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Octopus!

spring fever No.



HUBERT TOWNSEND

At All Times

Teckemeyer's

TEN CENT EGGS

One To Suit Your Particular Palate

Fudge

Maple Walnut

Bitter Sweet

Cherry

(Vanilla)

Try Them and Be Convinced

NAME ON BOTTOM OF EACH EGG

FOR SALE AT THE BEST STORES

BEST

IN
FEATURES,
ART, EDITORIALS
AND
SPORTS

The
Milwaukee Journal

600 Years Before Christ

The oldest investment on earth is a real estate mortgage. In Babylon, 600 years before Christ, the great Babylonian Banking House of Egibi invested large sums in mortgages both in city and farm property. Clay tablets upon which the records were written were recently dug up.

And while generations have come and gone and methods of transacting business have changed many, many times, the real estate upon which these loans were made is still there, and worth much more than it was at that time.

The Joseph M. Boyd
Company

Madison

Wisconsin

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

MADISON

Published by students of the
University of Wisconsin

Founded 1919

Incorporated 1920

Office, Union Building, Madison, Wis.

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Office Hours: Business Manager and editors will be in the Octopus office daily 3:30-5:00. Students wishing to tryout for places on the staff should call either the Business Manager or the Editor.

Vol. II.

March, 1921

No. 6

BADGER 5069

"Gowns that Individualize
the Wearer"

The Fashion Shop

Gowns for All Occasions

Alice Anslinger

332 Washington Bldg.

SEE HERE!

You loaf and smoke, you book-worm you rough-neck engineer, you bookkeeper, you farmer, you high-brow lawyer, you medic, you're so busy in your own school that you don't realize what a wonderful old institution your University is. You won't either, until you see all its many-sided activities displayed at the University Exposition in the Armory

April 21-22-23

The
UNIVERSITY EXPOSITION
Watch Wisconsin Work

This Space Donated by the Wisconsin Octopus



The saddest words of tongue or pen,
"On Easter Sunday it rained again."



He: Are you interested in sports?
She: I just love to go out with them.

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

The Eternal Triangle

A King there was, a monarch great,
A noble soul.
The populace did bow and scrape
The dust. Ambitious sons of fate
Did eye the scepter as achievement's goal;
For nations sway to mandates
Of a king.

A Fool there was, a simple man
Whose words were plain.
He traveled not in foreign land,
Nor did he try to understand
Man's whereabouts, or to explain
The whitherto of life, for he
Was just a fool.

With Death our trio is complete.
He gets them all.
The King soon left his life so sweet,
He died at apoplexy's feet.
And living to a ripe old age,
We find the fool.

Woes Of a Journalist

Ye Editor—Have you finished writing the story
about the soph-frosh riot?

The Woman in the Case—Yes, croel Wretch!

Ye Editor—And the one about the fight between
the dean and the student?

The Woman—Yes, you Villain!

Ye Editor—Aw, come on, be nice—we've got to
make-up now.

Rainy weather can't dampen a good man's
enthusiasm.

Did You Ever See a Dresser Like This?

Left; one can talcum, manicure outfit, complete,
one bottle denatured alcohol, glommed from lab, pic-
ture of the One and Only, one hand mirror.

Center; two more pictures of the One and Only,
one can talcum, one safety razor, two knit ties, col-
lar (not so clean), jar cold cream, tray containing
pennies, seat checks, safety pins and chewing gum.

Right; one straight-edge razor (gonna learna use
it some day), jar massage cream, bottle of hair tonic,
bandoline, three combs and a brush, another nail file.

—And then they talk about the sterner sex!

The Romantic Movement

The simple goose doth emulate
Her simple next door neighbor.
The co-ed too would ape the trait
No matter what the labor.

Thus hips disjointed are the fad;
And ambling like the Holstein cow,
And wagging like the canine glad
From petting, is the fashion now.

“. . . singers in blouses standing around a
barrel of vodka . . .” There is a peculiar
charm in some of Tolstoi's writings, isn't there?

He: You know I'm not very good at dancing.
She: I know it, but why tell me?



She: Don't you just love nights like these?
He: No, sometimes I study.



Be read to. It saves the eyes for better things.

Just what did the prof mean when he said:
 "Will those now seated in the rear of the room
 please take the more vacant seats in front?"



Short But Not Sweet

Oh that bobbed hair, that awful bobbed hair!
 It gets in your mouth and makes you swear.
 It looks like hell, it tickles worse.
 She's bobbed her hair,—go call the hearse.
 For love is dead, and won't return
 'Til ashes scramble in the urn.



Vun On Ikey

Ikey, I hab sumdings up my sleeb.
 Vat iss it, Jakie?
 Oi, oi, an arm, Ikey.



Work

Work is a bad habit. It is bad for your health.
 It is bad for your brain, for it makes you narrow
 minded. It monopolizes your time and leaves not
 the moments for rest and repose. Some people like
 work. They are either deluded or undeluded; if
 deluded we pity them; if they know what they are
 doing, it is their own crop of oats. Look to the
 oyster, the happiest of human beings. Why is he
 happy? He does not work. Who wants to wear
 out the world's famous grindstone with his nose?



Ike: Get off my feet.
 Abe: Is it much of a walk?



The Hero

A man may be a hero to his mother, his girl, or
 the little kid next door but never to his fraternity
 brothers. They see him come to breakfast in his
 bathrobe; they hear him swear at his dress collar;
 they lend him money. To them his deeds are
 worthy of nothing but criticism. His glossy hair is
 always being mussed up by his less handsome room-
 mate. A man is never a hero in the early morning
 hours. See him at breakfast and hero worship is
 dead. Yes, a man may be a hero to his sweet-
 heart but never to his wife.

Spooks!

These woods are dark, these trees are tall,
 I must admit I am afraid
 For ghoulish gliffenwimbers lurk
 A seeking meat within this glade.

The hokumgrabbers moan their moans
 From out their nests in highest trees,
 Their cries annoy the squabblejock
 Who, sobbing, drops upon his knees.
 A minotar came up the path
 And stared at me with startled mien.
 Doubtless I appeared to him
 The queerest thing he'd ever seen.

The snaggerjillum calls his mate
 Who when she hears him sadly sings,
 On yonder branches mojaves perch
 And slowly flap their rubber wings.
 I'm told that hungry woofempoofs
 Carniverous and savage, too,
 Are often seen within these woods.
 Loud I'll rejoice when I get thru.



On Her Fingers

She is a girl that really counts.
 It is unusual to find a good feminine mathematician.



If women start taking men out there will
 be many old scores settled with triple dam-
 ages.



Is that a natural wave in your hair?
 Yes, as natural as I can make it.



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Incorporated 1920

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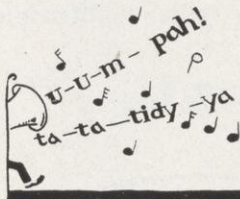
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Vol. II

March, 1921

No. 6



Octy Turns the Job Over to the Exposition

Overcome by otiosity now that the University Exposition has assigned to itself the responsibility of demonstrating to all mankind that after all the university is exceedingly practical and progressive, Octy folds his multitude of legs and anticipates the effect of the big show, April 21-24.

Quite willing is he to shift to the shoulders of the Exposition the burden of proving that Wisconsin is more than a rendezvous of enervated lounge-lizards; quite anxious is he to have elaborate evidence assembled to banish the incertitude concerning the productiveness of this nucleus of knowledge.

And that is one of the prime purposes of this four days course on the University of Wisconsin which will make Madison the mecca of more than 10,000 pilgrims.

What a tale Hiram Hick, who has always been an education skeptic, will be able to tell when he pulls his chair up to the stove in the cross-roads store, takes a fresh quid, and begins, "Them's right smart people down at this uneversitee of ourn." The marvels of that display will furnish him with yards of conversation and enough arguments to refute a hundred of those cynics who believe that to support a university is to throw money to the four winds.

What a reinforced advocate of higher education will Prof. Fitzgerald Filigree Fitz, Ph. D., M. A., M. S. et cetera be when he returns to his native heath after his sojourn at the Exposition.

