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WISCONSIN

OCTOPUS

OCTOBER
25¢

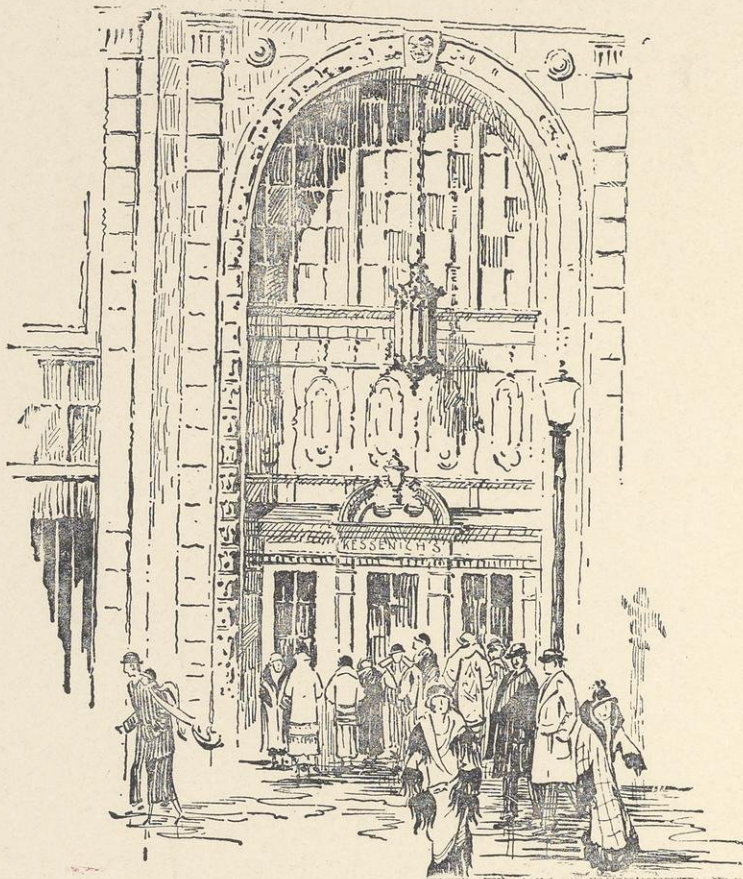
FASHION
NUMBER

THE CLOCK
STRIKES THIRTEEN



Ted
drake

JUST FIVE BLOCKS FROM THE CAMPUS



This Year, Even More Than Ever, Kessenich's Is The Wisconsin Girl's Own Store

From Paris, from Austria, from Holland and Germany—from the East and from the West—from the seven corners come the loveliest of dresses, furnishings and accessories.

Bought by the Kessenich buyers who have served and studied the tastes of the Wisconsin woman—these loveliest things that wait for her at Kessenich's are sure to please her.

The reputation that Kessenich's have gained as the store for Wisconsin women is to be enlarged by the selections for this season.

Kessenich's and the Kessenich Corner is near your student quarter. Call any time to visit the "Wisconsin girl's own store."


Kessenich's

State at Fairchild

GELVINS



Formal Dress

When occasions require formal dress,
wear it with assurance that it is cor-
rect and made as well as human hands
know.

A Gelvin tuxedo is all of that.

HOAK & DUNN

Gelvins of Madison

644 State Street

If



You are the kind of a man or girl who enjoys the best in music and the theatre - - - if you are particular as to how your salad is made - - - if you have a fondness for quiet comfort, delicious food and courteous service - - - Then you, too, are one of the connoisseurs for whom the Irving was built!



We
Welcome
You
!

IRVING COFFEE HOUSE
IRVING CAFETERIA
STERLING AT IRVING

Nights to be happy in—

Badger Rent-a-Cars to drive in.

Real Comfort

Without extravagant expenses. A car for every purpose. Come down and pick out your car or call us and we'll deliver one.

Badger Rent - A - Car

250 State.

Fairchild 2099

"What did Moses say when he led the Israelites to the Red Sea?"

"Dammit."

1st Burglar: Whatcha doin' now?

2nd Alpha Delt: I'm a second story man.

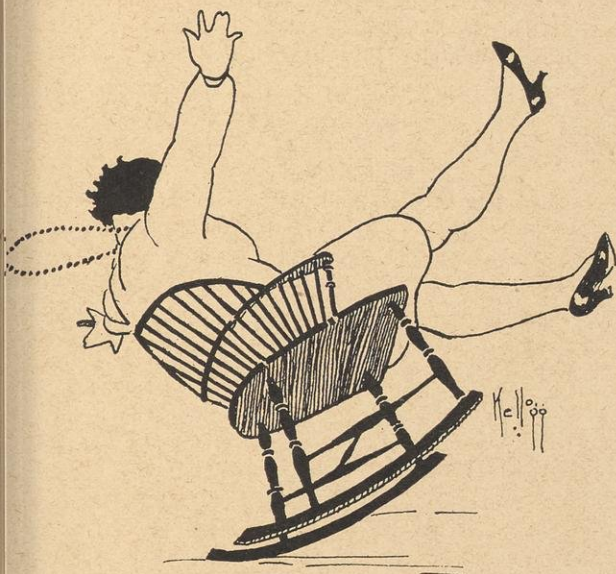
1st ditto: Whatcha doin' on the third floor?

Spicey Story

A certain young man and lady were keeping rather close company (you'd think so if you could see them studying the moon on a summer evening) unbeknown to the girl's father. One day papa got wise, held council with the young man of his daughter's choice, and gave him to understand that his presence (the boy's) would thereafter be undesirable about the premises. However, the youth, being of persistent nature, arranged an appointment to continue his astronomical studies one evening in the garden at the girl's home. But the father again got wise. He locked the girl in her room, loaded a doubled barreled shot gun with rock salt, and stationed himself behind a bush in the garden. The young man arrived as per schedule, and you may imagine his surprise when the papa peppered him with two barrels of rock salt. The burning question to be left with you, gentle reader, is this: after the above related experience, is our hero a seasoned man?

MEAT

Goeden & Company



Going Over Big

(The model above is strikingly done in beige American
saddtail, so popular in the fall styles.)

FRED W. KRUSE CO.



A Correctly Chosen Line-up in Football Fashions

Where fashionable women gather
to see and to be seen, you will find
that Kruse's costumes predominate.

Anderes & Spoo

Clothiers

Successors to Grinde's

Evening Clothes

In The Latest Cut

When "dressing for the occasion" you will need evening clothes that are distinguished by FINE TAILORING.

They have ease, comfort, lasting good looks. Drop in to see the new University model.

All the accessories to finish the picture.

"Mabel almost got eliminated."

"Whatcha mean?"

"She barely won the bathing beauty contest."

Every dog has his day and the cats have the nights.



What they need around Chicago is a good detour.



"How come Jack was late to class again?"

"He caught his coat in the door and didn't notice it until he was three blocks away."

Rate in every way—

She will appreciate a rent-a-car on that date. Ride with comfort and convenience, and best of all without any great expense. Call now and reserve a

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Fairchild 334

434 W. Gilman

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WEARY
WORLD



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Browse"

"Come In And
Browse"

You will find all the best of the new arrivals in Fall Fiction and non-fiction at BROWN'S. And because this Fall is a particularly noteworthy one in the book world, you will particularly enjoy looking over our shelves.

The Children's Section at BROWN'S has been enlarged, with special emphasis on titles which have become classic for the younger readers. You will find old favorites in charming new forms—and the prices are within the reach of all.

William Ellery Leonard's *THE LOCOMOTIVE GOD*, is meeting with unqualified praise. Written in a fine, free-flowing narrative style; marked by both its frankness and restraint, it offers further proof that the author of "Two Lives" is an outstanding figure in American Literature.

BROWN BOOK SHOP

621-623 STATE STREET

The sweet young thing said the bank told her she was over-drawn, but everything was O. K. because she got a new check book.



"The guy who invented coffee sure caused his bean."

"There's grounds for that remark."

"Say—are you trying to pun?"



Said the north wind to the south wind, "Let's have an exchange of blows".



How to Abolish the Dandruff Nuisance

Have Dean send you a bogus dismissal from school. Shock will turn your hair white. Dandruff will not then be noticed.



The Permanent Wave

(Sheared kid, as illustrated here, is always popular. This type of coat, however, will not do for formal wear.)

*I like to kiss you when you smile,
And hug you when you frown,
And hold your hands, yes all the while
So you can't knock me down.*

*But when you light a cigarette,
With a tiny flaming match,
You've had all the lovin' that you'll get—
I've no asbestos thatch!*



Professor: And you, Mr. Gil-woogle, how are you coming along with your essay on famous old London Bridge?

Student (that's what they call them): I'm afraid I'm falling down, sir.

Professor: Hahahahaha!



"Do you typewrite with two fingers?"

"No, with all of them. When one pair gets tired I use two others."

APPAREL • FOR • EVERY • OCCASION



Of course our business is selling **Charter House** Clothes, but at this time FOOTBALL is "Everybody's business".

Think of Saturday, we'll all be on our feet as Cotton leads his Boiler Makers against our Wisconsin. Then the final whistle and the last note of the "Alma Mater".

And remember Wisconsin may she always win.

But win or lose **WISCONSIN**.

109 Stat **O'CONNELL** **AND MEYER** Street

MADISON ~ WISCONSIN

Me

My suits have the conventional three buttons.
 My trousers are floppily wide.
 My shirts are hot stuff.
 My shoes have square toes so both ends will match.
 My top coat is fifty inches long.
 My socks are the expensive wooly kind.
 My legs go garterless, even when it rains.
 I smoke a Dunhill.
 I go to college.
 But I'm not a typical college man—
 My cigarette lighter works.



The lonelier the road the more frequented it is.



Well, goodbye, I'm going down to the postoffice."
 See you letter."

CLOTHES

Ready-made
 And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
 STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
 CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
 SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

Bearly
 Camels Hair
 Coat
 \$165



Bearly
 Camels Hair
 Coat
 \$165

Established 1854

Conklin & Sons Company

COAL, COKE, WOOD AND ICE

FUEL OILS AND BUILDING MATERIALS

Cement, Sand, Gravel, Lime, Sewer Pipe,
 Brick and Building Tile

Main Office: 24 E. Mifflin St.

Phone: Badger 25

Idie - Cynthia is a striking looking girl, isn't she?

Eddie - She knows how to dress that's all. She buys her clothes at Simpson's. They specialize in distinctive apparel.



Simpson's

23-25 N. Pinckney Street

IN OCTOPUS

Citronella, or Now She Knows

(An ego-laudatory gesture surpassing in *elan* and delicacy of *nuance* the best manner of *Vanity Fair*.)

The school year was within a couple of months of having started. Citronella, pretty, vivacious, enchanting, was in despair. Coming from a small Wisconsin hamlet, she had entered upon a new life at our great university. She had, apparently, been very fortunate, for she had pledged one of the best sororities, had succeeded in her studies,

had had innumerable dates and, seemingly, good times. But something was lacking. Every date she had had had been for but one time—with this exception. Some fraternity man called her up a second time when he was in a condition which neither our delicacy nor the 18th Amendment can in any way condone. And why? Certainly for no halitoxic reason—she was the Breath of May itself. There was another and a deeper reason. She simply did not have the exquisite social *savoir faire* so characteristic of our Wisconsin coeds. She did not know where to go, or what to do. The stream of collegiate life passed her by. She knew nothing of the Drive, of

the beauty of the campus in the starlight. Wingra Park contained for her nothing but a zoo seen at best advantage in the daylight. The library was a place to obtain books. Hollywood and the Broadway Gardens were exquisitely wicked myths—surely there couldn't be such places near Madison? Our Citronella, you observe, was innocent. (Uh-huh, the only one this calendar year.)

