

Octopus: The old timers number. Vol. 5, No. 8 May, 1924

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The Old Timers Number JCOPUS. Here and the second sec

NIJH AYING IT



For the Discerning Man

The discerning man to whom refined living surroundings have a definite appeal finds that an Allerton Club Residence affords those niceties so essentially a part of the home life of a gentleman.

He finds also that luxury of appointment has not run away with cost and that he can live unusually well without exceeding his budget allowance.

Rates: \$10 to \$20 per week ALLERTON CLUB-RESIDENCES New York Chicago Cleveland

The Fraternity Clubs Building, 38th Street and Madison Avenue, New York City, is now available to college fraternity men.

The new Chicago Allerton Club Residence, here pictured, is now open.

LLE ERTON



term Sloce

Sn art Clothes







Merchant tailors make Stein-Bloch Clothes—and put into them woolens and tailoring as fine as is possible to put into clothing. What these suits represent this year, they have represented undeviatingly for 70 years—the finest workmanship that hands can needle into garments, to make them stand wear—and be a pleasure to the wearer. The beauty of it is that these clothes, through specialization in the factory—through the savings from large purchases of woolens, can be offered at a price approximately \$30 less than what you are accustomed to pay for tailored clothes. Investigate our large selection at

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Octopus



Here comes Kate. Where does she get such superbly smart clothes?"

"Her roommate told me she gets them at Manchester's." In Defense of Jazz There's a subtle surplus something in the cosmos of my soul Called Rhythm; Just Rhythm. Think how many joyous things would vanish if you stole Their Rhythm! Without, Music's just Cosmic dust— The grace-notes of the spheres; Take all the rhythmic swing away, Music disappears. Sun and stars and winds and tides for very life depend on Rhythm;

on Rhythm; Just Rhythm.

Time would cease, love would die, life itself would end With Rhythm.

No doubt,

Man may homage pay To gods of other parts; But Rhythm, pure Rhythm, Is God of Human Hearts.

—J. W. P.

An Accidental Prodigy

One of the fraters was wandering up the hill with his Math professor the other day. The professor started off on the discussion of an abstruse problem. As the professor went deeper and deeper, the poor frater's mind wandered farther and farther from what was being said. At last his attention was called back when the professor wound up by saying, "which you see gives us 'X' ".

"Does it?" asked the frater, thinking to be polite. "Why doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor as he hurriedly ran the problem over in his mind. There had indeed been a mistake. "You are right!" exclaimed the venerable professor, "It should have been 'Y'". And from that hour he has looked upon the honorable frater as a mathematical podigy. There is no justice, roommate!

Nearlymericks

1.

There was a young man on an isthmus Who thought he'd go into big business. He succeeded at first But then he went burst On a shipment of oxidized bismuth.

2.

There was a young man with an ostrich Who sent it, prepaid parcel postage,

To a friend; but the postman Had no cause for boastin',

As he had to confess he had lost it.



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The Blackhawk Riding Academy

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Jctopus

My Last Lover

Did You Ever See Fish **Climb Waterfalls?**



acie NATIONAL PARK Open June 15 to Sept. 15

The Blackfeet Indians tell about the tree climbing fish and fish that climb the waterfalls recorded in ancient tribal legends as having once inhabited the section of Montana, now set aside as Glacier National Park.

You may not-probably, you will not see tree climbing fish, but the fish are there, and the trees are there, if they want to climb them.

Go out this summer and see the wonders of Glacier Park. Know the thrill of riding horseback along skyland trails. See the mountain goats playing on the edge of space. Motor over scenic skyways—hike—fish—camp.

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For free information or booklet, apply any ticket or tourist agent or offices Great Northern Railway.

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GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY Route of the New Oriental Limited Finest train to Pacific Northwest

'That's my last lover hanging on the wall, Looking too cute to be alive. I call Him dear no more. It was a month ago He had it took. You wish to see it, no? Take it down, or I shall. Oh, 1 said It careless like, no doubt, for never read Freshies like you that blissful, lovelit face, That manly look (You know he won that race), But to myself they turn-I don't know why On my poor head they want the blame to lie-And bawl me out for givin' him the gate. However, that I did, in spite of fate! So not the first to ask are you, my dear. 'Twas not his ''mama'' only he came near. No doubt the man who took that thing waved some Doll's face in front of him; so made to come That light of love you see now in his eyes; For so it was with all of them. Denies He it to you? Or some companion fair, The moment ere the bulb was pressed, said, "There Is that about you, dear, no painter could Portray." Such stuff was due, he thought; he would Reward her with a smile, a date, whate'er She pleased to have. His gifts went everywhere. Damn! 'Twas all one: My smiles, affection, dates, The greetings of fraternity men (What skates They are!), the blind date some officious fool Got for him from a lesser house, white mule He bought in Little Italy; so each Would draw from him alike th' approving speech, Or word of thanks. He thanked girls, sure; but thanked Somehow-I don't know how-as if he ranked

My love of month's duration just the same As anybody's. Frosh, who'd stoop to blame This sort of trifling, Even had you skill In speech, which I have not, to make your will Quite clear to such a one, you even would Not tell him it, but date another. Good! Glad you agree—that's what I did, Excuse Him, no. For there'd be stooping, and I choose Never to stoop. And then he came around E'en more than ever. Still, he could be found With others more than ever too. This grew. I might have raged, and thereby stooped. "Oh, do," The girls cried, "bawl him out." I gave no sign, So there he is, too cute to be all mine. Here, quick, they're calling me. Kimona? Sure, Oh, Kid, it's his new picture. How damn poor That other one looks. Toss it in the fire. Of course they're not the same. My heart's desire, My cute, wonderful man! That picture mine? No, that belongs to Roommate. Ain't he fine? This one too. Wish I might date them. The Bell? Who for? A man for me already? Hell!