So that is why Octy sits on the side lines and expectantly awaits the Exposition.

The Military Ball

Rivaled only by the Junior Promenade, the Military Ball will eclipse every social function of the year in pretention and brilliance. It will transcend even the elaborate affair of last year and the years previous; it will set a new standard of splendor and splurge.

Still, the Military Ball will preserve that same hearty cordiality, that same ease and informality that only buddy get-togethers can have and have despite magnificence and pomposity. And magnificent the fete will be.

Cadets in khaki, "bucks" in olive drab, jackies in navy blue will dance that night like they never danced before. In the glittering pageant, Rear Row Number Three will rub elbows with captains and colonels and thrill with the restraint that keeps his arm from crooking into a stiff and snappy salute.

Happy smiling girls in shimmering frocks of gold and green and purple and orange. Syncopated rhythms without a martial blare.

That is the Military Ball of '21.



In Defense of Theses

Ah, Theses.

Who is there who dares arraign these theses, to deprecate these analecta of academic accomplishments, these collectanea that degree aspirants must profer to a fastidious faculty for approval?

Who is there so audaciously Pentheselean that he would denounce these collegiate cartularies of achievement, these obelisks that necessitate a foundation of years of schooling, these affidavits of wisdom?

For after all are not they all that?

It is one of these dissertations upon the "Effect of Button Hooks Upon Early Iceland Art" or the "History of Ethiopian Architecture in the United States Between 1850 and 1860" that attests a man's superbly developed mentality. Such a work is a badge of learning to which all the world may look and proclaim, "There is an educated man."

To write his scholastic epitaph and have it earn a place in the dusty confines of the sacred sarcophagus in the Library to be undisturbed through eternity, one must be educated, thoroughly educated. So educated must he be that two weeks before commencement he can rush into the library, tear down the shelves, take a snippet from this book, a scrap from this, a page from that, throw them together into a heterogeneous heap, and race off to the stenographer. He entitles his work, "A Tale Told by an Idiot, Full of Sound and Fury, Signifying Nothing," and affixes his name. No one can now dispute his intellect, his capacity.

Who is there, then, who would venture to vituperate these symbols of sophistication, to challenge the merits of these mental masterpieces?



"As They Were in the Beginning"

Sage grey heads shake disapprovingly at the modern girl, her bobbed hair, her marcel waves, her scanty skirt, her insufficient silk stockings, her white nose and rosy cheeks.

Salty old sailors of the Sea of Time throw up their hands askance at the audacity of the twentieth century maiden and execrate immodesty which they insist goes hand in hand with modernism.

"Now, when I was a girl—", say these moral semaphores.

But when these same upbraiders were in their prime, other sage, grey heads were shaking disapprovingly and moaning, "Now, when I was a girl—".

And so on away back into the dark ages when Al Pope, that reckless essayist who said what he pleased and didn't give a tinker's darn if the world liked it or not, wrote in that discourse, cleft "Criticism,"

*"The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blushed before."*

So dear, old moral monitors, conserve the energy you expend in shaking your sage, grey heads and be-tonguing the happy miss of today and try to recall the day when you were young and sage, grey heads were shaking and exclaiming, "Now, when I was a girl—".

A Ballad of Blunders

I knew a Co-ed on the Hill
With liquid eyes,—Virginia Dare—
She made home-brew, I love her still,
And, ah, but she was passing fair!

“Don’t drink to me with just your eyes,”
I cried, my spirits to repair.
She didn’t—from the marks I prize
My grades went down to passing fair!

I mourned my tragic loss of luck
And joined the street-car forces, where
I could no longer pass the buck
Because my work was passing fare.

The moral of this ballad heed,
Ye followers of *laissez faire*.
Were it not for my thirsty greed
They still might hold me passing fair!

Clarence: Will she love?
William: She’s a self starter.

Has anything yet been said about the ice
going out making the diving less difficult?

The preacher lives for his paradise but the
coon lives by his pair-of-dice.

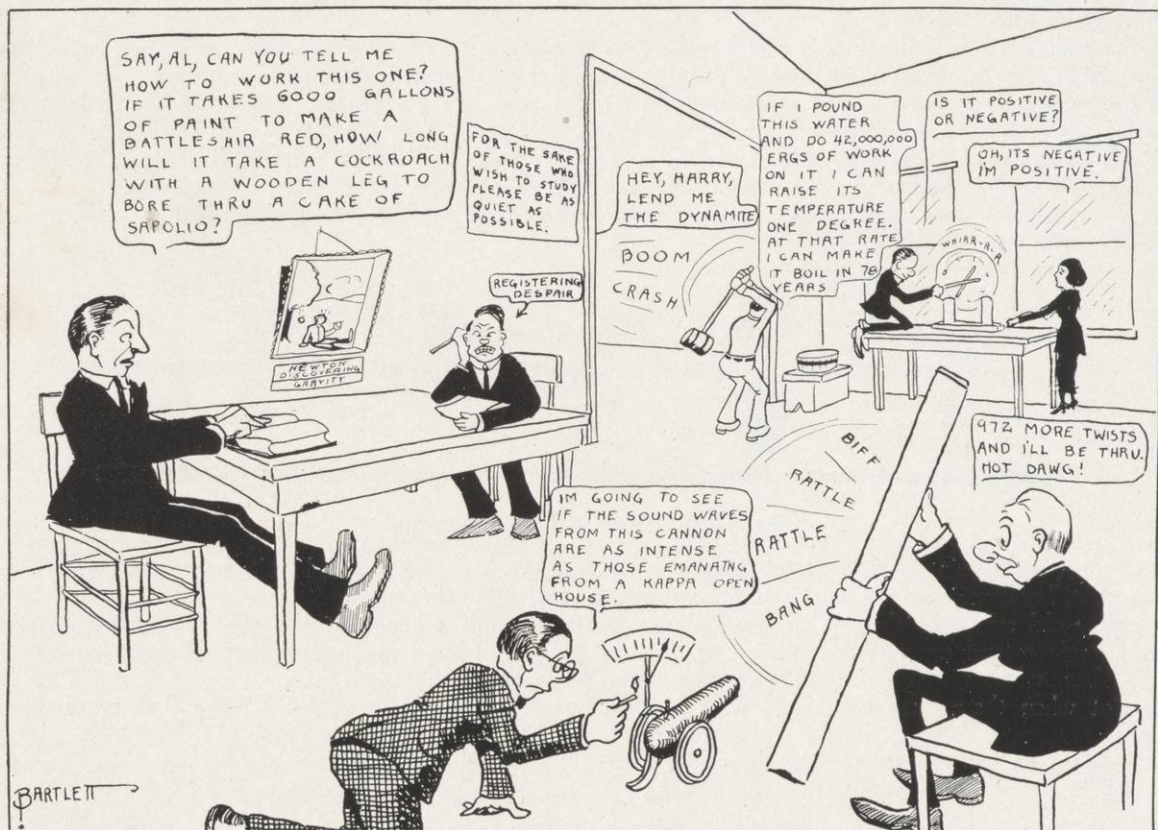
From Our Cynical Bachelor

With the opening of the spring season the boys
have begun laying in a new supply of fraternity pins.
Young college gentlemen are unanimously agreed
that the average co-ed is horribly underfed.

The art of planning a strategic campaign is illus-
trated by the girl who plays with the ice-boat owner
in the winter and smiles upon the canoeist in the
summer.

Brotherly Love

I’d like the bird that always singing “Margie.”
I’d like the guy that whistles “Wedding Bells,”
I’d also like the goof
Who tries to raise the roof.
Yes, I’d like to see them boil in seven hells.



Have you ever tried to write up an experiment in the physics lab?

OCTY REVIEWS THE VARSITY MOVIE

Mayximilian O'Dea, who has just sent us his latest portrait, was majoring in sub-Freshman English until David W. Whiffith scented him on the hill one day.

He was a made man from that instant, yes, and tailormade. His salary now runs into five figures, three of which are to the right of the decimal point.

