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# Octopus



The Siren

1923



## The Promise that Lies in Gypsy Eyes

SOME day in June, when happy hours abound, a wonderful girl and a wonderful boy will leave their friends in a shower of rice—and start to roam.

Then life will truly slip its tether and the days will be full of the promise that lies in gypsy eyes.

Give them a Jordan Playboy, the blue sky overhead, the green turf flying by and a thousand miles of open road. Then a quiet inn for dinner

This rare car of personality and charm is a

great companion for our freer hours.

It carries a thrill, even through the busy traffic down the avenue. It leaps light-footed to the throttle in the park. It is balanced, as a fine piece of mechanism should be—economical as your good judgment requires—powerful beyond the need of hill or speedway.

There is a pride of ownership in the Jordan that reveals a love for things that really count. It's like old money—old treasures—good taste without display, and judgment that is rare.

*To the men and women of the leading colleges who expect to enter business, the Jordan Company is making an unusual proposition. A card, addressed to the sales department will bring complete information.*

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

*Our Senior Oration--*

# You Will Want "Octy" Next Year

Next year when you're all alone in the cruel world you will be glad you subscribed to the

# Octopus

He will bring you a bright smile when you're tired,---he'll bring back joyous days on the campus. Subscribe now--take advantage of our special Senior offer---a year's subscription for a dollar and a half. You'll never be sorry you gave yourself a graduation present.

Clip and Mail Right Away To  
THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS  
Union Building, Madison, Wis.

Dear  
"Octy"

Union Building  
Madison, Wis.

Write me every month,  
the rest of this year and  
next. Heres the \$1.50

Name.....

Address.....



*The Lytton College Shop is a Separate Shop Devoted Exclusively  
to the Interests of Well Dressed College Men*



*After Exams, Drop In and See the  
New Things for Summer*

# Lytton College Shop

You men who dress in the collegiate manner will want a lighter suit for real Summer comfort, a sport shoe for tennis, or, at least, a few polo shirts. A visit to the College Shop will authoritatively inform you of what is being worn for Summer. Assortments are wide and assembled with consideration to moderate expenditures. Burchfield will be here all Summer to help you select.

*A Convenient Shop in a Corner of Our Second Floor*

THE HUB

# Henry C. Lytton & Sons

Largest Fine Clothing Store in the World—STATE at JACKSON, Chicago

**THE STRAND**  
 "NEVER CHANGING PRICES"

Wednesday to Saturday

May 16--19

**Priscilla Dean**  
 in  
**"THE FLAME OF LIFE"**  
 and  
 H. C. Whitman's  
**"FIGHTING BLOOD"**

The mining country of North England in 1870 was the scene of almost absolute slavery. Social reform hadn't begun to touch it, the rich owners weren't interested in it, and the people lived like dogs. It is all shown in the Universal-Jewel special, "THE FLAME OF LIFE."

*The funniest thing*

we know of is that there are still some students here who haven't a Kodak.

How come? D'you think your school days are going to last forever?

There's only one way to make them last  
—Get a Kodak—Now.

**The PHOTOART HOUSE**

WM. J. MEYER, PRESIDENT

*The House of a Thousand Kodaks*

**Elegy**

Strophe.

There was an awful tragedy  
In which no blood was shed,  
The evil part of this here crime,  
Is that she "cut him dead."

Antistrophe.

She thought he was a "mooning calf,"  
But others made the note  
That he was not a bovine  
But a common dog-eared "goat."

Streptococci.

The old man tottered toward the grave;  
For him life had no joy,  
But though he neared the sepulchre,  
They all called him "Old Boy."

II.

Strophe.

In his hand a one-quart bottle,  
That he said was full of tea,  
But he never speaks them fulsome words,  
"Now just take it from me."

Antistrophe.

We come now to the poultry show,  
Our angry rushing mob;  
The old-time chickens pass unseen  
For here's a pretty squad.

Streptococci.

The man who wants to kill himself  
Need bother with no dope,  
'Cause any good 5-cent cigar  
Will furnish splendid rope.

**And That Goes**

Buck: Can you give a definition of an orator?  
Private: Sure! He's a fellow that's always  
ready to lay down your life for his country.  
—*American Legion Weekly*.

Mother (aside): Edna, your collar looks tight.  
Edna: Oh, but Mother, he really isn't.  
—*Orange Owl*.

**A Great Tip**

"I say, porter, did you find fifty dollars on the floor this morning?"  
"Yes, suh. Thank you, suh."  
—*Brown Jug*.

## Thrift

A Scotchman woke up one morning to find that in the night his wife had passed away. He leaped from his bed and ran horror-stricken into the hall.

"Mary," he called down stairs to the general servant in the kitchen, "come to the foot of the stairs, quick."

"Yes, yes," she cried, "What is it? What is it?"

"Boil only one egg for breakfast this morning," he said.

—*Bison.*



## Elephantine

"I saw the most wonderful elephant-skin overcoat yesterday."

"Where was that?"

"On an elephant."

—*Lemon Punch.*



## Darwin

"At times," said the girl, "you seem to be manly enough, and then at other times you're absurdly effeminate. Why on earth is it?"

"Er—ah—heredity," he answered.

"Heredity?"

"Yes. You see half my ancestors were men and the other half women."

—*Froth.*



## A Nursery Rhyme for a Practical Mind

The rub-a-dub trio of men in a tub  
Were a curious close combination.  
Were they close to success? Nay, alas, there's  
the rub,

They were close to commercial cremation.  
You see, it was summer, and each was a drummer  
Of very thick red woolen undies,  
They could not make a sale by appointment or mail  
In a couple of decades of Sundays.  
With much S. O. S. of financial distress  
They floated through shallows and channels  
For what could be dumber than drummers in summer  
Of very thick red winter flannels?

—*Lampoon.*



## Retort

He (over the phone)—What time are you expecting me?

She (icily)—I'm not expecting you at all.

He—Then I'll surprise you.

—*Angwan.*



## "Such a Homey Store"

our customers have remarked adding: "I do so like to come here to shop, because I always feel perfectly at home."

Making inquiries, we found that sales-people are obliging and cheerful, that sales-rooms are comfortable and conveniently equipped, and that service is prompt and ungrudging.

## Loken Brothers

Capital Square  
OF  
214-16 W. Mifflin St.  
INC.



Madison  
Wisconsin



## New Styles in Footwear

Delightful as Spring itself. The latest in all colors of Bare Foot Sandals. Also Van Raalte Hose to match.

## HUEGEL & HYLAND

Two Stores

428 State St.

104 King St.



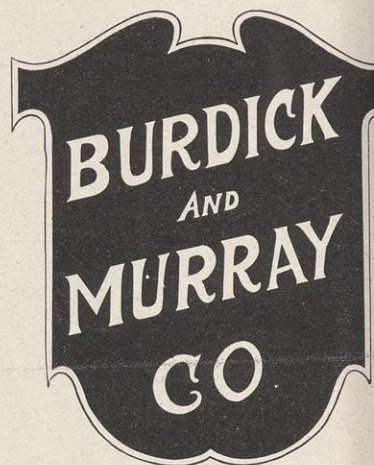


# BURDICK & MURRAY QUALITY

To be stylishly clad is one's duty, but how one must be quite sure that the suits and frocks one sees are really correctly stylish.

While offering lavish selections in all our fashions, we do protect our customers from things that they would find disappointingly incorrect.

Many of the smartest original sports frocks of the entire season always arrive at this time and should be selected at once.



MADISON, WIS.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rea Woolley  
PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS

509 State Street

Badger 634

## Beat the Weather

On these warm days when it seems "just too hot to live" the Chocolate Shop offers a pleasant retreat. Drinks which are cool, and delicious sundaes will refresh you greatly.

Evening dates — which come so often now — are pleasantly ended by a visit to us. Our excellent service adds to the attraction.

## The Chocolate Shop

"The Home of the Hot Fudge"

### Spring Song

In gentle spring  
The flowers bring  
A fragrance to the balmy air;  
Each gliding stream  
Provokes a dream  
Of life devoid of pomp or care.

In budding spring  
The thrushes sing  
And golden buttercups appear—  
This sort of junk  
Is pretty punk,  
But you can stand it once a year.

—Record.



### Blank Verse

John asked Clara  
To take  
A walk with him  
And pick flowers.  
But Clara's brother  
Came along  
And so  
They picked flowers.

—Boll Weevil.



### Guilty

Judge—Guilty or not guilty?  
Rastus—Not guilty, suh.  
Judge—Have you ever been in jail?  
Rastus—No, suh; I never stole nuthin' before.

—Royal Gaboon.



### Discriminating

Diner—I want some raw oysters. They must not be too large or too small; not too salty and not too soft. They must be cold and I'm in a hurry for them.

Waiter—Yes, sir. Will you have them with or without pearls, sir?

—Black and Blue Jay.



### Blind

“Well, Sam, did you give the judge my note?”  
“Yes, suh, boss, but 'tain't no use writin' dat man.”  
“Why do you say such a thing, Sam?”

“'Cause he's blind—blind as a bat. Do yer know he asked me twice where my hat was, and all the time it was on my head.”

—Mink.



LIFE is too short to be unhappy in business. Our business is a big part of our joy of living. It is established on friendly relations,—that's why it is a happy business.