R. M. C.

Fashion magazines remind us, Ladies' pockets are the bunk; So that dates and dances find us Loaded down with all their junk.

-Purple Parrott.



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"I see Professor Jones has a new car." "Oh yes, he just revised two of his books."

Course in Animal Behavior

I came to this school (Like many a fool) With an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, But I want no more, (It's a terrible bore) And they've thrown me out of college. A two hour lab Will make a man crab, Unless he watches his step; You can't get the grades

By admiring maids,

For you'll soon get a terrible rep.

I tried it on one,

And it really was fun, Till one day in lab class she kissed me;

I'll never forget it,

Or cease to regret it,

For thereafter, you see, they all missed me.

I talked to the dean,

But Lord, he was mean;

I've flunked in my five fifths course;

I'm roaming the street

With nothing to eat,

And I'm deep in the depths of remorse.

We are hourly expecting the announcement that Hiram Johnson has oil-cloth on his kitchen table. —*Life*.



SNAPPY SHIRTS

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\$2.50 to \$4.50



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Drink More Milk

There is no better way to buy health.

Buy it by the bottle from KEN-NEDY DAIRY CO.

Eat more milk daily and be healthy.

The cheapest way you can get health is from the milk-bottle. To be sure of a perfect dairy product, buy it from the KENNEDY DAIRY CO.

Our wagon passes your door.

To you capitalists - the class of '24

January 1926 Redeemable for 6 months' progress

January 192

Jar Haril. 177 Dollar Cole Sor G 12 1014 200 Jug ess

July 1926 Redemable for Smonths Progress

Octopu/

Your college training is in truth a capital. Its value is not fixed, but depends on the way you invest it.

Some men demand a quick return — a high percentage of profit. Others look more to the solidity of the investment.

The man of speculative mind may stake all on the lure of a high starting salary, without a thought to the company which gives it or where this may lead him in ten years. True, his opportunism may reap exceptional profit; or else a loss.

The man who knows that great things develop slowly will be content with six months' progress in six months' time—provided he is investing that time in a company which offers him a future.

You who are about to invest, satisfy yourself that the security you are getting is gilt-edged.

Western Electric Company

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment

Number 40 of a series

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Octopur



To All Old Timers

High on Madison's Seventh Hill, A Capitoline well fit to thrill The heart of Rome, austere and chill, The Capitol!

Towering, proud against the blue, The Four Lakes' Guardian stands in view, And has, and will, the ages through, The Capitol!

From Earth's most distant plain or sea, From every spot where we may be, With eyes we look, with hearts we see The Capitol!

-J. W. P.





"These artist balls remind me of a photographer's job." "How's that?" "Oh, just sit around until things develop."



Practice Makes Perfect

Visitor to Hollywood: Mercy, what is that child doing in the gutter.

Bored native: Just practicing, lady.

When Jim went home for Spring vacation he took along a collection of small coins for his younger brother. They were enthusiastically received but after the small boy had looked them all over he looked up and said, "Say Jim, couldn't you find any of those Latin Quarters they have in Madison?"

Young man (as room-mate falls in door): My Lord!

Room-mate: Never mind the titles, old fellow, jush call me Shamuel—I don't mind.

The absent minded professor jokes are again with us. We are thinking of the prof who kissed his shoes good-night and put his two daughters under the bed.

Patricia: When I sat behind Jimmy in the movies the other night he heard me say I thought him awfully good-looking.

Felicia: Did he get swelled up over it?

Patricia: Well, I noticed it turned his head.

"What did Tom do when the girls refused to drink the hot toddies he served at his party?"

"He passed out cold, I guess."

Visitor (to butler who is showing him through the picture gallery): That's a fine portrait! Is it an old master?

Butler: No, that's the old missus.

Spring Song

With wild hair, And beauty rare, I thought she'd pet, Just like a bear.

BUT

In a boata, On Lake Mendota, She wouldn't love, A single iota.



"Yes, I'm an actor—I played in The Covered Wagon." "Why, I didn't see you." "Oh, I was inside the wagon."

It Happened In Minneapolis

Here are some gems excavated from the classified columns of the Minneapolis Tribune and Journal:

For sale: Buick touring car by owner in good running condition.

Wanted: Girl to share apartment with two dressers.

For rent: Furnished apartment, bath with piano.

Sword swallower: Great Scott! There are thirteen of us sitting around the table.

Thin Man: Thirteen nothing! There are only twelve. You've miscounted the two-faced girl.

Freddy Frosh Interviews An Alumnus

Frosh: What do you think of the University of Wisconsin?

Alumnus: It is one of the best colleges I ever attended.

"Did you learn anything while in school?"

"Yes, I found out that I didn't know anything."

"What do you consider to be the best course to follow in the university?"

"Well, I always had good luck on that one that goes out along the lake, only it is pretty crowded on warm nights."

"Do you find the lecture courses you took beneficial to you now?"

"Oh yes, I live upstairs over a boiler factory, with a bowling alley next door and an elevated going past my window, and I can sleep like a top."

"Do you miss the sweet co-eds?"

"Yes, Oh indeed—I had the measles once and I miss them just as much."

"Do you think your association with college women has helped you to meet people?"

"Yes, very much. I can now go up to a young woman I have never seen before and make myself understood in very few words."

"What part of your University career do you think has benefited you most?"

"My experience on the Track team enables me to show my heels to even the speediest bill collector I have met."

"Now that you are out of the University, is there any regret you would like to express."

