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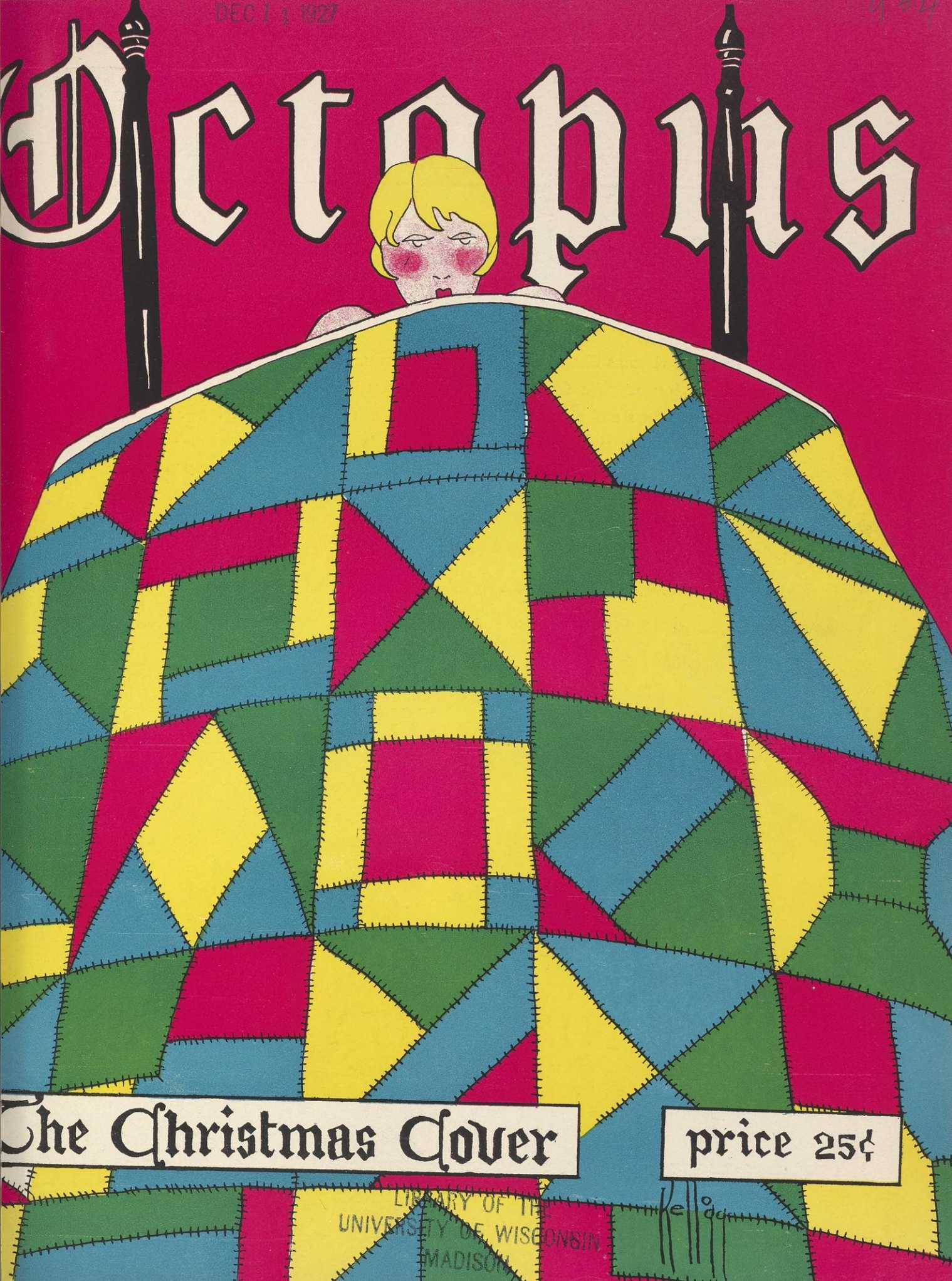
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DEC 14 1927



Dictopins

The Christmas Cover

price 25¢

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON

Buy Everything Possible On Your Co-Op Number

You Can Save 15% On Christmas Gifts When You Buy at The Co-Op

It's the wise Christmas Shopper who plans the buying of gifts for these early December days and plans to do it at The Co-Op. Every department of The Co-Op offers gift ideas and the 15% saving applies to all of them.

Roommate, father, mother and the various brothers and sisters can be cared for before leaving Madison. That's a double advantage—no last minute shopping to worry you and a 15% rebate coming from your purchases.



Gifts In Every Co-Op Department

BY WAY OF SUGGESTION

Hosiery

Lingerie

Gifts from

The Gift Shop

Books

Room Furnishings

Fountain Pens

Sport Wear

Clothing for Men

Scarfs

Formal Jewelry

Sporting Goods

Books

Hosiery

Ties

Books

The UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Manager

STATE at LAKE

GELVINS

GIFTS

Gifts that will fit right into any man's daily routine and yet because of their attractive design will carry all the merry spirit that a Xmas gift should.

Give him gifts from a real man's store, he will appreciate the extra thoughtfulness.

HOAK & DUNN

Gelvin's of Madison

644 State Street



**Merry
Christmas**

to everyone of you!

**And remember that The Irving
will be open for the service of
its friends throughout the
University's Vacation Period!**



**We
Welcome
You
!**

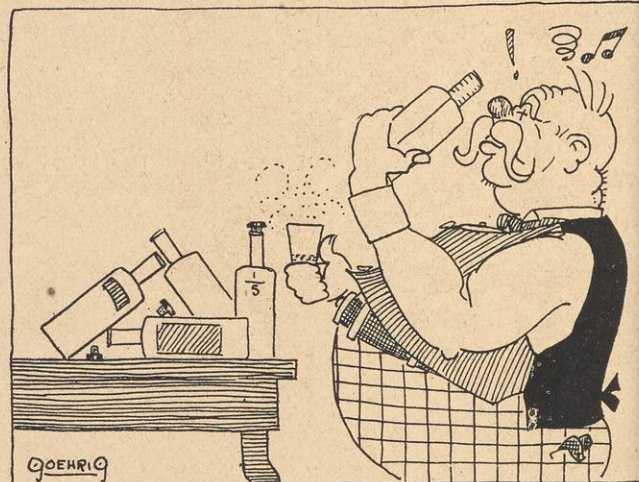
**IRVING COFFEE HOUSE
IRVING CAFETERIA
STERLING AT IRVING**



Because he wears Braeburn
Clothes, authoritatively styled
and tailored to perfection in
the preferred patterns, he can
rightfully claim to have IT.

The College Shop

Next to the Lower Campus



Beethoven's Fifth

"Look here, Mr. Tiffany, my wedding ring has turned green."

"How long have you had it, Madam?"

"Two years."

"Well, our wedding rings are only guaranteed to last
a natural married life-time." —Harvard Lampoon

OUR Rent-A-Car System is founded on value and service---to give you a car owner's comforts for the cost of a cab fare.

Before you get one of our cars we make sure that it will give you the best possible service and safety.

When you rent a Badger Rent-A-Car you will receive a full measure of satisfaction.

BADGER RENT-A-CAR

250 State St.

Fairchild 2099

Ist creek: Is he well to do?

IInd creek: No, but he's a friend of the district attorney.

Poet: These poems are children of my brain.

Editor: Poor little orphans.

Christmas, 2027 A. D.

There are some quaint old ideas connected with this day, which were injected occasionally into the feasting and gift-getting even as long as a century ago. It was a common story that men sang "Peace on earth", but the scientific research has since shown this to be psychologically inaccurate. Another of the queer ideas was that of it being "more blessed to give than to receive". Certainly this notion must have been ineffective, for never before has a nation been so prosperous by getting as ours is today. It even surpasses the mild form of commercialism which existed in 1927, when some papers talked about an "Empty Stocking" fund. This was presumed to be a clever ruse to sell more sheer hosiery.

Nevertheless, the ignorance of our predecessors a century ago is interesting, although, today, of course, we know much better.

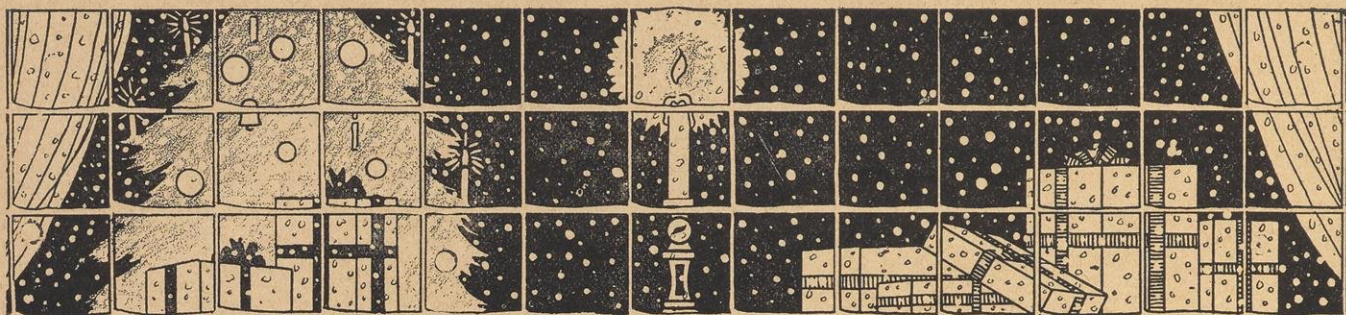
FRED W. KRUSE CO. EVENING MODES



New Party Gowns For Holiday Gaities

Unusually brilliant, more colorful than ever, our display of evening gowns is inimitably beautiful. In line and artistry, these exquisite gowns of chiffon, velvet, satin, lace, georgette and metallic cloths have never been more varied. Trimmed with beads, rhinestones, sequins feathers and gold jewelry there are naive and sophisticated types for every type of woman.

\$16.50 to \$85



For Thirty Years the Candles Have Shown On Choicest Gifts From the Hub

For thirty years The Hub has helped to make the Christmas season more enjoyable in hundreds of homes. University people since 1897 have found the gifts they prefer to give men and the gifts carrying more than the usual Christmas greeting — at The Hub. It's a record of which we are mighty proud and the service of thirty years will be climaxed this year with the loveliest display of gifts for men ever shown at The Hub. We invite you to call during the few days before you leave for home.

This Year, More Than Ever, The Hub is Madison's Christmas Store

We've planned for this busy Christmas season at The Hub. We have searched the markets for months to bring to you the finest of gifts for men. . . wearing apparel, sport's apparel, formal apparel, luggage, smoking equipment, the finest of haberdashery . . . everything that a man appreciates. Coming from the Hub he'll be assured of style and goodness in his gift.

*The Home of
"The Dunlin"
Approved by the
First Wisconsin Style
Conference*

*We Add Our
Sincere Wishes
For Your
Christmas and
New Year*

THE HUB
F.J. SCHMITZ & SONS CO.
Madison ~ Beloit

10% Cash Discount PLUS 10% Sales Check

Make This A Book Christmas!

¶ You can make your Christmas both pleasurable and profitable when you browse through BROWN'S well-stocked shelves of new books.

¶ You will find us glad to give you suggestions to guide you in selecting your books; and we will wrap them for mailing free of charge.

¶ Whatever you wish to find—biography, travel, science, fiction, poetry, drama, leather-bound volumes, or children's books—you will find an excellent assortment at BROWN'S.

¶ Remember—"Time cannot change, nor cares dull, your gift of a book."

"Come in and Browse"

BROWN BOOK SHOP

621-623 STATE STREET

Father: What a helluva son you've turned out to be.

Prodigal Son: You turned me out, Father.
—Jester

A snowflake
Tumbled
To the ground.
A co-ed
Stepped
Upon the snowflake.
That's it, exactly.

Prof—You must pass these exams.
Stude—And how.

Doctor: It's a girl, professor.
A. M. P.: Sh, my wife's in the room!
—Sniper



"Take the lead out of your feet."
"I can't, I was born in Chicago."

"Who is the member at large?" inquired the prison warden as he noted a discrepancy in the roll call.

"Do you pay your room rent by quarter?"

"Omigod no, it's much more expensive than that."

"This gun," said the salesman, "is good to the last drop."

"Going to the party?"
"Sure."
"Who ya draggin'?"
"Nobody."
"Don'tcha know you can't come stag?"
"Yes."
"Well—?"
"She walks—I ain't draggin' anyone."



Greetings

It is our desire to at this time express our appreciation for the patronage accorded us this past year by the students of Wisconsin. We wish you all a very merry Christmas and a jolly New Year.

Charter House



109 STATE

STREET

Use, In A Sentence, The Word

"Banal"

"Break it, an' dot vindow banal cost you vun dollar!"

"Terrorize"

"The cat! I'll terrorize out of her head!"

"Statute"

"It's statute ache that hurts me!"

"Falsify"

"Will you falsify ask you?"

"Whiskey"

"I wunner whiskey unlocks tha door?"

"Decalogue"

"Decalogue and put it on the fire."



Mr. Gillette waits up for Santy Claus

According to Mayor Thompson, England seems to lack Rex appeal.

What Price Glory?

(Thoughts of a Sophisticated Co-ed)

I've gone the pace, and I've earned my name;
I've drunk, and I've pet like the rest,
I've played my part in this whirl-wind game,
Now I've come to the end of my thrill-mad quest.

My illusions passed, and my idols fell,
As the sun might set at sea,
With only a faint scarlet ripple to tell
Of the beauty that used to be.

Life holds no more, or so it seems,
Yet I dream of a home, sun kissed,
Where I'll search anew through my rag-bag of dreams,
For the glory of love I have missed.

—M. D.

CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order

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



Charter House

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

Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165



Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165

Very Popular
This
Christmas

Cigar Lighters have become the "fad" of the day among men. Wherever men meet they compare lighters and extol the merits of their favorite make. Every smoker wants a good lighter.

Cigar Lighters
\$5.00 to \$15.00

Why not add to their pleasures with the gift of a fine lighter? We carry a very nice assortment in various makes that we will be pleased to show you.

