

## **Octopus: Haresfoot number. Vol. 4, No. 6**

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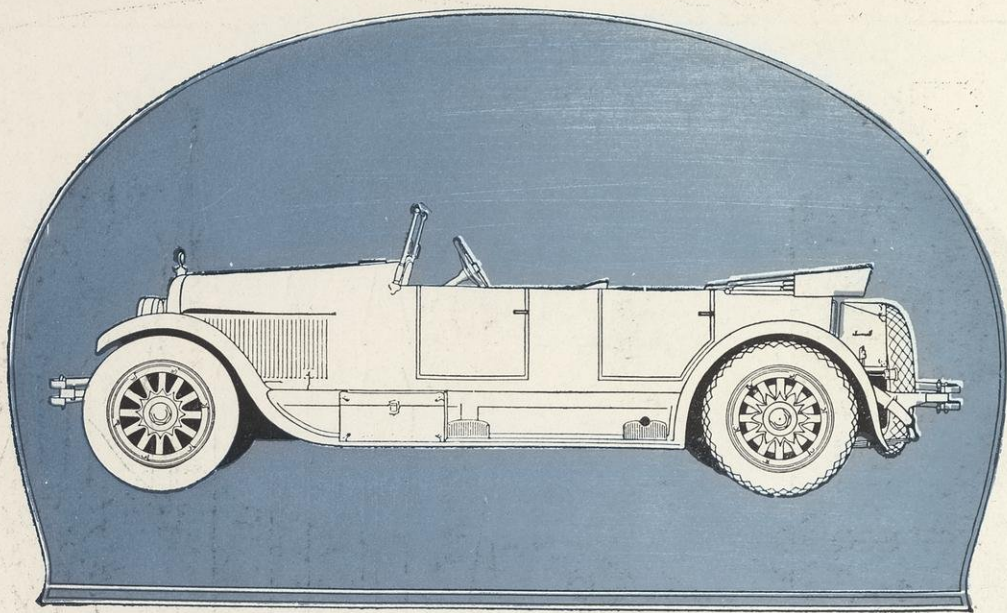
# Octopus

Haresfoot Number



HOZANZO





## The Jordan Blue Boy in Blue Devil Blue

Supple, animated, full of warmth, a husky and happy companion for the charming Jordan Playboy has arrived.

It's the Jordan Blue Boy in Blue Devil Blue.

It isn't fair to call it a four-passenger sport model.

You can't just put a racing saddle on a farm horse and put him in the derby.

You must have that little touch of something between the bit and the bumper which makes you feel like starting from Cedar Rapids directly for London, England, or Paris, France.

This pepful new motor car looks like a million dollars and acts exactly like a rabbit when he's scared.

Now you may choose the Blue Boy and hunt the Bluebird. For happiness is just the hope of being somewhere else.

Try it while there's youth and life to spare.

Take three hours in the hills, and a stirring journey home in this fascinating car—and everyone will know there is life enough within the hour, and all the world is truly young.

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

# JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio



# THE HARESFOOT CLUB



"All our Girls are Men, yet Everyone's a Lady."

PRESENTS



SILVER ANNIVERSARY PRODUCTION

—An Original Musical Romance—

at

Appleton Theatre	-	-	-	-	-	Appleton, Wis.	-	-	-	-	-	April 3
Grand Theatre	-	-	-	-	-	Oshkosh, Wis.	-	-	-	-	-	April 4
Pabst Theatre	-	-	-	-	-	Milwaukee, Wis.	-	-	-	-	-	April 5
Rockford Theatre	-	-	-	-	-	Rockford, Ill.	-	-	-	-	-	April 6-7
Aryan Grotto Temple	-	-	-	-	-	Chicago, Ill.	-	-	-	-	-	April 9
Rhode Opera House	-	-	-	-	-	Kenosha, Wis.	-	-	-	-	-	April 10
Orpheum Theatre	-	-	-	-	-	Racine, Wis.	-	-	-	-	-	April 11
Parkway Theatre	-	-	-	-	-	Madison, Wis.	-	-	-	-	-	April 20-21

*See The Show In Your Home Town*





Manchester's apparel  
for young women is  
correctly styled by  
reason of constant  
touch with New York

## Old Town Canoes

Spring days will soon be here and you will be without a canoe. Why put it off any longer?

We are now taking orders for Old Town Canoes. An order now means an early delivery.

**THE CO-OP.**

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

Where to go---

A MOST perplexing question,-- where to go and talk without intrusion. No trouble deciding after you have learned the pleasant seclusion of a dainty lunch or a delicious cream here.

**The Chocolate Shop**

*"The Home of the Hot Fudge"*



*"Fall In" with a Lady*



There'll be no M. P.s at this year's

## *MILITARY BALL*

*It's at the Capitol*

*April Twentieth*



*A College Man's Shop that Shares the Economy  
of Our Great Buying Power*



*Easter Week is Open House at the*  
**Lytton College Shop**

**A**LWAYS feel welcome to meet your friends here when in Chicago. We're just a step from other interesting places in the loop. You'll enjoy the sincere cordiality of College Men who can interpret your ideas of style when you want to think of clothes.

*Spring Displays of College-Correct Things Await You*

THE (HUB) HUB

**Henry C. Lytton & Sons**

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



## Verse Libre

(as she am writ)

O, blood-red stars!  
O, sun of purplish green!  
Pale, pinkish milky way!  
Whither's Irene?

Pale moon and copper sea,  
Zithers of yellow foam,  
Gray whiteness in the purple sky—  
She ain't at home.

I wonder where's she at.  
O, murky blot!  
She is alone, I hope;  
If so, why not?

Curdling and crying waves!  
O, lemon pie!  
She hath not went alone;  
So I must die.

—Jade.



## Matter Of Distance

Shiftless Phil had a total capital of seventy-five cents. The cold, December wind told him plainly that he could not sleep that night on his favorite park bench, so he went into the nearest hotel, a ten-story structure, and inquired their nightly rates. The clerk informed him that the first floor rooms were \$10 nightly, second floor \$9, each floor being \$1 cheaper than the floor below, which made the top floor \$1 nightly. Phil shifted uneasily and started swiftly for the door.

"What's the matter?" asked the clerk. "Don't you want a room?"

"No," answered Shiftless. "Your building ain't high enough."

—Judge.



## Thinner Than Silk

Flapper: What are these stippled stockings you are advertising?

Clerk: Right here. Just paint. Any shade. Guaranteed not to run. Stippling spray and clock stencils with each pint can. You will need the quart size, I think.

—Judge.



Sightseeing Guide: We are now passing one of the oldest burlesque houses in Chicago.

Small-town Rounder: What for?

—Purple Parrot.

The parallel growth of the Yawkey Crowley Lumber Company with that of Madison is a good indication of the prestige and good will our organization holds in the community.



Wednesday to Saturday  
March 21--24

Charles Ray

in

"THE GIRL  
I LOVED"

By James Whitcomb Riley

The Greatest [Screen Character-  
ization in Ray's Entire Career.

Admission--Adults 22c and Tax  
Mats--2 and 3:30--Nights 7 to 11  
Continuous Sat. and Sun.



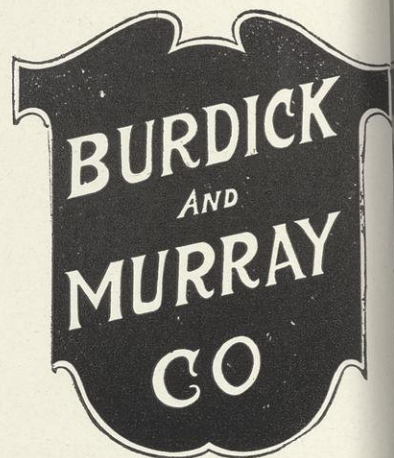


Par le petit-sentier.

## BURDICK & MURRAY QUALITY

Smart Styles Satisfy

The ever increasing popularity of our style selections among the smart dressed women of this section is due to the experience and care with which we direct the designs of all of our garments making them models exclusively shown by us and assuring you of decidedly individual wear.



Madison, Wisconsin

### Our Hitherto Unprinted Photographs

It was several days after the picnic that we all gathered at the home of Coe Dack. He had taken some rare snaps of the outing and we were all looking forward to the pictures of the days fun.

"I just received these from the Mangle Photo Shop," Coe said. He opened up the envelope and drew out only negatives, and these looked as if they were in the last stages of small-pox,—ruined.

"I used to take my films to the Photoart house," said Coe, "but I thought for a change I'd take them to Mangle."

"It certainly was a change. we all agreed."

At this we were all forced to laugh, despite our disappointment. Even Coe laughed, although, in a way, the joke was on him.

H. S. R.

**The PHOTOART HOUSE**

WM. J. MEYER, PRESIDENT

Exclusively Photographic

Read your "Octy" over a

Steaming

cup of

Coffee

at

Frank's Restaurant

821 University Avenue



A SPRING FANTASY  
Eyes of the Night



HUB TOWNSEND





### THE EASTERNER'S PRAYER

*Real Sheik:* Allah! Look what they are feeding the world about us. How long? Oh! Allah, How long?





# The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

## Hints to Haresfoot Audiences

If you like an actor especially well, don't throw him flowers. He will appreciate cigars much more. If you hit him with them, they will make even a greater impression.

Don't be afraid to offer a drink to the ladies in the cast—they're nice girls, but they will drink!

Don't shriek when you hear bass voices emanating from ruby lips and white throats.

Don't make insulting remarks to the members of the chorus—they are able to take care of themselves, and might do so.

Young ladies desiring to meet members of the chorus should give mash-notes to the ushers to deliver. It is not proper for them to hang around the stage-door.

Don't think that when the hero is whispering to the heroine he is telling the latter nice things—probably he is asking if corsets are comfortable.



"Well I'll be hanged," said the convict as they slipped the noose around his neck.

