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Wisconsin Octopus: Haresfoot number. Vol. 8, No. 7 April, 1927

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, April, 1927

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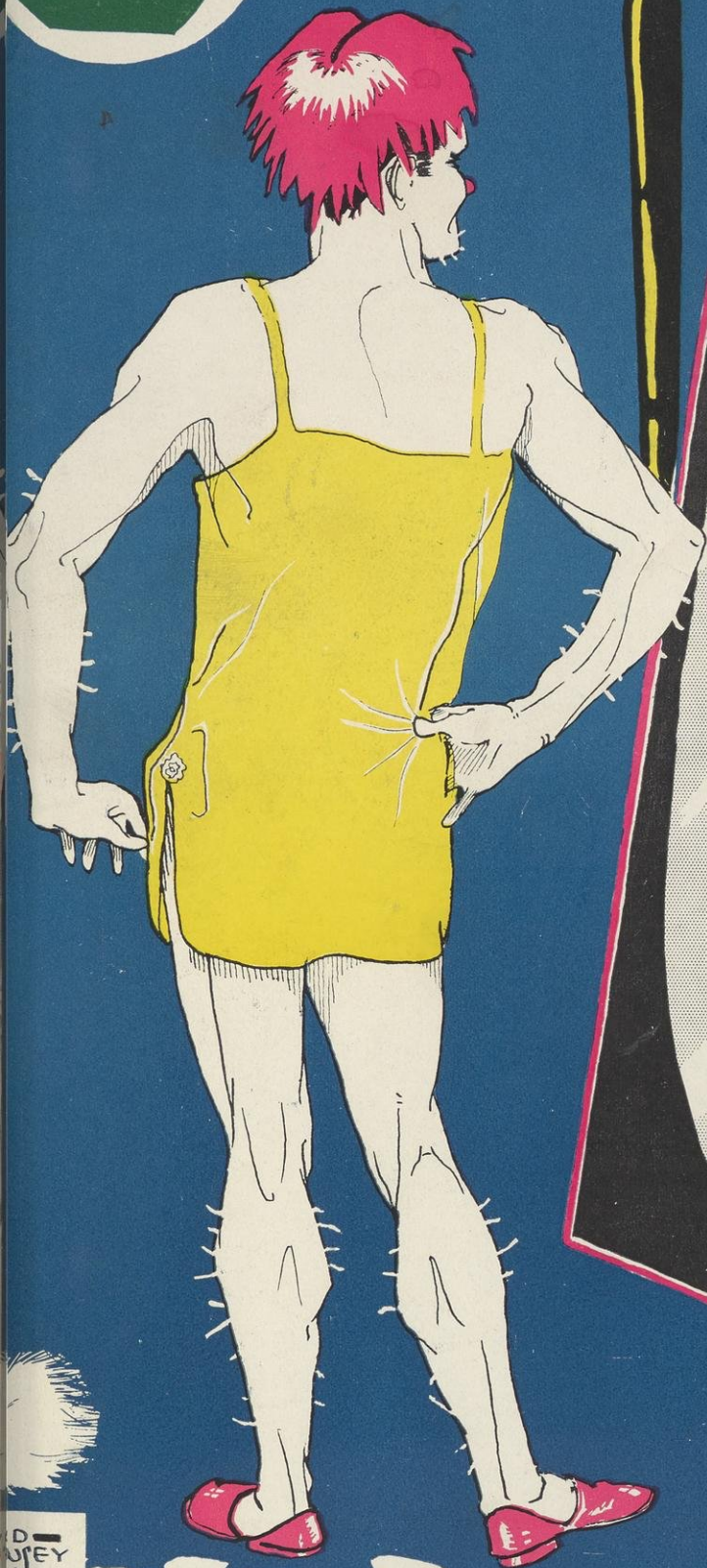
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APR 29 1927

WISCONSIN

OCTOPUS



HAZES FOOT NUMBER 25¢
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Apparel for Wisconsin Men



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Get these troubles off your chest! One is that you have a large hole in your sole and the other is where to go to get the best service at the most reasonable price. The trouble is easy to solve. Take them to Hills Rebuilding Service. They will give you the best satisfaction, and also deliver them to your door.

"Shoe Rebuilding Is Our Sole Business"

Hills Shoe Rebuilding Service

State at Dayton

Basement



Boys, Here's A Tip

(Sh-h-h don't tell her that I told you)

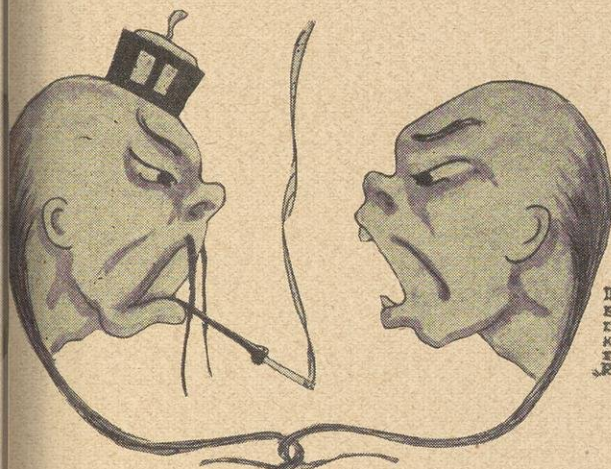
I had a date up on Langdon Street the other night, but I was thirty three minutes late. I knew that she would be standing at the French window just daring me to appear. Oh boy! Here's the tip! I got a new Whippet car from the Badger Rent-A-Car. Say when I pulled up there her face was all smiles—That's the tip—call a Badger Rent-A-Car.

Just Call F. 2099

Badger Rent-A-Car Co.

250 State Street

Fairchild 2099



General: Have you mangled the missionaries?
 Pu Pu: I have.
 "Did you rip the buttons off of those street cars?"
 "I did."
 "You tore the arms out of the arsenal?"
 "Oh, quite."
 "Did you take your enemies unawares?"
 "All of them."
 "Did your attack take all the starch out of their front?"
 "Shirtainly."
 "Did you rip the tails off of them?"
 "We gave them cuff for cuff."
 "I knew we could count on the Handwashees. You shall promoted!"

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 And Cut to Order

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 CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
 SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



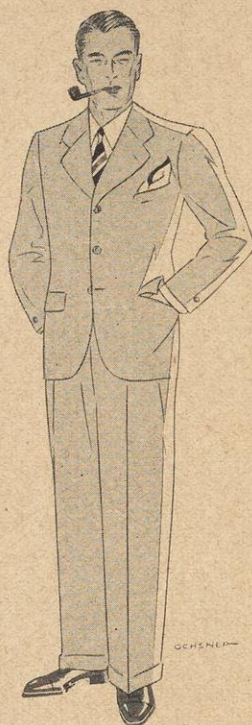
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Suits and Topcoats

\$40, \$45, \$50



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The University Co-Op Offers "Varsity-approved" and
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This line of fine clothing was designed by a style committee composed of retailers from the leading university towns in the country. You will find them in exact accord with your wishes.

\$50

Roxburn Clothes

Joe Ripp of the Co-Op searched the markets for a year before he found what he wanted . . . a reasonably priced suit that was styled in accord with University of Wisconsin dictates. Two trousers.

\$40 \$45

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611-6-3 University Avenue

Phones: Badger 5335-2689-71

1827

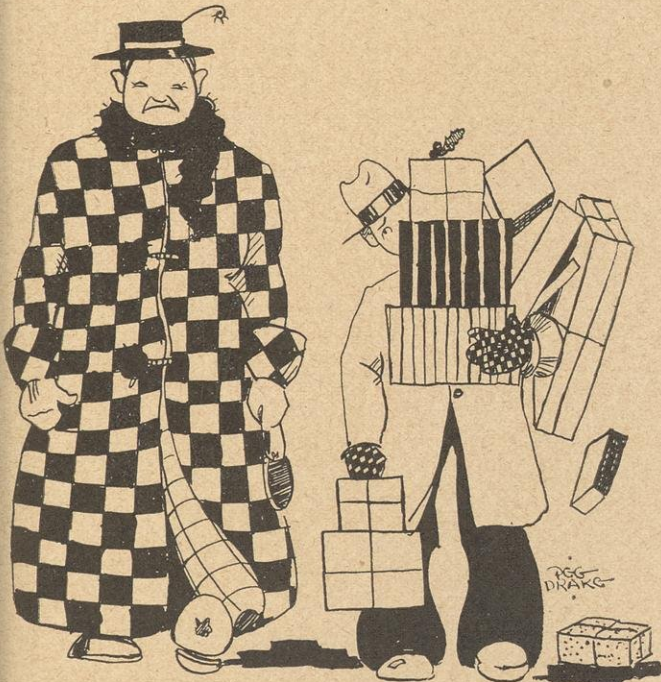
He (after kissing her): Your lips are like the dew upon the rosebud—this is the culmination of my heart's desire.

She: Oh, this is so sudden!

1927

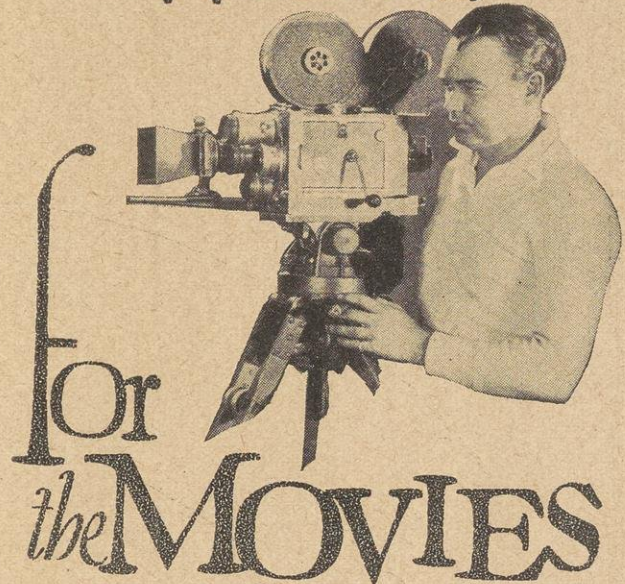
He (after kissing her): Your lips are something like Mary's, not unlike Mable's, Tessie's, and Jane's, and the way you kiss does remind me of Ethel, if you know what I mean.

She: Yes, I understand that Mary does kiss that way. But the way you kiss almost reminded me of Bob and Harry for a minute. You know, they kiss the funniest way!



"This I. C. is an awful dirty railroad, don't you think?"
"Well, it soots me."

College men Wanted



ONE HUNDRED thousand people go to California each year in an attempt to "break" into the movies. For some time the city of Los Angeles has tried to stem the tide of foolish aspirants, but it continues to roll in.

It may seem strange, then, when an announcement is made that film executives are willing and anxious to spend thousands of dollars to discover new talent in American colleges. Yet that very thing will come to pass during the month of April when the First National Pictures-College Humor screen tests are made.

John E. McCormick, General Manager of West Coast Production for First National Pictures, was once a collegian. He has always been sympathetic toward college men. This daring innovation will be carried through without the usual hue and cry that attends such glamorous proceedings. Picked squads of technical operators and their advance men will quietly go about their business according to schedules which have already been carefully prepared. The larger schools in the various sections of the country will all be visited. It is hoped that ten men will be found.

Before this magazine was ready to announce the idea it carefully went over the contracts which will be offered to the men who are successful. They are most liberal. To the men whose facial features, physique and intellect measure up to the standard set, these contracts will offer fame and fortune unbelievably soon.

Men only are wanted—no women.

Expenses are guaranteed to and from the new two million dollar studio of the company at Burbank, California. Every effort will be made to give wide publicity to the winners. Opportunity will be given to work with such stars as Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Richard Barthelmess, Constance Talmadge, Harry Langdon, Leon Errol, Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Astor and others.

College Humor urges college periodicals and college men to support this plan which is destined to win recognition for collegians wherever motion pictures are shown.

Read the magazine for further announcement

CollegeHumor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month

Hughes
20 East Mifflin C. L. Engholm, Mgr.

Next to the Strand Theatre

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by Smart Women

\$25

Authentic garments—a wondrous selection! Fascinating new fashions of beauty and brilliance.

Priced at \$25, \$35, \$45
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Straight line types—snappy silhouettes—sport types in the fashionable black and white summer furs are erminette, twin beaver, calf, mufflon and American broad tail.

Misses Sizes 14 to 20



Capital City Rent-A-Car Co.

Son "Dad, I'm going to stop at this Capital City Rent-A-Car and get a car. I'm going to have you meet my girl friend."

Dad "Son, really I'm too old and bashful. You had better go alone."

Son "Nothing doing you're going to drive, while we—"

TWO HOURS LATER

Son "We had better go home Dad."

Dad "Nothing doing—I'm having a wonderful time with this rent-a-car, and it is inexpensive pleasure. Let's drive a while."

