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Description:

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Buy Everything Possible on Your Co-Op Number



## STRATFORD

U' APPROVED



## **OVERCOATS**

50 inches long . . . single breasted, darker shades are favored, blacks, blues and oxfords . . . by the makers of the finest University man's clothing.

\$40 To \$60

## THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Manager

STATE AND LAKE STREETS

## Society Brand Clothes



# They now wear the top button open

It's the order of the day on all the important campuses—one of those crucial changes in style that college men agree upon unanimously. Naturally, the ordinary three-button coat cannot be worn in this way with the proper effect. It demands the new college model by Society Brand—with the new lines. Correct in every detail of cut!



© Society Brand

The new University style,
by Society Brand, showing the
3-button coat, with
top button open—

\$50



F. J. SCHMITZ & SONS CO.

22-24 West Mifflin Street

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

Doc: No wonder you're sick, drinking gin and Scotch three four times a day.

Stude: No, that isn't what hurts me, it's the alcohol I drink in between.



The College Boys morning motto: Don't be alarmed!



Steel-nerved Steve of the construction gang was gaily riding a girder as it swung upwards toward the fifty-fourth story of the new skyscraper. The girder wavered a little in its ascent, but steel-nerved Steve laughed gaily. Fifteen years of that sort of work hardens a man. Below him were the city streets, above him much space. The ascent suddenly ceased, and a shriek rent the air. Steel-nerved Steve glanced about him a little uneasily. What in hell was the trouble? He looked down—people were rushing about the streets, he could see the engineer whose firm hand guided the girder upwards dashing out of the shack which housed the hoisting machinery. For the first time in fifteen years steel-nerved Steve was alarmed.

"Good God," he said wearily as he sat down on the girder, "They've knocked off for lunch."

## FREDWKRUSE CO.

205-207 State St.



## The Evening Mode Turns Its Back to Chic

And one may dance gracefully and at ease, knowing the best side of the gown is toward an admiring audience! The down-in-back lines started it and girdles, panels, and bustle-like sashes suggestive of the 'nineties contribute their share to interest at the back. It's different—and so sensible! You may choose a gown developed in this newest whim in tulle, chiffon, velvet, or the stiffer ciré materials, and taffeta.

\$35

\$50

\$65

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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

JOHNSON & MURPHY SHOES

STETSON HATS

Smart Style and Good Quality



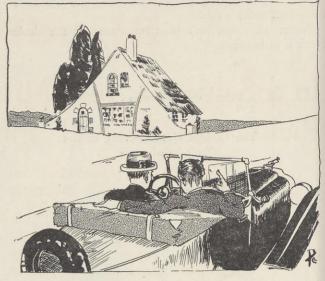
# A Good University Overcoat

This model is good—the double breasted is good too. Strong fabrics. Fine tailoring. Hundreds to choose from.

\$50

Olson & Veerhusen Company

7 and 9 N. Pinckney Street



"Pretty house over there, isn't it?"
"Yeah, almost pretty enough for a gas station."

London Curio Dealer: Yes, sir, this is the very hand-kerchief used by the father of William Penn.

Tourist: Hm, the original pen wiper.

-Pennsylvania Punch Bowl



"Are you a College Girl?"

"No, I got this way riding horseback."

-Cynic



Spoken with apologies to Fatima Cigarettes:
"What a whale of a scent a few skunks make."
—Rammer Jammer



Why, Of Course!

Nice Old Lady: Don't you know you shouldn't play strip poker?

Sweet Young Thing: Oh, it's perfectly all right. It's not really gambling.

What!

No; you see we get our clothes back.

-Judge

## Blindfolded ---

## In a Scientific test--Miss Pansy Petunia Pinkham Picks the Perfect Pants at MANCHESTER'S

Shy little Miss Pinkham in an interview with a member of the Octopus staff modestly tells how she picked the perfect pants at Manchester's.

"Really," said Miss Pinkham, "It was actually a simple thing to do—I mean, it wasn't hard for me because I've always worn pants from Manchester's. And really, I always buy pants for Christmas gifts there, because they're actually the "hottest" ones in town.

"Of course, I became rather confused—I mean, I got a little dizzy, when the Test Committee twisted and turned me around, so many times. But I was actually willing to go through all that, because I really consider it an honor—I mean, to pick these perfect pants. And they're so adorable—of Lido blue crepe de chine, lace trimmed, and actually only \$3.50."

#### How the Test was Made

The test was made before witnesses and with only two rehearsals. Only twice before has Miss Pinkham been blindfolded—once at the age of 14 when playing Post Office, and again at a P. A. D. party when the party got rough and they had to blindfold her to ease her embarrassment.





## **OVERCOATS**

The elongated overcoat in rich dark fabrics is the preference of Wisconsin men—our stock is entirely of these very coats priced from thirty to sixty dollars.



Prof (to young man calling on his daughter): What hall we have—a concerto or a sonata?

Her Weakness: No thanks, I'll take mine straight, slease.



If there is anything more embarrassing to a girl than slushing when she shouldn't, it's not blushing when she hould.



The Absent Minded Gentleman Who Forgot and Took the Lionel Strongfort Course Again



Contradiction

One time, you declared, "I love you;
Love makes the unthinkable good".
Another time you mentioned,
"Love couldn't last if it would."
And so I answer, "Yes" and "No" . . .
For when soothing love has fled,
Could love . . which makes the unthinkable good

eave a conscience also dead?

-Ananias



# "Letter for you, Bill!— and it looks important!"



THE friend who tosses you the unopened envelope doesn't know what's in it, or who sent it.

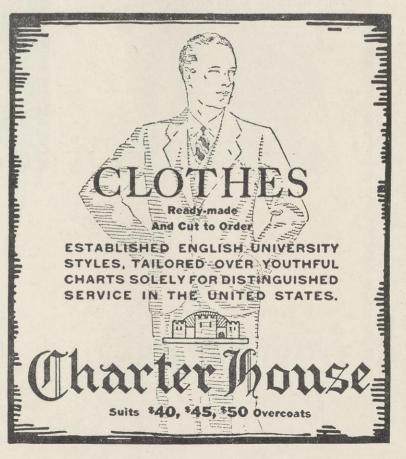
But its smartness, correct cut, and rich paper arouse his interest.

Letters written on Old Hampshire Stationery command attention and respect, even before the blade of the paper-knife is slipped under the flap.

You cannot buy better or more correct stationery than Old Hampshire.

## Old Hampshire Stationery

"The Aristocrat of the Writing Table"
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls, Mass



"Gee, you look wonderful, Marge. Where'd ya get the rags?"

"I know I look well, they're not rags, and I got them at Simpson's."

"You win! Let's go!"

Simpson's



Zona Gale Scholar Arrested!

Another Zona Gale Scholar was caught last week after a hard chase which ended at Sioux City. Pale and dejected, he was found cowering behind an old cigar butt on top of a flag pole with a stiff northeast to southwest wind blowing. For an hour following his capture he stubbornly insisted "that there was no God!" but after Chief Meiklemann and his aides had quizzed him for three hours with the aid of a blackjack and an old mop handle he reluctantly admitted that he "was a Presbyterian and had been a good clean boy until he met up with evil companions and learned their ways."



Stern Parent: What are you doing, Junior?

Young Son: Playing marbles, papa. Stern Parent: Well, don't ever let me catch you using father's glass eye for a shooter again.



Villager: What's this I hear about your boy making good at Wisconsin? Proud Father: That's right. Only a freshman and he was made a member of the Memorial Union!



Salesman: Have you a Frigidaire in your home?

Husband: No, dammit, the iceman's cross-eyed and knock-kneed.



"What did you like best in Eng-

"Oh, that quaint old custom of going to the dogs."

"You mean, riding to the hounds, don't you?"



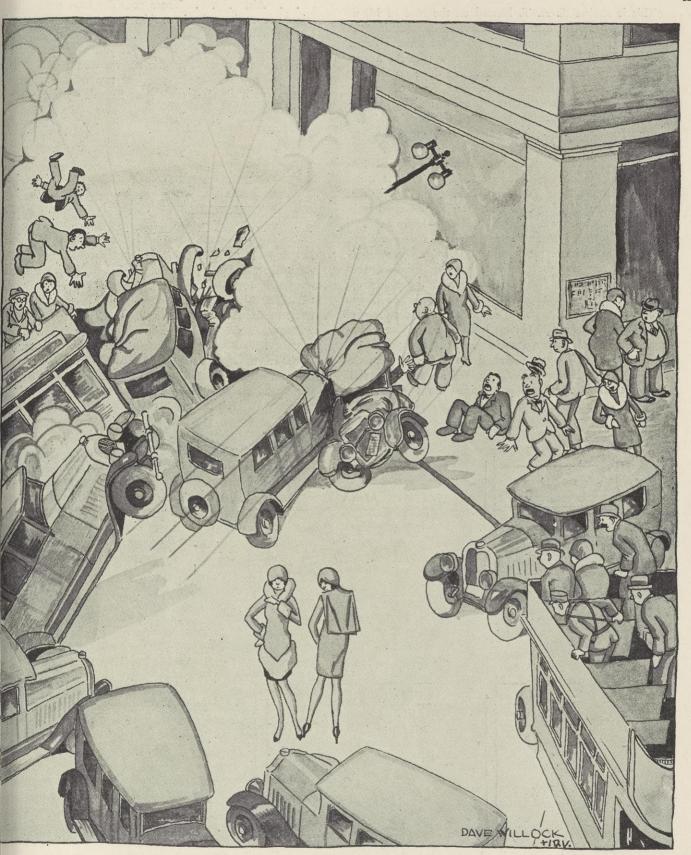
Indignant Elephant: Golly! That last peanut had a worm in it.