## The Chorine's Rime

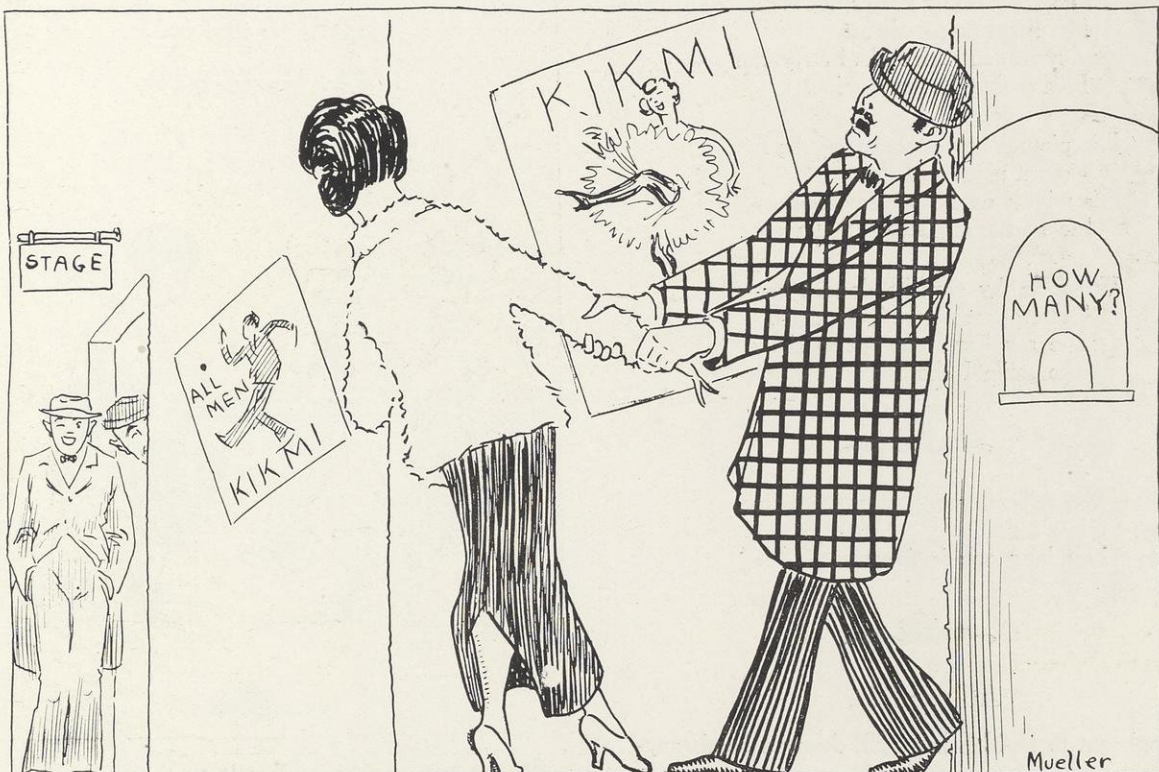
When is a lady not a lady?

—Kipling.

Oh rouge, what wonders hast thou wrought  
My beard is hid beneath a mask  
But when they brought  
My little flask  
How can I be a lady then?

I roll my eye, the public moans,  
My figure knocks them for a row  
But when the bones  
Begin to go  
How can I be a lady then?

I'm quite the fruit, as round I whirl  
I'm shy and sweet, the men I fear  
But when a girl  
Says "Daddy dear"  
How can I be a lady then?



A DIFFERENCE IN POINT OF VIEW





Director: Now, you befuzzed imbecile—hay shaker—you mop slinger, do as I say or I'll wrench your neck.

## A Fable

Once upon a time a colored gentleman was going by a graveyard—at night. His emotions were those of any colored gentleman who goes by a graveyard at night.

Suddenly a phantom shape appeared before him—a gray, wavering object that flickered along mistily in the murky moonlight. The c. g. felt nervous—not exactly scared—but very nervous.

The phantom shape stopped directly before the c. g. and wobbled. The colored gentleman put on a little exhibition of dancing—eccentric dancing, in which the feet remain still and the knees disappear into a couple of blurred lines, and the arms go about wildly.

The phantom shape was apparently interested! Two little phantom shapes arose on its top, and the colored gentleman turned several degrees lighter. His dancing increased in fervor, and he became positively girlish-looking, he was so pale.

There was a sudden roar, and a pair of headlights revealed the strange spectacle. There was a bump and a squeal, and the phantom shape disappeared from mortal view. There was a squealing of brakes, and four college youths inspected a very pale, dancing negro with a rabbit's foot, rather bloody and still warm, in his hand.

"Ha, ha! they cried, "Ha, ha! Here is a show ready-made, but what shall we call it?"

And the answer is Haresfoot!

## The Married Lover

Oh how I love my Haresfoot man,  
His features are divine,  
And none can dance like Harry can  
I wish that he were mine.

His picture hangs above my bed  
I see it night and day,  
His wig is on his classic head,—  
He had him "took" that way.

When hubby says he doesn't know  
"That pretty girl" up there,  
I raise my hands so not to show  
The smile I shouldn't wear.

He: She talks like a botany instructor.  
She: How's that?  
He: Her language is flowery.

## A Bum Joke

Applicant to Bolsheviks: I'll throw a bomb anywhere.

Him who registers them: 'T'ell you will—you can't t'row dis bum!

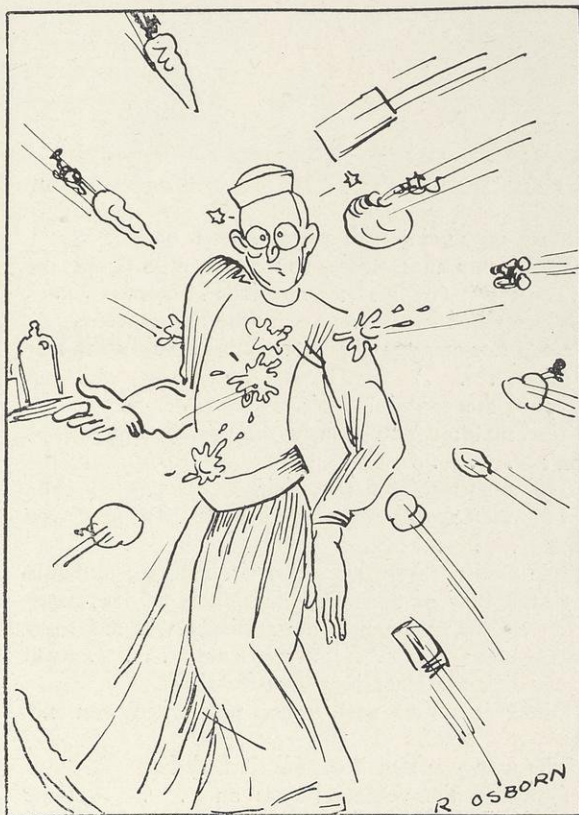


"I got my marks today."

"High?"

"No, German."





STAGE PRESENCE

## The Escapade

The strikingly-dressed young woman lifted an eyebrow at the red car. Within the car, a young man lifted a hand in return, and pulled up beside the curb. She climbed in, and they buzzed down the street.

"Nice car," said the young lady in a low, rich voice. "Gonna gimme a little ride?"

"Why, a-a-a, yes," answered the young man. "Wouldn't you like a little dinner first?"

"Betcherlife!" responded the young lady promptly. "Let's go out to Dave's. Real Pilsner there."

So they went to Dave's, but even the Pilsner did not loosen their tongues. Both were silent. Was the girl a neophyte at the game of flirtation? Was the young man thinking of the girl back home? Neither was at ease.

The young man, as the waiter brought the last course, produced cigarettes, and, with belated courtesy, offered one to the girl. She hesitated as she reached for it, but took it with an air of bravado. The man searched his pockets for a match, but with no luck.

"Hold on," said the girl in a still deeper voice, "here's a light." And she reached for a mythical hip-pocket—then stopped shamefacedly.

For the young man had given her one searching glance and cried "Bill Smith! Is that you? So you're out getting local color for Haresfoot, too!"

## Line Out Of Order

### A played out joke

Scene: Any city on the trip; a front porch.

Time: After the Haresfoot performance.

Characters: The town belle; the third assistant hero of the play.

He: You really are so refreshing after the sophisticated co-eds of the University. We men really don't care for that type of girl at all—it's just that we're used to them. When a fellow really begins to think of the serious things of life, he realizes that the girl who goes on petting parties, smokes and drinks isn't the kind he wants to know better. I can't tell you how much I'm enjoying this talk with you—you're so different. Do you mind if I smoke?

She: Not at all. Got another cigarette? Any pocket-flasks concealed about your person? I thought you college men knew your stuff. Get a little pep—let's go.

(He goes.)



Father: What are you learning at school, son?

Son: How to become a good mixer, father.

"But are all men bad?"  
"All the good ones are."



# Wisconsin Octopus

## NOT IN THE SCRIPT

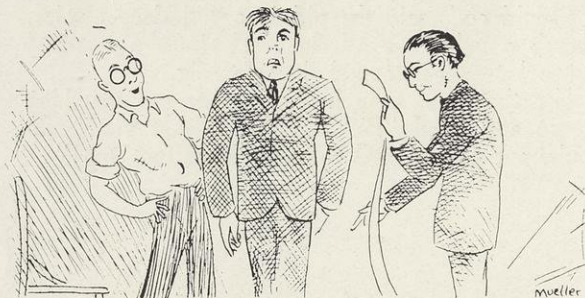


It is Haresfoot rehearsal, in the Sly Fly house . . . two fellows are telling jokes . . . not nice ones, it seems . . . two more are exchanging stories about the army . . . Ah! the director comes! Now the fun begins . . . watch them jump . . . let's start!)

Director: Come on, you fellows, start the show; First act, first scene—let's go, let's go!

The hero: (He is a tall young fellow in shirt-sleeves . . . no necktie . . . hair all over his head . . . Sta-Comb will fix that for the performance . . . sh-h-h-h, he speaks.)

Is this the ship? It seems it is,  
And here's the mate's delightful phiz;  
My word, what maiden enters here?



"Let's start the ship, its half past eight."

Good morning, miss . . .

Director: Back to the rear!

All ready, Jim, you come through there  
Between the davenport and chair.

The heroine: (He—she—Jim is a young fellow with spectacles and yellow hair. His ways are not very sweet and girlish, but they'll improve . . . they'd better . . . the heroine reminds one of a stoker just now.)

How dare you, sir? Good morning, mate,  
Let's start the ship, it's half-past eight.

Mate: Aye, aye, fair miss, we're sort of late.

(Mates always say "aye, aye" in musical comedies . . . they usually want to marry the heroine, too . . . Anyone can see that the hero and the mate are going to be rivals . . . Look at them glare . . . well, we've missed a few lines.)

Director: You've made a botch of this first scene,

Come on, you fellows, use your bean!

You exit, mate, and you too, crew,

All right now, Hank, let's hear from you.

The hero: Ah, fairest queen! You hit my heart

With Cupid's pois'nous, barbed dart . . .

The heroine: I say, director, don't you think

That Hank could wave his arms, then sink

Down on his knees when he gets there?

It ought to give the line an air.