The Moral "Take Your Folks For A Ride"

531 State St.

Fairchild 334



What College Did to Me

By Ananias K. McFlutter

(Pres. Joplin, Peoria and How Railroad)

My connection with college was a strange one. I bought hundreds of books, yet I never went to class; I donated money to a fraternity yet I never was initiated. I fed innumerable pretty co-eds but I never had a date with one. I received many warnings of poor marks from the dean but I was never kicked out of school. I bought gallons of liquor but I never drank any of it.

In spite of these strange things I feel that I got an education. I learned a great many things about Economics and Fraternity Life, I saw the football team earn its pay by defeating its strongest rivals. The thrill of seeing one's team perform is greater than the thrill of listening to a history lecture. Consequently I never listened to a history lecture. I made friendships that will never be forgotten, every day some of these college friends come to my office to sell me a bond. In my six years of contact with a great university and its men I learned that college men are the most carefree race in the world. I could never bring myself to their level and so I never became a true college man.

My education cost me a great deal but I never went to college. My son went to college and I got the education.

"FAIR PRICES AND FRIENDLY SERVICE"

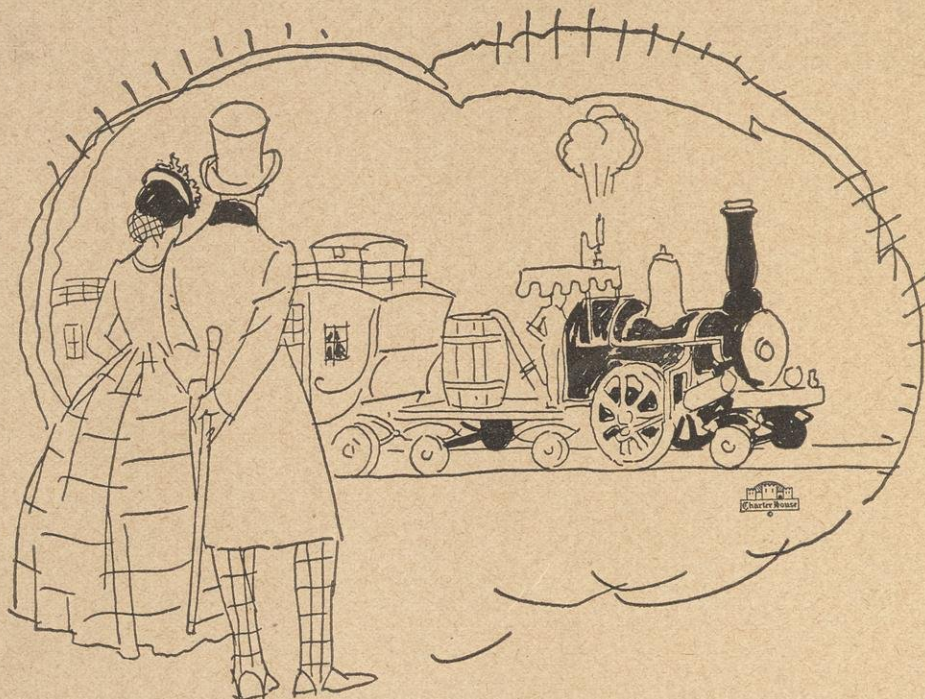
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- ¶ None older than 1924.
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DESPITE THE ABSENCE OF SPEED IN TRAVEL AND BUSINESS IN THE OLD CHARTER HOUSE DAYS OF MERRIE ENGLAND, THE JOURNEY'S END AND COMMERCIAL SUCCESS WERE ACHIEVED SIMPLY AND SURELY. THE SAME SIMPLICITY AND RUGGED SURENESS, WHICH CHARACTERIZED MEN AND EVENTS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, HAVE BROUGHT FAME AND FASHION TO CHARTER HOUSE CLOTHES IN THE UNITED STATES.

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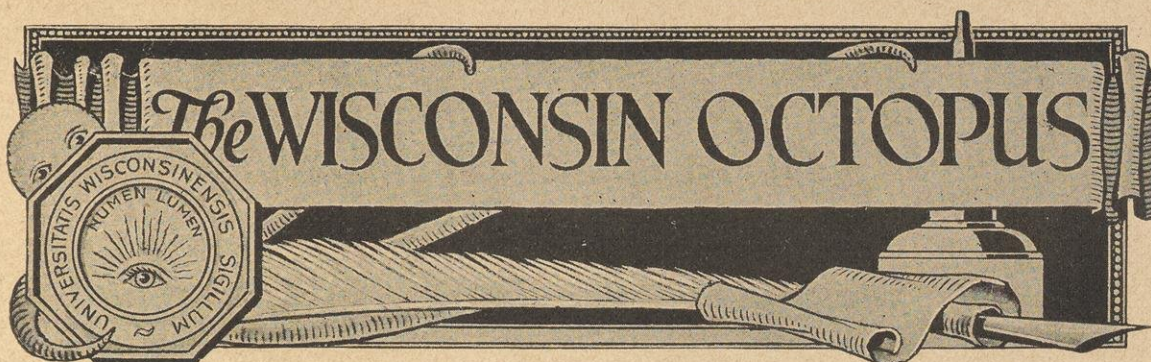


What a dirty knight for a play!

"I gotta go home and shave—I'm going to sleep with Jack tonight."

Second Haresfoot Man: Why don't you put your money in a bank?





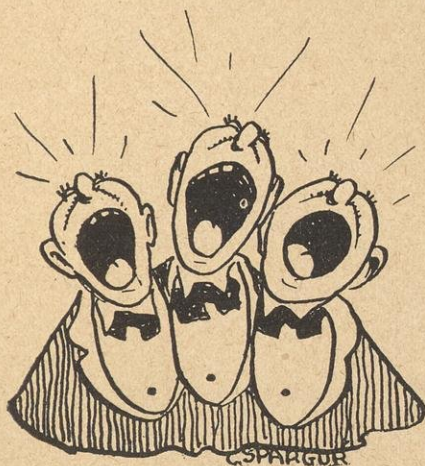
To College Wit

*It may be classed as just a weed
Which, used too much soon goes to
seed;
But being buried for some time—
Comes up again in song or rime.*



Chicago Housewife: My God, John,
have they started riveting on that
new building next door already?

Her Husband: No, No, dear, calm
down—that's only a machine gun you
hear.



Here's a warm one about the type-
setter whose Great Error went un-
noticed till after the performance,
when his announcement of this "Vo-
cal Trio," it was seen, should have
been spelt with a "Y".



"What shall I do if people still
recognize this as my old dress?"
"Well, don't try to get out of it."



Stenog: I'm sorry boss, but I've
found a new place.
Boss: Close the door and tell me
if it's good stuff.



"Is Tom still mopping floors at the
hotel?"
"Yes, he's the same old floor
flusher."

HEY!! Mr. Edison

One shaving invention does away
with the brush, another does away
with the cream, a third does away
with the mug, a fourth does away
with the necessity of hot water.

If someone will invent one doing
away with the razor and then com-
bine the whole bunch of them, we will
no longer need to shave.



No, Oswald, there is no truth to
the rumor that the hard-boiled phy-
eds are wearing gun-metal hose.

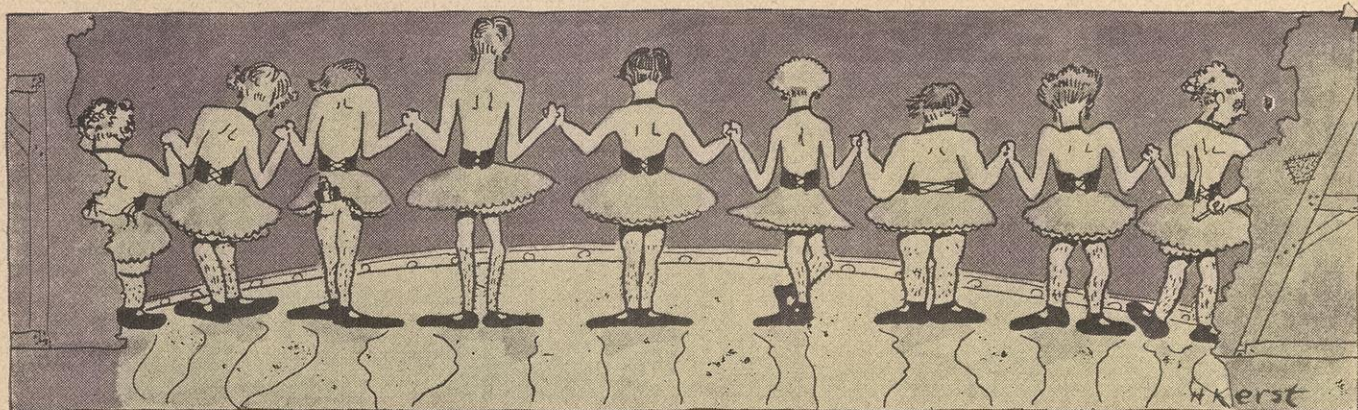


What's Wrong With This Picture?

"Say, roommate, do you want to
use my tie and topcoat this evening?"
"On one condition, old boy, that you
use my car tomorrow night to make
up for it."

John Powell Presents:
The Elephant Never Forgets

A Base-vile Tragedy in Three Reflex-arcs and a Banana-Boat



Dramatis Personae non Gratae:

Bingo Bungle, *Gent*
 Yingle Yangle, *his body guard*
 Phibbitta Kippa, *Ghost of the English Department*
 Angle-Angle, *lovely princess of the Isosceles*
 Ella Fantin, *young lady of the Follies—her chief ones*
 being heavy malteds and Banana Schplitts
 Chaperones, *Tarantulas and other vermin*

ACT IV

(The curtain raises five. The audience sees)

Bingo: When I consider that my dough is spent
 Ere half my trip on this foul tramp and wide,
 And if to Nicaragua I would ride
 I'll have to sing the Cap a sour lament,
 My pitiable pocketbook anent;
 Or work my way (which God forbid!); or hide
 With rabid, red tarantulers inside
 (Inside the ship, not me, you fool!); or tent
 Within a lifeboat—yea, I guess I'll do it.
 Brave Yingle Yangle shall my food provide,
 And Moon, and Neckties, and whate'er be tied.
 A noble plan—there's really nothing to it!
 It's plenty better than that cabin stinking;
 I'm safe till she starts springing leaks and sink-
 ing.

(A star falls somewhere)

(L-n Ch-n-y, maybe.—Ed. Note)

(Enter Ella Fantin, the Captain's Dotter: fair, fat, and forty cents' worth of peroxide. Bingo ducks behind a banana, which, however, fails to hide his tall opera hat above or his flowing red beard below. But the Follies girl is looking the other way, and the Stage Manager knew he was there all the time. In fact, Bingo is the stage manager.)

Ella: Ah, that one ray from yonder sinking sun
 Might pierce my dorsal ventricle! Undone,
 Undone—quite raw, in fact—I face my woes;
 My pa in jail, for his rubescent nose
 Leads on the minions of the Law, and glows
 Like ruddy Dawn before him as he goes.
 With bribes he chained the Law (How well he
 knows!)
 —Tainted the lily and suborned the rose.
 But might as well some smug, smocked, unsmacked
 priest
 Assail Ben Lindsey or the Sovereign Will
 As try to hide in Daddy Dear the yeast
 That raised the mortgage on our home, and still—
 (Enter a Crowd of Citizens. They hang three
 generals to a lamppost)

First Citizen: Why call this mount of flesh a Follies
 Girl?

Second Citizen: Just watch me. *(To Ella)* Will you
 take a little whirl

With my friend here? A Ford is all he's got.

Ella: Follies get's a flivver—I guess not!

(A shot is heard 'round the world)

Bingo *(jumping out of his skin . . . his banana-skin,*
 you bonehead; don't interrupt):

Ah, peerless goddess of the form divine—

On what a scale we'd live, were you but mine!

You have a weigh with you—your smiles, your size;
 The whole ship trembles when you roll your eyes!

We'll step upon the Scale of Life today,
And, if you give a cent, we'll steal a weigh.
If faith can move a mountain, then by faith
I'll carry you, my timid little wraith!
And if you put your foot in it, I know
My cup of grief would surely overflow.
Ah, come to me; or, as Mahomet done,
I'll go to you! I love you, half a ton.

(Enter Yingle Yangle. Bingo hides on the star-board tack; and as it's a hard tack that has no turning, he gets the point. He always retreats before a tack. Now, lying in the gutter outside the Main Saloon, he draws the lee scuppers over him and becomes as hard to see as Ford for President.)

(Enter Yingle Yangle, he strikes a few simple chords on the Jew's Harp, followed by Angle-Angle, acute little miss, any one of whose lines is equal to any other line)

Yingle: Fair Angle, you sure have a corner on me!

Angle: A corner, sir? There's not a one upon me!

(She draws a dagger, and starts to pick her teeth)

Yingle: I'm Saxon (see my girth); and, in a space,
We'd recreate the Anglo-Saxon race.

Upon your answer all my fond hopes dangle;

If you said "yes"—

Angle: Well, then, why not try Angle?