**YAWKEY & CROWLEY LUMBER CO.**

## TENNIS

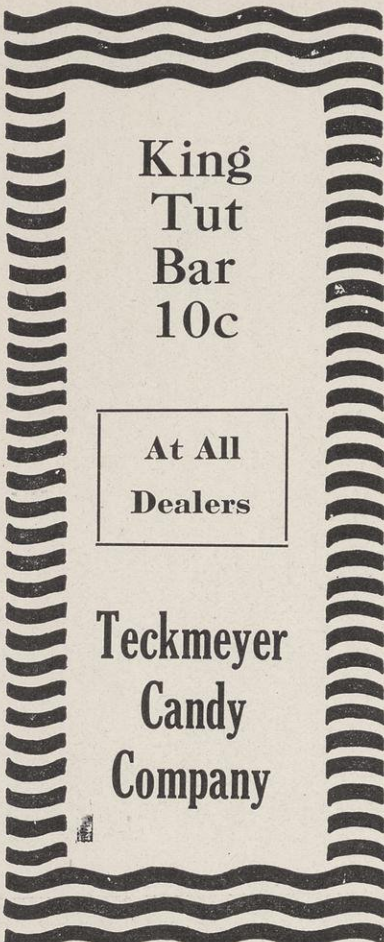
Enjoy a good game of Tennis with good equipment.

We carry a complete line of Balls, Nets, Rackets and Tennis Trousers.

Make your selections early.

**The Co-Op.**

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.



King  
Tut  
Bar  
10c

At All  
Dealers

Teckmeyer  
Candy  
Company

PARK

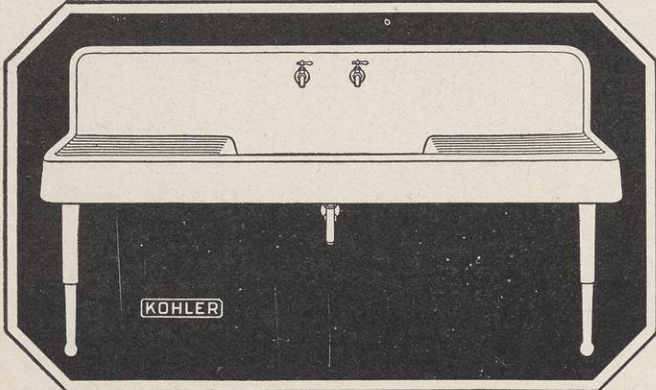


HOTEL

Gowns of latest Creation  
Ready-to-Wear  
or to order

See our line of Linens--  
Dotted Swiss Gingham  
and Voiles

# KOHLER OF KOHLER



Kohler Double Drainboard Kitchen Sink

A lustrous white Kohler kitchen sink with its smooth, impervious enamel makes housework easier and surrounds the preparation of food and the care of utensils with an atmosphere of cleanliness. Kohler sinks are made in one piece, with no unsanitary joints or crevices. They are adjustable to the working height you prefer.

Your plumber will be glad to give you information. You will find him a splendid source of information on all matters connected with sanitation in the home.

**KOHLER CO.**

*Founded 1873*

**KOHLER, WIS.**

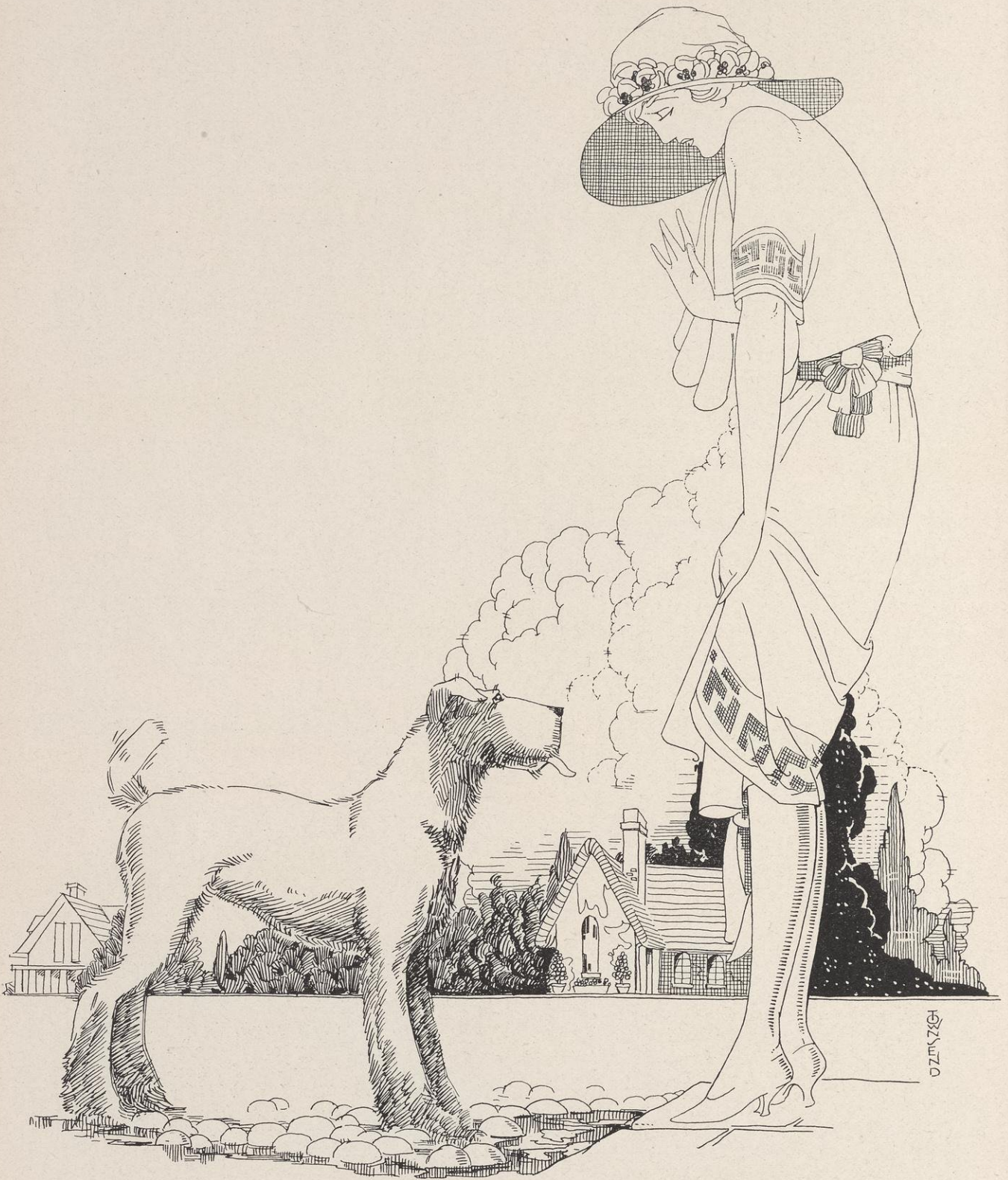
*Also Manufacturers of Kohler Automatic Power and Light*



Some Sheba

For nearly a semester, you have been sitting beside me in class—I once found a beautifully illustrated copy of *The Rubaiyat*, through whose colorful pages danced slim Indian maidens. You remind me of these. Of one, Omar wrote and desired:

*"A Book of Verses underneath  
the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of  
Bread—and Thou—  
While I would be perfectly  
content to have "Thou."*



A MAN'S BEST FRIEND

# The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

## Ballade of the Grad

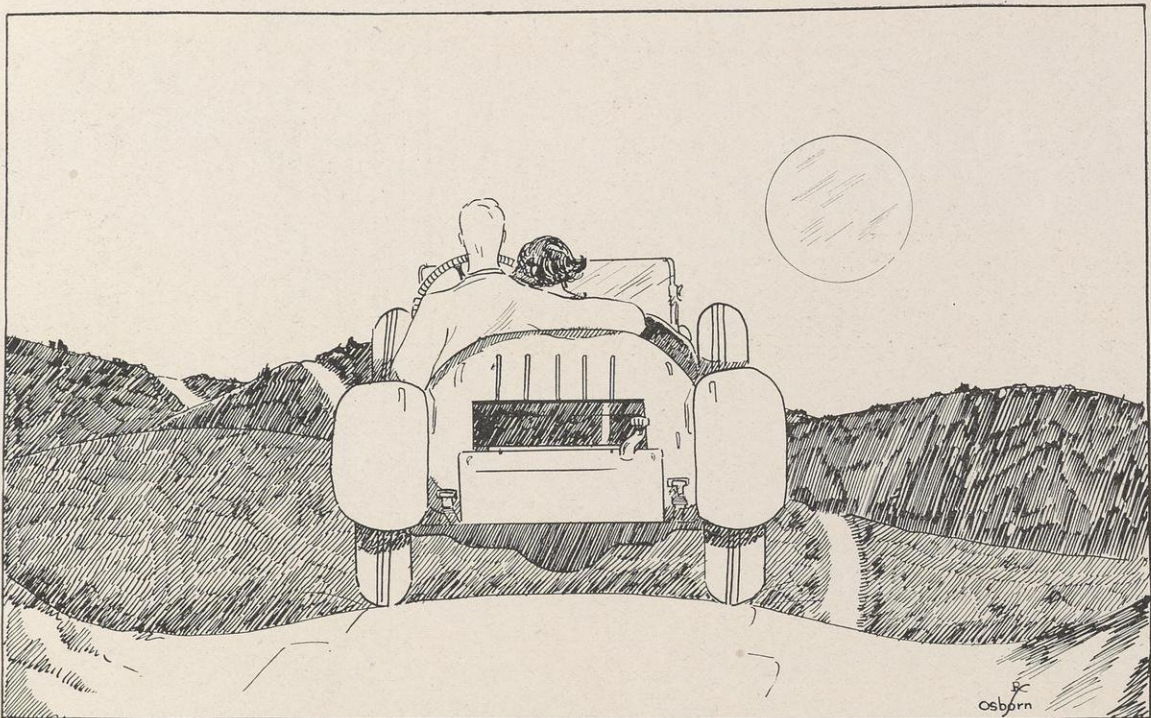
My college sun is getting low,  
Its last rays glimmer in the west,  
Life's twilight dims their fading glow  
And cloaks the youth within my breast;  
Somehow I cannot let it rest,  
Somehow I can't join in the shout,  
Somehow it seems I leave the best . . .  
*I'm passing out.*

And though the fledgling aches to grow  
And revels as it quits the nest,  
I do not feel it apropos  
To leave—to come back as a guest  
To the broad Hill in emerald dressed,  
And kindred jewels strewn about;  
I leave them nevermore caressed . . .  
*I'm passing out.*

The Drive, Mendota's placid flow,  
The Prom, Venetian night, the fest  
At Homecoming; I make my bow:  
Adieu! At Kronos' grim behest;  
St. Patrick's harlequins, the jest  
Of carnivals, the merry rout  
Of serenaders—on the crest . . .  
*I'm passing out.*

## L'envoi

My Alma Mater, who has blessed  
Me with these gifts, need have no doubt  
I shall remember, though, sore-pressed  
*I'm passing out.*



Why is the moon full tonight, Bill?  
It has just passed the Big Dipper.