Hero: Oh, please dry up! . . . I want to prove

Director: Say, you're not frozen, make a move!

Start up again, fifth page, fourth line—  
We'll skip that stuff—you know it fine!

The crew: (he has been mentioned before . . . yes, he's all of it . . . a little fellow, too . . . he's the low-comedy character . . . now's his time to shine . . .)

Who, the captain? Sir, I don't . . .

The mate: You measly shrimp, you mean you won't . . .

The crew: Aye, aye, fair sir, I mean I can't

The mate: You pop-eyed runt, let's hear you chant . . .

The crew: Aye, aye, dear sir, I'll rave and rant

(That stuff of the mate's is supposed to be funny . . . some woman in the audience will feel sorry for the crew . . . he's so cute . . . but he can lick the mate in a free-for-all.)

Director: You need more pep when you say that—

The way you pull it sounds darned flat.

(And so the rehearsal goes on . . . some visitors have wandered in . . . wait 'til Hank sees them . . . he doesn't like visitors . . . Now he notices them . . . here he comes . . . scatter!)

Hank: Hey, where's the tickets for this play?

You mosey out, and stay away,

We need the money for the show—

No demonstrations, there you go . . .

(They go . . . they won't be back, either . . . Hank has a way with him . . . a weigh, too . . . about two hundred.)

Director: All right, now, start it on page eight

Hank: I say, director, getting late



"I say, director, getting late."

And I've a seven-thirty date . . .

(Everybody seems to have a seven-thirty date . . . girls will be busy tonight . . . maybe the fellows are just tired, though . . . who knows?)

Director: By Jove, that's right, it's nearly six,

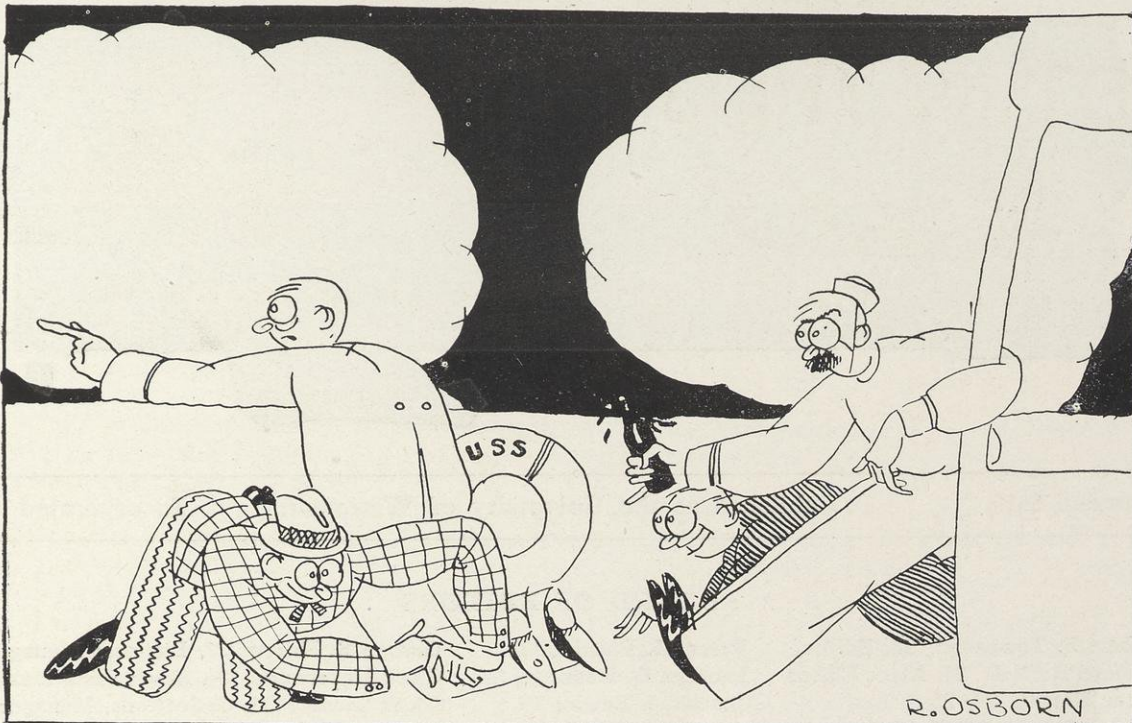
Any suggestions, any kicks?

All right, good-bye, who goes down State?

I've got to tear, or I'll be late.

(Director goes . . . fifteen minutes is spent in telling everybody what's wrong with him . . . dinner-gong sounds . . . "First call" . . . good-bye, everybody . . . And so it goes on for weeks.)





A PLASTERED CAST

## Yells for Harefoot Audiences

To carry on the idea of true Wisconsin spirit, the staff of the Octopus has been working for months on the yells here printed for the first time. A cheerleader will be placed on one side of the stage to call off the number of the cheer desired and to keep the audience in time. The rhythmical beat of a thou-

sand voices is expected to lead the actors on to heights of art never before reached by a college club.

In order that each member of the audience will not have to carry his copy of this magazine with him, the sheet has been so arranged that he may cut the yells out, and have them handy.

### I

#### *The Author*

Let me at him!  
Let me go!  
S-s-s-s-s  
Boom!  
Murder!  
Doom!  
He's the guy that spoiled the show.

### II

#### *The Lion*

R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-oar  
M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-ore  
Ain't that kitty  
Awful pretty  
Get 'em, Homer, rah! rah! rah!

### III

#### *The Villain*

R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rounder!  
Bow-w-w-w-w-w-w-wonder!  
Sic 'im  
Lick 'im  
Kick 'im  
Blooley!

### IV

#### *The Leading Lady*

Powder and paint,  
Powder and paint  
She looks like a woman  
But dammit she ain't.

### V

#### *The Chorus*

Dance! Dance! Dance!  
Prance! Prance! Prance!  
Terrible! Awful! Go!

### VI

#### *The Comedian*

Ha ha ha ha ha!  
He he he he he!  
Ho ho ho ho ho!  
(Chuckle)

### VII

#### *The Leading Man*

Vaseline, vaseline, vaseline, rah!  
Bandoline, bandoline, bandoline, bah!  
Snake, snake, snake.





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Published at the University of Wisconsin

Incorporated 1920

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Vol. IV

March, 1923

No. 6



### "All of Our Girls are Men, Yet Everyone a Lady"

With the coming of spring, Haresfoot is prepared to take its twenty-fifth annual production on the road. Backed by the traditions of a quarter of a century, the club grows livelier with age.

Haresfoot has called and utilized the talents of the University. A cast of students, clothed in gowns designed by, or borrowed from students, make impassioned love written by students, and sing songs created by students, while posing before scenery built by students, in spotlights or magnesium floods controlled by students.

The performance of two and a half hours is the result of months of labour. The play was written last summer, and music was being composed while the registration lines were forming in the fall; and while you were watching football practice one of your class mates was hammering on the construction of scenery.

Haresfoot has been a training school for men, as its alumni from the boards and orchestra pits of the American theater will testify. The clever little step executed by the chorus was gained by weary hours of dancing to the coach's "1, 2, 3, 4, kick higher! left kick! right kick!" and many fellows both literally and figuratively, "drop by the wayside."

Credit is given by an admiring crowd to the football men as they plunge through long hours of practice on autumn afternoons; but there is no one to watch a weary chorus in midnight rehearsal as they dance under the lash of the coach's "1, 2, 3, 4." But the step must be perfect for the show goes through this state and Illinois as representative of the University of Wisconsin.





H.T.

## The Octopus Talks

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

"—Gee, I could write something as funny as that," as he turns through the pages of the Octopus, Life, Judge, Yale Record, etc. You are the person we want to see. Glad too meet you. Take off your wraps. Here is a chair.

"Let us have that joke, verse or drawing, and next month seven thousand students will laugh in appreciation of your contribution. You can justly feel a glow of self satisfaction if you are able to bring laughter into this "Vale of Tears" of examinations, broken dates and pocketbooks. Your conscience ought to hurt you if you think funny things and laugh at them by yourself.

"Unless you are a Phi Beta we are students just like you, and we are publishing the best magazine we are able, to represent the University of Wisconsin. Our exchange copies carry the name of the university all over the United States, where even our athletic teams are seldom heard of, and that is quite a responsibility. If you are able to write or draw the Octopus will welcome the aid of your pen, in making it better.

"If you aren't an athlete, don't think you have no opportunity to represent Wisconsin. Try out for her publications and help make them better. We can't give you a "W" letter, but we can put your name on the staff.

"At the end of the year, the heads of the departments will graduate from chasing jokes to chasing dollars, and their places are going to be taken by newer people. It is never too early to begin laying out jokes as stepping stones to positions on the staff or on the board of editors."



THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND





"WHERE IS THE  
MONEY COMING FROM?",  
ASKS THE BUSINESS MGR.  
"WE'LL BITE!"

THE DANCING COACH  
SEES THE CAST AND REMARKS  
THAT THE CHORUS WILL  
SAVE THE SHOW—



THE VETERAN  
---"THEY GAVE US A DANCE AT RACINE, AND  
"I CAN GIVE YOU SOME  
ADDRESSES IN  
CHICAGO"—

I'VE A GIRL WITH BIG FEET,  
AND SHE IS GOING TO  
GIVE ME HER SLIPPERS!



HIGH HEELS!  
"HOW DO THEY  
LOOK, ED?"



## HAREFOOT REHEARSALS.

"DID YOU EVER HEAR THE  
ONE ABOUT THE  
TRAVELING  
SALESMAN?"



SKETCHED FROM  
LIFE BY

FORZANO

---WE WILL NOW  
DO THAT STEP  
AGAIN!





## Sweet Patootie

Haresfoot Song  
No. 23  
Eight Act  
Scene 3

Words by  
Ibid  
Music by  
Anonymous



1. The vil-lain pur-sued her a-round the old cam-pus and chased her at last up a
2. The young col-lege fel-low re-ceived his di-plo-ma and en-tered the world with his
3. I sat in a lec-ture seat next to a fel-low who played with his fountain pen

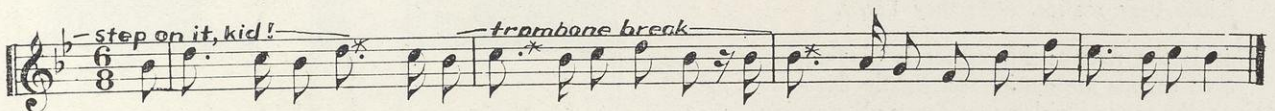


slip-p'ry elm tree; he caught her with glee and he kissed her with gus-to, for  
nose in the air. "Oh, I work in Real Es-tate out in Ne-sho-to," he  
next to my head. One day as he sat there he fooled with a but-ton, "I



she was a cat and a cat lover he  
told us, for he was a ditch dig-ger there  
say, there, young fel-low, you seem blue" he said

Chorus



O Mad-dam Med-i-ci, O La-dy Med-i-ci. the Count of An-jou had a shave yesterday.