Yes, you have guessed it! Citronella was unhappy. Her eyes, clear, blue, chastely limpid as the water of a

mountain lake at twilight, were often sad. One day a sorority sister found her on her bed, crying as though her heart would break—nay more, as though that precious possession had been broken into a thousand bits and scattered far and wide upon the ugly plain of life.



Citronella: This music gives me the Hey-Hey fever.

And you can do what I've done—in fact, you'll have the collitch at your feet if you take my advice."

"Quick, quick," panted Citronella, "what to do?"

"Simple, very simple," concluded the sister, nonchalantly lighting a gold-tipped cigarette her boy friend had found on a banquet-table a few days before, "Read Octy."

And she did.

And is she popular now?

No end!

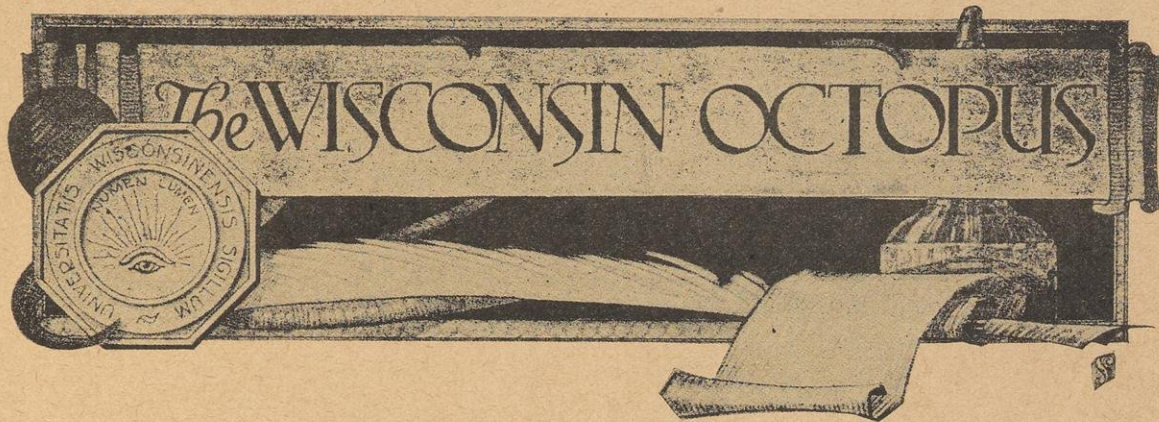
"Why, my dear," said she, "What is the matter?"

"Oh, I'm so unhappy," murmured Citronella. "Why don't the boys treat me as they treat the other girls. I haven't been out with the same boy twice even once. And not one has offered to let me wear his fraternity pin. I just know they think I ought to go back to the farm. But am I not pretty? Aren't my clothes all right? Don't I dance well enough? And can't I cook, and sew, and do interior decorating? Why don't I get a kick out of collitch? Oh, Sis, do tell me what's wrong!"

"There, there," said the wiser sister, "don't cry. I know just exactly what's wrong. I was like you once, but I've snapped out of it.

—Carl Nelson '28





Dead Language

"I'm majoring in Greek. And you?"

"Latin."

"Well, we'll have to get together and talk over old times."



"Wotinell," thundered the frat club man, "My razor looks like somebody's been chopping wood with it."

"Yessir," said the willingest dumb pledge.

"Wotta ya mean?"

"Well," answered the w. d. p., "I heard someone call you a blockhead this morning."



"There goes a trainload of tobacco."

"Oh, a chew chew train."



"Verily, Epsomsalts, 'The Big Parade' was some gambling picture."

"How so, Liversausage?"

"Ah, the old shell game."



Bridget: Was your mother mad when she found you smoking?

Hortense: Naw, she was jealous—she can't blow smoke rings.

(Left Right: A smart ensemble in the long sweeping lines so essential in these bustling days.)

Ted Lewis Goes Crazy

Mammy mammy yo' babeh boy is headin' home to that certain party I hear those churchbells ringin' and I'm jealous of that little bluebird around the corner mammy mammy is everybody happy I've got those Beale street blues for my Lulu Belle that's all there is there isn't any sunshine let's get hot I'm a good girl but why worry about that because you're five feet two tired mammy mammy gimme a little kiss because I've got It's all over when I said that I loved you in St. Louis blues my mamma's in town let's get hot mammy MAMmy MAM-MEH!



"She was dressed to beat the cars."

"Don't you mean to stop the cars?"



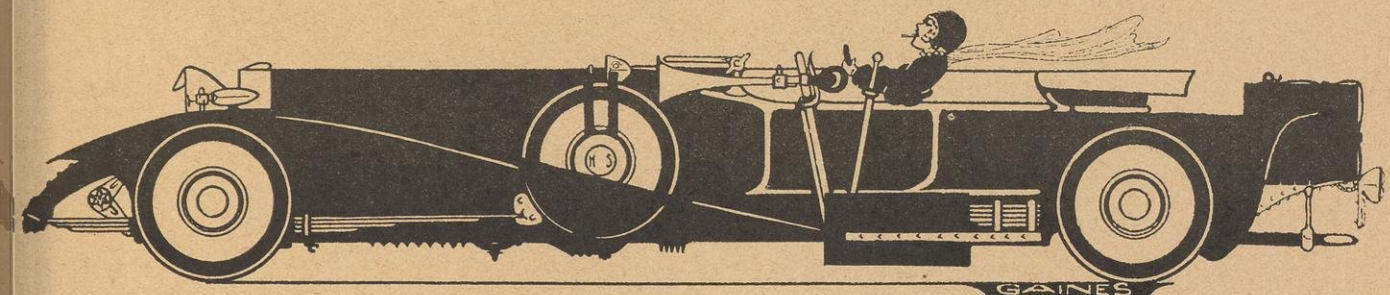
Nothing is more chic than a bad egg.



Hungry One: How's the baked tongue?

On Next Stool: Oh, nothing to speak of.

(H. O. was going to whip out his gun, but he had no whip).



The Class of '27



Medieval landlord: 'by Dear, I'm just going out to do a little Serf riding.



Inside Dope

By Donjon

Long ago when knights were dark,
And women were sweet and fair;
They dressed themselves in shirts of iron.
And steel-wool underwear.

(Ed. note—The men, we mean.)

Changing clothes was an awful job,
In fact, a horrible thing,
So they put their pants on in the fall
And took them off in the spring.

A monkey wrench for a button hook,
Bolts and nuts for stitches.
A cootie had some privacy
In instigating itches.

O harken to the bard's lament,
In these days of exposed shin,
When imminent catastrophe
Can hinge upon a pin.

Alice was the personification of chastity and pulchritude. For three years at college she had gone out with the same man. Never once did she allow him to kiss her, though she loved him, and strangely enough, never did he attempt any of this here kissing business.

She was his sister.



Fannie Fashion says:

There lives a man whose gaze has never followed the spectacle of shapely, silken encased legs ascending a staircase, but he can't help that he's blind.

(This silhouette illustrates the flared-from-the-shoulder line, an important feature on male coats.)



Professor: Mr. Kerwash, what liquor is very popular in France?

Student: Absynthe.

Voice (from behind him): Hey—roll was called ten minutes ago.

He: Cough—cough—cough!
 She: What kind of cigarettes do you smoke?
 He: Old Golds.
 She: How come the cough?
 He: I just got into the second car load.



"Why are you sitting in front of the ice box?"
 "I'm watching the milk to see if it turns."



1st Business Man: What's the name of your type-
 writer?
 2nd Business Man: Elsie Smith.



Prison Visitor: So your real name's not Number 999?
 Prisoner, shyly: No, that's only my pen name.



A Vision of Sheer Loveliness



Pandora Lifts the Lid

Horrible Examples The "Busy" Girl

"Wy Data house . . . This is Evelyn speaking.
 . . . No, I couldn't guess who's talking . . . What
 house are you from? . . . Ooh—the Pi Dam house.
 . . . Let's see now, oh yes, it's Mertie, isn't it? . . .
 Bill? Isn't that funny—I knew it was you all the time,
 how are you anyway Bill? . . . Oh, it's Gil—I'm
 sorry, Gil, say do you know I was thinking about you
 just a little while ago? . . . Why I CERTAINLY was!
 . . . Well I might tell you sometime. . . . Oh, most
 anytime, but what made you call poor little me up to-
 night? Your party? I'd LOVE to go Gil, when is it?
 . . . Oh then. . . . Gee, I'm AWfully sorry, Gil,
 but I'm sure I'm busy that night. . . . Some other
 time? Why certainly . . . I'm pretty busy this week
 end too, Gil, and I HAVE to study some time you know
 . . . well there's some people coming from out of town
 next Friday, and I won't be able to tear away possibly
 . . . Saturday? Oh, that's our part—I mean I'm busy
 then too. . . . Could you come around Sunday after-
 noon? . . . You can't? Oh, I'm jealous. . . .
 Now I'll just BET you promised your roommate you'd go
 out with him—how many others are there? . . . And
 I DID want to see you so then Gil. . . . Sunday night?
 I'm afraid not, we're going to entertain the pledges then.
 . . . Why it CERTAINLY will take a long time, we prob-
 ably won't be through until 'way late. . . . Why Gil,
 you suspicious old thing—you're horribly cynical, aren't
 you? . . . I don't think you really want a date any-
 way . . . you DON'T? OoooH! . . . HELLO!
 . . . Oh hell, he's hung up."



The Gay Nighties

What the well undressed co-eds are wearing to bed.

(A distinct departure from the usual, these jolly models run into Van Dyke brown, cerise, geranium petal, and money, but do not run while being washed.)

STYLES FOR THE COLLEGE HAM

Joseph Sebastian Steinauer, Octy's board walk observer, catches current trends as the bored walk by.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Steinauer holds the honorary chair of glassblowing, and is part time dean of

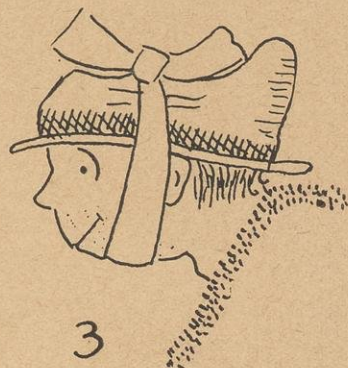
men at the Nevada Barber Extension School; and he plays the piano with a delightful ease and fluency. He also has proven himself an artist of no mean ability, as witness these creations.



1



2



3



4



5



6

1. Nature's own. No sense no pain model.

2. A pretty little number, ear laps and bib string. Very popular with the women folks.

3. Sport model. Beta ice boat-ing creation.

4. The freckle chaser.

5. Famous Iron Crate.

6. Frosh, Green Frog model.

Of all the delightful things in the world,—none is more appealing and abused but withall more enchanting than the modishness of world considered Dame Fashion. Nor is there any more blah than in this paragraph. Period.