In the forthcoming production he takes the leading role, as usual, in the person of Al Fresco, an out-



door man. He appears in outdoor scenes throughout the picture, regardless of the exposure to the elements that attends this feat. He points proudly to the fact that during the war he sacrificed his phenomenal career and joined the Fifth Balloon Corps Replacement. On November 12, 1918, he volunteered to undertake a hazardous mission, but Pershing refused to permit the venture.

Ida Lottrawther Dahnce, whose accompanying exposure you will be delighted to see, would quite surprise you off the screen.

She is an unsophisticated, refined, home-loving, and highly intelligent girl, having attended the University for the past four years. She has of late been



receiving tempting offers from Hollywood to appear as one of the ten thousand privates in the forthcoming "Battalion of Death," but her inborn ideals counsel her, she says, to remain here at home, with her innocent boy playmates to toddle with, and her beloved Boccaccio to read during the long Sunday mornings.

Valeria Treemans, who plays the second female lead, got her start as the cocoon in "Madame Butterfly."

Following that, she took the part of Polly in "Pagliacci," and was immediately afterwards wooed

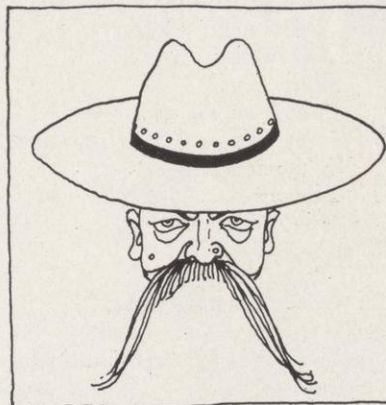


and won by the Silent Drahma. It will be quite futile for any of the Ag School boys to seek correspondence with this gifted star, for off the screen she is Mrs. Watt Tell, her husband being a direct descendant of William H. Tell, the distinguished Swiss apple-knocker.

Valeria has a great scene in the new picture—a sleep-walking scene in which she makes her entry in a somnambulance drawn by six members of the Romance Language faculty. Both her guardian and her favorite drink are Lieut.-Gen. Hennessy, of three-star fame.

Caescar Ruffleigh, the villain of the piece, is a caveman by education as well as instinct.

In grammar school he was wont to tease the little girls disgracefully, and the strange passion has never left him. The idea of commercializing this charm-



ing vice occurred to him several years ago, and he has taken a number of correspondence courses in cavemanners.

While preparing for this latest of his successes on the screen he lived in Blackhawk's Cave for two weeks, wearing nothing but the Alpha Phi rug and eking out an existence upon the fish and nuts that abound in the vicinity. He let his beard grow, too, but at the end of that period the art director became discouraged and furnished him a regular set of whiskers.



She: Are there any favors at the dance tonight?

He: Yes, I had to take three dances with Jim.

Curfew

Ring me a curfew:
 After your presence
 the night will engulf me,
 so I might
 as well
 Sleep
 until on the morrow
 my sun will rise skyward
 In the morning
 Of your
 Smile.

The professor crawled laboriously out from under the overturned coach. "There seems to have been a slight wreck," he murmured.

"Yer all wrong," shouted the traveling man, "just a hell of a misunderstanding between the engines."

A college education may not make a man but it certainly can go a long way toward completing the job.

Life's Tragic Moments

I.

Paradise Lost.

She was sitting on a cat boat 300 yards from shore, daintily reposing there in more or less of a bathing suit. It was quite a swim for me, but boy, it might have been worth it. Her back was towards me but I could tell from the contours of her shoulders she was a living Venus. Her dainty cap coyly hiding yet tantalizingly disclosing her marvelous golden hair, her lily white arm stretched out behind her on the deck, her chic little toes barely dabbling in the water:—in all a superb picture. Yes it was quite a swim for me, but once there—heaven. Out of breath and very weak I barely managed to make the boat. I panted, "Hello." "Huh?" she said, and turned around. I saw her face. Gawd! Losing my hold on the boat I slipped back into the deep contented to spend the rest of my existence among the fish, whose backs do not belie their faces.

Did you ever witness a melange of vaudeville offerings by these humans and then wish to see just once more a good trained seal?



The Victor Talking Machine.

SUITS
PRESSED
75¢



ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR!
THE PROPER DRESS FOR AN
8 O'CLOCK LECTURE
IS ACHIEVED BY
PUTTING ON A
ROBE. BE-
FORE GOING TO
CLASS.



WHAT IS
MORE
FITTING?



WITH THE
DESIGNERS
FIGHTING OVER
WHAT IS
THE MODE.
ANYTHING IS
PROPER FOR
SPRING.

WE SUGGEST
SPORT
SHIRTS TO
REPLACE HIGH COLLARS



ON BLIND
DATES IT IS
ADVISABLE
TO WEAR
SABOTS.



YOU DANCE
SO DIFF-
ERENTLY
THAN WE
DO AT
DOWNER.



IF YOU ARE THE
FORTUNATE OWN-
ER OF A PET CORN
WE SELL THESE
ATTACHMENTS.

A SWISS COSTUME
MIGHT AID IN
CLIMBING
THE HILL,
BUT DON'T
LET IT
INFLUENCE
YOU TO
YODEL.



HUB TOWNSEND

Whispering Voices

As I slept in peace one day
 An evil angel came my way,
 Bending low with evil leer
 It whispered softly in my ear.
 "After all is said and done
 People go to school for fun
 Eat and drink and dance away
 'thell with work, you're here to play."

Evil angel, evil day
 Tomorrow night I go away.
 By this school forever banned
 You have guessed it—I've been canned.



We'd like to read the thesis on "The Contagion of Yawns."



Dere ma:

These coed are shure phunny. Even Sue Jones is. At home I can ask Sue to go out with me on the same nite; but here, ma would you believe it, if I don't give her two weeks notice she gits sore. More next time. Ike.

Real Estate

Have you a house?
 No, but I've gotta lot.



"I'm afraid I spoiled that girl's evening," ventured the roommate, crawling in.

"How come?" we howcomed.

"I treated her all the time in such a way that she could have no possible excuse to say, 'The party's getting rough!'"



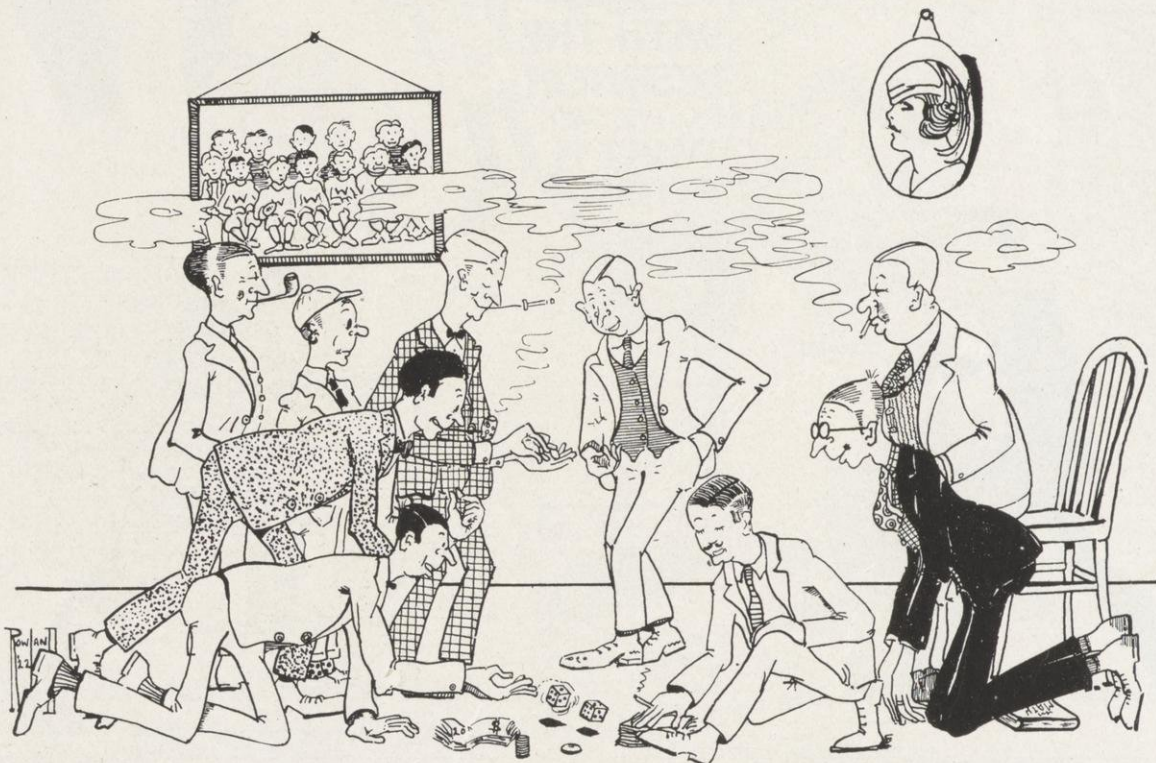
A Point of View

Good 'Un (after hearing risque joke): Well that's way above me!