THE INVISIBLE BOBBY

Nervous Lady (in whose street there have been several burglaries): How often do you policemen come down this road? I'm constantly about, but I never see you.

Policeman: Ah, very likely I sees you when you don't see me, mum. It's a policeman's business to secret 'isself.



"Gawd, Gracie, I've got another run in my stocking!"

#### PLEASE STAND BY!!

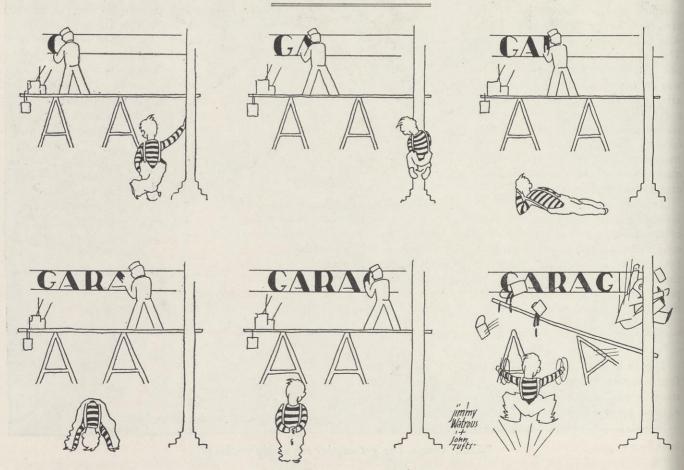
This is station K. A. T. located on the roof of Madison's most beautiful boarding house and broadcasting the Minnescconsin, Illiana foot ball game from the gigantic stadium at Madison. Joe Blast will now take the microphone and give you the more intimate dope on the big game. . . Helloe, listeners, and fans of station K. A. T. What with the band playing, and the crowds yelling and the grads thumping each other on the back, we can hardly hear ourselves yell up here. Just now one of the girls, and, by the way, you should be here, asked me to say hello to Mary Crutch for her. If Mary is listening in on the air. . . Hello, Mary! This is Susie Bartlett; B-A-R-T-L-E-T-T Heh, heh. You know, that lives at 22 Langdon . . . the little blonde, good looking and . . . well, anyway, Mary-Hello . . . and say, George, I mean Mary, I haven't a date tonight. . . . Last minute postponement. . . . Heh, heh. . . I'm sorry you'll have to get off, Miss Bartlett. Folks, it is now the fourth quarter of the game and the score is 7 to 7. It's been an exciting game and if you have enjoyed it and wish us to continue this service give us a ring; we have three phones and . . . Just a Minute, folks, there's been a fumble . . . the crowds are going mad; someone is racing down the field with the ball. . . . It's a TOUCHDOWN! Now if you'll just wait a minute we'll tell you which team it was. . . .

They're all jumbled down there, it's pretty hard to see. . . . Ah! . . . There goes the final gun! Just a minute now, the noise is terrific. . . . (Deeper voice cutting in) This is station K. A. T. located on Madison's most beautiful boarding house. If you have enjoyed this service please write or phone us, we would like to hear from you; and now, since we are two minutes over our time we will sign off until next Saturday when we will broadcast the Wiscana, Minnenois game. Good Day.

-Steve

- Clar

I've seen the ice-bound Himalya's and I've watched the grass-clad Hula of Hawaii. I've watched giant floating palaces of the Atlantic collide in mid-ocean. I've witnessed titanic struggles between hairy behemoths in the heart of the African jungle. I've stood and gaped while whole mountains moved before the explosive might of man. I've looked on while one hundred thousand men stormed a citadel of stone and steel. BUT—I've never seen a man fill one of these damned little one-cent gum vending machines that are never empty.



Anticipation . . . Realization

## Has Next Year Arrived?

This looks like that "next year" which Wisconsin football fans have been talking about since 1912. Being a town boy, we learned with our ABC's that "next year" Wisconsin would have another championship team. The Daily Cardinal claims the school is losing all its traditions, but here is one that has persisted longer than the rumor that we were going to have a field house in the near future. The cry of "next year" has for sixteen years echoed the shot of the timekeeper's gun announcing the first defeat of each season. But now it seems that this tradition is to go the way of green caps and Venetian night, for this year looks like "next year".

Sport writers and Roundy termed Coach Thistlethwaite's arrangement of 1928 games the "suicide schedule", a term which has been proved suitable in the first five battles—suitable to Badger opponents.

Knute Rockne came, Knute Rockne saw, and Knute Rockne went home with his hat pulled down over his ears. The only horse on the field to remind one of Notre Dame's former fame was the horse on the South Bend boys after the ball was over. One play, a fumble, was successfully completed several times to the advantage of Wisconsin. The 22–6 score stunned the rooters to such an extent that they made no more whoopee than a crowd at a Delta Gamma open house.

An open practice was held the following Saturday with Cornell in place of the frosh or all-Americans. Wisconsin scored 49 points while the Iowa boys might as well have stayed in their own corn field and saved expenses of the trip, for all the scoring they did.

By Ted Holstein
Plus Harold Dubinskyt

The Wisconsin delegation stepped off the train and said, "Lafayette, we are here," and the Purdue team replied, "Come on, and see if we give a damn." It was a case of the underdog biting back and getting the upper hand before the game was many minutes old. Some of the people in



the Wisconsin stands began to mutter "next year" under their breaths, but the final score was Purdue and overconfidence—19; Wisconsin and luck—19. The Boilermakers claimed a moral victory, but such things don't effect the standings in the percentage column.

M-M-Michigan, our typewriter fairly stutters when it come to that part of the epic. Fighting a weak pack of Wolverines, inspired to do huger and higher-grade things, and an equally powerful jinx, the Badgers pulled a story book stunt or one like Red Grange did-in the movies-a win in the last two minutes. It was the kind of a game that makes raving maniacs of radio rooters. The score of 7-0 is a mere matter of detail; the important fact is that the twenty-nine year jinx was killed dead. On the same day at Madison, the B team proved that Wisconsin doesn't do things by halves, not even football games, by trimming the Michigan reserves 20-6. Incidentally, the B's had buffaloed the North Dakota Bison by a 13-7 count and had worn out the Oshkosh (b'gosh) outfit with the score 20-6.

Alabama's crimson tide rolled up from Dixie but failed to swamp the Thistlethwaitians; in fact, it proved to be a low tide though parts of it that swept down State Street were very wet. The Cardinal totaled 15 points, and the Crimson got 0 points and one of our best tackles. Oh, yes, and the B's knocked off Northwestern (not in the Big 10) the day before, 19–0.

Homecoming with lots of whoopee—Rube and his gang met the Chicago gangsters and sent the boys from the Windy City home without any wind in their sails. Chicago wasn't expected to go far, and they lived up or rather down to expectations.

We are ready to discard the phrase "next year" from the Wisconsin vocabulary, but Iowa and Minnesota may insist that it is an integral part of our dialect; we hope not.

The little man, dressed quite poorly and plainly very frightened sat in the inner holy of holies in the police-station. He glanced around nervously several times, squared his shoulders:

"I tell you, you can't mistreat me this way. Why, I have two degrees, a B. A. and a M. A."

"Well, now we're going to give you the third degree."

#### TOASTED

"Have you any last request, my man?"

"Yeah, Judge, I'd like tuh sign a contrac' wid de Lucky Strike fellas, dey want my monicker for a ad, dey know I'm de only guy what has croaked twentyeight guys in Chi, and lived tuh tell about it, and I owes it all tuh dem cigarets, dey kep' my nerves steady."



The Berth-mark

#### Here's a Pun

We're glad Kresky was reinstated, now Wisconsin is sure to make five or ten.



Most Girls With Figures Like This

Have minds rather like this.



Vaudeville gives me a peeve because:

They always show:

Child marvels.

Trained seals.

Acrobats.

Fat men who sing "On the Road to Mandalay".

Skinny women with soprano voices.