"Just one, I married a co-ed and now I regret that I have a wife that I'd like to give to my country or to somebody."

-P. Platten.

Casey: Have you captured Miss Brown's hand yet?

Jimmy: Nop!

Casey: No?

Jimmy: Yes, but I got the thing next to it.

"Oh, you mean the mitten."





He loved her because of her ways, her blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and soft skin. She loved him—oh just "because."

Practical Proverbs Applied

The early bird catches the worm-first up, best dressed.

Fine feathers make fine birds—golf trousers may make a tea hound, but a leather jacket won't make an engineer.

It's never too late to be sorry—return your room mate's socks even if they are worn out.

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched don't buy your prom dress before you have a date.

One lie makes another—memorize your line and don't contradict yourself. —R. K.

So I've Heard

Phi—What are you going to do tonight? Kappa—Why, I'm going to the libe. Psi—I'd go with you if I didn't have to study.

"Did you get caught in the rain?" "No, in the hall." Somewhere

Who used to be the big gun on the hill? One thousand voices answer to each individual call: Why son, 'twas me who threw the wickedest line, 'Twas me who pitched the fastest ball. And speaking of my prowess on the field— When I was in the line we'd never yield.

Why, studies were my pastime on the hill;
A ninety or a hundred never bothered me or Bill;
And when elections came around
'Twas me who always ran.
No office ever passed me up.
I'd be the winning man.
Rowdy Bill and Selzer Sam—I followed in their trails.
But brother that's the reason why I'm troddin' down these dusty rails.

Since college days I've had a rotten deal; No, I ain't used to bein' treated so. Have you a plug about yuh sonny? I need terbacy fur my pep an go. Yep, college was fur me one 'hifalutin' time. Tell me, bud—can I promote a handout down the line?

Hints To Scollege Gradchuates

1. Study and develop a foreign accent. Greek, Italian, Henglish are always in good demand. Remember this is a heluva country for Americans.

2. Never correct the boss's pronunciation. If his nibs talks about his "OrganEYEzation", "OrganEYE-zation" is right.

3. Try to live down your scollege education. God knows men have lived down worse things than that.

4. After you have received your sheepskin, take up a course in plumbing, bricklaying or some other means of livelihood. One must live.

5. If you were a high spirited chap in scollege, try your hand in making moon. High test spirits are always in demand.

6. When in doubt ask an I. C. S. man.

C. R. F.

We laughed a lot about his old red vest; Perhaps folks laugh a lot about it still, Yet now we can remember him the best With upturned face—and climbing up the hill!

And we've forgotten all he ever said; And after while perhaps the whole world will, But we shall have that vision when he's dead— A kindly spirit— elimbing up the hill!

-R. E. Nuzum.

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Last Warning

The way of a man and the way of a maid When stars spatter over the skies, Tend to form dreams, and Elysian schemes, While walls of Air Castles arise. The night and the stars build castles in Spain, Which are never completed alone, My boy, here's a plaque. Remember your back, "Someone has to carry the stone."



Scientific Investigations

Sitting in the rosy firelight, While the gas burned dim and low, He in pride of manly beauty She in youth's first rosy glow;

Co-ed, she, and he a plumber In a great, illustrious school, Where they learned with mind unwearied, Nature's never-yielding rule.

Low and sweet had been their converse

As the hours rolled on apace, Now she sat with blue eyes downcast And a half-averted face.

So in calm unbroken silence Did the time unheeded pass, Till he rose, and all sedately Lower turned the flickering gas.

"That reminds me," spoke he slowly, "Yesterday our class learned this, That a flame will shake and quiver At percussion of a kiss."

But her eyes said, "Don't believe it." (There's no need to wonder why), Till someone, somehow suggested That "'twould be no harm to try."

"In the interests of science" They fell to investigating, Carefully on this and that side Every item estimating.

They kept on experimenting While the shocks grew thick and thicker. "See it flicker, sheik," she whispered.

Sighed the plumber, "Let it flicker." —E. M. H.



B JU Juk Balk

"What makes the bed creak so?" "Oh, that's just its spring song."

Ode to a Co-ed's Room

Pretty little dainty room

It was before you came. Walls were clean, the dresser neat Desk and cot the same.

You wouldn't know that room again— The cot's a jumbled mess

Of blankets, hats, a colored cane, Three books, a formal dress.

Joseph Schildkraut's on the wall, Prom pictures, pendants, strings

That tied the latest box from Paul, Plus elippings, posters, rings.

The dresser's heaped with programs And loaded down with cream,

With powder, books, a hair-brush, Thread, iron, and a theme.

On the desk we see dear *Hamlet*, Bathing himself in ink;

Old Mortality hiding in candy, And a photograph, I think.

You can't get one step farther Than just inside the door;

But still, it's home to the co-ed And what can she want more? —R. K.

College Dictionary

BLIND—noun—not to be expressed in print; usually caused by a room mate. adj.—attributed to a person who cannot get a joke. *syn.* —dumb.

BLUE BOOK—several sheets of paper upon which you put your entire knowledge of the course at the end of the year and give it back to the department.

CHAPTER MEETING—a congregation of either sex separately in which everyone tells everyone else just what they think of each other.

FORMAL—to the co-ed: a place where you waste a perfectly good evening in order to get another program for your collection. To the man: an affair that your brothers make you go to to decrease the expense. They get you a girl for the first one, but you won't take another risk for the second.

FOUNTAIN PEN—you buy it, your room mate uses it, the fellow next door loses it.

-R.K.

Punk Chow

Octopus

More Corn

"We're from Iowa, where the tall corn grows," is a well worn quotation which has always been rather a bore to Minnesota students and Minneapolis in general. Iowa played here last fall, and the day before the game there were a good many Iowans in town shooting off their favorite line.