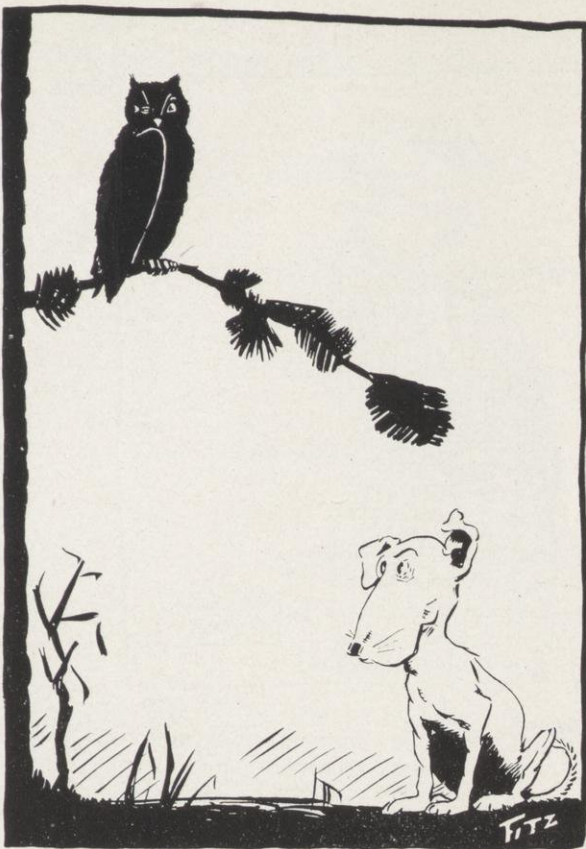
Bad 'Un: Gosh, but I shudder to think how low your mind must be.



"That was a stiff exam," muttered the Medic. Ike.



Geological Note: Madison ls in a rolling country.



An Easter Carol

A Hound-dog sat at the foot of a tree
 An' to the Wise Old Owl says he,
 "I've heard o' cats that had nine tails
 An' fish bein' caught as were bigger 'n whales.

"Of suckers hooked 'thout no bait
 An' fair co-eds without a date
 But now an answer of you I beg
 Has anyone seen a rabbit's egg?"

The Wise Old Owl looked wiser 'n ever
 The night breeze ruffled his ol' horn feather
 An' he winked his eye at the sky's deep blue
 An' breathed the gentle query "Who?"



Prof. to young lady would-be C. P. A.: What do you consider a necessary overhead expense?

Young Lady: The cost of a hair net torn by an ardent worth-while suitor.



Hot Stuff

I'm in love with a dark senorita,
 With manners and features bonita.
 "Le amo," she said,
 And I dropped over dead.
 I expected compleeta defeata.

If the faculty and student body can't get together on the Honor Exam question, why not settle the matter by abolishing exams.



I hear Jim is a good social climber.
 He's better on porches.

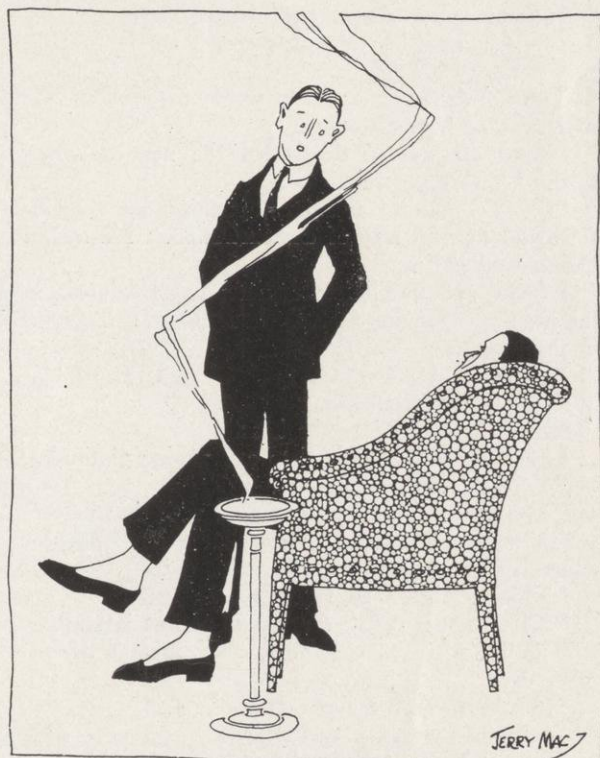


A Good Citizen

A good citizen is rarer than blue diamonds. He loveth his neighbor but not his neighbor's wife. He neither burneth leaves in his back yard, nor soft coal in his furnace. He borroweth not, nay, not even a lawn-mower nor a quarter for the gas meter. He spanketh his own children. He casheth his own checks. A college man is not a good citizen.

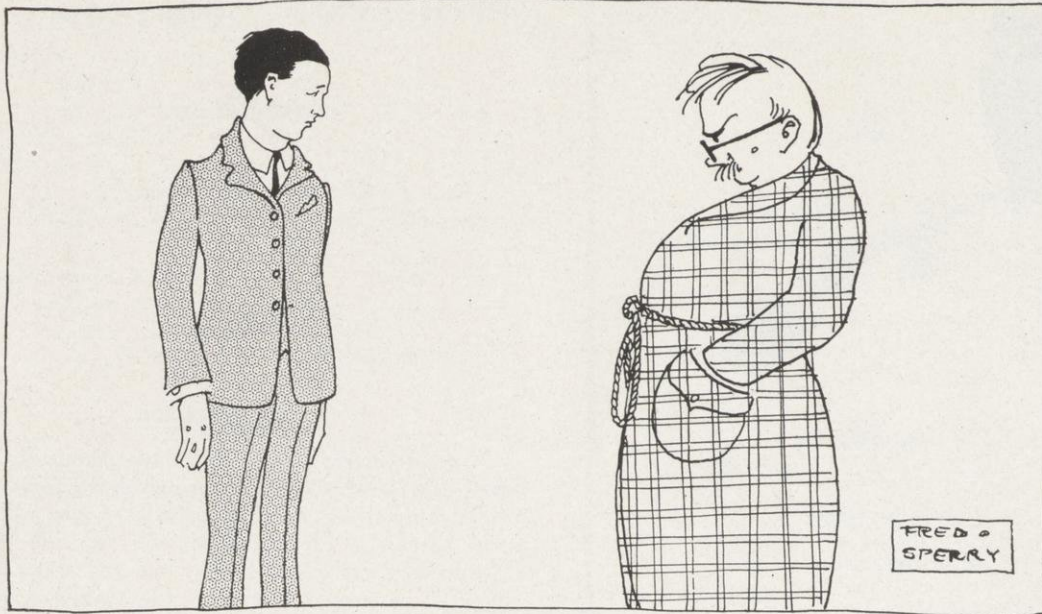


She: I'm awfully crooked.
 He: So I notice.



JERRY MAC

"How do birds feather their nests?"
 "Oh! they just get in and lay down."