The dictates of Peacock Alley predict that the most stylish top gear, (or head dress, as we technicians calls it), will be harsh on the bank roll. But the fad of playing golf in swimming suits can never be as popular with the American common people, as the Ford car. All of which reminds me of story of the two Irishmen in the cloth coloring business. They got a job and died. But let's save this choice one till we have time to explain it to the kiddies.

Head gear is as important as the rudder of a ship or the tail of a shirt. And since it is generally more visible

than either, great care must be used in its selection.

The accompanying illustration which I have drawn with my own little hands, having never had any art lessons, are of prevailing models. Memorize them so that you may be able to select the most appropriate hat the next time you eat at a restaurant.

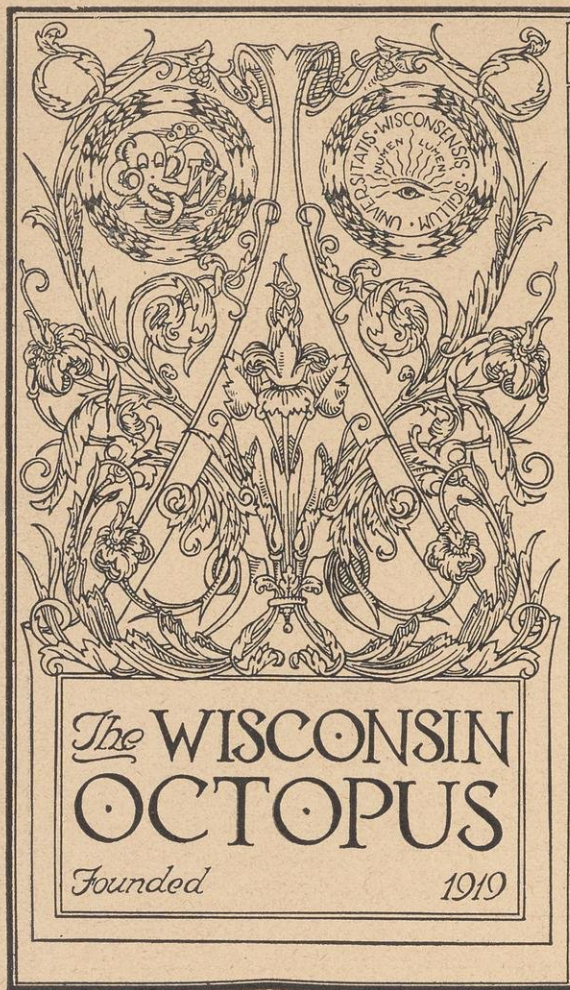
4—Tips for Fall—4

1. Don't wear an overlarge scarfpin. The canoe might start tipping.

2. Your tie, hose, and coat pocket handkerchoochef must harmonize with your unpaid landlady's hair.

3. Suspenders will be frowned upon all winter. Let natural curves and detours support necessities.

4. A shine on the shoes is worth two on State Street.



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Vol. IX

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 2

A Great Disaster

HE worst has come to pass.

For it has been forecasted in a prominent style review that the well-dressed men at the great mid-western universities will wear Derbys this year. And Wisconsin, our beloved and much-cherished Alma Mater falls into this classification, unfortunately.

The dire blow has fallen!

Can you not visualize the Hill as it must inevitably appear some few weeks hence? To the careless and unobservant observer it will look like the Renaissance of the Iniquitous Black Hat; but to us it will be far, far worse. For how shall we now be able to identify our President, unless we toil up the Hill with our eyes reverently lowered?

And think of the noise. In a brisk rain the rattle of the rain drops on the hundreds of absurdly stiff headgears will perpetuate the din to which the riveting machines of the Memorial Union have accustomed us.

Another phase of this impending disaster will be the parking problem. It is not inconceivable

that the end of each class hour will witness a fray, which, for ferocity and heat, will cause the late Class Rush to pale into insignificance. There will be thirty or forty nice black bowlers to be individually identified after each lecture. Shape and color will no longer be present to aid questing owners. Nothing but personal inspection will suffice unless the Regents vote a fund for the maintenance of check rooms at the entrances of the principle lecture-halls.

But this publication cannot stand for such misappropriation of funds. The noble legislators of this State have voted moneys that the university might educate those thirsting for knowledge and not pamper a fickle male student population. And we, as students who have paid our fees to the Bursar of this celebrated institution, must assert our rights to that freedom which is an inherent basis of the Wisconsin Idea, the Stock Pavillion, the Memorial Union, and How. If the man of this university must, in deference to Dame Fashion, adopt a rigid headgear, let us not be found wanting, let us go the whole hog, and adopt, not the measly Derby, but that regal appurtenance, the High Silk Hat.

Skirts As Is and As Was

ONCE, a long time ago, there was a thrill in the sight of a maidenly ankle, a real kick in watching a lady cross a puddle. Now, an ankle is what comes above a shoe, and a puddle merely means a spotted silk stocking.

That was when a girl said: "I simply haven't a thing to wear," and you expected to see her in a barrel. Today that phrase is merely a repetition of what we already know.

Female members of the older school do much ranting and tearing of hair on this subject of short skirts. Female members of the younger school pause to listen—perhaps—and shorten things an inch. We males of either school must keep quiet, a word either way will make us either

old fogies or rank contributors to juvenile delinquency.

It must be said, however, that enough ragged ends of propriety still exist to make the short-skirted ladies feel that they must have the dress line at least to the knee when they sit down. Most of them, it must also be granted, make an attempt to keep things in order even when a strong wind is blowing.

We think it is silly—and we are a very moral editor—to consider a wandering skirt suggestive. (Loud and shocked shouts from the sorority houses.) But girls, we're defending your modesty—what about these one piece silk affairs that are called bathing suits?

Dunt esk.

Contributors

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Steinauer III
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Hamilton Beatty '28
Clare Briggs Grad
Peg Cole '28
Heinie Delicker '28
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Harold (Pinky) Kubly
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Dave Mack '30
Gyula Molnar '31
Carl Nelson '28

Stoo Palmer '28
John Powell '26
Jack Roe '28
Vic Seastone '27
Morris Shumlinson '31
Janet Smith '29
Homer Stevenson '31
Gilbert Williams '30

By Their Collar and Tie You Shall Know Them



The Grad The Barrymore The Athlete The Sheik The Musician Joe Collitch (himself!)



Celebrities at Home

The Arrow Collar Man takes a day off.
(Smart no end—these popular models for young and old.)

Fashion Decrees a Tux

Men who wear tuxes are effeminate. I would not wear a tux! Stiff white shirt-fronts, painfully correct bow-ties, brilliant studs, conservative black waist-coat, trousers with perfect creases—pooh—and again pooh! Idol of the bourgeoisie and the college freshman, instrument of torture to the virile, red-blooded man! And yet no formal function may be entered minus the sanctity of its presence. But I—I will defy society—I will stay home from the formal.

I have no tux.

By putting two and two together you have a double date.

Out of Fashion

Who knows,
Jazz bows
Have passed away.
Russian Boots
Sheik suits
Are gone to day.
Dodo birds
Cross words
Fast disappear.
It's the truth
Flaming youth
Went out last year.
(Ed note—thahellitdid)
Real beer's
Been gone years
Hey! Hey!s gone.
And how
Is now
Passing on.
Many thrills
Now fills
Golden days.
But good land
Must we stand
The Dunhill lighter craze?



"His joints are in terrible shape."
"Rheumatism?"
"No, bootlegger."

Bridge Fiend (laying down hand):
Sorry, but I only have one good suit,
and that's short.

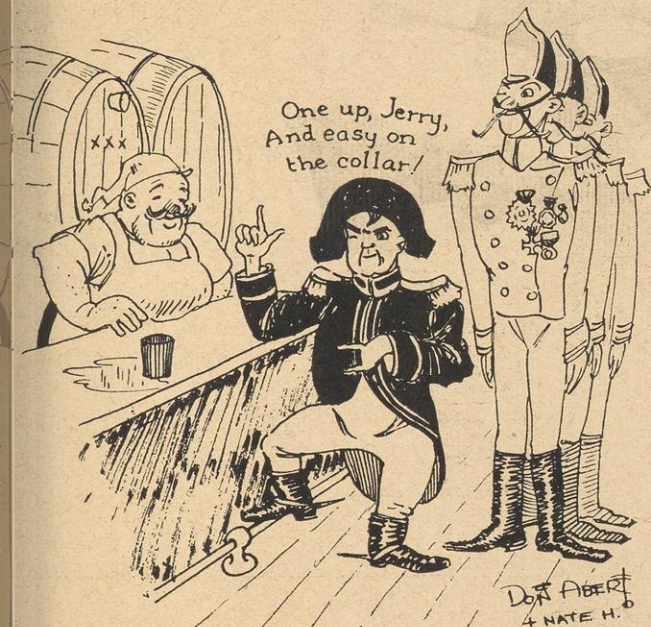
Bridge Flop: Really? And I thought
you were a connoisseur of clothes.

(After all, prison life isn't so bad
in Wisconsin)

Lucky—Do you know the difference
between a stick of dynamite and a
cigarette?

Strike—No, what is it?

Lucky again—Well, you had better
find out.



Napoleon's Retreat

If one fool wears it, it's bad taste; if enough fools
wear it, it's style.

Owed to Style

The sirens of the southern seas, were used to warm their
pretty knees
With billowing hair, and cold seaweeds.
And fairest Helen, the most renowned, was never consid-
ered fitly gowned
Unless her dresses trailed the ground.
Ah me, that I were there to see! !

But you, O Coed, strange to say, although you live in
later day,
To older styles you can not stay—
And not only clip your hair, but leave your pretty knees
so bare
That the north wind shames to linger there.
Ah me, I sigh, could I but see! !

Amaya

*Amaya's eyes
Are strangely wise,
Amaya's lips are hot,
Is she as simple
As she seems?
(The answer is,
"She's not!")*

*Amaya dances,
And her feet
Flash like a sea-gull's wings,
In Paris, France
She learned to dance,
Among other things.*

—Stuart Palmer



Our London Letter from Peoria

By Ernest (Jack) Roe

The more nonchalantly dé-gagé among the haute monde are favoring gaily-hued cravats in mauve and pastel-stripings, thus adding a touch of brightness and savoir faire to the neckwear of the smartly turned-out young man. Several swell-looking gents have also been lamped wearing loud jazzbows.

The Yom Kippur parade along Railroad Street revealed many startling innovations in overalls. Pockets are being worn on the outside this year, and are being made with the openings at the top, in conformance with sec. 2, art. 13 of the Law of Gravity. Blue is the established color among the more conservative, although a number of the younger set have broken away and shown a decided preference for blue. Hats are being worn on the head this season, tilted at the sly angle of 45° 36" Greenwich (Conn.) time, reading from left to right. Pants will be worn as usual, at least by the conservatively inclined. In purchasing a two-pants suit, it is well to remember that it is becoming increasingly popular to wear only one pair of pants at a time. It is also vitally important for the well-dressed man to note that trouser bottoms are being worn either with cuffs or without cuffs, but never both.

At a recent society function in the Labor Temple, the sci-
ons of several of our oldest families were seen to be wearing the new Chamelon shirt. This is an innovation being featured by Sears and Roebuck in conjunction with the Campbell Soup interests, and is so designed that when any foreign substance is spilled on it, the shirt makes an immediate and complete change of color to conform with the color of the thing spilled. The shirt is guaranteed for use with any soup except fresh vegetable.