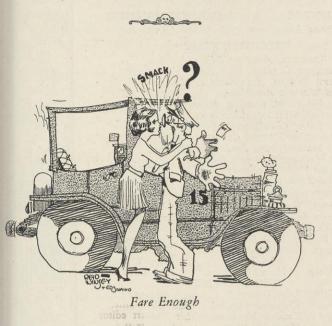
Orchestras who wear collegiate sweaters.

Movies starring dog actors. Child marvels.



Ex-boiler Stoker, to Wife: Nancy, for God's sake close that door; I swear I feel a draft on my neck!

First ghost: This a pretty cheap funeral, ain't it? Second ghost: Oh, I don't know, they even got weeping willows.



Heh! Heh! Heh!

Oh, so you've pledged, Samps. Well, well. . . Are you sure you'll be satisfied? Of course you realize we were just going down to a show and we thought we'd drop in and see you. . . . Oh, no. We didn't want anything in particular; just thought maybe you might like to have us drop in and see you . . . 's funny where my cigarettes are. . . . Well, if you insist! Care for a light? Yeh, I guess we'll be seeing you quite often. I drop into the Eta Hunka Rye house quite a lot. . . No! Just friends of mine. . What! That's not where you're pledged. Ha. That's funny. They have a pledge pin just like yours. That's funny isn't it. . . . Heh! Heh! Imagine me making a mistake like that. . . Heh! Heh! Well, I guess we'll be leaving. . . . Well, I don't think—that is—I don't think we'll be going right down. Like to have you with us and all that, but . . . you know-Heh! Heh! We'll see you again soon though. No, don't bother; we'll find the way down all right. . .

-Steve

Scotchman calling Western Union:

"How much is a telegram to Chicago?"

"Five cents a word for ten words, there's no charge for the signature."

"No charge for signature, huh?"

"No."

"Supposing you send my signature then?"

"O. K. What's your name?"

"Well, I may not sound like it, but I'm an Indian. My name is Ten-Pound-Baby-Born-This-Morning—that's my first name."

"Yes."

"And the last name is I-Won't-Be-Home-Until-Friday."
"Oh."

Hollywood is all wrought up over a preacher's statement that God is supreme; they had always imagined Cecil B. De Mille and "Lasky studios" ran one—two in the order of things.



The Organ Grinder Who Didn't Have "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" in His Repertoire



**EDITOR** JOHN ASH BUSINESS MANAGER ABE QUISLING

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Vol. XI

**NOVEMBER 14, 1928** 

No. 3

#### THE MONTH

"EVAH was, nevah will be" (we all hope) such a month as has just passed. Gosh! Just think of all there was that happened or was made to happenelections, Homecoming, exams, and rushing! And that doesn't begin to include all the minor affairs such as open houses, parties, and beer-drinking at Verona.

But this month which saw the 'Bamy Tide dammed, also gave Octy something to think about and first of all comes the splendid results of deferred rushing and the glorious spirit shown by the clean upright gentlemen of this university.

Deferred rushing was a tremendous success. Everyone co-operated and co-operated whole-heartedly in a thoroughly gentlemanly endeavor to play the game square. The freshmen were left alone for one entire month, and for one entire month the fraternity men of the campus were absorbed in their studies and light frivolities, quite oblivious to the fact that there was such a thing as a freshman. Not a soul dreamt of pre-season rushing, and had the very thought been brought up we are convinced that it would have been hissed out of town as something to be shunned. It is spirit such as this which has carried out Wisconsin's new deferred rushing to such an unprecedented success.

We hope that such untainted rushing methods will be maintained in the future. We hope that next year fraternities will again be able to step to the phone a half hour after the deadline on freshmen has been raised and announce that six men have been successfully rushed and pledged in that scant thirty minutes. We hope that knives and chloroform will be used next year as a substitute for some other methods that were used this year. We hope that—oh well, let's quit hoping and pray!

#### THIS PARKING MESS

BE, the business manager, came in groaning about the A trouble he's found in parking the family car. We don't blame him, for it's an impossibility to park anywhere within miles of the campus—unless you get up at five o'clock-or have fallen arches. Try to get near a parking place and a bewhiskered gent threatens you with hellfire. We can't afford a car, but we believe in getting people who can a fair break.

#### CONGRATULATIONS MR. HOOVER

PERSONALLY we were quite glad to see you get elected—as a magazine we naturally supported no candidate—that's not our business. By the way Mr. Hoover we're also glad that you got elected because we had a picture drawn up around you which wouldn't have been much good had the governor of New York been elected.

Speaking of pictures—the one about the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi has nothing to do with the editor despite the fact that this is his club. As a matter of fact, our immediate assistant, an Alpha Delt was responsible. Oh well.

#### THE SAME OLD KICK

A BOUT the discrimination with football tickets. As usual the students may sit in A (56th row) or around in L (equally high up) and buy a paper after the

game to learn who won. This year we, as usual, bought a coupon book, and glory be to the heavens if we didn't get as close in as the twenty yard line. At a B team game a few weeks ago we sat on the wrong side of the field a while just to see what a fifty yard line seat was like—we know we'll never get the same thrill again. Yet outsiders and friends of the athletic department get wonderful seats—as they always have, while we—who are only the University of Wisconsin, after all-hope that someone gets near making a touchdown so we can see who's playing. It gives Octy as much of a pain—even greater than that of bucking through the crowd trying to get out gate fifteen the smaller gates on either side are left locked. Why? Dunt esk, but, we dare you, try to get some human treatment over at the ticket office, and you'll understand the treatment at the stadium.

And they ask about the school spirit here!



#### THOSE WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED THIS MONTH ARE

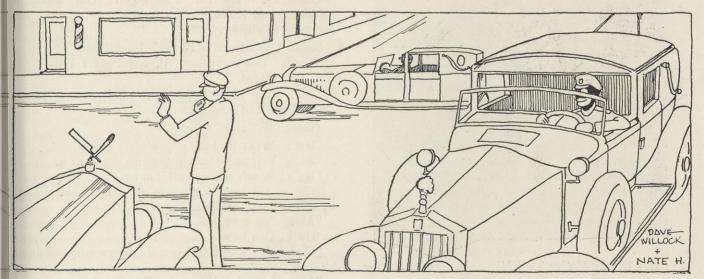
Professor Hickinson Robert Cool Bob Godley

Harry Wood Sam Steinman Ananias

Margaret Joslyn Roy Matson Nate Hinden

Raymond Rothman Bill Hug James Munro, Jr.





The Madison Barbers Go To Work

#### THE YEARBOOK CAMPAIGN

"I've been sent out here as a representative of the Junior class to let you know all about the new Hyena, the annual book published by the Jniors. I'm not going to stay here and bore you with a lot of details, but I do want to give you an idea of what the book is like.

"The cover this year was executed in bronze and done by Peggy Cutup and it's just the best ever; the photographs—all new—include one of the dormitory boys as well as some splendid views of the drive which will help you recall some lovely, moonlight nights you have spent walking there with your best girl, perhaps. And when you get real reminiscent along about the time you're fifty, you'll take your Hyena out and show it to your grand-children and say, 'There children, that's how the old Ki-Yy campus looked back in the days when I was an undergraduate.'

"There's some of the best satire you ever saw and the book is printed on nice, smooth paper. I know you're all just a jolly bunch of peppy boys out here and that you'll get behind this thing and push just as you always do. Remember we are relying on you to put this over, and we want you to demonstrate your school spirit and show us just how much pep there is in these buildings on the lake. Be sure to buy your book now—you'll save twenty-five cents by doing so—and that is worth saving—as any-body knows."

-C. A. B.





The Boy Whose Mother Told Him to be Sure and Wear His Rubbers When it Rained



The National Association of Flag Pole Sitters Convenes



#### THE WOMAN DECIDES

#### A Play

Characters: "Hy" Ball, a bootlegger; "Gin" Rickey, a golddigger; Al K. Hall, still a bootlegger; "1 Lung" Joe, one more bootlegger.

Scene: A carbaret in New York-nuf sed.

"Gin": You flatter me, Al, and besides I have flat feet and halitosis.

"Al": 'Saw right, baby, you're mine, even if you've got the hoof and mouth disease.

(Enter "Hy" and "1 Lung".)

"Hy": What de hell, you wit my goil!

"Al": Yes, and whatta yuh gonna do about it?

"Hy": Watch out, dats all, I'm tough.

"Gin": Oh boys, don't fight about me. Let me settle this business. I'll decide who'll have me.

"Al": Fair enough.

"Hy": Oke by me.

"Gin": Well, then, I'll take the fellow who can drink his own liquor.

"Al" and "Hy" (in chorus): My Gawd, you take her!