Yingle: You're angling now; I am no fish, to swallow
Both hook and sinker, and the line to follow.

Angle: My line is straight; like that 'twixt your hip-
j'ints,

It is the shortest line between two pints.

Ah, Yingle Yangle, elemental primate,

Electron-proton aggregate, and my mate;

Ah, inner-animated organism;

Ah, field of pure electro-magnetism,

—Its maximum intens'ty in one place,

Its field of force pervading all of space;

—Hear: During those sensations kinaesthetic,

The which by verbal sign "Peripatetic"

I symbolize, my visible sensations

Are altered by insensible gradations,

So that a patch of rather striking color

(This is perhaps Mr. Yangle's tie)

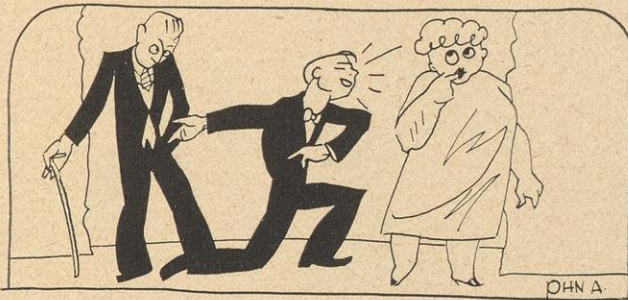
Is not replaced at once by something duller,

But by a stream of shades and shapes unending,

Successive ones into each other blending;

There is no YOU, just Neutral-Stuff some scoff at.

There is no God—and Russell is his prophet!



Yingle *(snatching off his wig in his excitement, and descending to bald facts):*

Woman, have you forgotten your Behavior?

Watson your mind? From Veiss I'll be your savior!

Angle *(falling on her knees before him and scrubbing the deck):*

Forgive me, Ivan—I'm a little flurried—

The Chinese situation has me worried—

And now the Stimulus I must call "you,"

Though from a solipsistic point of view,

Sets up such excitations in my fovea—

(Now, don't get dirty)

My retina is all excited ove'ya!

With afferent conductors to assist 'em,

These travel to my Central Nervous System,

Whence efferent conductors (and directors)

Transmit 'em to my internal effectors.

My plain and fancy muscles quake with glee—

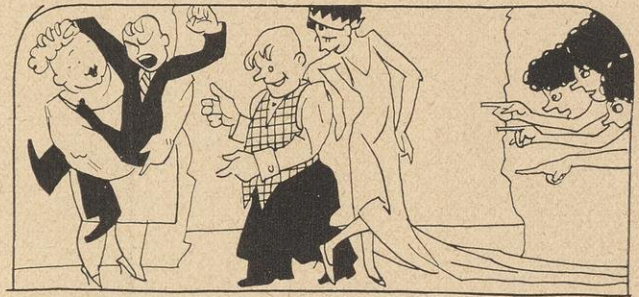
My vaso-motor center's on a spree!

I'd kick the bucket, but my heart's not in it!

Oh, God—oh, God—He'll be here in a minute.

Yingle: We'll fly! We can elope, without a hitch!

Angle: Without it! Do you take me for a say, what
kind of a girl do you think I am, anyway?



(Enter Ella Fantin, carrying Bingo in her arms. He is crying feebly and waving his hands)

Bingo: Maama! Wanna bottle; wanna ca'ddy!

Ella: Ain't he cute? He sounds just like his daddy.

(Enter a crowd of chaperones. They lash Ulysses to the mast and burn the horrid thing—they'd all read it, anyway)

First Chaperone: Get out the old life-savers—show some spunk!

The leak is sprung—the sinking steamer's sunk.

Bingo: What's that you say—The stinking steamer stunk?

Yingle: No, no; she said the steaming sinker stunk.

Angle: A seeming stinker? Say, if I see you point—

Ella: There, there; it all depends upon the viewpoint.

All: VIEWPOINT! !!

(Phibbita Kippa, the Ghost of the English Department, is given up. There is a horrid laughter, and the ship rises and floats away, with Elsa Straum sitting at the Schpinning Wheel and singing, in a voice whose pitch just matches the old tars):

Now, students all, take careful note(s),

When angry profs at you point:

Don't choose a tramp, unlettered boat—

She'll sink upon a viewpoint!

Warning: The curtain didn't get down in time to save the actors.



Haresfoot Harry has just said, "I'm thweet thixthteen and never been thmacked."

A Quest

I herd sum college boys talkin about tha quests which thair fraternitiez wuz sendin' them on. Wun guy wud haf ta get a ladies' ear trumpit, and anuther wud haf tuh try an find a gentleman's home kompanyun at tha Alpha Phi house.

But theze wuz easie kompared tuh tha quests which thay gave at our house—I refer 2 tha Mu Mu Mu house neer tha Stock Pavilyon. These here hombres wuz so tuf thay wud send thair pledges all over tha wurld, and tha quests wuz so hard that a guy had as much chance uv kumpletin' wun as pledging Tri-Delt.

Probible tha tuffest quest thay ever gave enywn wuz given 2 a guy who wuz also verie tuf. This guy hadda go an' steal tha pearly gates uv heaven.

He got up 2 heaven and met St. Pete. Tha St. wuz a jolly ol' kid, but he wuzzent no fraternitie hombre, an' konsequentlie he wudn't part with tha pearly gate which tha skum wuz serposed tuh bring back tuh tha Mu Mu Mu house on Ag boulevard. "Here," thought tha pledge, "is whair I mush show my injinuity." So he went tuh wun uv tha angels which wuz sleepin' on a kloud an' started pluckin' tha feathers outa tha angel's wingz. But that angel wuz an absoloot angel and sew he never even objected. Tha Mu Mu Mu pledge wuz unakkustomed 2 such tretment, so he wandered back tew tha gate.

"Say," he sez 2 St. Pete, "are yew married?"

"Sure," repliez St. Pete.

"Whair's your wife?" sez tha pledge.

"Right over thair," sez St. Pete pointin' to a nise big angel.

"I beg your pardon," sez tha pledge, "but cud yew direct me tuh Heaven?"

And St. Pete's wife gave tha pledge tha gate.

—W. P. S.

At Lathrop

"Haresfoot men have to be awfully good dancers, don't they?"

"To be in the chorus, sure."

"Oh, I see, you were the property man, weren't you?"

"Say, what's the idea eyeing every coed as if she were a curiosity? Is it necessary?"

"Not necessary; merely a matter of form."

A herd of male buffaloes gathered upon the hill.
A band of indians with bows and arrows stood at the bottom in pow wow.

The first bull session was on at Wisconsin.

Birds of a feather flunk together.



"What do you think of the Haresfoot dancing?"

"Right doggy!"

"Yes, mostly Pekinese."

Who Am I?

I am known wherever I go. I take a daily ride early in the morning. Men and women from every walk of life gladly save and give me their all. Wherever I go crowds make way for me. I am always accompanied by at least two men who ride with me whenever I go out. I have visited at some of the most exclusive homes in the city. Dogs consider me as their best friend. I have never worn a Tuxedo. Who am I? The pope? H...I no! I'm a garbage truck!

"Buying a new car this spring?"

"Nope. Figure there's too much good running in the old bus yet. Just going to paint her up a bit and travel. Are you buying?"

"I can't afford a new car either."

California booster: And San Francisco, our queen city is built on the hills!

Badger: Yes, I notice the population is falling off.

Boom-la! Boom-la! Bam! Bam! Bam!

It was breaking them both.

Another night of this and it would be all over with them.

Throbbing torture!—Whack! Forward and back, over and over again.

They must bear what measure of the merciless grind was dealt them.

God! It would tear out their very souls!

Boom-la! Boom-la! Bam! Bam! Bam!

No pity in that big brute who bore down upon them.

But the end came at last, heavily. They were dragged out,

Out where lights were dimmer.

Like dumb things they were pitched through the air.

Wham! and a hollow thud when they fell, heels up.

The wrecked little slippers of Gus Razor,

Last man on the left in the chorus.

Elegies

Oh, drop a tear for Kleagle Pete,
He led the parade without a sheet.

Now sigh a sigh for poor dear Libs,
Who left exams, and dropped her cribs.

"Ever hear the joke about the chicken?"

"No."

"Well, I hate to pull it."

"Don't you just love anchovy paste?"

"Well, I've always used Pepso-dent."

Three (3) Ways to Steal a March

I. Wait till April. No one will want March then. Take it.

II. Tell March to run for alderman. Will get excited. Start to run. Forgets about marching.

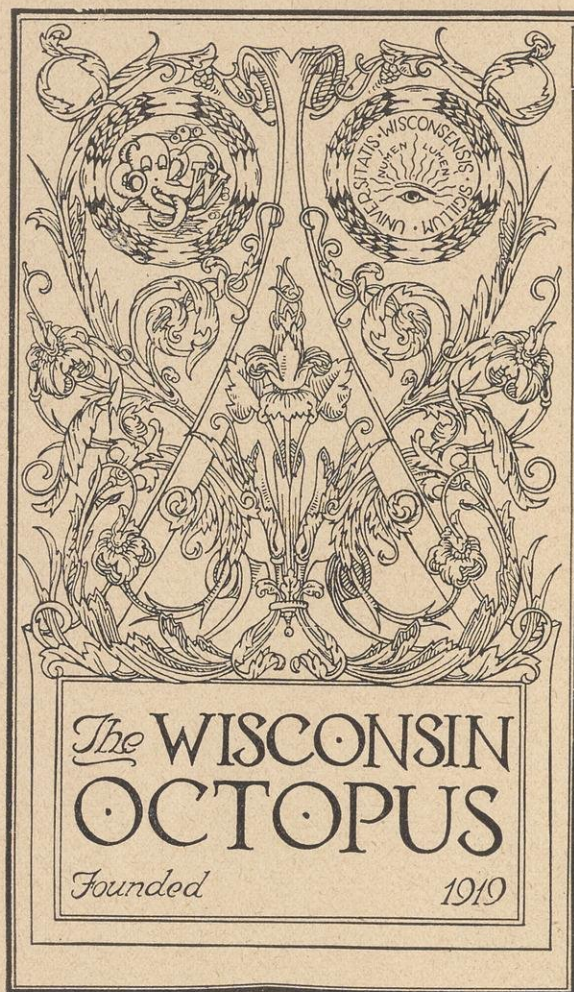
III. Ask March hard riddle. March will be stumped. Dynamite stump.

IV. Inform March that you wish to marry his daughter. March will "steel" self for the great sacrifice.

There's hope for little Lena, who comes up to visit sister at the big University. Lena says, "I may be dumb, but I know that cremation doesn't take place in the dairy."



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Entered as second class matter at the post-office, Madison, Wisconsin.

Subscription, \$1.50 a year.

Vol. VIII

APRIL, 1927

No. 7

ON BEING CALLED YOUNG

Of Famous Last Lines there are more than a Few, and more than a Few have been sung; but the Crack that they make that is hardest to take is, "Well, that's because you are young." Some scatter-brained Idjit gets jailed for a Spree, and the same Thing is on every Tongue; with a Shrug and a Smirk they put it to work: "Well, that's what it is to be young." That Aroma of Ignorance, Selfish Conceit, and Stubbornness firmly have clung to the Word, till its Users (or rather, Abusers) have made it a Crime to be young.

The 'Long Thoughts' of Youth are too far from the Truth—though Old People *never* get stung," is what it implies, in the prejudiced Eyes of a Person regrettably young. Alexander, of course, and the Maid of Orleans are numbered Life's Failures among. And the Priests must have smiled at the Christ: "You're a Child! You think this, of course—but you're young." To number the Years of the Singer won't give the Worth of the Song that is sung; *you'd* be scratching for Fleas in the Tops of the Trees if *Somebody* hadn't been young!

"Yes, none but a Youngster would write such a Thing," is what I expect to be told; Critics *always* object—and I more than suspect that *that's* what it is to be old!

—J. W. P.

WIT OF THE MONTH CONTEST

After much, much laughing over the many contributions received for this issue, Octy at last quieted down enough to nominate the following

Wits of the Month

Gerald Ward, B. 2676, 108 Langdon
 R. J. Poss, B. 1685, 609 W. Johnson
 Art Marey, Delta Tau Delta House
 Enid Weybright, B. 2367
 F. Hathaway, 817½ University Avenue
 John J. Dixon, 445 W. Wilson, F. 1861
 Stanley Hein, 515 Prospect, B. 7624
 James B. Baird, 630 N. Lake, B. 7267
 Virginia Flory, 2610 Chamberlain Ave.

The editors would like to request the young lady who handed in so much excellent copy to call at the office, prove her authorship, and receive her just dues. You, young lady, wrote a couple of Haresfoot jokes, some short sketches, and some elegies. We assume that you are a young lady because your copy was written from a feministic viewpoint.

Wit of the Month Contest for May

(The Last Contest This Year)

\$10.00 in prizes of \$1.00 each, to the ten best contributions (jokes, jingles, or short articles) to be left at Octy office or in any of the Octy contribution boxes which are in all campus buildings—deadline May 1.