A couple of Iowa boys were coming up Nicolet avenue in a Ford coupe, with plenty of speed but not so much control. The traffic cop stopped them.

"Who do you think you are anyway, coming along here like this?" says the cop.

"We're from Iowa where the tall corn grows!" said they.

"Well, when you get back to Iowa," said the cop, impressively, "You just tell 'em to feed the corn to the hogs and keep it away from the children."

-P. Crosby.

A peevish man is Doctor Dick He's full of irritations; But though his temper's very quick He has a lot of patience.

Conscientious follower of the popular songs, at picnic: Hurry up, people! Finish the bananas, and then we'll all sing!

Milly: Marge told me to give you her love.

Tilly: Thanks. The next time you see her give it back.

Dumb Dumb Da Dumb

Coed: (looking at foot-ball pants) What's them?

Athlete: Foot-ball pants.

Coed: I never saw a foot-ball with them on.



"Here's an old timer for fair; Remember that baby-doll stare? That expression so pure? You don't? Are you sure? Just look at that soft-netted hair!

It's a FLAPPER—remember the rage?"

"Why, sure; but they're not off the stage.

The name is antique, But the flapper's no freak— That isn't a fad, it's an AGE."

"She cuts a good figure," said the dealer as he looked to the bottom of the deck and saw an ace.

It Is Not

Abie: Ikey, tell me what is it a knot.

Ikey: A knot is a string vats got cramps.

Fil: What color hair do you like best?

Lil: I think black is wonderful. Fil: Well, take this sandwich. It has one in it.

Fashions

According to Vanity Fair, the He-Man of today wears tassels on his socks, baby blue garters, and a hair on each side of his upper lip.

I live in an apartment with a couple of fellows. Fine fellows! I seldom see them. The charm of one of them in particular remains persuasive even during his absence for he leaves his typewriter unlocked.

Then

With a deft, yet graceful movement she succeeded in evading his attempt to grasp her hand and thereupon imprint a kiss and demurely bade him, "Goodnight."

Now

With a langorous sigh she lifted her voluptuous red lips and enunciated, "Well, are you going to kiss me or must I wait all night."



"I suppose you have a career selected?" "Why, yes, but we hadn't intended to announce it before commencement."



Octopus

An Excerpt

Anyway, I was, as you recall, on the old Awk, attempted to write editorials dissecting the affairs, manners and morals of the college and outside world with as much pleasurable audacity as a youngster who takes an alarm clock apart, and with, I fear, as little perspicacity.

Memories of The Awk, recall to me how it was sold a la cafeteria in Main Hall, to reduce mailing and circulation expense, and members of the staff particularly Horace Simmons, editor and Fred McKay, business manager. I might also recall surreptitiously that some of our Awk ideas took birth above the saw-dust, around an old table and outside famous cheese sandwiches and rare liquid refreshment in an old tavern room on one of whose walls was a painting of Niagara Falls. Be that as it may,

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I hope as a law abiding citizen that the Eighteenth amendment improved college humorous publications.

The Old and the New Join Hands

The old and the new join hands today, in the "Old Timers" Number, for the staff of 1924– 1925 is responsible for the issue itself, and the workers of days gone by have written and drawn a great part of the book.

At the close of its fifth year, the Octopus has achieved what seems to be a permanent success, largely due to the efforts of the men whose work appear on these pages; it is the duty of the new staff to carry on in the same spirit.

May they prosper, and those that follow them.

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This is Miss Gloria McFed Who once bragged of the shape of her head. But she pulled a wise crack And shingled the back. Since then not a word has she said.

Correct the Following

Before—"Good luck, dear. Don't become fussed if you are called upon to say a few words."

After—"Good luck, dear. Don't go out fussing after the *shindig* is over."

Before—"She is the kind of a girl who will bear a lot."

After—"She will bare just so much and no more."

Before—"He won the election, but I went and patted him on the back." After—"He won the election and

I knocked him cold." Before-The queen departed with

her train behind.

After—The queen hired a taxi because the train was late.

Before—The audience was highly amused at my act.

After—I was highly abused by the audience as a result of my act.

Before—He stayed at home for the purpose of cutting the grass.

After—He remained at home in order to cut a class.

-C. S.

African Explorer: King Anhuzza invited me over to dinner once.

New Yorker: Did you go? Explorer: No, couldn't tell how the chief meant it.



The Reason Why

"I never 'eard of sech a name to call the child as Octopus."

"Becos, you see, 'e's the eighththat's what comes of this learning."

"Bridge," says Tim Murphy, the engineering student, "Is what we boys come to the University to learn how to build and the rest of the people come to learn how to play."



'24: Well old-timer, how does it seem to be back?

'98: Oh the girls are O. K., but the clothes the men wear are outrageous.

The City Milk Mind

Mrs. City: No more milk? What's the matter?

Gardner: The cow has stopped giving milk mum.

"Well goodness me! Why has he stopped giving milk?"

"Because she's dry mum."

"Then why in the world don't you give her a drink?"

"Our water basket-ball team won by a large margin."

"Swamped 'em, eh "

Form and Reform

Where shall we start—with items like horsewhips, petticoats, bread pudding, and such? No! Emphatically no! Start with the greatest malefactors—old people.

Youth must be served. Exactly what youth ought to be served with is not quite clear, but everyone knows it must be served. Make the world safe for youth by eradicating all persons over and beyond the age of thirty-five. This will hardly appeal to the more radical element, but after a time, this age limit can be lowered.