“Shay, Iz ’ish a hand laundry?”  
 “Yessee.”  
 “Well, wash my handsh.”



## Co-ed Drivers

Co-eds toil not, and I dare say that spinning merely suggests a car ride to them. They do practically nothing till they start driving a car, and then they’ve got to shift for themselves.

Girls have funny ideas, too. They think a rear view mirror is merely to keep an eye on the couple in the back seat to see how the clutch is working. They think a piston slap or carbon knock is something that Jack Dempsey uses. Why, one evening when her car wasn’t hitting, I suggested miss, and she replied, “Surely, you didn’t think I was married?”

They have their own tools for emergency. A check book for a little jack, a twist for a wrench, and a pretty smile will induce most any fellow to fix a flat.

But they have their good points, too. They are better than men drivers in some respects. For instance, if a kiss is suggested, nine times out of ten a fellow will burn up his brakes. Another thing, a girl is safer, as she always drives with both hands when running along some dark road.

Lastly and leastly, driving inspires wit. If you don’t believe it, wait until you are out with her some night and she says, “You know, George, no matter which side the intake is on, its advantages are manifold.”

Laugh, even though you hit a tree. That’s what bumpers are for, you know.

## Co-education

Prof. (addressing men in mixed class)—Do you like loving girls?

Chorus of male and female voices—You bet we do.



At a recent meeting of college graduates, everyone present owned a Packard. Does a college education pay? Ask the man who owns one.



P lenty of work, but  
 A mbition is lacking  
 S ummer is near, and  
 S oon I’ll be packing  
 I n hopes of a square meal at home,  
 N o more of this warm-weather study, so  
 G osh-awful hard on the dome.

O ff I go, this time to cheer  
 U p a fainting world, and leave, I fear  
 T he old school on its ear.



Thehim: Do you want to see Gloria Swanson?

Theher: No, I can’t stand to look at her.

Thehim: They’ve got seats so you don’t have to.



Guest: Here, take my valise. Are you careful, porter?

Porter: Deed ah is, Sah. Ah ain't never broke a bottle yet.

## Passing Out Over the Bar

Stately and swift march the white-winged schooners,  
Leaving the harbor, going afar,  
Leaning to feel the swift slap of the water,  
Passing out, passing out over the bar.

Fast pass the schooners, over a surface  
With never a scratch, never a mar,  
Passing to heat-driven men who stand gasping,—  
Passing out, passing out over the bar.

Portly and bloated stands the town drunkard,  
Wobbly as nowadays few tipplers are;  
One sudden lurch and he slips o'er the counter—  
Passing out, passing out over the bar.



## An Old Story

"Lovin' Sam" had the "Farewell Blues" when he came "Stumbling" home from the "Georgia Cabin Door" where he had met "Carolina in the Morning." They were "Romancing" in a "Love Nest" on the "Ohio" when her "Aggravatin' Papa" came along with the "Alcoholic Blues" about "Three O'clock In the Morning" and "Cooled his Doggies" on "The Sheik of Alabam'."



## Tennis

The sport of playing tennis still holds up its own, in spite of golf, Mah Jongg, bridge and divorces. We therefore print the following simple rules, for the benefit of those who may not know the etiquette of the game.

1. Provide yourself with a racquet, a box of balls, a pair of white ducks and some tennis-shoes.

2. Get up at 5:30 A. M. and go to a court. After waiting half an hour maybe someone will leave.

3. Put up a net and yell; serve a ball or two and yell; miss a return and give war-whoops.

4. In the intervals, tell your opponent what your roommate said when you found him with your girl going to a movie. Do it loud enough to that he can hear it several hundred feet away.

5. If you have a poor voice, sing as loud as you can to express your joy.

6. Go home, fill up the tub, and drown yourself. It will save you from a worse fate at the hands of the people who live near the court.



Perk: Have you running hot water?

Clerk: Yeh, it has to run to keep warm.



Mary Ann: What do you think of the drive for needy foreign students?

And Mary: Well, I'd rather favor keeping it for American's only.





"Whatcha jumpin' up and down for, cold?"  
"Naw, just spring fever."

## Movie Review

By Catty.

Bazook of the North.

Produced by Standstill Moving Picture Corporation.

Scene:—The Relentless North

The Hero—Alvin Yutch.

The Heroine—Caprice Lovejoy.

The Villain—Eric Von Clutts.

Photographed by I. Clickemoff.

Directed by A. Compass.

Costumes by Stacomb & Putt Co.

Holder of director's megaphone—A. Propp.

You must see this picture. It is an innovation in originality and reality, getting away from the old "Cut and Dried" stuff that we have been getting so much of lately. Both the direction and the action are commendable and the scenes of Baffin Bay (taken two miles south of Hollywood) are gorgeous.

Alvin Yutch, the hero, is a rugged, he-man type, with the body of a brute, the heart of a child, and the face of an angel. His cheap mail-order suit cannot conceal his powerful lines and his rough hands dangle from the short sleeves like an awning flounders in a cyclone. He falls in love with Caprice, a flapper who preferred a career to a home and love, and joined the movies to get both. Caprice is in the far north looking for her father who carelessly ran off with the bank funds.

Although Alvin loves Caprice, he realizes that he can never win her, hence he keeps his sweet nothings to himself. Caprice, being a former Follies girl, is tired of flattery, and loves Yutch for being different, but she cannot understand his silence. Alvin explains his shortcomings—"I ain't got no book larnin nor religin—the woods is my school—the birds, hills, and trees,—them's my God." When Alvin is brought in wounded after throwing the villain off the Flatiron Building—or rather the Cliff—(we forgot we were in the frozen North) she says "What a blind, blind fool I have been," and packs her bag, leaves a note and goes out of the window.

Coming home from a dance, Alvin finds the note, sheds several glycerin tears, cranks up his dog team and sets out in pursuit. Tearing along through a blizzard he meets a messenger boy with the news that Caprice's father is innocent. The father, thin and haggard, drops down out of a nearby tree where he had been hiding and falls fainting across the sled. Soon the three continue the chase and reach the station just as the train is leaving. Alvin rushes up and seizes Caprice by the last coach as the train moves away. Then her father comes in and they throw a general reunion.

A novel ending is introduced when the picture closes with the hero and heroine in a clinch with the setting sun as a background.



"He acts like a derelict on a dance floor."  
"Yes, and on the lake he's Evenrude."

### Octy's Intelligence Test

1. Is the successful use of hair tonic necessarily a hair-raising experience? If not, would you call it a gruesome episode?
2. "Why do girls call them 'teddies'?" Mention bare facts only.
3. If you believe co-eds are a necessary evil, underline the eighth word; if you disagree with this statement, explain briefly the Einstein theory of relativity stressing especially his statement regarding the mother-in-law.
4. Does the co-ed who tries to kid the young male instructor necessarily get his goat?
5. Do they call young girls "sub-Debs" because they also long for social equality?

These guys who tell you to watch their smoke had better quit inhaling it, just for their own good, you know.

### Mama Was a Coed

"Mama, look at all those canoes drifting over by Picnic Point!"

"Yes, darling, they remind me of peanuts—each contains two nuts inside a thin shell."

"I've had to handle my husband with kid gloves lately."

"Sort of kidding him along, eh?"



Founded 1919

Published at the University of Wisconsin

Incorporated 1920

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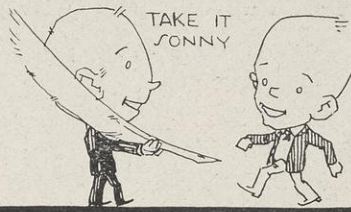
## The Passing of 1923

In a short time the University of Wisconsin will throw open its doors and another graduating class will be introduced to the cold, cold world with only a diploma to combat the wolf at the door.

The university has been a miniature stage on which their future lives have been rehearsed. Some are entering the business world timidly, just as they walked up State street for the first time, and some are going out with the devil-may-care attitude with which they first perched on the gym fence as frosh. A great many skip and skid on the Road to Success, but it is up to the university graduate to keep going forward just as he has done for the past four years.

The university has not only equipped its graduates with a means of livelihood; it has given them access to the finer things of life. Appreciation of literature is taught to them, art exhibits and musical concerts have been available, and the student has at least been initiated into the finer phases of our civilization.

In a way it is unfortunate that the seniors must leave the university when it most beautiful. It is difficult to pack the trunk for the last time when a warm June breeze is blowing in the window, and kicking up sparkling reflections from the blue lake. It is difficult to leave long avenues of trees, and the green campus; but those are the pictures that one wishes to remember when one has been gone for years.



