quantity of (stops to take breath) BUTTER, my dear.

The Cow: He must mean me so I will.

(*She did, and the marriage never happened.*)



Ayes and Nays

Cross-eyed Judge (to first cross-eyed prisoner)—
What are you here for?

Second Cross-eyed Prisoner: Nothing.

Judge: I wasn't talking to you.

Third Cross-eyed Prisoner: I didn't say anything.

—*Durfee Hilltop.*



An Inconvenience

The young freshie of the big fraternity house on the hill called a sorority girl, four years his elder, for a date. Neither knew the other well, otherwise this incident might never have happened.

Fratboy: How about the dance this evening?

Sorgirl: Certainly not! I can't go with a baby!

Fratboy: Pardon me! I wasn't aware—!

—*Brown Bull.*



Dying

Guest: (at country hotel): Where's that chicken I ordered an hour ago?

Waitress: It'll be here soon, sir. The cook hasn't killed it yet, but she's gotten in a couple of nasty blows.

—*Record.*



Doubtful

Dapper: Did you ever kiss a girl when she wasn't expecting it?

Dan: I doubt it.

—*Lemon Punch.*



Help! Help!

Queen of Spain: Mo igracia! The baby has a stomach ache.

Lord Chamberlain (excitedly): Page, call in the Secretary of the Interior.

—*Sun Dodger.*

**You're Always Talking
About Home Cooking**

Just make a pilgrimage to the

**UNIVERSITY "Y"
CAFETERIA**

You'll keep on talking, bragging too,—and you will add that you had just the same good old-fashioned savory dishes at the "Y" you used to enjoy at home.

Eat here tonight.

You'll feel better.

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Here are complete holiday stocks quite as large as found in the larger cities—everything from inexpensive novelties to costly gems.

It is a treat to walk through this store—suggestions for appropriate gifts are on every hand.

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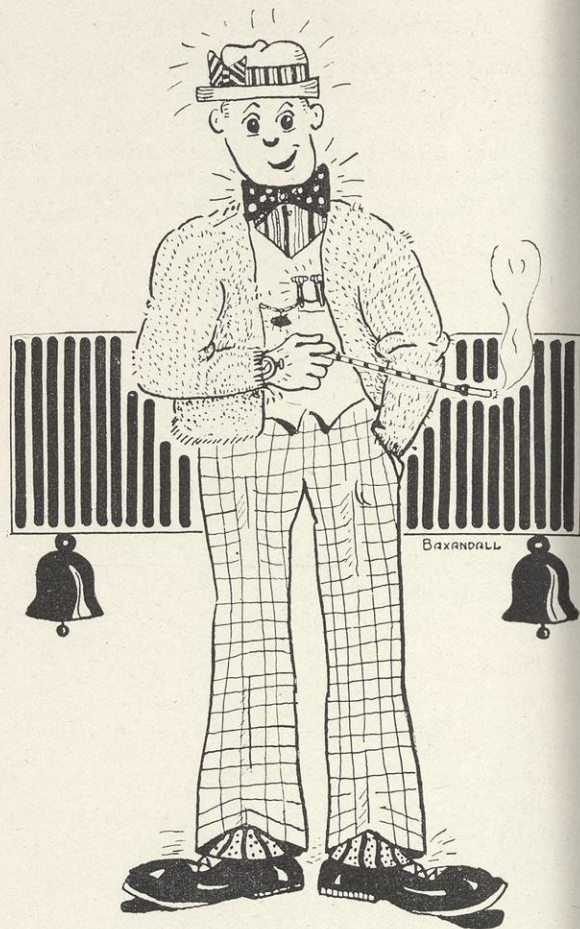
Hemstitching—adds a dainty touch to hand-made Christmas Gifts.

Pleatings—Accordion, box and side for Palm Beach wear.

Orders taken for hand-knitted beaded purses—an exquisite Christmas present.

Badger 3029

226 State Street



Johnny comes back after vacation wearing his Christmas presents.

Moral: Never look a gift horse in the mouth.



Did You Ever Know—

That a Phi Bete key will not open a door. Although many degrees are given each year the climate remains the same.

That a Loving cup on a Sorority mantel means no special darkcorner ability.

