

# THE SIDEN



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NOVEMBER, 1911





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Life is too short to arouse  
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In business--among social  
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and solid worth.

Their quality is unmistak-  
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will find your model and fit and color in our  
big array from

The House of Kuppenheimer  
now on display; of pure virgin  
wool fabrics, almost any shade, any  
style that a man of good taste and good  
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We Cordially Invite You to Inspect Them

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AND COMPANY

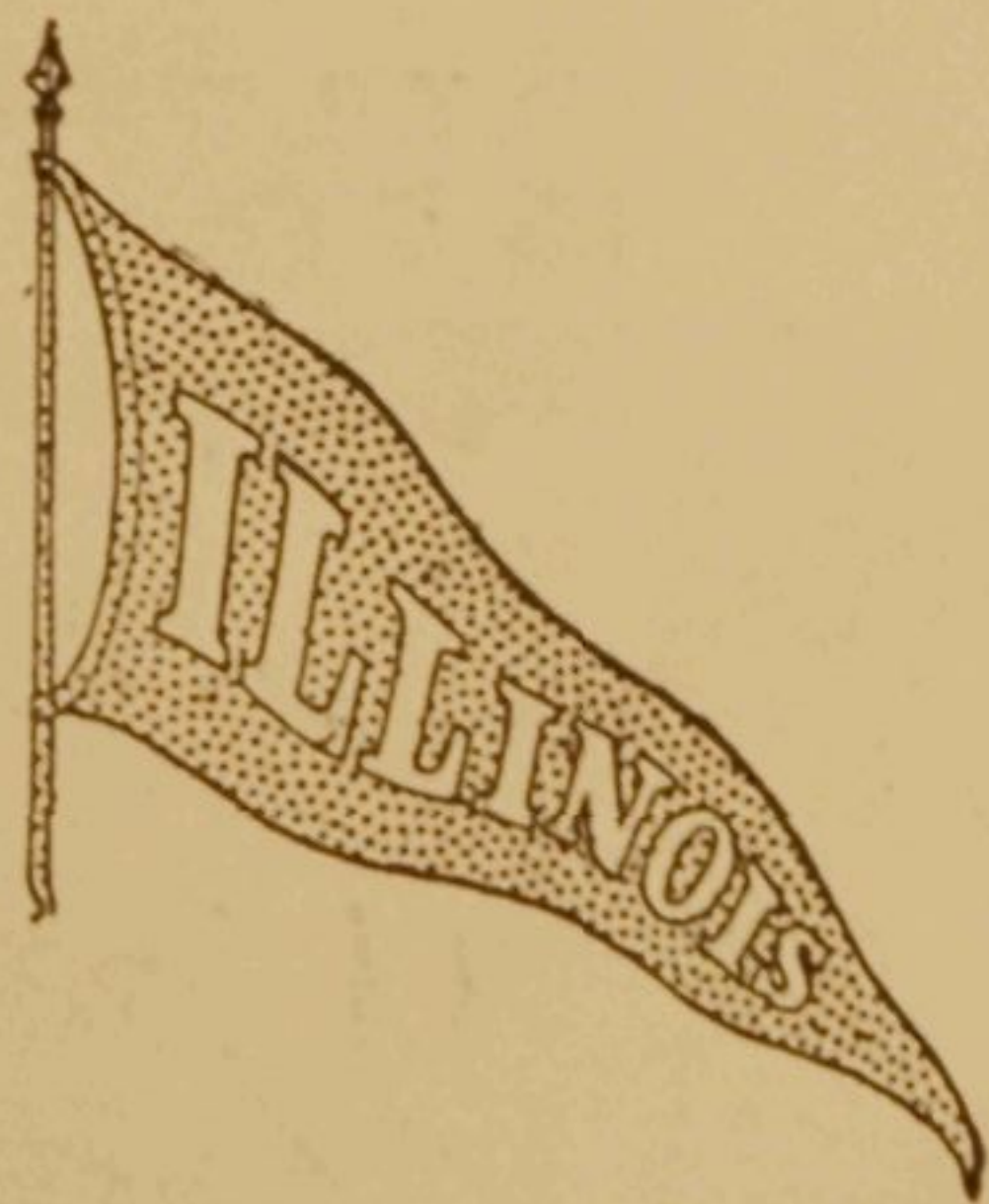
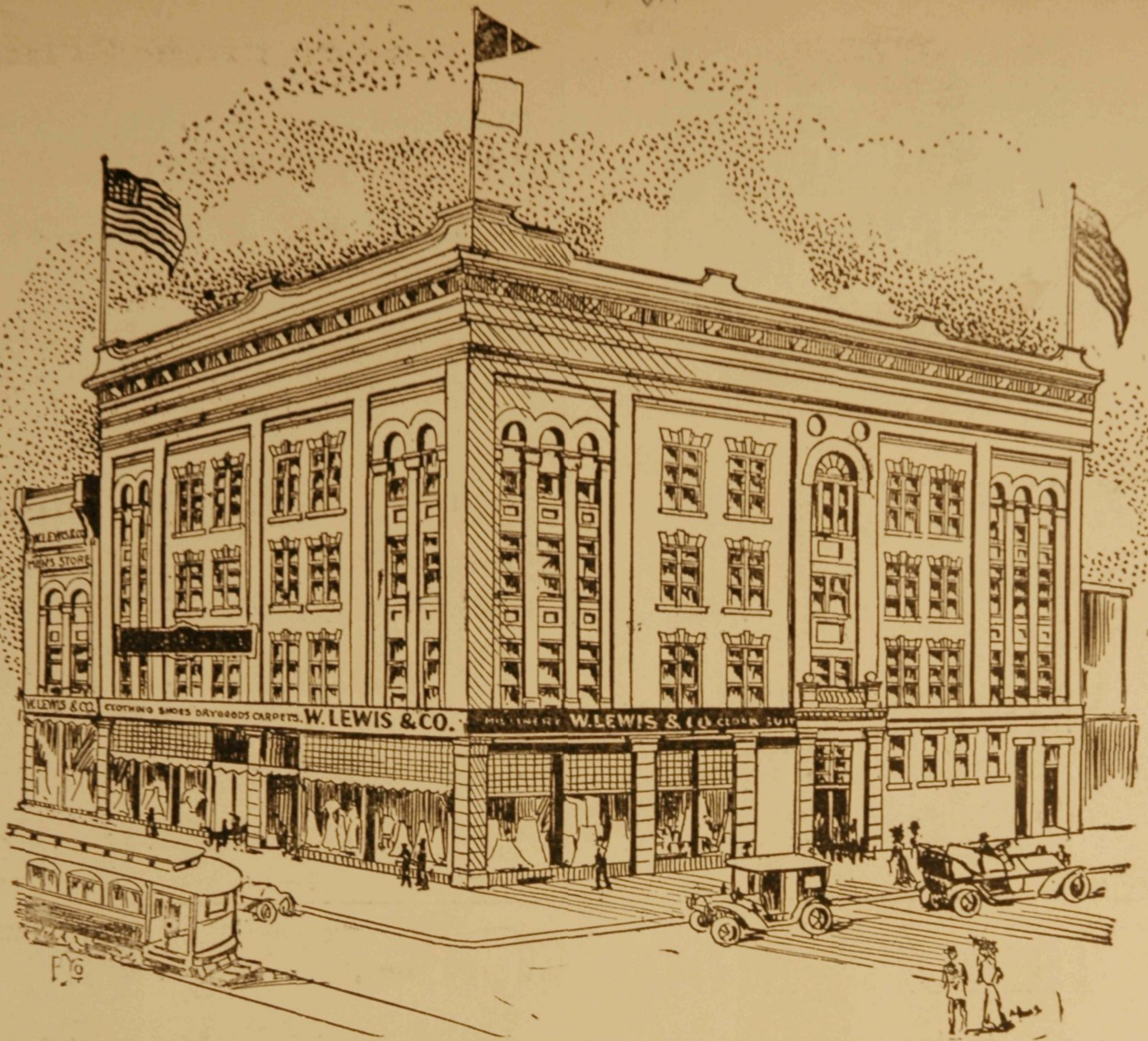
Champaign, Ill.

THE  
STUDENTS'  
OUTFITTERS



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v.1



# CHAMPAIGN'S LEADING DEPARTMENT STORE

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200 NEW FIRST CLASS ROOMS  
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 RATES \$1.00 UP. PRIVATE BATH \$1.50 UP

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Clothes called for and delivered.