## We Bequeath the Octopus

Soon after the appearance of this number on the hill, the Board of Editors will formally turn the destinies of the OCTOPUS for the following year, over to a new staff.

Working as subordinates, the editors for next year have faithfully done their work in an attempt to spread a few chuckles each month among the student body. If you think they have succeeded, lend them your support when the OCTOPUS again calls for contributions and subscribers.

With several graduations, the OCTOPUS staff will be depleted next September, and the editors will need artists and clever writers. If you are interested, work with them and they will welcome your aid.

The OCTOPUS is only four years old, and although large for its age, it continues to grow. This year saw the appearance of several national advertisers in our pages, and our largest circulation reached nearly four thousand copies. It is a university publication, and won't you help make it representative of the University of Wisconsin?



## Contributors To This Issue

John Davis  
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Gordon Lewis  
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THE FINEST BOY IN THE WORLD



Bill brought a knockout to the formal and didn't see her all evening.  
Jim brought a last-minute date and had her all to himself.  
Which shows that the law of compensation still works.



Drunk: Wow, but my feet'sh dirty."



### Dialogue of a Couple at a Dance Who Have Nothing in Common

"Thank you."  
 "Oh, thank you. Shall we sit inside or out?"  
 "Yes, it is nicer outside. Thank you."  
 "Oh, thank you."  
 (5 minutes elapse)  
 "Shall we go inside."  
 "Anything you say."  
 (5 minutes elapse)  
 "Let's go out and see where the crowd is."  
 "All right."  
 (Another 5 minutes)  
 "Does Esther Murray live near you?"  
 "No, she doesn't."  
 "I thought she did."  
 "H-m-m- You don't mean Edith Murray, do you?"  
 "I thought it was Esther."  
 "Maybe."  
 (10 minutes elapse)  
 "Let's go inside—they're serving supper."  
 "I guess we have supper together."  
 "Yes, I guess we do."  
 (25 minutes elapse)  
 "Hope I see you again sometime."  
 "Thank you, I'll never forget this dance."

### I Like Girls

I like prim girls, who walk with straight shoulders and little short steps, and blush when they say "damn."

I like peppy girls, who sway like a poplar in a gale, and take little running-steps, and sing when they dance.

I like brunette girls, with olive skin, and great dark eyes, and lovely, cloudy hair.

I like blonde girls with pink-and-white skin, and blue eyes, and golden, shimmering hair.

I like silly girls, who giggle, and prance, and pat your arm, and like to be kissed.

I like solemn girls, who smile slowly, and are studious, and touch your hand softly when you leave them, and don't like to be kissed.

You can surmise that it's Spring.



### Then He Passed Out

Stude: See that woman over there. She tries to pass everyone.

Rude: Snobbish?

Stude: No, an easy French teacher.



### STAR GAZING

"Were you watching Sirius?"  
 "No, jokingly, and by the way, Orion, your English is terrible."



“What’s the matter, old man, you look kind of blue this morning.”  
 “I am. The rain came through my cellar last night and dampened my spirits.”



### Disillusionment

His arms were tight around her; his heart was hot within him; his breath came shortly; he sobbed triumphantly as at last . . .

No, it wasn't a pack-mule, or a spare tire, or a mad dog. It was a girl, and they had just become engaged.

\* \* \* \*

Professor: Who wrote “Lines Penned in Dejection Near Naples?”

Student: Why, sir, . . .

But he didn't ask if Dejection was a city; he answered the question.

\* \* \* \*

The professor slowly undid the parcel as he told his class of the fine dissected frog he had there. He thought reflectively of the excellent lunch he had just eaten, and which he had brought (along in another package) from home. As he finally managed to get the package open . . .

The frog was really there; he hadn't eaten it for his lunch.



Father: How is it that I catch you kissing my daughter?

Youth: I suppose you've got rubber heels.

### The Ideal Commencement-day Program

9 A. M.—Breakfast for visitors and guests of the graduates at the Boston Beanery.

9:30 A. M.—Registration of those who put the goat in Prof. Dunkuf's room in '87.

10:00 A. M.—Keg parties for classes of 1845 to 1923 inclusive.

11:30 A. M.—Songs by the Engineering School; piano recital and symphony at University Power Plant.

12:15 P. M.—Luncheons of the following organizations: Neva Knew She Nu, Perspiria, Ball and Chain, Phul Delete, Triangle, Hypotenuse and Square the Two Sides, Skull and Hatband, Sock and Gaiter, Cup and Saucer, Herculicide.

12:30 P. M.—Luncheons of forty more societies.

2:00 P. M.—Opening address.

2:10 P. M.—Coffee.

2:25 P. M.—Coffee.

2:50 P. M.—Close of address.

3:00 P. M.—Snappy jokes by the President of the Senior Class.

3:15 P. M.—Juggling act by the “Three Mankitos.”

3:30 P. M.—Broadcasting of New York-Pittsburg ball game.

3:40 P. M.—Rain (shower).

3:41 P. M.—Program continued.

3:43 P. M.—Rain (passing cloud.)

3:50 P. M.—Presentation of diplomas and raspberries.

4:00 P. M.—Song by girls in Senior Class: “I-don't-Want-to- Graduate-I'll- Never- Have- Another- Date Blues.”

4:10 P. M.—Presentation of awards.

1. J. Townsend Cooper trophy for greatest number of cuts in English 65.

2. L. Mortimor Buggs trophy for continuous dancing.

3. K. Hackett Bentley award for cribbing in French Conversation class.

4. Dudley Parson's award for essay entitled “The Aesthetic Sensibilities of the Dachshund.”

4:30 P. M.—Card tricks by the President of the Alumni Association.

4:50 P. M.—Planting of the raspberry bush by the Senior class.

5 P. M.—Closing song, “Lo, Alma Mater, It's Me” and “A Duty Once I Seen.”

5:30 P. M.—Interpretative dancing at the Stock Pavilion by the Misses Fineheimer.



### Tee-He

Gawlf: I motored out to the club to play golf with my girl and she wouldn't let me kiss her.

Bawlf: What did you do then?

Gawlf: I got teed up and drove her home.



Dummy: Say, did you hear the latest about King Tut?

Rummy: Aw, where do you dig up that stuff?

## Nothin' But Tut

Tut here—Tut there!  
Wild Tut dresses, stringy Tut hair!  
Rummy old jug—Tut vase;  
Homely old mug—Tut face.

Tut this—Tut that!  
Tut candy—King Tut hat!  
Tut for breakfast—Tut for tea—  
Lord help the next one who says Tut to me!



L. & S. (just before graduation): Gosh, I wish I were taking law, then I'd have another year to loaf.



Billy: What is that girl on the stool majoring in?  
Gilly: In medicine I think.  
Waiter: Naw, that's food.



Hick: What's all the noise about?  
Mick: Oh, my arches are falling.

## Idiotorial of Ignorance

Ignorance of students is not confined to the class room. Let me quote two recent incidents by way of illustration.

Incident No. 1. When I told a friend of mine that I had seen Otis Skinner, he told me that one of my greatest faults was exaggeration.

Incident No. 2. Several weeks ago I met my old sweetheart and the fellow who had cut me out with her. They looked as if they were starting for a play, so I thought I'd act decently and make a little conversation.

"Are you going to 'Shuffle Along' or 'Take It From Me?' I asked the fellow.

He turned and ran.



Ah, the English are using Kelly-Springfields. As usual, Americans are tiring the Britons.



## Great Expectations

Stude: Is my exam paper marked yet?

Prof: No, not yet.

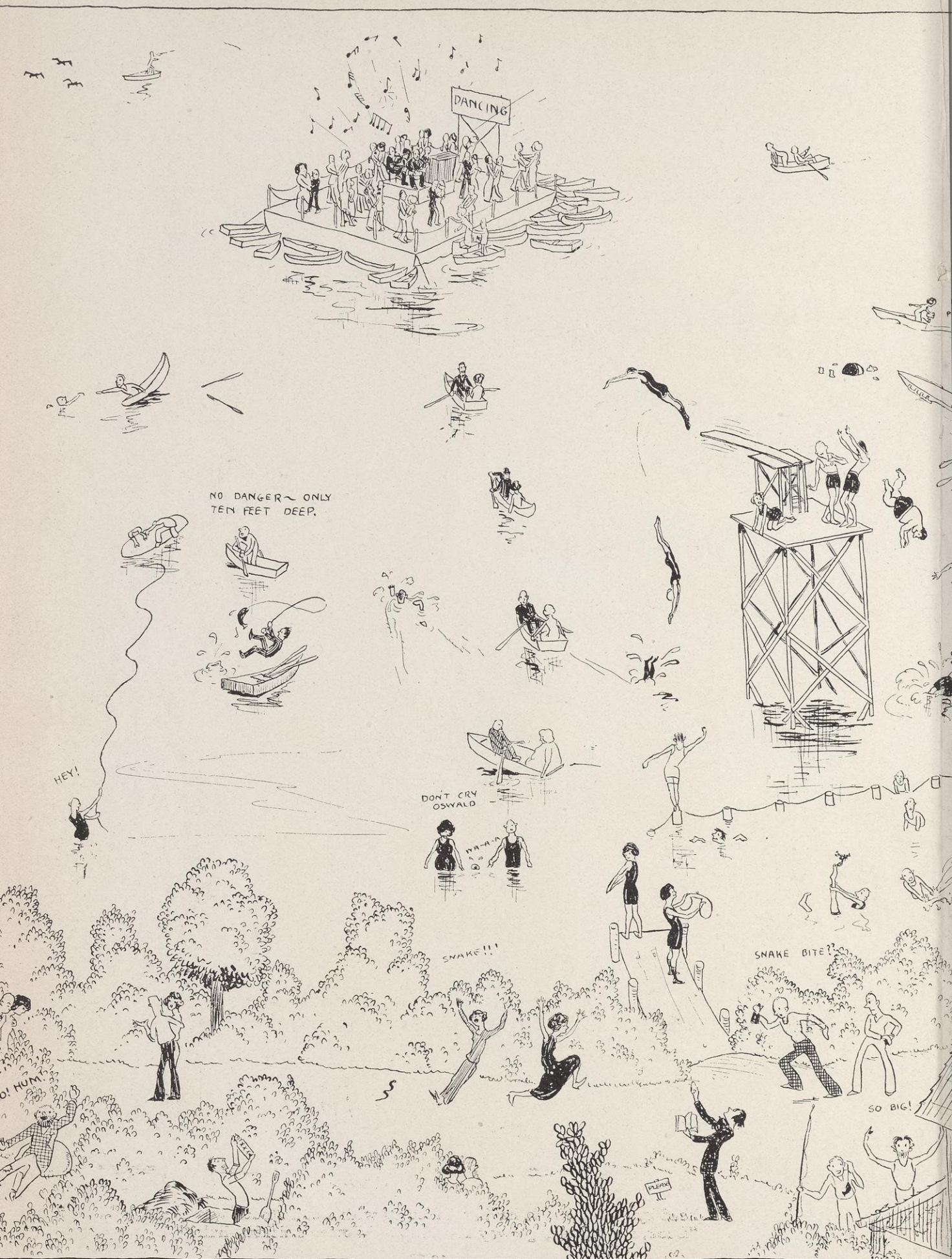
Stude: Well, just mark it "fail" and I'll take it with me.



