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Octopus



LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON

HUB TOWNSEND.



"A treasure trove of Spring things reasonably priced."

For Mademoiselle ❖ ❖

SPRING CLOTHES and dainty accessories that bring the breath of May-time right with them—crisp taffetas in quaint becoming styles, smart suits, hats in unending array of shapes and rich colors, hand made French voile and silk blouses, youthful silk sweaters that hint of shady campus walks, frilly neckwear—all are arriving daily.

Keeley-Neckerman Co.
Harry S. Manchester

SERVICE

This institution, established primarily for students, is ever alive to the student's best interests.

With every necessary facility for checking and savings accounts, it tenders you its best service at all times.

For the new student, an account may be speedily and satisfactorily opened. Also, treasurers of organizations will find this the best place for their society's funds.

Branch Bank of Wisconsin

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Whitman's

Quality Group

THE SAMPLER—A happy selection from ten other popular packages of Whitman's.

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED—For many tastes nut meats, carefully hand picked, blended with Whitman's Chocolate are the ideal confections.

PLEASURE ISLAND PACKAGE—A quaint and curious idea expressing the value of the chocolates in the symbol of a pirate's treasure chest.

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SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES—A medley of good things in an artistic metal box.

SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES—The package, containing a wide assortment, that first made Whitman's famous, back in 1842.

THE LIBRARY PACKAGE—Shaped like a book bound in hand buffed green and gold. The contents please every student of sweets.

These await your pleasure in the nearby selected store which is the Whitman agency and receives its supplies direct from Whitman's.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.



Whitman's famous candies are sold by

Dettloff Pharmacy, Main & Pinckney Street
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Special
Wisconsin
Package

Octy's Page of Theatrical Attractions

Parkway Theatre

"The Best in Entertainment"

Now Playing

"OVER THE HILL"

Coming Attractions

Feb. 18—Return engagement of Pre-Prom Play.

Feb. 19—"Cameron of the Royal Mounted."

Feb. 20—Mitzi in "Lady Billy"

Feb. 21—"The Leather Pushers."

The Theatre Beautiful

GET THE ORPHEUM HABIT

BIGGER and BETTER VAUDEVILLE
FOR MADISON

Orpheum
JUNIOR THEATRES Orpheum Circuit

TWICE EVERY NIGHT

7:15—9:00

Popular Bargain Matinees
Wednesday and Saturday

All Seats Reserved

28c

STARTING THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16

MLLE. MARIONNE

WITH STONE'S NOVELTY BOYS
AND YSOBEL GRAY IN THE

SYNCOATED STUDIO

Daily Life

A fusser tall, a co-ed small
A date, a wait,
The Orph, some date
A fudge pecan, some more jack gone
A strolling home, a great big moon
The drive, no cop
"Now, Bill, you stop
Must go, so late,
Really can't wait."
Head in a whirl, some little girl
A bed, a sleep, the morning peeps,
Big Ben ding-ding, "Gol darn that thing
Got quiz at eight, sure will be late
Feel like a wreck, ain't college heck?"

"Vanishing cream is the right word for it,"
said the co-ed as she looked high and low for
the missing beautifier.

Black: Does your wife swim?
Jack: Why man, she's so scared of water she
takes a life preserver in the tub with her.

NEVER CHANGING PRICES
STRAND
MADISON'S PHOTOPLAY THEATRE DE LUXE

COMING SOON

MABEL NORMAND

In One of the Season's Biggest Hits

"MOLLY O"

*Change of Program Every
Sunday and Wednesday*

TIME OF PERFORMANCES

Weekdays:

Afternoon 2 to 5

Evenings 7 to 11

Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays:

Continuous 2 to 11

Our Prices Never Change

Admission 22c

Plus Tax

Paging Mammon

His pockets are full of money,
His apartment is papered with dough,
Though he's old and so ugly he's funny
The flappers, they love him so.



The Confessions of a Snuff Eater

It was some time after I had become addicted to the use of the powerful Copenhagen that this episode took place. I was sitting in my room enjoying a chew but in my indulgence I took an overdose with the following results:

I was in the pit of the Coliseum which was crowded to capacity, for it seemed to be a holiday, and from the great Agriculus down to the angry mob, everyone was there in full regalia. I was clad in the scanty amour of the gladiator and upon closed observation I found my opponent, a huge man of evident Gaul extraction.

He rushed at me furiously and it was only by expert footwork that I avoided being hacked down in the first round. After leading my opponent for three laps around the arena I cut across and coming out behind him hewed him down to my own size and then tripped him full upon his nose in front of the boxes.

The angry howling mob in the galleries cried out in glee, "Thumbs down, thumbs down," but the placid Caesar was moved to return a verdict of thumbs up; and so I was forced to allow him to arise. He immediately attacked me afresh, and this time the world seemed to rock on its foundations; the galleries held many familiar faces; and those in the boxes assimilated my instructor; the Caesar became the Dean of Men.

I was swept of my feet—the galleries pleaded for thumbs up but even as the light of day faded for me I saw the inexorable verdict of the Dean, "Thumbs Down!"

I awoke in a cold sweat to find myself writhing on the floor beneath my alarm clock.



Mathematical Theory of Investment: Involving the Functions of Two Cubes.

"Octy" says---

many things, all of which are very true

IF "OCTY" were older he'd tell University men and women that there's a lot to know in buying lumber, but that none have gone wrong (since 1895) when they placed their confidence in the well known Y. C. L. Co.

Whether it's a roll of roofing, lumber for repairs or a list of building materials for an entire new home, the w. k. Y. C. L. Co. can and will supply it to your satisfaction.

YAWKEY & CROWLEY LUMBER CO.

(In action since 1895)

801 E. Wash. Av.

Camp Randall

The funniest thing we know of is
that

A KODAK

is not owned by every student

You owe it to yourself and the folks back home to take pictures now while you are still at school.

The PHOTOART HOUSE

WM. J. MEYER, PRESIDENT

The House of a Thousand Kodaks



Spring Suits For Men

PRICES will be so very reasonable that we anticipate an unusually heavy demand.

BY placing your order now for future delivery, you may have your choice of a complete assortment, that will not be available later in the season.

SWATCHES are now on exhibit at our Wisconsin Branch---666 State Street.

\$37.50 and up

A&TARR BEST
CHICAGO

The Other Half

When you're ill, going to see a good doctor is only the half of it. Almost as important is getting your prescription correctly and quickly filled.

And that's exactly what our prescription work is noted for.

The University Pharmacy

State and Lake

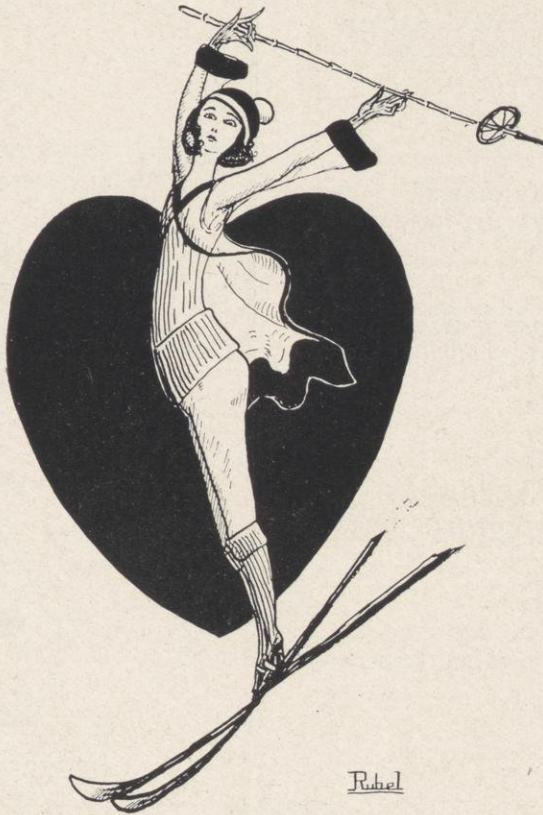
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Teckemeyer's