It is well to note in passing several things that are de rigueur in regard to informal attire. The top hat is



At the recent style convention in Middleton, it was unanimously agreed (by everyone) that it was time for another beer.

never worn with knickers during the day time, several prominent members of the Lions' Club to the contrary notwithstanding. Garters are not to be worn with the bathing suit, nor are the former to be changed oftener when worn around the neck. The rumor to that effect is the result of commercial press publicity and should be ignored by the élite and them as are swank. Sporting accessories, both before and after the fact, should never be forgotten. The better stores are now featuring a sterling silver-plated automatic cigarette lighter, sold complete and including a box of matches with which to light it.

A striking innovation of the season in formal attire is the



Soon to be on sale is this lighter, complete with corrugated base and matches. A very striking novelty.

use of bluish-black materials in the making of dinner clothes. Heretofore only blackish-blue

has been considered correct. If the vest is worn unbuttoned, care should be taken to see that the shoes are properly shined. A flower should always be worn in the button-hole. The sunflower is perennially popular, although there is a distinct switching in favor among the younger set toward the century plant. A pansy and a nasturtium are often worn in conjunction by those who favor the double-breasted models. Nothing is so quickly indicative of poor taste as a naked button hole.

OCTY'S BRIDGE WORK

By Professor O. A. Hoofle

Preliminary Explanation. There are three players in a bridge game and a dummy. The dummy varies, however, depending upon whose partner gets kicked in the leg first. There are fifty-two cards in a deck and a joker. The joker is not used in a bridge game—it's understood. If the dealer pays attention, each player should ordinarily receive thirteen cards. In the event of a poor hand it is advisable to shout "Misdeal" very loudly and to throw the cards on the table.

Playing the Hand. Calling the players North, South, East, and West (although you might call them Smith, Brown, Jones, and Black or even Oscar) let us play a sample hand thusly:

	Clubs	Diamonds	Hearts	Spades	No Trumps
North			3	K Q J 10 9	8 7 6 5 4 3 2
South	J 9 5	K 10 8 7 6 3	Q 9 5 2		
East	A K Q 10 4	Q 9 5 4 2	K 10 7		
West	8 7 6 3 2	A J	A J 8 6 4	A	

North deals, and naturally gets a good hand. He needs only the ace of spades to fix him up, so he pulls one out of his sleeve. If he had been more careful in dealing himself off the bottom of the deck he wouldn't find it necessary to cheat. (For proper methods of dealing from the bottom of the deck watch for our new book on "How to Play Poker" which is already in the hands of the receiver—pardon—publisher).

Supposing that North doesn't have a heart attack after seeing such a handful of spades he will probably get excited and bid three no trump and never get in unless he can secretly fix up another hand behind his back. We'll assume that he can't.

Q. After such a bid what should North do if his opponents are watching him closely?

A. His partner should have shot him long before this.

Making a Finesse. The finesse in bridge provides the poker element in the game. If you're lucky and your opponents pull out the wrong cards, you stand an even chance of making it. Even if a finesse is successful, however, look under the table to be sure you haven't dropped a card. In all our fifteen years experience at bridge we have never made a finesse except once when we held all the honors and forgot it.

Trumping Your Partner's Ace and Other Things. This is always good, especially when you have doubled the opponent's bid and are trying desperately to set them. Before doing so be sure that your partner isn't carrying a gun—or even a nail file. It is also always well to lead from your weakest suit so you'll fool everyone, including your partner, and put the risk element in the game—it's more thrilling!

When to Renig. Renig often—it's so much fun to announce the fact about three or four tricks later and get everything tangled up.

Keeping Track of Trump. A mirror is always handy for this necessary feature of the game when you win the bid. Your partner can also aid by looking casually into the other hands and announcing: "Well, that's about all of those."

Keeping Score. Maybe we shouldn't have mentioned it, but this is really the educational feature of the game. It's a good plan to keep score yourself (with a fountain pen that blots) when you're playing for a tenth, and absolutely essential when you're playing for any more. Base your scoring of tricks upon this table:

	Clubs	Diamonds	Hearts	Spades	No Trump
For you	10	10	10	10	10
Opponents	6	7	8*	9*	10*

*Note: If your opponents show sign of making more than three of these and thereby acquire a game, toss your hand on the table, sweep all the cards together that you can grab, and shout "The rest are mine!"

For Honor Scoring. After a hand is played quickly shuffle the deck. Then you can start an argument about the honors and there'll be no way of checking up.

Bridge Conversation. Talk long and loud on any subject but the game; when your turn to bid comes, start to bid any number of suits, then throw your hand down with a groan and pass.

Final Instructions. Learn to play solitaire.



Some of the best hands I've ever held.



The Learbury "Tiger"

Has become almost as well known at Wisconsin as the school traditions. It is the name of an unusually smart and correct suit styled for University men. It is faultlessly tailored and modeled, and is shown mostly in the oxford grays, both in self patterned herringbones and subdued stripes.

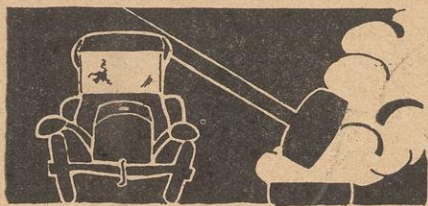
WITH TWO PAIRS OF TROUSERS

\$45

K A R S T E N S

ON THE SQUARE — CARROLL NEAR STATE — BADGER 453

THE POET'S PAGE



The Prayer of the Ford

(After Carl Sandburg)

*O Lord take me and scrap me.
Break up my motor, tear off my
fenders,
Deliver me to the furnace, O Lord.
Pour me out into new molds,
Beat me into new gears and bolts.
Make me a new Ford, O Lord,
With flexibility in traffic, with speed,
With beauty of line and a fast pickup.
And Lord, make them wait for me,
Make them wait, O Lord, make them
wait.*



The Call of the Rhyme was so persistent this month that Octy has taken out a poetic license and herewith publishes a number of clever offerings of our campus bards.

We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Muse (the Muses, you know), for their kind co-operation.



A Poem After the Moderns

*Cerise and lavender, a pretty lady,
All hopes, hops about, full of hops,
Beer and wine. A twisted bar
Of gold. Antique idol, ancient. Yes,
A pretzel. Have you forgotten?*



Fraternity Dance

*Mr. Mumbo Jumbo, late of the jungle
Beats on his drums as hard as he is
able.*

*Lean black girls dance on a table
As hard as they are able,
While he beats the drum—
Boom, Boom, Boom.
The saxaphones wailing
The horns are groaning,
A blues singer moaning.*

*Black gods peeping from behind the
trees.*

*Mumbo Jumbo, late of the jungle,
Beats on his drums.
Boomaly, Boomaly, boom, boom, boom.*

—Morris Shumlinson



*Grandma says that when her beau
Courtied her most properly,
They tread measures soft and slow,
To each other bowing low—
Stately queen and courtier.
Fashion then dictated so.*



*Mother says when at her side,
Father danced decorously,
Careful dip and graceful glide
All their dance personified,
Waltzing lightly back and forth.
Fashion did to this prescribe.*



*Now when we go out to dance
With our very latest man,
Black Bottom puts us in a trance.
Charlestoning our charms enhance.
"This is now the thing to do,"
Fashion says with nonchalance.*



To improve the machine

Two days after the victory. Yet the squad was hard at it developing a new and formidable attack. Always improving the machine!

Improving the machinery of telephone making has been the unceasing responsibility of Western Electric, since 1882 manufacturers for the Bell System.

If it has been a work big with responsibility it has been equally big with interest and opportunity. Many Western Electric men have found it so.

Among them are those who set new standards in the art of making wire—developed the utilization of organic materials for wire insulation—improved the method of using rubber in electrical equipment—and so perfected the processes of manufacture of cable as to make possible existing long distance communication.

This work of improvement, setting higher standards and then attaining them, goes on and on.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

RECENT BOOKS

Professor Paul Fulcher tells about WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD'S *Locomotive God* and Robert Sherwood's *The Road to Rome*

I KNOW of no book that more emphatically refuses mirthful review than Professor William Ellery Leonard's *The Locomotive-God* (Century), in spite of the fact that in the book itself are many little flashes of wit, sometimes elvish, sometimes touched with the grimness of Hamlet's jesting. So there will be nothing funny in what follows, unless the compositor plays tricks, or unless it be my own situation should I say something so stupid that I be no longer considered a fit bench-fellow for the author.

In three ways, *The Locomotive-God* seems to me of remarkable interest; and among these I do not include the obvious local concern with chasing down its references to persons familiar in university and Madison life. First of all, as the story of a courageous struggle against odds, it is more breath-taking than many novels, and its spiritual battle ground touches us moderns more nearly than that of Beowulf or even of Orestes. For the grinding, clanging *Locomotive-God* is more awesomely real than Grendel and the Eumenides. Second, especially in its re-creation of the author's childhood, it is a unique psychological document—if I, scarcely even an amateur in that science, may raise the spirit of psychology from its vasty deep of professionalism. Third, as the unfolding of a personality among the foremost—let us, to be quite safe, say among the foremost dozen—in American letters, it throws both direct and indirect light upon a master poet and upon civilization and barbarism in contemporary America; and on this last we need all the light we can get.

These, to me, are the three uppermost satisfactions that remain after a first reading of the book. A score of others might be mentioned—a sincerity unsparing toward self or others; a style utterly unacademic but clear, various, and made for use and beauty; power of description and sweep of narrative; swift side-glances at persons and ideas significant in modern life; the all too brief account of the aesthetic growth and of the creative processes of a poet.

I understand, of course, that *The Locomotive-God* is not the place for so extended an analysis of the creative imagination as Professor Lowes has given us for Coleridge in *The Road to Xanadu*. I know also that in *The Locomotive-God* we have a study, if not of what made Professor Leonard a poet, at least of much that made him the particular poet he is. But what I earnestly hope to see some day is another book, as detailed as this one, showing, as nearly as it is possible to show in words, how a creative genius developed from the verses "to Bessie and Mamie and Maud" into what it is as we know it. I can think of no one more capable, through the peculiar psychological technique he has acquired and through the outstanding power of self-analysis he

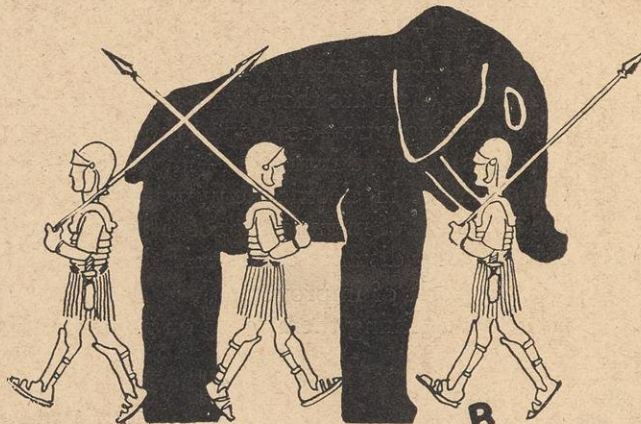
possesses, of writing such a book. And I know of no living artist more worthy the study.