(Overhead by Isaac, who is having difficulty with a sun struck wax model.)  
"Look, she's running away from him. Women's fickle—huh?"



# Wisconsin Octopus



NO DANGER - ONLY  
TEN FEET DEEP.

DANCING

HEY!

DON'T CRY  
OSWALD

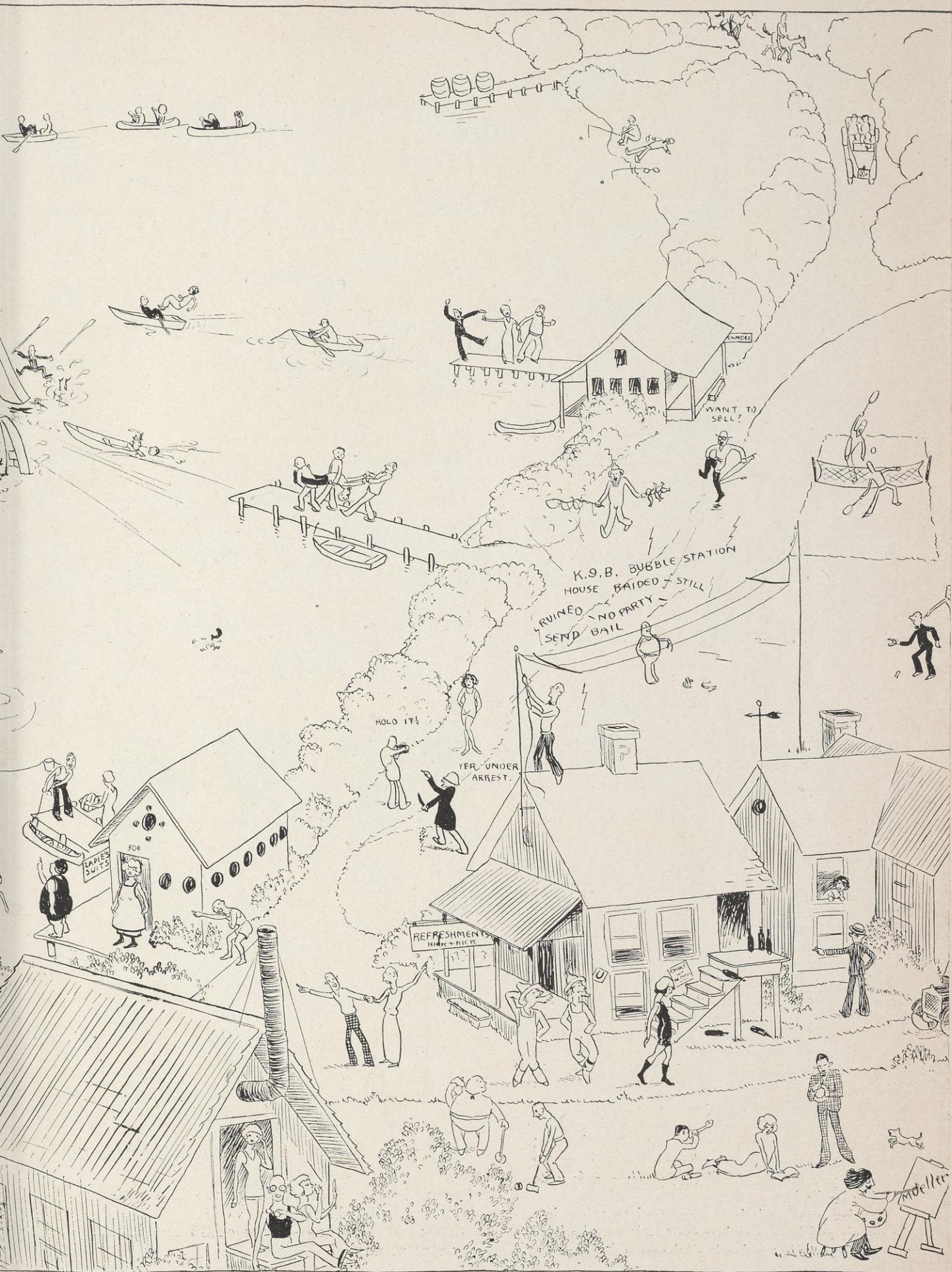
SNAKE!!!

SNAKE BITE?

SO BIG!

WHAT SUMMER D

# Wisconsin Octopus



OR CAPERVILLE



Brief Thoughts of the Summer Girl



## What to Do on Warm Nights

If you find it difficult to settle down and study, the best thing to do is to get recreation. If you don't have trouble in studying you had better see a doctor because there is something wrong.

On warm nights it is always advisable to wait until eight or nine o'clock and then call up one of the most popular girls in school and try to talk her into a snappy walk on the Drive. She will be so tickled to death that you remembered her that she will forget how late it is and warm up her Packard for you. Be sure not to suggest a movie because she will probably be all caught up on movies and anyway there is a chance that she might take you up on it.

Drive immediately into the rural district and look for a dark road, then when the girl is thoroughly scared, put your arm around her and when she says "stop" obey her promptly and stop the car. In order to be different, tell her that you love her and that you never do this to other girls. If she is a co-ed she will believe you and everything will be serene. If she tells you that she is engaged do not be worried because she is just doing it for appearances and is praying that she is fooling you. Be sure to keep her out after hours to show that you have no regard for the rules and you will soon find that you are a favorite with her landlady.

In rainy weather it is always good to tramp into the woods and have a weiner roast. It may be hard to get a fire but that makes it all the more thrilling.

## Canoeing

Canoeing is a combination of two dangers—that of capsizing and that of falling in love.

There is nothing more conducive to the former than a rough, stormy evening. There is nothing more conducive to the latter than several acres of calm lake and a few stars and a moon.

Either way, the poor man loses.

Life preservers may save you in the first case, but nothing can save you in the second.

There is only one thing to do. Stay away from the lake.



## Calendar of Love

- 17-20 Night till morning.
- 20-30 Night and morning.
- 30-40 Night or morning.
- 40-50 Now and then.
- 50-60 A possible chance.
- 60-70 God knows when.
- 70- Amen!!!



We read the other day of two sweethearts who planned an elopement, but when the time came, the girl couldn't go through with it so she induced the cook to put on a veil and go in her place. The cook never returned.

Gosh, some men are just naturally born lucky.



Jack: Helen, will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?

Mary: But, George—how could she love a perfect stranger?



Why are you so certain that you will make your mark in the world?  
I have a job in a German mint.

### Dog-like Devotion

He went into the drawing-room  
And sat upon the floor,  
And waited, with his lust'rous eyes  
Upon the curtained door.

She entered, and he quickly stood  
To kiss her hand so small;  
"Now, Jack! You promised to be good!"  
She said, and that was all.

He rolled around upon the rug,  
For he was filled with glee,  
And took this way of showing it—  
An Airedale dog was he.



### Passing Out

There are a great many ways of Passing Out. Commencement is the time when the Seniors are Passing out. Let us hope that the King Tut motif in the dresses of short plump maidens is one style which will soon be Passing Out. Finals will soon be with us and, as the instructors are Passing Out the questions, most of us will feel like Passing Out. But the most enjoyable form of Passing Out comes about mid-way through the second pint.

The Dean saw me and that's why I'm Passing Out.



"I love you," murmured the youth as the car  
slewed around a dangerous curve.

"Aw, you're just skidding me," flung back the  
sweet young thing, unperturbed.



Diamond rings are stepping stones to matrimony.

### The Libe

There are still some people in school so dumb they think the "Libe" is a place to study in. I did to until I spent two hours there and then didn't find a theme worth copying.

I went up to the sour-looking lady at the desk who looked as though she had invested heavily in German marks, and after apologizing for being among those present I asked her where they kept the themes. "I'll have my stenographer write one for you," she says with sincerity as real as her complexion. I knew it was false, so, to be diplomatic, I asked her for an encyclopedia. Then she explodes and says, "Use your head and write your own theme." I guess she thought I was a pen-head but I got real sarcastic and didn't say a word.