"He's a mean actor."

"Sure is. He landed that rich Dubury woman last night with that fourth act stuff."



## At The Door

Why are these maidens standing here shivering?  
Why are they gathering 'round the door?  
Is it impatient that they are quivering?  
See, they are joined by more and more.

What! Are those lilies that they are fingering?  
What! Do they smile despite the cold?  
See! There's a bashful one, modestly lingering—  
Standing apart from the common fold.

People are passing, pondering, wondering,  
"Who can these maidens be, standing here so?  
Is it a funeral?" Now they are blundering—  
Little they realize, little they know.

This is the reason: Haresfoot is playing—  
Soft sounds the music, feet lightly fly.  
Even the modest girl moves forward, swaying . . .  
Chorus-girl-men will come out by and by.



## He Won Two

He: If one is sitting beside a pretty girl (as I am), and one cares deeply for her (as I do), and one is very, very good (as I try to be), might one ask for just one kiss?

She: Oh, but one never does!

He: Well, I won't object to two!

## Haresfoot—1610

Stage: Bare.

Enter page with sign, "This Is Ye Forest." Rosalind and Orlando play "catch-me" around the trees.

Enter page with sign, "This Is Ye Castle." Rosalind climbs a ladder. Looks down at Orlando.

The ladder falls on the sign. They both fall. The audience gasps, quavers. Shouts of "By my life, 'tis a forest," "Nay, 'tis a grain elevator," "I' faith, I' faith, I swear it, 'tis a doughnut." Kicks, blows, assault, battery.

Rosalind comes forth to quell the rabble.

Voice of a nobleman: "Forsooth, Sir William, canst believe on it, this woman is a man!"

Sir William: "By my troth, yes; but withal a lady."



## Lovable Girl

Reggie: How did you come out on the Haresfoot trip, old thing?

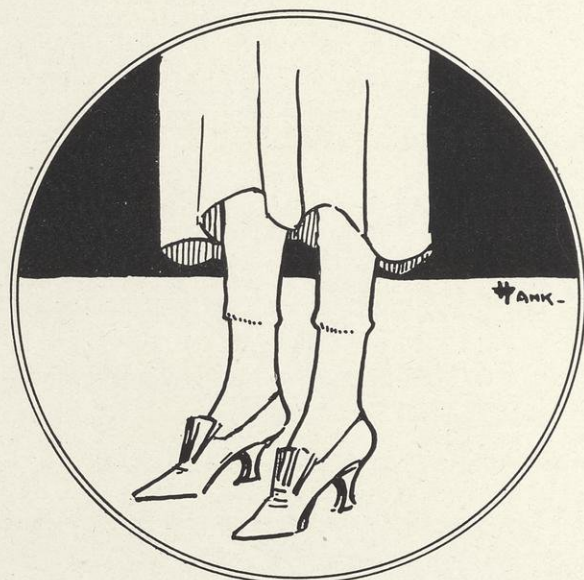
Archie: Topping, old bean,—a stage-door Johnny took me out, and I got his watch and scarf-pin before I had to straight-arm him for getting too affectionate.



## Platonic

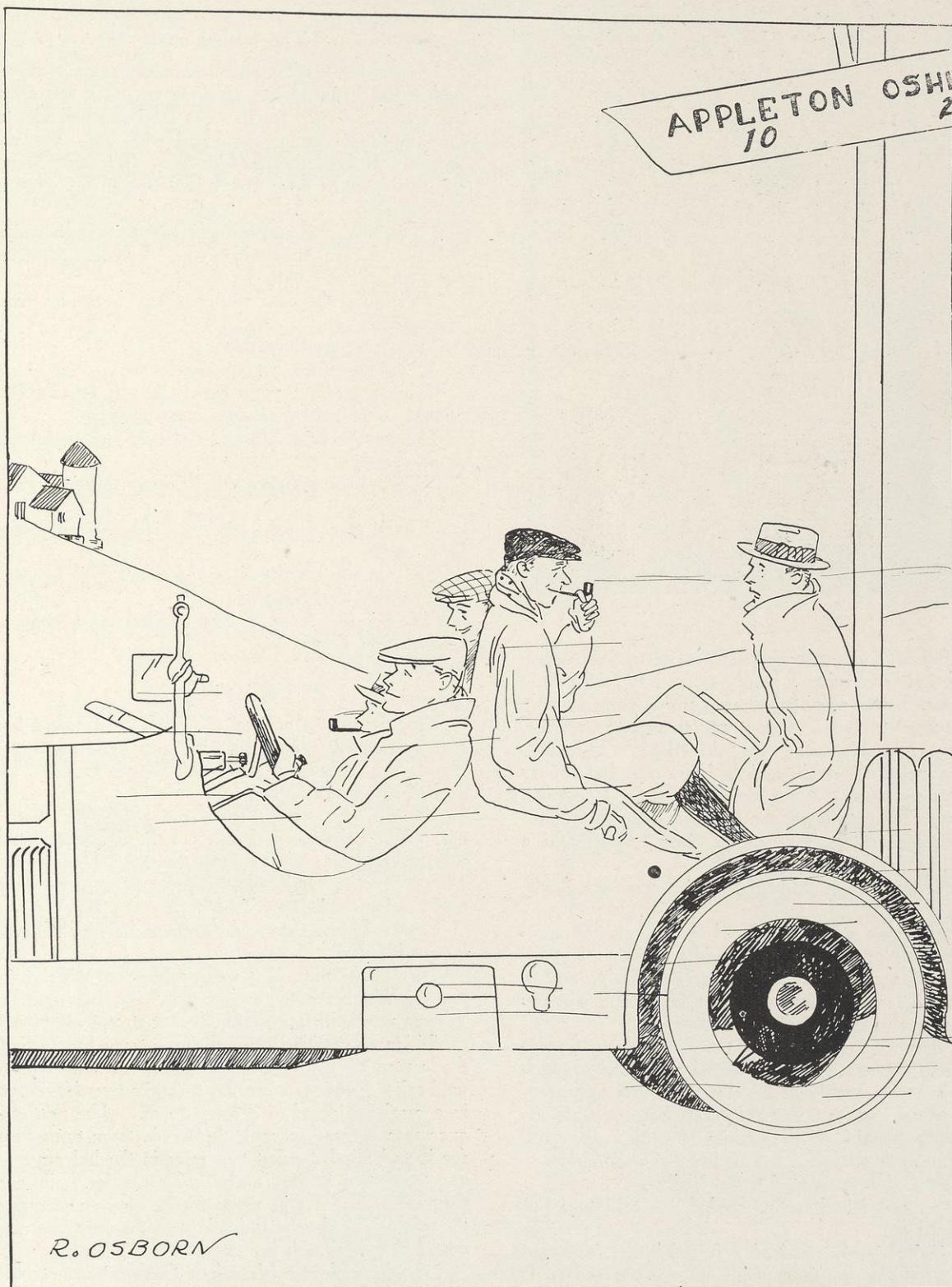
Oh, Oswald! Look at those two fellows kissing! They must be French!

No, Henrietta. They're just the hero and heroine of Haresfoot trying the last kiss in the third act.



YOU JUST KNOW SHE STILL WEARS  
THEM





"Fred's been glum since he was arrested for autosuggestion."

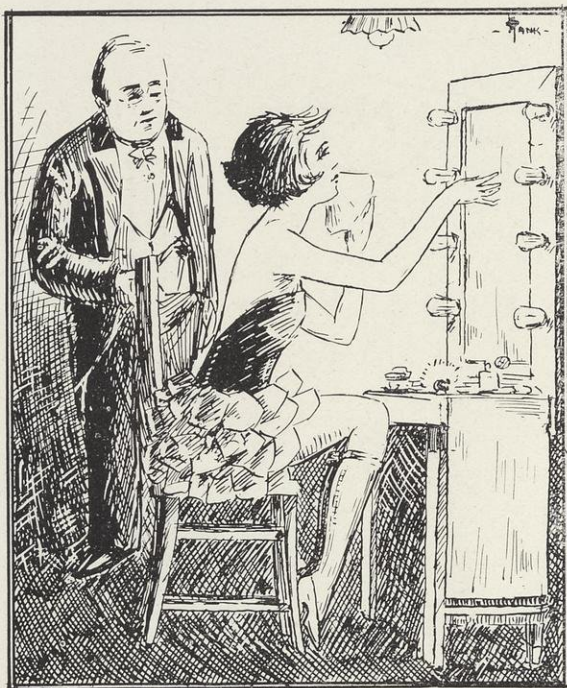
"Autosuggestion?"

"Yes, he asked a girl to go riding."



## Interviews

BY THE PERSPIRING REPORTER



The Leading Lady

After several unsuccessful attempts to gain access to the heroine's suite, I finally arrived via the freight elevator. I was admitted to her parlor, where I vainly endeavored to find a chair strong enough to hold me. Finally I compromised on the floor. The time passed quickly enough, a little chow dog and canary putting on a rough-house for my benefit, I suppose.

I was about to lower the canary's cage so that the chow might reach it when the door opened and a charming lady appeared.

"Pardon, but is this Miss—?" I inquired inquiringly.

"It is," she said sweetly, "I thought it was a reporter but Norah told me you had a clean collar on."

"I am a reporter," I told her sheepishly, and in my embarrassment handed her a cigar and put my badge in my mouth.

"I didn't want to have all this," she began slowly, and here that winsome smile that had caused so much disturbance in the Kenosha divorce courts appeared. "It was not until my dear old daddy became a plumber that we could afford luxuries like this," she said, and carelessly flicked a flea or two from the chow.

"But I always wanted to act badly—"

"You certainly have succeeded," I told her, but she went on.

"Finally daddy repaired a frozen boiler, and sent me to Europe for three years on the proceeds. It was not much but it was a start. I tried some chorus work with the Follies Gergere but caught cold the first night. I was friendless, jobless, in Paris! Then I met a great producer—he said he could make orchids grow on a raspberry bush, and I believed him.

"But tell me," I interrupted eagerly, "how did you succeed?"

She took out her false teeth and hobbled from the room. I understood and left.