R. W. NELSON
JEWELER

320 State

F. 4242



Dottie--*Ten people on my Christmas list and I haven't an idea what to give any of them!*

Lottie--*That's easy. Drop in at Simpson's. They have a most unusual collection of gifts that come from all over the world and they're inexpensive, too.*

Simpson's

23-25 N. Pinckney Street



Out to do a little Christmas shocking



The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



First Inebriate: Ish that the moon
or a street light up there?
Second ditto: Dunno — I'm a
shtranger here m'self.

Youth (translating): I leaned over
and kissed her tenderly . . .
Instructor: Well, go on.
Youth: I didn't go any farther.

"That's tainted money."
"Howcum?"
"Tain't yours, tain't mine."



"How many husbands have you
had?"
"Do you mean of my own?"



"Forsooth, knave, why blowest thy
horn so loud?"
"By m' faith, varlet, so I can't
hear the bad notes."

"I understand that Wooperup has a
good chance to make the gym team
this year."
"Huccum?"
"He's been doing the bars ever
since he came here."

She: Kiss me again tonight,
George.
He: I can't—again.
She: Why not?
He: Well, my name is Oscar, and
I haven't kissed you yet anyway.

"Mamma—does pappa dress loud?"
"You should hear him put on a col-
lar, dear."

"May use some of your tooth-
paste?"
"Yes, but put it back in the morn-
ing."



The Barber Eats His Spaghetti

ALLAN GETS A DATE

BY BOB GODLEY

Part I

AND here at Wisconsin are many, many pretty girls and there are many, many nice boys; and the girls do not continually make life miserable for the boys, for these sweet, sparkling, lovable children play to-gether and the game is called Love. There is professional, or Real Love, and there is amateur, or Puppy Love . . . and there is a cross between the two which is exceedingly difficult to play because the score is always so one-sided.

And there is no better playground than Madison. A mysterious Indian lake, a shaded campus, a drowsy city, a gorgeous capitol, and a friendly and sophisticated moon gave the game its start, and the delightful, happy children bring youth and joy as their inspiration to this golden university.

And so we tell a story . . . now once upon a time . . .

It was late autumn and the trees along the drive stood bare and desolate, waiting for another spring to send the children out beneath their caressing branches. The lake was very bleak and gray, and a sharp wind sent the drab leaves scurrying across the wet cinder road. The whistle on the University heating plant let forth a blast that signaled the hour of five. From a distance came the faint notes of old Music hall clock. At the last stroke, two very different people entered the scene to an accompaniment of bitter waves snapping sharply at the cold dark bank.

The girl was Patricia Bryant, pretty, popular, and proud, riding horseback to make up a few sophomore gym credits which she had not considered important the year before; and the boy was Allan Douglas, avowed woman hater, driving a nice shiny Rent a Ford back from a visit to his aunt in Shorewood Hills.

Apparently nothing could happen, but Fate, sitting in the watchtower, decided to throw a few switches. So, by coincidence, the horse stepped on a half buried hay rake, which comically struck him where the whip should have been applied, and he leapt into the road directly in front of the roaring menace. The Ford swerved, snorted, and stalled; the horse broke into a gallop, hurdled the nearest fence, and raced toward the stable and the feed box; the girl parted



company with her steed and rolled into a nearby ditch; while the young man tilted his cap back over his sandy hair and grinned as he dismounted to lend her his assistance.

She very womanly straightened her hat and regarded him reflectively.

"Damn," she murmured sweetly.

"Little girls shouldn't play with animals."

"Little boys shouldn't run their express wagons so fast."

His gray eyes introduced themselves to her blue ones and they both laughed. Allan helped her to her feet and into the car. He thanked his gods that he had found one woman who did not look like an acrobat in a riding habit.

"You aren't hurt, Patricia?" he inquired lamely, as men will, after seeing that she handled herself quite stiffly.

"N-o-o-o-o . . . just shaken a little . . . I know your name too," she finished triumphantly after taking mental inventory of herself.

"Now isn't that nice!" and they both laughed, she lightheartedly and he a trifle embarrassed.

"They also tell me that you are very cynical or something, and that you are disillusioned with women, and that you are, incidentally, quite brilliant . . . but I don't think people should be cynical, it's your own fault if you're disillusioned and if you were really brilliant, you'd offer me a cigarette.

"Camels!" he replied in the tone of a man offering his brother arsenic.

"I like 'em."

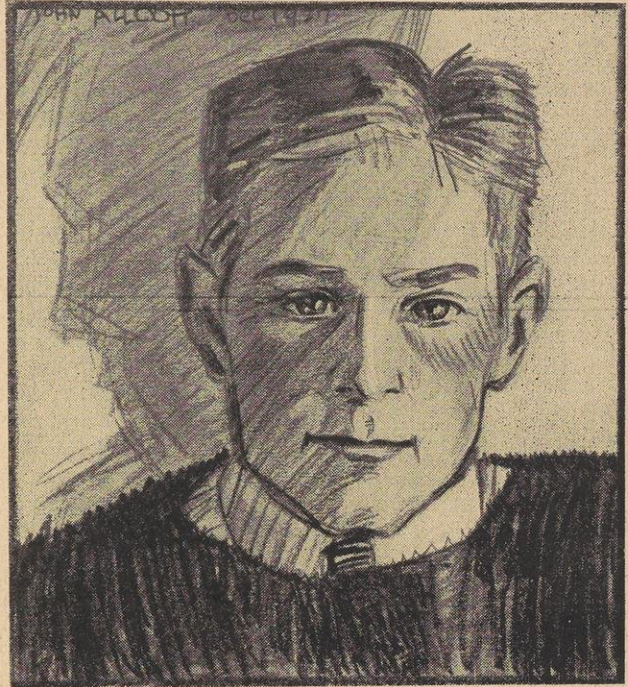
He watched her very closely as she placed the cigarette a little to the left of the center of her mouth and inhaled the first breath. And he marveled because here was a woman who did not grab for her compact or pose with her tobacco.

It was quite a silent ride along the lake in the gathering dusk, but he found himself feeling quite at ease with her, which was strange because she was the first woman he had ridden beside in two years. He did not care to talk and she must have realized it. Men who are alleged to be disillusioned with women can not be impressed by feminine prattle, and she, a very wise little girl, knew it. He wondered why he hadn't dated more in Madison and his mind ran toward many summer nights in his home town with the girls he had planned to marry, and the dozen others that he had planned not to



Allan thanked his Gods that he had found one woman who did not look like an acrobat in a riding habit.

JOHN ALLOTT



A L L A N

. . . and to a hundred nights and days of dances, parties and brawls . . . and he wondered what it was all about and why he had outgrown such things.

It was almost dark when they pulled up in front of the sorority house with a typical Rent a Car roar, and he spoke for the first time.

"What about that horse?"

"He's safe or dead by now . . . I am really not enthusiastic over his welfare."

He looked into her eyes again, and wondered why. Touching her elbow very lightly he guided her up the steps. There was something very appealing about that elbow and he was loath to leave it as they reached the door.

"You've been awfully nice, even if you did start everything."

"I'm so sorry . . . maybe I can take you somewhere Sunday night and make up for it," he drawled, his manner belying his thoughts.

"I don't think you can . . ." she answered carefully, looking right into his eyes, . . . oh, come around about five o'clock," she decided, smiling.

Allan felt a strange desire to fly. Luckily he did not, but hastened his departure.

"Good night, Patsy."

"Good night, Allan, . . . had a nice time at your party."

She then vanished into the interior of the house, and proceeded to 'phone a certain young man and tell him that she was very sorry but that she had discovered a previous engagement for Sunday . . . and the young man believed her, for she was that kind of a girl, and he was quite in love with her. Then

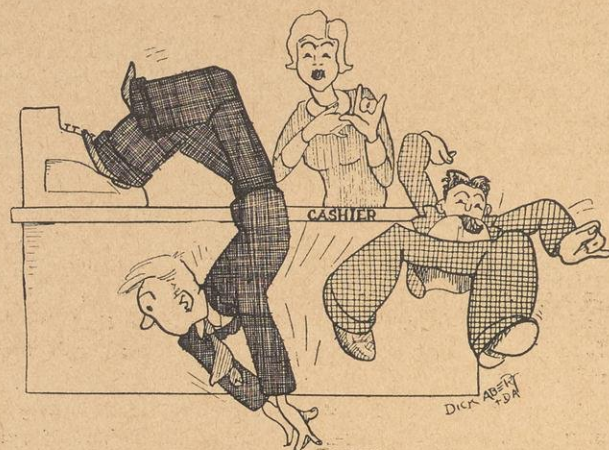
(Continued on page 40)

Horrible Examples Number Three

Christmas Fishing

"Hello . . . yes, this is Evelyn . . . who . . . oh, I'm well thanks . . . what month is this? . . . are you trying to kid me? . . . no, I don't believe in Santa Claus, and besides I have lots of studying to do tonight . . . what does a girl want for Christmas? . . . oh that's diff—I mean you'll forgive me for being so cross, won't you Georgie? I've had SO much work to do lately I'm just not myself . . . well, let's see . . . what kind of a girl is she? . . . Like me? . . . oh, well girls like me want nice things for their rooms like pictures and desk sets and carved book ends . . . different type of things? . . . well there's always bracelets and scarfs and buckles and pins and things like that . . . oh yes, and things like necklaces get over big . . . or why don't you find out where the girl is going to be for vacation and plan a big week end? . . . now you suggest something, I simply am all out of ideas . . . books—a set in real Morrocco leather? . . . well, girls don't read novels much anymore . . . no, Georgie, not flowers, do you think this is Easter? . . . sensible handkerchiefs? . . . oh, girls simply don't use them, but there are lots of really ducky ones of French lace—they're not *too* expensive . . . why worry about what you're going to give your family? . . . yes, but they have to pay for it anyway. . . . OoooH!—Why I simply won't stand being talked to like that . . . What's my address at home? . . . why do you want it? . . . A CHRISTMAS CARD! . . . well I'll be . . . hello . . . operator . . . why the idea—he hung up . . .

—Jonah



Two Fellows Flipping to see Who Pays

"That saying that girls come to Wisconsin to get married is a lotta hokum."

"How do you know?"

"I've asked 'em all."

Around Christmas it's no small gift to keep a girl.

She: How do you know he just loves to dance with you?

Her: Why, at the end of last dance I heard him say, "Thank God."

"History repeats itself," said the lad as he flunked Medieval 1a.

Mr. Babbitt's Christmas

"Hell, I'm tired. What day is it—Christmas? What—again? Breakfast—not much—Ma Babbitt's too busy getting Christmas dinner for relatives and friends. The kids yelling, tooting new horns, fighting over the presents. Says Ma Babbitt, 'Oscar, look at your gifts.' What the—socks, ties, handkerchiefs, a belt—what's this—cigars? Puff—my God, Emma, where'd you get these? Dinner, carving the turkey. Shut up Junior, don't pound on the table. Ate too much. Emma, I won't play bridge. Trumped your ace, sorry. Set two hundred, hell. 'Come, Oscar, let's have a light lunch tonight.' Movies—Lillian Gish—sour. Wish I were in bed. Home. Bed. Hell, Christmas."



Gigantic Engineering Feet

"We are now passing the most famous brewery in Berlin," explained the guide.

"We are not," replied the American tourist as he hopped off the sight-seeing bus.

"John, why do I have to pay the government when I bring these things home?"

"That's just custom, Mary."

"Do you play golf in winter?"

"No, why?"

"I see you keep your golf clubs there in the corner of your office."

"Oh yes, I break one every time I become angry."

"You can't pull that around here," exclaimed the Whitehouse guard as the garbage wagon started towards the front lawn.



"Where can I get a drink of water?"

"In the scuttlebutt."

"But what?"

"Do you want to take a chance on a new sedan?"

"Buddy, I've taken too many chances on cars and all I get is worn out."

Anybody can ski jump, but we can't all land right.

"What you all doin' Rastus?"

"Ah's in de secret service."

"Oh wukin' fo' de gov'ment huh?"

"Nope, fo' a bootlegger."

Economists affirm that the music profession is on a sound basis.

"Is she talkative?"

"Even her teeth chatter."



EPIC MOMENTS

Sorry plight of the students who were hanging on the professor's every word when his voice cracked.

HELPFUL GIFT SUGGESTIONS

GIRLS NEED NOT BE embarrassed if they wear the new and handy little lead weights which fasten onto the bottom and prevent the skirt from flying up. May be detached quickly when desired.

* * *



Handy Combination for Chaperones

A FIRST CLASS GIFT to call you every morning—(and what it won't call you)—A parrot that really swears. Trained birds in all colors and sexes guaranteed to swear at your bedside each morn in clear concise English (or French if you live at Le Francois Maison). When ordering, state hour you wish to be waked, assortment of words desired, and accent of bird you wish (eastern, southern, or south Chicago).

* * *

MOST ANYONE WOULD like a chic little "blackjack" or sandbag finished in unborn rat. Very handy for use on the person who insists on describing his European trip. Tiny silver bell rings each time "Blackie" is struck.

* * *

BUSTER, THE DOG, will be disappointed if you don't bring him something. Why not a cute little box of flea powder all done up in a special Christmas Holly package with a little verse on the outside? Send for flea, ill-fated booklet.

FOR THAT QUAINT old grandmother of yours back in the hills of old Tucky there are the most adorable corn cob pipes in sets of three with a red ribbon around the stem of each. Draw better than a team of mules. With each set, a fistful of "Toothless Mongrel Mixture." Can't bite.

* * *

IF YOU HAVE this handy soap container you won't be fumbling at the bottom of the tub half the time. Tiny ship with sails set floats gaily around the ring with the bar of soap on its deck. Accept no scrubstitutes!

* * *

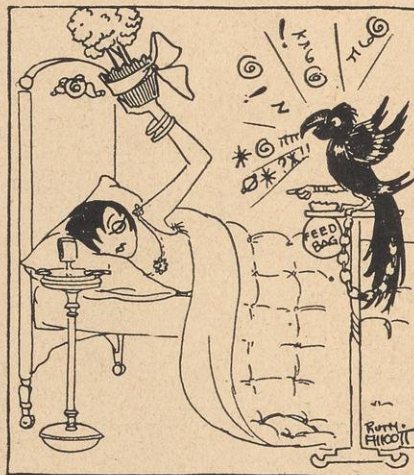
THE MAN WHO TRAVELS will appreciate the pocket dictaphone which fits under the coat lapel. Enables one to pick up and retain a permanent record of stories told in the smoking room. Amuse your friends. Be popular.