## For November We Have ---

PROF. "SUNNY" PYRE

He first saw light in 1871 in a stone farm house near Janesville, Wisconsin—he has never been back since. He has three children, Jack, "Gus", and Peggy. He has been teaching English here ever since he graduated from



Wisconsin in 1891. The courses in "Romantic Movement" and "Romantic Era" were started by him. He has taught his f a m o u s "Elizabethan Drama Including Shakespeare course" since 1912. He has written a "History of Wisconsin" and a "Study of Tennyson's Versification". He is faculty representative for the Western Intercollegiate Conference. He has a mania for gardening and landscape work. He lives on a five acre place five miles out on the Middleton road. He has a large and luscious collection of

evergreens, fancy vegetables, and flowers. He is a member of Beta Theta Pi as is also his son Jack. He played four years on the varsity football team as right tackle in '91, '94, '95, and '96. He was stroke on the varsity crew in '94. He is one of the wittiest, most instructive, best-liked, and best-known professors on the Hill. He loves the country and cannot conceive of anyone living in town.



#### PROF. JULIUS OLSON

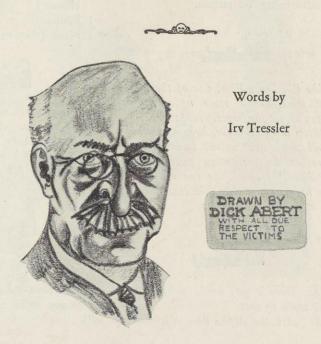
The man on whom it "never rains." He graduated from Wisconsin in 1884 and was editor of the Badger in his Senior year. He was a member of the first Varsity Glee Club. He's a "Phi Bete" and a member of Psi Upsilon. He is the originator of the Varsity Welcome to incoming freshmen. He started it fifteen years ago in the gymnasium. In 1920 he brought it outdoors to its present location on the lower campus. He is Professor of Norse Literature, and is famous for his study of and course in Ibsen. He wrote the words to "Varsity". He is famous all over the United States as a conductor of outdoor ceremonies and events. He has a good voice and likes to sing old German and Norwegian songs. He is chairman of The Loans and Scholarships Committee and in this capacity loans out more than \$70,000 annually. He was born in 1858 at Cambridge, Wisconsin. Seventy years old and his work day is from six in the morning till seven at night. He believes girls are more dependable than boys.

Joseph "Codliver"
Steinauer

Professors, ministers, judges, freshmen, seniors, toddling tots, and palsied old men-they all call him "Joe". Born forty-nine years ago in Milwaukee, he spent his boyhood around the waters of Lake Michigan where his father was a famous builder of racing yachts. He swam a few years as an amateur in sprints, and then for the next nine years was in circus and vaudeville



work as a gymnast. From 1908–10 he was a medical student at Marquette University and while there competed as a professional boxer and wrestler. The next year he signed up as trainer and gymnastic coach. During the war he was Athletic Director at Great Lakes Naval Training School and returned to Wisconsin as head swimming coach. He has coached a team in every sport at some time during his life. Physically he is one of the best developed men in the state. He is the most widely known "guy" on the campus. He is better than a ladies literary society for local scandal and gossip. He is a good golf player, a fine fisherman, an excellent figure skater, a fair artist, and a "tough" bowler. As a starter for races, he uses a paper roll pop-gun instead of a real revolver in order to save cartridges. He is 'agin fraternities'.





By the Half Wit's Half Brother



Isn't it about time that someone was mentioning the two waiters at the Theta house? These two college boys have worked there three years and live in the basement to the house. H-m-m-m!



Let it rain or shine the Cardinal business staff doesn't care. It's make money with them. The weather report is cut out entirely to make room for advertising, we reckon.



The Phi Delta Phis, one of the law frats which can't scare up enough money to get the homely maps of their brethern in the Badger, have a woman of all work over at the house. She is rather an institution over there. But honest I think it's too much to take her out to Clyde's, at least when we other boys are there.



Q: Does it pay house mothers to leave town to vote?

A: Ask the Alpha Phis.

Here they are, look at them. Sometimes the drivers are good drivers and some times they aren't.

Alpha Chi Omega

- 1 Ford Coupe that always blocks the court
- 1 beautiful Buick sedan which has graduated

Alpha Delta Pi

- 1 Worked over Overland
- 1 Chevrolet with wheels

Alpha Gamma Delta

- 1 Oldsmobile
- 1 1 Buick

Alpha Omicron Pi

- 2 Fords (they admit it)
- 1 Chevrolet

Idiosyncrasies: "Some of them run" Alpha Phi

- 3 Fords (one mentioned in College Humor)
- 1 Pontiac
- 1 Nash (they think)



The big noise stuff comes in more ways than one. After a disgrace of a rushing season, the Alpha Delts burst out with a pledge smoker after five days just prior to frosh election. The big noise with gestures.



"The Scandals section deplores the fact that the Daily sheet runs a weekly column where it deplores and applauds the things which no one is interested in." Now you freshmen look here. You bought Freshmen caps with a card that spoke some mysterious words like "cap privilege" and "Union Board". The answer is this. Union board copped off about 40¢ of your cap dollar and the joke is on you.



. . . it's easy if you Hurrah know how. At the first meeting of the inter-frat council this fall the president called for a report of the chairman of the key committee, one John Best. (I wish that Sigma Nu would stay out of this column.) The report was voted OK. The president instructed the chairman to order the keys. The chairman instructed the president that Mr. Lund, his fraternity brother and jewelry salesman, already had the keys in town and on sale at the Sigma Nu house. Now over eighty keys at \$3.50 per is over \$280. They should get some new furniture out of that business deal.



The modern bromide of "big silent men" applies to these Phi Delts. They are darn big, 170 pounds to 215. And silence is their best activity. Three of their prizes call for a rushee, stand in the hall like circus elephants, and mumble a few words to themselves about the teddy market.

THE BOZO BOYS AT WHITE MULE MOUNTAIN

By Bob Cool

The sun beat merrily down upon us as our little expedition toiled across the dry Arizona desert toward mysterious White Mule Mountain, sneering at us on the horizon. A short month before we had left Iowa on the great adventure which would soon lead us into regions where no white man had ever trod before. We felt like a Freshman opening the wrong door at Lathrop Hall.

Our party consisted of Mr. Kluck-kluck, Mr. Shanks, Mr. Harp, two other mules, and a horse. On the earnest advice of our Iowa friends, who feared confusion, we had hung a red ribbon on each of the mule's tails and tied blue streamers around our own waists for identification purposes. The horse, whom we felt we could distinguish, kept aloof from the rest of us and led the way. It was a great disappointment to all when he left our party one night near Omaha.

I will never forget the horror of those desert nights as we slept under the burning sun, or the sheer agony of that week of stress and strain when Mr. Kluck-kluck in a spirit of levity exchanged my ribbon with that of one of our mules, and then like a damn fool forgot about it. As a result I was forced to carry a pack and saddle for seven whole days before Kluck-kluck remembered his prank and rescued me; but all this will be dealt with in another chapter entitled "Muling through Arizona, or When is an Ass not a Mule."

Neither have I time to relate at this time the events of those long days, as we lay in Iowa on the return trip alternately growing beards and acquiring a sun burn before we could return to our loved ones in Madison. Nor is it now possible to treat of the joyful day when our provisions fell into the river and the concentrated food swelled to three times its normal size. (This, of course, explain why, since our return, we boys always stick our doughnuts in the coffee.) But before closing, I would like to add that in case you are interested we did finally reach White Mule Mountain, and very tired but happy boys and mules we were that night you may be sure. Sure.



The Scotchman Who Never Loads His Pipe in Winter Because He Can See His Breath Anyway.

#### PATHETIC FIGURES

The epicure who suffered a stroke of indigestion on Thanksgiving.

The reporter who phoned his story to the rival paper.

The candidate who remembered on election day that he had forgotten to register.

The football back who ran 99 yards for a touchdown in the wrong direction.

Lon Chaney, having exhausted his weird make-ups, has to resort to a "straight" part.

The man who guessed wrong in the blindfold test for cigarettes.

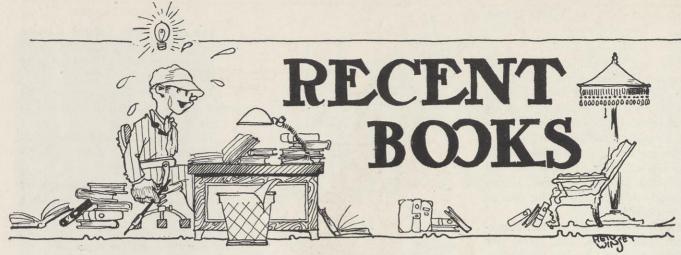
The Times Square traffic cop who became dizzy at midnight, Dec. 31.

The Scotchman who forgot to pull in his sidewalk.

The department store Santa Claus who lost 30 pounds during the year.



"Why was Eve like a salad?"
"One leaf, and not much dressing."