“What’s Your Name?”

Jijiboom Papers

III. The Coming of the Blue Laws.

When as in style my Julia goes,
I halt, bereft of verse and prose,
In stupefaction at her clothes!

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
Some knave descry her meager knee,
—Oh how his tittering pierceth me!

Thus yodelled I as they threw me out of the street car at Murray street.

“Who are you?” demanded the new doorman at the University Club.

“I’m a Yank,” I explained, yanking out a handful of his hair by way of demonstration. He smiled and bowed me in.

I found my dear little playmate, Dr. Bazinook, in the library, arranging a lovely bouquet of carnoleums in the fireplace.

“BAZ!!” I ejaculated.

“JIJ!!” he inoculated.

We fell swooning to the hearth.

Upon recovering, we fell to exchanging platitudes.

“You’ve been to England, Jij?”

“Try me and see,” I responded with that naivetè which made my Uncle Zanimork the most popular inmate of Leavenworth a generation ago.

“Nice weather,” he ventured.

“Not ’alf, not ’alf,” I returned almost instantly.

The Doctor was delighted, and thought of another one.

“Harding’s been inaugurated,” he said.

“Jolly bounder,” I came back.

“Splendid, Jij!” he exclaimed. Then his face

and body darkened several shades. “Come down to the locker room,” he whispered; “the faculty chiefs are in pow-wow.”

Without the batting of either eye or nose we entered the sacred retreat in the basement of the club and chose the most comfortable seats in the circle. The professors and satellites there gathered registered shocked astonishment. They knew Baz well enough, but many of them failed to recognize me and accordingly challenged me with frightful stares, glares and nasty glances.

My inborn nonchalance was too much for the presiding officer, one of the balder philosophers. He sought to expose utter fraudulence in my presence there by resorting to obscure ethics.

“Ho hum,” was what he said. An intense silence fell upon the circle.

“Hoski humovitch,” I drawled, switching to the Russian.

In his rage he blushed as though he had contracted scarlet fever. But he thought to go me one better.

“Hoberg hummenstein!” he shouted, resorting to the Yiddish.

But dear old Dr. Reed, the master of Romance languages, had long ago coached me in the reply that knows no confutation.

“Homo humyana,” I said, in the purest Castilian.

That settled it. I belonged there, all right. Therefore the meeting returned to business.

A mild little man had the floor.

“I look forward to the day,” he declared, puffing

(Continued on page 24)

What we need is not more honor fraternities,
but more people eligible for those we now
have.



Why We Like To Go To the Infirmary

1. No 8 o'clocks.
2. Good food.
3. Don't spend any money.
4. Plenty of sleep.
5. Can't study.
6. Good-looking nurses.



L'avue

What is the cause of my ruin?
What is the cause of my fall?
Night-rides and games
And a fondness for dames
And an inborn love to stall.

It's hard to be a gentleman
And be a human being,
Because the things that here are seen
Ain't what one's used to seein'.

Flowers

I bring you flowers
of Free Verse,
if you do not like them
cast them to ashheaps
and ash-cans, ashes and refuse;
they are the keepers of flowers,
the goal of all flowers;
for them are flowers grown
blossoming
riotous and red;
perhaps you are a
flower
or am I
a bed of flowers
or just
an oil-can like you?

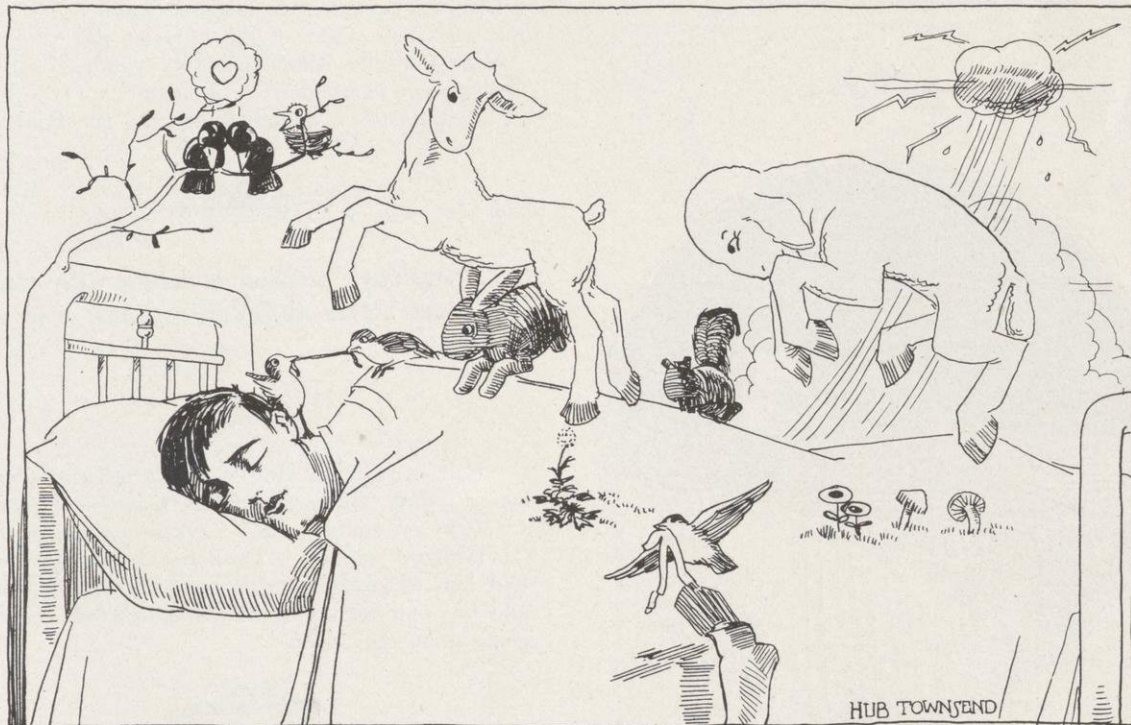


Him: What do you want to do tonite, sweet thing?
Sweet Thing: Oh, let's go canoeing.
Him: All right. I'll paddle you awhile, then you paddle me.



A Short Cut to Knowledge

He was digging a ditch across the campus. The sign said keep off the grass, so being a law abiding person and too lazy to go around he dug.



Dreams of a young man after reading a volume of spring poems.

No Worry

Old Adam had no eight o'clocks
That pulled us out of bed
He'd get up when he got darned pleased
And wouldn't wash his head.

He wouldn't even clean his teeth
Or comb his turbid hair,
Or struggle with a button-hook
Because his feet were bare.

He'd merely stand beneath a tree,
Shake down the nightly dew,
And rolling round the soft green grass,
His ablutions were through.

For breakfast, he'd not stand and wait,
For hours in weary line.
But pick perhaps some mellow fruit,
And throw away the rind.

All afternoon they'd sit around
And sip dried fig-leaf tea
And toddle up and down the sand
Or shimmy o'er the lea.

And when they'd finished dinner,
And were sitting on some shore,
They'd watch the sky-stars slowly rise,
And swap the latest gore.

And this is how old Adam spent
A day long years ago
Molested not with a mid-term quiz
Would that our life were so.



She (stargazing): Oh! where is the little dipper?
He: O-h-h! S' too late now.



Min: Do yez know that a cake of ice fell on poor Cassidy and killed him?

Tim: Yis, the coroner told me that he died of hard drink.



Wicked! Wicked!

"I think you're wonderful," cooed Ruth,
I believed she meant it for gospel truth.
'Til the very next night in a candy shop
Directly behind in a neighbor booth,
The self same voice of the selfsame girl
Was soulfully vamping a silly youth:
"I think you're wonderful," I heard,
Great Scott! it sounded—it was my Ruth.



"Moonshine" worked wonders with men a long time before the Volstead law was ever thought of.



"Bob must think Dot White is the very devil," mused Trixie, the coed with the record in flirtations.
"Why do you say that?" asked her roommate.
"Because we had a scrap the other night and I told him to go to the devil and he said he would; and he went right over to her house and he's been going there ever since."