Being funny is like falling down. It is safer when accidental. One may fall by accident and afford considerable amusement to the upright, and yet escape with relatively little damage to himself. But it takes an acrobat to fall down intentionally and at the same time successfully. The results are apt to be painful, for all concerned.

Imagine, then, my consternation at being invited to contribute to the *Octopus*. I have always been told that the *Octopus* is a "humorous" magazine. In fact it claims to be. And in fact, taking it by and large, I believe it really is. To be sure, like all funny papers, it is sometimes rather said. But I don't believe that is intentional. Nor is it usual. In short the *Octopus* very seldom falls down intentionally.

And it is frequently quoted in a national anthology called *College Humor*. So, unless there is some negation intended by the first half of the title, that should settle the matter.

And a pretty serious matter it is. Could anything be more sobering than to start out in cold blood to write for a humorous magazine? The very thought of it is calculated to strike despair to the stoutest heart and plunge the most voluble into a profound abyss of silence. I confess I am inspired with a kind of awe by the intrepid devotion of the young heroes who address themselves, week by week, to this dread undertaking, apparently with the most complete unconcern. I have always considered myself entirely too frivolous a person for so solemn a responsibility. And I should have quailed again on this occasion, but I am assured that this number is dedicated to *Haresfoot*.

This has put me at my ease, for several reasons. In the first place, I feel very much at home writing about *Haresfoot*. I began it before I was old enough to know better and be-

On Being Funny

By Sunny Pyre the professor who wears high shoes with his knickers; who has written "Wisconsin," the most authentic history of our University; and who has a memory that goes way back to the time when he coached the first Haresfoot play.



Sketched from life at Fashion Park

came committed to it, and have kept it up until the thing has become a habit. *Haresfoot* does become a habit. It is one of the oldest and most con-

firmed habits of the University. I surmise it is a habit that will never be broken. *Haresfoot* grows on one.

Then again, nobody is expected to be funny about *Haresfoot*. When it comes to that, *Haresfoot* can

take care of itself. It can be as funny as it likes and at anybody's expense; but the rest of us are expected to take it seriously, and we do, and it does itself.

That is the unique charm of *Haresfoot*. It has made light-heartedness into a serious, well-organized, long-established, and successful business. It has made gayety an institution. It is the most solid, substantial, fun-producing agency that we have, has the fewest failures and the longest unbroken record. Such is the force of devotion to an ideal; of earnest, patient, and assiduous frivolity.

A truly ancient and honorable institution, as things go in this universe of flux and mutability! The surges of eight college generations have foamed about its base with all their mighty changes from peg-tops to plus-fours, from bustles and balloon-sleeves to rolled stockings and balloon-tires and *Haresfoot* still stands firm, a stout and un-undermined Gibraltar of masculine resistance, solidarity, perpetuity, and imperturbability, amidst the battering seas of change and prohibition, and female suffrage, and militant co-education. Amidst the crash of worlds and wreck of institutions its banner still salutes the skies and streams like the thunderstorm against the wind, with its undimmed, proud, and ancient boast, "All our girls are men."

No indeed! *Haresfoot* is no joke! "And every one a lady!" What other department of the University dare say that.



"What is it has two arms, two legs, sings, shaves, and wears dresses?"

"I give up—lemme in."

"A girl."

"But man, you said 'shaves.'"

"Oh, that's just to make it hard."

Warning: Absent Minded Professor Joke

Heard of the absent minded professor who kissed the train and hopped on his wife?

Octy's Slumber Tales for Little Tots

Uncle Wiggily Takes up Aesthetic Dancing

"Say, Nurse Jane," said Uncle Wiggily one bright morning, "You look kinda blue around the gills."

"G'wan," snorted Nurse Jane, "I ain't a fish."

"It's only an expression," defended Uncle Wiggily. At this word Nurse Jane started.

"That's just it," she said, "How did you know?"

"Know what?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"I've been expressing myself, that's why I look tired," answered Nurse Jane patiently.

"How?" queried Uncle Wiggily sharply.

"Aesthetic dancing," confessed Nurse Jane.

"What's dancing got to do with a doctor's office?" demanded the rabbit gentleman.

"Doctor's office?" echoed Nurse Jane wonderingly.

"Sure, ain't aesthetic some kind of stuff like chloroform?"

Nurse Jane looked disgusted. "No," she said, "Don't be silly, you're thinking of anesthetic. Now aesthetic dancing is the expression of your soul."

Uncle Wiggily chortled, "Oh, I know, you wrap some cheese cloth around you and hop."

"Don't be a heel," snapped Nurse Jane, "Of course you don't wear too much, but that's part of the whole idea."

"Um hum," said Uncle Wiggily. Nurse Jane blushed.

"You would take it that way," she said wearily.

Just then the door bell tinkled, Uncle Wiggily decided he'd better answer it. He pulled open the door, there stood a cute little rabbit lady!

"How do you do?" beamed Uncle Wiggily as he straightened his tie.

"Very well, thank you," answered the lady, "Is Nurse Jane in?"

So Uncle Wiggily showed the lady in to Nurse Jane who was sitting in the living room. It was Nurse Jane's dancing teacher, but Nurse Jane was too tired to dance. The teacher turned sweetly to Uncle Wiggily.

"Wouldn't you like to dance?" she asked.

"Wel-l," said Uncle Wiggily timidly, but the lady had already begun. She turned a handspring.

"Now, try that," she commanded. Uncle Wiggily tried—and landed in Nurse Jane's lap.

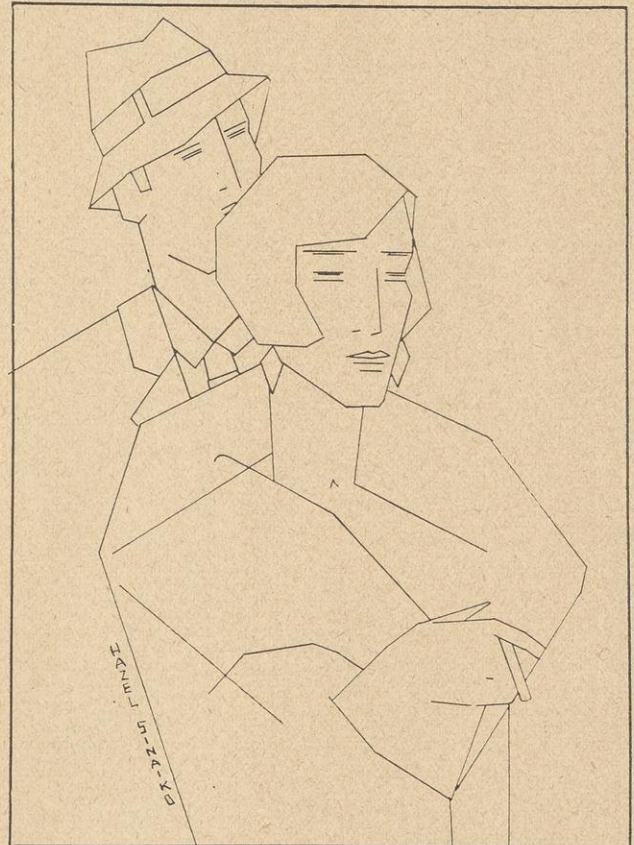
"Pardon me!" gasped Nurse Jane as she shoved Uncle Wiggily to the floor, "I guess I'd best leave. Old fool," she snorted as she went out.

"No," continued the teacher, "Try bounding across the room very lightly—like this."

Uncle Wiggily bounded across the room as lightly as a Mack Truck and ended up sitting on Nurse Jane's favorite fern with one leg through the bay window. The lady teacher seemed on the verge of hysterics.

"I-I think that'll be enough for today," she said, "Shall I come around tomorrow?"

Uncle Wiggily pulled himself together, "No," he said between clenched teeth, "Don't bother—I won't be outa bed for a week."



Ralph: What train are you going home on—milk-train?

Dorothy: No, eyestrain, I guess.

YOUTH TRIUMPHANT!



This college laddie craved to be
A "female lead" in comedy,



They taught him to drink,
To smoke, and swear;



And since he was willing
They cut off his hair;



He reduced himself down
To a smart boyish figure,

And...

-He Got The Job!



JOHN
ALL-
COTT

Word Pictures

Ag Hall on a rainy morning,
Veiled in a faint mist
Like sweat upon a pair of spectacles.
Painted slickers, tight drawn hats
With wisps of hair, black, gold, red,
And brown, peeping out from under.
Slickers, green and yellow,
Draped on taller frames. Wisps
Of cigarette smoke fading into the mist.



Illinois has the best bandits in the world, bar none.



I love the walk to Ag Hall!

To swing along under the blue morning sky, with the wind in your face, and the Hill rapidly disappearing under flying feet; to hear the birds at Dawn, perchance to even see the sun rise—Ah, that is Joy! It is wonderful to arrive without having had breakfast; to settle down, invigorated and exalted by your matitudinal jaunt, breathless but happy, to hear an inspiring eight o'clock lecture. There is nothing like the feeling of hair buffeted by the wind, and a nose grown shiny under its rough caresses to start the day out right! Back to Nature! Oh, I love the walk to Ag Hall—

All my classes are in Bascom.



"Ever hear of the 'Great Pretenders'?"

"You mean the back row boys in history lecture."

"No, the ones who hand in outside reading slips."



Once upon a time a gentleman of means decided to stock his country place with a few pets. So he drove out into the country to a farm. First he bought a dozen chickens.

"Say," announced the farmer, "I have a parrot here who can talk like anything, want him?"

"Sure," said the gentleman. So they put the parrot and the twelve chickens in a cage and deposited them in the gentleman's car.

"Now," said the farmer, "C'mon around in back and we'll have some nice cider."

"No," said the gentleman, "I must away."

So he drove off toward his home. Suddenly he heard an awful racket in the rear of his car—all the hens were making an exit. What could the matter be? Just then the parrot cackled out a possible answer.

"If any—awk—of you ladies wanna change your minds, you can come back and ride."



Showgirl: Would you hook my dress?

Stagehand: What would I do with it?



Grrrrrrrrr!

I plodded doggedly along on my way home. I looked neither to right nor left—I was afraid that I should see someone I knew. Acutely conscious of the pasty mask my face had become, I thought longingly of rouge box and powder puff. I cringed to think that perhaps HE might see me with this all-revealing pallor—but then, initiation is initiation! I could walk on and trust that no one would notice the chalky ghastliness of my features.

Then a facetious youth passed me, winked knowingly, and said, "Say, girlie, what are you blushing about?"

Grrrrrrrrr!



Jake: What's become of poor old Hopkins?

Mike: He's up in Alaska trying to raise ice cold water-melons.



"How did you sleep last night?"

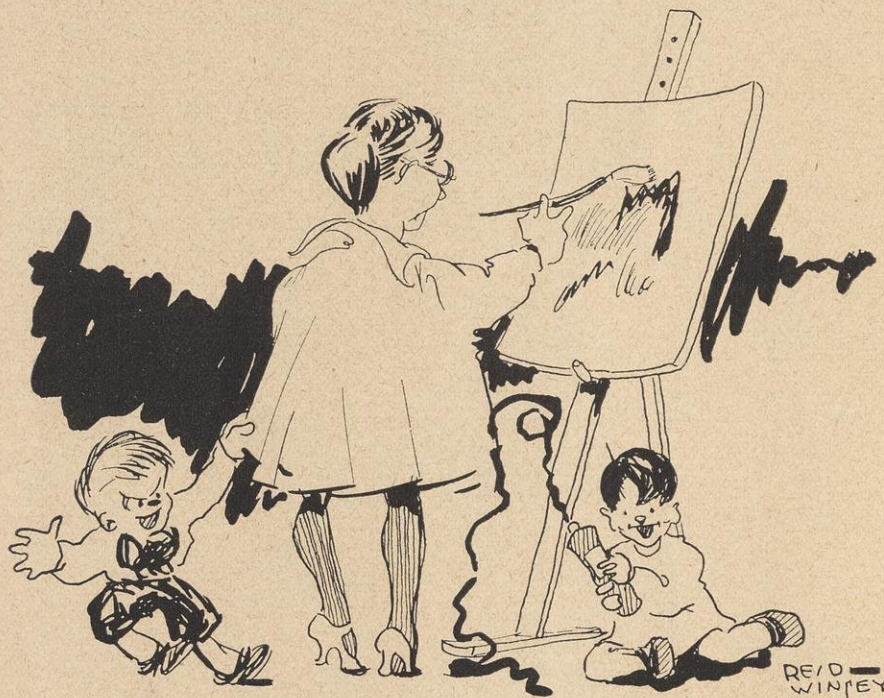
"Not so good."

"Why not?"

"I dreamed I was pitching pennies, and tossed all night."