That a Girl to some fellow is a Peach; to another she is 'the berries'; to a third she is a lemon; to another she is the apple of his eye. One year in college and she is liable to be mixed fruit.

That the most chaste girls in town are seldom the most chased girls therein.

That they don't measure Ski jumps with a slide-rule.



Hic, Haec, Hoc

"Donec me, Hanc," said the Roman flapper to the Athenian finale-hopper, "father's in the parlorum."

"Jubet quid."

—Lord Jeff.

Necessity

Bobbed hair is not so bad
When you stop to reckon
That nowadays the co-ed
Has GOT to wash her neck!
—Pelican.



Value of Economics

Zene: Lend me four bits, will ya?
Ben: Only got forty cents in change.
Zene: Well, gimme that, and you can owe me
the other dime.
—Purple Parrot.



A Stair Case

Tess (at a dance): Who is that man who keeps
looking over this way?
Jim: That is the football captain. He is prob-
ably looking me over because he thinks I have a good
build for football.
Tess (a few minutes later): But, Jim, I don't
play football.
—Lemon Punch.



The Absent-Minded Beggar

"Carter is the most absent-minded chap I ever
saw," remarked a clubman to a fellow member.
"What's he been doing now?" inquired the other.
"Why, this morning he thought he'd left his watch
at home, and then he took it out to see if he had time
to go back and get it."
"That isn't as bad," said the second man remi-
niscently, "as the time when he left his office and put
out a card saying he'd be back at three o'clock, and
then, finding he'd forgotten something, went back to
his office, read the notice on the door, and sat down
on the stairs to wait until three o'clock."
—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Shopping Early**

You will find many attractive novelties from
which to select Gifts for all, at

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Correct Apparel
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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WALTER HICKS
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You will
LIVE TO EAT
Not
EAT TO LIVE
If you eat at

Frank's Restaurant

We deliver
from 9-12 P. M.

Badger 887

Gold Tip?

I am sophisticated.
No longer can the phrase
"An Innocent Little Girl"
Find a sympathetic note
In my heart.
I am Eve
After her apple-party.
Heaven holds no joys for me,
Hell no terrors.
If I live to the ripe old age
Of forty years,
I shall never forget
Last night; it haunts me
Like an evil spirit,
I feel no sorrow,
No joy; only a satisfaction
Fills my soul.
Now I know
Now I know
What for years has been
But a taunting question
In my mind;
Last night
I smoked a cigarettee.



Out of the Blue

Following his first experience with a paddle, the Frosh was passing his future fraternity home then in the course of construction. Sore and weary he exclaimed, "Oh God, I wish I were dead!"

Just then a brick fell off the unfinished wall, hitting him on the head. When he came to, he was heard to mutter, "Oh, God, can't you take a joke?"

—Lord Jeff.



The boy stood on the burning deck.
He did not scream or shout.
He waited till the ship went down
And put the fire out.

—Brown Jug.

Are You Going Home Christmas?

You won't be leaving empty handed.
Whether it's a scarf for Dad, a tie for
Uncle Ben, or some wool hose for Brother
Tom—you'll find the right gift here.

Moderately Priced, too

Speth's

West Is East

A man slightly under the weather approached a policeman and said: "Ossifer, whersh the other side of the street?"

The reply was "Over there." To which the tipsy one replied, "Thash funny, oss'fer, over there they said it was over here."

—Black and Blue Jay.



Confession

Overheard at a movie where an Oriental play was on the screen and incense filled the house.

"Usher," complained a pompous man in an aisle sat. "I smell punk."

"That's all right," whispered the usher confidently, "just sit where you are and I won't put anyone near you."

—Pitt Panther.



'Twas Midnight

'Twas midnight in the parlor,
'Twas darkness everywhere;

The silence was unbroken,

'Cause there was no one there.

— Shi U Mah.



Such Is Love

Brown was making a visit to a girl who lived in the country, and they were walking through the fields when they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love. He spoke up: "The sight of that makes we want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," she replied, "it's father's cow."

—Ghost.