When the wolf knocks at the front door a man is tempted to send his code of ethics out at the rear.

Why talk of the good old days when those we have now are not only good but new.



Studying Spanish 1A

I've written you poems en ingles
 Mas nunca en espanol;
 He amado tu si pues
 Yo first saw la luz del sol.

Tu lips he deseado a besar,
 Y maybe I will some day;
 Ahora pregunto que amas me,
 Si eres, sere yo quite gay.



Signs of Spring

What are you going to do with that sand-paper?
 Clean my teeth.



Frosh (excitedly): Did you know the ice was out?

Absent-minded senior: Fifteen black marks. I told you to keep that door shut.



Sweet Kisses

He: Please give me just one.

She: I can't.

He: Why?

She: Its Lent.

He: When will you get it back?



At the Formal

He: Please, Marg, don't shimmy here.

She: I'm not, but please take your cold hand from my back.



Fooled Him

She: "Can you drive with one hand?"

He (eagerly): "You bet I can."

She (sweetly): "Then won't you please pick my handkerchief up off the floor?"



To walk with the mighty and not have to salute brings many an ex-buck private to the military ball.



A Dead Beat

As It's Done

She asks me to get her lessons,
 She asks me to write her themes
 And when I hand them to her
 How sweetly she smiles and beams.

But when I ask for an evening
 And call her up for a date,
 She coolly says she is busy
 That I rang up just too late.



"These peanuts go down the trunk line," said the keeper as he fed the elephants.



When you stand on the Hill
 Back of Bascom Hall
 Where the last class was
 And you look across to PEP
 Horizontally—to the fourth floor
 Where the next class is
 And you think of the trek down
 And the drag up . . . Well
 These hills are beautiful
 But
 We'd like a viaduct.



Biologically Speaking

Brown is a shark in law.
 Always thought he was a poor fish.

The Tale of a Tub

After Swift Computation.

The ski man, when he plans to jump, first climbs way up into the air, and when he leaves the fatal bump, he

plans
 to
 l i g h t m o s t
 a n y
 w h e r e !

Without such plans, the home-brew shark glides softly to the cellar stair, but makes a misstep in the dark and bumps

down
 to
 his
 hidden
 lair!

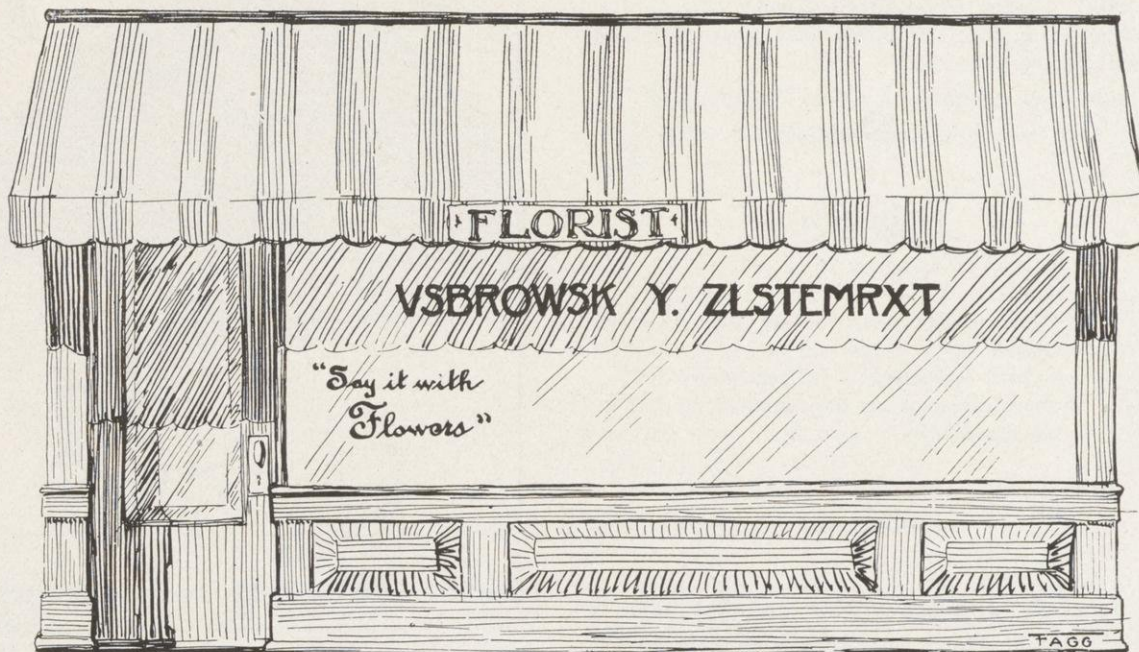
He feels the dent upon his dome and nurses it with tender care, and drinks to all the joys of home until he seems to

t r e a d o n a i r !

Unlike the ski man on the hill, oft much the worse for wear and tear, he

c o m e s u p s m i l i n g f r o m t h e s t i l l

small voice he had communed with there!





There's the one I was trying to describe - Fairway, fourth from the top - why don't you buy one?

Buy one nothing - if you like it, I'll get a dozen. One can never go wrong on a box of Lion Collars.



Simpson's

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Springtime Frocks

\$29.50 to \$100

The college girl will welcome them as her natural inheritance for they are synonymous with youth and beauty, and in their wearing she will have chosen a most appropriate setting for her attraction.

Younger Set Dresses are Popular in Price. You'll delight in seeing them.

Freigler's
CHOCOLATES

(Continued from page 18)

an antiquated pipe the while, "when the Blue Laws shall have taken such hold on the campus that the cardinal of our pennants shall be changed to indigo."

"Pipe down," said Dr. Bazinook, much to my admiration.

The mild little man put his pipe down obediently, and went on.

"Already," he went on, "our students write their quizzes in blue-books. Likewise, on these occasions, the Eds and the Co-eds are separated, each and every couple, by a vacant seat. Speed the day when we can have them seated at the movies in the same manner!"

The Blue Laws are gaining rapidly in the field of music," rumbled another. "Only six new blues have been composed during the past month, and the jazz composers can find no more blue chords with which to work. Moreover, six saxophone players and an equal number of mandolinists met violent deaths during the same period."

Then a dear little co-ed was brought in to be cruelly interrogated by these ruffians. My heart went out to her, yet instinctively I slipped my money from my pocket and deposited it in my sock. She was togged out in a bewitching riding habit, at sight of which the chairman gave vent to a violent paroxysm of cholera.

"Fie, fie!" he exclaimed, seeming to recognize her jewelled pin. "Out riding again, when you should be at your books. Young lady, you must reform. I insist that you get out of your riding habit at once."

"No!" I bellowed, leaping to her side. "Only across my dead and motionless body can you force her to do such a thing."

Dr. Bazinook applauded my chivalry vociferously. The circle looked chagrined, but I disregarded their dark looks and ushered the sweet equestrienne safely out. As I did so, however, I confess that I kept my free arm pressed securely over my watch pocket.

Next a male student of the recent type was ushered in.

"What's your name?" demanded the chairman.

"Algernon, sir," piped up Exhibit B.

A member of the Engineering faculty objected to the answer.

"That's not a name," he declared; "it's a description."

I felt a desire to protect this gentle lad. I rose and said, "Algernon is one of the best swimmers we have in school. Why, he can swim like a Venetian speed cop."

To tell the truth, I had never seen this T-hound before, but pure perversity had hold of me.

It was plain to the chairman by this time that he might as well adjourn the meeting.

Thereupon they all slunk from the room, leaving Baz and me masters of the place. And the brandy was handy.



Econ. instructor: In what form of business does it pay parties to combine?

Co-ed: Match making.



Hubert Townsend
as
Paprika

Although it's rather early in the spring to look for signs of summer,---"Miss 'Quita" will soon come flying round the campus with its buzzin' tunes and hummin' melodies right in the middle of a snappy, zippy hot tamale, paprika Mexican revolution, with lots of blood and liquor spilled on both sides of the fight. Oh, yes! And "Miss 'Quita" has a terrible sting!