Robert Sherwood, whose activities on *Life* make that magazine almost as good as the OCTOPUS, has in *The Road to Rome* (Scribner's) given us a play which at last reveals the real



reason Hannibal turned back at the gates of the Eternal City. The reason was the wife of Fabius the Delayer, Amytis by name, though since seeing the play in New York I can't help thinking of her as Jane Cowl. And it all had something to do with a green silk dress and a Phoenician nightgown. Et tu, Hannibal!

To one brought up like myself to reverence and respect such sainted characters as Cleopatra, Sir Galahad, Adam and Eve, and Helen of Troy, it is a bit distressing to discover that Mark Twain, Shaw, John Erskine, and now, Robert Sherwood, know better. Rome is a neat satire on contemporary America. Even the Carthaginian soldiers seem to have stepped out of *What Price Glory*. Fabius is United States Senator and Rotarian combined. Fabia, his mother, is a monument
(Continued on page 39)



And So the Day Was Utterly Ruined

By BRIGGS

YOU HAVEN'T A CARE IN THE WORLD AS YOU START OUT TO SEE THE BEST TEAM THAT DEAR OLD SIWASH HAS HAD IN YEARS WIPE UP YOUR ANCIENT RIVAL.

SEATS ON THE 50 YARD LINE! NOT BAD, EH!



AND YOU HAVE A GRAND GABFEST WITH ALL THE OLD GANG YOU HAVEN'T SEEN SINCE LAST YEAR.

LO, AL, HOW'S THE BOY?

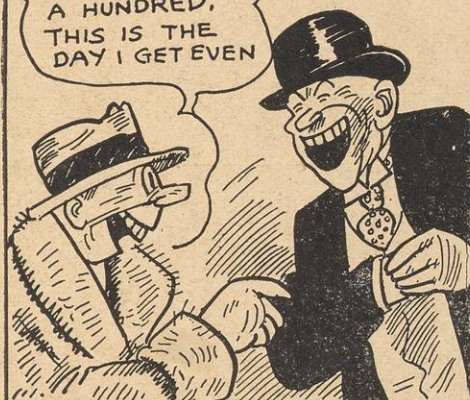
GREAT DAY FOR THE GAME

WHY DON'T YOU EVER CALL A FELLA UP?



AND MIKE KENDALL GIVES YOU ODDS OF 3 TO 1, AND IT'S GRAND LARCENY TO TAKE HIS MONEY.

YOU'RE ON FOR A HUNDRED. THIS IS THE DAY I GET EVEN



AND SIWASH SCORES A TOUCH-DOWN BEFORE THE GAME IS THREE MINUTES OLD.

ATTA BOY! SIWASH, SIWASH, SIWASH!



AND THEN YOU SUDDENLY DISCOVER YOU'VE SMOKED YOUR LAST OLD GOLD AND CAN'T GET ANY MORE TILL YOU GET BACK TO TOWN.



AND SO THE DAY IS UTTERLY RUINED.

THIS IS THE ROTTENEST TEAM THEY EVER HAD. THEY BETTER GET A NEW COACH OR PLAY VASSAR.



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... not a cough in a carload

Speed
Efficiency
Service

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Campus Soda Grill

"The Place That Malted Milk Made"

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM
ICE CREAM

"our wagon passes your door"

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Perfectly pasteurized
Milk, Cream, Butter, Buttermilk, Milcolate,
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Scotch Grey 50c a lb.
Old London Crush..... 75c a lb.
Lattice Weave 1.00 a lb.
96 Sheets
Large Attractive Envelope

Gatewood's

"The Students Book Exchange"
712 State Street
Nearest Book Store to Campus
In the Library Block



Bon: I believe it's broadening to change schools.
Ami (sweetly): Yes? No wonder you're dieting.

Your House Manager Will Tell You - -

He knows that

1. Drives fuel is dependable.
2. Drives service is reliable.
3. Drives co-operation is most valuable.
4. Drives fuel means a saving.
5. Drives service is at your telephone.

J. B. Drives Fuel Co.
"A City-Wide Service"

Count on Us for Clothes That are Different

Men of importance are noticeably different from the average run, the talk, act and **DRESS** distinctively.

CAMPUS
Clothes Shop

825 University Ave., at Park Street

Room With Tha Bath

It wuz a long ride that well reminded us that dust we wuz 2 dust returnin'. Tha sun beet down as tho tha son uv Apollo had a co-ed in tha chariot with him and had even fergot tuh drive with wun mit. Tha perspiration rolled off our physiogs so fast that tha dust wuz turnin' 2 mud.

Thus it wuz that we halted tha car, which tha agent said wud go a mile a minit and was good fer 20 anytime, at tha next chateau and went in 2 get a room.

Over tha hotel desk thair wuz a welcum sine: "Room six bits. Room with bath, eight bits er wun buck."

"Give us," we sez tuh tha clerk, "tha kind wot sets yew back wun buck."

We went tuh tha room and looked around. It wuz a nise room with fore walls a floor and a ceelin' all in proper order. But thair wuzzent no enamelled swimmin' pool.

"Say" we demanded uv tha clerk, "Whair's our bath?"

"Hain't yew anie bath," he sez expectoratin' so fiercely that tha cuspidor got up and went on a strike.

"I'll say we hain't no bath," we sez.

"Now thet's funny 2 be sure," sez tha clerk. "Thet is funny. Thair wuz a bath in thet room."

"Well whair did it go?" we asked.

"Mebbe the man who wuz in thet room Sattidy," ventured tha clerk, "took it."

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MADISON, WIS.

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THE WISCONSIN UNIVERSITY PLAYERS

under the direction of
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"He Who Gets Slapped"

November 26 and 27

ONE PRICE ALWAYS \$1.00

Box Office

200 Bascom

BASCOM THEATRE

Waiter—Would you like to drink Canada Dry, sir?
E. Bracken-Bracknavitch—I'd love to, but I'm only
here for a week.
—Judge

"How in the world did all of these clubs come to be
left all over the golf course?"

"Oh, the plumbers just finished having a tournament."
—Ghost

Squire: How can I tell whether a man is a Christian
or a Moslem?

Knight: Ask him for a cigarette; if he tells you to
go to hell he is a Christian.
—Widow

"I think she's a cat, and I'd tell her so to her face,
only we're not on speaking terms."
—Life

"This new song, 'Me and My Shadow' is an awful steal."

"That so? What's it a steal from?"

"I want to go where you go and do what you do."

—Voo Doo

Not Proved

Clerk: But, madam, the bristles of this brush are set
in ivory and you know when they are fixed like that they
never come out.

Mrs. Teller: Oh, I don't know about that. MY HUS-
BAND IS BALD!
—Goblin

Him: May I hold your palm, Olive?

Her: I told you to call me Anne!

It: Aw Hell; you spoiled the joke.

—Pelican

"SPIC" and SPAN

Room Together

at the

Madison Steam Laundry

"20% Discount for Cash Call"

429 State Street

Fairchild 530

FRANKS RESTAURANT

Good Food

821 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants
Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street
for
Nearly A Half Century

Sheik: Could you live on \$25 a week?

Flapper: Yes, but no longer!
—Goblin

"Why are they pledging that fellow? He doesn't mingle well in public."

"That's all right—he mixes well in private."
—Cynic

"The girl I marry must be clever."
"She'd have to be to think up an excuse for marrying you!"
—Cynic

Chappie: "Not dancing, old thing?"
Old Thing: "No, my skirt's too tight."
—Goblin



"My dear, I know not what to do!
Up in the air am I!"

"Oh, so that's why you use such stilted language."

"How do you know the quartette's Scotch?"

"My word, Hezekiah, listen to the close harmony."
—Red Cat

Hur: Who is this chap Leopold Stokowski I've heard so much about?

Hymn: Oh, he is our new pole vaulter.
—Widow

Frosh: Professor, you must have made a mistake in giving me an 'F' on this paper.

Prof.: Young man, I very seldom make mistakes. Have you seen my secretary?

Frosh: Oh boy, have I!!—I guess you're right.
—Voo Doo

Al Thompson's Orchestras

Play at the

Cameo Room

Every

Friday and Saturday

Exclusive Student Dances

ROSES


University Floral Company
723 University Avenue
Madison, Wisconsin



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The Hub began its service to Wisconsin men many years ago. Styles have changed.—The campus has changed. But it is a tribute to the policy of The Hub that the quality and smartness demanded by college men is always to be found here. Executives and salespeople, themselves college men, are in close touch

with campus ideas and campus thoughts. In the fine clothing at The Hub those thoughts and ideas are interpreted for college men. You'll like The Hub for its understanding of your needs, for its comfortable, bright salesroom, and for the stress on quality and goodness.

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Invites you to see the new collection of

ORIGINAL PEASANT FROCKS

All models are hand made and hand embroidered. You may also have them made to your order in a wide variety of colors and materials.

Complete Pleating Service
Hemstitching, Tucking
Rhinestone and Spot Setting
Buttons Covered

228 State St. Badger 3029

Professor of Agriculture: What is the name of the best cow in the country?

Stude: Magnesia.

Professor of Agriculture: Magnesia! I've never heard of her before.

Stude: Yeah, you can buy her milk at any drug store.

—Virginia Reel



He: I hear that you Vassar girls have evolved a wonderful new cheer.

She: Yes, my dear, it's a scream.

—Life



A woman is young as long as she looks young; a man is young as long as he looks.

—Texas Ranger

\$5.00

In Advance Gives

\$6.00

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Repairing

Our Misses Fall and Winter Apparel was Chosen with the Exacting Demands of the Smart University Girl Foremost in Our Minds

and our efforts have borne fruit. For to HAVE apparel that conforms to these rigid requirements is to SELL it.

There is no task to selling the utmost in style and authenticity at a fair price.

Baron Brothers

INC.

We wish to Infirm You Concerning

Medicine's foremost hostelry.

Our rates are a mere nothing and all our nurses are beautiful.

Headaches, hang-overs, final exams all treated with expert care.

Be popular! room with a football star.

Our meals are excellent—duck soup, fried noodles, and beans. Something new and different every day.

Come in and drowse

The University Infirmary

"Where the crowds gather."

"What do you think of the future for aviation?"

"I should say a bit cloudy."

—Virginia Reel



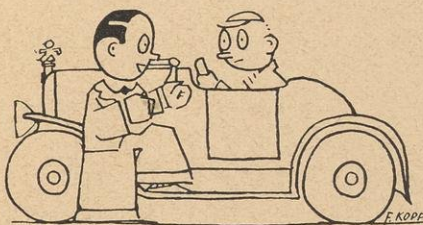
Overdoing It

"Did you hear about the joke on that movie actress?"

"No, what was it?"

"Her secretary didn't keep the records straight and now she finds she has had two more divorces than she's had weddings."

—Goblin



Paul—Help, Help! I've just swallowed a bottle of ink.

Revere—Things certainly do look black for you.

The University Pharmacy

A Student Drug Store

For Ten Years

Cor. Lake and State

Badger 40



All wet, man!—except your

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

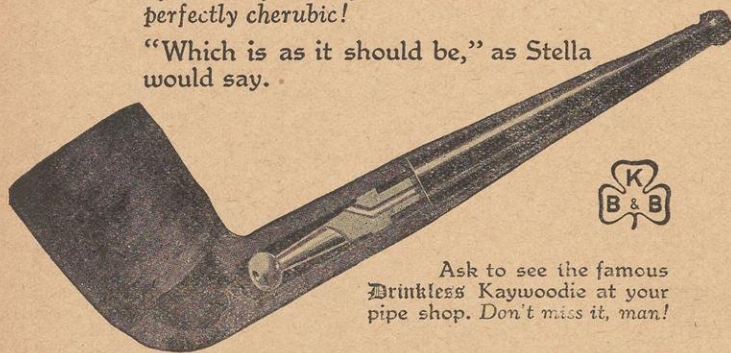
—and that's always dry!