10 Cent

FRUIT BAR

FOR SALE AT ALL STORES

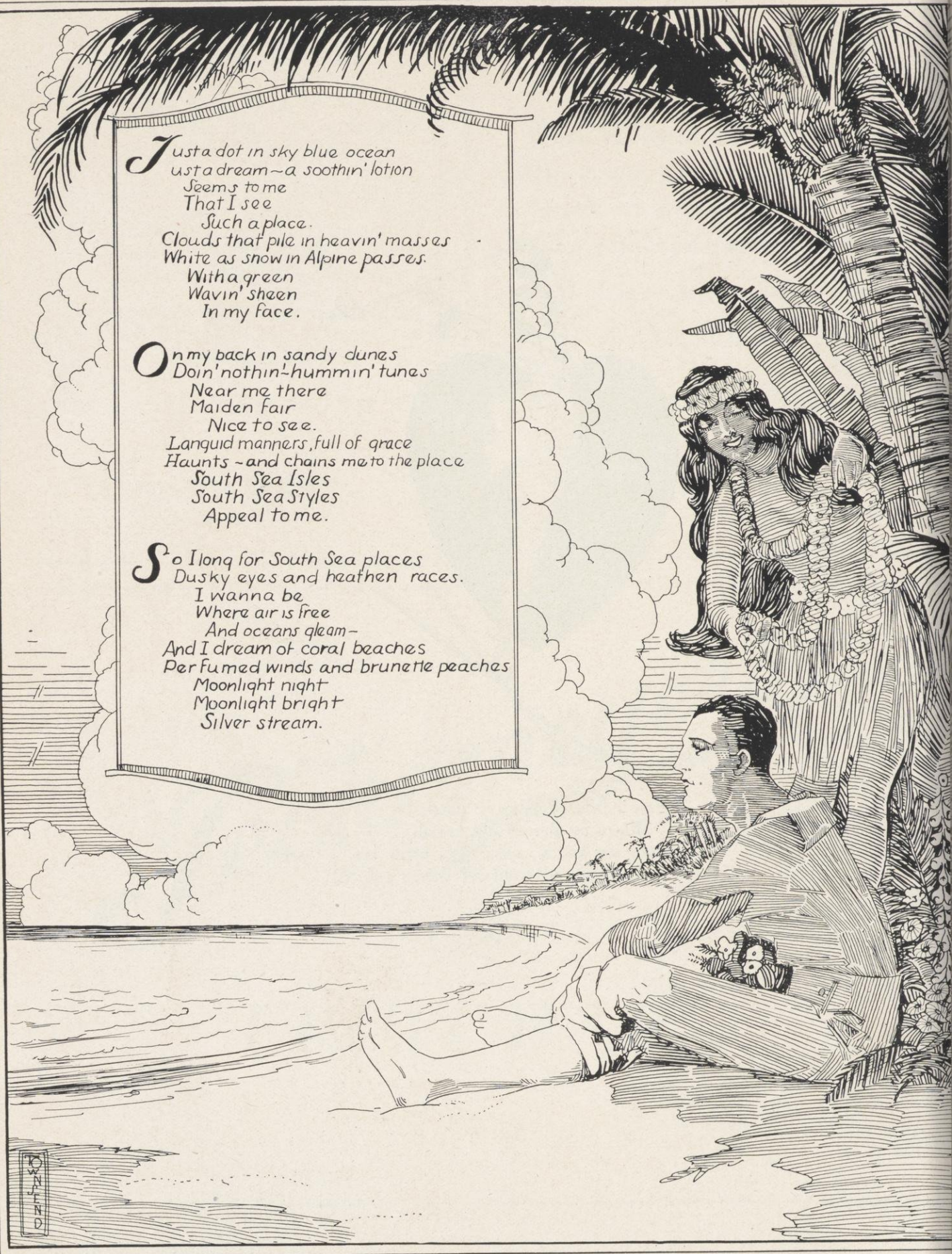


Fair February takes a jump,
Blown by Boreas' icy breath,
Into our hearts, with cold, brisk joy,
As March cries out for Winter's death.

*Just a dot in sky blue ocean
 Just a dream—a soothin' lotion
 Seems to me
 That I see
 Such a place.
 Clouds that pile in heavin' masses
 White as snow in Alpine passes.
 With a green
 Wavin' sheen
 In my face.*

*On my back in sandy dunes
 Doin' nothin'-hummin' tunes
 Near me there
 Maiden fair
 Nice to see.
 Languid manners, full of grace
 Haunts—and chains me to the place
 South Sea Isles
 South Sea Styles
 Appeal to me.*

*So I long for South Sea places
 Dusky eyes and heathen races.
 I wanna be
 Where air is free
 And oceans gleam—
 And I dream of coral beaches
 Perfumed winds and brunette peaches
 Moonlight night
 Moonlight bright
 Silver stream.*



The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

L'Envoi

Our loving son rigged up a still,
His body's scattered o'er the hill.
In planting here his shoes and vest
We pray the Lord may find the rest.



Octy says, "Those who bought toboggans
three years ago would certainly like to get a
return on their investment."



Drug clerk: This is very fine food for an invalid,
madam. It's predigested.
Elderly lady: Goodness, by whom?



There was a young man from Racine,
Who hadn't a thing in his bine,
He neglected his books
To take care of his looks
So he got a blue slip from the dine.



Winter

Winter is the season put in the year so as to make
the lower regions by contrast that much more desir-
able. Winter is the season that makes you realize
what a pleasure it is to have spring come around
again.

Winter is the time when you lie in bed at 7:45
A. M. and cuss your roommate for not getting up to
close the windows. You look at the thermometer
and it makes you quote Shakespeare. "How low
hast thou fallen?" A thermometer in winter makes
the Salvation Army's motto about being down but
not out fade away like a Harvard cheer at a Con-
ference football game.

Winter is the time when students, both co-eds and
the kind that buy their own tickets to the show, go
skating on Mendota. If the ice happens to break, it
gives them that tired sensation—a feeling of being all
in. Swimming is the only sport one can really go in
for, and winter weather is quite discouraging to swim-
mers.

Of the co-eds who go skating, at least 63 per cent
wear knickers. After a survey of the silhouettes
presented by that 63 per cent, we can assert that over
41 per cent of them were badly advised and should
not have worn them.

Six Little Students

Six in the same course, one wore colored specs,
Women didn't dazzle him; he got an ex.

Five in the first row did the best they could,
One never cut a class, he got a good.

Four slept in lectures, snores filled the air,
One woke at half past, he got a fair.

Three studied seldom, one used to tour
All around the countryside, he got a poor.

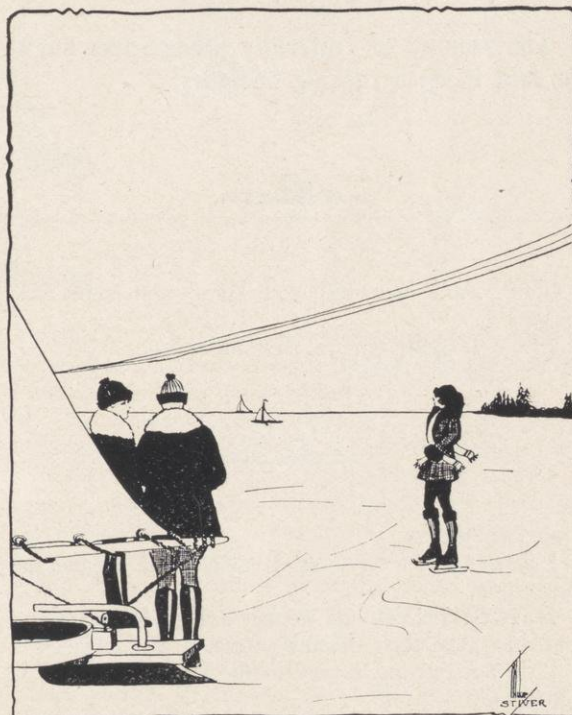
Two left didn't know who the joke was on,
One laughed too soon, he got a con.

One stayed up late, tried to learn a lot,
Overslept the final, guess what he got!



She: What's the matter with Jack? I thought
you and he were such good friends.

He: We were, but I took him for a fifty-mile
trip on my motorcycle, and he's been sore ever since.



Bill: I taught that girl everything she knows
and now she won't speak to me.

Phil: Maybe she doesn't know enough to.



"Smiling Through"



She: Do you love me tonight?
He: No, I have a date with Gwen.



"Did you ever go in for skating?"
"Only once, when I didn't see the Danger sign."



The makers of fraternity pledge-pins might
be said to do a rushing business.



She: And how did you know my name was
Grace?
He: I could tell by your movement.



I am a pessimist:

I believe that everything I eat is going to give me
indigestion.

I am certain that all women are gold-diggers and
that they have their designs on me.

I do not put my money in the bank because it is
apt to fail.

I wear both suspenders and a belt.

I am certain there are no more "pipe" courses left.

I believe it will rain on Easter Sunday.

I am worrying now what the world is going to do
when it runs out of coal.

Sonnet on Court Plaster

Thou useless bit of sable stickum stuff,
That hangs from off my ladies nether lip,
Pray tell me, did the ladies razor slip,
Or does the lady merely run a bluff?

How came you to my ladies dressing stand?
Did some Jew peddler drop you at the door,
Or were you swept from off the bathroom floor?
If so, the house mama should reprimand.

And why your shape, so varied and complex?
A diamond, spade, or heart, which one is trump?
And tell me, could you beautify a frump,
If polkadotted on her face in specks?

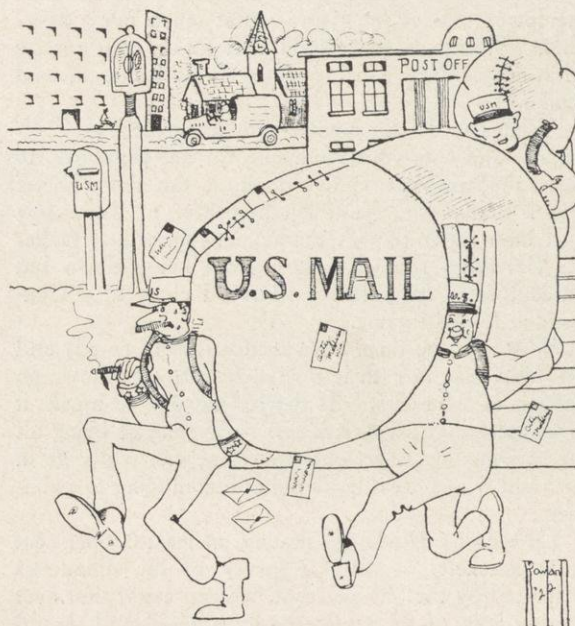
And in the evening, are you thrown away,
Or do you hang around from day to day?



The ice may seem cold to you, Mr. Man,
but it has held many a woman.



He (disgustedly): Girls make me tired.
Roomy: Well, don't stay so late.



American Men of Letters

Popular Girls

The girl who nearly knocks us cold
Is Mary Margaret Mapper,
She doesn't wear galoshes rolled,
Like every other flapper.

And Genevieve we're keen about,
Her stock is over par,
She doesn't pluck her eyebrows out
But leaves them as they are.

Another one whom we will boost
Is friendly Ruth St. Dennis,
She's seldom seen in high-heeled shoes,
And plays some clever tennis.

Irate father: Young man, you may leave the room.

Young man: I hardly expected to take it with me.

The height of ingratitude is when you take your room-mate home with you, show him a good time, introduce him to all the girls you know, and then he steals yours away from you.

Tee: Say, did you clean up our room?

Hee: Why certainly! I gave it several sweeping glances before I left.