* * *

JOE COLLEGE WOULD love to have a pair of "Dynamite Heels" on his shoes. A small roll of caps fits into each heel plate and explodes deliciously every time you make a step. The acme of heel clicking.

* * *

EVERY FRATERNITY and sorority needs a pair of these combination blinders for their chaperones. Attractive as well as practical. Guaranteed.



A Swearing Parrot to Wake You

anteed to keep chaperone and party warm.

* * *

WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY and it's snowing out and the room is warm and cozy, you'll enjoy a special little gift package of pickled herrings. Irresistible as they stare



Why Not a Pipe for Grandma?

up at you with their great sad eyes. May be eaten in bed with a minimum of noise and discomfort to roommate.

* * *

A GOOD JOKE is liked by everyone. A trick pencil that looks just like an ordinary Eversharp contains a barrel full of nitro-glycerin. When the point is pressed, a spring is released which sets off a dynamite cap in the head killing one and maiming several. Breaks the ice at stiff formal parties. All your friends will want one.

* * *

TO WHILE AWAY dull winter evenings for father, why not buy him a neat little leather case to hold your unpaid bills in? Comes in red, brown, and green tooled leather with name on outside in gold dlettering. Send us the address of your father and all your unpaid college bills and we will mail it to him with bills enclosed, including price of present.

He: I'm gonna kiss you every time a star falls.

Her (ten minutes later): Say, are you bothered by spots before your eyes?

"My love for you is driving me mad!"

"Well, shut up, it's affecting pappa the same way and he's got insomnia."

First robber: Did youse clean that filling station out?

Second cab driver: Whatcha think I am—a janitor?

Tuff guy: Whyinell don'tcha blow your own horn once in a while?

Timid soul (with cold): Oh—I left my hanky home.

Now that the fight between the pacifists and militarists is over, perhaps the rest of the people can do something about peace.

Sweet young thing: Hevvins, but that coal man is dirty.

Another one: Uh huh.

First S. Y. T.: Is he like that all over?

Second S. Y. T.: No.

First S. Y. T.: Gee you know EVrything, don't you?

He: We'll cut across the lot.
She: Yes, that'll be a lot nearer.

Lady (sarcastically): Do we have to pay for the water you put in the milk?

Milk man (sarcastically): No mum, that's thrown in for good measure.

"That lets me out," said the prisoner as he sawed the last bar.

Voice on phone: I'm out of basketball for the season.

At this end: Oh, goody, now we can go to the Prom!

V. O. P.: But I broke my leg.

"Boy, out in Gin Gulch, we're so tough we eat bailing wire for spaghetti!"

"Nottin'! where I come from we know what is is, and eat it just the same."



First Stude—Gee, that's a pretty tie. Buy it at the Co-Op?

Second Stude (gloomily)—Nope. It's a Christmas Present.

First Stude—Ugly, isn't it.

He had been drinking. She could smell the alcohol on his breath. Speeding on recklessly, they narrowly escaped a collision. They took a corner at a rate that made them careen madly.

Just before them there was a huddled group.

"John," she hissed, "Be careful or you'll hit them."

On they went without slackening speed until they hit a wall.

"John, I told you we'd hit them. Why do you dance like that?"

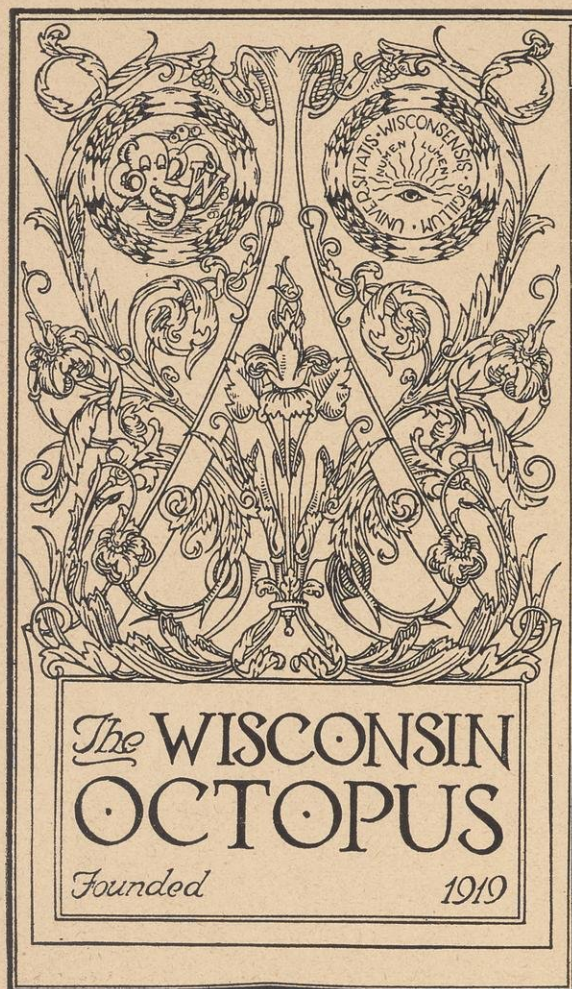
"Did you step out last night?"

"Say, I haven't walked back yet."

"Was she the kind of a girl you'd give your name to?"

"Yes, but not your right name."





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Katherine Howard	Florence Taub
Mortimer Huber	

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Vol. IX

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 4

Tonight

MINIATURE whirlwinds of snow race aimlessly across the campus, howling to a frozen and far away moon. Squares of light glow dully and steadily along trackless streets. Bent figures bustle along, gasping, saying nothing, for Winter is a husher of voices that try to speak in the open.

Behind a square of light, up in a room, a radiator hisses and rattles. There is a rustle of paper and the listless scratching of a pencil. Study? No, just lazy wonderings. The wind shrieks around a corner, doors bang in its wake.

Back on the streets the shop windows are red and green behind frost-splashed glass; the shopkeepers stir restlessly as they look at the calendar and the cash register.

Back in the houses the windows are frost-splashed too, and there are green wreaths hanging in them; the people inside stir restlessly as they look at the calendar and their check books.

Above all this—yet softly creeping its way into the heart of it all—is a spirit, a holy spirit, a young-old spirit. It is the spirit that was born nearly two hundred decades ago in a manger that lay in a far off land.

Christmas is almost here—don't you understand? We're going to be free for a while, we are going home!

And the miniature whirlwinds of snow race aimlessly across the campus, howling to a frozen and far away moon, it's Christmas time.

And Octy hopes your Christmas is happy.

CONTRIBUTORS

Gordon Hansen
Ronald Smith
Memphis Bauer
Holly Smith
John Dresser

John Powell
Ruth Allcott
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Andy Decker
Don Trenary
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QUATRAINS FROM THE RUBAIYAT OF NANCY, THE MAN-MAKER

By Memph and Mona

1.

A table small, with lamp of blue,
A cigarette, a bit of Scotch, and you
Clutched close, and singing to the orchestra,
Oh Hollywood were Paradise for two!

2.

"Come, take my pin and wear it for a sign;"
And he's the one who fell for Nancy's line.
At most, it grants but necking privileges,
I'm his until another beats his time.

4.

A transient Love to you is no less real;
The thrill remains as long as you do feel
My mouth close-pressed that merges in the urge,
Biologically known as Sex Appeal.

5.

Oh, Love, could you and I 'gainst them conspire,
Who ruled that all Co-eds must pet like fire
To keep their popularity; why I
Would save my kisses, and be yours entire.

6.

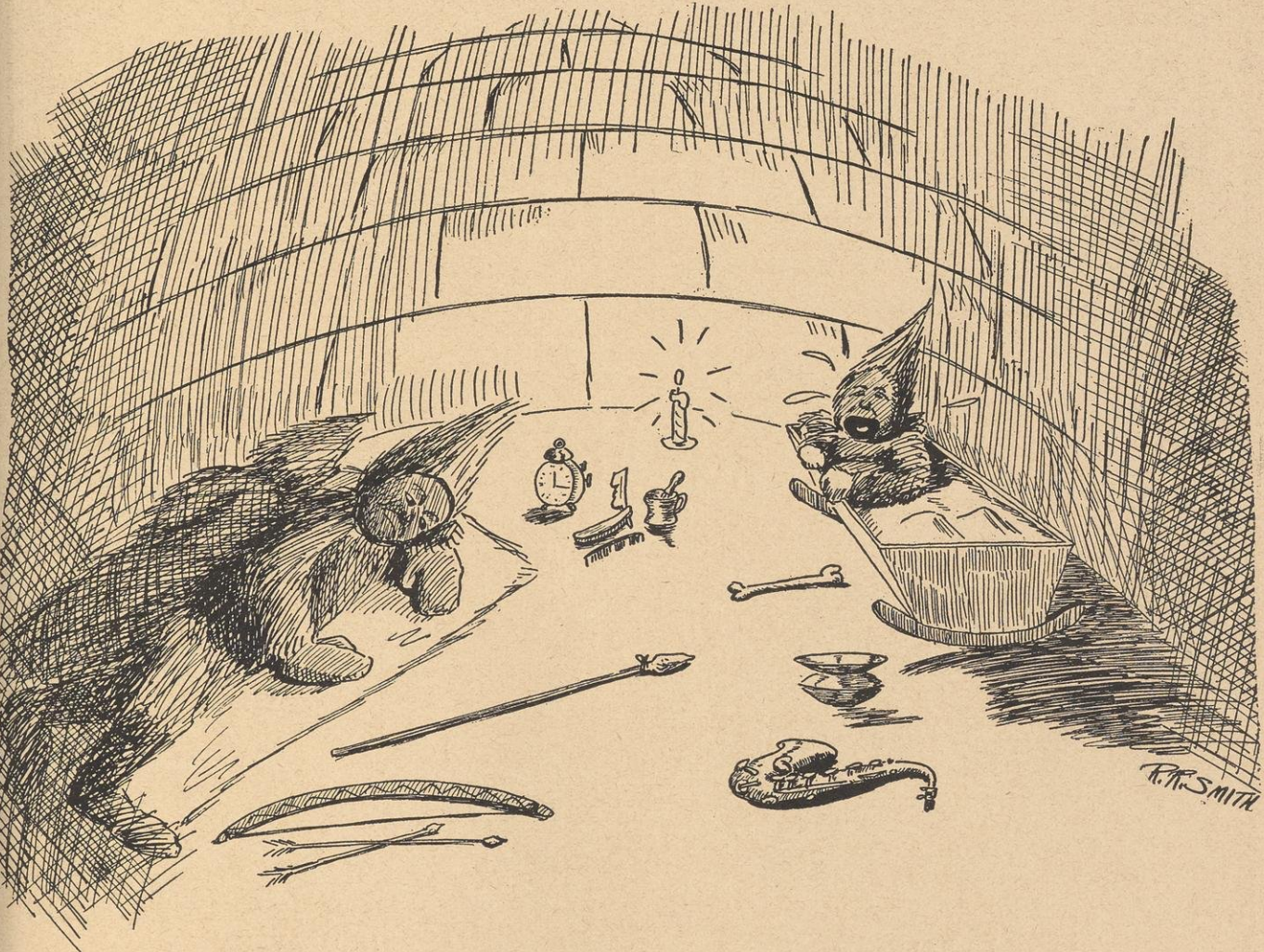
But think not, lest I, seeing you depart,
Should lose, or know the type no more;
You may have left a scar upon my Heart,
But in that self-same Heart stands wide a door.

7.

We are no more than a moving row
Of shadow-shapes like those the movies show;
We move, we play, and Love our Soul awakes;
The difference is, we pay for our mistakes.

11.

And when, like me, Oh Freshman, you shall pass,
Resisting, but still reach the Senior Class,
Think not you'll be remembered, for like Each,
You'll simply be one more Forgotten Lass.



Baby Eskimo: Bawwwwww! I wanna drink!

Mother Eskimo: Shut up—it's only two months 'till morning.

4 - FAMOUS XMAS EVES - 4



IN CHICAGO

[the children go on a slaying party.]



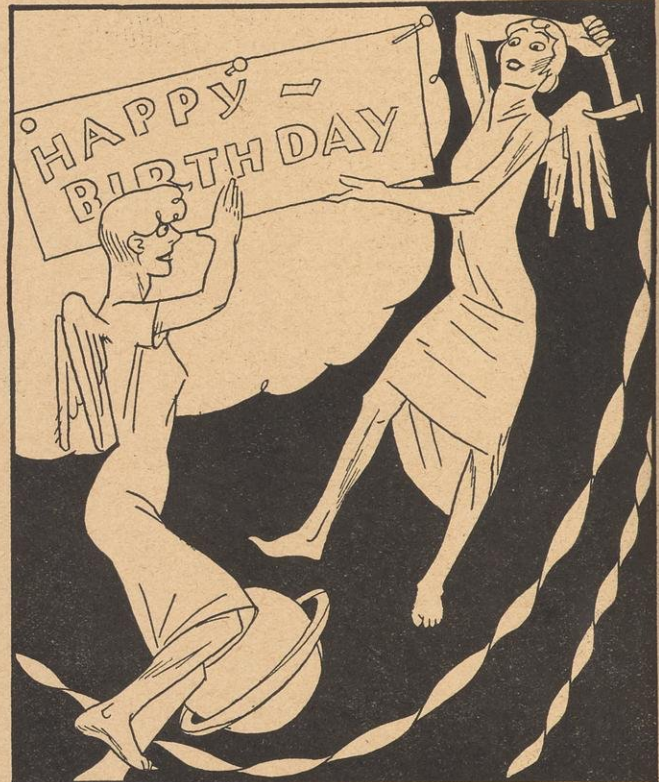
IN DARKEST AFRICA

[contrary to the tenets of the church a Missionary gets stewed.]



IN HELL

[sitting around the fireplace.]



IN HEAVEN

[decorating for the big celebration.]