By Paul Fulcher

#### "THE RUNAGATES CLUB"

John Buchan's The Runagates Club (Houghton Mifflin) is a collection of stories that will be read by everyone who liked Greenmantle, The Three Hostages, and Witch Wood. Such persons are, I hope, numerous. The stories are of adventure, but that word is not to be too narrowly defined. In "The Loathly Opposite" and "Fullcircle" the adventure is largely of the spirit. Mr. Buchan is one of the few writers of mystery and adventure who rely on more than the element of excitement. With him, a robust style, deft characterization, a touch of humor, and now and then a criticism of life furnish considerably more value than one usually expects from the legion of fellow workers in his very prolific vineyard.

#### "DIVERSEY"

"In the next block, a woman was carefully inserting cyanide of potassium in a sandwich for her husband.
. . ." What became of the husband, and to what fields the careful housewife next turned her attention, we do not know. But the quotation at least sets the tone for a review of its source, MacKinlay Kantor's Diversey (Coward-McCann).

#### A Literary Drink

Diversey is synthetic Chicago. It is a literary drink raw and stinging and vicious and overwhelmingly kickfull. Into Mr. Kantor's witches' cauldron have gone machine guns and telephone exchanges and linotypes, and

the people at the delivering and the receiving ends of them; a certain amount of fizz in the shape of girls like Jo and Bun; a dash of imitation vermouth in Dora DeVille; enough of a hero in Marry to make the brew palatable; the over-sweet Mrs. Bellamy and the too-kind rooming house proprietors by way of syrup. The famous columnist, B. L. T., lingers as a kind of aftertaste that we like; but the long-lost daughter motif, though it is given a new twist, seems like something which had got in by mistake.

In other words, read *Diversey* if you want to see Chicago and live. If you are not so particular, or if you doubt Mr. Kantor's veracity, get your

life insured and investigate for your-self.

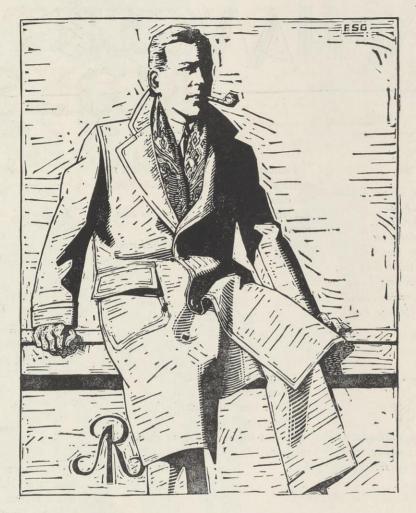
#### "A LANTERN IN HER HAND"

The only things that prevent Bess Streeter Aldrich's A Lantern in Her Hand (D. Appleton) from being among the best novels of pioneer life are the author's anxiety to make us see how fine its people are, and a tendency to trite philosophical comment. The first occasionally leads to an unwarranted squeezing out of the emotional content of a scene quite effectively and sufficiently moving in itself. The second gives rise to remarks

(Continued on page 30)



"In the next block, a woman was carefully inserting cyanide of potassium in a sandwich for her husband."



### Mt. Rock Fleece

A soft, luxurious, fleece overcoat—warranted for unusual service—in shades of black, oxford grey and blue—tailored by Adler Rochester in the correct three button single breasted style in lengths of 48, 50, 52 inches—and sold at \$50.

# KARSTENS

On Capitol Square—Carroll near State



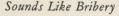
#### Nothing At All

A balky mule has four wheel brakes
A billy goat has bumpers.
The firefly is a bright spotlight,
Rabbits are puddle jumpers.
Camels have balloon-tire feet,
And carry spares of what they eat;
But still I think that nothing beats
The kangaroos with rumble seats.
—Orange Peel

Father: Lucyle, this disappoints me terribly, seeing you smoke. You're no daughter of mine.

Daughter: Well, cheer up dad, I won't tell a soul.

-Whirlwind



Lady to Tramp: Here, my man, is a nickel. Now don't go out and get drunk."

-Red Cat



"Momma love Papa?"

"Yes, Junior."

"Papa love Momma?"

"Yes, son."

"What the hell! Ain't this family modern?"

-Yale Record



"What would you do if a horse fell into your bathtub?"

"I'd pull the plug out."

-Ames Green Gander



1st Woman: I went up to Dick's apartment last night. Do you think I did anything wrong?

Man's Equal: Don't you remember?
—Gargoyle



Dizzy Dora, the sweet coed, will now entertain the audience with a little ballad entitled: "I didn't raise my shade to be a spectacle."

-Reserve Red Cat



Widow: I'm very sorry that I couldn't see you when you called, but I was having my hair washed.

Widower: Yes, and those laundries are so slow about returning things, too.

-Penn Punch Bowl



"I'm an All-American Fullback."

-Exchange

"Surely, sir, you are joesting."

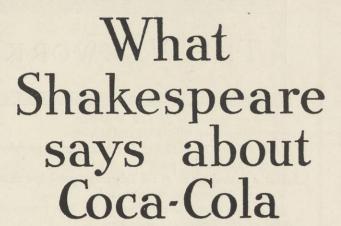


OH! GEORGE - THIS IS SO

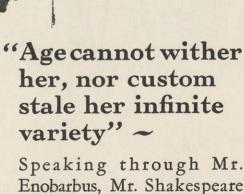




Garonyle

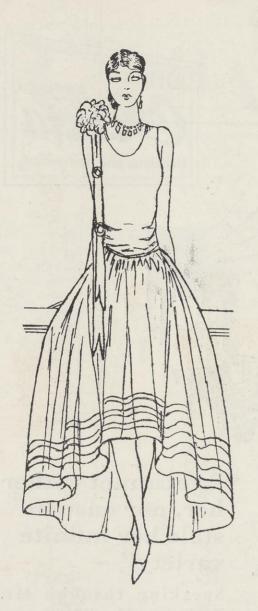






Speaking through Mr. Enobarbus, Mr. Shakespeare spoke high, wide and handsome. Yet he was only saying in poetry what you can hear any day in good United States prose about the Coca-Colagirl—the fair one you see everywhere so temptingly suggesting that you "refresh yourself."

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Antony and Cleopatra Act II, Scene 2 8 million\_ a day 

Mangel's collection of evening fashions will delight your eye and gratify your purse. New models arriving daily from New York.

14.95 to 24.75

A smart Foot Note Fan Tan Hosiery





27 South Pinckney Street

## THE WAXWORKS

7/DX0*Z/17*/10/018/DX0*Z/17*/10X0/DX0Z/17/DX01

By Tod Williston COLUMBIA

I Must Have That Man: Lee Morse croons tender blues.

Mississippi Mud: poor. Just a Sweetheart: (Cliff Edwards) good last chorus.

KA (I*III*ZOKA (IIO)A (IIIZOKA (IIIZOKA (IIO)A (IIIZ

Roses of Yesterday: gets elected.

My Handy Man: everything but the blue prints.

Out of the Tempest: symphonic.
Someday, Somewhere: just another waltz. Bless You Sister: weak attempt at novelty.

You're Just a Great Big Baby Doll: heavy standard stuff. Clarinet Marmalade: that's just exactly what you get.

Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble: unmistakably Ted Lewis.

Angela Mia: still my favorite melody.

If You Don't Love Me: played on the organ.

BRUNSWICK

The Glow Worm: a piano duet of that great tune. Nola: more by Phil Ohman and Victor Arden.

Once in a Lifetime: recommended.

Blue Shadows: Lopez depends on the violins too much. Why: impossible tune.

I Wonder: the vocal chorus is horrible.

Baby: sung by Adelaide Hall; and she is the nuts.

I Must Have That Man: two to one she gets him. Cinderella Blues: a gem.

Shine: best of the month.

Magnolia's Wedding Day: sloppily played.

Bandanna Babies: didn't click with me.

There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder: is selling fast. My Gal Sal: a little messy, but popular.

VICTOR

Tain't So Honey, Tain't So: monotonous tune which Willard Robinson does his best to make interesting.

Deep River Blues: knockout vocal.

Flower of Love: Ted Weems returns to recording with a smooth one.

Lonesome in the Moonlight: restful.

Some Sweet Someone: By the High Hatters, a new

I Wanna Be Loved By You: brisk.

Jeannine: the best of Jesse Crawford's later numbers.

King for a Day: you might like it.

My Window of Dreams: waltz played by Warings' Pennsylvanians.

Roses of Yesterday: done lightly.