Winter Musings

I fain would shake a wicked skate across the frozen main, but Mary Ellen has a date to ice boat with her swain. I can not court the winter's breeze that shimmies o'er the channels. I've naught but chilly B. V. D.s for Mary wears my flannels. And one of Mary's sister went to scurry 'mongst the beaches, and I'm quite sure that Mary lent the baby vamp my breeches.

My leather coat and woolen sox have also gone to Guinea. My wardrobe's laying 'round the rocks on Geraldine and Minnie. So I must wear my summer togs and take apair of bracers, and go and sit among the bogs to watch the chased and chasers. I've seen a lot of funny things from Maine to Alabama, but I must give the burlap rings to Caroline and Anna. These ladies that go out to skate in Tom's and Jerry's breeches, afford amusement simply great which can't be bought with riches. A maid of summers twenty-three with girth of eight and eighty, will go and wreck the frozen sea with gestures' slow and

weightly. A pair of pants size thirty-four, well tailored for a jockey, cling bravely to her aft and fore, though perilous, quite cockey.

She does not do a triple spin or other deeds of daring, it might disclose a wealth of shin or give her calves an airing. She must assume a modest gait quite moderate and slow, appropriate for excess weight and moving vans in low. Some others will wear sportive frocks, as loud as Joseph's jacket, which flop about their narrow hocks like taffy on a bracket, and flitting in the gentle breeze disclose some features shocking; a pair of knocked, ungainly, knees, or wealth of padded stocking.

I wish the maids that go to flit, across the billows shivery, should get some clothes that really fit, and not some chauffer's livery.

The folks that stand along the shore, and chill their corns and digits, may come to cheer, but stay to roar, at skidding squabs and midgits.



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No. 5

**Winter Sports**

REPLYING to the query of Mr. Tennyson, "What is so rare as a day in June?", Octy would beg to remark that it must be an evening in January and not a Chinaman with whiskers as the co-eds seem to believe.

January usually marks the peak of winter sports and February administers the grand finale.

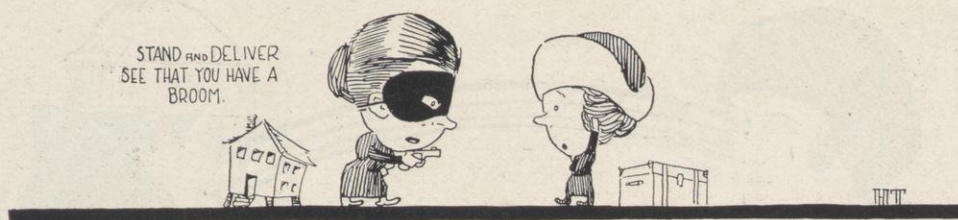
Winter sports fall into two general classes: indoor and outdoor, which may be subdivided under the heads; with, and without, meaning with the elusive female of the so called human race or without her the latter being the most pleasant but lacking many of the thrills which usually accompany winter sports.

The winter sport usually wears grandfather's coonskin mantle which has graduated from the wild pursuit of bovines and berkshires and has been passed down to the rising generation that it may take its well deserved place among the inhalers of forty cent tea.

Instead of buffeting the old familiar felt boot, the Joseph jacket entwines itself about a passionate pair of golf sox encasing a puny pair of jambones which are the bait for the with and the cause of the without.

When with, the winter sport falls for the indoor slant of the game and without, he is as forlorn a spectacle as a dying duck in hail storm. He seldom goes out for the outdoor excitement except as a preliminary bout for the indoor and though he may look like a rheumatic dolphin on skates he gets away like a pedigreed bull at a cheap auction when he once surrounds his digits with a flowing bowl of Oolong and uncorks his line.

Winter sports are popular but expensive, hazardous but exciting as for we'uns, let the skier skie, the skater skate, the coaster coast, and the booby expounder of banal buffonery hatch his literary lumber for if winter comes then spring will surely do the boomerang and Octy can once more watch the robin choke the fish worm.



The Mockery of S. G. A.

WHILE the marcelled pedestals of S. G. A. still dab powder on their probosces, the descendants of Dick Turpin who barter rooms still practice their arts on the defenseless co-eds. S. G. A. sits by calmly meditating on the way to manipulate soup noodles while rooming house proprietors extort money from the Sarahs and Jennies of the Self Government Association.

Even as the Czar of Russia turned a deaf ear to the passionate pleas of the starving peasantry of Muscovy so does our S. G. A. ignore the perpetual protestations of the victimized co-eds. In vain do they look to their moral monitor for relief.

Non-friction face powder, the quiet cures for croup, the merits of monogonists, the pernicious pronunciation of prunes, the marcel waive, the shuckless bunion take precedence over the problem of room robbery.

Naming as its sole purpose the welfare of its members this camouflaged egotist hypocritically proclaims itself the champion of university women. Willingly will it throw its glove in the ring when the length of a girl's skirt is in question, but it is thumbs down when the same girl's purse is rifled by some slippery Sapphira.

Can it be that there is a division of the spoils?

Never would Octy imprecate the integrity of this praiseworthy organization.

Never would it be so gross as to suggest that S. G. A. conscientiously disregards the protection of its members.

Yet-----

Octy wonders where the root of the evil can be when a landlady can reap from a single room enough to pay for an entire apartment.

Octy worries when a co-ed with no recourse is forced to pay five dollars a week for a room which she must keep clean, supply with linens, aye, even soap and water glasses, and still is drastically limited in her use of the parlors.

To throw our co-eds upon the market of the conscienceless landladies is to cast a lamb into a den of wolves.

The evil is apparent; the remedy obvious.

Tyrants have been dethroned, profiteers have been boycotted; procrastinators have been drowned in the river of progress.

S. G. A. needs a spring house cleaning.



Know Thy Prof.

STUDY the teacher, not the text.

Diagnose his idiosyncrasies, learn his passions and predilections, his pronenesses and proclivities.

Aye, delve into the cockles of his heart.

If little Willie had by psychomancy, sciomancy, dactyliomancy, onomancy, or some other "mancy" managed to prognosticate the professor's preference he would never have received a flunk and walking papers.

If by some occult science, Willie had known that Professor Phiddle expected an exposition of ice machines in Iceland when he asked why King George started the Russian revolution, he would have still been wearing a big "W" arm band, smoking a numeraled pipe, and shouting, "I'm a rah-rah boy."

But little Willie was young and green. He failed to use the pile of fungus that bulged from his shoulders. Hence, he failed his course.

Just like Achilles, every prof has his weakness which once discovered lays him open to the wicked machinations of the students. It may be powerful perfume or red neckties. It may be desire to get a heap of blue books filled with puff. It may be oysters on the shell.

Whatever it is, it should be analyzed and then favored and pampered.

Psychology will turn the trick. It will cut the casualty lists in half.



Gynne: It was so rough out iceboating this morning!
Phyz: Don't go out with him again.

The Evolution Of Our Winter Sports

Skating



Ice-Boating

A century and a half ago nobody ever thought of ice-boating.

Then General George Washington crossed the Delaware in mid-winter.

Still nobody thought of an ice-boat.

All the credit for the discovery goes to a University of Alabama lad who slapped the first ice-boat together in 1871, the year of the great Chicago fire. One evening when he went to take his girl out canoeing on the Necking River, he found that a frosty night has covered the pond with a coating of ice. Not to have his dating interfered with for the remainder of the semester, this young genius, only a freshman in college and still in his



Iceboat Inventor (from an old print)

twenties neglected his English History for another two weeks and finally gave to the world his plans for the first ice-boat.

The popularity of ice-boating has increased so rapidly that many colleges have bought lakes and provided ice-boats in the interests of their students. However, one obstacle remains unconquered by the ice-boating world; this is the lack of wind, for wind is as essential to an ice-boat as a bluebook is to an exam. What can be more glorious than a golden sunset, a still cold, not a stirring sail, and you and your girl slowly pushing your ice-boat to shore?

Skiing



Sliding Home in Holland

The origin of this cold weather sport is doubtful; some annals of early Dutch history describe the children of New Netherlands as making their eight o'clocks at the University of Amsterdam by sliding over the ice-covered hills in their wooden shoes.

An English recorder of the eighteenth century in that country tells of the innovation as follows: "By reason of the exceeding ice of the presente yeare our children in Nieuw Netherland are makinge use of their wooden galoshes in effecting their journeys to and from the greate universitie of that citie called Amsterdam. The multitude of hills makes the labour of commuting to class a distinctive pleasure to the Dutch stoudents who say it is 'sehr hundi sche', the which, untangled, means, 'extremely doggie.'"

The word "ski" is the French for the American equivalent "skid", the French having dropped the "d" to make the pronunciation of the word less harsh. The sport starting in the above-mentioned way, soon began to find favor in Spain, and for a time supplanted the gondola in Venice. It has been said that skating has been attempted as far north as Norway, but this report is unfounded.

At any rate its rapid spread to the United States has netted the ski manufacturers millions of berries; a firm in Pasadena, California, is turning out two hundred pair of skis a day, while another concern at Palm Beach is having difficulties in meeting the demand of tourists, who go there for the skiing alone.

The Trafalgar Square Incident (1805)

Skating feels harder than it looks. For this reason it is quite natural to suppose that courage was slow in giving to the world this invigorating diversion.

The invention of skates was an accidental one. The story is told that a certain old Englishman was trying to cross in the traffic of Trafalgar Square in London some hundred years ago during a heavy sleet storm.

Having taken the count about nine times, he struggled to his feet for the last time and proceeded to air his wrath on the traffic-cop by saying, "'ow about some ashes, officer. The way 'tis now, I could not fall more often with steel on my shoes."

That very sentence gave Kelly, a poor London traffic-cop, the idea which made him many pounds and police-sergeant to boot.

First a skate with two runners was put on the market but this proved too tame after a while.

As one politician of the day would say to another, "Your election is as safe as a man on skates."

Then the one-runner skate was adopted by a bolder generation and incidentally the fun began, and the expression "broke the ice" became popular.