RECENT BOOKS

Professor Paul Fulcher says some interesting things about two current Novels



To-morrow Morning

„PERHAPS she would set her alarm clock and get up and paint the dawn to-morrow morning.” The closing words are also the leit-motiv of the latest novel by Anne Parrish (*To-morrow Morning*, by Anne Parrish, Harper and Brothers), and they form a thread of unrealized dreams which runs through it from beginning to end.

To-morrow Morning is the tale of two generations of an American Family, a human blend of joy and sorrow. Kate, the art student, marries Joe Green, a young business man in a small town. They are happy enough, in spite of Joe's inability either to realize his ambitions or to live within his income. Then Joe dies, and Kate is left with the task of bringing up Joe Junior on almost nothing a year. She does it, and much more. Forced to give up, or,

as she says, “put off,” her painting, she plans always to resume it “to-morrow morning.” Skilfully Miss Parrish saves this from sentimentality by letting us know that Kate had no talent. Kate never realizes it, and is happy in her harmless illusion.

Then, as Joe grows up, and his mother has come to love him with all the devotion that one gives to those for whom one has sacrificed all, he marries—unhappily. And after a time of agony he is hers again, “to comfort . . . to take care of.”

Yet the book is not essentially a sad one. Sadness and joy and the ridiculous in character and action are there in human combination, and as in life the ridiculous is sometimes the most poignant, too. Seldom does the portrayal of small-townishness approach caricature. J. Hartley Harrison, the loquacious tenor who

warbles “Would God I Were a Tender Apple-Blossom,” and comes perilously near having his wish granted, is a little unlikely; at least, one hopes so. He is certainly “a gentleman in every sense of the word.” But in general the minor characters are deftly drawn, from Mrs. Roberts, who represents the more carnivorous variety of Woman's Club President, to Opal Mendoza, early-wise, flamboyantly seductive under her grime, and human beneath her demi-mondaine veneer.

The technique of Miss Parrish deserves a word. Effective, sometimes exquisite use of detail, both for visualization and characterization, is a well used gift of hers. In most cases it would be trivial to note that a woman makes three attempts at spelling ammonia on her grocery list, and adopts a wrong one at last. To mention it would be mere realism. But



the fact that Kate writes “amonnia, ammonia, amonia,” is no realism; it is reality. It indicates many things—that she has not the exact eye of the artist; that she was, as always, so much occupied in a thousand things that she could not give her whole energy to any; that the dictionary was misplaced; that she would look the word up, if she remembered, . . . to-morrow morning!

Liliecrona's Home

The mushroom or, if you prefer, the toadstool school of present-day fiction would find in Selma Lagerlöf (*Liliecrona's Home*, by Selma Lagerlöf, E. P. Dutton and Company) few

(Continued on page 36)

To Spring

By John Powell

*A book's all right of an Autumn night
When the Frost begins to sting,
But what of the day when the Pond is free,
And the frogs begin to sing?
Why, Spring was no more made for books
Than Books were made for Spring.*

*It takes the breath of a thousand flow'rs,
The reach of the sky above,
To put the Pedant in his place,
And give the pulse a shove.
For love, you know, was made in Spring—
And Spring was made for Love.*



Our Hardy Annual

The very inebriated stranger staggered in about the middle of the last act of the annual Haresfoot production; he sat down quietly in the rear and did his best to see the show. Suddenly he noticed a lithe, sprightly figure dance its way on and off the stage, he rubbed his eyes, saw the figure again, then, as the orchestra was blaring forth the final number, and the curtain was dropping, he rose and tottered out the exit.

He made his way to the stage door, planted himself on an empty box, and waited hopefully. Presently figures began to appear, masculine ones, however. The stranger waited longer. More male figures were coming out, in twos and threes. Puzzled, he turned to one of them.

"Shay, pardon me," he asked politely, "But coulsh you tell me whersh th' li'l blon' with th' red dress who danshed jus' before th' end?"

"Sure," answered the youth, "There he goes up there in the light coat."

The stranger looked both puzzled and stricken, then he pulled a bottle from his pocket and gazed at it reproachfully.

"Guess doctor wash ri—only this ish worse'n snakes."

And he sadly poured the contents out on the sidewalk.

The humorist goes out with telephone girls for raw material.

The director, lecturing to the haresfoot applicants at the beginning of the season, "We want real he-girls in this club—that type of man with red blooded jazz flowing through her feet—we want slim girls with a lot of guts etc. etc."



THE SENTIMENTAL PHI ED GREET'S
HER HARESFOOT SWEETHEART.

JOHN ALLCOTT

"Jack and his wife couldn't decide who was going to wear the pants in the family."

"Yes?"

"So they compromised on knickers."

If you are going to be indiscreet, be discreet about it.

"It's real hell," remarked the Haresfoot chorus lady, "you gotta wear garters in this show."

It must take patience to run a hospital.

Bzz, bzzzzz.

"Operator."

"Hey, central, is there something wrong with my line?"

"How can I tell—I don't know you."

"My head has been swimming all day."

"Water on the brain, eh?"

"Yes—a notion."

"Yes, daughter, yer paw an' me tried that Budgit System years ago, when we lived down next to Grogan's saloon. We pervided that every time yer paw pressed his own pants, he wuz to have two bits out of the Budgit; an', lord!—every time yer paw got thirsty he'd take off his pants an' run an iron over'm!"





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Treat Mother like a Sweetheart

Give her *Whitman's* Sampler

The charm and traditions of the Sampler make it the most significant and expressive gift for Mother's Day. Its variety adapts it to the infinite variety of mothers. Its sweetness and purity are symbolic.

For those who wish it, the Sampler

is covered with a special wrap for Mother's Day—a cross-stitch design with Lincoln's famous tribute to his mother. All Whitman agencies take care of mailing and advance orders as well as your current needs of all Whitman packages.

All Whitman packages can be purchased at Whitman agencies—usually the leading drug stores.



Special
Wisconsin Package



Maid: Shall I throw away this old dustcloth?

Stude: Naw, put that down. That's my shirt. —*Texas Ranger*

First Burglar: Where you been?
Second Burglar: In a fraternity house.

First Burglar: Lose anything?
—*Punch Bowl*

"Would you mind giving me some suggestions as to how to dress for the artists ball?"

"Not at all, not at all."
—*Purple Parrot*

"How do you like Clara's golf sox?"
"But they're not golf sox. They're silk!"

"Get out. Didn't I count nine holes myself?"
—*Ski-U-Mah*

Sailor: "I see land . . . dry land."
Columbus: "America!"
—*Juggler*

Mourner: "Yes, I buried my second wife yesterday."

Preacher: "Well, well, that's two bad, isn't it?"
—*Froth*

"I don't love you, I hate you—shall I return your letters?"

"Never mind, I have the originals at home."
—*Texas Ranger*

Daughter: "No, daddy, I won't need any new clothes this spring."

Father: "Ye gods! I was afraid it would come to that!"
—*Goblin*

Night Watchman: Who goes there?
Professor: A professor with two friends.

Night Watchman: What, a professor with two friends?
—*Punch Bowl*

"There's much to be said on both sides," said the transatlantic telephone operator.
—*Brown Jug*

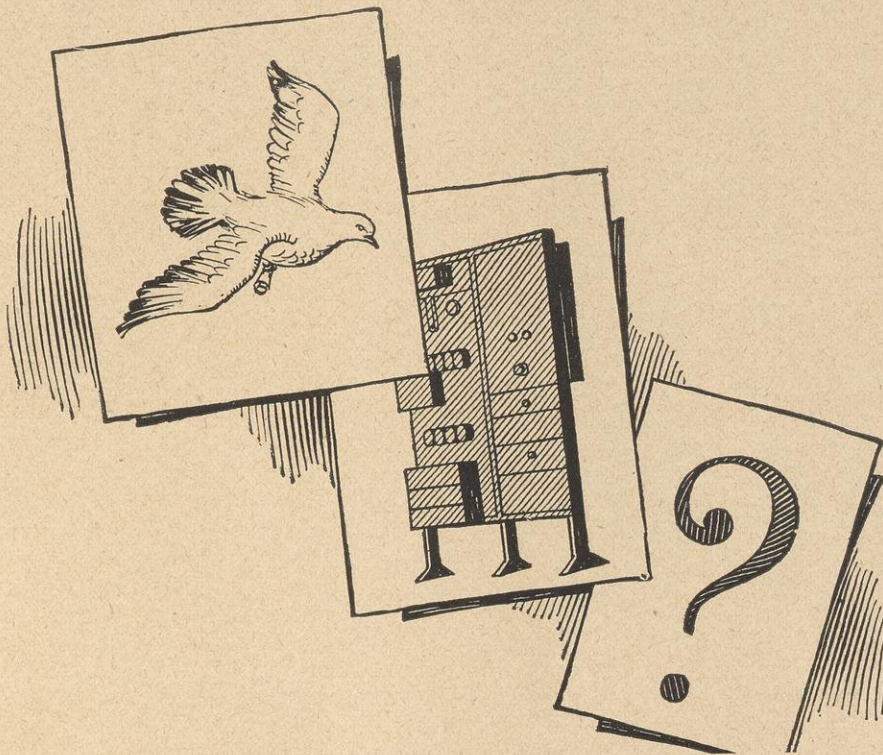
A: You remind me of a street-car conductor.
B: Why?
A: Because you're always ringing up the fair.
—*Vagabond*

Oh, why couldn't we go on like this forever?
You might like it, but it would play hell with this dress suit.
—*Jack O'Lantern*

Clerk: You must be your wife's husband.
Man: Oh, Gawd, I'm discovered.
—*Purple Parrot*

"What did you have for dinner?"
"Three guesses."
"My dear, no wonder you feel hungry."
—*Bison*

Motion-Picture Sentry: Who goes there?
Voice in the Dark: Lon Chaney!
Motion-Picture Sentry: Never mind advancing, I couldn't recognize you anyway.
—*Life*



Carrier pigeon to carrier current —and then some!

IN the field of communication great strides have been taken—and greater will be taken. And just as the carrier current in telephony is an infinitely better vehicle for communication than the carrier pigeon, so new and greater developments lie ahead.

Today, as never before, this field offers an opportunity for constructive work in design, purchasing, manufacture, finance, distribution and other phases. In short, a many-sided field of work in which the ultimate horizon still lies far beyond any present view.

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for the
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Western Electric Company

Makers of the Nation's Telephones

Number 67 of a Series



To the Not Impossible She
By "Skip"

*I live through days and nights as in a dream;
Mere things are nothing; they only seem
To be. Light airy phantoms of the mind
To which my spirit and my soul are blind.*

*That bustling crew which all around me teems
Unmindful is and untouched by the gleams
That from me sparkle; enkindled with a glee;*

*A blissful, buzzing song that I am free.
Let them pursue that beckoning Goddess drear,
The gloating guiltful goal they call Career
And while the swarm Ambition's ladder crowds
I chase the sails of silver; head in clouds.*

*Whereas for them life means but things to gain
I'll ever have you—dancing on my brain.*

1. John Brown met Mildred Long.
2. John Brown took Mildred Long to the Justice of the Peace.
3. The license was obtained and the marriage took place.
4. As John looked down upon his wife's name, he was heard to mutter: "It won't be Long now."

"Where were you born?"
"In Illinois."
"What part?"
"Oh, all of me."

The same co-eds who are credited with flocking to the bag rush would probably pay good money to get in on a Haresfoot rehearsal.

The burnin' question is: If two five-foot people got married, would they be a Heroic Couplet?

Joke

"I saw you down town today, and you didn't see me."
"Oh, I'm so sorry I missed you."
"I'm not."
"Why?"
"You were driving about 45."

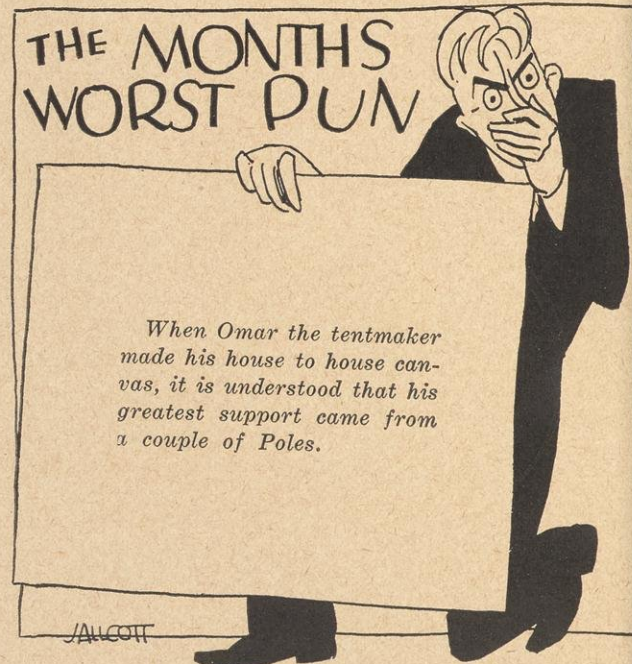
"Imagine my embarrassment!" wept the Parkway stage mouse after Haresfoot practice.