I finally parked among four co-eds which is trying to out-do each other in speech. Reputations were being torn down, fashions about them were given critical cuts, and all the males were being picked to pieces with a resulting noise that made the *other* battle of Bull Run sound like a chess tournament. About this time I was feeling like nothing but murder would set my mind at ease, and if there was a law against bad intentions, I would have had a new suit with a number on the back in record time.

I felt like buying a red flag, joining the Social Science club, and appealing to an unreasoning people to strike the free speech clause out of the Constitution.

In order to facilitate thinking, which by this time was about as easy as white-washing calories, I began whistling softly, and in a minute a bolshevik-looking guy walked up behind a faceful of whiskers and asks me where do you think I am. I looks around and sees that I have not moved so I says "Excuse me, Grandpa, I thought that libe was short for liberty." He looks about as happy as a whale in the Sahara and he leaves witohtut saying a word.



He dislikes films.  
Movie-hater?  
No, tooth paste manufacturer.



"Can't get a girl, eh—are you going to stag'er . . . ?"

"Yah—if I can get the stuff."

Why all this fuss about Coue. I'll gamble that with all his autosuggestion, if he went to a horse race, he'd be no better at all.

### The Stop-light

What a lot of trouble could be saved music-lovers if there were only a stop-light on the stage! One can visualize the darkened auditorium, the orchestra symphonizing for all it is worth, and hundreds of little conversations going on in the audience. Suddenly a green light appears, the letters S-L-O-W shining forth. The conversations drop to whispers, and all eyes are on the radiant sign. With a sudden flash, the green changes to red, and the word STOP appears. All falls silent, and when the orchestra stops, a moment later, there is not a sound.

There is little doubt but that such an invention would prolong the lives of earnest musicians for years. Think of the soul-wrench that a violinist gets, when he has finished an especially brilliant passage and then hears a voice: "Yes, I'd rather have tripe than sausage!" Think of the poor leader, tossing his hair here and there, and trying desperately to keep up with the orchestra until they get so far ahead of him that he has to signal a stop, and then hears a masculine voice say: "Hell! No Scotch is worth a hundred and forty a case."

Possibly the lives of musicians are not worth saving. In that case let us go on. Otherwise, for the sake of those artists, purchase stop-lights.

### Liquid Gold

When I was up in  
The mountains once,  
I came onto an old  
Prospector, who was  
Standing just outside  
A cave.  
He told me he just  
Found a treasure  
Hidden inside.  
"What is it?" I asks,  
"Quartz?"  
"Naw," he whispers,  
"Pints!"

She: At first I didn't like my Economics Prof. but now I just adore him.

He: Well, it's true that absence makes the heart grow fonder.

L. & S. What do they do with all these skulls?  
Medic: Make noodle soup, I guess.



"I'm in an awful state—I can't think what to do."

"Suppose we dance."

"I just did suppose—mercy!"

## The College Politician

The college politician undoubtedly knows more about less than anybody. He can tell you when and where and why the Signifies decided to vote for Pshaw instead of Tush, and how it happened that the Awful De Psiders are supporting Tush instead of Pshaw. He is full of information for the men, and miss-information for the girls.

It has been said that this is good training for his after-life, but why plan on going to that place until you've committed enough crimes to be sure of it?



## Don't Fight, Girls

Sarazen can beat me  
When it comes to playing golf,  
Tilden would die laughing  
If he saw me on a court,  
Weissmuller at my free style  
Would be the first to scoff—  
But when it comes to lovin'  
Boy! I sure can hold the fort.



She (on phone): I called up to find out if you meant everything you said last night.

He (also on phone): Why, surely I did. Who is this?



She: "What a finely chiseled mouth you have. It ought to be on the face of a girl."

He: "Quite so. I rarely miss an opportunity."



"So Audrey's taken up aesthetic dancing?"  
"Yes, for Art's sake."  
"The lucky devil."



## More Questions

What do you know? Edison springs his questions and waits for someone to answer them. We are springing some of these questions, but since it is Spring, and U. studes are too lovesick to answer them, we are printing answers too.

Question: Name a famous girl in the South.  
Answer: Phoebe.

Q: What's the color of the winning horse?  
A: Dark.

Q: Where is the road to wealth?  
A: It leads into Rockerfeller's yard.

Q: Why is an insane man?  
A: (Simple, eh?)

Q: Where is zink mined?  
A: That's a catch. Ink doesn't grow in mines.

Q: What is CH<sub>2</sub>O?  
A: Sea water.

Q: What is "Carlyle's Essay on Burns?"  
A: A book telling what to do when you touch a red hot poker.

Q: Is a student who bucks, a bronco?  
A: No, he is an exception.

Q: There are three types of railroad engines, namely, steam, gasoline, and electric. What do the engines in this state run on?  
A: Tracks.

Q: Where is the densest population in the U. S.?  
A: In any university town.

**A Letter Home**

In the Style of Mr. Micawber.

My Most Esteemed and Honorable Male Progenitor:

It is expedient that you be informed that the undersigned is laboring under most harassing pecuniary difficulties. Circumstances over which I have no control compel me (much against my own volition) to petition, from one who has always been a staunch supporter in time of financial stress, some slight assistance in fiduciary form to defray this embarrassment.

Until this breach between your most unworthy descendant and his grasping creditors is filled, the Sword of Damocles hangs

Over

The

Head

Of

Your son in need,

Henry.

In the Style of H. C. Witwer.

Friend Father:

May be I hadn't auto call you Friend until I nose for certain weather you is a friend or only like one of these bozos what runs for Non-W representor on the Athaletic Board. Howthesomever, I'll try a little Coo A and call you one 20 times a day until I get your anser.

The jest of these above-stated remarks is that I and my roommate has been for wks. like Steve Brodie's back after he dives off the Brocklyn Bridge—BROKE. If you don't want to be called a skinflint by all these bimbos at the eating-club, come to bat and show you ain't got a one-way pocket by scratching your John Hancock on a check for 39 and 48/100 dollars.

Give my best to Ma and to Sis if she ain't out with that pie-duster from Fond du Lac trying to brake the Marathon record at Frank's.

Hank.

P. S.—Make that cashier's delight 43 97/100 as I have just been learned to play Action Bridge.

**Fantasy**

I awoke with the smell of powder in my nostrils and a sense of suffocation bearing me down. All about me there was a rustle, faint and low like the whispering of pines in a light wind. A murmuring—soft, stronger, softer again—su rounded me, until suddenly there came a great pandemonium of sound—crashes, and shrieks, and ear-splitting whistles.

I shrank from it, and suddenly there appeared a great beam of light—radiant and wonderful—blinding me with its glory. My eyes closed themselves against its brilliance, but when I was again able to open them, I saw a terrible sight. In the brilliance of the light a beautiful girl stood. Her loose robes revealed her form as she twisted and shook, all too evidently in the greatest agony. From her open mouth poured forth terrible shrieks, and her hands beat the air wildly as she struggled with the unseen spirit which was tormenting her.

And now I saw that there were people all about me—hundreds of heads facing toward her—smiles on vacuous faces—sneering lips—oily jowls. No pity was to be found there, only joy at her torture. Was there no help for the girl—no means of saving her?

No!! For now, fully awake, I glanced at my Orpheum program, and saw that "Lilly Lacerator, the Greatest Jazz Singer of the Twentieth Century" was performing, and the audience as a person, twisted and swayed with her rythm.



**As the Sun Sets**

"How's the race?"

"What race?"

"The canoe race."

"Oh, neck and neck."

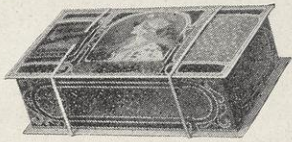


**THE NIGHTLY MARATHON**

"Well, then good night, Ruth."

"Good night—now you'll surely have to leave."

Six Answers to Six Tastes



LUXURY

Salmagundi. Bear in mind the name when you select chocolates to please a luxurious taste. It has a wide variety including some new and most attractive chocolates. In an art metal tin box worthy of the contents.

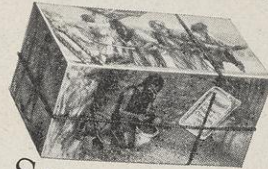
*Whitman's*  
SALMAGUNDI  
CHOCOLATES



VARIETY

Everybody's taste has approved the Sampler and chosen it as America's foremost candy. It contains selections from ten favorite Whitman's packages which can also be purchased separately. It appeals to the taste for quaint, dainty things.

*Whitman's*  
SAMPLER



SURPRISE

A taste for mystery, romance, treasure trove—the element of surprise and the pleasure of new flavors—all are answered in the picturesque Pleasure Island Box of Whitman's. Have you explored its bullion bags?

*Whitman's*  
PLEASURE ISLAND  
CHOCOLATES



EXCELLENCE

Super Extra. A name that harks back to 1842 and the original Whitman's Chocolates that are still the standard. The assortment is one that has been selected with great care, changing slowly with the public taste during the eighty years its popularity has endured. It answers the average cultivated taste for sweets.

*Whitman's*  
SUPER EXTRA  
CHOCOLATES



ODDITY

This book-shaped box bound in green and gold has a list of contents inside the cover differing from any other package. It has proved an assortment perfectly selected for many tastes. The Library Package is an appropriate gift for many folks and many occasions.

*Whitman's*  
LIBRARY  
PACKAGE



RICHNESS

There's a distinct appeal in whole nut meats thickly coated with Whitman's famous chocolate. Those who like walnuts, pecans, filberts, almonds and all the favorite nut meats, at their best, declare this package to be their favorite.