Skating is now being taught by numerous artists, and signs of "Skating Taught By Ear" are not uncommon. The chief difficulty of skating takes the form of weak ankles, undoubtedly caused by not skating on the feet, the latter practice seldom allowing the ankles to strengthen.



Post-Prom Reflections of a Co-ed

"Even my eyes are blue. There's nothing on my mind but this marcel, and if it rains that will be gone."

Mot (on telephone): Hello, who is this speaking?

Dot (on the other end): If you don't know who you are how do you expect me to.

Drama of Life

(Silence.)

She: Well—

He: Quite.

(Silence.)

She: You seem a bit shy.

He: I haven't a cent.

(Silence.)

She (in despair): Oh dear.

He: HELEN!!!

And so they were married.

Sailors do not necessarily take foundry, but we know that, for all that, they know how to cast anchors.

Also the Hookworm

Keeper of the zoo: There is a garter snake.

Fair friend: Does anybody wear those horrid things?

A Winter Courtship

With utter audacity
I used perspicacity
And saw sliding down hill
A fur coated rhapsody.

The sweet little lassity
Held my eyes to capacity
And when she fell down
It roused my velocity.

With perfect veracity
I smoothed up the tragedy
And now have a date
With the fur coated rhapsody.

Several Co-eds have lost their galoshes within the last month. That's what they get for not buckling them.

Dogs

I like most kind of dogs—canine dogs anyway. Any cur with a pair of liquid-brown eyes and a stump of a tail can win my affection. Almost any lap-dog, as long as it doesn't snivel, can win my friendship. In fact, I think that the only kind of dogs I do not like are the gay dogs, who stay out all night and then insist upon bragging about it.



Billie: Where are you going?

Millie: I'm going for a short skate.

Billie: What's his name?

Cat!

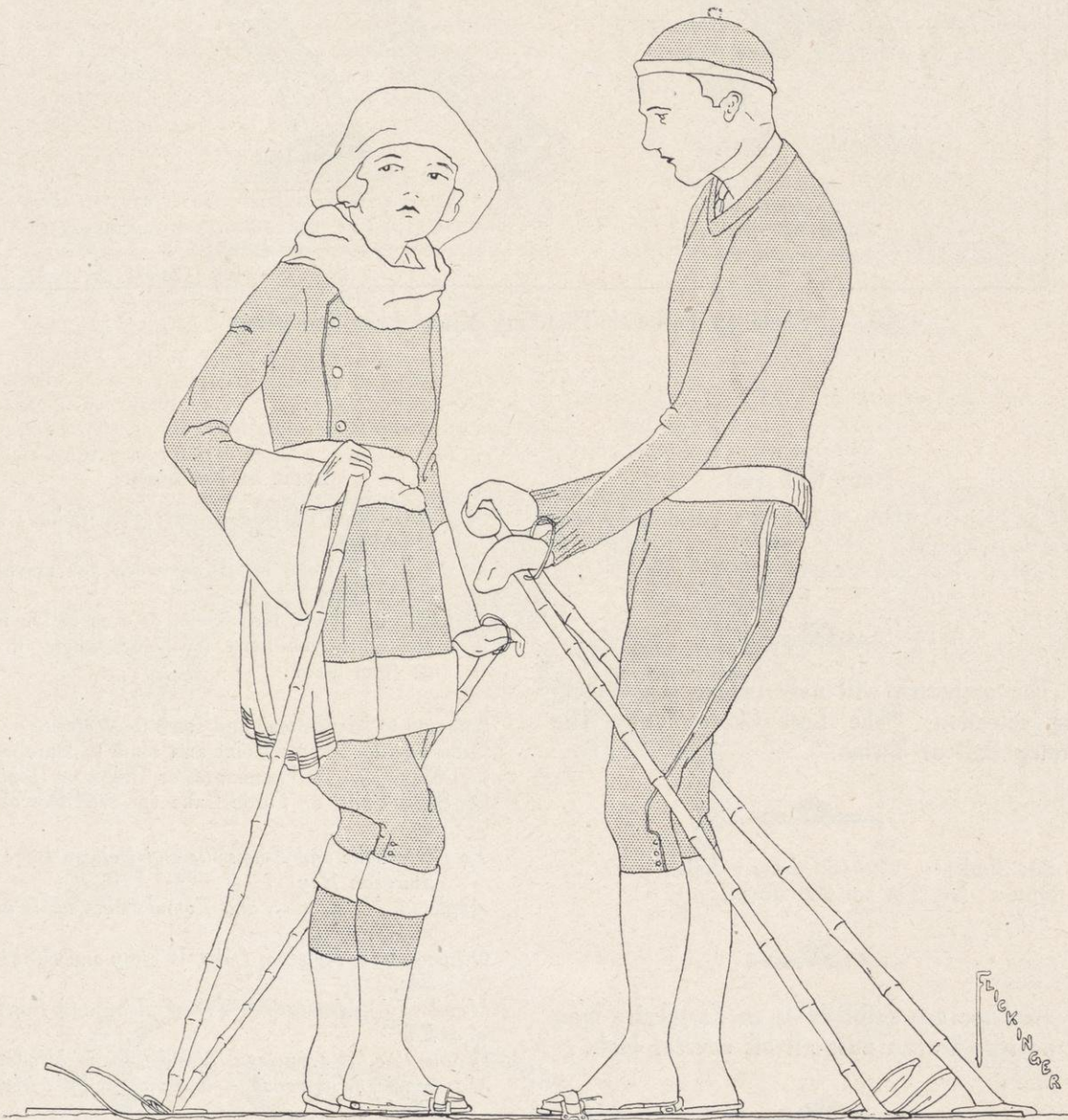
He: I had a little engine trouble last nite.
 She: You never have that when I'm with you.

What has become of the old fashioned girl
 who never knew what a ring was until she be-
 came engaged? She now has a daughter who
 blows them by the thousands.

"Well I'll be switched," said the freight car
 as it went in on the siding.

**One Down**

O'er the ice there twisted a crack
 Which could hardly be seen, in fact,
 'Til the skater approached
 And if he encroached,
 He lit on his back with a whack.



She: Why are we standing out here in the
 cold? Let's go in where it's warm.

He: Too bad, old dear, this is the Winter
 Sports Number. We'll have to wait another
 month.



"Come on Fellers! This Guy Musta Lost Something"

Time Will Tell

Chaperone: Mary, hasn't that young man been here long enough?

Mary: No, he's awfully slow.

The orchestra will now render that touching selection, "The Lost Chord," or "The Stolen Ball of Twine."

Art Student: Can you draw a freight car?

Ditto: No, I'm not that strong.

Just because a fellow is an Ex-service man is no sign he can pass all his courses high.

Hear the Mohne

There was a young man of Bayonne
Whose throat was as dry as a bone.

Tho he feared he would die,

He was willing to try

A swig of some eau de cologne.

Lyric of the State

Sing me a song of Badgerland; your father's bank is where?

At St. Croix Falls or Birnamwood, or maybe at Eau Claire,

Perhaps you live in Rosendale, or even in De Pere. Tell me, when you leave for home, where do you go from here?

Some go to Menomonie and some to Waterloo,
Others go to Stevens Point and some to Baraboo,
Or Waukesha, or Fennimore, or Phlox or Bonduel,
Or Spirit Falls, or Turtle Lake (or even Boscobel).

To Forrestville and Evansville and Pelican Lake and Sturgeon Bay

Appleton, Hortonville, and Tomahawk, "up Wausau way,"

Oconomowoc, Random Lake, Westby and Prairie du Sac,

Manitowish, Manitowoc, Trempealeau and Fond du Lac,

Wauwatosa, Weyauwega, Neshkoro and Wonewoc, Mazomanie, Mukwonago—and modest little Maiden Rock.

Sing me a song of Badgerland, tell me where you're from,

Kinnickinnick or Knowlton, or Kiel or Kewaskum? You never heard these names before? You live in Tennessee?

I never heard them either; you have not a thing on me.

A Sight For Sore Eyes

I know an Ebenezer Cox, who's worth about ten million rocks. His house is set upon a hill, he lunches at the Waldorf grill and drives a ninety horse sedan, but he is not a happy man.

He has a daughter twenty-one who thinks of naught but having fun. She dresses like a Fiji freak and has some twenty dates a week. Her hair is pruned, she reefs her sox, and smokes Fatimas by the box. She knows some guy that owns a Stutz, and so she cuts and cuts and cuts. The teachers call up Eb and shout, "She can not last the quarter out." And Eb looks older every day.

His side burns all are turning gray. He writes her letters by the scores. He preaches, begs, and then implores. But he might save himself the bother, it's in one ear and out the other, because there's nothing 'tween the two to keep the stuff from going through.

If I was Ebenezer Cox, I would not throw her dough in flocks. I'd dress her in a sheepskin coat, a lengthy skirt and petticoat, so long they'd sweep the cobble stones. She'd eat her ice cream from the cones, and never dance or sing or play.

I'd take her from the tea hounds gay and make her cook my cream of wheat, and if it were not fit to eat I'd tie her to the water tap and beat her with the razor strap. I'd pull her hair and kick her shins and thank the Lord she wasn't twins.

These girls today just go to school to act the snob and play the fool. They want to be massaged and kissed. They're excess baggage in our midst. The only way to call their bluff is get them young and treat 'em rough.

Let them grow old from swinging mops and not from playing with the fops.

Homeward Bound

I'm slipping out of Madison
For at least I've learned the worst
To a place there ain't no S. G. A.
And the dean can't hold my thirst.

Where no 8 o'clocks are ringing
That's the place I long to be.
I'm going back to the folks again,
I'm off to Milwaukee.

Says the history professor: "This man was very much wrapped up in the midnight oil." It is to be hoped that he was not of a fiery nature.