She: What do you think of Johnny's make-up?
She II: Has he been trying that stuff on you too?

Mate: I imagine that you notice the change from inland navigation to oceanic sailing, don't you captain?
Cap: Yes, there's a whale of a difference.

First Convict: I'd hate to be sent to this Parker pen.
Second Con: Why not?
First: It's unbreakable, you know. —Wampus

The fraternity boys don't need a house mother; they need a ringmaster.



STORE • OF • FRIENDLY • SERVICE

PLEN-TEE SLICK!



WITH the opportunities afforded in these modern days . . . as feelingly presented by our artist . . . the gentlemen of Haresfoot *should* be “every one a lady” . . .

What, in those roaring Nineties, our own “Sunny” and his playmates had to put up with . . . and get along without . . .

In those days—fancy that!—they had not yet invented the Learbury models for Spring 1927 . . . with two trousers or knickers . . . to be had only at Karstens!

\$45

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Carroll near State

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---In the Most Unique and Attractive Surroundings

---The Best of Service

The Spanish Tea Room

IN GREEN GABLES

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MORGAN'S Malted Milk

MOVED TO

672 State Street

"Heard about the Great
GRAD OCTOPUS ?

---well, see page 38."



The best dressed men among the alumni and undergraduates of leading colleges and universities wear

KAHN



Tailored-to-order
CLOTHES

These clothes are distinguished from the commonplace in every detail of style, fabric and workmanship

Sold by

The College Shop

Next to the Lower Campus



"Don't you think that Freddy is a clean player, Mabel?"
"He should be, he's been on the scrub team for three years."

Shoes of Quality
For young men
at \$5.00 and \$6.50

Ripps Shoe Shop
234 State St.

Esther Beach

Official Student Dances
 Every
FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Al Thompson's Orchestras

Ghost: Did you fear the coming of death?
 Ghost also: No, I was just dying for it.

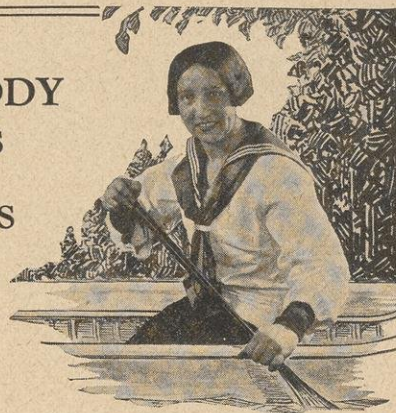
Instead of buying a keg of beer for the boys, the newlywed Scotchman passed out typewritten copies of "Drink to me only with thine eyes!"

"Do you know the oldest jokes on record?"
 "Sure—Cohen on the Telephone."

"Don't give up the ship," cried the commander.
 "Howinell can I?" ejaculated the student tourist at the rail.

"What's that bald headed man doing in Haresfoot, mamma?"
 "Hush, dear, that's the director."

A NAVY MIDDY
FOR SPORTS
 ON AND OFF
THE CAMPUS



\$1⁰⁰

Genuine U.S. Navy middies, beautifully tailored, of finest close-woven white drill, with dark blue flannel collar. Excellent for tennis, canoeing, basketball, hiking, camping. The price of \$1 is less than a third the regulation price. Send in the coupon while the supply lasts.

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Lafayette Trading Company, W04-27
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Enclosed find \$.....for.....
 Navy middies. My dress size is.....
 Name.....
 Address.....



A COMPLEX

Alpha: "May I have my program?"

Gamma: "Are you saving Kamera Kraft shop dance programs too?"

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Over 1000 samples to
choose from

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*Your Electrical
Store*

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Date of Mine

*The touch of your lips are like good
wine,*

*The delight of Bacchus,
Oh Date of Mine.*

*The lights in your eyes,
How they flit so bright,
Mad with a wild desire to-night.*

*Your shadowy form lends your
clothes a line,
That would please any King,
Oh Date of Mine.*

*The golden colors in your hair,
I doubt their naturalness,
They are so rare.*

*Still men need women to divert
Their attention from their work,
And cause their playful side to shine,
Oh Date of Mine.*

*I'd rather you than all I ken,
Oh say you'll be my date again!*

"Did you hear Dr. Smythe's address?"

"No, but I can look it up in the telephone directory for you."



"What would you consider the height of misfortune?"

"To be working for your board and lose your appetite."

Famous Strings

Shoe -----
Russian ----- Quartet
The ----- she has on you
----- beans
Two ----- to one bow
Latch -----
Heart -----
The ----- he hands you
Spaghetti.

"Love me and the world is mine!"
chanted the stricken lad.

"Awright," said the gold-digger
suspiciously, "But I get some, don't
I?"

The practicality of the fraternity
house mother depends upon her ability
to sew buttons on shirts and
BVDS.

A Scotchman ran three blocks to
get a free ride on a truck only to
have it knocked blooie by a street car
before he could climb on.
He died of a broken heart.

For Men For Women

Fashionable Spring Footwear

in the
Newer Shades
Hosiery to match

SANDER'S
Formerly
Blind & Sander

217 State Street

The Hetty Minch Shop

Invites you to see the new

Spring Frocks

very reasonably priced

Exclusively Made to Order

Frocks,
Evening Gowns,
Evening Wraps

WE DO

Hemstitching Pleating
Rhinestone and Spot Setting
Tucking Buttons Covered

228 State St.

Badger 3029

Just as the
"April Showers
Bring May
Flowers"

It will also bring
Informals
Banquets
Dinners
Formals

For all occasions we have
Favors, Programs, Table
Cards, Gifts—

Whatever you need

The Unique Shop

130 State Street



The stag at eve had drunk his fill, Where danced . . .

For Smart, Spring Wear Hub Clothing

You'll feel more like Spring in one of our new Spring Suits or Topcoats. They are the smartest cut of the season. All the newest colors and shades. They are the correct clothing for college men. . . Our new Spring hats come in the latest delicate, light shades. . . You must see them. . . they're smart!

THE HUB

F. J. Schmitz & Sons, Inc.
Madison—Beloit

College Days and The Kodak

Your college days come to an end only too quickly, and memory with its shortcomings soon blots out many worthwhile experiences and acquaintanceships which you are now enjoying.

The more use you make of your Kodak now the more satisfaction you will get in after years—being able to live over again, as often as you like, the "times" you are now having and renew acquaintances that you now think will never grow dim.

Think it over—and take pictures now.

**PHOTOART
HOUSE**

WM. J. MEYER, PRESIDENT

Kodaks

Kodak Finishing

He: May I hold your hand?

She: Well, I suppose we'll have to start with the usual preliminaries.

—Puppet



Where have you been?

Libe.

How'd you get your hands so dirty?

Been reading a dirty book.

—Vagabond



Doctor: "I'm sorry, but I can't cure your husband's talking in his sleep."

Wife: "Can't you give him something to make him talk more distinctly?"

—Widow



Little Betty Jane (in the country for the first time): Oh, Mama, look at the cute little green snake.

Fond Mama (ditto): Put it down at once. It might be as dangerous as a ripe one.

—Cannon Ball



Thesis Paper

Typewriter Ribbons
and Supplies

Mimeographing

NETHERWOODS

519 STATE STREET

Shirt Sleeve Weather Is Here!

Surely you'll want your
New Sport or Dress Shirt Snow
White and Looking Neatly.

"See Us Every Week"

20% Discount On All Cash Calls

Madison Steam Laundry

429 State Street

Fairchild 530



It's Fun to Lie at Sunny Beach

And watch the tide rise and watch the sea-gull float in the air—But to watch the water rise in your cellar and see the things floating on the surface is not so good.

**For Leaky Pipes and
Other Troubles Call**

R. T. Royston

1319 University Ave.

F. 378



The one shoe that is sold in every college town is the Walk-Over. It is the one shoe smart enough, comfortable enough, aristocratic enough to meet the requirements of men both in and out of college who demand the highest quality and recognize that quality in Walk-Overs.

Walk-Over

611 State Street

Dear old lady (to colonel of Scottish regiment):
"Colonel don't the men wear anything under the kilts?"
Colonel: "Squad: About turn and pick up daisies."
—*Martlet*

"What's that mark over your ear?"
"That's a birth-mark."
"I never saw it before. How does that come?"
"I looked in the wrong berth."
—*Puppet*

"How do you like that latest Chesterfield ad—'Blow some my way?'"
"Fine, but I hope the hunch isn't adopted by the chewing tobacco industry."
—*Chaparral*

"Where is the American section in Paris?"
"The first ten rows of the Follies Bergere."
—*Widow*

You Have a Perfect Right

To demand best service in drugs--

We give such service plus
satisfaction

Mallatt Pharmacy

708 State St.

F. 3400

When You're Only

Half Way In

You realize what a treat you're really
giving yourself . . .

"Stop And Eat"

HALF WAY INN

412 State Street

Straus
for Student
Printing

Yes--

Spring Formals, Masquerades, Parties

dinners and other entertainments are the main concern to fraternity and sorority social committees. Every week-end the Latin quarter will be gay and merry—music, laughter and dancing.

You can make your social function most successful and impressive by having appropriate programs, table cards, etc. We'll gladly assist committees with their problems.

"There's added weight in the printed word"



118 East Main Street
Near The Square
Badger 1763

Who was the greatest trapshooter of all ages?

Hamlet's uncle, "for he did murder most foul!"
—Purple Parrot

(Continued from page 22)

qualifications of the ideal novelist. Her claim to membership in the Younger Generation is at best that of an alumna. She once accepted the Nobel prize, and has not even given it back since Sinclair Lewis declined the Pulitzer. She is one of these awful foreigners, and a Swede at that. To summon, as Mr. Polly says, alliteration's artful aid, she is interested in men's destinies rather than their drinks, and she looks at the whole of life rather than at the holes in life. Worst of all, from the toadstool's point of view, she is an optimist and an idealist, without that flatulent and cynical pessimism so charming in a toadstool. And when it is added that one can safely recommend *Liliecrona's Home* to one's sainted aunt, the toadstools will undoubtedly poison themselves and die in disgust.

Liliecrona's Home is not so great a novel as *Jerusalem* or *The Outcast*. It is merely a simple, winsome retelling of the old fairy tale about Snow-White and her evil stepmother in a modern Scandinavian setting. Much of the story is told as it is seen by a little serving-girl, who does not understand what is going on around her, but who feels instinctively what is good and what is evil—a device which by its very difference reminds one of the story by Henry James called *What Maisie Knew*.

Liliecrona's Home carries with it the same delicate flame and faint fragrance as that from the burning of an apple tree log on some old country hearth.

"Do you believe in free love?"

"Well, I don't believe in spending too much for it."

"Our Jim is getting to be a regular bum."

"Yes, we have a son in college, too."

\$5.00

In Advance Gives

\$6.00
Credit

We Call and Deliver

Pantorium Co.

538 State Street

Badger 1180

Cleaning, Pressing,
Repairing

RATCLIFF

Jeweler

Cor. Main and Pinckney

Prize Cups

Gifts that Last

DIAMONDS

Remember the name
Remember the place

**Day by Day
More People
Discover
The Irving
And Return Again
And Again!**

*There Must Be
A Reason*

**The Irving Coffee House
The Irving Cafeteria**

STERLING AT IRVING

Special

**Any negative en-
larged, colored and
framed**

\$1.29

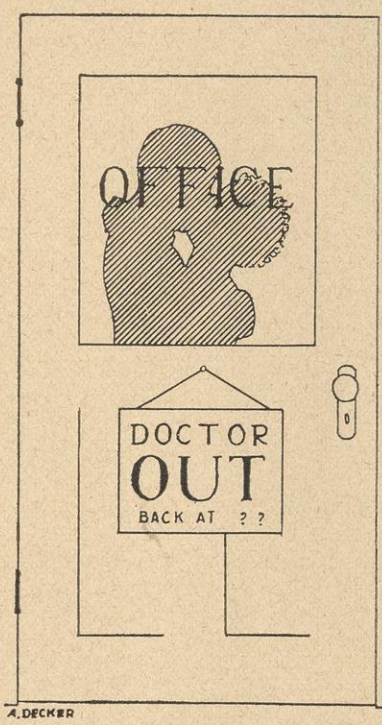
McVicar's Photo Service
PHOTOGRAPHIC SPECIALISTS
Commercial Photography
Photo Finishing
Agfa Products

Immanuel, the Brave Toreador:
"Ah, Senorita, tonight I will steal
beneath your balcony and sing you a
sweet serenade."

Consuello, the Beautiful Senorita:
"Do. And I will drop you a flower."

Immanuel: "Ah, in a moment of
mad love?"

Consuello: "No, in a pot."



A. DECKER

Absence makes the heart . . .

'30: What's that monument stand
for?

'29: It would look silly lying
down. —Gargoyle

Hick: Did you hear that the fire
department fired their efficiency ex-
pert?