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519 State

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MADISON

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PROGRAM
FOR EVERY
SOCIAL FUNCTION



The PRINT SHOP
DESIGNERS ENGRAVERS
MADISON, WISCONSIN

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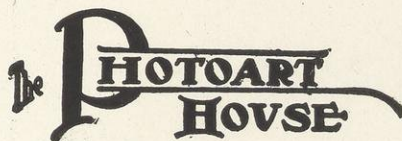
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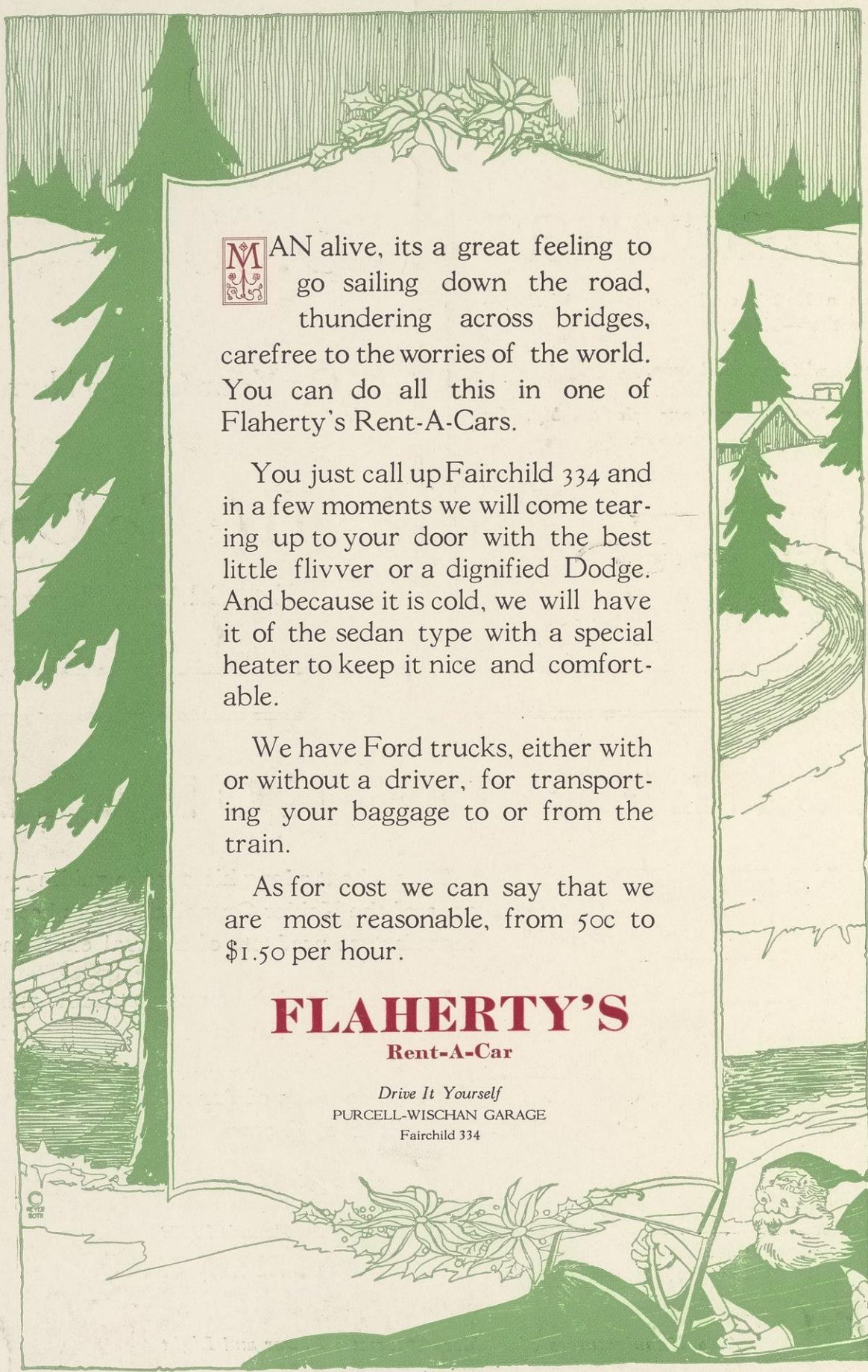
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