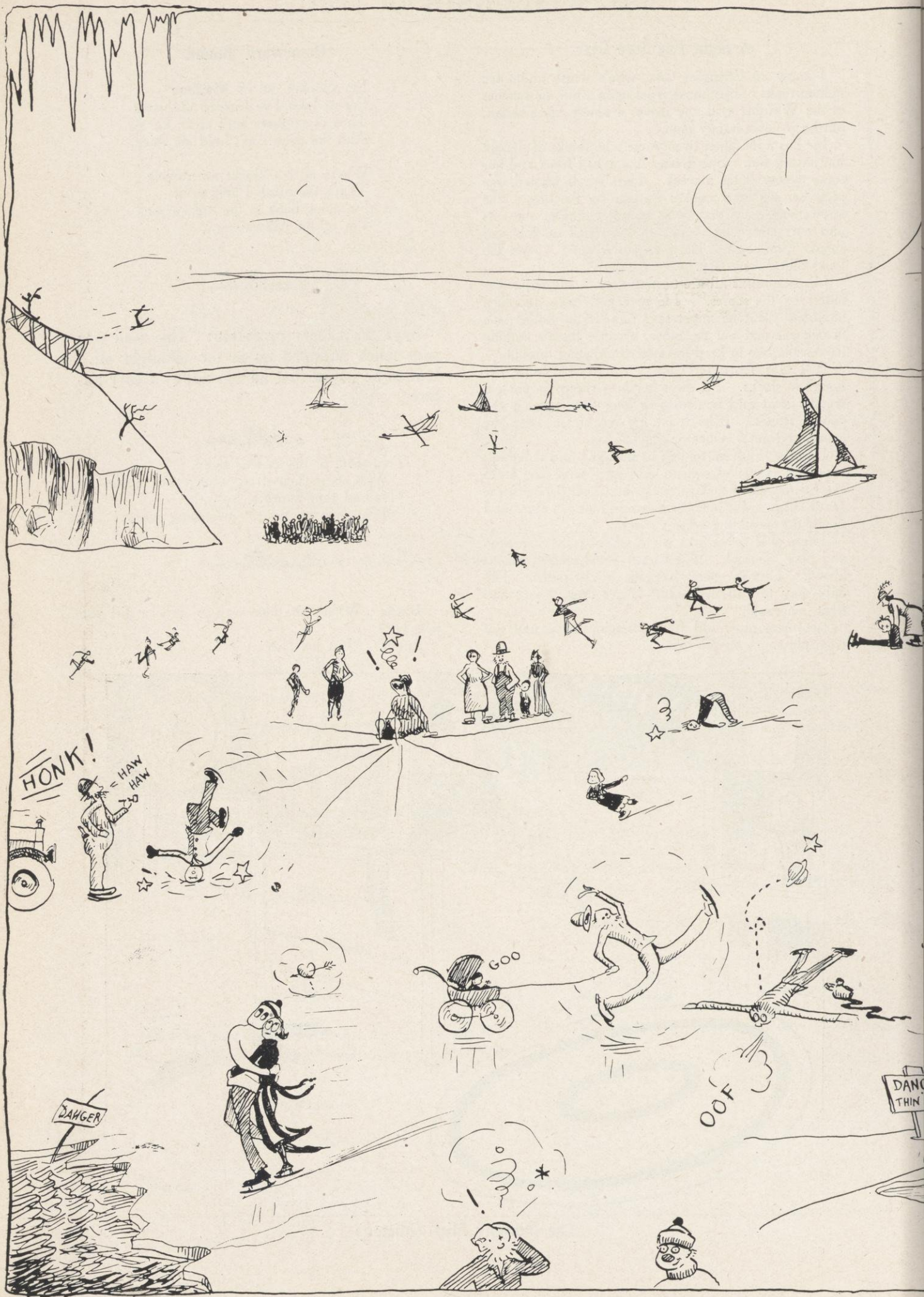
That man, of the athletic build,
Who shows himself so strong and supple,
Has had four fiancées, his girl
Beats him by three. Engaging couple!

Bunk: What's the best way to show a girl you love her?

Bunky: Just love her.



The Morning Mist (Missed)



Octy says, "Clothes may make the man, but Adam was quite a character."



I went skating, and couldn't walk comfortably for a week afterward. I went skiing, but after taking one look at the jump I burned the slivers up for firewood. I went ice-boating, and was hit in the head by the boom so that I was of no use for a couple of days. As a last resort I accepted an invitation to a tobogganing party, and was thrown off into a four-foot snow-drift. Since then I confine my winter sports to black-jack and bowling.



"That goes without saying," said Amy, pointing to the dummy.



Bub: I see Jack has a new job now at the shops.
 Dub: Is that so? What does he do?
 Bub: He's a draftsman. He opens and closes windows.

The Midnight Stew

What stupid waiter brought you to my plate,
 Thou flowing bowl which idle rich inhale
 With maws as large and active as a whale?
 Your time is past you're sadly out of date.

No vitamins lie dormant 'neath your steam,
 You can not make me stronger by a grain,
 Though fish, you can not add cells to my brain,
 Thou mess of slimy mollusks stewed in cream.

I ordered soup, tomato, bean or pea.
 My social plane is far above a stew,
 I two but I'll not go on a spree.

I'm active in the Woman's C. T. U.
 Enough, avaunt, vamoose, tout suite allez
 Dumb waiter, come and take this mess away!

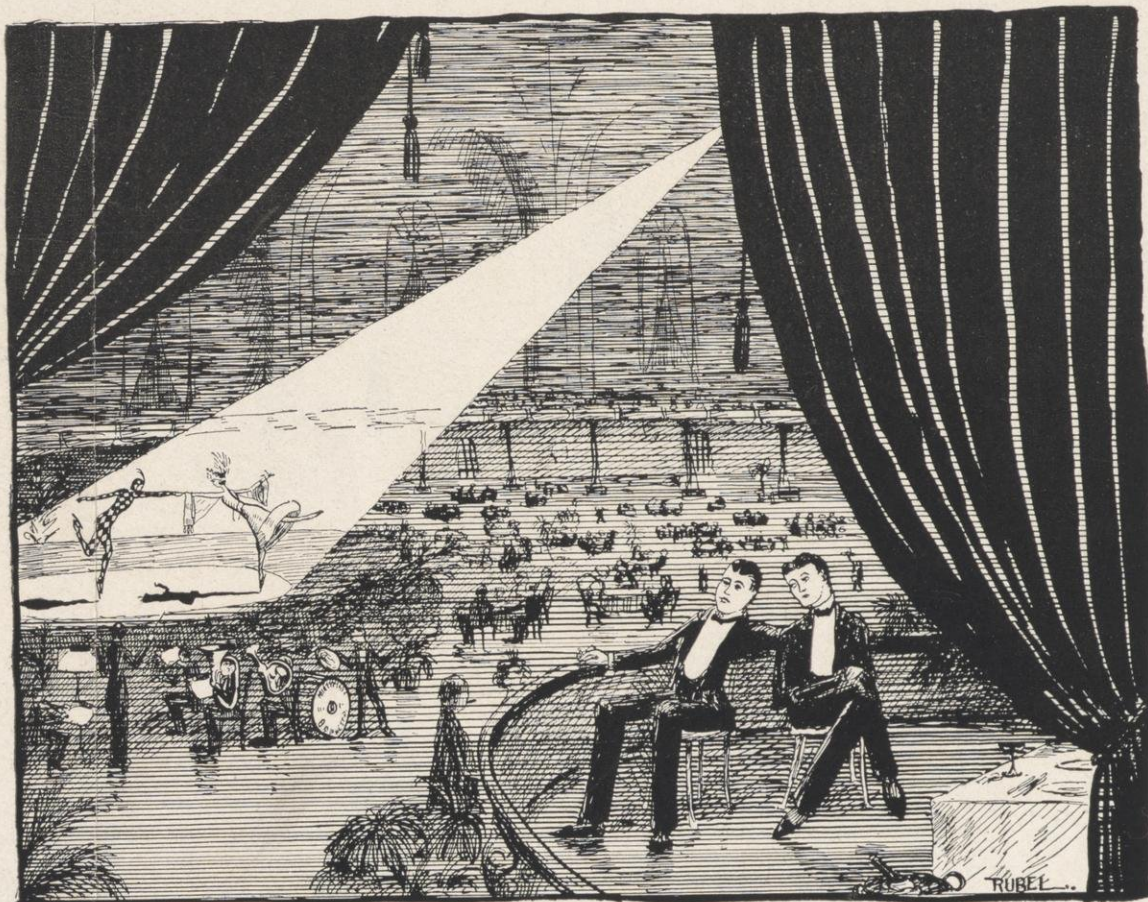


"You make me sick," gurgled Sophie, sipping the acid.



She: There's no man living who will ever kiss me.

He: Well, I believe you on that point.



D. W. Gripfitts: Why did Archie get the job of movie censor?

Maurice Turneover: Oh, they wanted a man with an evil mind who could see the hidden meanings in the pictures.

Darwin Forgot These When He Wrote His
"Origin of Species"



No. 1. Prof. Bison of Buffalo Univ.—A 4th cousin to Doc Yak, famous motorist. The Professor is a specialist in Bovinology.

No. 2. Lucas Lounge—a direct descendant of the famed lizard family. He has a reptilian glide.

No. 3. Rubie Condor—Waldorf-Astorian buzzard. A famous species. Note the outstretched pin-feathers.

No. 4. Auntie Lope, wearing her own latest millinery creation. Her family have a little doe, and all admit she's a perfect deer.

No. 5. Jo Gettum, Wall St. Broker—alias Gotham's loan shark. He's a man eater.

No. 6. Lord Helpus, sea lion of the British admiralty. Sometime ruler of the Queen's Navee.

No. 7. Hon. Hogge de Koyne, Esq.—Meat-packer of Hamburg. His hobby is fleecing lambs as well as the public.

Representative Russian Poems

Blind,
Deaf,
On track
Train comes
Bones crack.
Knokemup.