CHRISTMAS ON THE FLOATING UNIVERSITY

Quite a pretty little story by John Powell

Christmas on the Floating University was not a huge success, really. Dolly D. had presented a dean's excuse and a letter from her mother asking for an extension; she had presented it to the president in San Francisco, but they were nearing Australia when he finally took action granting her request, so it looked as though she would stay right there. However, as she was officially gone . . . "the faculty agreed to take no notice of her."

"I am all at sea," she confessed to Billy B. Damped. "Of course, I waive my vacation, and I think it's just swell not to be swamped with work; but I'm sunk if they get an ocean that I forged that letter!"

"S' all Ri," Billy encouraged her. "I've liquidated m' assets, and we'll drown our sorrrers. C'mon down to Davy Jones' locker."

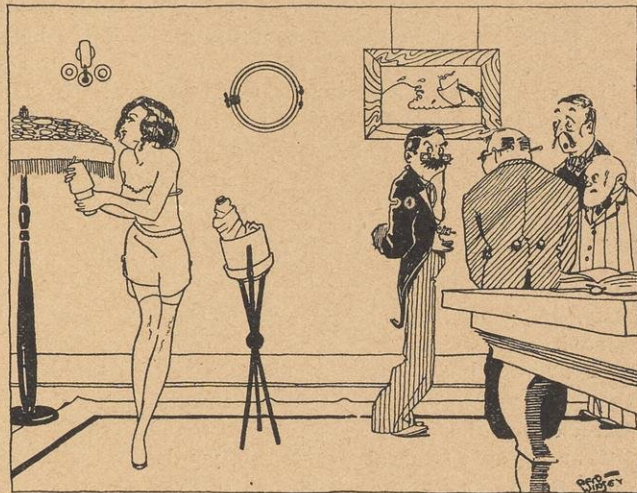
So they went down to the saloon where Queen Marie was sitting at the samovar, while Garbutt . . . "Sig" as his pals knew him, "Sig" Garbutt was squatting on an embroidered Turkish Allah Akbar, munching Russian Czardines.

"She's not a real queen," Billy whispered to Dolly biting her ear to relieve her embarrassment. "Queen in name only, you know, society stunt. She never reigns, but she pours."

"Won't you join me in a cup of tea?" urged Sig politely, and Dolly said she would. So they got in, and snuggled down. Then poor tired little Dolly, sleepily thinking she was in her own berth and soothed by the motion of the vessel went right straight to sleep, and dreamed the queerest dream!

It was all about Sanity Claus, as the Purity League calls him. Poor Sanity! He had a dreadful time getting his sleigh down onto the deck; "show me a deck, and I'll show you some real sleigh of hand," he said to himself. "You've gotta get up early in the morning to hang any trimmings on old John P. Nicholas." Chuckling proudly, he stepped head first into what he thought was a chimney, but turned out to be a ventilator; and head first, ker-flimp, ker-somff; he tumbled into the very lap of the Queen!

"Son!" she shrieked, clasping him delightedly, "son, dear old Son!" Then she got her eyes straightened out for a minute, and saw who it was. Her face turned pail—in fact they feared she'd kicked the bucket. Her



The faculty agreed to take no notice of her

lips compressed into about three ounces of paint. "You!" she said. That was all. Just "you!" Not "You very particular something or other." not "What do you think of Eugene O'Neill?" not even "There! I've swallowed my upper teeth!" Dolly thought afterward that, were it she, she'd have said something religious, like "My God!" "Holy Moses!" In fact, she may have said it.

At all events (how silly! Can you imagine anything more meaningless?) Santa righted himself and hastily began hauling things out of his sack.

"Here," he explained heartily, "here's a pound of diamonds for Dolly; and here's a bushel of banknotes for her too, and a quart of brandy. Now isn't she lucky! I'll just put them here in this little cupboard—how d'you open the door? Oh, I see—here in this little cupboard, so, and close it again, so, and write: "Do not open until December twenty fifth" and if any son of a gun says Xmas I'll give him life!"

There was an uncomfortable pause. Kris Kringle looked belig-- belligar-- bel-- he looked mad.

"Well," he roared, "what's wrong with that?"

The Queen giggled. "That wasn't no cupboard," she said in a deep bass, "that was a porthole."

First little boy: There ain't no
Santy Clause—it's just your father.

Second l.b.: Thass a lie—my
father won't wear red knickers.

When she walked back she discov-
ered pumps didn't keep her feet dry.

He with the haggard look: Oh,
gosh, but I'm sick.

Helpful Friend: What's the
trouble?

He W. T. H. L.: I think that ham
I ate was too far gone to be cured.

To My Love

My love delicious,
With your hands so pink,
You must wash dishes
In the kitchen sink.

No fraternity will ever be accused
of being a labor union.

Business men are easy to find out.

ALL GAUL IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PARTS

By Don Trenary and Bob DeHaven

"IT IS Christmas Eve," said Mr. L. Burbank moodily, "And the skies reflect the glory of the holiday spirit. Heaven abounds and the earth rejoices, and the people of the firmament spread the glad tidings. Do you know where in hell our tinsel is?"

There was no immediate reply. A puff of smoke arose from the fireplace at the other end of the room.

"Christmas," said General Grant, "Ah, Christmas . . ."

There was the tread of martial feet and the room was entered by a company of soldiers, their plumes flashing gaily. A smart lieutenant stepped to General Grant and saluted.

"Your wife has committed suicide, sire," he said.

"How like Laura," said General Grant. "She always was a clever girl. But she never did *that* before."

"Youth," said General Grant, "ah, youth."

A horn-rimmed secretary dashed through the door.

"You called?" she asked.

"Miss Ambrosia," said L. Burbank. "Take dictation."

So Miss Ambrosia rolled the solid mahogany desk up to a chair and poised a pencil expectantly.

"You don't mind?" she asked General Grant.

"Not at all," he said. "I'm not prejudiced."

"Ready, Grant?" asked L. Burbank. "Ready, Miss Ambrosia? 'Mr. S. Claus, General Delivery, North Pole. Dear Mr. Claus. Yours of twenty-fifth received and in reply would state that order of purple neckties is in excess by fourteen, also spring broken on electric train No. 4414. A man in your position, Mr. Claus, must realize that what the world demands now is SERVICE'."

"That's very convincing," said General Grant.

"Very," said Miss Ambrosia, and the echoes took up the cry and shouted "Very" until they were hoarse, which was, you know, a quite long time.

"Greece has fallen, Rome has decayed," continued L. Burbank. "From the sands of the desert and the woods of the mountains comes the cry, the cry of a multitude in distress. I want a new handle for our pump. It is a green pump. Sincerely yours, . . ."

"Oh, that reminds me," said Miss Ambrosia, and she got down and rolled on the floor.

"She does that," said General Grant, "for her health."

"Do it for my uncle," said L. Burbank, "He's unhealthy, too."

So Miss Ambrosia did a few complimentary turns for L. Burbank's uncle, who was unhealthy, and then rose.

"Where were we?" asked Miss Ambrosia.

"In Tombstone, Arizona," said General Grant. "It was the winter of 1862, or was it '64?, and I was talking to Chalk Nelson, and he said . . ."

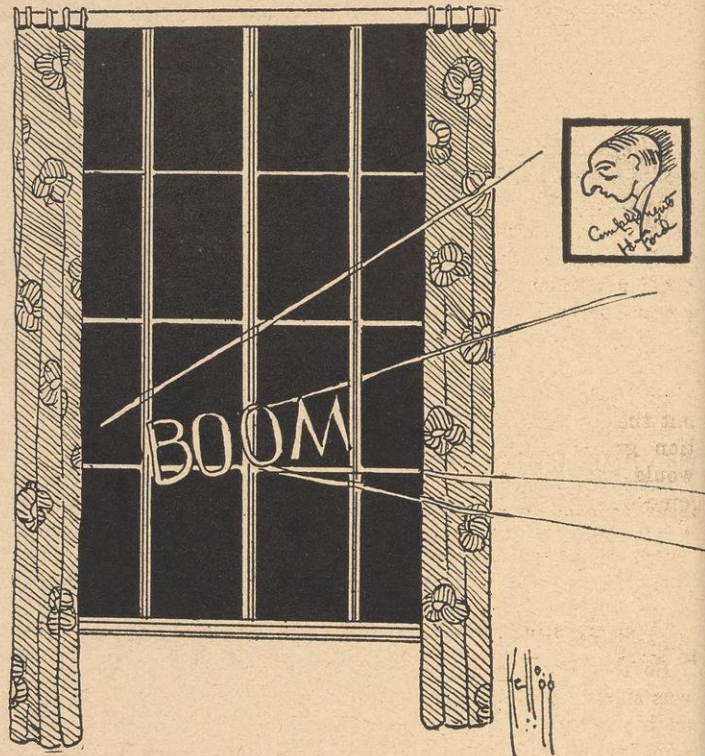
A noise from without interrupted his speech. L. Burbank strode to the door.

"You," he cried, "Hey, YOU!"

In a few moments the dapper lieutenant entered the door.

"What's the damn noise?" asked General Grant.

"The revelers, sire," answered the lieutenant, and he saluted very dapperly indeed.



"What's that damn noise?" asked General Grant

"Tell them we don't want any," said L. Burbank, so the lieutenant told them they did not want any, and they departed to the domino factory, where sandwiches and hot lemonade awaited them.

"Oh Golly!" said General Grant.

"Golly what?" asked Miss Ambrosia.

"Golly Whizz," said General Grant. "I forgot to have the cattle dehorned."

"Consternation was written on each face, even on that of L. Burbank, where it vied with a bit of orange marmalade for prominence.

"I have an idea," said Miss Ambrosia, excitedly, "Let's do it now."

"But they are red cows," said General Grant dejectedly, "and we have lost the red cow dehorner."

"Let's try a Boy Scout knife," said Miss Ambrosia, "They must be good for something."

"Or a screw driver," said L. Burbank. "I once dehorned a Cadillac with a screw driver."

. . .

The chimes of the church across the way boomed the hour of midnight. The happy voices of a happy multitude ascended from the darkness. Far off a canon boomed.

"Merry Christmas," cried General Grant.

"Merry Christmas," cried Miss Ambrosia.

"Merry Christmas," cried L. Burbank.

General Grant gazed out into the night, "Christmas," he said, "ah, Christmas."

A hard-boiled miss from Madrid
On an icy pavement slid;
As she lit with a wham!
She let out a "damn!"
And relieved her hard feelings, she did.



She nestled in his arms, while he caressed her. She sighed and snuggled closer to him.
He knew that this couldn't go on—that they would either have to stop right there, or they would go on and on, giving in to their desires.
Finally he surrendered, "All right, Helen. You can have a new fur coat."



Lecturer (after taking roll): Didn't I hear you saying "Here" for two different people?
Stude in back of room: My God! And I promised three fellows I'd answer for them.



"You big stiff," snarled the medical student as he went to work.

Christmas Deceive
It was Christmas Eve. From afar the chiming of church bells could be heard in the huge room, the fire in the grate kicked out little flame-reflections that skipped and tripped across the polished floor. Suddenly there came a sound at the large French window, and into the room came a little fat man with a sack on his back. His stealthy movements could scarcely be heard above the crackling of the log in the fire place, and his little eyes roved everywhere. He moved to the table and his hand caressed a little bundle labeled "Mother from Father." There were many such bundles about with different names on them and he looked at them all. Time and time again his hand plunged into his sack and out again. For fifteen minutes the little fat man remained and at the end of that time he surveyed his work with satisfaction. Quite suddenly he pulled out his watch and whistled faintly, for the night was drawing on and he had much to do. He shook with laughter as he retraced his steps to the window.

The second-story man had gone.



"I like a cigarette best just after a meal."
"I like mine better when I'm smoking it."



The Ballad of "Killer McKee"

(An Impression in variegated stanzas)

By Gordon Hansen

IN CHICAGO'S gangland
Strife is rife,
And one of the cheapest of things
Is life,
And this you will see
If you bear with me
While I tell you the story
Of "Killer McKee."

"Wha-a-a," wailed the saxophone,
"Boom," went the drum,
"E-e-e-k," squeaked the violin—
Dum—dum—dum.
O'er tables upturned,
O'er broken glass,
A dangerous man was seen to pass,
And drunken hundreds
Wondered why
That terrible glare
Was in his eye.

And out of the din
At College Inn,
Through cigarette smoke
And fumes of gin,
Staggered and reeled

And stumbled he
Who is better known
As "Killer McKee."
Up the stairs
To the cloakroom door
He came and he uttered
A mighty roar—
And there hooted an owl
To the inky night,
And there fluttered a bat
To the left and right,
And "killer McKee"
It was plain to see
Was mean and ugly
And ready to fight.

The cause of his roar
Reclined on the door,
His hands in his pockets,
His feet on the floor,
While a cigarette
From his lips
Hung down,

And his furrowed brow
Formed an awful
Frown.

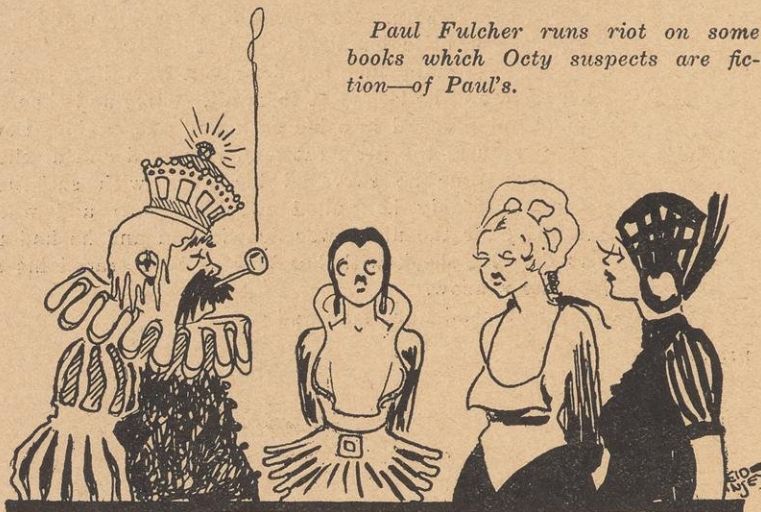
O none can see
What thoughts
There be
In the minds of such
As "Killer McKee",
Or if he was sore
At the guy at the door
With his hands in his pockets
And feet on the floor.