What a spectacle we have now in characters like Denby, utterly without energy or spirit, meek of gesture, and devoid of emphasis. Or Voliva, bowed and broken, colorless and worn, lacking the tiniest spark of animation. Look with pity on the shriveled forms of the Deans, so humbled by time and circumstance, that the average probationist hesitates to speak his mind forcefully for fear that they might fall into a fit of tremulous weeping.

Let us be rid of grandfathers and grandmothers. Parents who have passed beyond the allotted span of thirty-five should not be allowed to mess up the pleasures of youth. Follow through with aunts and uncles, and older brothers and sisters, who are ignorant of modern ideas of propriety.

There is to be a Wisconsin party here in June. Many will attend. Some men will bring their wives. More will leave their wives home, and bring their sweethearts, so there will be many young people present. At that time I will start the agitation toward a crusade such as I have outlined. And you start it up there.

For something must be done. Either these back numbers must be placed in confinement, or entirely eradicated, or made young again, and with that worthy purpose, let us go gloriously on our mission, holding high our banner, and on this banner in letters of flame:

"Incarceration, Suffocation, or Transplantation."

-R. Herz.



Auto Suggestion



Page Seventeen



Signs of Spring



"When you were in Italy did you see Florence?" "No; I called on her, but she was out with some black shirt."

Rhyme For the Little Folk

A little bird In a tree-top sat, A noise he heard It was a cat! The bird did fly The cat did jump ''Tweet tweet, old thing!'' ''Meeow!'' Ker-flump.

This notice adorned the ladies cabin of a Hoboken ferry-boat: These seats are for ladies. Gentlemen will not occupy them until the ladies are seated.

Crepe

She said she loved me, I believed her, And then she said, That I deceived her, I socked her hard, Right in the teeth— Hello—the florist? Send a wreath.

1888: When I got my sheepskin they made them

out of part of a doe's hide. 1924: Well they're dear enough now and just as hard on the doe.

Octopus

Motorist's Monologue

(Have you a little driver in your life?)

I hope the bus has gas enough-She ought to have, I filled her up just yesterday-Or was it on the day before? At any rate, 'twas that warm day We had this week. Now where the devil are those keys? I'd swear I put them in my vest-No, here they are, How they can get from vest to coat Is more than I can see. Well, well, let's go. Now what the-say! that's right, Just when I treat you like a human being Then go and make a noise like that at me! All right! The spark? Oh, Lord! Just yesterday she ran as sweet-You'd hardly think it, But it's so. Now down this street, about three blocks-Gu-osh! By George, I'd like to know How any man could see that hole! This city ought to tend to it, And half the streets in town are so. As I was saying, just three blocks From where we live, Right down this street-Now what does that fool think he's doing? Did you see him? Coming up there on my left And going thirty per! He might a smashed right into me If I had turned a little quicker. But that's the way-you have to drive Not only for yourself But all the half-cock fools that tear around In cars they got no business in. Now here's this turn I always hate-I darn near killed a woman here The other evening Just the time of twilight when You can't see anything Unless it moves. Say, can you see if there's a traffic cop Ahead of us just there? If not, I'll swing around here Where I want, and run a chance Of parking here an hour.

-M. Powell.

Meaning?

Prof: Murphy, derive the word 'finance'. Murphy: (after pause) It comes from 'finis', an end, sir, because it's the art of making both ends meet.

Frosh, on being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, piped up with: "Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper."

Octopus

HOW REPUTATIONS ARE MADE IN HOLLYWOOD

Scene: A publicity department. Miss Chievous, star of the Punkart Film Company, enters. She takes a seat at the invitation of the publicity man, who, for obvious reasons, remains herein nameless.

THE PUBLICITICIANS: Good morning, Miss Chievous. I have called you in to see if you couldn't give me a little help with an article about yourself, which I am preparing for the Sunday paper. First of all, I want to know something about your past life which may prove of interest to those throngs of admirers who follow your actions on the screen.

MISS CHIEVOUS (nervously): Well, I don't know-

THE FORMER: Nothing too intimate. Just something in a wholesome, optimistic vein-some exciting experience, perhaps at school, or even in the studios before you became well-known.

THE PERFORMER: I might tell about the time I burned the fudge at boarding school.

THE PUBLICITY MAN: I hardly think that has enough universal appeal. It might be interesting to confectioners, but not the public in general.

M. C.: Oh, I see (resignedly): Well, I can't think of anything else right now.

P. M.: How about your folks? Did any of them ever get their names in the paper?

M. C.: Not that I know of. P. M. (hopefully): Now, Miss Chievous, surely there must be some one in your immediate family, at least, who has attracted attention at some time or other by some notable talent or performance. Can you think of any?

M. C. (with a burst of inspiration): My uncle won a bowling tournament at the Elk's club once.

P. M. (determined to be optimistic): Ah, yes, that's excellent. Now we're getting started. Can you think, of anyone else?

M. C. (getting fidgety): Oh, say anything you want to.

P. M.: Yes, I generally do,-but if you can only start me off it helps my imagination a little bit. (Gets inspiration) Here's one you can answer. Who is your favorite author?

M. C.: Elinor Glynn.

P. M.: That'll never do. Let's see-Emerson would be much better.

M. C.: All right, only I never heard of him.

P. M: And what is your hobby, Miss Chievous?

M. C.: (not knowing whether to be offended or not) My what?

P. M.: Your avocation-er-your -what do you like to do best outside of your work?

M. C.: Oh dance, I guess.

P. M.: You mean-aesthetic dancing?

M. C.: (Eyeing him suspiciously) No, just dancing.



P. M.: I'm afraid that won't do either. Isn't there something else you like to do? How do you spend your evenings, f'instance? Come, come.