Never gurgles, drips, or trickles juice!
No bite—either!

Just a clean, fresh, sweet smoke you
enjoy as you never enjoyed anything
in your life!

It's the "Drinkless Attachment" that
does it—keeps juice away from your
lips—keeps 'em pure, unstained and
perfectly cherubic!

"Which is as it should be," as Stella
would say.



Ask to see the famous
Drinkless Kaywoodie at your
pipe shop. Don't miss it, man!

Drinkless KAYWOODIE \$3.50
UP

Unconditionally Guaranteed

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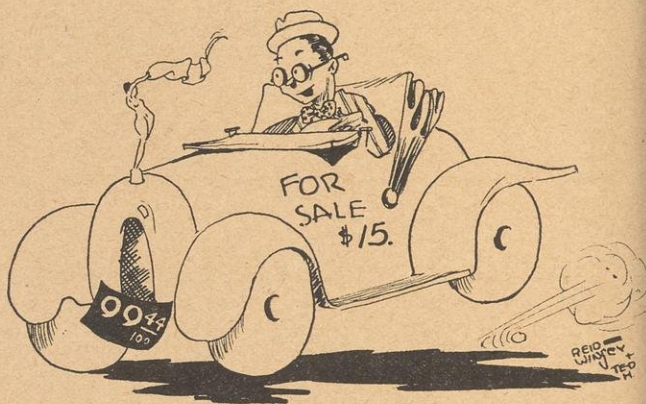
230 State Badger 179

TELEGRAPH DELIVERY SERVICE

"What's the difference between kissing your sister,
and kissing your girl?"

"Oh, about twenty seconds."

—Widow



Driving a Bargain

"What's all the cuspidors doing around here?"

"Dunno—shows poor taste."

—Cynic

Personal
Attention
To Each
Customer

at

Mallatt's Pharmacy

Next to the Co-op

708 State Street

Fairchild 3400

DIAMONDS

WATCHES

We Specialize in College Jewelry

R. W. NELSON

Jeweler

Watch Repairing

320 State Street.

F. 4242

CLOCKS

NOVELTIES

"Have you read 'Things About Your Anatomy?'"
"No, my dear, mine are pale blue." —*Illinois Siren*



"Shall we sit this out?"
"Why, I promised Jim that I wouldn't move from this spot till he came back, so I suppose we'll just have to dance." —*Life*

**Gentlemen Prefer
Miller's Barber Shop**

302 W. Gorham - Below Rainbow Shop

Know us as the home of
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES
MANHATTAN SHIRTS RESILIO NECKWEAR
JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOES
STETSON HATS
Smart Style and Good Quality



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Hart Schaffner & Marx

*It's the wide variety
you find here*

The new shades of Greyhound, the Copper-beech browns, and smoke blue—in the new fabrics and correct college styles—hundreds of them here.

\$50

With Two Trousers

Olson & Veerhusen Co.

7 and 9 N. Pinckney St.

95% BANK at The Branch

Proving Conclusively that the Branch is "The Student's Banking Headquarters"

Now ninety-five per cent of the student body, fraternities, sororities and student organizations bank at The Branch. Surely that proves that the "student's banking headquarters" is serving its purpose.

For more than twenty years the Branch has studied student banking. That study has developed what many authorities call "the most

efficient student banking system ever perfected."

This specialized service is for you and for every man and woman of Wisconsin. Now more than ninety per cent—more than nine out of ten are taking advantage of this banking system to handle their finances.

Ask The Nearest Upper Classman--- He's One of the Ninety-five Per Cent

He'll tell you why he banks at The Branch

1. It is a check on your spending. It guards the budget.
2. It is a valuable business habit—part of an education.
3. It is a convenient way to pay bills—and safe, too.
4. It guards you from loss by theft or carelessness.
5. It is convenient to the student quarter.
6. It is a sure identification—no trouble to cash checks.
7. It is a banking system—designed and studied for you.

Join the 95%---Open Your Account at the Branch Today

**The Students Banking Headquarters
Branch Bank of Wisconsin
State at Gilman
Capital and Surplus \$360,000**

WHAT TO DO?

"Oh dear, another birthday in the chapter! Why are birthdays, anyway?"

"Why — so we can buy gifts at The Unique Shop, of course! C'mon on, let's go!"



The Unique Shop
130 State St.

After The Game

Hot Chocolate or a Heavy
Malted
at

The
Badger Pharmacy
University and Randall

Rennebohm
Better Drug Stores

(Five Stores Conveniently
Located)

Central Store—208 State St.
Square Store—13 W. Main St.
Loraine Store—Hotel Loraine.
East Side Store—Schenk's Corners.

"Have you heard the mean song?"
"What's that?"
"Mean my shadow."



Said the Indian, as he made the round of his traps in the great open spaces, "This is a skin game".



"Have you a Camel?"
"No, but will you have a mint?"
"Gosh, that's a life saver."



The Brutes!

"I understand that some of the English barons are social flops."
"How come?"
"Very few have any manors."
—Red Cat

Dry?

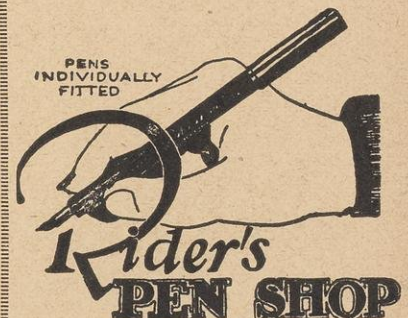
Mr. A. Stew Dent went to a lecture one morning, an important lecture. Full, clear notes were essential. The Prof had said so.

"Getting all the main points, anyhow," he flattered himself.

Just then something happened. Mr. Dent said something forcible in a very loud tone of voice. Coeds looked up and bit their lips. But nothing could stop the avalanche of words that flowed from the Prof's tongue.

"Dry! Absolutely dry! Who has an extra pen?", he implored in a hoarse whisper. But no one had time to pay any attention to him.

After class he did what he had intended to do long before. He made hot tracks to Rider's Pen Shop and bought himself a Rider Masterpen which holds eight times as much ink as the ordinary pen, and never runs dry in the middle of a lecture.



650 State Street

NEW CORONAS

15% off List \$51.00



You do not have to wait for rebates—just take 15% off \$60.00 and you have \$51.00—that's the price of the New Corona. Our entire stock of New Coronas offered—nothing reserved. Terms if desired.

Brewington Typewriter Company

(Home of the Royal Portable)

533 State Street

Badger 222

Wehrmann's

506 State Street - 116 King Street

Leather Gifts-- Leather Goods-- at Wehrmann's

The two Wehrmann stores are exclusive leather goods stores. They are filled with hundreds of leather needs—luggage suggestions—gift ideas.

There you will see everything in leather from the smallest pieces to the largest. The nearest Wehrmann store is at 506 State street—two doors from the Branch Bank.

The stock is more complete than ever and you are invited to call any time. Leather gifts are quality gifts when they come from Wehrmann's.

He had seven suits and a sport roadster.
He knew every bootlegger by his LAST name.
He was a four letter athlete.
He once wrote the Haresfoot Book.
He was elected to Union board.
He made his fraternity the best one on the campus.
He rated every sorority house.

BUT

Somehow the truth got out, the only blot upon his record was exposed, he did not make Iron Cross. He still sent his laundry home.

Lucille (reading from her diary): Up at 8. Felt a little seasick so took two pills. Passed an iceberg at ten.

Greta (listening): My dear!

—Widow

Doctor: Are you sure you take your glass of hot water every morning?

Patient: I do, doctor, but the landlady calls it coffee.

—Cynic

He—Why do you keep continually giggling?
She—Can't help it. Just washed my face and can't do a thing with it.

—Froth

Lunches and *Lunches!*

A friend of ours taking Statistics told us once how many lunches a student eats during his four years. We fell asleep after the first thousand was calculated.

Anyway we know and so do hundreds of others that half those luncheons are merely luncheons. Chocolate Shop luncheons are something else again. It's well to remember that to keep luncheon from becoming a daily bore the Chocolate Shop is the place to eat. Four years of lunches will be four years of happy noons at

The Chocolate Shop

Professor Paul Fulcher Tells About
William Ellery Leonard's Locomotive God
and Robert Sherwood's The Road to Rome

(Continued from page 26)

of the virtues, or perhaps one should say, a tombstone. Amytis, his half-Grecian wife, tired of the staid monotony of Roman life and its absorption in such things as expansion and war, can hardly believe her luck when Hannibal is reported at the gates. Instead of fleeing she goes straight to his camp, determined to show him the emptiness of military glory and the modishness of her new green silk dress. Hannibal's first intention, to execute her as a spy, fails only because she will not stop talking long enough for the ceremony to take place. Her oratory, and the green silk, at last convince him, and the curtain makes a swift and moral descent.

In the final act, Hannibal explains to his staff that he has had a portent. His cynical brother Mago remarks that that's a new name for it, or, as one would say today, for "It." And, as Hannibal and his elephants depart for Capua, Fabius takes Amytis home, declaring as he goes that virtue has triumphed.

Through the three acts, situation and dialog skim perilously over thin ice, but no one breaks through except a Carthaginian elephant. Mr. Sherwood makes a good case against military glory and for "the human equation", but one trembles for the safety of Rome had Fabia and not Amytis taken it into her head to go to Hannibal's tent.



--- and Oxford Grays

University men have taken to Scotch Mixtures and Oxford Grays like a duck takes to water. The color effects in the suits and topcoats at the College Shop are exclusively Braeburn.

Braeburn
Smart Styled Clothes For University Men
Tailored At Rochester

The College Shop

Howard L. Thrapp

"Next to the Lower Campus"

Familiarity breeds CONTENT

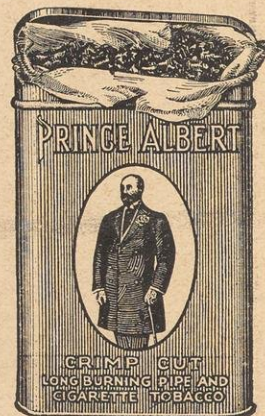


THE longer you smoke Prince Albert, the more convinced you become that it is the most satisfying tobacco that ever nestled in the bowl of a jimmy-pipe. You get a brand-new thrill every time you open the tidy red tin and breathe that wonderful aroma.

And when you tuck a load into the business-end of your pipe, light up, and open the drafts—say, Mister! Cool as a letter from home, telling you to cut down your expenses. Sweet as an unexpected check in the next mail. Sweet and mild and long-burning.

So mild, in fact, that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how swift your pipe-pace. Yet it has that full, rich tobacco-body that lets you know you're smoking and makes you glad you *are*. Try Prince Albert, Fellows, and get the joy that's due you! Buy a tin today and get started!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

Fraternity Life (From the Novels and Clothing Ads.)