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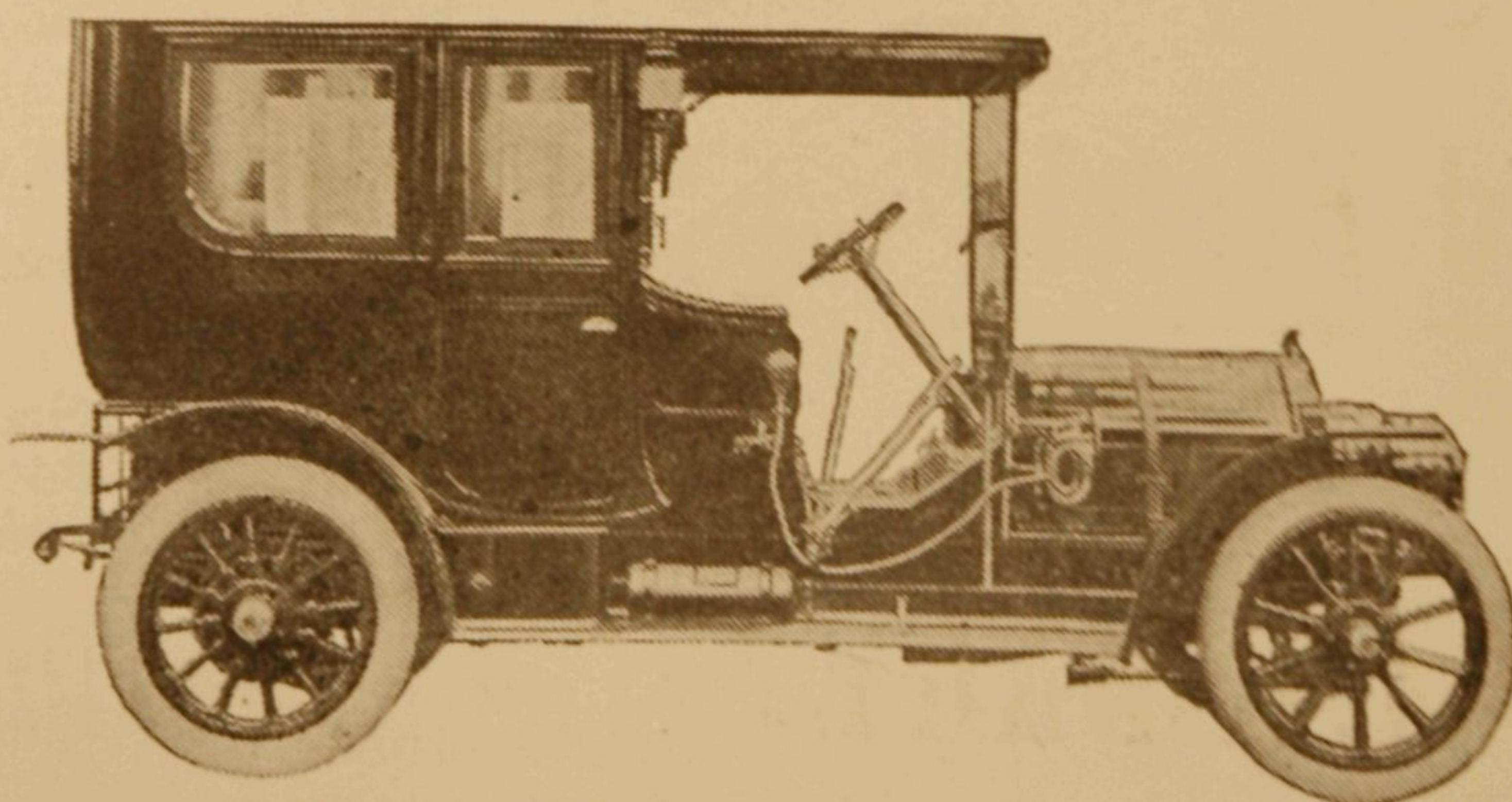
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FLAT IRON BLDG., URBANA

Merchandise that

Fits the purse,  
the person and the  
taste of the  
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It will pay you to  
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We carry a com-  
plete assortment  
in each of our  
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Clothing,  
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URBANA, ILLINOIS





This Dark Secret will be exposed to you next  
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The Chocolate Drop.



But a kiss is a

Laura Jean Libby  
Beat to a Frazzle in  
THE MISTLETOE NUMBER

Our experienced editors will bare the  
'ittle privacies of their lives to give you  
vivid descriptions of every brand of kiss  
from the infantile caress to the soul shaker  
of the fair co-ed.



kiss for a' that.

Some have to cross the seas to find 'em.  
but we have our little "siren" here at home.





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**(On the Square)**

The Co-Op extends a hearty welcome to All

## **ALUMNI**

and invites them to make this store their

## **Headquarters**

***We Can Offer Some Suggestions to You---***

Various College Novelties to take home with you (and  
remember we excel in this line of goods)

Some Photographic Supplies (take your own pictures of  
the events)

Get a Song Book by all odds.

***Come in Anyway***

# **THE CO-OP**

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want, when you want it

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**HABERDASHERY**

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Jewelry  
for Christmas will be interested in Miss  
Bowman's stock located in the Opera House  
block. Whatever you need that a jeweler  
has we want to supply you with. We have  
an excellent line of University Pins, Watch  
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in Honest Jeweley at Honest  
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We make a specialty of Diamond Mount-  
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next time.

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The Quality Shop  
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**A Good Store in a Good Town**

*It Pays to Buy where Goods  
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Look for the Little Shop  
North of the Boneyard

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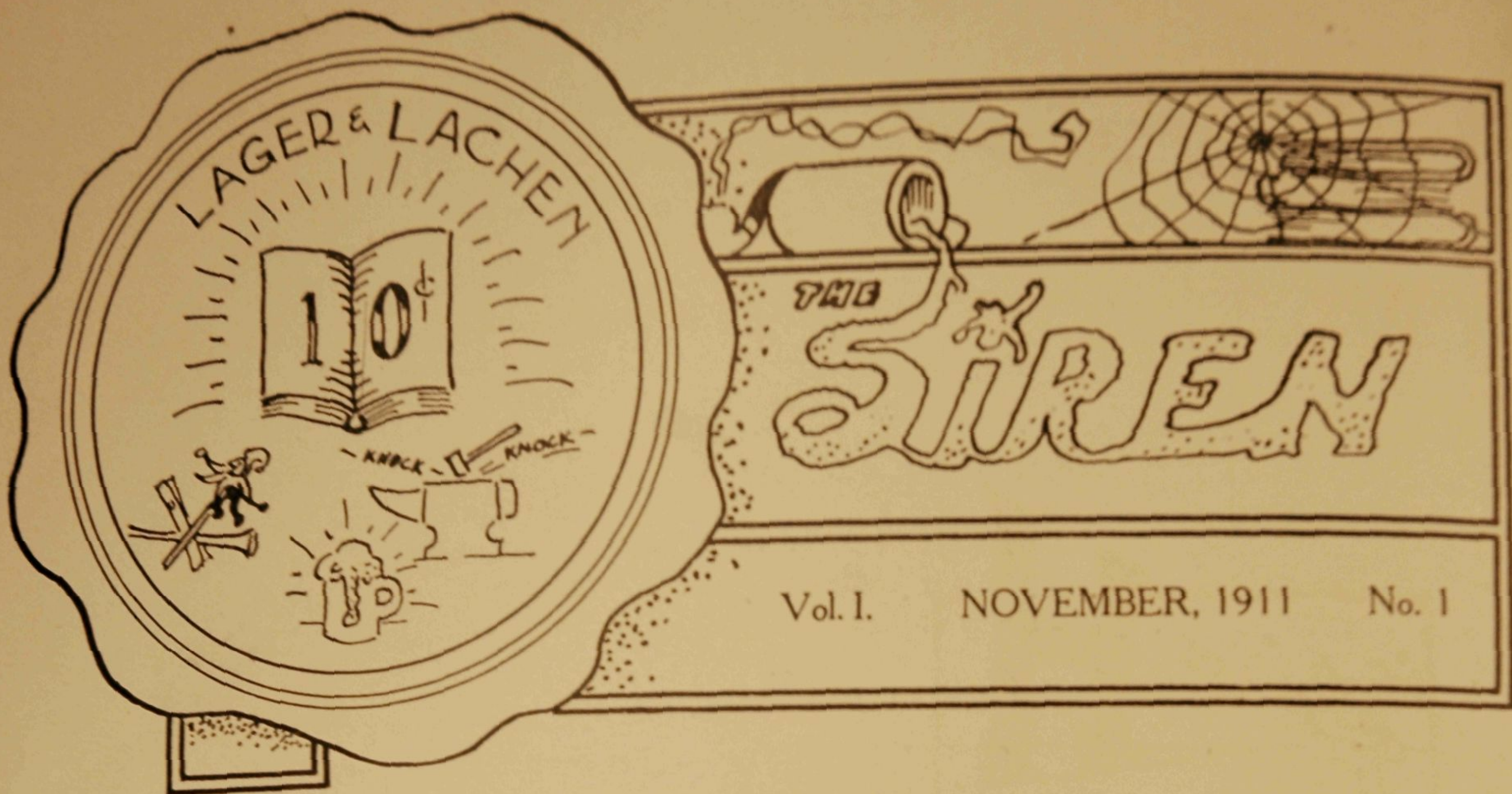
Urbana,  
Illinois.



## Prologue

On a rocky island  
In the Land of Sleep,  
Sits a Siren gazing  
Out across the deep.  
Softly then our summons  
Break upon her dreams,  
In her isolation,  
Heaven sent, it seems.  
And she comes rejoicing;  
With her we rejoice,  
And in glad abandon  
Listen to her voice.  
Hark! Why, it no longer  
Man's destruction sings---  
Purely and divinely  
With merry jests it rings.





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It was after the wily Odysseus had escaped their snares, that, in despair, the two oldest Siren sisters cast themselves into the sea. As a fitting memorial, King Jove, the kind hearted old reprobate, turned them into cliffs. Their younger sister, however, beautiful, hopeful, and afraid of the cold water, determined to live. In vain she scanned the seas for another hero-laden vessel sent by the blind Homer. She now decided to cultivate her voice, and, to revenge herself upon the Muses, who had failed to inspire their old protégé with a ship, she challenged them to a musical duel. Needless to say, she won. And so great was her success, that the nine dear old maidens, in chagrin, attacked her, hen-fashion, and stripped her of her feather garment. Undaunted, however, she cast about her for new fields of activity where the Muses either feared or scorned to tread.