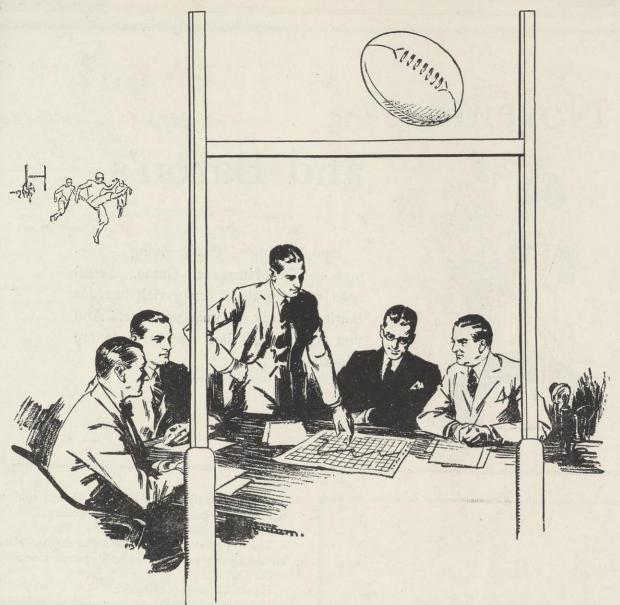
Low Down: the Virginians never could play together. Blazin': scarcely up to the Coon-Sanders standard, but still good.

I Wanna Be Loved by You: Helen Kane, star of Good Boy, is a novel little singer.

Is There Anything Wrong in That?: not a thing.

There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder: Victor has the best recording of this song.

She Didn't Say Yes, She Didn't Say No: lively.



# There are Goal Posts in industrial fields, too ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Must the exhibitation of contests waged and won die out of life on Commencement Day?

It must not. And it does not—not for many a college man who has discovered that the world outside of college walls is no less colorful than the world within.

For industry too has her five yard lines to mark a man's progress—her team play—and her goal posts. There are always victories to win—achievements to attain!

Sub-atomic secrets to be wrested from Nature; temperamental Commerce made to conform to consistent and scientific laws; mechanical, chemical and

electrical forces made to lift the burden of Production from men's backs—these are everyday victories still waiting to be won by men in college today.



## Western Electric

## November ---



## and Baron's

Homecoming — Thanksgiving — Formals — The Minnesota Game. You'll need warm coats of fur or rich lustrous fabrics lavishly trimmed with fur. And you will agree that our formals are adorable.

MEAT

Goeden & Company

As the football team of dear Old Goofus came running out on to the field, he was heard to remark:

"They're yellow."

The word was quickly passed about the stands and from all sides came the query in no uncertain tones:

"What?"

He smiled sweetly and said:

"The beautiful leaves, are they not more beautiful when they're yellow."



"I hear that Bill won an endurance driving contest last week. How did it happen?"

"Oh, he was looking for a place to park near the campus."



2nd Row, Center
I wonder how near they get in the near east?



Frater: Jones, run out and get me some I. W. W. matches.

Pledge: What's them, sir?

Frater: Aw, you know. The kind that strike anywhere

## Your Apparel Requirements--

Can be selected at this store with every assurance of correct styling in every detail.

Overcoats—tailored in accordance with our detailed specification will give that smart appearance so sought after by the more critical young men on the hill.

Priced conservatively at \$35 to \$100

## **Anderes & Spoo**

On Capitol Square 18 No. Carroll

Filling a pipe is a rite which, of a necessity, demands great consideration and deliberation. In the first place, it is necessary to have a pipe. A briar is best, but a corncob or clay pipe might be used.

Having procured a pipe, get some tobacco. The really correct thing to do is to borrow some, but if that is impossible the next best idea is to buy some, that is, if you really want to smoke.

The third procedure, having both pipe and tobacco together, is to put them together. That is to fill the bowl of the pipe with tobacco. In doing this, etiquette demands hat at least twice as much tobacco must be spilled on the rug as is put into the pipe bowl. The bowl, satisfactorily filled, must be tamped down. The thumb and forefinger are best used in this procedure, but the thumb alone is sometimes used.

You are now ready to smoke. The next item is a match. Not being able to find a match, you throw the pipe out of the window and nonchalantly light a cigarette with your cigarette lighter. (Deduction—I know you are the type of person who uses a cigarette lighter if you are the kind who will entertain smoking a pipe in the first place.)



The thing that determines style is the number of people who are foolish enough to do some crazy thing because someone else was crazy enough to do some foolish thing.

Diamonds

College Jewelry

Rings, Watches

R. W. NELSON

**JEWELER** 

Watch Repairing

320 State Street

Fairchild 4242

Formal Dress, although standardized, can still be distinctive, and yet avoid the extreme.

### HOAK & DUNN

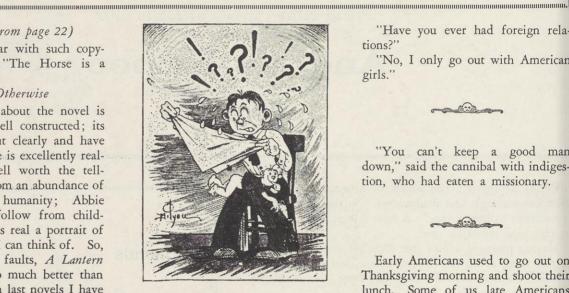
Gelvin's of Madison

644 STATE STREET

(Continued from page 22) which are on a par with such copybook maxims as "The Horse is a Noble Animal."

O. K. Otherwise

Everything else about the novel is first rate. It is well constructed; its characters stand out clearly and have real value; its scene is excellently realized; its story, well worth the telling, it is written from an abundance of observation and humanity; Abbie Deal, whom we follow from childhood to death, is as real a portrait of the pioneer as any I can think of. So, even with its two faults, A Lantern in Her Hand is so much better than eight out of the ten last novels I have read that I wish-in vain-that I could ignore its faults.



The Eternal Triangle Oklahoma Whirlwind

"Have you ever had foreign rela-

"No, I only go out with American girls."



"You can't keep a good man down," said the cannibal with indigestion, who had eaten a missionary.



Early Americans used to go out on Thanksgiving morning and shoot their lunch. Some of us late Americans do the same on Thanksgiving afternoon.

## How is Your Coal Supply?

WHEN IN NEED OF COAL WHY NOT RING

> CASTLE & DOYLE BADGER 1993

## O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants

Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street for Nearly A Half Century

May: I don't like Charles; he knows too many dirty songs.

June: Does he sing them to you? May: No, but he whistles them.

-Punch Bowl

Motor Cop: Why didn't you stop at first, young lady? Didn't you see me wave at you?

Alpha Phi: Yes, I certainly did, but I'm not that kind of a girl.

-Ski-U-Mah

Housewife (to garbage man): Am I too late for the garbage?

G. M.: No, mam; jump right in.

-Put

#### No Appeal to John

It was Johnny's first day in school. He hadn't been there more than a couple of hours when he vigorously waved his hand to attract the teacher's attention.

"Yes, Willie?"

"I don't wanna stay here no more."

"But, Willie, you can't go until school's out."

"Then, dammit, let me talk to me mommer on the phone."

The teacher called Willie's mother.

Says Willie:

"Mommer?"

"Yes, precious, what is the matter?"

"You'd better come and git me."

"Why, Willie?"

"Well, you'd better if you don't want me to grow up to be a damn bead stringer."

-Red Cat

Our Facilities For Serving You Are Better Than Ever!

FORDS—CHEVROLETS

## Capital City Rent-a-Car Co.

431 W. Gilman 531 State

Fairchild 334

## Hotel Loraine



Hotel Loraine Welcomes You Back to Madison, the Four Lake City.

# THE LEARBURY TUXEDO

Designed in deference to the wishes of the college man. You will enjoy this athletic type—easy, comfortable and smart—of course.

Come in for your Learbury Red Boy Windshield Stickers—Free.

KARSTENS 22-24 N. Carroll St.



WHAT THEY LAUGHED AT WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL



A VACANCY.

REPORTER.—I hear you have had trouble in your museum.

MANAGER.—Yes. I had to discharge one of the Siamese twins.

(Puck, 1893)



Her: I don't know whether to buy a brass or mahogany bed.

Salesman: Lady, you can't go wrong on a brass bed. She took the mahogany one. —Pelican

"Come in and browse"

## Brown's Rent Library

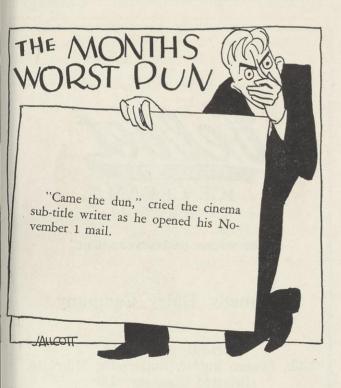
2c

Per Day 8c Minimum No Deposit

Over 1400 Titles

### BROWN BOOK SHOP

621-623 State Street



"Are those Chopin chords?"
"Nix, them's Handel bars.





## Training is Tough at Castor College

But then Castor is different from Illinois. Bob Zuppke, grand old man of Illinois, writes *How Hard is Football?* in the December College Humor. Knute Rockne also shares the spotlight with his *Football Is Fun*, with anecdotes from the Army-Notre Dame game.

"No college drunks are wanted," says Fred Waring, director of Waring's Pennsylvanians, who writes the formula of success for his famous college band.

Harvard, a searching analysis of America's grand old school, by Gilbert Seldes. One hundred million dollars can't be wrong!