Air plane
Burning match
Burst of flame
Angels hatch.
Lilmore Optimuski.

Gushing blood
Oh! Faint!
Only joke
Red paint.
Grusomopshki.

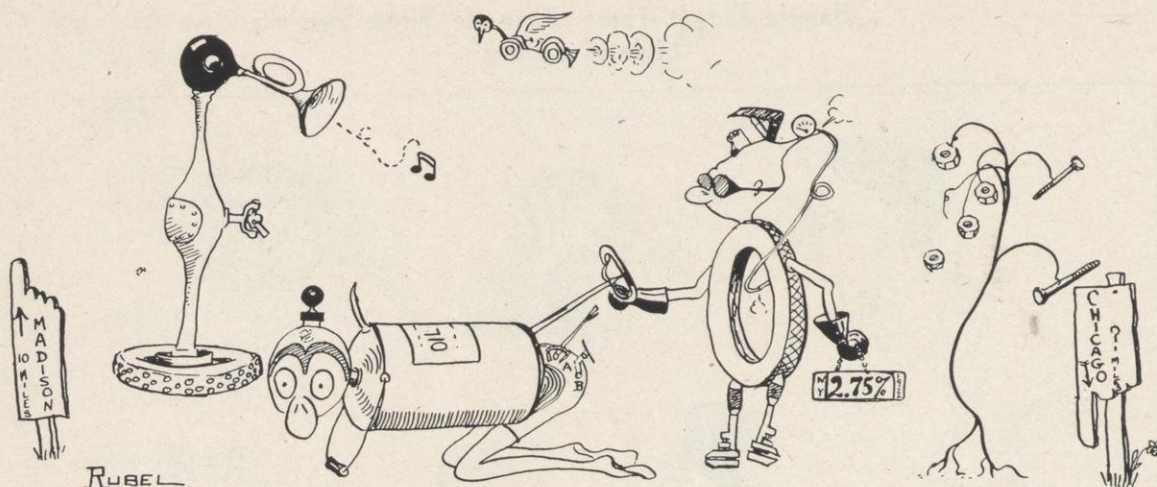
The Probability

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

Ay, send him home again to pine,
A fortnight fully to be missed,
Behold, the co-eds he has haply kissed
Are waiting for invites to dine.

His place forgets him; other chaps
Have bought his instruments and books.
No longer do his favorite nooks
(Along the Drive) resound with slaps.

Yet may he come back, like a ghost,
To haunt the places where he stayed.
And there, as lonely as a shade,
Get casual greetings at the most.



The Sputtagups

Now here is Otto Sputtagup.
His tired form quite rankles
Those who can't hear his non-skid tread
Because he's wrenched his ankles.

Pa Sputtagup's an oil can,
Radiating face you see.
Push lever "A" drives him to drink,
And then just lever "B".

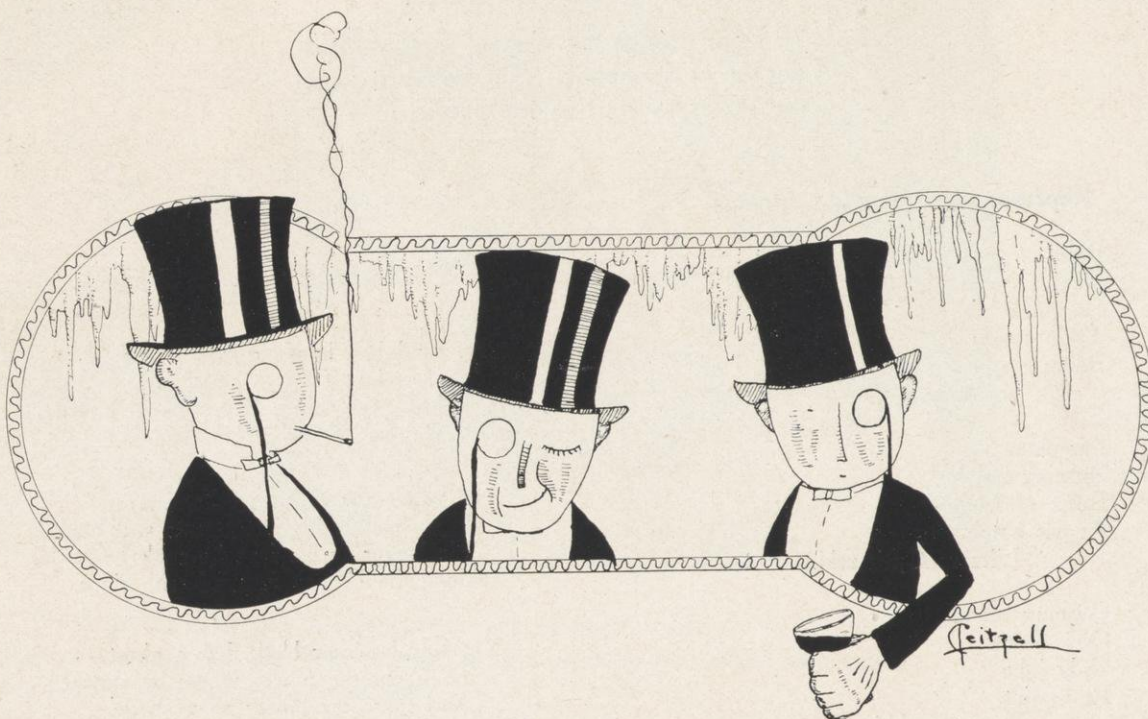
How Sweet of Her

Hap: What kind of a girl is Dorothy?
Bill: She is the kind of a girl who asks you
why the basement windows of gymnasiums are
always frosted?

The purple derby goes to the Frosh R. O.
T. C. hopeful who thought it was the proper
thing to salute the senior who was a major in
English.

"That's what I call a comeback," said the
cannibal as the boomerang returned to his
hands.

He: I have heard that the Duke has such won-
derful manors.
She: Oh yes, he is a perfect gentleman.



Winter Sports

Spring Festivities Call For Fresh Spring Apparel

As hoary winter gives us farewell activities---so sunshiny days speak of fresh interests, and bright attire.

Light suits and dresses already betoken a changing season, and bid goodbye to the wools and furs of winter.

Simpson's

Spring Showing MEN'S SHOES

\$8.00 to \$12.00

True to our promise to bring footwear costs to their lowest marks when conditions warrant we again announce exceptionally low prices on all our spring shoes and oxfords. We always endeavor to give you the best possible values.

We would be pleased to have you look over our spring showing as soon as possible.



"Stein-Bloch" Smart Clothes

**now in our new
store—a very
complete service.**

University Music Shop
at 511 State St.

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YOUNG MEN



FEATURE SOFT HAT
—a smart young man's
Stetson with a medium
flare, and binding. Lined
attractively in various
shades of satin.

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*Where special attention
is paid to STUDENTS.*

*The ELIZABETHAN
ROOM is udexcelled for
exclusive social functions*

--also--

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

Rhyming of a Modern Romeo

I.

I never knew what friendship was
Until I met Annette—
The biscuits that she threw at me—
I've bruises from them yet.

II.

I'd never known what true love was
Before I fell for Jane.
She baked a pie for me that gave
Me such an awful pain.

III.

A cook of talents rarely found
Was dimpled little Sue.
I threw her biscuits at the wall—
They traveled right on through.

IV.

I never saw a girl so cute
As tender young Susanne.
Her love to show, she threw at me
A worn-out frying pan.

V.

I thought that girls were all alike
Upon this earthly planet,
But then one day I changed my mind
When I went out with Janet.

VI.

My first true love was this sweet maid—
She let me call her Jean—
But that was years and years ago
When we were young and green.

VII.

I used to think I couldn't live
Without my darling Sal;
But now I've gone and left her flat.
I love another gal.

VIII.

My last love was a little blonde
I told her I'd be true.
I thought my happiness complete
When first I danced with Lou.



Nip: Gee, that stuff went to my head.
Tuck: Poor stuff. It won't have any com-
pany there.

Octy's Department of Fine Arts

ART.



One of the best pictures of the year is a magnificent canvas by Rosa Bonhed. The title of the picture is "The Urge." It shows a woman, or a cow, or a tree, or something like that running around a meadow or a ball room or something like that.

The indefinite vagueness and misty hazyness, or something like that, allows one to read almost anything into the picture. When asked just what it all meant, Rosa in that clever way of hers leaned over, took the gum from her mouth, and than whispered, "I'll bite." Whereupon the entire gathering chortled with glee. Miss Rosa Bonhed is one of the finished artists of the day. I think that one will agree with me that "The Urge" shows plainly that Rosa was finished years ago, or something like that.

MUSIC.

If one wishes to hear a delightful thing, and one generally does, doesn't one? I should advise one, or possibly two, to attend the Wagner Festival in Tivlitz, Zum Armen Teufeln, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a little French village south of the Norman hamlet of Schleswig-Holstein. One can make the trip for easily two thousand dollars, and one can live on 1,577,985,432,997 Pfennings a day. (Twenty Cents). I have never heard Wagner, but I understand he is one of the coming composers, and if he writes music as well as he played baseball with the Pirates he will rank with Chopin, Irv Berlin, and Leo Feist.

LITERATURE.

Unaccustomed as I am to reading novels, I happened to be waiting for my wife to get a new set of teeth, when I picked up the novel "Copper" lying on the dentist's table. Instinctively I put the book in my pocket and took it home. It is written by Norris, who, by the way, has a lovely grandfather. The climax is reached when a man's poor wife discovers that her wedding ring is "Brass" but her husband tells her that it is "Copper" and they live happily ever after, as soon as the wife dies from grief. Mr. Norris traveled inmagneto through Milwaukee getting the atmosphere for the story which is laid in England. The Revenue officers did not confiscate all of his atmosphere, however.

Said the man to his blind wife, "I will call you my potato, for you've eyes that cannot see."