"Miss 'Quita"

The Twenty-third Annual Production of the Haresfoot Club

Fuller Friday, April 22
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Matinee and Evening

MATINEE, 50c to \$1.50

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"All Our Girls are Men, Yet Every One a Lady"



Reginald Garstang
as
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Smith

Fourth Dimension Talks

Ha, ha, ha!
I laugh at you all,
Struggling puppets that you are,
Misguided mortals. From afar
I gaze upon your petty strife.
A gay and carefree life
Is mine. You seek in vain,
You know me not, and yet
I'm here, old things.



Woman enters movie theatre and usher says "To the Right." She looks dizzy for a few moments, walks a little and finally comes back and asks, "Pardon me, but would you mind telling me where you said I should go? You see I'm a stranger in town."



We Believe It

Psychology Prof: The first two years out of college I spent a great deal of my time in an insane asylum.

Blame Him Not

Chawley is despondent today.
Yes, he dreamed last night of beer and pretzels.



Ode To a Galosh

Parting Galosh,
May Allah speed thy journey to the trunk,
And grant thee peaceful rest
Mid skates and furs and other junk
Of Woman's winter dress.
Farewell Galosh!
The female calf you use to grace
On cold and wintry days,
Is sporting in some other place.
Milady's in the waves.



The only sure way we know of coaxing a real warm day is by putting on those heaviest woolen sox.

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EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean
Boston, Mass.

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awaiting every one of you college men. They're tailored especially for us by *The House of Kuppenheimer* and our tailors at *Fashion Park*.

We're also setting pretty on snappy *Furnishings* for Spring and Summer Suits.

Speth's
On State

Good Intentions

We do not need go as far as Hell to find a place paved with good intentions; look indeed to our own university. The two places are closely related, it is true.

Alas, how many eight o'clocks have been intended in the hour before retiring, and how many insulting alarms have been cursed and turned off in the cold A. M., their mission unfulfilled!

The course that was to have brought an Ex and nine needed grade-points in the days when it was elected, becomes a Waterloo in the actual process of absorption.

The girls intend to be perfectly proper about seven in the evening, but enter moonlight and a regular he-man,—goodbye intentions. The men intend to stop fussing, smoking; intend to talk seriously once, for experiment; perhaps intend to save their fraternity pin for the girl at home. How much mightier the present is than the future!

Why be efficient when you can be happy?

Most of us once intended to get thru college, but only once, for sooner or later that intention dwindles to the proportions of a semester. It happens to be a conflict of our intentions with those of the "powers that be," and being unselfish souls, of course we give in.

The breaking of an intention is the acme of self-sacrifice.

Over the collegiate's grave may some poor mason carve this epitaph:

Here Lies a Student.
He Intended to be a Success but
Was Successful Only in Adding
One More Block
to the Infernal Pavement.

I'll See You at

Fred. Mautz's

821 University Ave.

Billiards

Pocket Billiards



WISCONSIN
Barber Shop

University Avenue
At Park

STUDENTS

we announce the arrival of a complete line of Spring furnishings.

Drop in and see our special assortment of

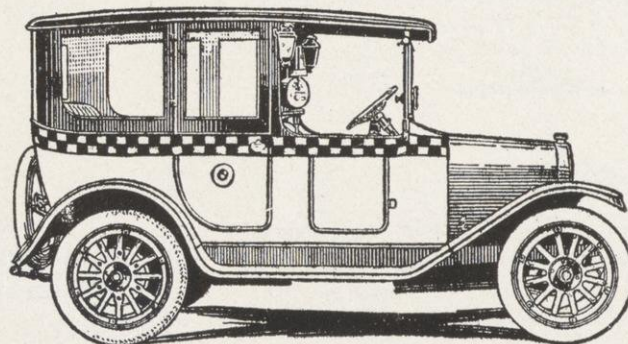
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Cabs by the hr.. 3.00
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Passenger
above one for
the entire trip .20

Badger 805---Day and Night Service

What Are You Leaving Behind You, Seniors?

The school year is nearing a close. Soon you will be gone, and others will have come to take your places. In going you will take with you a legacy—the legacy of Old Wisconsin; a mature mind, a balanced attitude toward life, and developed ideals of sportsmanship, democracy, universalism. All these you are taking with you, but what are you leaving behind?

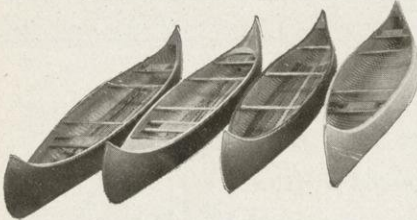
*Four golden years at the old school.
Four long years, each filled with
halcyon days of youth, spent in the
carefree air of the campus. These
you must leave behind you, "For we
shall pass this way but once," but
that spirit of student days, that es-
sence of old associations, need you
leave that too?*

You will miss that spirit. Perhaps you may hunger for it, sometime, somewhere, when you are carrying on alone. The Octopus will bring it to you. Subscribe before you go. Next year, once every month, like a refreshing breeze from the cardinal past, it will come to you, bringing a host of smiles, a score of memories, and best of all, the feeling of that atmosphere you loved so well.

FOR A GOOD, CLEAN

Haircut or Shave

GO TO
RUNKEL'S



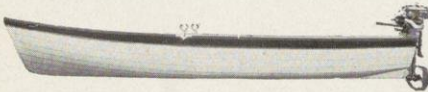
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Hunting Boats, Boats for Out-
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Please state what you are interested in.

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Your luncheon hour is more enjoyable where privacy prevails. Our booths make this possible.

THE CHOCOLATE SHOP

Where You Get the Best Hot Fudge

L'il Opera: Have you seen "Carmen?"

De la Pug: Sure, my brother's a conductor.

Collegiate World.



College Vagabond: There are just two girls in this world I love.

College Widow: Now, I suppose you're going to pull a good one and say that I am both of them.

College Vagabond: No, You're neither of 'em.

Juggler.



Tired Worker: Boss, is you got a nigger on your book named Simpsons?

Boss: Yeah. What about it?

T. W.: Wal, I'se dat nigger, boss—I jest thought you done had it down Sampson.

Virginia Reel.

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The Title

A One-act Play
(curtain rises)

Judges of fox-trot contest are seated around

A judge: Call the contestant.

Enter contestant who sits at piano and plays fox-trot. (Applause)

Judges: What have you called your work?

Contestant: Gentlemen, I have left the naming of it to you. I am too much overcome with its power to give an appropriate title. It is my artistic soul. How I wrote it? I stood in a field in the calm of evening beside a railroad track. A far I heard the approaching Prineville limited rushing toward the city. How beautiful life was! how dear! As the limited hove in sight, from the opposite direction a speeding freight appeared. In an instant they crashed, swayed and together plunged into the river on the other side of the track. But for the rise of huge air bubbles which blubbered up constantly, all was silent. Two hundred lives were snuffed out. The awfulness of the moment seared my inmost soul. And from that moment of soul agony, I conceived the idea of this passion-fraught fox-trot. I cannot think clearly on it, not even clearly enough to give it a name. I beg you, name it for me.

(Judges put heads together in consultation.

Finally, they lean back in their chairs with a relieved air. One of their members arises.)

Judge: Sir, we have deliberated on your work and have decided to call it (he looks at composer triumphantly) "Pretty Blue Eyes."
(curtain)



"The Gold Bug"

She was poor, for she was honest,
And her pocketbook was thin.
So she married to a bachelor
'Cause he had a lot of tin.

Thought he soon would die and leave her
Several thousand tons of gold;
But he turned around and fooled her.
Lived to be a century old.



If I were to fight with Jack Dempsey I would call him opportunity.

Why call him that?
Because he knocks but once.



Some Difference

The other guy, getting interested: Wha'd'ya mean the chaperone at that house party was well seasoned,—thoroughly dried,—or quite spicy?



CONSCIOUSNESS
of a fault in some part of your dress can mar even the most promising of evenings. It is possible to place your collar, at least, among the dependable things.