Then there is the Collegiate Hall of Fame and the new College Sports department. Your college may be represented.

Wow! What an issue! Stop at your nearest news dealer and invest 35c in the December issue of COLLEGE HUMOR.

The University Co-Op

The University Pharm

Campus Soda Grill

Rennebohm Drug Stores Cramton's Pharmacy A George Bernard Shaw

## play "The Devil's Disciple"

on Fathers Week-End!

The dates: Nov. 16, 17 & 23 & 24 (Fathers Week-end)

The place: Bascom Theatre

The price: All seats One Dollar

Call or phone B. 1717

200 Bascom Hall special attention to mail orders

### The University Theatre

She: You certainly have a filthy mind.

He: You would, too, if you didn't change it so often.

—Rammer Jammer

Dear Old Lady: Dear me, what were those college boys arrested for down at the cemetery?

Constable: I caught 'em replacing the "No trespassing" signs with "Happiness in every box" advertisements.

-Rensselaer Pup

Odds 77,999 to 1

Spectator at O. S. U. game:

"Eighty thousand people here; well I'll be damned."

"Eighty Thousand People Here; Well I'll Be Damned."
"EIGHTY THOUSAND PEOPLE HERE; WELL I'LL

BE DAMNED!"

Bystander: Well, what'll you be damned about?

Spectator: Eighty thousand people here, and that darn bird picked on me!

-Flamingo

All Engraving in the Octopus Was Done By

## Brock Engraving Company

Artists and Engravers

4th Floor State Journal Building Phone—Fairchild 913



"our wagon passes your door"

Kennedy Dairy Company

Perfectly pasteurized
Milk, Cream, Butter, Buttermilk, Milcolate,
Selected Guernsey Milk

Phone B. 7100

### For those who care

### --a worth while printing service

#### Straus Printing Co.

118 East Main Street Phone Badger 1763

"Sue, your brother saw me kiss you! What shall I

The postman on a country route called Jim out and handed him a black-edge envelope.

"Looks like somebody died," he said.

"Y-yes," answered Jim in a worried tone, "it's my brother Joe. I recognize his handwriting."

-Chanticleer



Queen: Charles, the baby has a stomach ache. King: Page the Secretary of the Interior.

-Dirge

give him for hush money?" "Oh, he usually gets fifty cents."

-Ski-U-Mah



English 1-A

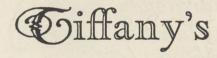
She: It says here, "A preposition is a poor word to end a sentence with."

He: That's the bunk. What'd you want to get that book to be read out of from for?

### Memorandum:

CEND home a box of Chocolate Shop candy for Thanksgiving. It will bring a happy thought of you and Wisconsin and sweeten the holiday for those at home.

The Chocolate Shop



#### **Exclusive Evening Gowns**

Superior in Quality Moderate in Price

Stressing Individuality along with Refinement

State Street

Fairchild 6060

## IT'S AN OPEN ADMISSION

IT'S an open admission that at The College Shop you will always find the type of clothing preferred by University men . . . Braeburn of Rochester . . . correct in style, of the finest imported woolens, and at a price you want to pay.

## THE COLLEGE SHOP NEXT TO THE LOWER CAMPUS



For convenience, comfort, smartness—durability—try this pull on glove of Calfskin. It's handcut with hand sewed back and hand—and it's washable. Quite the correct thing for street wear or driving—and comes in the newest shades—Creme and Russet.

**Daniel Hays Gloves** 

She: How do you like my hat?

He (absently): Fine! But do you realize that you have a run in one of them?

-Utah Humbug

She: Are you a big man on the campus?

He: Well, I dunno about that, but I'm the big noise at the library.

—Ski-U-Mah

Some people say a miss is as good as a mile, but we would much prefer a miss.

Dirty: What became of those black shoes of yours?

Shame: The patent leather ones?

Dirty: Yeh.

Shame: Oh, the patent on them ran out.

-Red Cat

# --The Right Way --The Best Way --The Only Way

### BADGER RENT-A-CAR CO.

We Deliver

Fairchild 2099

State at Henry

#### Sounds Probable

Two backwoodsmen in Maine knocked at the door of a house at the edge of the forest. "Hello, Ed!" said one of them to the farmer who came to the door. "Say, we come across the dead body of a man over there in the hollow, an' we kinda thought 'twas you."

"That so? What'd he look like?" asked the farmer.

"Well, he was about your build-"

"Have on a gray flannel shirt?"

"Yep."

"Boots?"

"Yep."

"Was they knee boots or hip boots?"

"Let's see. Which was they, Charley, knee boots or hip boots? Oh, yes, they was hip boots."

"Nope," said the farmer. "'Twasn't me."

-Purple Parrot

#### How They Do It

"Say, Joe, who's this Hunnyfunkle boy, anyway? What, he's a legacy! Well, listen, I don't think. . . Well, listen, Joe, for cat's sake, can't you consider . . . I know he's well recommended 'n' all that, but I simply won't . . . Well, you know this Finklestein is a helluva sweet boy. Aw right, go on and black ball him, you bum. Let's see, if you was to pass on Finklestein I might . . . You will? Fine, we're doing business. Say, those two are just the fellows we need for ol' Rho Theta Rho. Both of them are damn swell boys, ain't it so, Joe?" —H. J. S.

## Smart Shoulders are Wearing SUSPENDERS by PIONEER



Leading New York tailors advocate the wearing of suspenders for the proper hang of the trousers. Fashion is color and color is fashion. And when the collegian takes off his coat, he's proud to display his Pioneer Suspenders in their brilliant color combinations. And he realizes that "it's the hang of the trousers that matters."

PIONEER SUSPENDERS · PIONEER BELTS BRIGHTON GA

## CARDINAL BEAUTY SHOP

652 STATE ST.

Excellent Service Individual Styles Expert Workmanship

Open: Wed. Fri. & Sat. Evenings CALL F. 3966 Unbalance

I can never truthfully say,
"Once . . . was I a fool."
The lie of it shrieks to the heavens.
Better can I say,
"Once . . . was I wise."
Though one declares that once
A fool most worthy;
While I, again assuming the role,
Now wonder.

-Ananias

Revolt

All things are artificial,
I loathe them.
We must constantly bend to convention's wheel,
And my back aches.

-Ananias

Mother of Pearl is hard, but Pearl is apt to be harder.

## GILLER'S DELICATESSEN AND SANDWICH SHOP

For something different in food try Gillers. Our sandwiches and salads are delicious. Fountain service and Steak dinners.

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Everything in Eats

We Never Close

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M. H. LEVENICK

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619 University Avenue

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### McVicar's Photo Service

Photographic Specialists

723 University Ave.

Fairchild 4645

Announcing

A High Grade Lingerie and Hosiery Shoppe
For College Women

#### Badger Hosiery Shoppe

1355 University Ave.

Phone F. 4382

Little: These modern veterinaries are certainly getting good.

Joe: What do you mean?

Little: Why, I saw a sign yesterday saying, "Horses Retailed."

-Ski-U-Mah



Pat, a six-foot Irishman, was given a job at the door of a big theatre. He was well dressed up in a spiffy uniform and his sole task was to say "left" as the customers came in.

One day an elderly lady entered and he promptly chimed forth his "left." The lady turned to him and said, "but I have a mezzanine box."

Pat looked at her out of the corner of his eye and answered, "I don't care if ye have gold teeth. Left, left."

—State Lion

---

Well Now

"I was an innocent bricklayer's daughter before you came?"

"Maybe your father is still innocent."

-Green Goat

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—Typing

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Service

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#### College Typing Company

Badger 3747

519 N. Lake St.

At eight o'clock one Tuesday evening five members of a leading fraternity on the University campus resolved to spend the evening in concentrated study.

At eight-fifteen one remembered an engagement and left the house.

At eight-thirty one was called on the telephone and immediately went out.

At nine o'clock an automobile arrived and one was persuaded to accompany its occupant.

At nine-fifteen one discovered that there was an "educational film" on in one of the theatres and regarded it as necessary to see it.

At nine-thirty one discovered that the book he had been reading was not required in the assignment.

—J. M. Jr.



When we are kids we yell like hell when the old man tans us. When we grow up we try or die in the effort to get a coat of tan.



The eleven lined up. They surged forth, but with nary a gain. Again they lined up and awaited their chance; again they swung forth but again they were repulsed. Nimble dancer that he was he whirled himself and his girl friend out of the way just in time to prevent any of the eleven from cutting in on them.

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They do Typing—On Time

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Gift Wrappings a Specialty
Unusual Novelty Papers
Lovely Tyings

6

Boxes, Plain and Fancy All Sizes Enclosure Cards.

#### Who Cares About That?

Fond Papa: Just think, sonny, if you were down in Hawaii, Santy Claus couldn't come and leave nice presents for you.