M. C.: (Reassuringly) I just dance.

P. M.: Ye gods-er-beg pardon well, I guess that will be all, Miss Chievous, and thank you ever so much for dropping in. You've helped us a great deal.

M. C.: (relieved of the mental

strain) Oh, that's all right. (She exits.)

P. M.: I guess it'll have to be the usual stuff. (Begins writing)

"Miss Cherry Chievous, former society dancer of national reputation, has been cast in the leading role of the dainty dishwasher in Punkart's latest and by far most sizzling super-production, "Nellie, the Nefarious Necker."

(P. M. pauses to cuss, and get his second wind.)

"Her first appearance before the footlights was in amateur theatricals of the local high-school, her initial vehicle being "The Merchant of Venice," in which she played 110 pounds of flesh. The Oshkosh papers preserve to this day the record of her triumph in this snappy little farce of Mr. Shakespeare's."

"From then on her rise to fame was rapid, and it is but a fitting culmination to a brilliant career that Miss Chievous has been finally cast in the much-coveted role of the dishwasher in "Nellie, the Nefarious Necker."

"She is a profound student of Emerson, and she is always to be found with a copy of "History of the Intellect" close beside her. Goldenrod is her favorite flower."

(The P. M. finishes, drinks a half pint of gin, and is ready for the next interview.)

-G. Bartlett.



"Is your girl nice, Jerry?" "You bet she is." "Sorority girl?" "Nope, that's why she's nice."





Octopus



"You know flowers are like lovers." "No, really?" "Yeh; they petal the blooming time."

Raisin?

Sorority Sister to pledge just coming in after date: Well, Jean, can you stand inspection? "'No—I need my iron."

Abe: Fadder, venn I was in New York a fellow on a corner charged me one dollar a piece for watching doves on a skyscraper which didn't belong to him.

"Ach Abe, he swindled you! How many doves did you see?"

"Ah fadder, dat's where I fooled him—I told him I only saw fifteen and I counted twenty-five."

Sweet Marie

I think that I shall never see A girl so lovely as Marie: A girl whose ruby lips are pressed Against some youth's with whiskers blessed; A girl who looks at men all day, And brings them kisses on a tray: A girl who may in summer wear Silk and satin underwear— Upon whose face much paint has lain, Who intimately lives with stain. You've made fools of men like me, But I defy you, Sweet Marie.

Edchucation

Say, bos, I've been out now six years and take it from me, fellows edchucation is the berries. When I was let out of your school I didn't know what value the old bunk was at the time I got a certificate from the Regrets of the U. to show I was edchucated.

Guy working with me, he's only an I. C. S. hound, is not in my class. The other day he lost the book and had to go home. I dont need no I. C. S. book cause I got it in my head there. Gosh, I feel sorry for them guys, dont know nothing, cause their not edchucated.

I took sychologee, botany, comm'l astronomy, english and all them subjects and I'm awful glad I done it cause now I'm edchucated and no one can kid me. Say guys, what would this life be without edchucation, answer me that, hey? You aint nothing. Gosh, if I wasent edchucated my address would be 800 Wisconsin St., Milwaukee and thats out in the lake. Where would this guy be, I'm askin you, without five tenths credit to the good in musical appreciation.

If I hadent had taken essetic mistisism of materlinck where would I fit? Under the sink with the rest of the pipes I gess. Yea bo, Im there with both feet in the spittoon, welcome as Eckersoll at a Michigan homecoming, in the finest of delight, little bright eyes amongst the best of them. Edchucation is the turtle's toothpick. Edchucate me and watch my finnish, said Esoap twelve hunnerd years ago and I will close now.

P. S. If enny you guys know of a good job, say at eighteen dollars per, I kin do anything ennyhow I'll try it let me know quick.

-G. Duemling.



"What do you see in that man you chase around with so much?"

"My dear, he's a man after my own heart."

Page Twenty-two



Graduation Blues

I'm through with school, today I leave In search of fame and wealth,

- I have great hopes that I'll receive My share of worldly pelf;
- And yet I'm sad to leave the town, To go to lands unknown,
- I grieve a bit, and sigh and frown, Condole myself, and moan.

But do you think I hate to go Because of by-gone days— Because I'll leave the folk I know And walk less pleasant ways?

It is not so, I only weep

For loss of certain cheer

That's always ready, good and cheap-My old friend Tony's beer.

The Break

Hal: They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike.

Martha: Then you must consider my refusal as final.

An author who was eulogizing his own works as containing much "food for thought" was taken aback by the remark of a friend: "They may contain food for thought, but it is wretchedly cooked."

The Milkman

Farmer: Hey there, whadda you kids think you're doin' pourin' that water in my milk? "Oh, just playing milkman."

"Mama, this egg is bad."

- "Why, dearie, what makes you think that?"
- "Mama, a little bird told me."

Camel?

"What a difference just a few scents make," remarked the ag student as he reeled through the stable.

Lines To A Youth With Dementin Praecox

Hence, loathed Physiography,
Of whiskered prof and lab instructor born
In Science Hall forlorn,
'Mongst horrid maps, and rocks, and charts unholy!
Find and pick some uncouth lock,
Where brooding examinations spread their awful wings
And the night-watchman sings;
There under darkling cover, and gabbro-rocks
As hard as the garden of thy locks
The crucial papers ever cop.
But come, thou idiot fair and free,
The garbage man is after thee and me!

-C. D.



Them Days Is Gone Forever





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Page Twenty-four

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She met him in the darkened hall, He said, "I've brought you roses." Her answer was irrelevant, It was, "How cold your nose is!" —Colorado Dodo.

Sweet Young Thing, coming with attentive partner from hotly contested bridge match: Oh, Mother, I just captured the Booby.