Edna: My dear, where did you get the new fur-lined coat?

Edith: It's not new; I had the bathtub made over.

START THIS SEMESTER WRITE with a RIDER MASTERPEN

RIDER'S PEN SHOP
REAL PEN SERVICE

527 State St.

J. M. Rider, '23, Prop.

Specialties in Candy

Our candies are noted not only for their quality, but for their newness, novelty, and originality.

Some of this month's specialties are: Genuine Marzipans, in fruit shapes and colors. Cordials of many flavors, and symbolic chocolate figures for Washington's birthday and St. Patrick's day.

The Chocolate Shop

528 STATE

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416 STATE

W. E. MIDDLETON, Pres.

Students Be Careful

Save your eyesight by having the correct
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Home of
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BREAD

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*The only bakery in the city that delivers hot
rolls for breakfast.*

Gold-Diggers

A gold-digger is a girl who becomes engaged every few months so that she can hock the diamonds. These girls are generally the ring leaders of their set. They do not need a course in metalurgy to make the test for gold, nor do they carry a pick to extract the noble metal. On the contrary, they do nothing but hint by saying they want to see some ore whenever they are out for the evening.

Frogs and their greenbacks are never parted, but unfortunately men are not frogs. They are fooled. First they part with a kiss, and then they part with their money. Then they part forever.

All gold-diggers are not minors, anymore than all miners are gold diggers. They do, however, play a miner part in a man's life, which, to say the least, is the major part. Money talks, and all gold-diggers have a keen sense of hearing.

Gold-diggers are fond of sports, especially those who display big rolls, and Rolls-Royces. They are a generous lot, though, lots of them displaying two rolls to the man's one. Some fellows roll the dominoes to get a little money, but they lose it right away to the girl who rolls her eyes at them.

Gold-diggers as a rule dislike to work. That is why they even shun Gold Dust. They would rather work some fellow and come in contact with the dust that way. Seated in a Twin-six they are so generous that they give everyone their dust.

Leap year isn't the only year that the Gold-diggers work, for there is hardly a day that passes, or an evening that lingers, that they haven't got the thought on their minds that they can always say to the new victim:

"You are Mine."

And he generally is one.



I wanted five simoleons;
Went to Angus, in the end;
Since then I haven't any doubt
He is my *closest* friend.



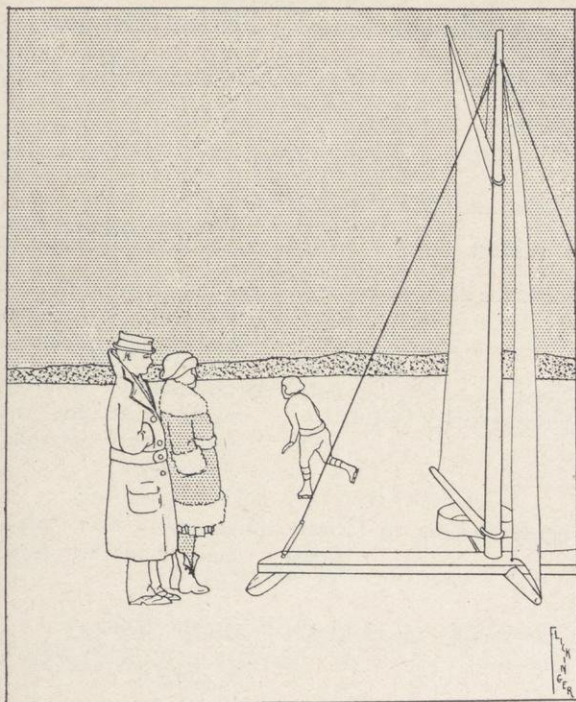
"No, Alfred, everybody who pays the current fees for the semester is not taking electrical engineering."



Luvme: Whatcha looking for?
Leavme: Looking for Mike—
Luvme: Mike! Mike who?
Leavme: My kimona.



College students and thermometers have one thing in common—both are graduated with degrees.



She: Oh, come on, don't let's argue.
He: All right let's fuss to-night.



A Winter Carnival Which Would Be Really Popular

PRIZES FOR EVENTS.

1. Large silver loving cup (capacity two gallons) filled with "moon" for the man or woman having the best "scate" on.
2. Two large self-starting tooth-brushes for the couple who can dance for fifteen minutes and cover the smallest amount of floor space.
3. *For girls only.* One large box of Pratt & Lamberts Extra Quality Paint (for household use) to the girl who can get her complexion on straight in the shortest time. (Brushes over six inches wide are prohibited.)
4. Two large hand-painted, cut-glass cigarette cases for the "fastest" davenport team. Only amateur contestants may center. Teams with more than two years experience are placed in the professional class.
5. *For all unmarried male instructors.* One rubberset, non-skid safety razor with all the latest accessories for the winner of free-for-all poker tournament.



Lines to a Fountain Pen

A bottle of ink and thou,
And a sheet on which to write.
A theme that's overdue.
Has gotta be done tonite.

Gold and black and gold
And full of purple ink.
You're pretty, there's no doubt,
But you don't help me to think.

William Schwoegler

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Appliances

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fraternities and sororities

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B. 1730

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Fine Food
Reasonable Prices
and Thompson's
Orchestra
Every Evening

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for Lunches
After the Dance
or
Party

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out of your business
associations?

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benefited. You, by our efficient
service and low prices. We,
by the good will of our custom-
ers.

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DOLLAR CHICKEN DINNER

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Steaks, Chops, Salad Sandwiches

Reservations F. 966

The Comfort Shop

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Expert and Different Work

We Marcel, Use Electric Needle, Shampoo and manicure. We also have a Chiropodist with ten years experience.

209 Wisconsin Life Bldg.

F. 421

A Schedule Hound's Efficient Morning

What he scheduled: What he did:

Arise ----- 6:45 z z z z

Exercise --- 6:45-7:00 m m m m

Dress ----- 7:00-7:15 z z z z

Breakfast -- 7:15-7:30 zzzzzZZZZZZZZ

Read the daily 7:30-7:45 Hit the floor, exercised violently in dressing and getting to class.

Class ----- 8:00 Breakfasted leisurely,
Study History in Library wandered to libe and
9:00 read the Scientific
Amercan.

Study Spanish in Library Discovered new play-
10:00 mate, made fair prog-
ress.

Class ----- 11:00 Read the Daily.

Lunch ----- 12:00 Was crowded out of
luncherie,
so decides to start living on schedule tomorrow.



The Blind Date

I wandered through the postern gate,
I lacked the nerve to ring or knock.
And lo, there was my unseen date,
Straight up and down, like six o'clock.

Upon her blank though freckled face,
I caught no hint of pep or speed.
She bowed and 'lowed her name was Grace.
That bow was like a broken reed.

The name monopolized the grace.
I feared the dame could never dance.
I sought an exit from the place,
I'd let some Agric have my chance.

Hesperus was a wreck of note,
As was the famous One Hoss Shay.
And Grace, though neither cart nor boat
Is worth a line or two of lay.

I asked a loaf and got a stone,
I sought a rose and got a tree.
And that is why I left at home,
The woman that thou gavest me.



I have a friend from Mississippi. Many is the time I have told him about our winter sports. Finally, one winter, he came up to visit me. As we were walking up State street we saw two girls—fur-coated, silk-stockinged, bare-necked—coming toward us. My Mississippi friend gave one look and admitted that girls who would endure cold like that were unbeatable as winter sports.

Practical Mabel

Mabel is our engineer
 I tell you, boys, she's there!
 She learned her trade by using
 'Lectric curlers on her hair.
 She's brave as any hero
 When she's near machinery. Why,
 She never bats an eyelash
 When an auto passes by.

Yes she's ready and she's rough,
 (But I don't believe she's tough)
 As she runs her small Corona
 You can hear her pant and puff.
 And she can
 Run a fan
 Just as well as any man
 She's our terrible, ripsnortin' engineer.



"Up and atom," shouted the molecule as
 the electrolysis started.

**Skating**

Sailing, darting,
 Skimming, floating,
 Soaring, speeding,
 O'er the ice
 Flying, gliding,
 Sliding, riding
 Sweeping, leaping,
 Aint it nice!



Landlady: Did you drop a bill on the stairs last night?

Youth delighted and surprised: Why yes, I guess I did.

Landlady: Well, here it is—for cleaning and pressing four dollars.

**The Reformer**

I sneer, in print, at co-eds skirts,
 Their paint and rouge I so abhor
 That sight of them quite sharply hurts,
 And causes me to rant and roar.

I laugh with scorn at sealskin coats
 With silken knees in sight below;
 I look with hate at him who quotes
 The rot that says they're healthy so.

I talk and write and preach this way,
 But, sad to say, I must confess
 In spite of all the things I say
 I sort of like the way they dress.



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Wisconsin Bowling Alleys

660 STATE STREET

Bowling is a healthy and delightful recreation. It develops you both physically and mentally.

Why not learn how to bowl on one of our 8 Brunswick Alleys.

WE CATER TO STUDENTS

Reservations for Ladies.

Phone B. 2845

SERVICE

When you have a suit cleaned, pressed or repaired in our tailoring department you can feel sure that you are going to get perfect work and that your clothes will be returned

ON TIME

Give us one chance at your work and we will have another satisfied customer.

Co-Op Tailoring Dept.

B. 7542

506 State St.

There's A Gift Here For Any Occasion---

We are always seeking the unusual gift things—those dainty articles which are inexpensive, yet carry with them a certain distinctiveness so much desired.

Come to Netherwood's first when looking for the proper gift.

NETHERWOOD'S
519 STATE

Don't Wait—

to have your house furniture repaired for the coming spring parties. You'll be pleased with our efficient workmanship.

FURNITURE REPAIR SHOP

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832 W. Wash. Ave.

Sumner & Cramton

All roll film purchased here
developed free

STATIONERY, DRUGS, CANDY, NOTE
BOOKS, SUPPLIES

670 STATE STREET

New York Floral Co.