But all do know
That he did go
And smite him down
With a mighty blow.

And there hooted an owl
To the inky night,
And there fluttered a bat
To the left and right,
And out of the door
With a mighty roar
Went Killer McKee
Forevermore.

RECENT BOOKS

Paul Fulcher runs riot on some books which Octy suspects are fiction—of Paul's.



Christmas Book Suggestions

The weary, puzzled student who wonders "What shall I buy him, her, or it for Christmas?" will find his difficulties ended, perhaps forever, if he chooses from the recommendations below. After an immense amount of labor, we venture to offer an "intriguing" novel, two "worthwhile" biographies with new "viewpoints", and a "different" book of verse.

Mad Sunrise is a raw and gory slice of life, haggled off, if we may continue our metaphor—and who is to stop us?—from the very toughest portion of the carcass of existence. The author, Imogen Nation, is no petty formalist. She has set herself free from every swaddling garment of old-fashioned art and mid-Victorian morality. "Art," says her hero, just after he has put a dead mouse in his baby's cradle, to stimulate his child's responses, "art is only another name for decency. And decency is only morality in side-whiskers." A neater *reductio ad absurdum* has not been penned in many a day, and the novel is full of them.

The central characters are typically modern. Without occupation, with-

out purpose, bravely asking questions which they feel cannot be answered, the victims of a society they have not made and are too proud to reconstruct, they have our sympathy and in the end our understanding admiration; they all commit suicide, but to say more would give away the plot.

As one lays aside the book, an outstanding picture remains. It is that of the heroine, Hannah Shadd, standing bravely over the gas plate in the little kitchenette, Shadding, that is, shedding tear after tear into the boiling tomato soup, wishing that the tears would poison her three weeks old baby, for whom the soup is preparing, but knowing,—for she realizes her own futility—knowing that they won't.



A word should be said for the style—to give that outworn critical term a new meaning. Miss Nation creates her own medium. Words, she insists, have their color, their visual and auditory impression; and, assisted by the printer, she has carried out her inspiration. "Tomato soup," for instance is printed in red ink, and "cream of tomato" in pale pink. "Love" is mauve, with gold edges. "Duty" is in heavy black type. Nor is her realism confined to colors. Where two characters speak at once, both speeches are printed in the same



line, one on top of the other. No punctuation is used, but the points at which the character or the author stops to breathe are indicated by little air holes in the paper. And the chapter, in which the heroine, having sought in vain for an answer to her questions from teachers, clergymen, private investigators, and the Child's Book of Wonder, finally answers them all for herself, is simply a series of blank pages.

Two books of interest to any patriotic American—and four out of five are sure to be—are *The Love Life of Barbara Frietchie*, and *The Companionate Marriages of Henry the Eighth*. Both books are anonymous, and are furnished with prefaces by Mayor Thompson. "I have not read
(Continued on page 36)



Where “good enough” isn’t—

Getting out a college paper and making telephones have one point in common. Careful planning, persistent search for men and material, whole-hearted cooperation among the entire staff—that’s the spirit that means better editing and more skilful telephone making.

This spirit is characteristic of every phase of telephone production at Western Electric. In the laboratory work, in machine design, in the cable plant and in every other department of the great factory—men are working together to set up new standards and to devise more exact methods of attaining those standards. The result is the inevitable improvement which marks this great industry.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOOK

A Few Suggestions for the Christmas Shopper

Few of us are as fortunate as Irvin Cobb who loves books so much that he has, according to Ring Lardner, a complete set of them. But everyone shares to some extent Mr. Cobb's love for reading. That is why books (and beautiful ones, at Christmas time) make such splendid gifts.

I have held in my hands a shiny black book with gold lettering on the back. It is a most dignified book, as an anthology of Chinese and Japanese Poetry should be. Its torn edge pages have great wide margins which set off the verses like jewels in a case. I can imagine how happy it would make a person who loves delicate thoughts, and who would get ecstatic refreshment from oriental verse. (Lotus and Chrysanthemum, edited by Joseph Lewis French. Boni & Liverright).

Do you know someone who likes to be very modern and who is familiar with all that is lively? She has read Salome, then. Now John Vassos has invented some remarkably modern illustrations for the story of Salome, and he publishes them in a thin black book. Each of the inside pages

dazzles with many tiny silver stars. The tempera illustrations judged by the cool art historian who has seen all that is to be seen, are not the greatest works of art. But they are startling and effective dream pictures as far from reality as the splendid sentences in the play. And the Vassos Joachim will never be forgotten. (Salome, by Oscar Wilde. Inventions by J. Vassos. Dutton & Co.)

Do you know anyone (a boy, I think) who likes travel books? There is a dreamy book of impressions of Europe which would interest him. It was published originally about the time I was born (no doubt on the very day) in a costly edition. Now it reissued at \$5.00 in a good looking thick blue book, with many fine water color sketches. I imagine it would make a person want to travel. (Sketches on the Old Road Through France to Florence. A. H. Hallam Murray. Dutton & Co.)

A very finely decorated book I have seen is Creatures. It happens to contain verse about animals, verse which is delightful to the person who has read much or little poetry. But

if the type in the book spelled out last year's weather reports, its black creatures decorations would make the book decidedly worthwhile at \$2.50. They seem to be cut out of paper. Where one black form overlaps another, it heraldically changes to white, so that its form is in reverse silhouette. These creatures, oftentimes very playful, will fascinate you. (Creatures, by Padraic Colum. drawings by Boris Artzybasheff. Macmillan Co.)

Here is a book of Pueblo poems by Hartley Alexander. When Dr. Alexander was exchange professor of philosophy at Wisconsin last winter he impressed his students as a man who is continually radiating ideas. They will enjoy this book which he was preparing while he was here. The illustrations are of the most accurate Pueblo symbolism, are marvellous examples of clean cut graphic work. No wonder the book was judged on the best graphic books this year. (God's Drum, by Hartley Alexander. Illustrations by John Haugseth. \$7.50)

"Hoi, there Mickleman! Do I un'nerstan' that yore wife jus' died? 'Tis too bad!"

"Yus, an' she were on the second floor an' me with my lame back an' all!"



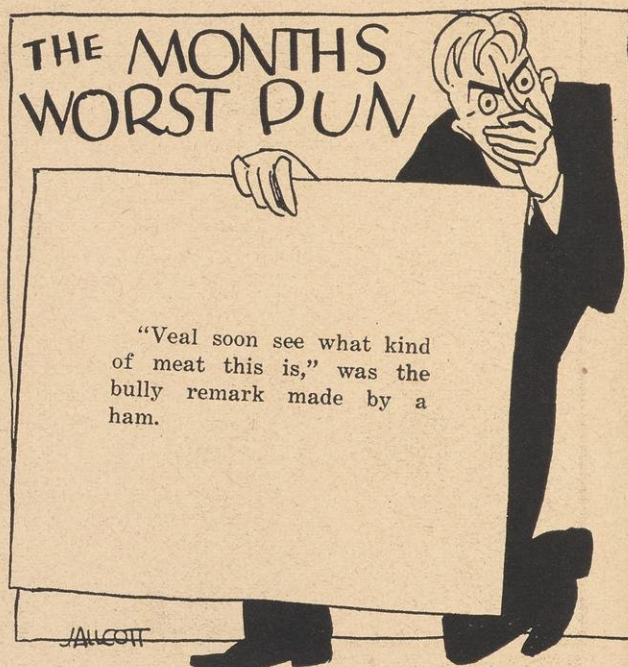
Christmas For The Kiddies

Fond Maiden Aunt: Does my own dear Jimmie boy want a tricycle or a big bear that barks woof-woof, or a set like Tommy Healy has to build a big railroad with side tracks and a choo choo train to run 'round and 'round? Maybe Santa Claus would bring a nice airgun if you write him a letter and send it to the North Pole. Santa will give you what you want, honey, if you don't slap little sister or tell nasty fibs—he might even bring a coaster wagon with big red wheels. . . .

Little Jimmie: Hell, auntie, I'm no Rover Boy, I wanna fifth of gin.



Due to the crowded conditions of our industrial centers, many families are utilizing hall-trees to hang presents on.

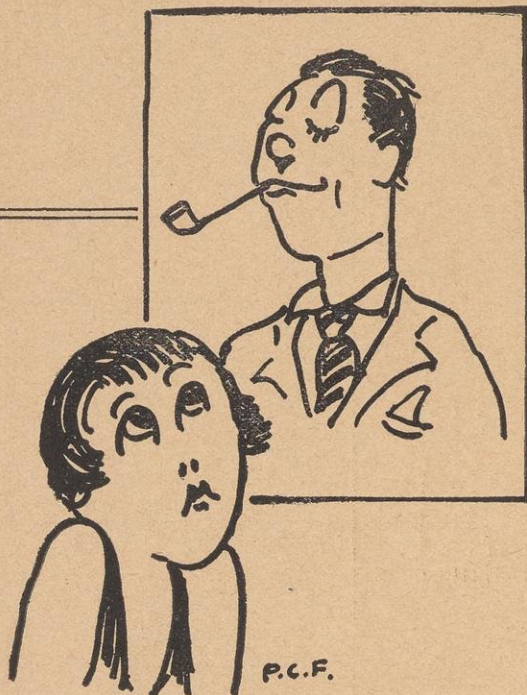


Something Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life : By BRIGGS



© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload



"Mary Marrymore
loves to see a man smoke a pipe"—but
when it comes to *hearing him smoke!*

THE gurgle of an old pipe just drives her
crazy!

(You'll admit it ain't exactly the gurgling
that thrills from the throat of a thrush!)

To gurgle or not! That's the question!

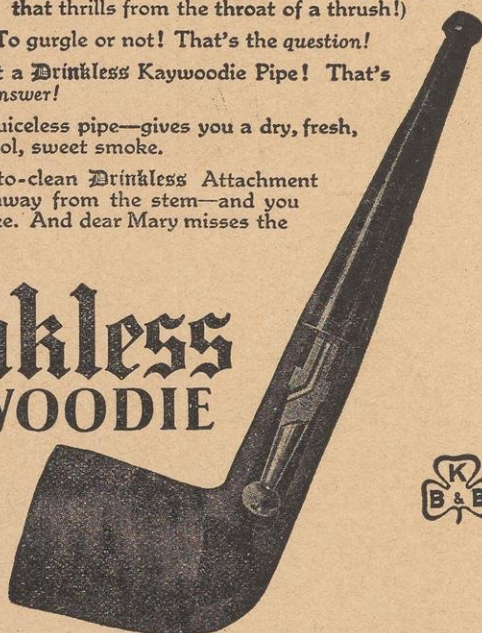
Get a **Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe!** That's
the answer!

It's a juiceless pipe—gives you a dry, fresh,
clean, cool, sweet smoke.

The easy-to-clean **Drinkless Attachment**
keeps juice away from the stem—and you
enjoy the smoke. And dear Mary misses the
gurgle!

Drinkless
KAYWOODIE

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



Drinkless KAYWOODIE \$3.50
Unconditionally Guaranteed **UP**

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Announcing

Madison's Newest Clothes Shop

All Purchases on Student Fee Cards
10% Discount

We carry everything in haberdashery

Capitol Tog Shop

Ben Sweet, Prop.

233 State Street



Little Town of Bethlehem

The old man leaned far over in the gutter and sobbed.
"I've lost my confidence," he quavered. "I'm afraid I've
misplaced it."

"There's a silver lining—," began the street cleaner
sympathetically.

"Aw go shoot a rapid!" grumbled the elderly gent.

Why not Haresfoot tickets for Christmas?

Open ticket sales begin December 19 for

"FEATURE THAT!"

A frolicking, rollicking, collegy satire on
Hollywood and the movies
30th annual musical comedy offering of

The Haresfoot Club

at the

Parkway Theatre

January 6, 7, 13, and 14

Matinees on January 7 and 14

Main floor-Eve. \$2.50, Mat. \$2.00; Loges-Eve.
\$2.50, Mat. \$2.00.

First Balcony-Eve. \$2.00, Mat. \$1.50; Second
Balcony-Eve. \$1.00, Mat. \$1.00.

No war tax

"All Our Girls Are Men, Yet Everyone's a Lady"

The student's best faculty is that of getting through.



Rooming House Babbles No. 2

Eleanor, *those* are cute, where did you get them?—my dear, he simply bored me to tears—I've always wanted some purple ones—gimme some powder, will you?—got a date tonight with Jimmy—what did you say?—don't you think Bud's ravishing?—I'm simply starved—two spades—yes, he's an Alpha Delt—pass—this water, you just can't make the soap lather—redouble—I'll have to get a refill—can you feature wearing this rag again?—guess I'll cut that history lecture—where's my compact?—you know what Art said about you?—damn, a run in those new stockings—he treated her terribly—yes, Connie's engaged—have you tried Coty?—she's got a personality, but her figure, my dear—I do hope Bob has good seats for the game—isn't that professor perfectly handsome?—has anyone got an essay book?—only twenty nine fifty—they do have the cutest things there—I got it at Manchester's—mail—ooooooooohhhhhhhhhh!!!



Stude: I'm going to Detroit to have my eyes treated.
Prof: Send me a program will you? —Witt



"She'll make the Biggest 'Hit' at the Christmas Party"

You can depend on that! She'll have to divide all her dances to make them go round, and the reason is plain to be seen! She always looks just like a dream, and she gets all her darling formals at Manchester's and doesn't have to pay a fortune for them either.

Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

The Gift Chosen at Kessenich's Carries a Distinctive Message

*In the Gift Shop you'll
find Miss Kayser's Gift
Register.*

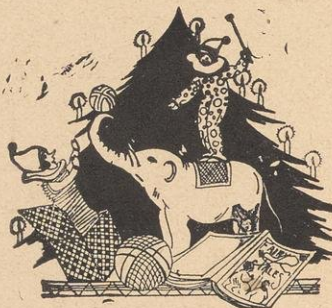


*Every department at
Kessenich's is a verit-
able gift shop these days.*

From all over the world came the gifts that you see at Kessenich's. From the artist nations of the world these lovely things were brought straight to you. In each of them there is a sentiment, a spirit that is not to be found in the ordinary gift.