Mother: Well, well! Come here and kiss me, both of you. —Yellow Jacket.

It takes a good man to live up to the inscription on his tombstone. —Humbug.

Business Man: Can you give me a new slogan for my hosiery factory? Ad Man: Sure—our stockings cover a multitude of shins.

Jim: I broke a record over to the gym last night.

Nasium: Hard luck. Didja hafta pay for it?

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Page Twenty-five

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Two delicious bits of feminity of the class of '98, the Knob sisters, Dora and Dumdora, winners of the inter-sorority tandem-bicycle race and popular beauties of the class. Oh, for a few more of the old time girls!

Maud Muller, on a summer's day, Raked the snowdrifts deep for hay; Beneath her hope there was some doubt Whether the violets yet were out. The Judge rolled slowly down the lane, Whistling low, "Remember the Maine." He paused to look at her icicle crop— Ain't that a hell of a place to stop? —Gargoyle.



Here's a hot shot from de guy what fixes 'em. Dere's more bozos trotton' round wid bum ink-splashers in dis institooshun dan yuh kin care to agitate yurself about. Whyn't yuh wise up to yuhself an' take a few wrinkles outa your genuwine leather money-bag, and sink a few of the guvnor's well-oiled cartwheels in a RIDER MASTER-PEN? Sa-ay boy! Dats de sure cure for sooper-agitated nerves. Tha Masterpen goes as easy as tha path of the wicked. It starts right off like a bo that's leadin' some banker's dough away from him. If yuh wanna take all de detours aroun' the road to trouble get a RIDER MASTERPEN. It's just like the Garden of Eden wid no apples attached—an' dats perfect—what I mean.



Page Twenty-six

Octopuz



Romance!

The thrill of adventure and romance still lives in the Wild Northwest. There—clear out, away from the beaten path—you can live the breezy life of the great out-doors: on horse-back, in camp, taking your pack outfit—if you will—and spending long, glorious days far from the haunts of man.

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Fairchild .27

The Grad's Answer

I have your letter asking me if I've done anything funny since I left school, and if I know any real good original joke. In reply, I'm taking my nose off the grind stone long enough to tell you that the whole world knows I'm funny now—very funny. In fact, very nearly everything I've ever done since college is a joke. It's been eight years already since I started out to overcome that set-back I got with my diploma. During all that time my hair has been falling daily and my cars (which profs used to look upon as being merely long) now resemble the battered fenders of a 1914 Ford.

Looking back on it all, it seems to me that all the men in the world were just waiting for me to graduate so they could all jump on me in unison!

Well, life's funny, anyway. I was just like the other college chaps in my time—thought I had to keep a horrible looking dog to keep the girls away. Now I realize that I never needed one at all. I wasn't even remotely in danger, and most of the smiles they ever gave me I know now were smiles of pity!

I'd like to write something real mean about them, of course, but "The Montana Misogynist" died in me right after I gave away that aforementioned dog at graduation, and besides this is leap year and I'm still on the bargain counter as a remnant. I do hope I'll prove interesting to some of them as such!

Page Twenty-seven





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A fool there was, and he hitched his star (Even as you and I) To a battered flivver all mud and tar-We called it a joke that had gone too far; But the Fool, he called it his "motor car"-(Even as you and I)

-Record.

Eight ball: Boy, when does you aggravate fum dis heah edumucational intuition?

Midnight: Ah fluctuates soon. Ah done paid mah masticulation fees dis mohnin'!

-Parakeet.

Stew one: Shay, Joe, whersh my hat? Stew two: 'S on your head. Stew one: 'Sfunny. Didn't feel it. Stew two: Well, 'snot a felt hat.

-Scalper.

"Where do they get steel wool?" "From a hydraulic ram."

-Record.

"Why did you tip that boy so handsomely when he gave you your coat?"

"Look at the coat he gave me."

-Record.



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Phone Badger 2037

Shoe shine gives us polish, Sun shine gives us tan, Moon shine makes us foolish, No matter who it am. —Sun Dodger.



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The quaint and individual frocks in soft silks which Paris designers have created will delight you. Semiformal frocks profuse with lace and ribbon are assembled to greet you.

"But father, clothes don't make the man."

"If they did, I'd name you Hart, Schaffner, and Marx."

Another entrant in the pet peeve race is the shaker from which the pepper comes out twice at once.

The laziest guy in the world is the musician who holds the same note during the entire selection.

> Love is like a punctured tire, I'm very sure of that; For after one big blowout, She went and left me flat. —Pelican.

Lives of burglars all remind us We must in our work take care, Lest we, leave behind us Thumbprints on the silverware. —Gargoyle.

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To Graduating and

Badger 750

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prosperous one.

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Page Thirty

Octopu



-Purple Cow.



Page Thirty-one



IT DIDN'T take long for the story of The Lytton College Shop to get noised around the various campuses of the Middle West Universities. The idea of our eliminating the premium that was being exacted on exclusiveness, correctness and individual service was indeed welcomed. This shop offers all those things, with the added attraction of the materially lower prices which our tremendous volume of business permits. It will pay you to get acquainted.







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Have your house chairman phone us, and w shall be glad to call and discuss the matter.

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Badger 3738

Gay Building

On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer

"God, this is uninteresting-where's that Cosmo-

-Exchange.

Impassioned lecturer: If the South had won the civil war, what, I ask you-what would George Washington have been the father of?

-Yellow Jacket.

"You can always find a drink if you look hard

"Yes, but I don't look hard enough."

-Record.

A little leap year now and then Makes husbands of the single men. -Lord Jeff.