## The leading man

I found the leading man stretched out on a davenport at the Actor's Club, smoking a Camel, and seeming none the worse for it. As I approached him he stretched forth an artistic hand with long, graceful fingers. I shook hands with him, and never found out until months later that I had broken his wrist in the operation.

"You have come to see me?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, I have come to see you," I replied, drawing out a pencil and pad.

"Well, I'm the man you're after," he said after a brief pause.

"Yes, you are," I added.

At last we were getting somewhere!

"Tell me about your experience in London," I offered, after twenty minutes had slipped by.

The famous actor blushed furiously and I hastened to apologize.

"Well," he volunteered, "I suppose you want a story?"

"That's what I came here for," I answered, taking heart again.

The famous actor took out a counterfeit five and lit a half-smoked cigarette.

"Here it is," he said, and handed me a copy of "Town and Gown."

## The Villain

Next I went to call on the villain. I found him seated in an easy-chair, his wife and family gathered about him, reading "Alice in Wonderland." He sobbed when he saw me.

"Don't," he cried, "make me out worse than I am. The only reason I shot out the lights last week was to keep the audience from throwing things at me. I'm a devoted family man—devoted to three wives and families right now."

I assured him of my sympathy, and asked him how he got his start.

"Well," he said, "my first professional appearance was in Waukesha ten years ago. At that time the Indians were still lurking about that stronghold. My exhibition so petrified them that the town has become the center of the cigar-store Indian trade. But to go back—I saw my chance to make myself famous in a small way and in a small town. The performance was a great success; the whole town turned out for it and filled the first two rows in the balcony. I was paid two dollars and forty cents for both performances, and I will never forget how embarrassed the cashier at the local bank was the next morning when I tried to cash my check.

"At this time the Haresfoot Corporation got hold of me, and after watching me work out in 'Uncle Tom's Crabbing' and 'The Bat and the Canary' I signed on the dotted line."

"How do you like your work?" I enquired.

"Well," he responded, pondering the question, "I was pretty clumsy in musical comedy at first, but after practicing with a cane, a straw hat and white flannels I soon became accustomed to it."

I was overcome, and left.



## The Haresfoot Club Presents

Lydia E. Smokedham or The Apothecary's  
Daughter  
(Take your choice)

Sol Lution: A watery sort of fellow, tenth normal.

Lydia E. Smokedham: with a vegetable complex.

Weasel Moon: an Indian brewer of Teutonic descent.

Poka Dot: his daughter.

And an All Star Resume, including Three Star Hennessy.

### Act One

Time: Correct.

Place: A drawing room. In one part is a man drawing for the deal while his associates are drawing their guns.

(Enter Lydia, drawing a breath.)

Lydia: Where is my Herb? Oh, where is my Herb?

(Enter three towels: Bath, Hand and Dish. They are disguised as lawyers, for they have been mopping up at the Bar.)

Towels: You must come with us to find your Herb.

Lydia: Where to, Wipers?  
(Curtain)

(Exit Lydia for liquid refreshment.)

(Exit K. B.'s from front row for same purpose.)

### Act Two

Time: Flies:

Place: The camp of Weasel Moon.

(As the curtain rises, Weasel Moon is sitting before his tepee. All about is still or are stills. Polka Dot is still there.)

Weasel Moon: Polka Dot fire a bit, or dis still water will not run deep.

(Enter Three Star Hennessy disguised as a dry agent.)

T. S. H.: What's your name?

Weasel Moon: 'Tisn't either. Weasel Moon.

T. S. H.: I asked you for your name, not your occupation.

(Enter Lydia, slightly teed up.)

Weasel Moon: Fore!

Lydia: Too much, too much! I won't pay it.  
(Weasel Moon advances with fire water in his eye. Hennessy sings "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Weasel Moon nicks Hennessy's neck with a niblick. Sol Lution runs out and surrounds Polka Dot.)

Polka Dot: Pink 'im Lydia, here is your Herb.

Lydia: My Herb! My vegetable! You beet me, but I knew you would turnip finally.

(Curtain)

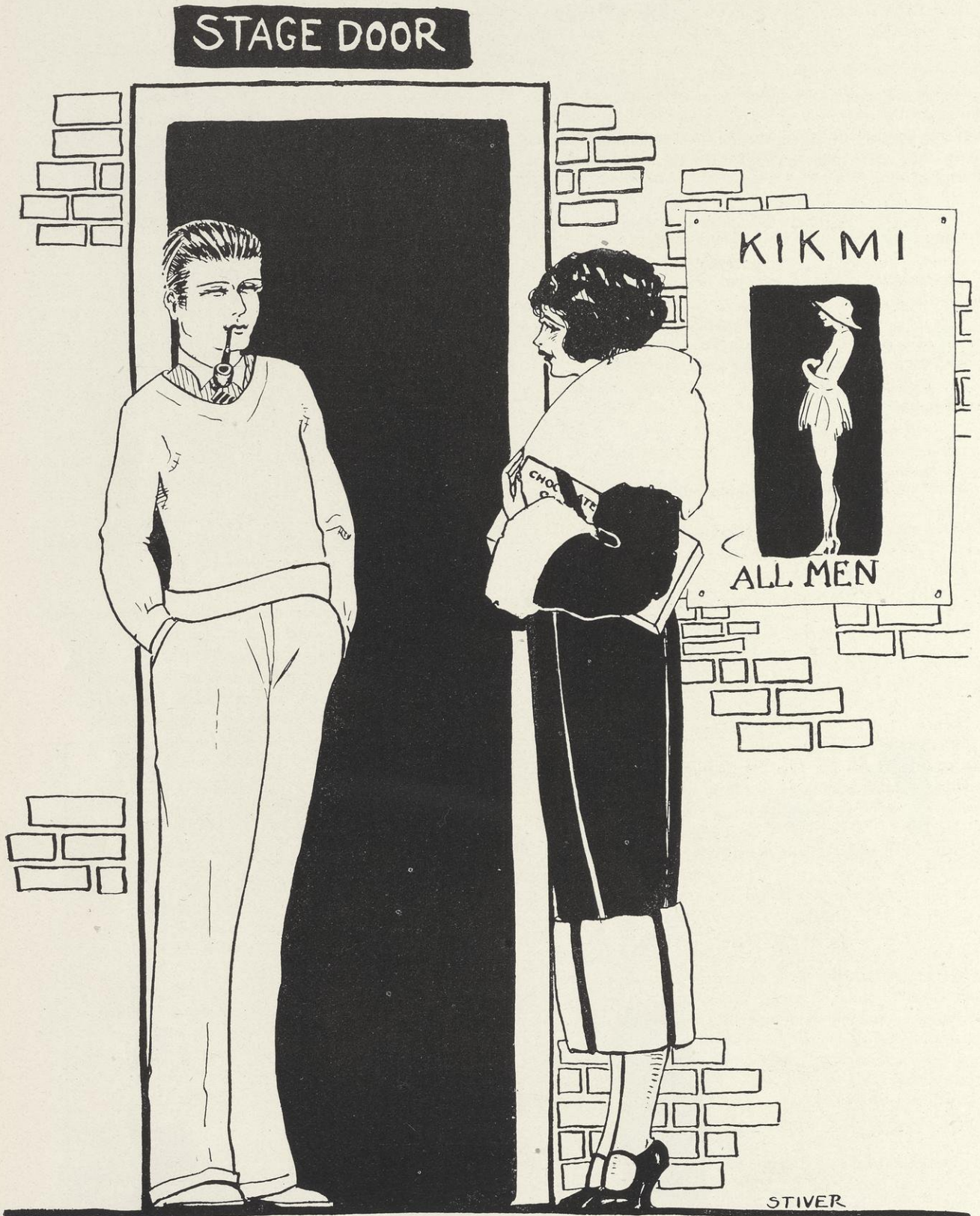
(K. B.'s solemnly enter and quietly take their seats.)

(K. B.'s thrown out bodily by ushers.)



OUR OWN LITTLE PLAY  
entitled  
"DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?"





A STAGE DOOR JENNY



## The Haresfoot Score

Note—

The Haresfoot score, "Kikme," was selected in open competition. While the judges agreed almost unanimously that it was the best score submitted, at the same time they gave a number of librettos honorable mention. We are printing a synopsis of each rejected play so honored, in order that our readers may see the difficulty of selecting a winner, and because they show the wealth of talent that blushes unseen in our great university.

### I. SLAPEYE

by Phizzle Phailure '20

Scene: Tibet. Camels climbing the Himalyas.  
Characters: Duck Soop, the heroine; Hot Dog, the hero; Tuf Nut, the villian.

Plot: Tuf Nut sez, "Marry me, Duck Soop, or I will sell you to the peanut vender."

Hot Dog: "Stop, or I'll call out the navy!"

Duck Soop: "Hot Dog!" (she falls down a manhole and dies).

### 2. CATCHME

by Worser N. Worse

Scene: Abyssinia. (Lady monkeys with parasols).

Characters: No-No, the heroine; Yes-Yes, the hero; Yes-No, the man of mystery.

Plot: Sez Yes-No, "Marry me, No-No, or I will marry somebody else."

Yes-Yes: "Oh, I think you're mean."

No-No: "Yes-Yes!" (She is run over by a street car).

### 3. YURIT

by I. T's. Murder

Scene: Egypt. (Egypt all over).

Characters: Arti, the heroine; Tut-Tut (dead and gone), the hero; The Stinx, the villian.

Plot: The Stinx: "Marry me or I will hang you."

Tut-Tut: "Over my dead body!"

Arti: "Tut-Tut." (Arti chokes).

## Oh! The Navee

Mary: Did you see the good-looking sailors down town?

Cherie: No, are they in style again?

Luke—She sure is a fast baby.

Duke—Oughta be. She wears Russian Boots.

Fashionable Customer: Ah, this hat makes me look so innocent.

Fashionable Milliner: Ah, no indeed! Anything but that.

F. C.: Are you sure, now?

F. M.: Quite sure, Madam.

F. C.: Then you may send it to me.

## Town Topics

Reginald Vanderbilt, juvenile lead in the Haresfoot performance, doesn't like

Milwaukee, because the girl with whom he had a date there didn't tell him he was the handsomest man in the cast.