Modern Kid: But pa, who in hell would care when those grass-skirted South Sea bims are around?

-Punch Bowl



Y. M.: Sorry we're late. The car's to blame for what happened to Dorothy, we couldn't get her started.

Mother: That's the first complaint I've had about my daughter.

-George Washington Ghost



Telephone conversation at the Bascom theatre office: Wistful little voice: I'd like to reserve three twentyfive cent seats for your next show.

Manager: Our lowest price is a dollar—we haven't any cheaper seats.

W. L. V.: What are all the balcony seats taken?

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There is always one just a little better . . . and it makes

a great difference—Call

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### COLLEGE RENT-A-CAR CO.

315 No. Henry

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Coal, Coke, Wood and Ice Gasoline, Lubricating Oils & Greases

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Haresfoot



The Union



The Octopus

?

What Have You?

## Democrat Printing Company

MADISON, WISCONSIN

annainmannanna.

#### To AN ANTIQUE

1

The Willow cried, I'll Pine for you.

Said the Red Wood, I feel Sick-a-more too;

And the Aspen shivered Briar side,

As the woodman cut down the Pop'lar bride.

2

An iron plane ran down her grain,
And workmen Gummed her sides with stain.
You'd Bawl-some too, she used to say,
If you were tooled into an antique tray.

3

The Teak tray groaned, the Worm wood stood, And Sandle wept, as Sandle Wood; While the cash drawer rang as never before, As the Pop'lar tray went out the door.

-Steve



Chicago farmer: Here stop shooting sister or I'll have to take that away.

Young son: Aw gee dad, I only used two bullets, she ain't half dead yet.



"Why do you call your girl Napoleon?"

"She's never particular about the place she's going to, and besides she always is a little general."



Say what you want, but John Erskine is the man who made Helen of Troy's life an open book.



Angry Killer: You are going to die in a hurry. Slogan Writer: That's it, old man, "If you are going to dye in a hurry, use Goofus Dyes."



If John Alden had only had a chance to read Elbert Hubbard's Scrapbook he might have said this:

"This guy Miles Standish sent me over to propose for him. Now this is the idea, Priscilla. You just go ahead and marry him. He's not so young anymore, and anyway soldiers don't live long. Besides, there's always a sashweight handy. Anyway, we can get away with a lot while he's off to war. When he finally does get himself killed, you'll be rich, and then we can live the life of Riley."



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STATE LAKE BEAUTY SHOP

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My Girl

In reverie I sit and smoke,
And tears come to my eyes.
Your snow white neck I loved to stroke,
Nor wished to criticize.

You were hot and cold, both night and day.
In fact, you were all right.
I loved you 'til you went away
My oldest girl, my meerschaum pipe.
—Steve

\_

"What does it mean when your nose itches?"

"You're going to have company."

"And when your head aches?"

"They have arrived."

-- 6000 -

"Mary had a little lamb

Its fleece were white as snow. . . ."

(Poor little lamb. Imagine how hard it would be to get rid of WHITE fleece!)

A farmer with a long flowing beard Once said he "was always a'feard Of gettin' it caught And cut off so sh'ot It would be a goatee, not a beard."

It's really Thanksgiving for the turkeys who live to see the day.

Some of those English kings didn't know enough to get out of the reign.

"Let me whisper in your ear?"
"Don't be crude. You know you couldn't get in it."

He: I feel that I am destined to be great. She: So do I. A great bust. Perfected Service Requires no Further Explanation

U. W. Rent-a-Car Co.

218 N. Bassett Street Fairchild 6676

"Say, do you think you can make me do anything I don't want to?"

"I wasn't trying to make you."



Mother (severely): Jane: Didn't I see you holding both of George's hands tonight?

Jane: Gee, Ma, a girl's got to protect herself, hasn't she?

-Sniper



Do Tell

"Keep your hands where they belong," came the girl's voice from the darkness. I crept closer on tiptoe. Sure enough—he was crowding her fingers off the ouija board.

-Red Cat



"Sandy's to be buried tomorrow."

"I dinna ken he ha' died."

"Yes, he went to seven ring circus and broke his neck."

-Drexerd

When flowers come

—to bear the senders thoughts,

it crowns the day with

happiness complete



University Floral Shop

723 University Ave.

\$......\$

Boy (on parking date): Well, I'm fit to be tied!

Girl (on same date): You most certainly should be!



A Bold-Legged Girl

She—J'hear about Bobette's stunt when she got back from Europe this fall?

Her-No, spring it.

She—Well, Bobette put off buying gifts until she was broke, so when she reached Madison she went up to mousearound shop and did her Paris shopping at home.

#### The Mouse-Around Shop

Upstairs at 416 State

++

Buy it at a Gift Shop

"That girl's a stenographer."

"Yes, I've noticed that she uses the touch system."



It was evening, and Rastus had come home from work, he, the best laborer of them all in the foundry. Calmly he kicked off his shoes and parked his feet on the kitchen table. His wife, busily frying the evening onions, turned towards him and sniffed. Then she cast a baleful eye at Rastus' immense dogs.

"Golly, Rastus," she murmured, "I'm suah glad you all ain't no centipede."



"Gee, but that guy's yellow."

"Scared, eh?"

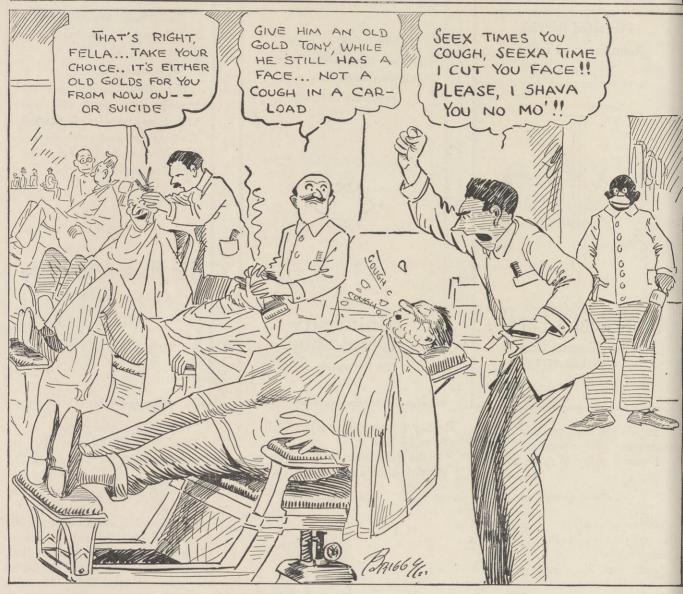
"No, Chinese."



If the theme song craze in the movies persists, the pictures will soon be made to fit the song.

And So His Face Was Utterly Ruined

By BRIGGS





The Smoother and Better Cigarette

.. not a cough in a carload





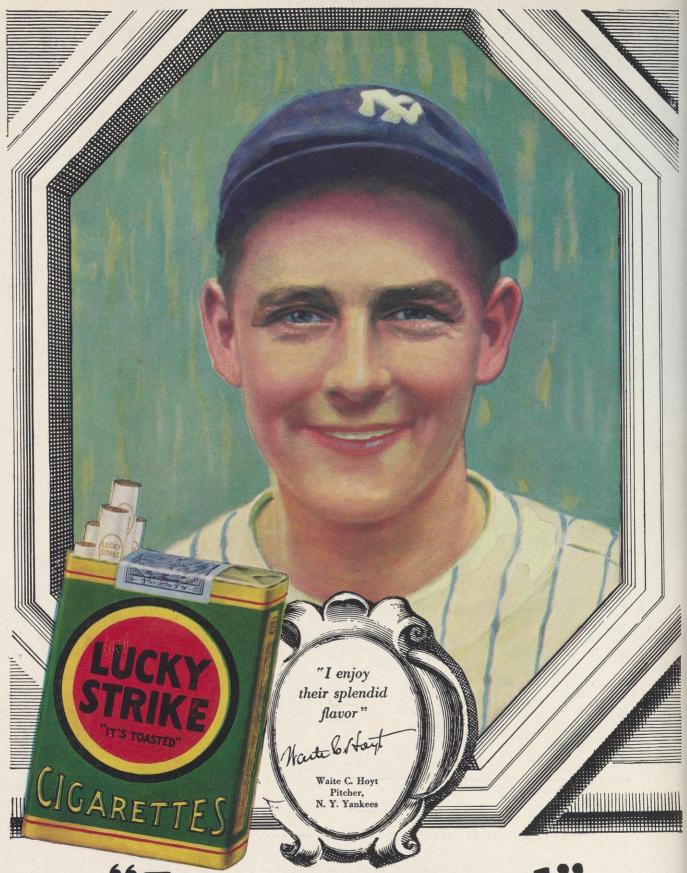
The open fire the glow of candles and shaded lights from far off lands youth quiet talk and laughter the choicest foods swift, careful service all invite you to dinner at The Coffee House!

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