Priscilla: They did?
Hick: Yep, he went and put un-
breakable glass in all the fire alarm
boxes. —Punch Bowl



*Holeproof
Hosiery*

**The New Lucile,
Paris--Holeproof
Stocking**

A clinging, filmy chiffon of pure
thread silk . . . coloured by Lu-
cile in chic and tantalizing hues
for spring and summer modes fin-
est chiffon and service weight.

\$1, \$1.35, \$1.65, \$1.95 pair



Phone B. 1435 17-19 East Main St.



Deero: "These cigarette ads have such clever slogans!"

Troco: "And yet I have one that's worth a million for any cigarette!"

Deero: "And that is—"

Troco: "LIFE SAVERS smooth the way for another!"



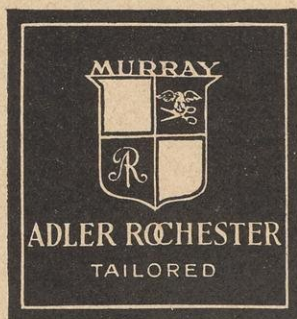
Over 3000 Spring Ties
to choose from here!

And Braeburn Style Suits

\$40 and \$45

SPETH'S
222 STATE ST.

In style, in fabric and in skillful tailoring, Suits and Topcoats bearing the Murray label conform to the conservative good taste of well-dressed university men. They present an agreeable contrast to what the sartorial jazz school so quaintly terms "collegiate clothes."



NEW YORK • ROCHESTER • LOS ANGELES

ADLER ROCHESTER CLOTHES

A score of famous wags are
preparing for you

The Great GRAD OCTOPUS

Written by the Octy Staffs of yesterday
It is a Jest Fest, no end!

*Dick Bellack
Ken Fagg
Horatio Winslow
Gordy Lewis
Herb Brockhausen
John Powell*

Are but a few already at work

With a snorting cover by Hub Townsend.
The Great Grad Octopus makes Campus appearance May 11.

You'll just have to wait!

\$30,000
in cash prizes



Watch for Coca-Cola Advertising

Announcement of the \$30,000 Coca-Cola prize contest will appear in many newspapers and in the following magazines:

The Saturday Evening Post.....	May 7
Literary Digest.....	May 14
Collier's Weekly.....	May 21
Liberty.....	May 14
Life.....	May 5

Watch this contest for the next three months. College men ought to win.

O. M. NELSON & SON

Diamond Merchants and Silversmiths
For Nearly a half Century

Dependable Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

21 North Pinckney Street

Nelson Building

Fitting penalty for cigarette bummers: Give them a scholarship to the University of Edinborough.

Rushing: a time of the year that you have to laugh at your fraternity brothers' jokes.

Students do their outside reading from the billboards along the Middleton road.

He kissed on the bridge at mid-night;
He'll never kiss her there again,
Cause the dentist pulled out her
bridgework,
And her nose meets her chin.

—Texas Ranger



"Do you see those pigs over there?"
"Of course."
"Do you like them?"
"Not particularly, why?"
"Well, I'm glad to see that you're not conceited."

Headline in a daily,
"Receives Broken Ribs"
Wonder if the owner was through
with them, or if they were spares?

Quaint Old Customs of Today
Haresfoot choruses practice in
B. V. D.s and French heeled slippers.

"Didja' ever hear about the society
Belle whose husband started at the
bottom and who hasn't Tolved about
it yet? Neither did we cause there's
not a Ring of truth in it."

When in doubt—don't play cards.
—Gargoyle

AROUND THE CORNER OR AROUND THE WORLD

We are prepared to send fresh Spring flowers to her on a few moments' notice. Phone Badger 179.

Rentschler
FLORAL CO

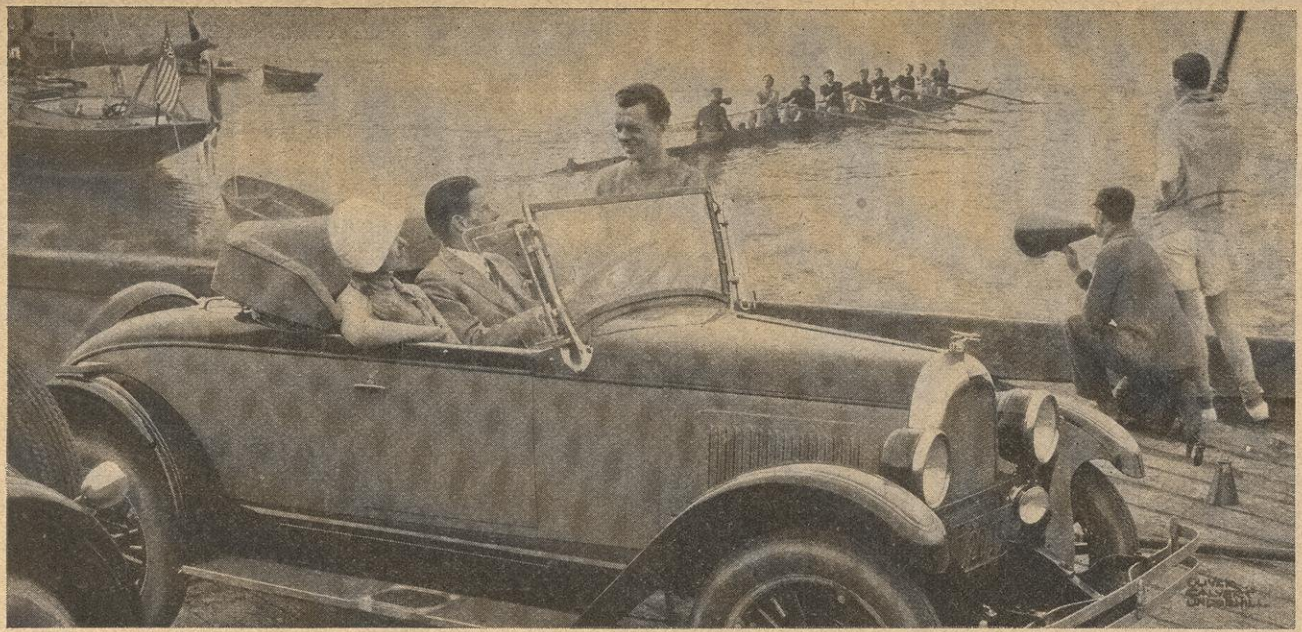
228-230 State.

Open evenings 'til Eight

An enjoyable party depends
greatly upon personal
appearance

We Specialize in Permanent
Marcel Waving

SCOTT'S BEAUTY SHOP



Easy on the eyes and easy on the pocketbook

HERE'S a real sport car—full of pep, get-up-and-go. Easy to look at—and easy on the old bank roll. A car of flashing, dashing, brilliant performance. With a big thrill in every mile you drive.

55 miles an hour in safety and comfort. 5 to 30 miles an hour in 13 seconds. Quick as a cat. The Whippet eases through traffic before a clumsy car can get started.

4-Wheel Brakes

Safe! Big, powerful 4-wheel brakes stop this car in 51 feet from a speed

of 40 miles an hour. Just drive this Roadster. See how it holds the road.

Here's just the car you've always wanted and waited for. A comfortable dickie seat provides ample room for two additional passengers—makes this Collegiate Roadster *ideal* for vacation driving.

And the price is remarkably low. Only \$695 f. o. b. factory. Better write Dad today, and arrange to drive a Whippet Collegiate Roadster during your summer vacation. And mother'll probably want one for herself!

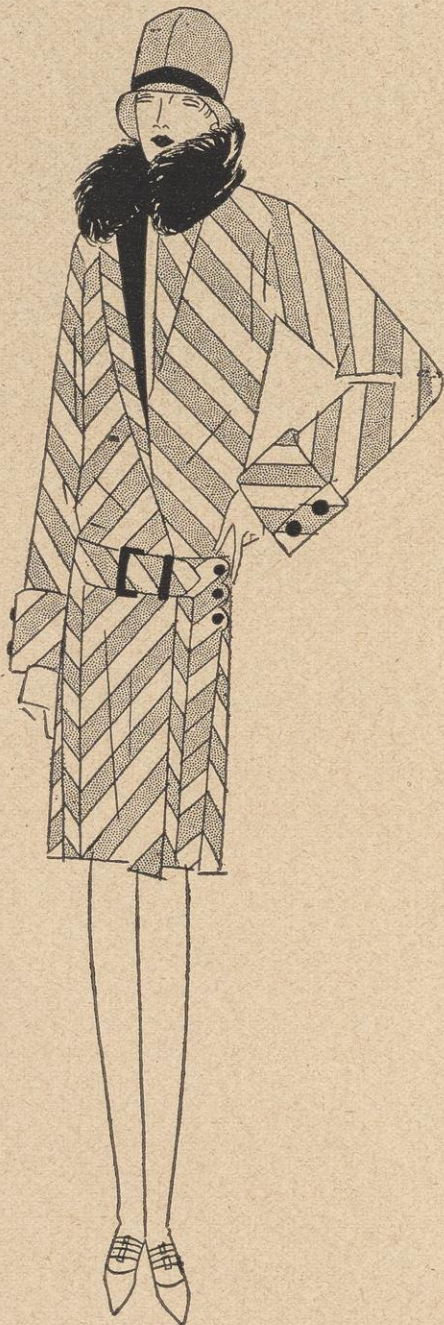
WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., Toledo, Ohio

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

OVERLAND
Whippet

COLLEGIATE ROADSTER

WITH 4-WHEEL BRAKES



"It's a sure bet that Madeline has been to Manchester's again, for she never got that good looking sport coat she wore to class this morning any place else."

Brock Engraving Company

Artists and Engravers



**4th Floor
State Journal Building**

Phone: Fairchild 913

At 5 A. M.

Angry Father: Well, young lady, explain yourself, where have you been all night?

Flapper Daughter: Oh, daddy dear, I was sitting up with the sick son of the sick man you are always telling mamma you sat up with!
—Life



"What kind of a date did you have?"

"That wasn't no date. That was a prune."

—Wampus



Little Boy: "Flat tire, mister?"

Voice from Car: "Not this one, now run away like a good boy."
—Lyre



1st Fresh: I just did my roommate a dirty trick.

2nd Ditto: Howzat?

1st Fresh: I burnt up my brown suit. —Scream

Students, Alumni and Faculty

Walter A. Pocock and the Park Hotel has made this wonderful connection for you and Madison---Intercollegiate Alumni Hotels

Introducing an international effort sponsored by the alumni organizations or magazines of more than 90 colleges and universities to coordinate alumni interests and activities in a selected group of hotels, each of which is specifically prepared to cooperate with alumni organizations and the individual alumnus.

Main Features of the Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel Movement

At each Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel there will be maintained a card index of the names of all the resident alumni of all the participating institutions. This will be of especial benefit to traveling alumni in locating classmates and friends.

The current issues of the alumni publications of all the participating institutions will be on file at each Intercollegiate Alumni Hotel.

Reservation cards will be available at the clerk's desk in each designated hotel and at the alumni office in each college or university. These reservation cards will serve as a great convenience to travellers in securing advance accommodations in other cities.

**\$1.50; New Toilets \$2; New Shower and Tub Bath, \$2, \$2.50, \$3
Special Attention and Consideration Shown and given to All.**



WALTER A. POCOCK
Proprietor and Manager

PARK HOTEL

200 Modern Rooms
Popular Prices
Cafe and Coffee Shop

Our Success Your Gain



"What hit you?"

"I needed change the other day, so I asked a man if he could break a couple of bones for me."

Statistics show that 99 out of 100 people like ice cream.

Then why not have the best there is?

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM
ICE CREAM

Just call Badger 7100

KENNEDY DAIRY COMPANY

629 West Washington Ave.

**Our Steaks are
as Delicious
as Ever**

**Always a friendly
welcome for the
Wisconsin
Students**

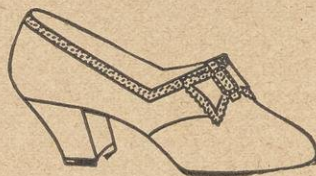
HICKS CAFE

108 E. Main
JAMES CRARY, Prop.

B. 2037—for a party

**Andelson's New
Collegiate Pumps**

Specially Priced at \$6.00



Shown in all seasons smartest colors, and combinations with new college heel, and toe.

The new spring showing is practically complete, immediate selection assures the advantage of fresh unbroken lines.

Andelsons

17-19 W. Main St.



Malone Grocery

Agency

**RICHELIEU PURE FOOD
PRODUCTS**

Wholesale and Retail
**Groceries, Fruits, and
Vegetables**

434 State Tel. B. 1163-1164

Father Deer: Don't you think our little daughter deer will ever get married.

Mother Deer: I don't know. Just this morning she passed the buck again.

Mandy: Church, yas. Ah goes to church so often gal, ah gets mah mail there.

Lee: Lordy, woman, ah'd like t' get mah male there, jes' once.

Girls come to college to see if they can get a husband, and men come to see if they can fool them at the last minute.

Things we have always wanted to see: A collegian pounding his ear at eight o'clock.