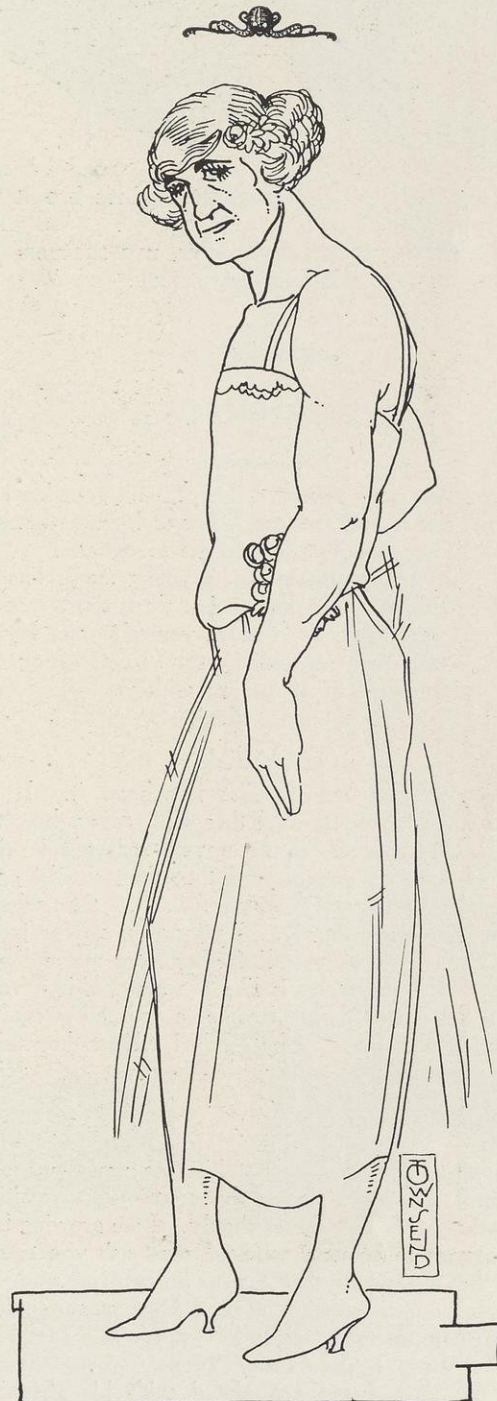
Oshkosh, because the apple-pie was no good.

Appleton, because the audience laughed when his borrowed dress trousers slipped a little.

Rockford, because he didn't have a date.

Kenosha, because there was a lump in his bed.

But the trip was a huge success after all. In Racine he found a place where the "real stuff" was only \$12 a quart.



CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN??





"How did you get that Collegiate block to that hat, Bob?"

"My room mate's law book, my mattress, a waxing brush, and a steam-roller."

## As Playwrights Do It

Shakespeare

Helene: Not now, away! I do not want your kiss!  
You do offend me. Never have I thought  
That you should hold me so debased  
As taking kisses from a young man's lips  
Whom I have known but three short weeks.  
I pray you, sir, remove yourself from hence  
And come no more! Oh, John! You do  
Not see that I but jest with you—  
Here are my lips—don't stop! Take two.

Oscar Wilde

Helene: No, no, I wilst not have it. It is true, I have looked toward thee with favor, but 'tis as I look at mirrors, seeing myself reflected in thy face. I am sad tonight, sad that thou should cast thy eyes at me in such a way . . . thou whom I have known but shortly. I pray you, go far from me. I pray you to go still farther from me and not return. Oh! the moon is like a woman rising from a banquet-board. She is like a gorged woman. She is a full moon. What, John! Dost thou take me at mine word? Nay, do thou not go. Kiss me, kiss me again!

Shaw

Helene: No, you cannot kiss me now—we are engaged. Engaged people have no right to kiss each other; only new lovers should. I am growing too fond of you to be your wife—I must ask you to go away for a time so that I may forget you and be ready for our marriage. Yes. I have pursued you, but you hate me too much to kill me for it. Hello—what? Why, I always say 'Hello' when anyone goes, for then I get acquainted with his absence. No, are you really going? Then come back and kiss me, again . . . again . . .

## Vanity?

A lot of people think it's vanity when the female leads in Haresfoot have pictures made of themselves in their feminine garb, but list to the cases of Tom, Dick and Harry.

Tom was in love with a beautiful girl down in Atlanta. Her parents objected to him and would allow neither himself, his letters or his picture in the house. The thing to do was natural—he wrote his letters in a feminine script, sent the picture of himself—now proudly reposing on the young lady's dresser,—and the love-affair goes along smoothly.

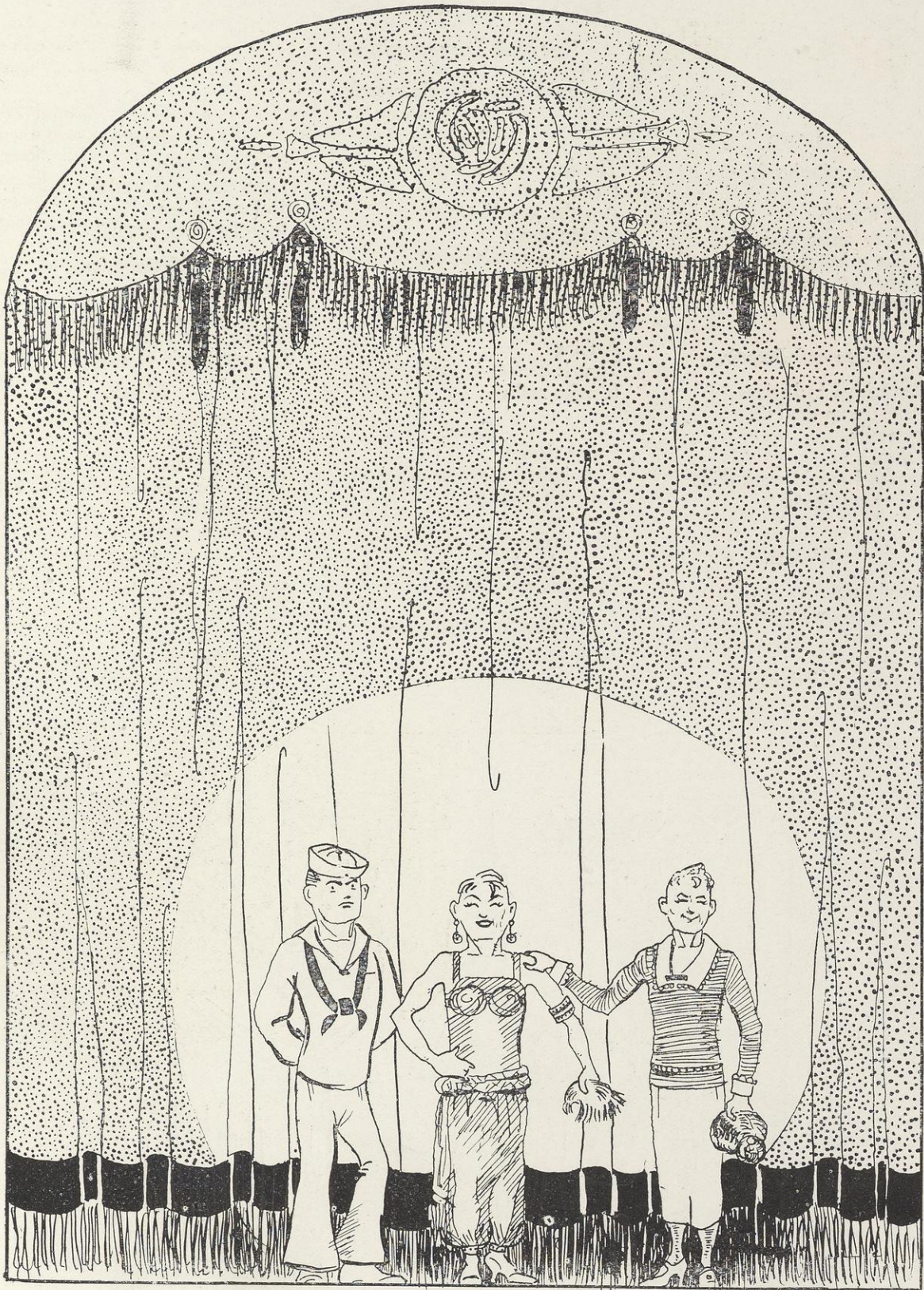
Dick, on the other hand, sent his to his old pal down at Cornell. Now, the pal was one of these bashful boys who never speaks to a girl, and one can imagine the commotion caused by a large and expensive photograph of a large and expensive looking lady, signed "Adoring you, Rose." The lad can hardly recognize himself now—he's the most popular man on the campus, and it is even whispered that he has a past.

As for Harry,—well, we hesitate to tell you where his picture is. It reposes upon the dresser of a married woman, of mature years but a young heart. She is respected in the community, she is active in all philanthropic measures, yet she permits herself this one indiscretion. For Harry is her son, and she has always wanted a daughter.



Female spring fever victim: Don't move darling. I'm so comfortable, and your head is so soft.





Harrison  
+ Lewis

THREE THE SAME SIZE, THOUGH EACH IS A LITTLE ROUNDER



## BAGATELLES

### Second Impression

By Yollup V. Zabroosch

#### Amour.

Out of my pipe-bowl,  
Tonight,  
Jumped Cupid;  
I tried to argue with him  
But, like a hen-pecked husband,  
I couldn't get a word in  
Edgewise!

#### Hope and Despair.

I often wish I had wings  
To take me up the Hill  
More easily,  
But then,  
I suppose I should want skids  
To carry me down.

#### Woman.

Schopenhauer,  
Let me laugh with you!  
How comical  
Some men act  
Before their inferiors.

#### Cynic.

The only women  
I can trust  
Are the two Kewpies  
Staring at me  
From the mantle-piece;  
And they have glass eyes.

#### Aphorism.

A thing  
That is perfect in itself  
Is quite useless.

#### Ennui.

Every time  
That insipid neighbor of mine  
Tells me a story  
It seems  
Like shaking salt and pepper  
Into a bowl  
Of Chile con Carne.

#### Vanity of Existence.

A short, fat man  
In a Prince Albert.

#### Anodyne.

The only way  
I can make the world  
Jealous of me  
Is to laugh at myself!

#### Metaphysics.

I have a compass  
In my brain,  
That draws pretty circles  
On my graph of Life.

#### Moods.

How can there be  
Anything new  
Under the sun?  
When, through my quizzical eyes,  
The sun itself  
Is always new!

#### Spite.

Whenever I am tired  
Of the world  
And all its pother  
I take my roommate's pretty friend  
To a musical comedy.



Stude: Yes, I'd like to buy a bottle, but I'm sure it would intoxicate  
Stewed: Intox—drunk. Yer crazy—man, I've had three bottles.





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**THE LIBRARY PACKAGE**—Shaped like a book bound in hand buffed green and gold. The contents please every student of sweets.