To certain persons you would give the very best. You want for them, no knick-knacks or duplicates of quality gifts. You find in the Kessenich gifts the spirit that makes your gift especially of you and from you.

*The selection of gifts is
made pleasant at Kes-
senich's by the intelli-
gent understanding of
your wants by each sales
person.*



*A week before you leave
for the Christmas holi-
day. Time enough to
buy your Christmas list
at your own store—
Kessenich's.*


Kessenich's

State at Fairchild



And How Them Haresfoot Band Do Play!

Just a few of the boys giving an old air the air. Bobbie Jordan on the right is in listening attitude trying to determine whether it is a cockroach or a dead rat inside of his violin. Little Jackie Mason is working his squeeze box and worrying whether his bloomers are showing. The little miss in the center is really one of the Crane hidden fixtures trying to prove her quality in the open. She's wearing a sash because she's just been shown the door.



"Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil," and you'll never be a success at a tea party. —*Life*



"What kind of a dress did Sally wear at the party last night?"

"Oh, I don't recall; I think it was checked."

"Hey, hey . . . what kind of a party was this?"

—*Siren*



Brevity is the soul of wit. This unconscious masterpiece was turned in to Dean Gray of Tuck School as an absence excuse during Cornell house party. It read: Overslept—entertaining guest. —*Jack-o-Lantern*



Sandy: I want something inexpensive to commemorate my uncle.

Monument Maker: How about something in quartz?

Sandy: 't would better be in pints. 'E was a wee sma' uncle. —*Purple Cow*

Christmas Hint----2416

You've been hinted to death about proper Christmas procedure but you'll thank us for the really worth while hint of the month. Here it is. "The best of all the good things that make Christmas sweet and delicious are to be found at

The Chocolate Shop

The Practical Solution of Your Washing Problem

Madison Steam Laundry

20% Discount for Cash Call

429 State Street

Fairchild 530

Testimonials Unsolicited

Our files abound with them,—coming from famous Wisconsin Alumni.

As the Ad. for a popular cigarette reads "Such popularity must be deserved."

"Give Keeley's For Christmas"

Keeley's Old Fashion Chocolates

"The Richest Candy In All The World"

MADISON, WISCONSIN



For the Holidays and every night

TUXEDOS

with grow grain facing

\$40

When "dressing for the occasion" you will need evening clothes that are right in cut and distinguished by fine tailoring. They have ease, comfort, lasting good looks.

Our styles are authoritative.

Anderes & Spoo

MADISON

Next to Gay Building 18 N. Carroll

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM
ICE CREAM

"our wagon passes your door"

Kennedy Dairy Co.

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

Phone - - - - B. 7100

Octy's Slumber Stories For Little Tots

Uncle Wiggily's Revelations

Uncle Wiggily went lipperty lip over the frosty meadows on his way home after his daily pre-breakfast jaunt.

"I should do this every day," thought Uncle Wiggily.

He hopped blithely up to the front door, but, feeling particularly frisky, decided to pull a joke on Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. Quietly Uncle Wiggily crept up to the back door, poked his head just inside and talked in a different voice.

"Good morning," said Uncle Wiggily's voice in disguise.

"I don't think we'll need any ice this morning," said Nurse Jane without turning around, "But won't you come in and sit down anyway?"

Uncle Wiggily almost strangled, but recovered himself and thought fast.

"But," he announced in the same different voice, "Where's Uncle Wiggily?"

"The old gent's out," said Nurse Jane politely, "And breakfast isn't due for ten minutes yet."

"Oh, it isn't," growled Uncle Wiggily in his accustomed tones, "Well, whatcha gonna do about it?"

Uncle Wiggily had to get the smelling salts and a fan. Finally Nurse Jane sat up and blinked her eyes.

"You brute," she exclaimed, "Whatsa big idea?"

"Aw you make me sick," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Well you aren't any help to the appetite with your funny ideas either," said Nurse Jane indignantly.

"What funny ideas?" demanded Uncle Wiggily.

Baron Brothers INC.

Our Greatest Christmas Store

By Virtue of the Completeness and Extent of
Our Christmas Stocks of Gift Merchandise.

We particularly invite your patronage at this time for here you are
afforded the opportunity of selecting the newest in gifts for every member
of your family, young or old.

"Trying to act like Hackshaw the Detective," said Nurse Jane scornfully.

"Well, of all the unlimited nerve of some people," said Uncle Wiggily, "Whatsa idea of entertaining up here anyway?"

"Who was entertaining which?" asked Nurse Jane.

"You know what I mean," said Uncle Wiggily gravely.

"How do you know what I know?" asked Nurse Jane simply.

"I could be lots dumber," said Uncle Wiggily proudly. Nurse Jane looked at him.

"I don't see how," she murmured.

Uncle Wiggily gritted his teeth and counted to ten.

"Well, let's have breakfast," he said resignedly,

"There's no use arguing with a woman."

"You'll have to go down to a restaurant for breakfast this morning," said Nurse Jane, "The milkman forgot to leave any milk."

"WHAT?" roared Uncle Wiggily. "Didn't he stop?"

"Oh yes," said Nurse Jane, "He was here."

And she blushed shyly.

—Jonah

The florid faced auctioneer was wheezing, "Gents, this skin was brought clear from Siberia! Ain't it a bear!"

"Yes," whispered the old lady in the front row, "We shall be saved."

"Betcher' life!" the pot-bellied dictator replied. "I always t'ot it was rather far-fetched."

The Park Hotel

"Madison's Good Will Hotel"

200 Modern Rooms

(All outside)

\$1.50 to \$2.00

New Private Toilets

\$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50

New Shower and Tub
Baths

\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4

FINE CAFE AND
COFFEE SHOP



WALTER A. POCOCK, Prop.

The Inter-Collegiate Hotel for Madison

POCOCK HOTELS

WALTER A. POCOCK, President

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FREDERIC HOTEL

Saint Paul

You'll like P.A.- and how!

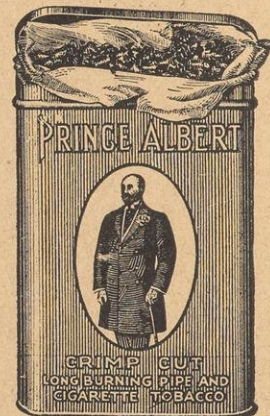


OPEN a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and give your olfactory nerve a treat. Never have you met an aroma that had so much come-and-get-it. Some fragrance, Fellows. And that's just a starter. Load up and light up. . . .

Cool as final exams. Sweet as passing. Mild as *cafe au lait* — mild, but with that rich, full-bodied flavor that bangs your smoke-gong right on the nose on every fire-up. You'll like this long-burning Prince Albert in the bowl of a pipe. And how!

One of the first things you notice about P.A. is that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how wide you open the smoke-throttle. It is one tobacco that never wears out its welcome. You can stoke and smoke to your heart's content, with P.A. for packing. Get some Prince Albert now and get going!

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



PRINCE ALBERT

— the national joy smoke!

O. M. Nelson & Son

Diamond Merchants
Jewelers and Silversmiths

21 N. Pinckney Street
for
Nearly A Half Century

One: Lend me five on account.
Another: Whaddye mean, on account?
Same one: On account of a date.
—Kitty Kat

"I'm going to have a baby; what should I do?"
"I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it."
—Yale Record

Pretty Slick
Prof: What do you find the hardest thing to deal with?
Stoodent: An old pack of cards.
—Brown Jug



"Don't you hate business letters?"
"Yes, I think they're simply file!"

"I told her I'd write the answer on her slip for her and she got sore."
"Why was that?"
"Well, she said I couldn't 'cause she had her slip on."
—Gargoyle

I at last have found the man who said, "I like to have the women up in arms against me."
—Carolina Buccaneer

The next numbers on the program will be:
"When Bananas are in Season, I'll Come Sliding Back to You," and "Oh, What a Red-headed Mamma Can Do," in A Flat.
—Brown Jug

Drive in Comfort

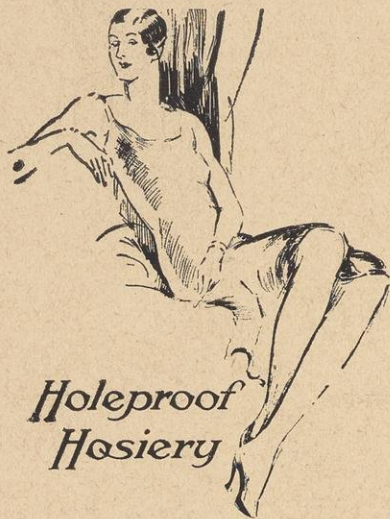
ICE and Snow and Wintry Blasts—
Capital City Rent-A-Car Weather.
No matter how cold it is our cars are always warm because they are all equipped with heaters—you travel in comfort at zero weather.

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From Paris—To You



*Holeproof
Hosiery*

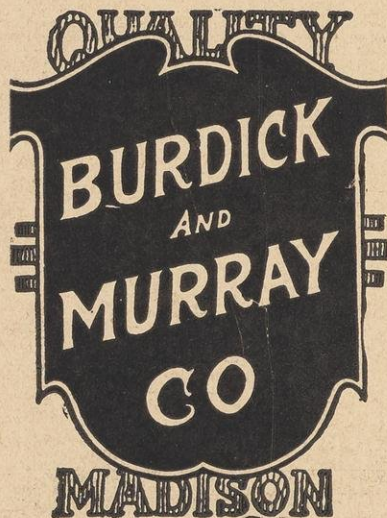
Lucile, Paris Color Creations

For the Winter season, Lucile—famous Parisian couturiere—has created ten new shades for Holeproof.

Holeproof Finest Chiffon Silk-to-top Full Fashioned
\$1.95 and \$2.95 pair

The Finest Christmas Hosiery

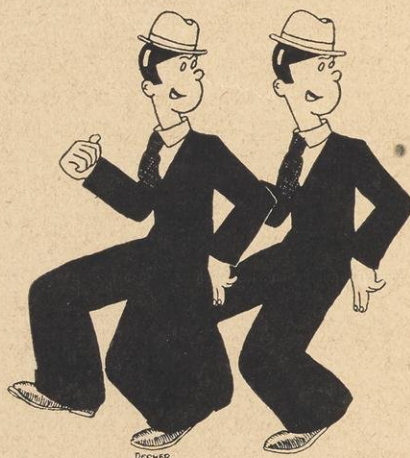
On the Capitol Square
Phone B. 1435



SCOTCH GREY ALPINE

48 Sheets 75c
25 Envelopes

Gatewood's



"Did you say you wished I were dead?"

"No, I merely said you should be among the immortals."

Advice to young men: Go after the peaches but look out for the pits.

Mrs. Warren Scott
Gifts

Christmas Suggestions

Clocks of Unusual Charm
Smart Leather Specialties

Many Importations
from the hands of
Old World Craftsmen

Desk Sets
Book Ends
Novelty Boxes
Bridge Accessories

Gifts of Distinction

Hawthorne Book Shop
118 N. Fairchild

The Tie That Binds
"Dorothy is getting a man's wages."

"Why, I didn't know she was married."
—Brown Jug

Being a Greek does not imply a fruitful life.

Continued from page 24)

this book," says the Mayor, in his first preface, "but when Barbara Frietchie said, 'LaFayette, we are here,' she drove a nail into the coffin of American Liberty." The author of the book proves that Miss Frietchie had the flag out as a signal to her young man, who worked at a soda fountain across the street, that her father was away from home. Her hair, it is further proved, was not gray, but a natural ash blonde. In an appendix, a suggestion is made that the whole may be a nature myth symbolizing the north and south winds, or what have you.

Dettloff's Pharmacy

University Avenue—at Park

DRUGS, TOILET
ARTICLES, STUDENT
SUPPLIES

Soda Fountain and
Luncheonette Service

An even more scholarly work is *The Companionate Marriages of Henry the Eighth*. The simple and logical explanation is here given that Henry was merely seeking a woman who would understand him, a real Companion, and that his wives, instead of being executed, committed suicide in despair when they found that they didn't, and couldn't, understand. For Henry had an Oxford accent.

Stepan Uppanowt, the author of *Uncensored Lyrics*, is a young Irishman from Chicago, where he was born in 1879. He has had an interesting career, from red cap in the old Union Station to editorial writer on the Chicago Tribune. In *Uncensored Lyrics*, he deserts the conventional forms and themes, with a tremendous gain in power and richness. Several of the poems are left unfinished; others have no beginning; and the middle of still others is missing. This device, the author says, stimulates the imaginative quality, and makes, to quote his own racy expression, "poets of us all." Certainly we feel with de-

light that *anyone* could have written these verses—so subtle is the art that conceals art.

Uncensored Lyrics is a difficult work to select from. But you should not miss such poems as "Ode to an Anaemic Hen," "The Gangster's Melody," "They've Raised the Carfare Again," "Lines Written Near an Automat," "Love on the Elevated," and "Damn, Damn, Damn,"—the latter a spirited assault on the modern social order, in monosyllabic trimeter. Mr. Uppanowt has already gone far, having been to Gary, Indiana, but we predict that he will go farther.

The book is illustrated in woodcuts by the author's small brother, now in his eleventh year of kindergarten. The woodcuts have an *insouciant* appeal in their frank and unspoiled treatment of the great facts of life. We venture to assert that the illustrator will go even farther than his brother.

Ask your bookdealer for any of these volumes, and you will never ask for anything else.

Why Not Books?