- A. M.
9:00 Breakfast in bed, served by a freshman.
9:30 Bath, then goes to fraternity barber for shave and facial.
10:15 Selects one of his 11 suits, a pair of Frank Brothers brogans, a Brooks Brothers Shirt, and Gomar (of New Haven) bow tie.
11:00 Finishes dressing.
11:05 Dashes to the university golf course and plays 18 holes of par-shattering golf.
12:30 Luncheon at the house. Three courses.
- P. M.
1:00 Plays a rubber of bridge.
1:25 Decides to make his weekly visit to class.
2:30 Returns to palatial fraternity house, changes clothes.
3:15 Attends Sorority Tea.
4:00 Gives that little pledge a long ride in his La Salle roadster.
5:30 Returns to house and dresses for dinner.
7:00 Six course dinner at the house.
8:00 Starts the evening with a dash to his pet boot-legger.
8:30 Picks up the lucky co-ed who is It for the evening.
9:15 Attends a typical college dance.
- A. M.
2:00 Successfully reaches home in his car.
2:30 Finally gets up the stairs.
3:00 Falls asleep in his great feather bed.

As It Is

- A. M.
7:15 Wakened with and by alarm. Tries to shave. No hot water. Picks nearly pressed suit from the corner and turns shirt inside out for another week's wear.
7:17 Eats breakfast of burnt toast, relaxed coffee and pre-war oatmeal.
7:45 Finally finds books, starts up the hill.
8:00 Classes.
- P. M.
12:00 Walks back from classes in the rain.
12:15 Cuts cards with brothers to see whose sheet is to be used for table cloth.
12:30 Noonday lunch of sardines and animal crackers.
12:44 Smokes half a cigarette.
1:30 Back to college. Rates date to party given by Presbyterian Club.
5:00 Spends pre-dinner hour trying to put a tire on roommate's Ford.
6:00 Dinner at the house. Beans and Bologna.
6:05 Finishes dinner, smokes other half of cigarette.
6:10 Calls his date.
6:11 Retires to room.
6:12 On the books.
9:00 Sends Frosh out for a nickel hamburger.
10:00 Still studying.
11:00 -----Still studying. Then sneaks into the best bed (the one with four legs) wraps himself in rugs and old overcoats and is wafted to sleep by four mature socks which his roommate lost last month.



1 something's in the air!

THERE'S something everywhere about you—something as sparkling as the crisp November sunshine. Gay as the pennants fluttering from the stadium walls. Into that something goes the dull percussion of punted footballs . . . chrysanthemums . . . hawkers' cries . . . crowds hurrying, laughing, happy. . . .

Does it catch you up—sweep you along?

If it does—if you warm to the charm, the verve, the gay light-heartedness of Youth—we believe you will like COLLEGE HUMOR. You clever collegians write the things we feature; our stories by today's front rank writers are written with you in mind, as an audience.

Scott Fitzgerald's article on *Princeton*, and a complete novelette by Lois Montross, *The Return of Andy Protheroe*, are two features of the many that compose the December issue.

College Humor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

How is Your Coal Supply?

WHEN IN NEED OF COAL
WHY NOT RING

CASTLE & DOYLE

BADGER 1993

Senior: She danced with abandon.
Frosh: She should have worn more than that.
—Purple Parrot



Gladys—You say he doesn't know how to kiss?
Florence—I said he didn't know how to kiss.
—Angora Kitty Kat



"What's the matter? You look all broken up."
"A chiropractor owed me \$50, and I let him take it out
in trade."
—Widow



New Student to Traffic Cop: Where can I find a nice,
big, airy, room, cheap?
Traffic Cop: Turn left on the red signal and I can
accommodate you.
—Widow

"Do you believe that spirits will return?"
"Well, if everybody voted like I did we'd have light
wines anyway."
—Voo Doo



Mrs. Jones: Is your son Stanley a finished drummer?
Mrs. Conrad: Not yet, but the neighbors are making
threats.
—Widow



A Wife—I refused Harry three times before I con-
sented to marry him.
A Bachelor—Well, his good luck couldn't hold out for-
ever.
—Ghost



"They say Harry promised his father he would go
straight."
"Yea, he doesn't take White Rock with his gin any
more."
—Ghost

Dettloff's Pharmacy

University Avenue—at Park

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES, STUDENT
SUPPLIES

Soda Fountain and Luncheonette Service

When you are Hungry

Stop at

LOHMAIER'S

Sodas Lunches Candy

710 State Street

T. 1804

We Deliver

"Straus for Student Printing"

Preferences Develop

that's the secret of our success

perhaps you are familiar with our Printing---
if not follow the crowd our way

Straus Printing Company

Foiled, or, What Happened to the Silver Teaspoon?

The very air seemed to breathe of brooding evil and wrong-doing. The moon, which, an hour ago, had seemed so assuring in its seat of the dark blue sky, had disappeared, leaving dark, tumbling, living, shadows. There was a flurry of cold penetrating rain, and the chill of a fall north wind whistled around tall spectre-like buildings.

There near the corner moved a darker shadow. It was John Smithers-Jones, scion of one of Tamrack-on-the-Hudson's best and foremost families, returning homewards after a delightful evening at the Lido Club. There, as usual, he had been the star, the shining light of the party. But John Smithers-Jones was not conceited about his success. It was the result of hard work. Had he not, for over a year now, read his "fifteen minutes a day" from Dr. Blackwell's four and three-quarters foot shelf of books?

And his well-dressed air! That was a result of careful perusing of the current articles on "What the well-dressed man will wear," appearing regularly in the Voog Fashion Magazine, price 50c (Paris 26¼ frs.) (London 63/42 lbs.) (Paid Adv.) From his Hooper No-Button underwear to his trimly tailored Passion Park tuxedo he breathed sophistication. Not wanting his hostess to become embarrassed with the sight of a single fly walking demurely across her immaculate linen, he had even thought of taking with him a spray of "RIP" (Repels

insect pests). Surely he was fortunate in his knowledge of "A Thousand Ways to Make Oneself Popular," for was he not to be chosen to receive a seat among the piers, pardon, peers, no darn it, that's England!

Suddenly, from out the blackness of the night, a harsh voice broke in upon his reveries. Startled, he instinctively reached for his Help-Ur-Self cigarette case and nonchalantly lit a Deetie.

"Hands up," the voice said, and John Smithers-Jones, confident of his Kant-Slip suspenders, complied with the command. He reached into an inner pocket for his cow skin Pocket Buddy, the bill fold with a thousand surprises. Then, with a muffled oath, he withdrew his groping hand and said:

"Fie upon you, John Silver. No filthy hand of yours shall ever touch the riches of John Smithers-Jones! Shoot if you must this old gray head, but you can't say I turned and fled!"

Nothing loathe, the ruffian raised his shining automatic. (Kolt .47 caliber, 6" trapper's model barrel.) A shot blazed out on the still air. But did our hero crumple in his tracks, sprawling in the mud and slime of the gutter, mortally wounded? No! Instead, he laughed a diabolical laugh right in the naughty man's face, and turning, stalked proudly away.

For you see, he wore Paris Garters, no metal could touch him!

—G. W.

Expert Service

Courteous Treatment

The Campus Barber Shop

THEO. MATRANGE, Manager

We have Chairs for Ladies
Everything Clean and Sanitary

720 STATE—MADISON, WIS.

Facing Lower Campus—Rear of College Shop

To Be Well Groomed Visit Our Shop

When you think of Shoe Repairing—

Think of

The United Shoe Rebuilders]

Hats Cleaned and Blocked

524 State Street

The Cardinal Beauty Shop

625 State F. 3966

Caters to Co-Eds

They Know Us

"I hear a lot of girls are wearing their dresses a couple of inches longer this year."

"Yeah, and I'll have to wear this suit a lot longer this year, too."

—Cynic

First Correspondence School Pupil:
There go the fire engines.

Second Ditto: Gee, I hope it's the post office!

—Life

Jim: How did the robbers get in the undertaker's offices?

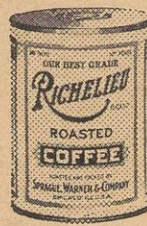
Joe: Used a skeleton key.

—Widow

Bootlegger: I sell only imported stuff; moonshine is poisonous.

Smythe: Give me the moonshine. I'm 100% American, and I'll die for my country."

—Widow



Malone Grocery

Agency

RICHELIEU PURE FOOD
PRODUCTS

Wholesale and Retail
Groceries, Fruits, and
Vegetables

434 State. B. 1163-1164



She: What happened to that cold in your chest?

He: I got conceited about it.

She: Conceited?

He: Yes, it went to my head.

LAWRENCE'S

Cafeteria and
Restaurants

ALREADY ACCLAIMED
AS THE MOST POPULAR
PLACE TO EAT

662 STATE STREET
1317 UNIVERSITY AVE.

"Did you know you had a spot of gravy on your lapel?"

"Say, that's not gravy. I'm a fraternity pledge." —Illinois Siren

Office Boy: There's a lady outside with blond hair—

Boss: Quick! Show her in!

Office Boy: —nets to sell for your wife.

Boss: I'm in conference.

—Cynic

She (demurely): "Do you consider my legs long?"

He: "Yes, whenever possible."

—Virginia Reel

"Oh, Tommie, how did you ever get such a black eye?"

"Because I did not choose to run, Mother."

—Life

Presenting—

Your Round Table of Helpers!

¶ When brave King Arthur set out on a project he assembled the Knights of his Table Round, together with the Necromancer Merlin, — and asked for help and advice.

¶ Today the successful business man and advertiser has his own Round Table and leans heavily upon the wizardry of Printing.

¶ Knights of Service subject to your command are Copy Writers, Artists, Designers, Engravers, Printers, Binders. Let their combined power help you win battles and jousts on the field of business.