*Whitman's*  
NUTS CHOCOLATE  
COVERED

*Whitman's*

Quality Group

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

- |                     |                                |                      |                              |
|---------------------|--------------------------------|----------------------|------------------------------|
| CARDINAL PHARMACY   | - - - 831 University Ave.      | TIEDEMANN'S PHARMACY | - - - 702 University Ave.    |
| DETLLOFF PHARMACY   | - - - Main and Pinckney St.    | WALTER M. AIWOOD     | - - - 1054 Williamson St.    |
| THE CHOCOLATE SHOP  | - - - 528 State St.            | BADGER PHARMACY      | - - - 1320 University Avenue |
| A. W. KREHL         | - - - 403 E. Wilson St.        | CENTRAL STORE        | - - - 208 State St.          |
| UNIVERSITY PHARMACY | - - - Cor. State and Lake Sts. |                      |                              |



Special  
Wisconsin  
Package



# PARK HOTEL

## Elizabethan Room

A SUPERIOR place to dine for those who desire privacy combined with the convenience of consummate service. Especially popular is the Sunday Table D'Hote Dinner, 12 M. to 8 P. M. with delightful music. Per Plate, \$1.50.

The Elizabethan Room is excellently adopted to student functions.

## Quality and Service

The two reasons why we have so many friends on the Campus.

QUALITY is foremost in our minds when we select our lines.

SERVICE is willingly and co-operatively tendered.

Take advantage of our dual offering

# FRANK BROS.

609-611 University Ave.

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## NEW BOOKS

### The World in Falseface

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

This has nothing to do, except indirectly, with cosmetics. It is not a terrific denunciation of the lipstick, but only George Jean having a lot of fun with the drammer and with our foibles. At the least provocation he bursts into a list. He says lists are tedious, but does not apologize for the American Credo, except to remark that it lost him some money. He lists the bad plays, the good plays, the good actors, this last both literally and figuratively. He caroms off Maeterlinck, knocks over the illusion of public taste, pats Ethel Barrymore on the back, makes an ass of himself, and (occasionally) makes an epigram, all in one stroke, and all of his strokes are entertaining. George Jean Nathan, playing fifty-seven instruments all at once is considerable entertainment, whatever you think of the virtuosity of the performance. His stuff gets very jazzy at times; read it.

### West of the Water Tower

ANONYMOUS.

Here is a terrific book. I suppose that is a trite thing to say, but when one looks up every chapter or so to find out where one really is, it is the only adequate comment. It winds its theme around the reader with tentacles like an octopus. I found myself alternately shivering with dread and burning with embarrassment. The style is crude and raw—just like life; terrible things happen to the characters—the same things which happened to that chap you knew from home. Terrifying realism, and an absolutely faithful reproduction of the soul of the small town give this a decided edge over Main Street, in our humble opinion.

### The Vegetable

BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD.

All you who seek another flapper-and story, with gin and Country Club forming the scene, will be puzzled at first, and then I hope not disappointed. I mean I hope for your sakes. Scott as a satirist instead of an epitomist is quite a novelty, and an agreeable one. Keen study of character and penetrating comedy, and an underlying satire which is most pointed, make this a platform which will elevate the author to the immortals if he isn't careful. Read this, too, you who suffer from sympathetic gin and oil of Jupiter as Jerry did. Read it anyway.

Books through the courtesy of the Book Corner, Mifflin Arcade.



### At the University Pharmacy

"That girl reminds me of a swell malted?"

"How so?"

"Oh, extra heavy."



### A Canter Along The Drive

A well-behaved mount, joyous Madison weather—no wonder so many students have taken to riding. You will enjoy it too. Try it today.

Phone and make arrangements for your horse. Lessons arranged too.

## Blackhawk Riding Academy

1019 Conklin Place. Badger 6452

if you got to see mama every night - put an Orpheus Portable Phonograph in the canoe and

## UNIVERSITY MUSIC SHOP, Inc.

At 511 State

Ph. B--7272

*"The Shop With a Personality"*

## Another Year of Service

June brings to a close another year of successful service to students. This institution, recognized as the student's bank, has handled more student accounts this year than ever before. We have been bankers to the majority of campus organizations—classes, publications, fraternities and sororities.

*To those of you who will remain for summer school we offer the same service which we have rendered in the past.*

Capital \$360,000

## Branch Bank of Wisconsin

State at Gilman

**THE**  
**JOHNSTON & MURPHY**  
*J & M*  
**SHOE**

The new J & Ms of Shark-  
skin mark a new  
achievement in the  
making of good  
shoes

**\$14.00**

**Olson & Veerhusen Co.**

*Hart, Schaffner and Marx Clothes*



If you've got a grouch on, the best thing for you to do is to get rid of your responsibilities and your clothes and stand under a cold shower for a while. Now if you don't own a shower the best thing for you to do is to call at this shop and pick out the one you need.

**F. Wigglesworth Plumbing Co.**

1511 Monroe St.

Badger 6396

**The Fight in the S. G. T.**

I reside near Lake Street's border, and my name is Honest Bill;

I work with joy and fervor on assignments from the Hill;

And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the fight

That broke up the sacred chapter of our Seus Getum Tite.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see Than the first six month's proceedings of our famous S. G. T.,

'Til Hopper of Milwaukee brought about two dozen quarts

Of the finest kind of whisky—for to help our indoor sports.

Well, we started on the whisky, and an argument arose

As to whether purple elephants had two or seven toes;

And Hopper of Milwaukee got a bad attack of shakes And said they might be elephants, but *he* thought they were snakes.

Then Sapper of Chicago begged to differ from the gent

And a bottle hit poor Hopper's head and left him quite a dent.

But when we said he shouldn't use such striking proof of fact,

Sap picked up two more bottles and again performed the act.

So we held a solemn conclave of our Seus Getum Tite And we voted that "Bro." Sapper made a fool of us that night,

And expelled him from the chapter of our loved fraternitee

And all his friends got very mad and left our S. G. T.

I reside near Lake Street's borders, and my name is Honest Bill;

I work with glee and fervor on assignments from the Hill;

And I've told in simple language what I know about fight

That broke up the sacred chapter of our Seus Getum Tite.



**Herr Dog**

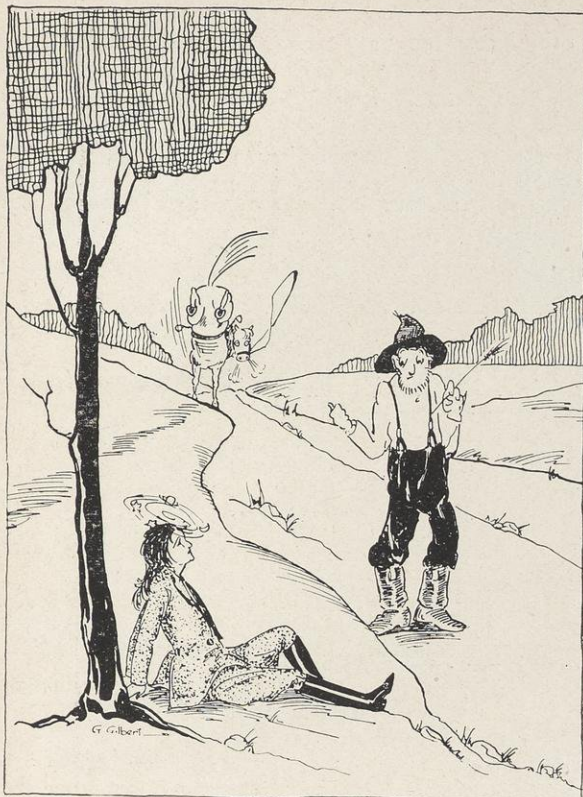
"What kind of a dog is that you have there?"

"Why—er—he's a German police dog."

"Well, he certainly doesn't look like one."

"Oh, he belongs to the secret service—he's disguised."

—*Yellow Jacket.*



"Have an accident?"  
 "No thanks, I just had one."



**Neckst!**

Annette: He's such a wonderful necker!  
 Minette: Sentimental, eh?  
 Annette: No, dearest, but he has a trick stick-pin lock, a spring collar clasp, a flat collar button, and a Van Heusen collar.

*Pelican.*



**Refined Cruelty**

Madge: I'm sorry I forgot to invite you to my party.

Ethel: Why, did you have a party?

*—Judge.*



**When It Happened**

Actress: I'm all upset. I can't go out on that stage.

Partner: What's the trouble?

Actress: There's actually a bald-headed man in the front row.

*—Chaparral.*

**It's Somebody's Birthday Today**

Somebody will be "tickled pink" if you send that little remembrance. Who wouldn't be? Everybody likes to be remembered on his birthday. There are two things to be born in mind in getting a remembrance. Get something so beautiful that it will make a fine first impression, and something so useful and dependable that it will give lasting pleasure.

The Wahl All Metal Pen was a revolution in the fountain pen industry. It was something so strikingly beautiful, and so sturdy in construction that it established itself at once as a most unique article for gift purposes. We have the Wahl All Metal pen in all styles and sizes. Remember somebody's birthday with a Wahl All Metal Pen.

**Rider's Pen Shop.**  
 REAL PEN SERVICE  
 666 STATE STREET

**Are Dimes and Dollars worth Saving?**

Your nearest neighbor Department Store has the answer.

Phoenix—Kayser—Luxite—Eiffel Hosiery


Can you beat these lines?

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**Oh, Author—Author**

Absolutely the hottest play of the year. You will know after you've seen Gore and Gravel (not a motion picture) why it is absolutely necessary to have an asbestos curtain.

Excerpt from the passionate second act.\*

Gallardo: I love you. (They kiss.)

Donna Sol: Do you? (They kiss.)

Gallardo: Yes. (They kiss.)