To give a friend
a book is to open
the gateway to

"A Kingdom of Delight"



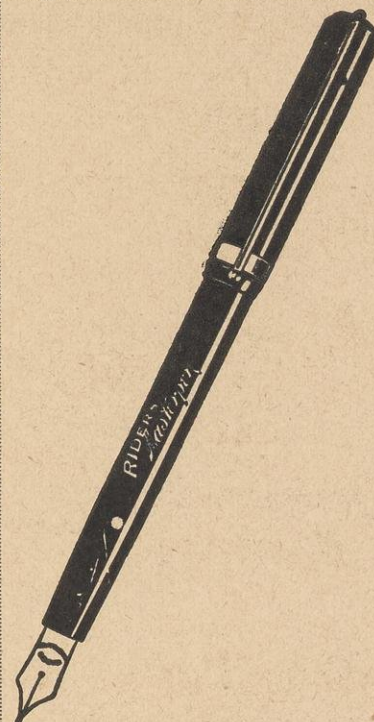
Fawthorne Book Shop

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ALL THE IMPORTANT NEW
BOOKS
POPULAR REPRINTS
BEST BOOKS FOR CHILDREN
GREETING CARDS
GIFT BOOKS & FIRST EDITIONS
REFERENCE BOOKS

and

Trade Certificates
for \$2.00 or more



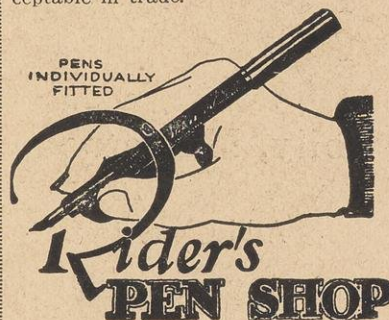
Our New Unconditional Guarantee

The sturdy, lasting qualities of RIDER'S MASTERPEN have made it possible for us to place upon it an UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE of its perfection against defective workmanship or material, and against breakage—effective today.

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Furthermore, RIDER'S MASTERPEN holds eight times as much ink as the ordinary pen, and has a Removable Feed for easy cleaning. Exclusive features of RIDER'S MASTERPEN!

Get a RIDER MASTERPEN today and solve the pen problem for the rest of your life. Your old pen is acceptable in trade.



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Shop now for
**Christmas
Gifts**

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Better Drug Stores**

Five Stores Conveniently Located

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**Cleaning, Pressing,
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GET your work done before Christmas vacation, so that you might fully enjoy yourself.

Of course, we are open for business every day through vacation the same as now; and will have the same efficient workers.

Prompt and reliable service. All work guaranteed.

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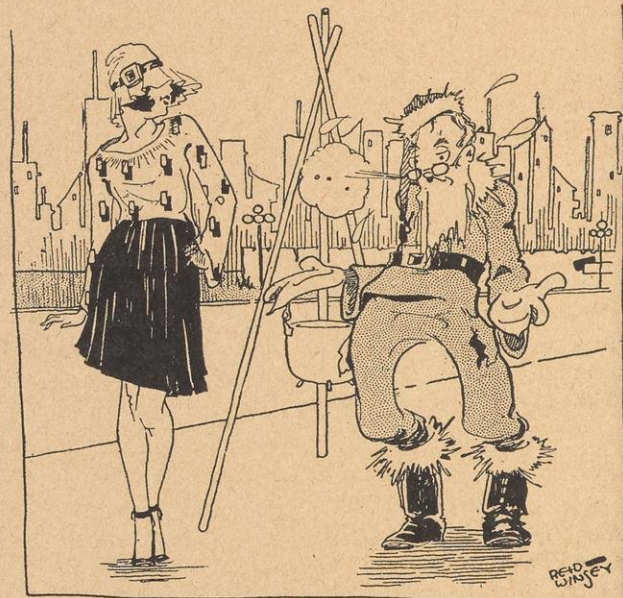
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Speaking of Xmas Parties
**Holly, Mistletoe and Selected
Flowers**

Add Cheer to the Occasion.

UNIVERSITY FLORAL SHOP

723 University Ave. F. 4645



"Tell me, my good man, what's the bad news?"

"I've lost my union card and the Amalgamated Association of Santa Clauses of America inspector is due any minute."

A Home Cooked Meal in a College Atmosphere

This Happy Combination will make a Merry Christmas at

LAWRENCE'S

662 State Street
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Ooooh!

NOW I know why you give the cleverest gifts, wear the best looking costume jewelry, and have the cutest room in the house—you shop at



The Unique Shop
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Malone Grocery

Agency

RICHELIEU PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

Wholesale and Retail
Groceries, Fruits, and
Vegetables

434 State. B. 1163-1164

She: It seems as if only an angel could walk back from an airplane ride.

He: Only an angel would.

—Sun Dial

“Why is Billy so pale; doesn't he ever get out in the fresh air?”

“No, you see when he was a very little fellow he started shooting craps, and he has been fading and fading ever since.”

—Purple Cow

“Say, I hear you stepped out with that young widow last night?”

“That's a lie—I never left the car.”

—Kitty-Kat

She (On the drive): Can't you just look out on the lake and imagine we're on a steamship?

He (At the same place): I dunno, I never was on one.

“Why the sore thumb?”

“I got a cigar lighter for my birthday.”

—Gargoyle



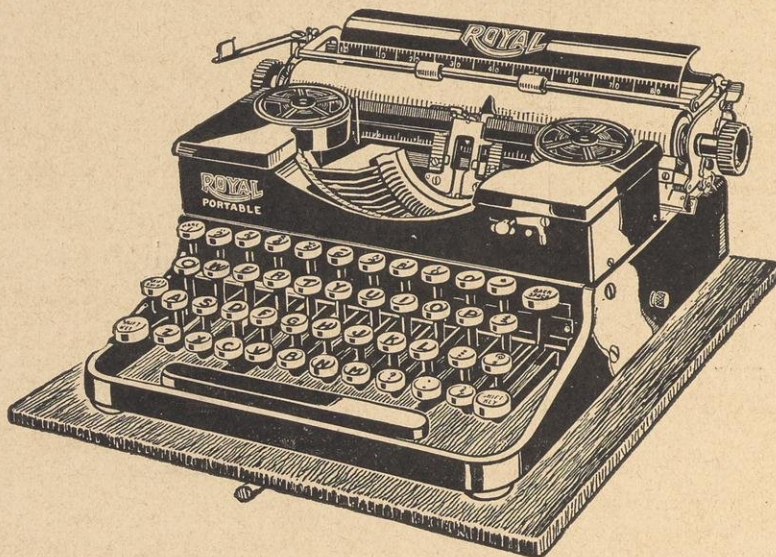
Ssh---Not A Word

You know that your sweetheart will give you a gift you have wanted for a long time. That's settled. Now, what does he desire? Being a man he wants something from a man's store. Brown & Bareis. He will give you your own way every day in the coming year if you say Merry Christmas to him with a dressing gown, some of the new four-in-hands, an initialed handkerchief, mocha gloves, or smoking jacket. Such suggestions involve little money, but evolve much sentiment.

BROWN & BAREIS
“220 STATE STREET
Trade with the boys”

A CHRISTMAS TYPEWRITER

Royal Portables in colors (at no extra cost) are beautiful and they carry sentiment. Who wouldn't like to be on the receiving end? The action is quick and quiet as an office machine — all features are standard. Try one! Sold on easy payments.



Brewington Typewriter Company
533 State Street

Badger 222

Brock Engraving Company

Artists and Engravers



4th Floor
State Journal Building

Phone: Fairchild 913

(Continued from page 13)

she dismissed the whole matter, and dressed for dinner and the date she had with a very light-hearted boy whose biggest ambition was to be able to own a cocktail shaker and have enough makings to pull a house party.

Allan ransomed the Rent-a-Car, and returned to his house where the brothers were all engaged in a pre-dinner bull session on the ethics of journalism in general and the Chicago Tribune in particular. He crowded his way into the circle, draped himself across the laps of the three occupants of the best davenport, and lit his pipe. For several minutes, he listened to the usual conversation.

"Slip me the dope on Patricia Bryant!" he interjected suddenly.

Jim Barry, skeptical editor of the Daily Cardinal, and until Al's arrival, the storm center, whooped loud and joyously.

"She is the girl," began Barry, "who has been proposed to every night for the past eleven months. There is an anxious gang of men who pursue our little Nell relentlessly from tea room to coffee shop, Hollywood to Lathrop, Middleton to Cross Plains, and frantically wave their pins in front of her; and each of whom thinks that he is IT . . . I know . . . I was one of them last year. . . ."

Al said nothing, but merely poked the roommate, who was busily engaged in depositing cigarette ashes in his hair.

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

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

Coffee Shop serves popular priced food

HOTEL LORAINÉ

Madison, Wisconsin

"She doesn't sound very nice to me," remarked the dry bond-selling alumnus of two years' standing, who had married a Kappa and didn't have to worry about women any more.

"She's very nice . . . the dam' woman is too clever to be anything else," was Barry's quick retort.

Al sucked on his pipe, and let a ring drift into the air before he dropped the bombshell into the sleek and sophisticated circle.

"I have a date with her Sunday night."

Consternation settled on the group, but the bell for dinner halted any further comments.

The subject was, however, far too interesting to die; it became the temporary topic of the dinner conversation, which was uplifting at best. For three years, Al had been known as the house bachelor, although some of the older men could remember sundry special delivery letters that he used to receive, and a general air of wisdom he used to assume whenever women were mentioned.

Eddie Dunn, the understanding roommate, seemed least alarmed. "I thought it would happen eventually," he informed Barry in a low voice.

"They all flop sooner or later," announced Barry in a whisper. "But tell me," he asked, with true journalistic interest, "how would he go over with women?"

"I spent a week with him in his home town two summers ago. He knew every woman in town, and they all knew him . . . and he seemed to be some high stepper . . . what I don't know is why he doesn't date here . . . he's smooth enough . . . but he's just soured up on females."

(Continued on page 45)

The Mouse-around Shop Upstairs at 416 State

*Bring a brief resume of the many quaint gifts
to be found therein.*

At The Mouse-around Shop are to be found Hand Etched Brassware, late imported from Benares, India; ¶ Gentlemen's bill folds made from the skin of Contented Cows; ¶ Hand-wrought finger-rings of diverse styles and sizes, which, though cheap, intrigue the fancy; ¶ Vanities in Silver and Gold, with which to paint the Lily; ¶ Czecho-Slovakian peasant pottery which showeth the Triumph of Art over Mere Utility; ¶ Bridge Lamps, which do not adorn Bridges, but lighteth milady's table when playing at Cards; ¶ Cotton prints from the Near East, which yet is many miles from here; Lamp Shades, Vases, Bowls, and a complete line of fancy Christmas Cards and Seals. :: :: :: :: ::

A fascinating place for those who know

The Mouse-around Shop Upstairs at 416 State



FROCKS

Of Metallic Cloth, Satins, Chiffons, Georgettes. Whatever you seek in frocks is fulfilled in this collection. Unexcelled styles—as these modes are adaptations from original Parisians. These frocks—that express the true spirit of being welldressed. Moreover they are undeniable chi-reflected in graceful lines, faultlessly draped and in a perfect fit.

We would appreciate your inspection.

Stewart Smart Shop

New York, Chicago, Evanston, Green Bay
Oshkosh, Fond du Lac, Madison
227 State Street

Two Stores Filled With Unique Gifts of Leather

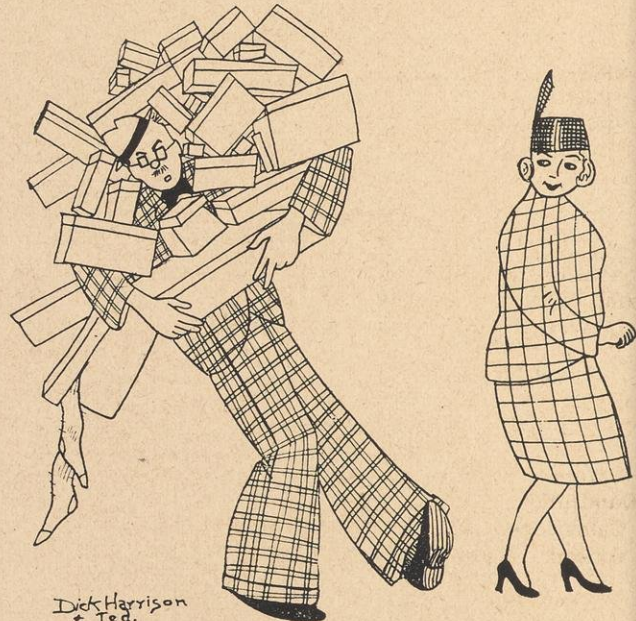
Two Wehrmann stores are ready for your Christmas choices. The gifts there are the most useful and the most appreciated. Each one is unique and its distinctive character puts it out of the class of ordinary gifts. The store nearest to the campus, 506 State Street, is convenient for your shopping.

Wehrmann's

Two Stores

506 State Street

116 King Street



The Original Christmas Tree

"Come on, Oswald."



THAT BOY COULD EAT!

There was a time when Henry's appetite filled her with apprehension—nay, terror. He would—or so it seemed—clean out the entire restaurant and exhaust the waiter for the evening.

The mean fellow invariably ate onions or fish or something detectable at a vast distance. Or so it seemed.

But now—ah, but now... Henry takes a Pep-o-mint Life Saver to charm his breath and relieve his indigestion.

An unwelcome guest is one of the best things going.
—Jack-o-Lantern



"Pard'n me, ish your house on the bus line?"

"Yes, why?"

"Better move it, then, there'sh a bus coming."

—Gargoyle



Athlete—You know, it took me four years to make the team.

Girl—Huh, I did it in one week-end.

—Jack-o-Lantern



Oxford: That is the Prince of Wales' new horse, "Dandruff."

Cambridge: Why do they call him "Dandruff?"

Oxford: Because he makes the heir fall.