One day, *mirabile dictu*, she heard of Urbana. She packed her tape in her



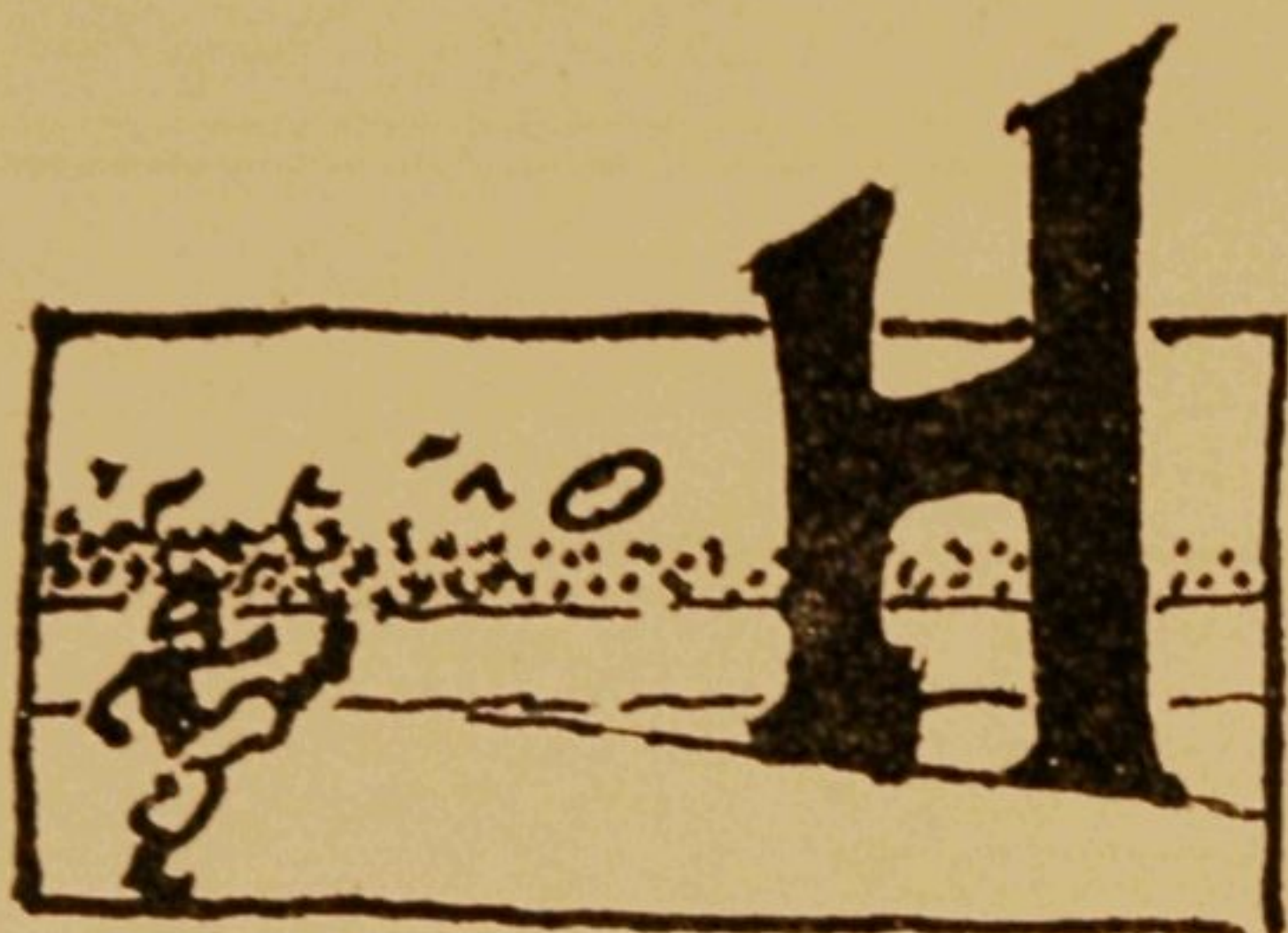
## THE SIREN

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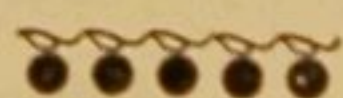
grip, and, in the enchanting morning mist, arrived by the journey-fatigued Washash. Imagine her joy and surprise at finding herself in a land, as guileless of Muses as is a babe of teeth. A veritable Utopia, inhabited by the pink of chivalry and culture, men who had never heard of jealous Muses. The Siren chuckled with joy, took out her tape, and signed a contract for monthly appearances ad infinitum.



WE sincerely appreciate the support which certain of our alumni have given us.



HOW encouraging it is to know, that, despite the many adversities of the season, we at last have attained the *ne plus ultra* of football happiness. We are to play Minnesota. The air is tingling. We bang our feet against the bleachers and hug ourselves with eager anticipation of the fray. Yet some of us, those who have brought co-ed friends, are lost to the world. Poor fellows, who cannot even have the joy of sitting on their hands. Then the band marches onto the field. With one accord we rise and, with bared heads, we pledge our loyalty to our alma mater. We settle back into our seats. The field is quiet, except for the murmur of voices and the cracking of peanuts. Suddenly the gate is opened and we again spring to our feet. A moment more and we reseal ourselves. It's the Minnesota team. But we cheer lustily, and the mighty volume of our voices booms down the field. Scarcely have the echoes died away when the orange and blue trots upon the gridiron. We catch our breaths and simultaneously the great "oskee wow wow" bursts forth, for the battle is on!



### THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!

THE Palace was very still that night,  
Save for a wailing cry,  
As a radiant angel wondrous bright  
Slipped through the gates of eternal light  
To earth, from the realms on high.

The Palace was full of wild delight,  
But one heart was filled with woe,  
For another King on the wings of night  
Had come to rule with a rod of might,  
And they said that he must go.

The fallen King from his trundle bed  
Sobbed in the dark alone,  
Till a gentle voice from o'er his head  
Whispering comfort softly said  
That he might share the throne.



# THE SIREN

## The Siren's Campus Debut

WHEN the Siren made her debut, the November day was resplendent in sunshine and autumnal colors. It was such a day as the deans love to spend in the woods: a splendid occasion for a fall family-picnic. The opportunity was not to be sidetracked, and, taking full advantage, the Siren, robed in a beautiful Parisian gown, stylish, but with no trace of the directoire or harem—in fact, her skirt was full of graceful curves and roomy—found herself in our midst, or rather, we found her—that is, a senior did. He first espied her perched delicately upon the bi-globed lamp-post around the east corner of Main Hall. She seemed to be trimming wicks; but that does not matter so much as the senior. Well, he saw her; graceful, nymph-like, with a wealth of auburn hair, daintily kicking her tiny pumps at the open windows of the moot court, from which no romantic law student was blowing kisses, but out of which flowed a torrent of expletives as from a red-haired man in anger. He saw her gracefully poised upon the globes, and he was immediately reminded of Sylvia—yet, Sylvia had to wear high shoes and had jet black hair. He thought her very much like Sylvia, and, after a glance towards the Woman's Building, he cautiously edged toward her.

She saw him and partly turned away, displaying a shoulder fit for a sculptor's model. Yes, the senior saw it plainly, and with his four years of training in the beautiful, he caught its full significance. He was spellbound—yet it is said he attended every important dance last year, including two cadet-hops, one of Mr. Hana's weeklies, and the military ball. He left her shoulder with his mouth agape, and intently watched the graceful movements of her arms and hands as she smoothed the panel over her knees, and flicked a leaf off her bodice. "*Come si belle*" he thought. He had a very artistic temperament, and had once suffered a severe attack of Platonic friendship in the art-studio, when he had become infatuated with the symmetrical curves of Venus de Milo. What exquisite poise! And his mouth opened wider. He ventured nearer.

Divinely sweet she smiled, but modestly; in fact, her cheek colored and he saw the tint come and go. And he marvelled. Making sure he was alone, he shifted toward the post. The Siren wiggled her little toes in alarm, and blushed deeply. She was about to dismount. It was then that the senior saw her matchless face—every feature regular, with eyes sky-deep and blue. Rapidly he took notes upon his memory tablets, and compared her beauty with Sylvia's. After careful mathematical calculations, Sylvia was four points in the lead. The senior came nearer.