Donna Sol: Well. (They kiss.)

(Donna Sol approaches door at back of stage.)

Donna Sol: Now you chase me a while.

(Exit off-stage into garden.)

\*This passage is censored, but it can be seen from this how hot a play it really is.

—Trivol.



**Solicitude**

“Better stop lighting the fire with gasoline, Jan.”

“Eh! Sir?”

“Remember, you promised to give a week's notice before you went away.”

—Judge.



**Spirituelle**

“Don't you think Angelica looks spirituelle in that evening gown?”

“Well, I must admit there's not much of the material about her.”

—Life.



**Inevitable**

“I forgot to ask you to come to my camp-fire picnic—will you come?”

“It's too late now. I prayed for a blizzard!”

—Life.

**THE  
BADGER  
STUDIO**

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“Someone, somewhere wants your photograph now.”

Spring time is picture time.

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Not

**EAT TO LIVE**

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**Wrong Number**

She left hubby alone in the hotel room and went shopping. When she returned the many doors and numbers and passageways confused her. She soon picked out which was her room, went to the door and rapped, saying:

"Honey, let me in; I'm back, honey."

No answer.

Knocking harder: "Honey, honey; let me in."

Suddenly from the other side of the door came a deep, stern voice: "Madam, this is not a beehive; it is a bathroom."

—Black and Blue Jay.



**The Reason**

Disdainful Wife: When that big tough shook his fist under your nose, what did you mean by just walking away? What's the matter with you?

Husband (meekly): Spring fever, my dear. Running's such an exertion.

—Judge.



**Erudition**

Prof: Did I say anything about the crux of the position?

Bright Stude: No, sir.

"Hum! I meant to work that phrase off somehow."

—Jester.



**Not Evident**

Male (for the fourth—and last—time): Well, I must be going.

Female (desperately): What an odd illusion. You haven't moved an inch.

—Record.

**Straws! Straws!**

"Oh Boy, every shape and style" you want. And price! They will be the talk of the town. See ours first.

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JOHN L. BOYD

**Don't Two-Time Me**

The Girl: Meet me tomorrow night at the same place at seven o'clock.

The Boy: All right. What time will you be there?

—Punch Bowl.



**Instructions All Around**

"Mr. Daring," said the director, "in this scene a lion will pursue you for five hundred feet."

"Five hundred feet?" interrupted the actor.

"Yes, and no more than that—understand?"

The hero nodded. "Yes, I understand, but does the lion?"

—Black and Blue Jay.



**Just Blue**

She gently rocked the baby  
In its cradle, to and fro;  
She sang an old-time lullaby,  
The kind our mothers know.

The baby gazed at her askance,  
Within its eye a tear;  
"Why don' you cut that stuff," it said,  
"And jazz it, mother dear?"

—Brown Jug.



**A Match**

College Widow: I think, Madeine, I will go out with either Chollie or Jerry this afternoon. Which one do you think will match this dress?

"Cholie, because he is the thinnest."

—Lyre.

**Good Clothes Mean Nothing**

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CONDITION BY PERIOD-  
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CLEANING BY THE

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Fairchild 530

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I believe I lend dignity and respect to this green cap. Were I to leave it off no one would suspect me of being a freshman.

I believe that, being a freshman, I should study my lessons. As upper-classman I can then go through on my momentum.

I believe my professors are more interested in their work than in their salaries otherwise they would quit teaching and do something to make money.

I believe Northwestern has the highest average of beauty outside of my high school graduating class.

I believe I shall go far in college, with my high school standing, tenth in my class (of eleven) and with my experience as secretary of the Amateurian Literary Society.

I believe I am easily distinguished, even in a crowd of freshmen, by my superior polish and my intellectual, purposeful appearance.

I believe I am the berries.

—Purple Parrot.



### As a Body

The speaker waxed eloquent, and after his peroration on women's rights he said, "When they take our girls, as they threaten, away from the coeducational colleges, what will follow? What will follow, I repeat?"

And a loud masculine voice in the audience replied, "I will."

—Brown Bull.

## Morgan's Malted Milks

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You are a stranger at our fountain only once.

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With that exquisite gown of jonquil yellow, nothing but undergarments of the finest texture should be worn—a dainty silken "step-in" of palest lemon—edged with frothy lace—a slip of cream—touched with tiny ribbon flowers.

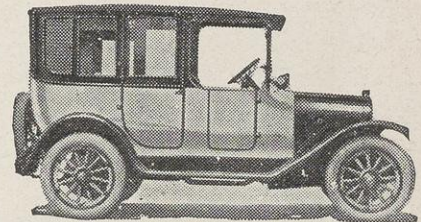
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Summer dresses

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All Congress cards have air—cushion finish—the finish which defies moist atmosphere—eliminates misdeals.

## Netherwood's

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and

Loken Bros. Store

## Not Bothered

"How do you like the new style of long dresses?"

"I don't mind."

"Why?"

"I've got such a darned good memory."

—Boll Weevil.



## Spanish Idyll

Cabalero uneeda gazabo

Tia Juana sonora kazoo.

Chicago, por Dios lumbago,

Con carne sombrero put two.

—Tiger.



## This Mortal Coil

"How are you feeling, Sam?"

"Ain't no 'count, boss. Ain't fit foh nothin' no moh. Don't think I'd miss mahself much ef'n I drapped dead."

—Nashville Tennessean.

## RUNKEL'S BARBER SHOP

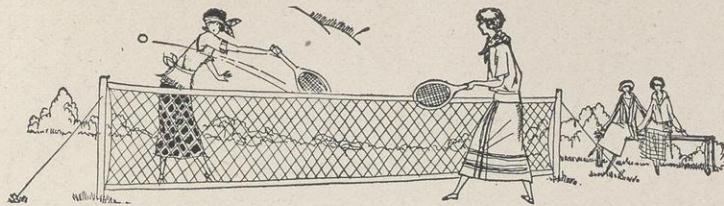
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**Forethought**

He: You refuse my proposal. Is this absolutely final?

She: Yes, indeed. Shall I return your letters?

He: Please do; there is some very good material in them I can use again."

—Lampoon.



**Horace, Book I, Od. XXXVIII**

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus

Oh, take away your pickled camels' toes!

Your breast of humming bird and parrot head;

I wouldn't touch that broiled live ostrich nose.

But bring me just a plate of beans instead.

I hate the tongues of French-fried nightingales

(It makes no difference if they are on toast)

I loathe the sight of roasted sparrow tails;

A side of beans is what I want the most.

Oh, bring me just a plate of homely beans!

The kind my Lesbia had always bought me;

Go and pick some dandelion greens,

For that's the lesson that Mycenus taught me.

—Lampoon.

**Our Fountain**

is a convenient place to stop for a "Coke" or sundae on the way to your afternoon classes. We will quench that hot-day thirst.

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**BADGER PHARMACY**

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## Delight Her---

there is something in the makeup of  
every woman which responds to flowers  
—appreciates the message they bear.  
The wise man will "say it with flowers".

**New York Floral Co.**

## The Rah Rah Boy

(*Varietatis Collegiati*)

Four-button suit  
And black brogue shoes;  
A constant thirst  
For girls and booze.

Hat on his nose,  
No cuffs on pants;  
All he can do  
Is pet and dance.

Pipe in his mouth,  
Slouch in his walk  
No brains at all—  
Just talk—talk—talk.

Pin-covered vest  
Face full of gum;  
He may look good—  
But gosh, he's dumb!  
—*Sun Dodger*.



## Long on Logic

Ever: "I'm as tall as you are."  
Sharp: "You are not."  
Ever: "Well, I am as tall the other way. My  
feet go down as far as yours."  
—*Sun Dodger*.



## Bright Boy

Teacher—Are you chewing gum?  
Boy—No, ma'am, I'm Johnny Jones.  
—*Fire*.



## Euclid II

"Have you heard of my latest discovery?"  
"No, what is it?"  
"I've found how to tell the number of pieces of  
macaroni on a plate."  
"How?"  
"Why, you add up the ends and divide by two."  
—*Tiger*.



## Close Race

Sexton (just before wedding)—Are you the  
bridegroom, sir?  
Bender—No; I'm just the runner-up.  
—*Chaparral*.



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**CHOCOLATES**

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Vol. IV.

May, 1923

No. 8

DAVY EXPERIMENTING WITH



GARNETT IN THE ROYAL SOCIETY

## The First Electrochemist

**N**ITROUS oxide, according to the science of a century ago, was "the principle of contagion when respired by animals in the minutest quantities." Mere say-so.

Imaginative yet skeptical Humphrey Davy, who believed in experiment rather than in opinion, "respired" it and lived.

It was this restless desire to test beliefs that made him one of the founders of modern science. Electricity was a new force a century ago. Davy used it to decompose potash, soda, and lime into potassium, sodium, and calcium, thus laying the foundations of electrochemistry. With a battery of two thousand plates he produced the first electric arc—harbinger of modern electric illumination and of the electric furnace.

Czar Alexander I and Napoleon met on a raft to sign the Treaty of Tilsit while Davy was revealing

the effects of electricity on matter. "What is Europe?" said Alexander. "*We* are Europe."

The treaty was at that time an important political event, framed by two selfish monarchs for the sole purpose of furthering their personal interests. Contrast with it the unselfish efforts of Sir Humphrey Davy. His brilliant work has resulted in scores of practical applications of electrolysis; in industry and a wealth of chemical knowledge that benefit not himself but the entire world.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, for instance, much has been done to improve the electric furnace (a development of Davy's arc) and new compounds have been electrochemically produced, which make it easier to cast high-conductivity copper, to manufacture special tool steels; and to produce carbides for better arc lamps.

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