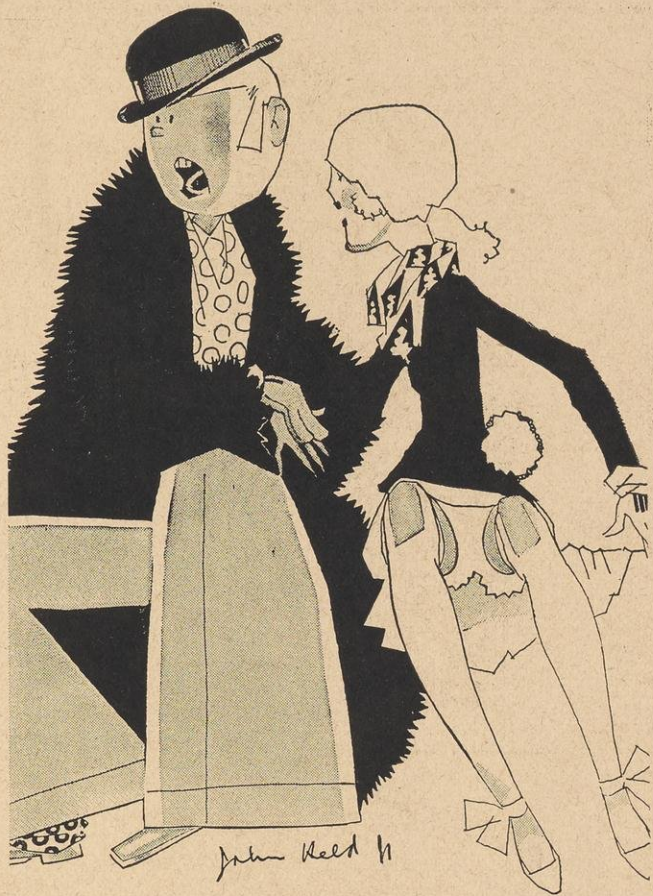
—Gargoyle



Slee: I hear the barber shops have started a price war.

Ping: Oh, I hope there's no cut-throat competition.

—Kitty-Kat



On, Wisconsin!

Jack McGrath gives a vivid picture of Wisconsin in the January College Humor. All about its students, fraternities, problems, its great and near-great.

Other special features include Back to Mother, by Wallace Irwin, a complete novelette of two young people which shows all the tenderness and dismay of the first year of marriage.

Peter B. Kyne's first story for this magazine appears. Grantland Rice writes on All-Americans of All Time, and there are many others.

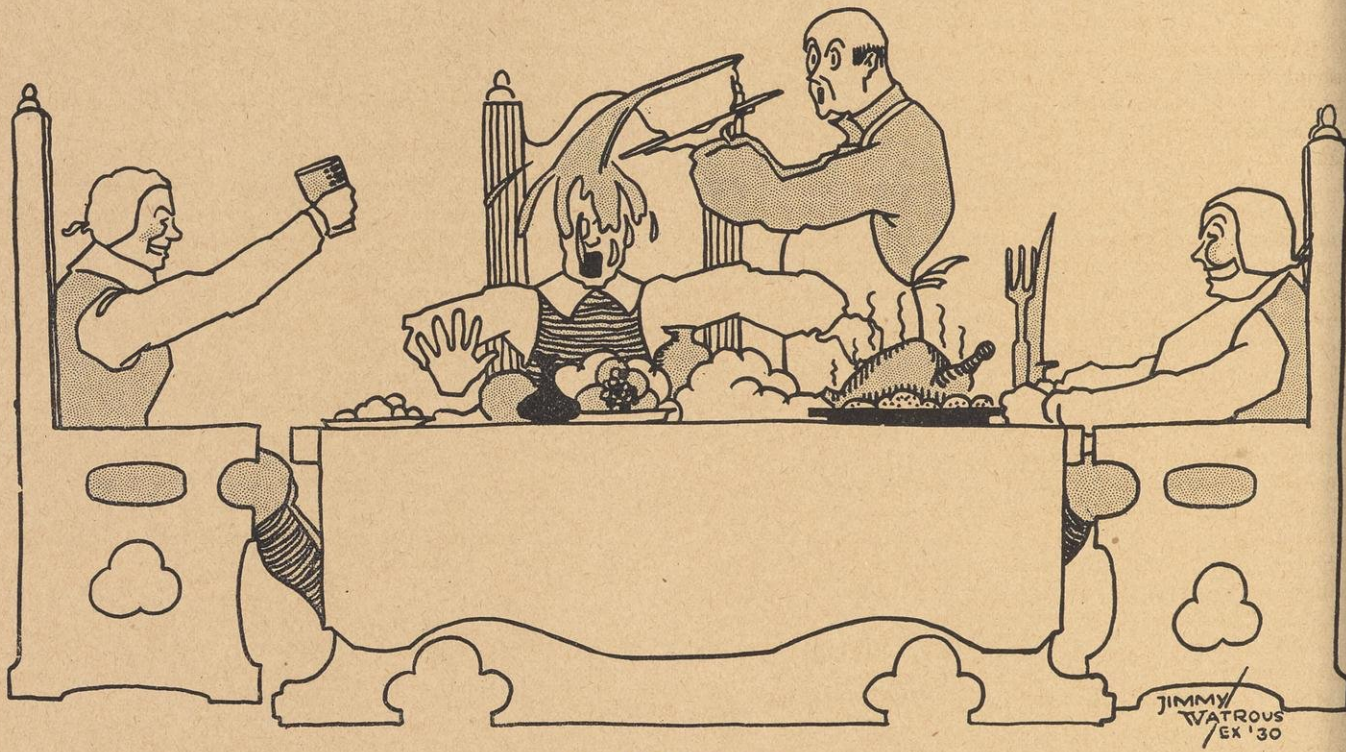
\$2,000 art contest closes January 15, 1928. Important announcement in College Humor following issue. Send drawings now!

College Humor

Two Gift Subscriptions for \$5

Season's Greetings

Straus Printing Co.



The Christmas Duck

Permanent Marcel Waving

SCOTTS

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Wuilleumiers

Watches—Jewelry

—Everyone Appreciates Jewelry—

Let Us Help You With Your Xmas List

Open Evenings

656 State Street

How is Your Coal Supply?

WHEN IN NEED OF COAL
WHY NOT RING

CASTLE & DOYLE

BADGER 1993

(Continued from page 41)

Barry buttered his roll. "He had better know plenty about women if he's going after this one . . . I repeat . . . I know her!" He looked over at Allan.

The subject of their conversation was stirring his coffee with a fork.

Part II

He had planned to go to supper and then to a show, but they lingered so long over their sandwiches and cigarettes that they could only have gotten into a theatre by dynamiting one wall. Because it was Madison, the only alternative was to ride. He was very thankful that he had borrowed Barry's new roadster for the occasion. Barry had wanted to come along too, but Al had pleaded and sworn that he wanted it to be a very private date.

Before he realized it, Al found that they were on the Drive again . . . passing parked cars, half hidden by the ghostly trees and weird shadows of the bare branches. Almost panic-stricken, he stepped on the accelerator, hurrying in frantic haste to get away from the dangerous atmosphere of University Drive. They careened through the slimy ruts, and raced up College Hills. Then Fate got in some dirty work at the cross roads. The dirty work came in the form of a police dog sitting in the middle of the road contentedly absorbed in ferreting out fleas. Allan shoved his foot on the brake, skidded around the dog, and found himself and the car nicely located in the brush along the side

of the Shorewood road. He stopped the engine, and lit a cigarette.

"Dam' hound!"

"He didn't hurt anybody," she teased, amused at his show of temper.

"Dogs gripe me. Fool animals . . . have no brains," he stated with a transparent frown of authority.

Patricia wrapped her coat around her, and asked for a cigarette. "Well, are we going to stay here?"

"Yes . . . I am going to do a lot of talking—it will probably bore you a great deal."

Her answer was silence, although the blue eyes showed interest.

"I don't know," he began, almost pathetically, "how . . . or why . . . I . . . we got here. I haven't loved anyone for a long, long time . . . and you have made me feel very strange. Oh, why the hell should I talk like this?"

"Go ahead, Allan . . . I don't mind at all."

"I guess I'm on the verge of making a fool of myself. I shouldn't do that."

"Why?"

Her head had slipped into the hollow of his arm . . . quite naturally and quite comfortably. He said nothing, for his mind was in a turmoil. Words were useless. He lowered his head, and drew her close to him.

"Don't."

(Continued on page 47)



219 State St.

Formals

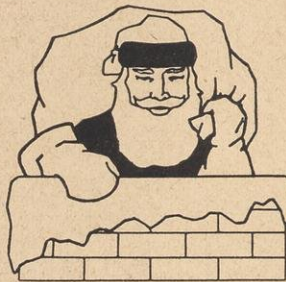
The season is on
Visit us and see
our tempting
array

Wherever she may be on
Christmas Day
Say It With Flowers

FROM

Rentschler
FLORAL CO

230 State Street



THE SYMBOL OF GOODWILL

For almost three quarters of a century since the University's first birthday, the Democrat Printing Company has annually been writing its friends and patrons "on the hill" a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

THE MARK OF MERIT



(Continued from page 45)

"Why?"

"Because."

It was like a plunge into a tank of ice water. His head cleared, and he pulled away, half disgusted. She, of all women, should talk like that . . . why couldn't she be original about it . . .

Then he realized that he had been a little sudden, and that he was making a fool out of himself. But she cuddled her head against his shoulder, and spoke very softly.

"I think kisses should be saved for people who love each other."

"But I do love you . . . dammit!" he answered, in a small, husky voice.

Gently, she placed her small hand over his. "You only think you do."

Allan was lost, and he knew it. He swore under his breath, and then broke down completely.

"Darlin' . . . you are the first woman in three years that I have given a dam' about holding in my arms . . . or even being with at all. Why, I've been so indifferent . . . and maybe lonely. I want to love someone . . . I have needed someone to love for a long time, and now . . ." He stopped . . . there was really nothing more to say. Again he drew her to him, and again she held herself away. "I want to kiss you."

For a moment she said nothing. . . . "But Allan, dear, I don't kiss people. I don't enjoy it . . . I won't like it until I find someone I really . . . you see if I kissed you dear, it wouldn't mean anything."

Allan meekly started the car. He felt low, discouraged, and very asinine. He pointed the car toward Middleton and malted milks.

The conversation was desultory and commonplace for the rest of the evening. They drew up in front of her house at 10:20. She looked up at him and spoke.

"Allan . . . you're such a dear . . . I really like you a lot. He pulled over to the curb, and they sat for a moment in the darkness. Impulsively he seized her, and pressed her close to him . . . his mouth met hers. His lips found hers as soft and moist and crushable as a little child's. She had let her arm slip around his shoulder so that her fingers touched the hair on the back of his head, and they remained there even after he had drawn his face away, and had looked deep into her eyes with a half serious smile.

"Patsy, darling . . . say that you love me . . ."

For answer she drew his lips to hers.

Part III

The game was on, and Allan found himself an unwilling participant both happy and unhappy at the same time. For she had made him joyous and despondent with a single kiss. To him she had suddenly become the essence of the solace and the companionship that he needed.

And the new moon, looking down on Allan as he went home, smiled reflectively, and wondered what she would see of these two children on nights to come. For the moon had been referee in this game ever since the world began, and was consequently very wise and slightly cynical.

(To be continued in the Prom Octopus)

C. W. Andersen

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HAIL THE PROM QUEEN!



Miss Minnie Grunts of Hog Wallow, Arizona, will lead the "Prom Of Phizztory", it was announced from a Capital City Rent-A-Car late Tuesday night Miss Grunts, blonde and growing thin on top, was unable to give a coherent statement this morning beyond, "Oh, my head! My poor head!"

In an exclusive statement to the Wisconsin Octopus, prom chairman William Appleby Momsen declared, "Aw, hell, it was easy! We was eatin' pretzels out to Carl's Place and I spots this skirt smackin' home a snort 'a beer. So I ditches the moll I was wid, and sidles up to this other jane. She give me a slant and I slips her a dig in the slats and says, 'Well, kid, wanta' strut wid me at Prom, huh?' She flops for me simple like."

The newly chosen queen of "Wisconsin's Prom, Wisconsin's Plight" is a zealous participant in activities on the hill and was vice-chairman of the committee on Pawn Shop Advertising of last spring's Badger. She is

a member of Gramma Eta Pi and believes in the Bible, the new Ford, W. L. Douglas, and rights for women, including the Right Of Free Screech. She is just a clean all around American girl, full of ginger, and old fashioned enough to retain her appendix and long hair—her favorite sport is curling.

The gown Miss Grunts is wearing in the accompanying photo is a simple creation conceived by herself and dedicated to the proposition that all figures are created equal.

Miss Grunts comes of extinguished and long-lined ancestors. Her father would have been ninety-three in October if he hadn't fed an elephant some sawdust in the spring of 1880. Minnie just loves animals and is the possessor of two enormous dogs. As Uncle Ben, the old colored servant of the Grunt family says, "She 'shoe likes 'em!"

Miss Grunts is—oh, shucks, you'll have to get the PROM NUMBER of Octy on January 18 if you want the complete dope on everything. Honest, it'll be one of the high spots of the year and there'll be a special rip-roaring article by the Prom Chairman himself and all kinds of clever cracks at the expense of "The Brawl To Remember." You remember the FASHION NUMBER? Well, this will outdo it by several hundred laughs. See you letter!

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS
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When Xerxes wept

THE great Persian ruler gazed from a hill-top upon his vast army of a million men. It was the largest army that had ever existed. And he turned away with tears in his eyes because in a hundred years all trace of it would be gone. That army was a symbol of power, destructive and transient.



This mammoth steam turbine with a total capacity of 208,000 kilowatts (280,000 horse power) will be installed in the new station of the State Line Generating Company near Chicago. What a striking contrast between this huge generating unit and the group of home devices it operates—MAZDA lamps, fans, vacuum cleaners, and many others. Yet General Electric makes both.

Today in one machine, now being built in the General Electric shops, there is combined the muscular energy of two million men. This great machine, a steam turbine, is also a symbol of power—a new power that is constructive and permanent.

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It is true that Camel is the quality cigarette, but it costs to make it so. To make Camel the favorite that it is costs the choicest crops of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. It requires the expense of a blending that leaves nothing undone in the liberation of tobacco taste and fragrance.

But the fame that Camel has won is worth all the trouble. It has brought

modern smokers a new realization of excellence. They are particular and fastidious and they place Camel first.

Your taste will delight itself in these choice tobaccos. Camels get better the more of them you smoke. Their subtle tastes are unfolded by experience. They are always delightfully smooth.

"Have a Camel!"