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THE CHOCOLATE SHOP	528 State St.	BADGER PHARMACY	1320 University Avenue
A. W. KREHL	403 E. Wilson St		
UNIVERSITY PHARMACY	Cor. State and Lake Sts.	CENTRAL STORE	



**Special  
Wisconsin  
Package**



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Such a Coat is a necessary part of almost every man's wardrobe—if he wishes to dress in style. Particularly is such a Coat essential when cool spring days and nights make a heavy overcoat uncomfortable.

Many of these Coats are water-proofed.



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## Blue Sky Bar

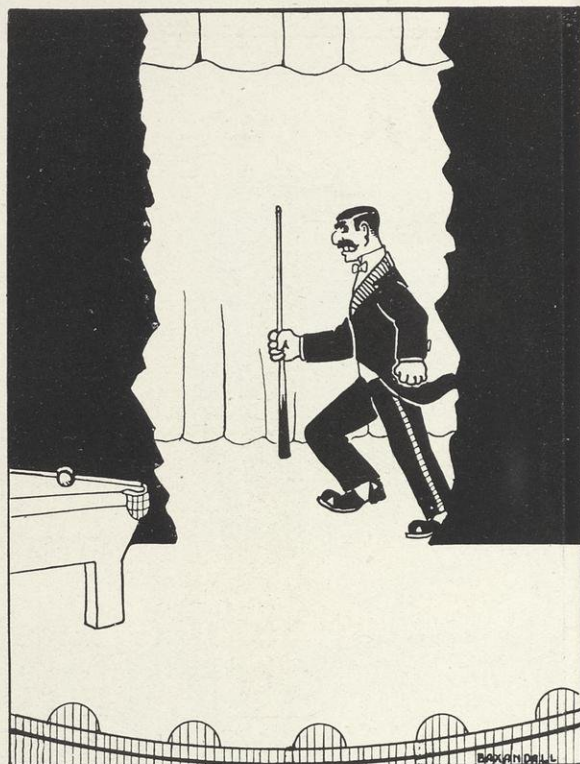
A Delicious Candy Bar

Maple Cream Center dipped in peanuts and Rich sweet chocolate.

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*Teckemeyer's*



THE VILLIAN TOOK HIS CUE AND  
ENTERED

### The Sad Tale of Archie

Archie was such a sweet boy, and so delicate-looking that he had always been called "sister." When he came to the University he couldn't find anything to do except fussing for ever-so-long, and he finally decided that he really ought to go out for some outside activity.

Just about that time, try-outs for Haresfoot started. Archie was used to having the girls go crazy over his dancing, so he thought he'd go in the chorus as one of the beautiful ladies. He was accepted, and then the fun began.

"One, two, three; one, two, three; one, two, kick! . . . Higher, there, you little fellow. Wottel you puffing about—you've only been doing this for twenty minutes? Up on your toes; one, two, three, one, two, three . . . hey, sawed-off, quit stalling. You ain't tired, you're just getting started. One, two, three . . ."

Archie came staggering out of the practice with a grim determination in his heart. They thought he was no good! He'd show them! He'd let them know he was all right—they'd be sorry, afterwards.

So Archie quit, and a gentle perspiration breaks out on his lily brow whenever he thinks of the fine art of chorus dancing.

Young man: I-I-I-I-I . . .  
Captain: Only two 'eyes,' there. Go below.  
Y. M.: But Captain, I-I-I-I-I'm not in the crew!



YOU can own a musical instrument



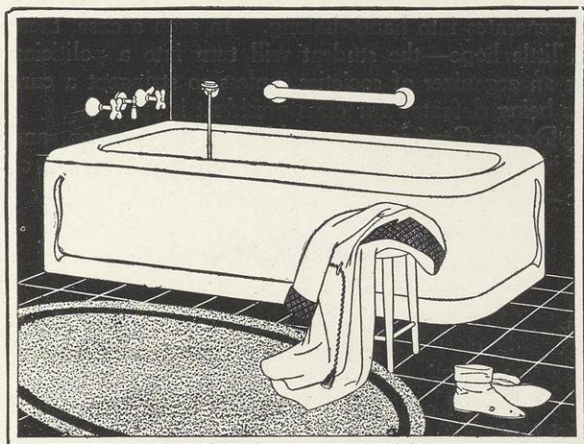
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JOHN L. BOYD

### Man?

The greatest study of man is man, and the greatest place to study man is at a university. One can find the he-man, the cake-eater, the athlete, the student and the wearer of puff-panties. But the most obnoxious are the hand-waver and the hand-shaker.

Freshmen are naturally hand-wavers, but with good training and careful watching they generally out-grow it. In severe cases, the hand-waving complex degenerates into hand-shaking. In such a case, there is little hope—the student will turn into a politician or an organizer of societies, unless so stringent a cure as being defeated for class president is applied.

Doctor Coué is now working on the question, and it is possible that in time the disease will pass out of existence.



Hobb: The other night as I was reading ghost-stories, a female shape suddenly appeared before me!

Slobb: Specter?

Hobb: Lord, no! Wouldn't have been scared if I had.



Minn: Meet the Duke, he's just back from abroad.

Jiggs (to the Duke): Sis-s, was she good looking?



## Editorial by Downpound Upton Silkhair

Universities are cesspools of sin. How do I know? Haven't I seen the cover of many humor magazines with their women exposing 2¼ inches of bare flesh below the neck? Haven't I seen fraternity houses lighted up at night—often after 10 o'clock? What would any honest souls be doing at the hour?

And, mind you, those aren't the only reasons which make me think that universities are corrupted, low places. An editor of the student paper bought a suit of clothes last month. Do you suppose his folks could have stood the expense? No, sirree. College publications are for profit only. They are capitalistic enterprises and none of the money is given to the Association for Relief of Independent Workers of the World Whose Wives Have Deserted Them and Who are Thrown Upon Their Own Resources, Inc. I here and now charge that editor with embezzlement.

The women! Have you seen the women? Oh, boy! Pardon me, I mean, aren't they terrible? With their long dresses, their rolled stockings that you can't see, and those low-necked dresses with the neck all covered up with furs. It is more than wicked. It is sinful. It is enough to drive an upright, moral man crazy mad.

I have a son. Do you think I will send him to a college? No, a thousand times, no! I will send him to a University.

## Fine Tailoring Makes Fine Clothes

They go together; you can't have one without the other. For its fine tailoring that keeps your clothes smart as long as you wear them.

*And our Suits are finely Tailored*

**BAILLIE-O'CONNELL & MEYER**

## A Slave To The Bottle

Do you own one of those pens that is eternally thirsty always craving a drink, never satisfied,—filled with the maddening thirst of the Sahara? Does your pen keep you chasing an ink bottle every day of your life?

If it does, throw the cussed thing away; if you have an enemy, give it to him; or better, still, take it down to RIDER MASTERPEN. Then you will only have to fill your pen once a week. It will feel fine to be free again, won't it?

**Rider's Pen Shop.**  
REAL PEN SERVICE

666 STATE STREET



## Ride Out Into The Open

No better opportunity to view the beauties in and around Madison, and at the same time receive that necessary exercise, than to ride horseback.

### EQUESTRIANISM

We will teach you the art of riding on horseback. It is an accredited sport in the University curriculum.

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The Elizabethan Room is excellently adopted to student functions.



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TRADEGY ON THE ROAD

A Chorus man neglects to lock his suit case.

**WATCH**

for

Opening Date

or

Esther Beach

*Thompson's Orchestra*

In the meanwhile dance at the

**CAMEO ROOM**



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### Picture of a College Man Crashing a Dance

Enters hotel lobby.  
Sees restless mob.  
Wonders why mob is restless.  
Finds mob is trying to crash dance.  
Becomes restless also.  
Decides to walk like a duke.  
Doorman can't see resemblance.  
Decides to squeeze in with crowd.  
Crowd too small.  
Extreme despair.  
Friend whispers in ear.  
Follows friend through swinging door.  
Returns later.  
Walks in like a duke.

—Jack O'Lantern.

### Bon's a Woman

Bon: Oh, you said "damn."  
Jour: No, I didn't either.  
Bon: Well say it then. Don't stand there and make me out a liar.

—Sun Dodger.

An optimist is a man who drops twenty-six floors in a thirty-story elevator, and remarks at the fourth floor, "Well, I'm still alright."

—Rice Owl.

## The Gift Store

where you can find the article to exactly express your sincerest thoughts. And in such an array the task becomes simple.

## The Unique Shop

Badger 2099

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## Shirt Style headquarters

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You can always heap your tray with a tasty meal of dishes that suit your individual taste.

Our large variety of dishes as well as quality help in making our cooking satisfy.

Two best places to eat

## Home & Cop's Cafe



**Easter** comes early this Spring  
**SUITS and TOPCOATS**

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PARK



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**Confidential Play Guide**

*Pilfering Peggy's Pajamas*; a novel bedroom farce because a single bed, instead of twin beds, is the center of interest.

*The Hairy He-Man*; galvanizing drama of African wit, to the rhythmic beats of a chorus of ape-maidens.

*The Dog and the Chicken*; goose-flesh melodrama of low life in the Alps.

*Cheu Sauercraut*; Russian whiskers trimmed for domestic consumption.

*He What Gets Slapped*; all the irony of life summed up in the drowning of a clown in a vat of circus lemonade.



**What Luck**

Pedestrian: That's an awfully poor looking horse you have there.

Cabby: Yeh, you see it's this way, sir. Every morning I toss him to see whether he gets his hay or I get my beer, and would you believe it, that unlucky horse has lost for six mornings straight.

—Gargoyle.



**Tut, Tut**

Slim: Yes, I'm from Walla Walla.

Mim: I heard you the first time.

—Phoenix.

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### Ye Olde Tyme Strain

When as in knickers Julie goes,  
Till then, me thinks, one scarcely knows  
The purpose served by common clothes,  
For when I drop my eyes and see  
Parentheses from foot to knee,  
Oh, how her rashness shocketh me.

—Widow.



### I Ask You' Did You Ever?

Did you ever see a girl whose eyes were brighter than sapphires, whose hair was finer than silk, and with the advertisement, a skin you love to touch, whose form made Venus look like a washer-woman, who thrilled every nerve in your body and gave your heart St. Vitus dance, and after much indecision you tightened your tie and asked her in a husky voice to dance. And she replied with a crack of her quid, "I ain't dancin' this here one, on account o' me corns."

Did you ever?"—Banter.



"What's the noise upstairs, Ethelbert?"