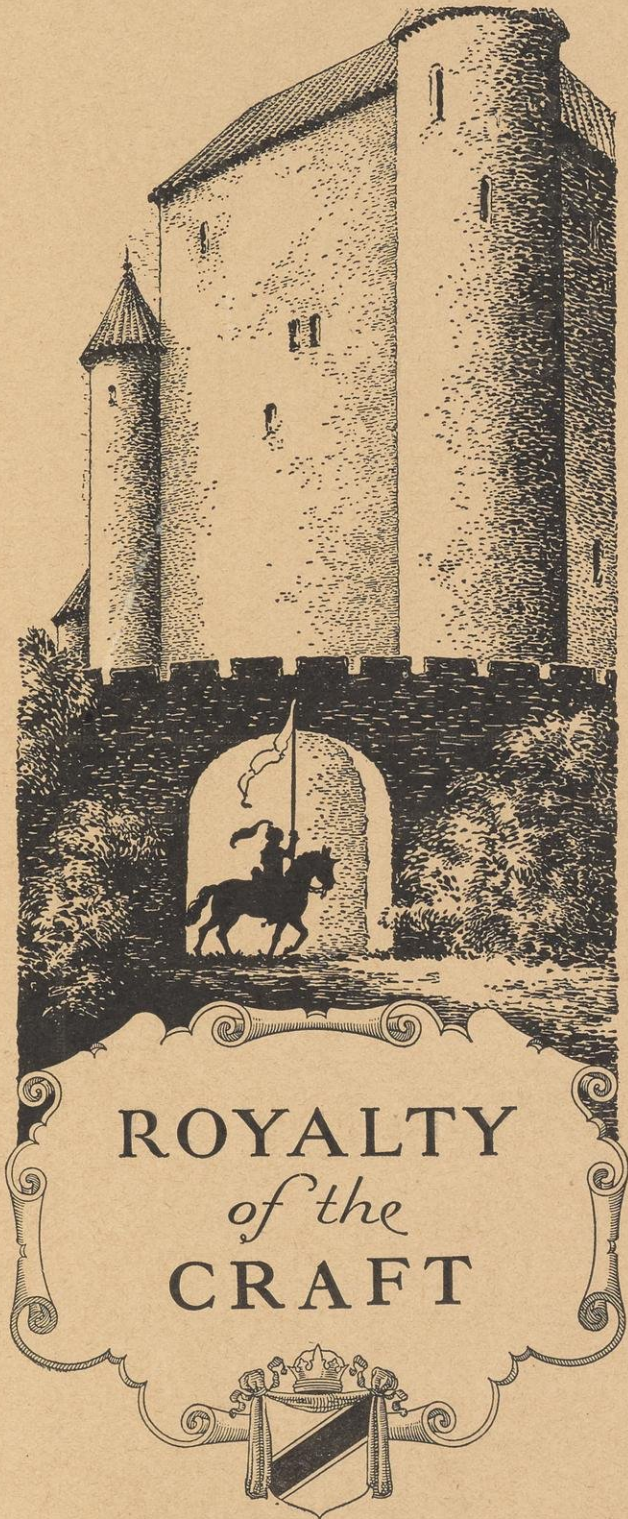
¶ The home castle and headquarters for all these Knights, of course, —

Democrat Printing Co.

Telephone: Badger 486

114 S. Carroll St.

Madison, Wis.



Enjoy Wisconsin's best tradition of hospitality faithfully kept at Hotel Loraine. Students, their parents, and guests are cared for in the most modern manner.

Our Dining Room, Banquet Rooms, and Ball Room are the most beautiful in the state.

Coffee Shop serves popular priced food

HOTEL LORAINÉ

Madison, Wisconsin

Madison Fuel Co.

E. J. Frautschi, Mgr.

Fuel of all kinds

601 W. Doty

Badger 3



There's a peachy yarn going around that the drummer down at the Commercial Hotel told Aunt Elsie the other day. It seems that (you're just going to die laughing at this) Mrs. Hennepin went into a hardware store last week and asked for a large egg beater. "I'm sorry," retorted the clerk smartly, "But all our beaters are for small eggs." C'mon everybody, let's have another glass of lemonade.

Always a Favorite!

Always leading the betting, always a sure choice for first place in the tastes of candy lovers. On the hill, in the stadium or burning the midnight oil.

Teck's Candy Bars, we're talking about and you'll believe us when you try any of them. Ten to one (that's the odds we'll give you) you'll take them for your favorite, too.

Teckemeyer Candy Co.

Life in Hollywood

Morphia Swansdown was a good hearted girl. Of course she was married twice at once and a few things like that, but she was good hearted as we said before. It happened that she drank like a whale and got her husbands mixed up with other people at times, but you know how these movie actresses are. And she was a good hearted girl even if she was a movie actress.

Well, at this particular time, Morphia was engaged to her press agent, and the press agent thought that Morphia's picture should be taken and placed in the newspapers. So she condescendingly sat for the photographer—Morphia was such a good hearted girl.

Came the day when the pictures were returned for Morphia's approval, she took one look at them and called for her fiancé.

"Are you responsible for these?" she asked.

"Yes m'love," said the lad with pride.

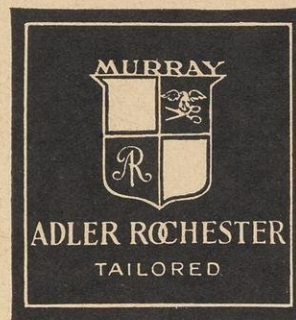
"Well, you idiot, they look just like me!"

No, Morphia didn't marry her press agent, she shot him. Morphia was such a good hearted girl.



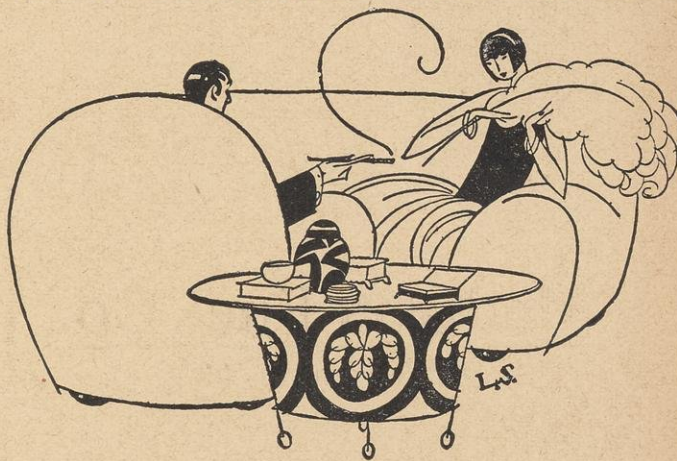
We have a fellow at our house who wears black glasses on dates so he won't have to be worried about turning out the lights. . . .

Fine fabrics, authentic styling, conservatively smart colors, and master tailoring — distinguish clothes bearing the Murray label. Murray clothes are created for gentlemen of the American Universities



NEW YORK • ROCHESTER • LOS ANGELES

ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES



"Smoke all you wish, darling, but —"

But—. Guess what the but meant. Give up? Well, simply that the gentleman in question should remember to take some of those little Pep-o-mint Life Savers between smokes and make his breath pleasant and sweet.

She could tell him the truth about stale tobacco breath. It's lots easier to love a person who takes Life Savers between smokes.



Case 344B

Stella R. Born, Chicago, 1906. From excellent family. Father imprisoned for attempt to court. Mother refused to make statement. Of the athletic type. Attended eastern preparatory school with brother at Bridewell. Now a post grad at Wisconsin. English major. Member of Dolphin, Pythia, Castalia, Neuralgia, Castoria, and W. S. G. A. Was captain of class basketball team during sophomore year. Noted for her pessimistic attitude. Is brilliant student. Phi Beta. Was treasurer of Wisconsin Literary Magazine—nervous breakdown from waiting. Somehow doesn't seem to be popular with schoolmates. Is despondent much of the time. Never laughs. Friends say she is uninteresting.

[Nothing exceeds dumnitis (inability to see or tell clever stories)
as a social offense. Nothing equals Octopus as a remedy.]

From Freshman Texts to Commencement Invitations--Four Years of Saving When You Buy at The Co-Op

Four years. Four years of books, clothing, school supplies, school equipment, clothing, shoes, hosiery. Hundreds of items that you don't remember until you need them. These items are all at The Co-Op, your own store, and they are supplied to you for four years at a saving of 15%. In four years that means a considerable amount saved.

Thirty years ago The Co-Op was organized to give Wisconsin students a store near the Uni-

versity. For years it has paid annual rebates of 15%—paid in the form of merchandise choices.

Over thirty-three thousand have saved by a Co-Op membership. The membership costs \$2.50, and with it you are entitled to a Waterman, Parker or Conklin fountain pen which is worth \$2.50. That's even and the membership really costs nothing.

It's Your Co-Op--Your Savings--Use It As 33,500 Students, Faculty Members and Alumni Have Done - - -

Four Years Is A Long Time And You Can Save On All These Items And Hundreds More

Books—New
Books—Used
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Leather Notebooks
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Magazines
Typewriters
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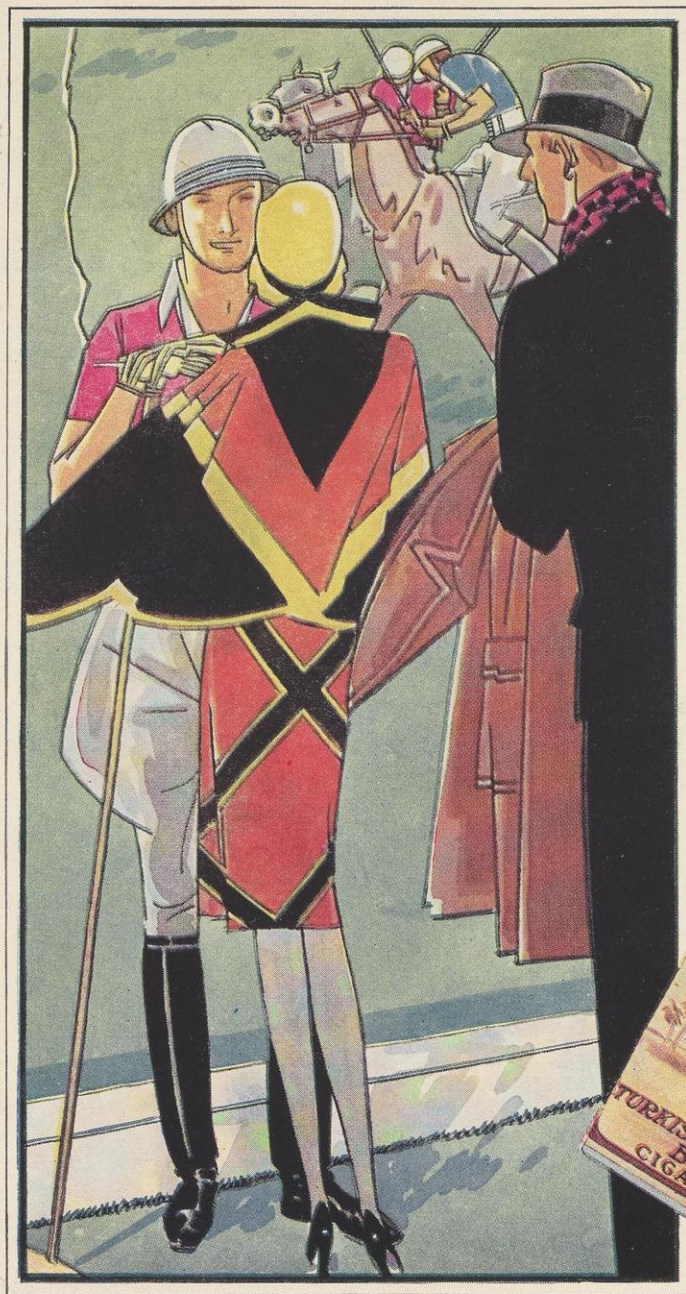
Typewriter Supplies
Wastebaskets
Reading lamps
Room supplies
Clothing
Shoes
Hosiery
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Gifts
Souvenirs
Writing Paper
Fountain Pens
Pencils
Books-Fiction
Notebook Paper
Many Other Articles

The UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Manager
STATE at LAKE

Buy Everything Possible On Your Co-Op Number



Distinguished by a favor that places it first

It is a natural pride that Camel feels for its triumphs. Not only did it lead the field shortly after its introduction. It passed steadily on with each succeeding year until today it holds a place in public favor higher than any other smoke ever reached. Camel is supreme with modern smokers.

Obviously, there is a quality here that particular smokers appreciate. It is indeed

the myriad qualities of perfection that are to be found in the choicest tobaccos grown. And the art of Nature is aided by a blending that unfolds each delicate taste and fragrance.

You will more than like Camels. You will find a solace in them every smoking hour. Their mildness and mellowness are an endless pleasure. "Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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