One well-dressed college man lost the bottom button on his vest and a million fools thought it style!

—Beanpot

Mother: "Your little brother has just arrived."

Very Modern Child: "Where did he come from?"

Mother: "From a far away country."

V. M. C.: "Another damned alien."
—Widow

"And the bounder attempted to arrest you for doing sixty-five?"

"'Pon my word, but I quickly put the fellow in his place. Said I, 'Tut, tut, officer, you cannot arrest me, for you have gone a good bit faster to overtake me, you rascal.'"

—Chaparral



"How did you get so hard—using hard water?"

"Don't git fresh wid me, boy—I use castile soap!"



When the plutarchs start plutarching

AT THE night sessions, when class philosophers vie with class Merry Andrews in deciding the heavy problems of the world—or burlesquing them — notice the royal guest, Prince Albert. Chiming in with the spirit of the occasion. Filling the air with the finest tobacco-aroma ever.

Do *you* smoke Prince Albert? It will bring you more pleasure and satisfaction than you ever thought a pipe could give. The instant you throw back the hinged lid and release that wonderful P. A. fragrance, you suspect you are in for some grand smoke-sessions.

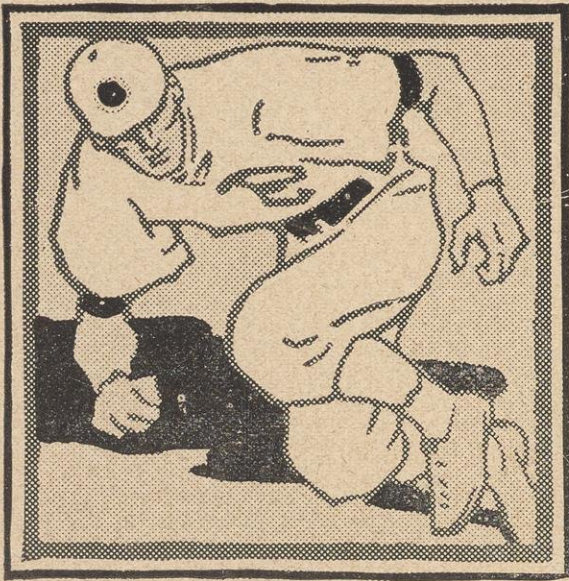
The very first pipe-load confirms your suspicions. Cool as a gate-tender. Sweet as the week-end reprieve. Mild as the coffee in Commons—mild, yet with a full body that satisfies your smoke-taste completely. Get yourself a tidy red tin this very day.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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





For "hits" in style
or value

*Hart Schaffner & Marx
head the batting list
this spring*

The suits for spring fit the best ever. The buttons are spaced far apart; correct to the fraction of an inch; pockets are placed low just where college men want them. Hazel tan, pigeon grey and silver blue are the colors.

Great volume, specialization, big buying power, are the things that are giving you the same quality, more style, more fabric value, for less money.

\$30-\$35-\$40-\$45

Olson & Veerhusen Co.

7-9 N. Pinckney St.

Drop In Most Anytime---

You'll meet the boys there playing billiards, smoking or having a good old time.

Cigars MAUTZ Billiards
821 University Avenue

**Alford Brothers
Laundry Company**

We Have Done
STUDENT LAUNDRY WORK
for
Forty-one Years

113-115 N. Carroll St.

Badger 172



"How do you get so many clothes out of your allowance?"

"Well, Dad agreed to buy my books, and I buy enough so the rebate will cover my clothes and tobacco."

Hip Te Hop To The Barber Shop

*Just one hop form the lower campus
and you're there — —*

Campus Barber Shop

You can depend upon any statement
we make regarding the cut, color and
brilliancy of our

DIAMONDS

R. W. Nelson

Jeweler

320 State State

The man in the rear row hesitatingly rises to remark
that the w. k. Smith Brothers should have been barbers—
they sure gnaw their whiskers.



Drunk (over the telephone): Ish this the doctorsh?
Well, come ri' away, Jim hash the D. T.'s. Shays he shees
pink elephants, green bull dorgs, and yellow shnakes in
the room. But there ish none for I chased 'em all out
myshelf, a hour ago."

—Lyre



Encouraging Motorist (to hiker): Tired of walking?

Hiker: Yea.

E. E.: Try running a while.

—Gargoyle

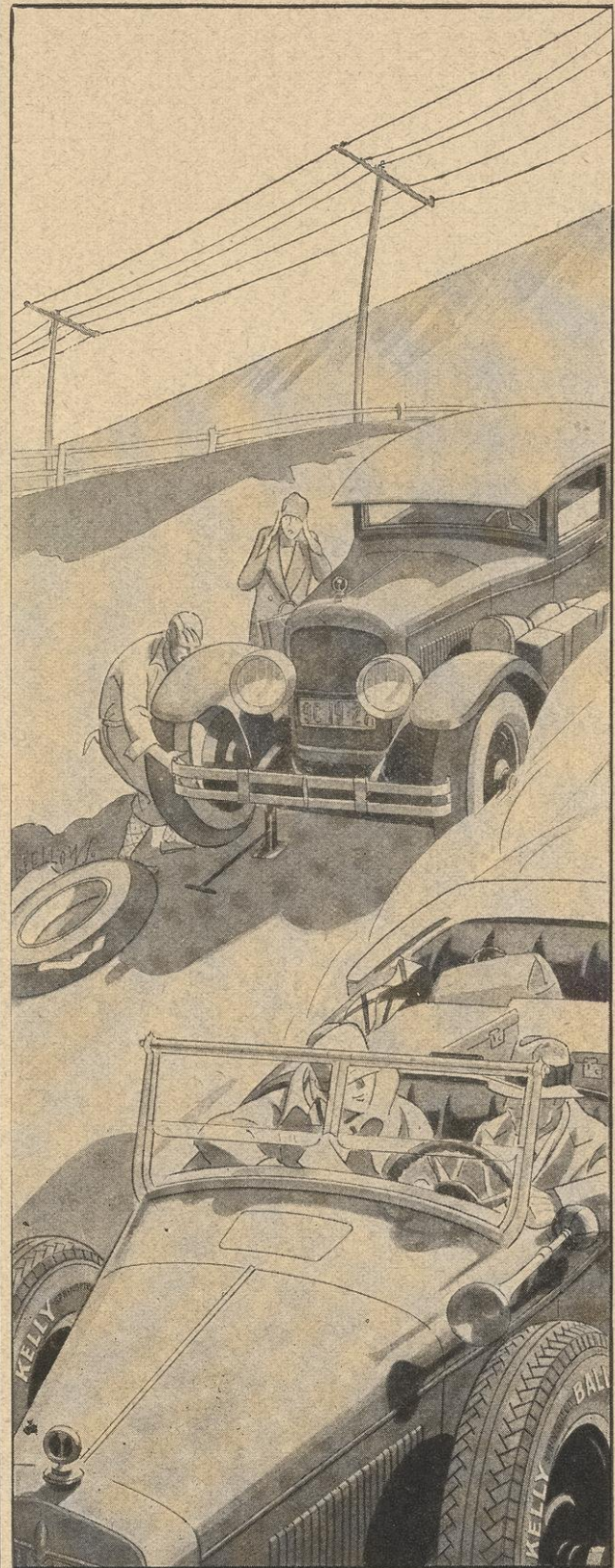


"Are you going to that new show at the Gayety?
There's a company of 120."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing except that they carry only one trunk."

—Carnegie Tech



"That reminds me of the old days before we changed to
Kelly-Spring fields."

To the Ladies!

- ¶ The harbinger of joy to many a Madison--longing alumnus---
- ¶ The acme of all college shows and operas---
- ¶ The "raison d'etre" of many a healthy guffaw---
- ¶ The pinnacle of thespian art and stagecraft.

A toast to thee---Haresfoot---superb, reknowned, meritorious.

May 1927 be a most prosperous and successful year.

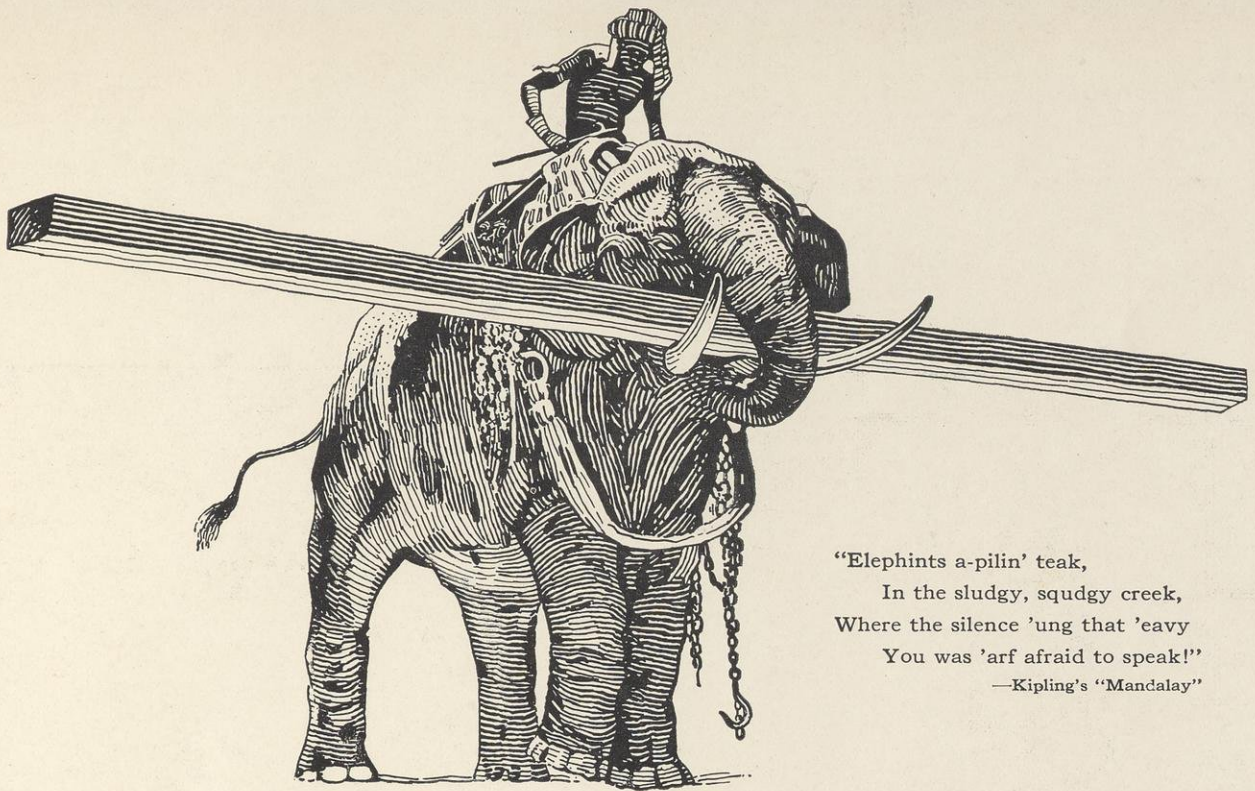
Democrat Printing Company

Printers to Haresfoot for many a year

MADISON, WISCONSIN



John Mackin as Kathie



"Elephints a-pilin' teak,
In the sludgy, squidgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy
You was 'arf afraid to speak!"
—Kipling's "Mandalay"

ELEPHANTS

The elephant is man's most intelligent helper. But—consider this interesting comparison:

An elephant is much larger than the electric motor of a "yarder" or logging machine. The "yarder" has the power of twenty elephants; it handles clusters of logs; it works dependably, twenty-four hours at a stretch, if necessary.

Twenty elephants would eat daily 10,000 pounds of green food, which a corps of attendants must gather. A motor "eats" nothing but electricity, supplied at the throw of a switch.

Power used in the modern industrial world is applied through electric motors—tireless "iron elephants" that are relegating antiquated machines to museums, along with such oldtime household articles as wash-tubs and ordinary irons—and stuffed elephants.



Two million elephants could not do the work now being done by General Electric motors. Whatever the work to be done, whether it needs the power of an elephant or the force of a man's arm, there is a General Electric motor that will do it faithfully for a lifetime at a cost of a few cents an hour.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

201-65DH

H A V E A C A M E L



[Upper classmen in smoke-shop, buying Camels]

First with the modern age

PRESENT-DAY smokers have proved it. Modern tobacco lovers by the million rediscover it each day and every evening as the friendly Camels are lighted. *There simply is no better cigarette made.*

Modern smokers know taste and fragrance and they recognize in Camels the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown.

In this modern world, Camel quality reflects itself in the greatest preference ever given a cigarette. In all of history,

there never was a tobacco word so famous or a cigarette so good as Camel is today. First in popularity because the best—that is the Camel story.

If you want such smoking enjoyment as you never hoped to find, just try the modern favorite. Smooth, fragrant and mellow mild, from the first touch of the flame to the final puff, Camel will mean a revelation to you of tobacco goodness.

Once you try them, you will know why Camels are supreme with moderns. "Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.