"That's paw draggin' his heavy underwear across the floor."

—Chaparral.

Spring time is picture time.

Buy your roll films

at

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**AT SPRING FORMALS**

That most wonderful girl in the world will think you ever so thoughtful if you order a pretty corsage from the

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**A TOPCOAT**

for days too temperate for the heavy overcoat and yet too chilly for no coat at all. Here they are in a wide variety of new spring styles and shades.

**The New Spring Suits are Here**

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**Kennedy Dairy Company**

Perfectly Pasteurized Milk and Cream

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Badger 7100

**Sitting It Out**

While some are for dancing, as many, no doubt, Prefer the diversion of sitting it out

On chairs or on stairs,  
But always in pairs;  
For pleasant narration  
Or light conversation,  
Perhaps with the whet  
Of a wee cigarette

Or other things hardly worth talking about,  
Pertain to the custom of sitting it out.

—Life.



**Dare We Print This?**

"That fellow is the cleverest editor that ever put out a college magazine."

"How so?"

"He always selects the poorest exchanges so that his own material will look good by contrast."

—Cracker.



"How did you keep your donation secret?"

"I sent an anonymous check."

—Lampoon.



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Yes, we're quite able to guarantee the plumbing work we do because we never announce that a job is finished until it is perfectly satisfactory both to us and to our customer. We know that you'll be entirely satisfied with our services.

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o that exclusive set of individuals whose costumes be-  
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### Frautschi--Furniture

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### A Play Of Life in Two Prologues And Two Acts

#### FIRST PROLOGUE

Hell's bells and little fishes,  
Black cats and broken dishes;  
All's a muddle, all's a jam—  
An ill-omened life of sham.

#### SECOND PROLOGUE

Life's damn trouble won't disperse,  
Daily growing worse and worse.  
Everything is good's reverse.  
Make it snappy; make it terse.

#### ACT I

##### Scene 1

Enter Nurse.

#### ACT II

##### Scene 2

Exit Hearse.

Finis.

—Jade.



### Down Town

"Them guys soitenly has got a noive, Mamie—  
askin' us to go ridin' wit' 'em!"

"Yeah, day must t'ink we're a coupla them 'ere  
sorority goils!"

—Siren.

### GRIMM'S

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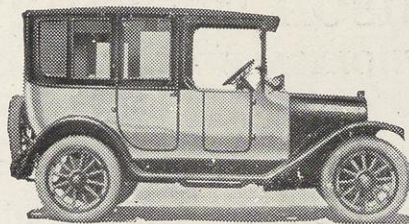
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A desirable place to eat, where  
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The thinking fellow and  
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Yellow

BAD 500 GER

Cab



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will finish off the day as a pleasant diversion after a "lick" of studying.

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Served at

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(Ground Floor Woman's Building)

**MRS. MAIN, Manager**

Fairchild 2606

Catering for Weddings and Formals a Specialty

Private Parties

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## Bath-Tub Reading

To anyone who is bored with regular easy-chair reading, it is recommended that he try bath-tub reading. Fill the tub with luke-warm water, and climb in, holding your book up in the air. The gentle lapping of the water around one's tummy lends the illusion of the sea—a feeling equally appropriate for Conrad's or McFee's sea stories, or for stories which leave one all at sea, such as Willa Cather's or Katherine Mansfield's.

For one's lighter moments, when the buoyancy caused by the well-known principle of specific gravity lifts one out of the heavy feeling he usually has, "The Revolt of the Oyster" is especially good. As the water grows colder and colder, and one begins to realize that there is a positive chill starting in the region of one's shoulders, read "The Ice Age" and get out.

There is a book especially written for people who do this, its title summing up the whole thing. It expresses in two words the character of the aquatic reader. Its name is "The Fool."



## Poem

A guy I like  
Is Willie West;  
He never says:  
"Jahitthatest?"

—Lord Jeff.

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Particularly for College Men  
Reasonably Priced

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A tender, thick steak so delicious it fairly melts in your mouth---with mushrooms ---and---and, But why go on. Visualize and then realize it.

**Walter Hicks Cafe**

108 East Main

Tenney Block

## Too Late

I

A chieftain to the Highlands bound  
Cried "Boatman, do not tarry  
For I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry."

—Campbell.

II

The boatman glanced down at his wrist  
And turned the brazen lock  
"I guess you'll have to swim it, Bud  
We close at five o'clock."

—Siren.



## His Ship Comes In

For hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat strangely far apart. He signed. She sighed. Finally, "I wish I had money, dear," he said. "I'd travel."

Impulsively, she slipped her hand into his; then, rising swiftly, she sped into the house.

Aghast, he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.—Columbia Jester.

## Flowers For The Spring Formal

Flowers make this social function complete. Nowhere can you find a wider and finer display than here. "Say It With Flowers"

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**FLORAL CO**

Store 226 State Street. Phone B. 179



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the Spring  
when your  
thoughts  
turn to rides  
out-of-doors

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this spring with a

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DESIGNERS ENGRAVERS  
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# The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

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University of Wisconsin

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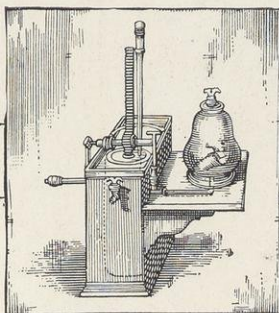
Vol. IV.

March, 1923

No. 6



ROBERT BOYLE'S



AIR ~ PUMP

## The “*PRACTICAL*” Alchemist and “*THEORETICAL*” Robert Boyle

**T**HE alchemists wrote vaguely of “fluids” and “principles.” Copper was potentially silver. Rid it of its red color and the “principle” of silver would assert itself, so that silver would remain. With a certain amount of philosopher’s stone (itself a mysterious “principle”) a base metal could be converted into a quantity of gold a million times as great.

This all sounded so “practical” that Kings listened credulously, but the only tangible result was that they were enriched with much bogus gold.

Scientific theorists like Robert Boyle (1627-1691) proved more “practical” by testing matter, discovering its composition and then drawing scientific conclusions that could thereafter be usefully and honestly applied. Alchemists conjectured and died; he experimented and lived.

Using the air pump Boyle undertook a “theoretical” but sci-

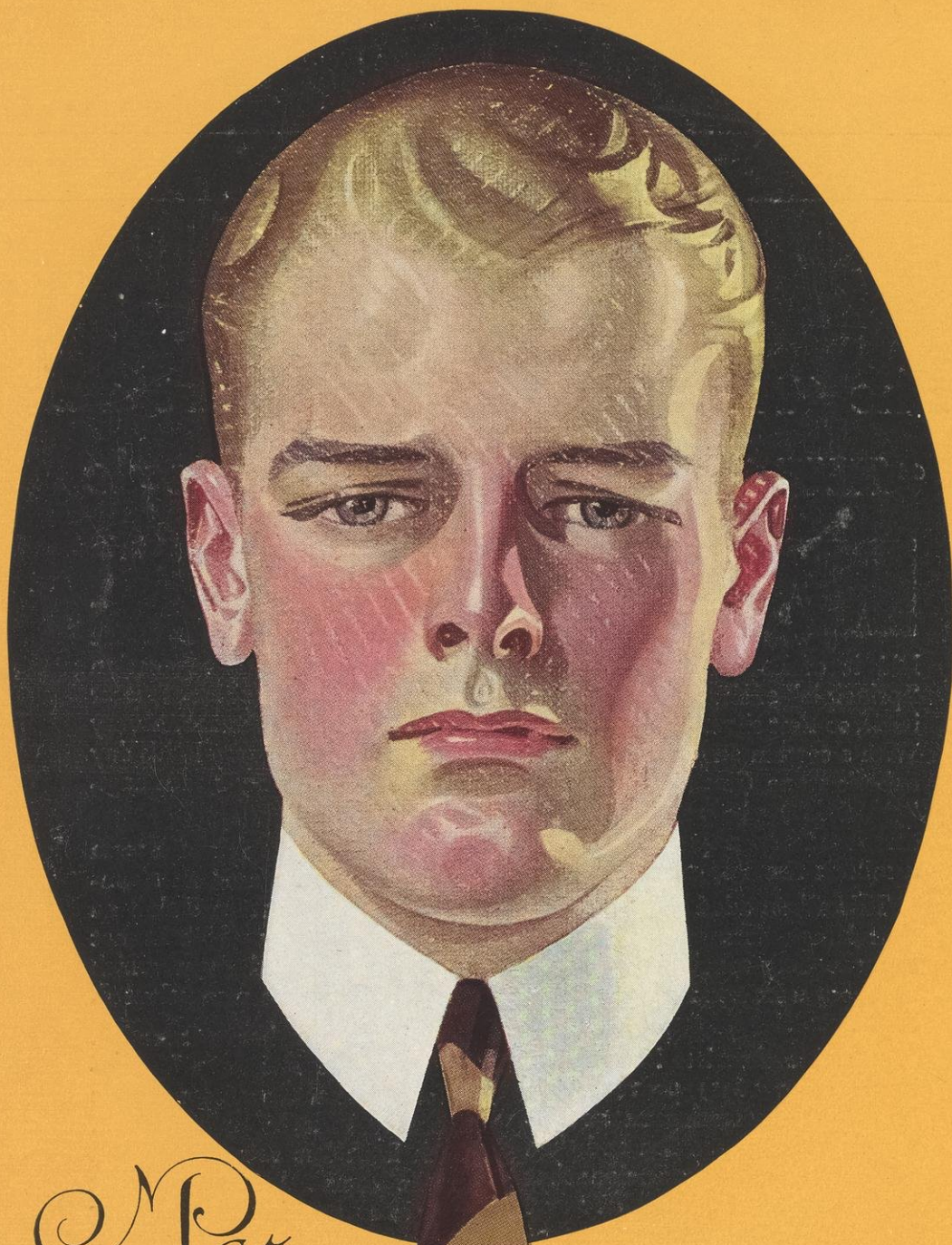
entific experimental study of the atmosphere and discovered that it had a “spring” in it, or in other words that it could expand. He also established the connection between the boiling point of water and atmospheric pressure, a very “theoretical” discovery in his day but one which every steam engineer now applies.

He was the first to use the term “analysis” in the modern chemical sense, the first to define an element as a body which cannot be subdivided and from which compounds can be reconstituted.

Boyle’s work has not ended. Today in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company it is being continued. Much light has there been shed on the chemical reactions that occur in a vessel in which a nearly perfect vacuum has been produced. One practical result of this work is the vacuum tube which plays an essential part in radio work and roentgenology.

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