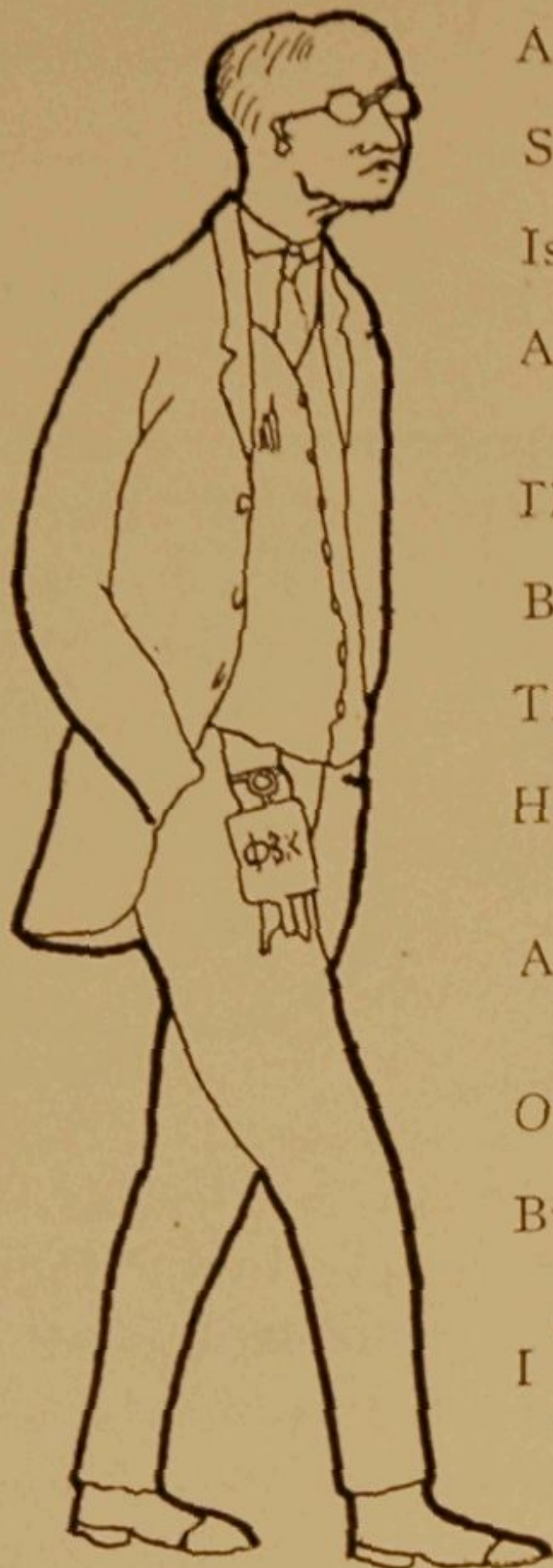
The Siren, a very timid young lady, deftly and modestly descended the lamp-post and nimbly skipped to the drinking-fountain. There she lingered to wet her lips and, incidentally, have her face bathed in the limpid geyser. Having completed her ablutions, she tripped away under the evergreens and was lost from view.

The amazed senior, wondering what fairy he had discovered, and whence she came, sheepishly replaced his champagne and purple, and ambled north along Wright Street towards the sanitarium.



## THE SIREN

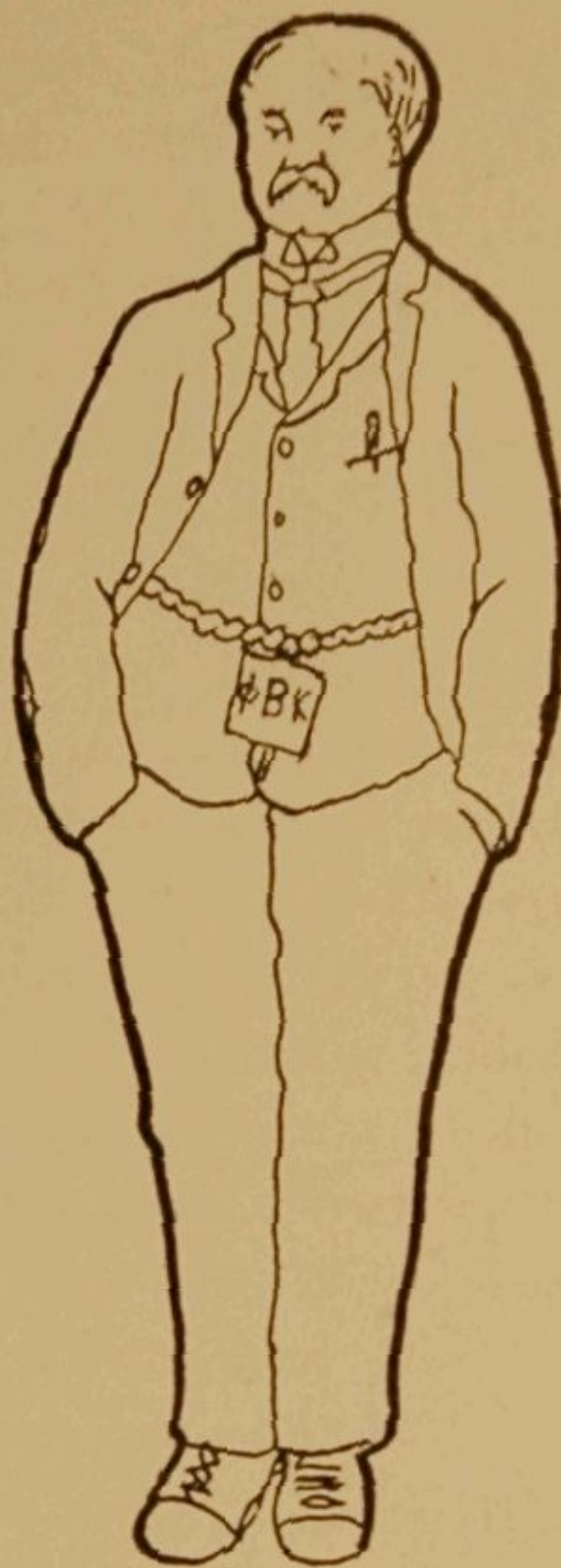
### HOW TO WEAR A ΦBK KEY



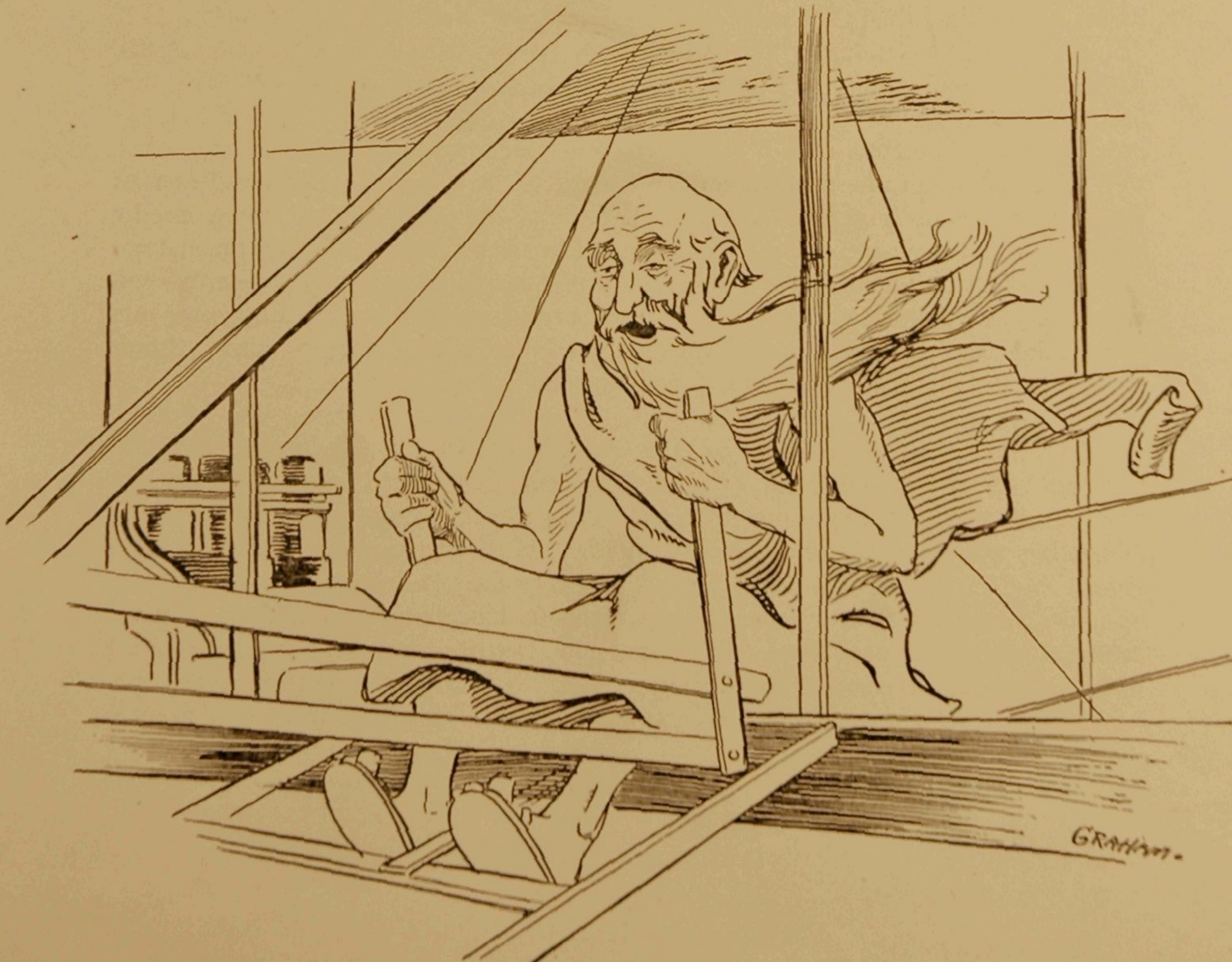
A glittering key made  
of eight carat gold,  
Such as Peter employs  
at the gate  
Is found on the vest  
of each studious man.  
An index to what's in  
his pate.

The vest style, tho very  
effectively used,  
By no means is always  
the mode;  
The scholar unblest  
with a wearable vest,  
His belt with the treas-  
ure will load.

And so we might quote  
from an endless ar-  
ray  
Of methods to hang up  
the key:  
But the man who in  
modesty puts his  
away,  
I fear the world never  
will see.



NEVER



GRATIA.

TIME FLIES



## THE SIREN



DON'T worry sister, trust in God,  
She will Help you."

IN THE HALL OF FAME.



VISITOR (Before bovine picture  
of great excellence)—Ah ha,  
Rosa Bonheur, upon my word.

Ag (sentimentally)—Nope, just plain  
"Old Rose."