Miss Chic: Is Newport on the sea, Mr. Pip? Mr. Pip: Bless you, no-it's on the jolly old shore, don't you know.

-Brown Jug.

Page Thirty-three



Have you been out to the Zoo this spring?

Been able to get out to call on the animals this Spring? You don't know what you've missed if you haven't taken a car out to Vilas Park and paid your respects to Annie the Elephant and watched the big bears frolicking in the sunshine. Then too you want to see the lions and leopards and jaguars fed later in the afternoon.

Vilas Park is only one of the many interesting places about Madison that can be visited via the Madison Street Railways. Any conductor will direct you to Vilas Park.

Madison Street Railways Company

An Old Maid's Prayer

Now I lay me on the springs, I pray the Lord for wedding rings, And all a mighty he-male brings. Oh give me many "meny" things. A-man

"Ah wins."

"What yuh got?" "Three aces."

"No yuh don't. Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

- "Two nines an' a razor."
- "Yuh shoh does. How come yuh so lucky?" -Pointer.

Someone rises to remark that the latest thing in men's clothes is women.

-Burr.

-Tiger.

She: Just think! We have been married twentyfour hours.

He: Yes, it seems as though it were just yesterday. -Penn Punch Bowl.

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"Niggah, I'se a guine ter back yo' up 'gainst dat wall; I'se guine to smash yo' nose all ovah yo' face; I'se guine to push dose teeth daown yo' throat an' black both yo' eyes—Et cetera!"

"Black man, yo' don't mean et cetera—yo' mean Vice versa."

-Juggler.

"You can't make a monkey out of me," said the ostrich egg. -Wasp.

"'I'm writing a song." "Yes? What's the subject matter?"

"It doesn't."

-Widow.

Indignant Comedian: Look 'ere! I objects to goin' on just after this monkey act!

Stage Manager: Why, laddie? Are you afraid they'll think you're an encore?

-Weekly Telegraph (London).

"A penny for your thoughts." "I want to marry you!" "Well, all I can do is give assent."

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Sumner & Cramton

Jersey Judge: So you murdered your family, eh? Thirty days!

Prisoner: Ah, don't be too hard, Judge-it was only a small family.

-Medley.

Any girl can be gay In a nice coupe; In a taxi they all can be jolly, But the girl who's worth while Is the one who can smile When you're taking her home in the trolley. -Drexed.

"Did you see service in France?" "No, but I read his poems."

-Gargoyle.

Ardent Suitor: Sir, I want your daughter for my wife.

Irate Father: Well, young man, you go home and tell your wife she can't have my daughter. -Yellow Jacket.

"I hear you drink." "Thash a dirty lie-I ain't makin' a sound." -Rice Owl.

Page Thirty-seven



Don't overwork your secretary. Have cards printed here announcing meetings, dances, picnics, etc.

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Book and Commercial

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MADISON, WIS.

First engineer: I don't see what they want to learn us this old English for anyway.

Second engineer: Me either. It ain't no good to an engineer.

-Lehigh Burr.

There was a young lady from Austin Who passed by a swift guy from Baustin. He said, "Hello, Cutie." Replied this patootie, "Just whom do you think you're accaustin'?" —Texas Ranger.

"Math prof soaked us yesterday." "What in?" "In some algebraic solution, I think.

in some argeorate solution, i think:

-Toreador.

"I love you!" "My goodness, what old-fashioned book have you been reading now?"

-Yellow Jacket.

-Lord Jeff.

"Why doesn't this orchestra ever play waltzes, Jack?"

"Too long between drinks, dear."



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Them Days are Not Gone Forever---

All of the Oldtimers

Come back here

For the same good food

And prompt, courteous service

That they used to get

In the good old days

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Co-ed: You know, I didn't accept Claude the first time he proposed.

Friend: I guess you didn't. You weren't there. —Oklahoma Whirlwind.

"When I was in London a policeman touched his hat to me and said 'Good evening, my Lord."

"That's nothing—when I was in New York the other day a cop touched me with his club and said "My God, get off the grass.""

-Brown Bull.

"Never darken my door again," cried the angry lady to the painter who had spilled black paint on the sill.

-Brown Jug.

"He opens his door to the mob." "A philanthropist?" "No, a street car conductor."

-Goblin.

"Well, I've passed Chem at last." "Honestly?" "What difference does that make?"

-Stone Mill.

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"I hope that's a nice book for you to read, darling," said the mother to her engrossed daughter. "Oh, yes," said Miss Thirteen, "It's a lovely book,

Mummy, but I don't think you would like it. It is so sad at the end."

"How is it sad, darling?"

"Well, she dies, and he has to go back to his wife." —*Tit-bits (London)*.

Paul: I had a date with a professional mind-reader. Pauline: How did she enjoy her vacation? —Toreador.

"I see you have one of those William Tell ties." "How's that?"

"Pull the bow and hit the apple."

-Yellow Crab.

"How do you address the Secretary of the Navy?" "Your Warship, of course."

American Legion Weekly.

Prof: Parse "kiss".

Co-ed: Kiss is a noun of agreement generally used in conjunction. It is never declined; it is singular but is always used in the plural. It is considered improper, but is widely employed.

-Bison.

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Page Forty

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HENRY CAVENDISH 1731-1810

English chemist and physicist, of whom Biot said, "He was the richest of the learned and the most learned of the rich. Hislast great achievement was his famous experiment to determine the density of the earth.

He first made water from gases

Henry Cavendish, an eccentric millionaire recluse, who devoted his life to research, was the discoverer of the H and the O in H_2O . In fact he first told the Royal Society of the existence of hydrogen.

He found what water was by making it himself, and so became one of the first of the synthetic chemists.

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