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ZELWOOD

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Work called for and delivered.

All work guaranteed.

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S. R. HAMMES, Mgr.

Did you teach English?
I hope to tell ya, kid.



IF YOU
TRY ONCE

You'll come again
to the

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Y. M. C. A.
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WE TRY TO PLEASE

Children and Fools

Mistress Muffet, brave and bold,
Tried to think that she was old;
Put her skirts up, bobbed her hair,
Took up smoking, learned to swear.

Father came and found her thus,
Saw her smoke and heard her cuss.
What he did to Muffet dear,
Might apply to co-eds here.



Lucky Dog!

Whoozis—I understand young Jaggon is going
straight to the dogs.

Whatzis—Oh, no, it's the Colonel's, not the ken-
nels, where he puts in his time.



Homely girl: Oh we have the most wonderful
cellar.

He: Well, even that wouldn't induce me to
come around.



Academic Training

My course in public speaking came in handy
when I was working on my dad's ranch this summer.

How's that?

Knew how to throw the bull.



Speed

Harry: I can go about twenty miles on a gallon.

Larry: (Dryly) I can't down more than a quart
of the stuff you get now-a-days.

Pure, rich, pasteurized milk is the source of **good health**. Use it more **liberally**.

“Velvet” Ice Cream—“It's all cream.”

Make it a part of your meal.

Kennedy Dairy Company

Our wagon passes your door.

Milk Plant
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MADISON, WIS.

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629 W. Wash. Ave.
Badger 2751

Biographical Sketches No. 2

Louis Kahlenberg.

Louis Kahlenberg, as we now know him, we are obliged to say and he himself even is forced to admit, was once very different from what he is now. To begin with, he was younger and used less opium. The story even runs that he had less hair, though you may not believe it and may call it a bald statement.

Yet such is the case, and it may be truthfully said that this very fact accounts for some hair raising experiences which befell Louis at that time. Louis Kahlenberg, or rather Lois von der Kahlchenkimmel (for such is the name of his ancestral family) was educated in the cathedral school of Poissons. From the very beginning he was cut out to be a chemist. He was positively weaned on carbolic acid.

Folks said he had the profession of chemistry written all over him. "Der Chemistichke" was engraved in blue on his chest while right over his left temple could be found the little red tatoed words, "La Chemie."

Louis grew right into the shoes of a chemist. In fact he grew in one pair for two years without removing them. They had to be peeled off with a dalschstuechen (crowbar).

Often little Louis could be seen walking to and from school with his hands full of mysterious cigarettes which he tested for nicotine and his pockets bulging with whiskey flasks which he would pull out from time to time to test.

But Louis was destined for larger things. *Like all great men, he grew larger instead of bigger.* Every, if not any, of his experiments counted for something. He used to number them for convenience. One experiment would be number 12. His next experiment would be number 13. Thus he proved that organization is invaluable to any profession let alone chemistry. But he would not let it alone.

Like Isaac Newton he derived many of his best ideas from observing the simplest phenomena. From a falling apple he conceived the idea of the Ionic theory. He originated the plan of using poisonous gas through his experiences near the swimming pool at Nuremburg. One day he saw two masons laying bricks.

This ordinary sight would not have attracted the attention of an ordinary man, but Louis saw it and it meant something to him. It presented a problem, a problem which he must solve. Need we say that he solved it? Of course we need to, don't be silly.

It was this observation and this alone, though you may not believe it possible, which suggested the theory of Tropfens des Pferden Riechende, a theory which will (if it has not already done so) revolutionize the whole system of Schwanz Soutachieren.



"Everybody loves my girl!"
"I don't want that kind of a girl."

New York Chicago Madison Green Bay

Parsons

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B. 1180, 1598

"I think modern dress reveals the
vanity of the human heart."

"Oh! Have you really seen
anything so décolleté as that?"

Virginia Reel.



Epitaph

To our dearly beloved daughter,
SUSIE, aged 21.
Susie drank,
Susie died,
It looked like hooch,
'Twas Herpicide.

—*Froth.*



A Song of Spring

'Tis Spring!
There's ice upon the window pane.
The north wind howls with might
and main.
The snow drifts over hill and plain.
'Tis Spring!

'Tis Spring!
My hands are blue, my nose feels
queer;
A stinging numbness grips each ear;
Yet everywhere I go I hear
'Tis Spring!

—*Widow.*

Mother dear: Do your new
shoes hurt?

Brother dear: No, but my feet
do.

Virginia Reel.



Soph: Hey, Freshman, tele-
phone!

Sleepy Freshman: I ain't ex-
pecting no call.

Burr.



He saw her stepping from a car

And up to her he sped;
"May I not help you to alight?"

"I do not smoke," she said.

Brown Jug.



T. Hound: "How did you en-
joy the leap-year dansant?"

Wallflower Ed: "Not a darn
bit; half the girls refused to dance
with me because I had never danced
with them, and the other half be-
cause I had."

Siren.



B: Isn't that man queer look-
ing; he has Pullman teeth.

V: What do you mean by
Pullman teeth?

D: One upper and one lower.
Brown Jug.



The Honored System

It was the last lecture of the
term, and the professor was urging
his students to put in all their time
in preparation for the final examina-
tion.

"The examination questions are
now in the hands of the printer,"
he said. "Now are there any more
questions you want answered at this
time?"

Voice from the back row (after
a minute's silence)—"Who is the
printer?"

Burr.

A Sharp Reply

Tourist: What's that beast?

Native: That's a razorback
hawg, suh.

Tourist: What's he rubbing
himself on the tree for?

Native: Jest stroping hisself,
suh, jest stroping hisself.

Widow.



He: What do you think of the
Turkish atrocities?

He-he: I don't know; I never
smoked them.

Punch Bowl.



Countess of Chips: Permit me
to present Fang du Stan, the fa-
mous Indian snake charmer.

Baron Rox: Chawmed, I'm
suah.

Tiger.



"You look nice in dress suit."

"Yes, I think I'll buy one."

Mugwump.



First Irate One: When I hit a
man he remembers it! Understand?

Second Ditto: Well, when I hit
one he don't; Get me?

Mugwump.



"My brother takes up Spanish,
French, Italian, Hebrew, German,
and Scotch."

"Goodness! Where does he
"Study? He don't study! He
runs an elevator!

Voo Doo.



She (gushingly): Don't you
think that talkative women are the
most popular?

He (wearily): What other kind
are there?

Drexard.



Father—What were your up to
last night?

Son—Twelve o'clock.

—Pelican



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What Is Air Pressure?

THE air is composed of molecules. They constantly bombard you from all sides. A thousand taps by a thousand knuckles will close a barn door. The taps as a whole constitute a push. So the constant bombardment of the air molecules constitutes a push. At sea-level the air molecules push against every square inch of you with a total pressure of nearly fifteen pounds.

Pressure, then, is merely a matter of bombarding molecules.

When you boil water you make its molecules fly off. The water molecules collide with the air molecules. It takes a higher temperature to boil water at sea-level than on Pike's Peak. Why? Because there are more bombarding molecules at sea-level—more pressure.

Take away all the air pressure and you have a perfect vacuum. A perfect vacuum has never been created. In the best vacuum obtainable there are still over two billion molecules of air per cubic centimeter, or about as many as there are people on the whole earth.

Heat a substance in a vacuum and you may discover properties not revealed under ordinary pressure. A new field for scientific exploration is opened.

Into this field the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have penetrated. Thus one of the chemists in the Research Laboratories studied the disintegration of heated metals in highly exhausted bulbs. What happened to the glowing filament of a lamp, for example? The glass blackened. But why? He discovered that the metal distilled in the vacuum depositing on the glass.

This was research in pure science—research in what may be called the chemistry and physics of high vacua. It was undertaken to answer a question. It ended in the discovery of a method of filling lamp bulbs with an inert gas under pressure so that the filament would not evaporate so readily. Thus the efficient gas-filled lamp of today grew out of a purely scientific inquiry.

So, unforeseen, practical benefits often result when research is broadly applied.

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