### MONTHLY STORY FOR FACULTY

#### THE MILL TAX KORAN

##### THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT McCONNUS

###### CHAPTER I

1. And it came to pass in these days, which was the sixth year of the reign of King Jaymees, that there went out a *decree* that all the kingdom of the Unversidies should be taxed.

2. And then did King Jaymees call together the council of elders, both men and *women*, and he took counsel of the best way to dispose of the shekels.

3. And there arose amongst them Abbothus, who was of the old men the *oldest*, and he spake, "O, King, ye ask us how to spend of our coffers. Verily verily I say unto you that it is best to bestow it upon the worthy Deanidies, and let those worshippers of Mammon, the Professoridies, be content in the *opulence* in which they live.

4. This counsel seemed good, but a certain *woman*, Carria, who likewise loved little the Unversidies, but withal

was dear unto King Jaymees, arose, and spake, "O, King, the Unversidies wax strong and overbearing; let a goodly share of the tax money be given unto thee, that thou mayest increase thy *paltry* revenue, and that thou mayest journey across the waters into distant lands."

And King Jaymees was pleased, and he spake, "O, Carria and Abbothus, ye speak *well*, but I would have you not forget that the mimeograph, upon which the invitations for my formal *receptions* are printed is broken. Let a new one first be bought, and then we shall take further counsel."

6. And this seemed good in the eyes of all and straightway a *new* mimeograph was bought for the King, and the people rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.



## THE SIREN



### THE END OF THE PLAY

I sat enraptured at *Camille*, my cheeks bedewed with tears;  
As one entranced I gazed and wept, wrought up 'twixt hopes and fears;  
And did I like the death scene? Ah, I cannot speak of that,  
Because a woman just in front was pinning on her hat!

I watched a melodrama (it was mellow through and through)  
Until my very hair stood up, and still the horror grew;  
And heavens! Did the villain really cut the children's throats?  
I'll never know! For those in front put on their overcoats!

I never saw poor Juliet die, or Hamlet breathe his last,  
Or heard the final comments of survivors in a cast;  
And ne'er expect to see a thing, just ere the curtain's fall,  
Till Klein or Thomas writes a play that has no end at all.



### A JUNE-GRASS COLLEGE WIDOW

THE honor student sat in his ten by sixteen, gazing lovingly upon the framed credentials above his desk. Outside the moonshine dripped down thru the languid limbs of Lover's Lane. It was June. The south-farm breeze bore to his weary ears the gentle voice of Freddie Fusser, as he cooed in glee-club tones to the fairest of the fair. The near-P. B. K. candidate clouded his tungsten and paid front-row attention.

Freddie was munching the end of a long blade of juicy grass, and with this new-fangled Cupid's dart made a stab at her cherry lips. She seized the opportunity and the tickly end of the spear between her dainty teeth; then, true to the wiles of the first mother of ours, dared him to race to the middle. He did, and squeezed out his fair opponent at the finish.

The real student tumbled onto the roof.

The defeated drew back in all the indignation of the sex "deadlier than the male."

"Now, sir," she snapped, "you may beg my pardon."

Freddie, who had been there before, in a low salaam strained his English tweed and humbly cooed:

"I admit it was pretty poor, but, dearest Angelica, it's the best I could do with a mouthful of grass."



# THE SIREN

## GIRLS WHO HAVE LOVED ME

A TRAGEDY

Beth was a maid of features fierce,  
And with a will of steel;  
Before her foolish college boys  
In silent homage kneel.

I knelt, but wisely raised my eyes,  
Thank Jove, the spell was broke!  
I fled, but in unmanly fear  
No word to her I spoke.

Sweet Theodora loved my purse,  
She thought that I was rich;  
She flirted violently with me,  
The little black-eyed witch.

She danced like a Bacchante wild,  
Throughout both night and day.  
Again I 'scaped, but then, alas,  
I had the deuce to pay.

Then Ruth came, like an autumn breeze,  
With step serene, sedate;

She revelled in her chemistry,  
Without the door I'd wait.

Now happiness like that can't last,  
And this I straightway knew.  
Phi Beta Kappa was her goal,  
I therefore said adieu.

Little Charlotte, ah, she had  
A laugh that gurgled low;  
It rippled, dimpled, gently on,  
Forboding lover's woe.

This friendship, too, was soon ripped up,  
She tried to run a "string".  
I left because my morals were  
Too soft for such a thing.

And now I've turned misogynist,  
The gentle sex I shun;  
I'm writing my biography,  
With maidens I am done.



"SIR, are you opposed to votes for women?"  
"Certainly not, but if women had the ballot then suffragettes would want it too."

ONE of Life's Keenest Disappointments.—To spend two months growing a moustache and then to have nobody discover it.

"OLD CROW"  
"DID yo' all get home sably, last evenin'?"  
"No sah, I was delivahd."

GAS light and shining bar,  
And one small keg for me;  
And may there be no cheap five-cent cigar,  
When I go out for tea.  
Apologies to Henderson.



# THE SIREN

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## Reviews of Christmas Books

WITH Christmas but a month away, the SIREN has been harassed by a swarm of faculty authors who are anxious to have their books reviewed at a moderate cost. 1911 is especially fecund in what our editor is so bold as to call "Holiday Submissions;" nine Sunday-afternoon publications have been cautiously shoved under his door. With a broad policy of faculty support he has carefully criticised each one.

Dean Kinley's delightful little bubbling-over, "My Humorous Acquaintships," is an indispensable volume for an afternoon in the woods or an nutting excursion. Containing choice bits of humor, selected from a wide circle of old friends, and teeming with slaps at old maids and cracks at mothers-in-law, it will convulse with merriment even a dragged-out family head who has lugged the flat-iron lunch three miles thru the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

Dean Clark, with the zeal of a popular novelist, salutes us with "Gallantry and Gossip." In this spinster's handbook, his lively sense of humor skips and trips thru 300 pages, strongly salted with the brine of social life and delicately spiced with Cranston conviviality.

"An excellent gift for Aunt Selina."  
The New York Sun.

Director Harding appeals to Christmas shoppers with "Toots for Tin Horns." The book has a melody all its own. Dealing not primarily with music, but with splendid suggestions for lobster appetites with oyster incomes, its popularity is inevitable. A

certain Green Street local has purchased the entire first edition. Osborne Hall gets the second.

N. B. The book is published with apologies to Prof. Kaskawiski of the Romance language department.

Prof. C. W. Rolfe, enervated with a phenominal second wind, greets us with "Rocked to Sleep." This Christmas literary salutation marks the culmination of a life-long acquaintanceship with geological specimens. It is full of flint but not hard to grasp, and appeals especially to sentimental co-eds who are annoyed with masculine attentions.

Next, we are pleased to review William Dietrich's "Bacon or Spareribs". In this truly American dissertation the long-unsettled partiality of certain Epicureans for Bacon has been brought to a pleasing conclusion. Ribs win with plenty to spare.

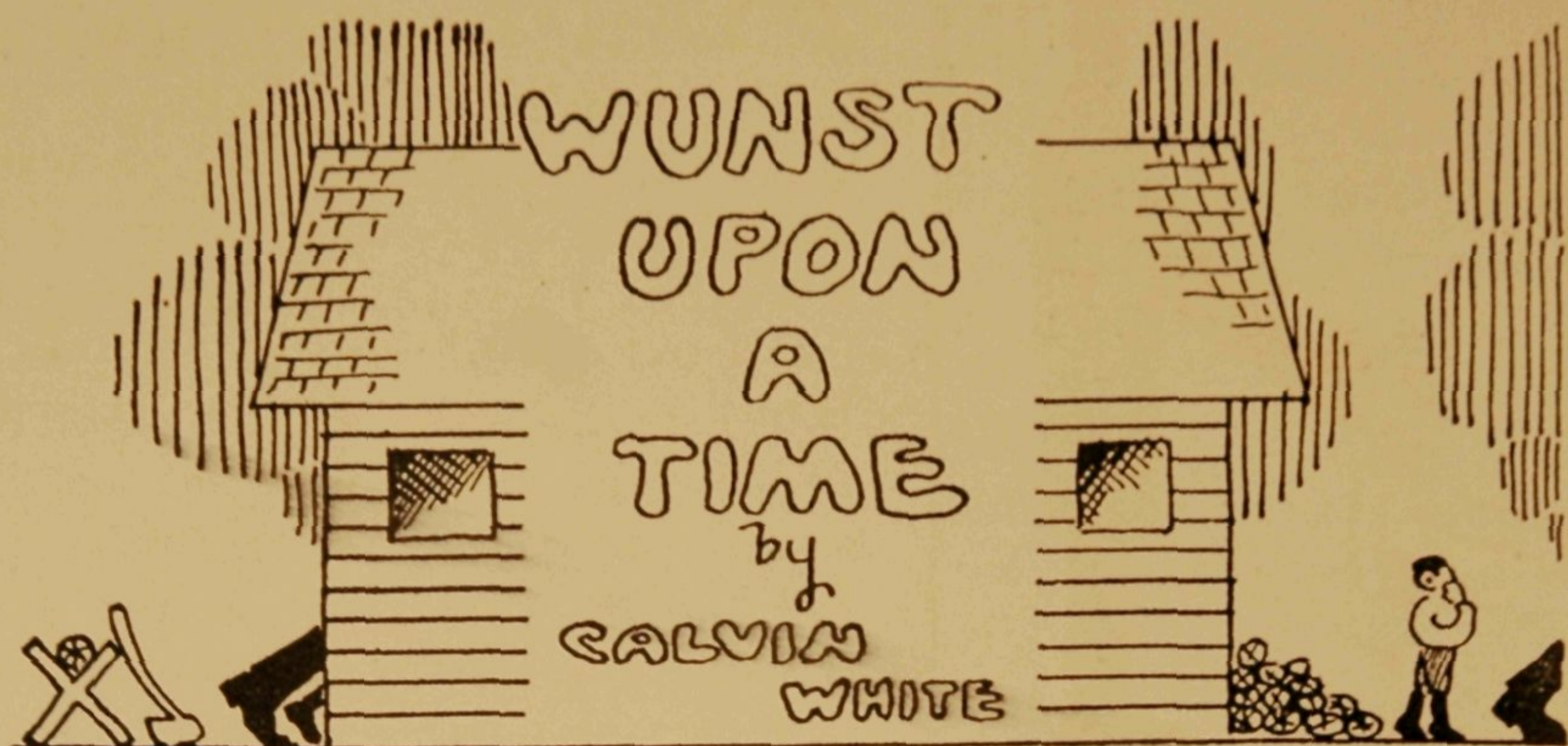
"An excellent after-Christmas-dinner mint." Chicago Tribune.