"Say It With Flowers"

*Quality Flowers for every
occasion—especially
Spring Formals*

CORNER MIFFLIN AND CARROLL

BADGER 476

Course Review

CHEMISTRY. This course comprises an introduction into smells, smoke and salicylates—mostly smell. The student buys an apron and a text (sometimes) and bets the University twenty-five or sixty dollars that he can break more glass than he can pay for. He always loses. Chemistry is the most dangerous way to work off a science requirement; if you don't flunk the course you get an arm blown off.

GREEK. There is no use in taking Greek. They won't shine your shoes any better, or cook your eggs any softer no matter how much you talk to them. If you want mental exercise, take "Determinants and Analytic Geometry of Three Dimensions"; if you crave culture, take "Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibniz",—but don't take Greek; it would be all Greek to you anyhow.



She was clad in clothes for skating.

The skates swung free in her hands.

She looked the feminine athlete

As she fastened snug the bands.

But when it came to skating

The eyes had a sad defeat,

For gone was the graceful demeanor.

She walked on the sides of her feet.



"I ought to get a kick out of this," quoth
the farmer lad as he jabbed the mule with a
pitch fork.



Rivals

The laws and the engineers,

The engineers and the laws,

If one believes all one hears

There'll be no peace because—

Cry the engineers to the laws.

"Look at your greasy paws!"

Cry the laws to the engineers.

They argue down the years.

The laws and the engineers.



"Listen here, Sambo, I'se liable to hit you where
you nose was befoah I hit you the first time."

"Don't rile dis muddy water, Rastus, or dis here
fist gwine ter travel right thru you like a X-Ray."



Frosh: My hair is wet.

Soph: Look out or it will soak through and you
will get water on the brain.

Males and Females, Co-Eds and Tea-Hounds Use Our Nerverol

Are you nervous? Do you jump at the popping of a cork in a restaurant? Are you afraid of exams? Do you have trouble in tying a dress tie? Are you irritated by the sound of an alarm-clock in the morning? Do you have difficulty in keeping your seat at a funeral or at a baseball game? Do you run from motor trucks and blind dates? Do burglars, lunatics, explosions, or race-riots bother you?

If you are in any way susceptible to nervousness under ordinary conditions like the above, only Nerverol can save you. As conclusive proof of the efficacy of Nerverol we submit the following letter from one of the country's most popular citizens:

Dear Sir:—A year ago my nerves were completely unstrung. I took them to a doctor to have them re-strung but all operations failed. My occupation, that of a bootlegger, necessitates poise in speech. I now have poise in everything and even poison whiskey. At last I can smile at the federal agents when they ask me for a shot and I am no longer afraid to make them pay for their drinks.

(Signed)

R. Hotstuff.

Ninety-nine per cent of our people are nervous; the other one per cent live on the Mexican border where there is nothing to excite them. Look on the map to-day and find out if you are in the nervous zone. If you are send for our moss-covered booklet which will enable you to regain that home-brew complexion and that flapper's walk.

—Adv.—At your nearest druggist.



"It won't be long now," remarked the philosopher as the train ran over his nose.



She's a vamp,
O-oh a vamp,
With such awful dangling earrings,
How they quiver
(Makes me shiver)
As she stands beneath the lamp.
And her pretty eyes grow damp
When I tell her that the queer things
Are mere folly
For, by golly,
She's a vamp.



And now while we are debating on the subject, who can tell us where the white goes to when the snow melts.

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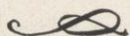
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My Boarding House

At my boarding house there are half a dozen good fellows. There is also a Phi Bete and a medical student. Of the two, I prefer the Phi Bete. He may ask for the "lachrymal fluid," but he doesn't say, "Shoot up the corpse!" when he wants us to pass the meat.

The same rules hold that are used in playing pool. One foot on the floor, and no second shot. There was a little fellow with us for a while. He's gone now; the doctors say he died of starvation.

One day, just as the wieners were being passed somebody started to sing "Home Sweet Home." When the police restored order he had a wiener behind each ear, and his coat was charmingly decorated with mashed potatoes.

My parents wonder why I come home so often, but if I didn't sit with my feet under the home table once in a while I would go home for a nice long rest under the trees.



To Prove a King's a King

A king is a ruler;
A ruler's a measure;
A measure is a graduated container;
A container is a vessel;
A vessel is a ship;
Sunken ships are wrecks;
Rex is King.



He: Lost a very dear friend today.
She: Must have been quite a wench.
He: It was, the dentist said he never had to wrench harder.



"Heloise is awfully sweet to me."
"How come, Jimmy, how come?"
"She just spilt half a bowl of sugar in my coffee."



Lest their names be confused with those of imitators, we present herewith the original cast for King Arthur's all-star production of "Ten Knights in Barroom."

Hero	Sir Mount
Villain	Sir Pent
Assistant Villain	Sir Tax
Heroine	Sir Q. Late
Caterer	Sir Loin
Oldest Inhabitant	Sir Vivor
Comedian	Sir Kuss
Irish Uncle	Sir O'Gate
Bouncer	Sir Round
Bartender	Sir Charge

Tourist (gazing at a volcano): Looks like hell, doesn't it?

Native: How those Americans have traveled.
—*Lampoon.*



First Bachelor Girl: I always look under the bed before I retire.

Second Bachelor Girl: So do I, but I never have any luck.

—*Jacko 'Lantern.*



He: I asked her if I could see her home.

Me: And what did she say?

He: She said she'd send me a photo of it.
—*Phoenix.*



Said a baldheaded man to a waitress bold,

"See here young woman my cocoa's cold!"

She scornfully answered: "I can't help that,
If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat."

—*Tiger.*



"Do you know that professors do not get any more per hour than plumbers?"

"Well, I think a good professor is worth it."
—*Widow.*



"I believe you are kidding me," said the surprised father as the stork arrived with the triplets.

—*Banter.*



Yums: There's something free and easy about Marianne.

Yams: Well, no girl wears them any more.
—*Purple Cow.*

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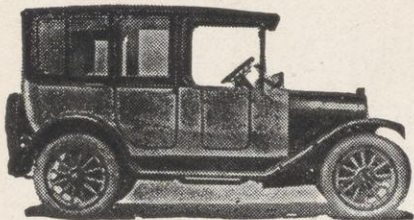
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Nai: Why is Algy so sun-
burned? Didn't know that he
went out for athletics.

Eve: Doesn't; his bed is on
the sunny side of the porch.

—Chaparral.

He: Women is loveliest in her
thirties.

She: Thank—I mean, do you
think so?

—Purple Cow

Stranger: Healthy place, this,
I suppose?"

Native: Sure when I first came
here I was too weak to walk.

Stranger: Really.

Native: Yes, I was born here.

—Chaparral

Helen: There's only one thing
the matter with you, George.

George: Why, I always
thought I was all right.

Helen: That's it.

—Lemon Punch

Jakey: I took Rachel by de
te-ater last night and we almost
had a taxicab home.

Ikey: Vy? What happened?

Jakey: Well, I matched de
drifer first for veder ve should pay
him double fare or nodding. He
von; so we had to walk.

—Lord Jeff

Motorist: Is there a William
Jones around here, my good man?

Villager: Yep.

"Where may I find him?"

"Jes' beyond the ridge thar'".

"Isn't that the cemetery?"

"Yep. He's dead."

—Judge

"What kind of an instrument is
that?"

"Shoe horn."

"What does it play?"

"Foot notes."

—Tiger.

Always put off to-night what
you are going to put on in the
morning.

—Jester

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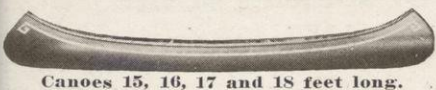
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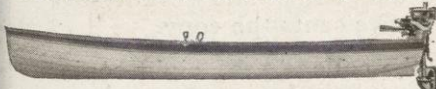
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In Chapel

Co-ed: They say the dean
talks in his sleep.

Fish: Very likely. He talks
in mine.

—Mugwump.



Cleo: When Bill danced with
me last night he kept letting his
hand slip down my back.

Patricia: I hope you rebuked
him.

Cleo: I did. I told him to
keep it up.

—Purple Cow.



He: You girls look much
shorter in bloomers.

She: But you men look much
longer.

—Lord Jeff.



"They say he plays a mouth
organ."

"My what a queer taste for
music."

—Lehigh Burr.



"My heart is with the ocean!"
cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better,"
said his seasick friend, as he took
a firmer grip on the rail.

—Tiger



Give me at first a porch like this
And two veranda chairs

A summer night, a summer moon,
Two minds devoid of cares,

A strain of music far away,
A breeze to stir your hair,

A touch of sentiment, and then—
Remove a single chair.

—Pelican

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Vol. III.

February, 1922

No. 5

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But the ghostly light, and its mysterious disappearance in a high vacuum, remained unexplained for years.

Then J. J. Thomson established the electron theory on the transmission of electricity in a partial vacuum—and the blue light was understood. In a very high vacuum, however, the light and apparently the currents that caused it disappeared.

One day, however, a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company proved that a current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum, and could be varied according to fixed laws. But the phantom light had vanished.

Here was a new and definite phenomenon—a basis for further research.

Immediately, scientists began a series of developments with far reaching practical results. A new type of X-ray tube, known as the Coolidge tube, soon gave a great impetus to the art of surgery. The Kenotron and Pliotron, followed in quick succession by the Dynatron and Magnetron, made possible long distance radio telephony and revolutionized radio telegraphy. And the usefulness of the "tron" family has only begun.

The troublesome little blue glow was banished nearly forty years ago. But for scientific research, it would have been forgotten. Yet there is hardly a man, woman or child in the country today whose life has not been benefited, directly or indirectly, by the results of the scientific investigations that followed.

Thus it is that persistent organized research gives man new tools, makes available forces that otherwise might remain unknown for centuries.

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