Freshmen will be attracted especially by Leo Hana's "Broadway Temptations." In this instructive pamphlet the glare of "the gay white way" is almost extinguished. The brilliancy of the electric light is dimmed; the effectiveness of the Israelite is checked. Gold bricks are recommended as investments. Specimens may be inspected at the "Gym." Mr. Hana has three beauties.

Later: For the purpose of propagating the creative spirit among our faculty members, a committee of seven has been appointed to consider the advisability of adding new courses to our curriculum, in order to use these publications as text-books.



# THE 'SIREN



ONE day  
Our Maw and Paw they went away,  
An' left us kids with Minnie Lee,  
An' told us es to see  
How good an' quiet we could be.  
But we wuz bad,  
An' we made Minnie Lee so mad  
She es scold an' scold, an' nen  
Bert—He's got trousers es like men,  
An' his voice goes way up high,  
Nen way down low like Uncle Ben.

Bert he looks 'hind all the clocks,  
Till he finds the key what locks  
Granddad's drawer, an' there's a box  
Full o' some black stuff  
What Bert called snuff,  
An' a pipe, an'—an'—lots o' things.  
An' nen Bert said,  
"This old place is awful dead.  
Come on kids. We'll have some fun."  
Nen we all run  
Down behind the shed.

There wuz Jake and Fred an' Sid—  
He's es a little bit o' kid—  
An' me.  
An' Bert he took a match,  
An' scratch it on the patch  
Of his pants, ah' nen he smoke,  
An' pretty near choke.  
Nen he give us all some snuff,  
An' we es sneeze, an' he es puff.  
Nen we sneeze an' sneeze some more  
Till our noses wuz all sore.

Nen our eyes begin to run  
Like we wuz cryin'.  
An' he es laugh, like it wuz fun.  
An' we es sneeze until it hurt,  
Me an' Jake an' Fred. Nen Bert  
Got sick, an' Sid  
Run an tell. Es like a kid!  
Nen Maw an' Paw come home, an' Fred  
An' me an' Jake got sent to bed,  
An' Paw took Bert out to the shed—  
An' I know what he did.

## HER NUMBER

PROF.—Mr. Jones, what does 1860 bring to your mind?  
Jones (dreamily)—Nellie's telephone, sir.

FOR the white shirt-waist and black skirt—  
It's a dry leaf that takes on no colors.



# THE SIREN

## THE LAMB RAMPANT



MUSIC AND DRAMA

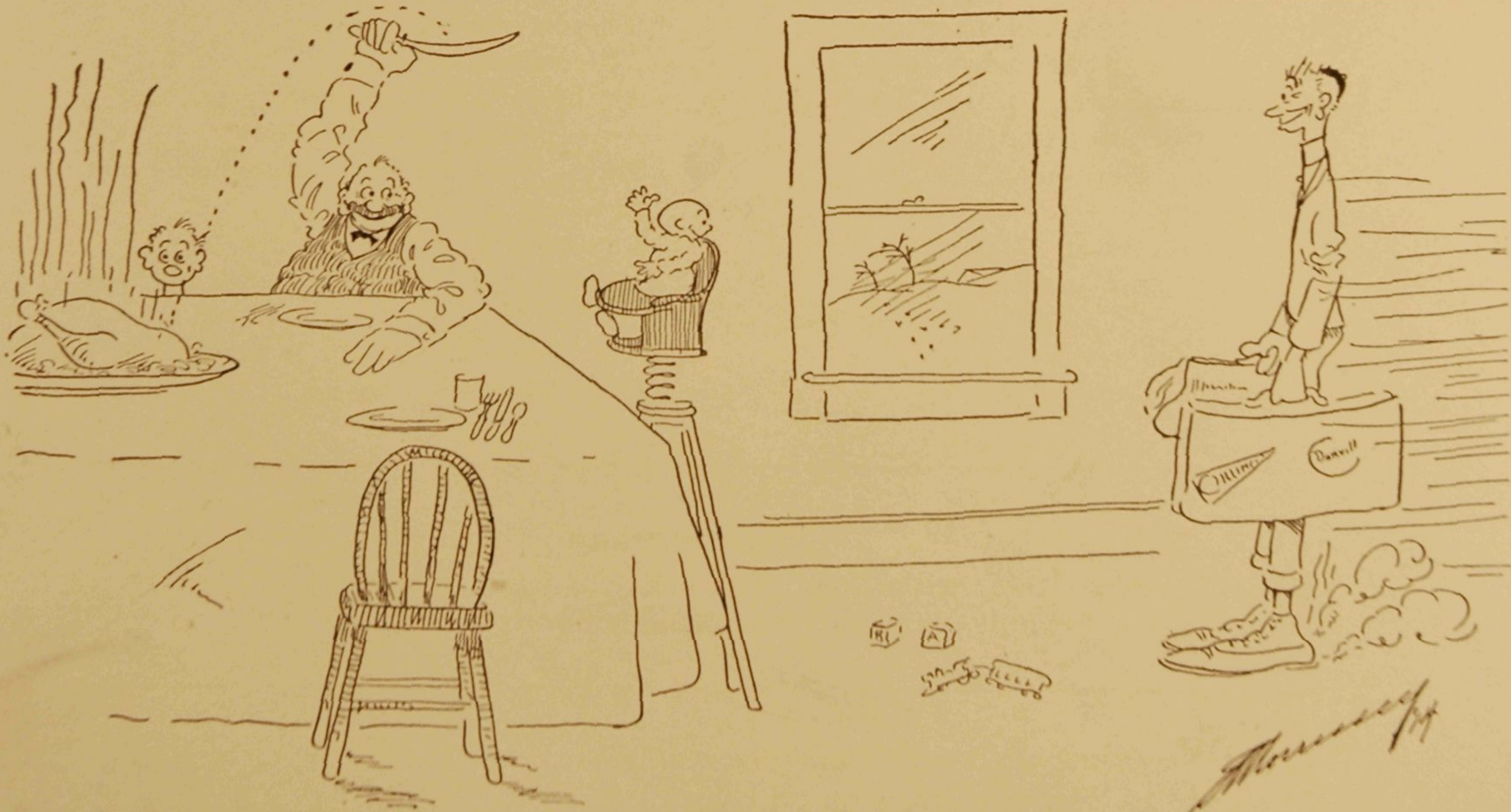
A DRAMATIC critic dropped in the other evening to hear a rehearsal of "The Lion Rampant." (That was the only way he could get in.)

"You have noticed the posters? Ferocious animal playfully pawing the air. Very deceptive. I watched the lion thru a whole performance and the worst he did was to paw his hair. Lion? Why, sir, he was a lamb—a Mary's little lamb. As long as Mary was not on the scene, he showed spirit, I admit; fact is, if it had not been for her, he would have been a good politician. A moral there—More than one promising young man has been ruined thusly. Now, if he only had taken a fancy to that other girl—but, that is the way with these young fools. Well, we must not be too hard on our amateur play-

wrights, and, as I say, there is a moral in the comedy.

"I must confess, the final scene in which she throws him a rose, is truly romantic. I still insist he did not deserve the favor, but as this was mostly her fault, I was not displeased.

"Except for the things I have mentioned, there is nothing to be afraid of, and it will be perfectly safe for you to attend. Of course, if you have a sensitive nature, you will have to beware of such remarks as: 'Come, let us leave our cosy corner, Diogenes, the plot thickens, and it must needs be stirred.' As I say, if you are sensitive, it will be well to sit where you can dodge behind a post; besides, there is nothing to be gained by sitting in the front row."



"HOME COMING"





B. V. D.

HE—I seemed to have been the coolest man in the crowd.

She—(ecstatically) Oh, do you wear them, too?

## Siren Staff Aspirants

COMPETITION for places on The Siren Staff is now open. Men of the four classes are eligible.

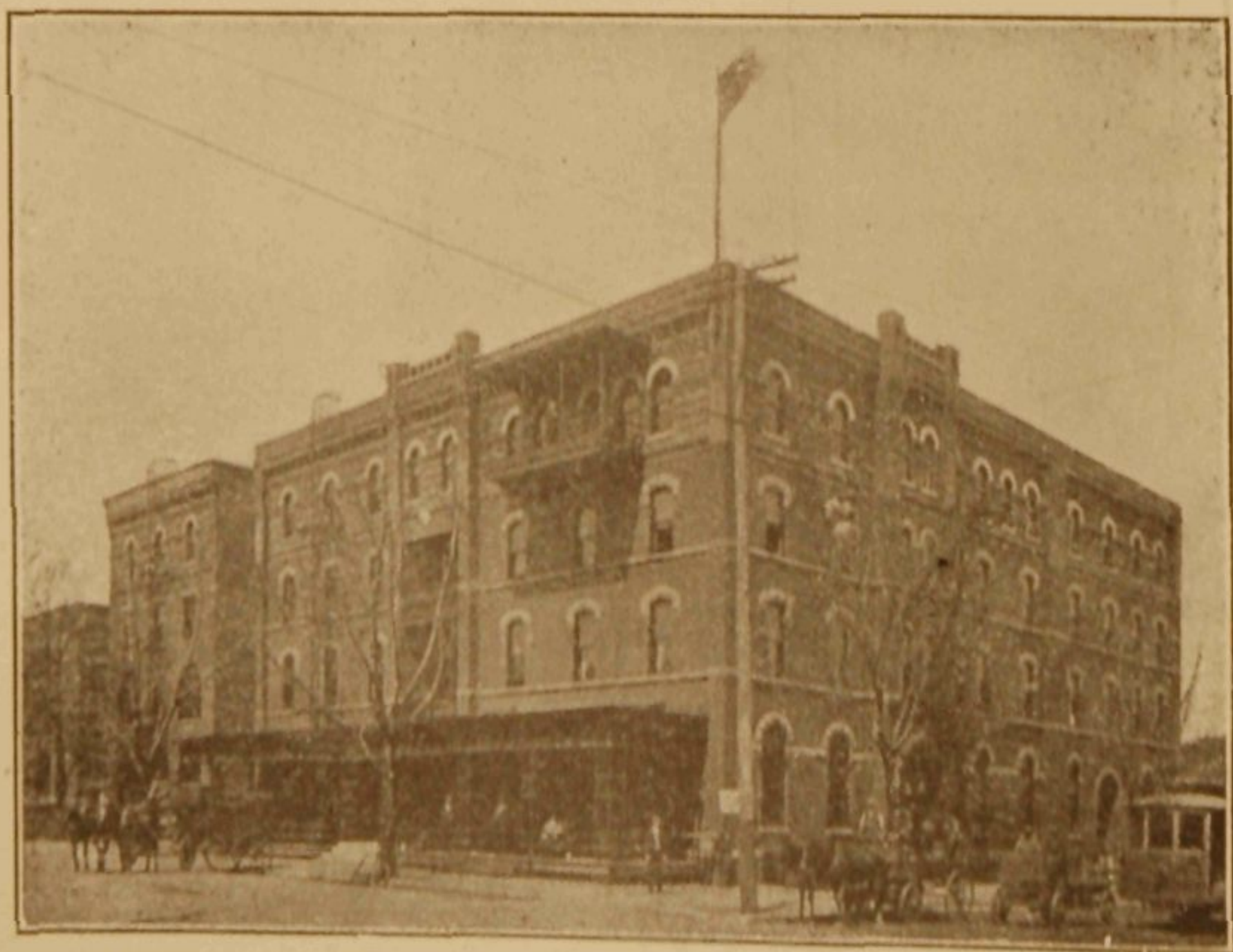
Election is by the Staff on the basis of work submitted for publication. Contributions should consist of cartoons, special features or short jokes.

Mail all material to The Siren, 918 Nevada St., or drop in Siren box at the entrance to Main Hall.

For further information, see Editor at 918 Nevada St.



# BEARDSLEY HOTEL



Headquarters for

Home Coming.....

# BEARDSLEY HOTEL

Champaign, Illinois



# Xmas Pennants and Pillows

We carry the finest line of Xmas Pennants and Pillows to be had in the Twin Cities. Our prices are lowest, and we will make to order in Felt or Leather anything that is desired. Special orders in this line are catered to. Call and look at our goods at the Student Store before you buy your Xmas Pillows and Pennants.

## — The Student's Store for Sweaters —

We have just received a new stock of two hundred Roll-Neck' Sweater Coats of various weights, quality and color. It is by far the most complete line of sweaters ever carried in the Gym Store. \* \* \* \* \*

# THE GYM STORE

LOCATED IN THE MEN'S GYMNASIUM

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AUTO PHONE 1471

— GO TO —

## GUS JOHNSON

### FLORIST

— For Flowers for the Prom —

306 SPRINGFIELD AVENUE

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## PITSENBARGER & FLYNN

are now in their new building at

### 612 EAST GREEN STREET

and are prepared to do all kinds of

## — CLEANING AND PRESSING —

BELL PHONE 1967



# JEFF POSES AS A FUSSEK BUT DRAWS A POOR HAND.

WITH APOLOGIES  
TO Fisher



# NECKWEAR

# EVENT

## Capper's Famous "Sovereign Silks" ONE DOLLAR

An unusual silk—manufactured exclusively for Capper & Capper—the idea was given the weaver by Mr. Capper, hence our absolute control of its sale. The silk possesses most excellent tying qualities—doesn't show the marks of a scarf pin—and is certainly the greatest silk we have ever seen put into a scarf at the price—One Dollar.

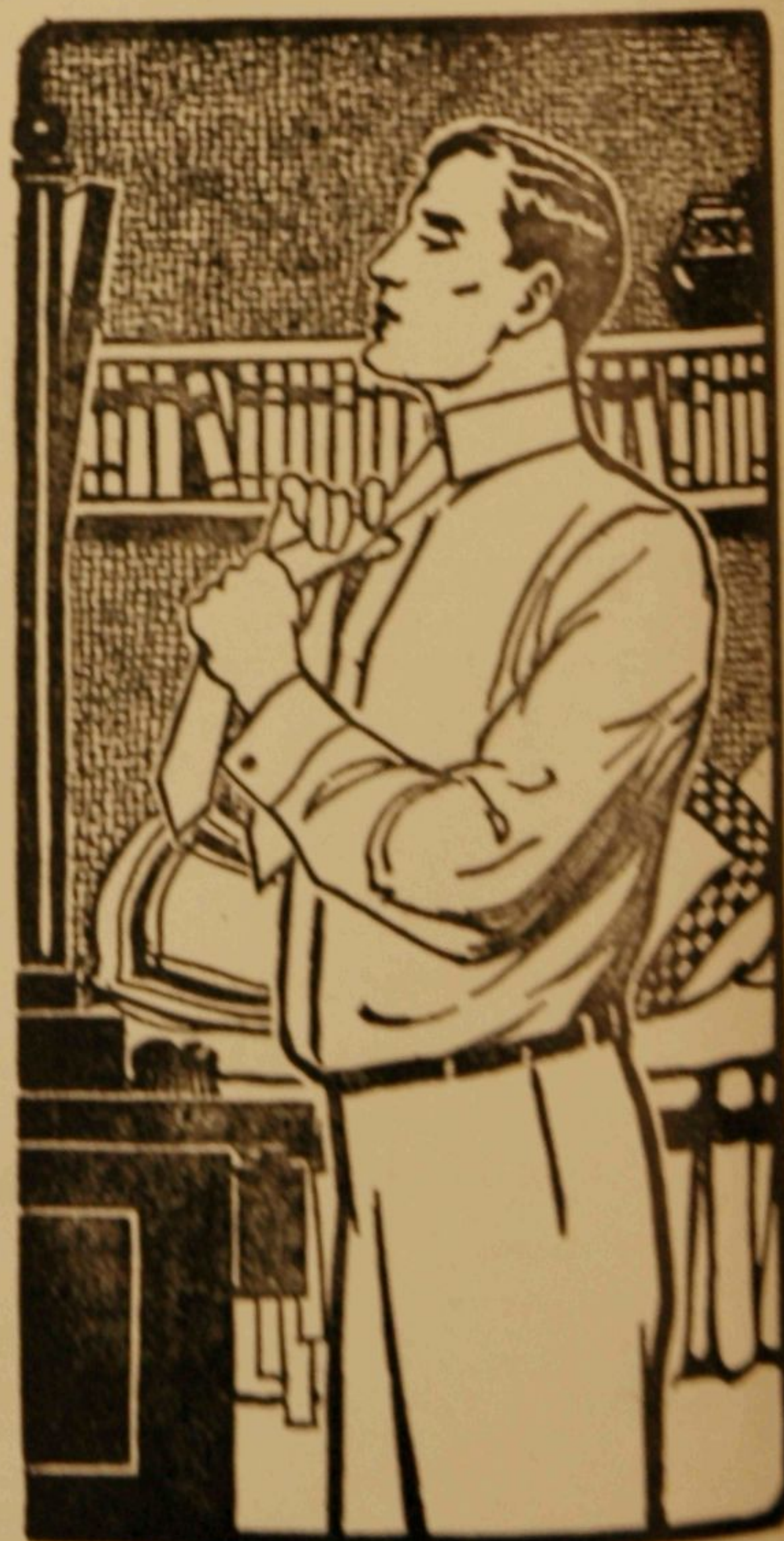
MAIL ORDERS GIVEN CAREFUL ATTENTION

*Capper & Capper*

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SHERMAN

Both Stores  
CHICAGO

18-20 JACKSON  
BOULEVARD





# The Good We Get From Oats

## That Persuasive, Delicious Flavor in Oatmeal

Have you ever thought how lavish Nature is with oats?

She has made this grain a  
Better body builder,  
Better brain-builder,  
Better nerve-builder,  
Than any other grain that grows.

She has crowded the oat with more digestible protein, more organic phosphorus, and more lecithin than any other cereal food.

She has made it a vim-producer—an energy food—beyond anything else we know.

And, to climax all, she has given oatmeal that fascinating flavor. It's the best-liked cereal which comes to our morning table.

What food is so delightful as oatmeal and cream?

Thus the elements needed for the growing child are made enticing to it. The vital foods for growth, work, play and study are made the most attractive.

For sheer delight, regardless of food value, nothing compares in the long run with oatmeal.

## Quaker Oats

But the finest flavor lies in rich, plump, luscious oats. So we select those oats by 62 separate siftings. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

These selected oats, prepared by our process, form the finest oat food in existence. Those who want the best—both in flavor and food value—always insist on this brand. The cost, despite its quality, is but one-half cent per dish.

### Regular Size package 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

*The prices noted do not apply in the extreme west or south.*

**The Quaker Oats Company**

CHICAGO



Look for the  
Quaker Trademark  
on every package



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**Soda Candy**

AND

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Coupon Books 10% Discount

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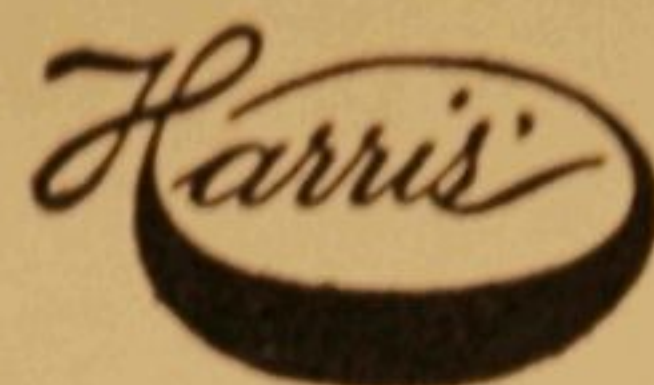


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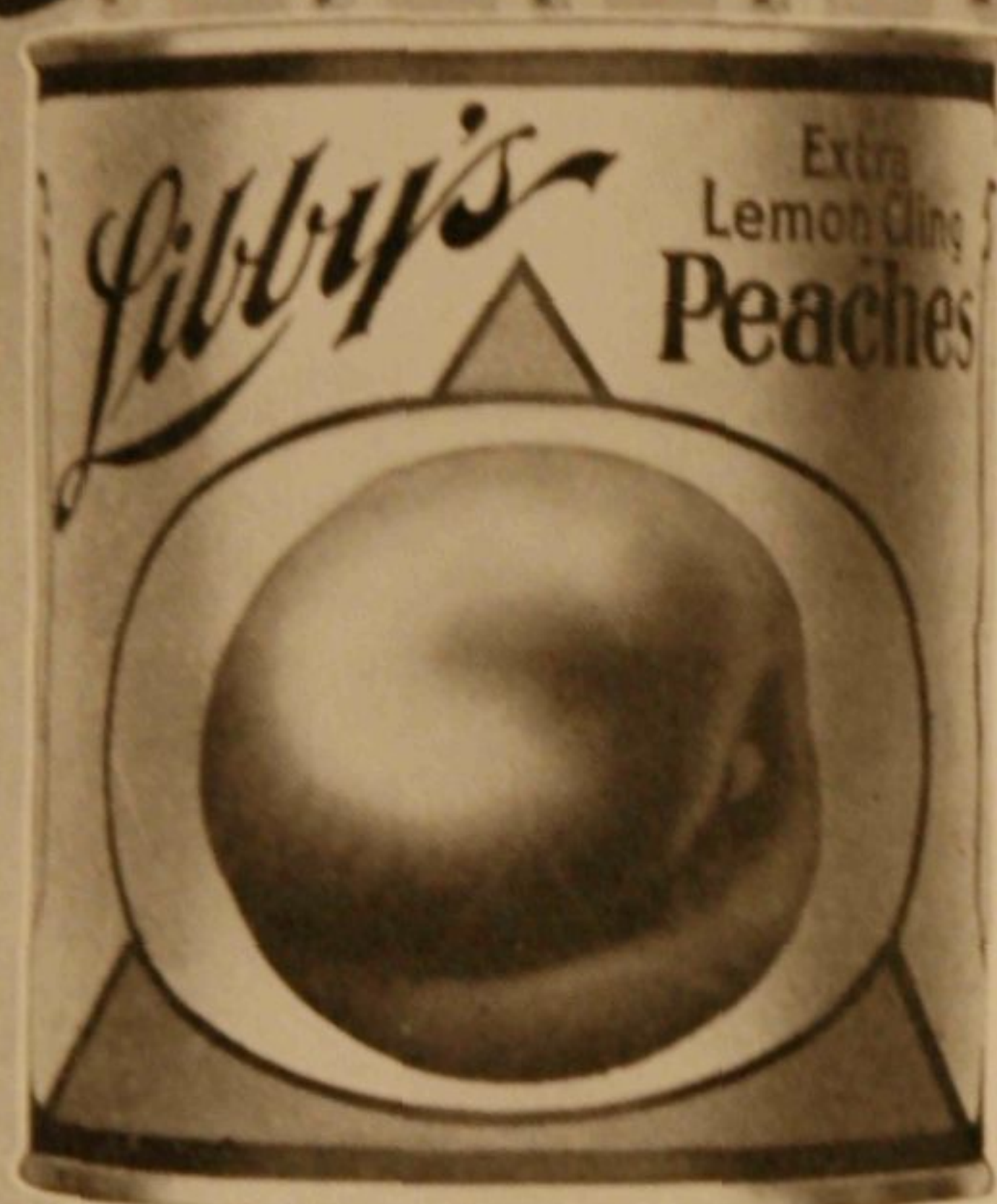
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Natural  
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## Libby's California Peaches

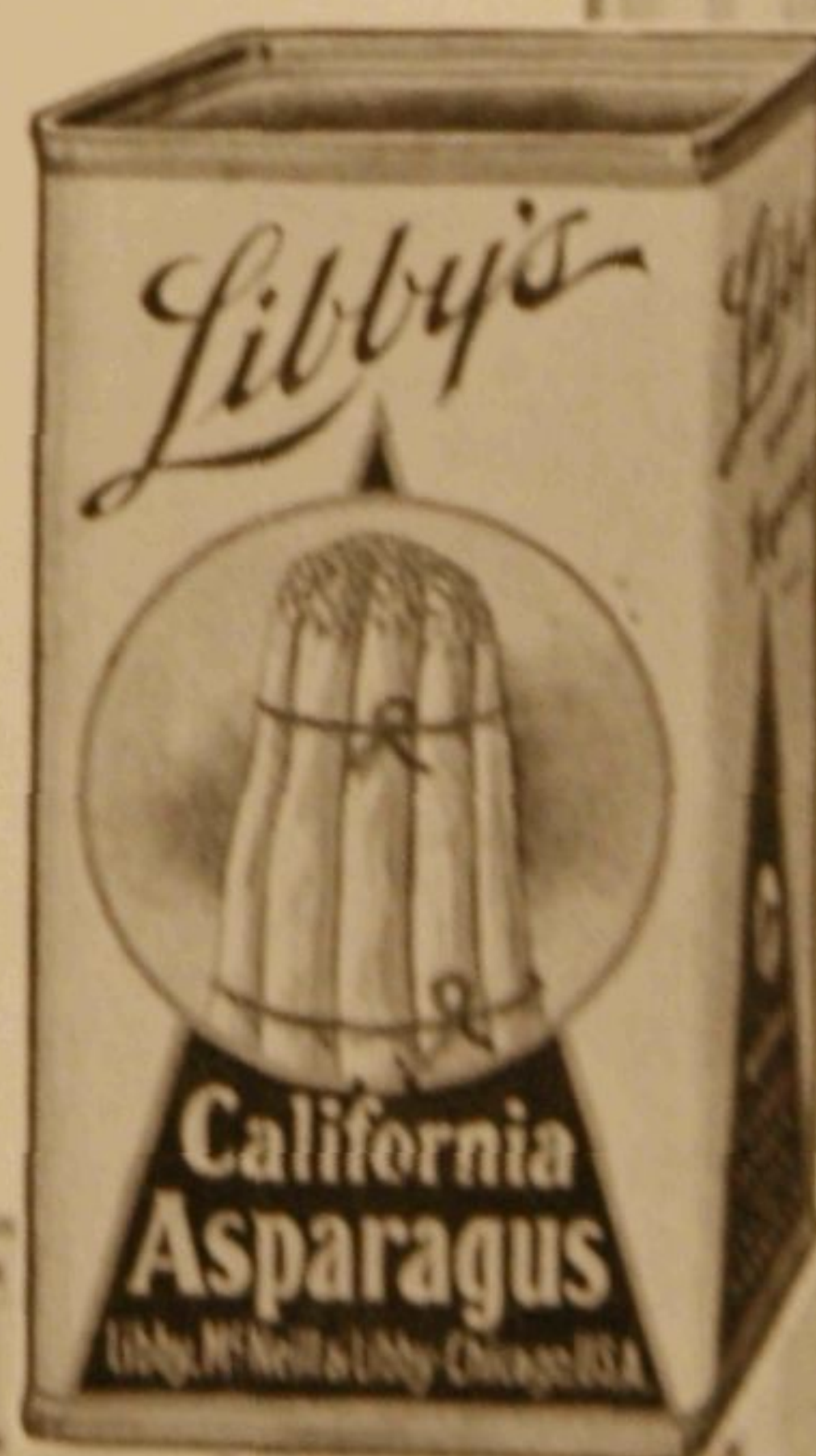
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## Libby's California Asparagus

Fresh, tender, and with all the natural flavor retained because it is put into tins as soon as cut. Grown in the Sacramento Valley.

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