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HEBERGI

Raptures of love, and the rest of it— Why do I need to protest of it? Doesn't it show when you look at me? *Phyllis, I love thee enough for three.* 

## THE SPHINX,

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GEORGE B. HILL, '08, Editor. T. STEMPFEL, '08, Art Editor. GUSTAVE G. BLATZ, '08, Manager. W. H. LIEBER, '07. JOHN V. MULANEY, '08.

Always remember that this is only pretence, so that you are not to believe a word of it, even if it is true.-Kingsley

VISCONSIN has a team that deserves your support. Possibly

you have heard the above sentiment before; but it bears repeating. Just now the team is demanding your vocal as well as your moral support. It did not look well at the end of the Lawrence game, when the crowd dispersed as silently and unostentatiously as consciencestricken burglars.

We need some good rooting, which means organized rooting. Sporadic whoops of enthusiasm a re well enough; but to make it effective the whole bleacher needs to be behind the yell. It is the big, massive, collective U Rah Rah Wis-consin that reaches the team and makes them dig in and break things, which, after all, is the legitimate purpose of rooting. Whereas, the weak, disarticulated, timeless imitation—that U-oorah-uh-rah-uh-Wi-us-ca-unsi-un we hear so painfully often—is enough to make the sympathetic listener curl up like an angleworm and quietly expire.

Theoretically, we had organized rooting at the Chicago game last year. There was a rooter's section, so-There were good called. vell leaders; and we have met several men who tried to follow them. But the stands were too much overrun by quiet outside persons of eminent respectability. Most of us sat wedged between white-whiskered profs and dear old ladies who looked at us reproachfully when we yelled, and hunched into our places when we rose to sing Varsity. Most of us, when Eckersall made his drop kick, wanted to say Hell, and did not, thereby leaving ineffaceable scars on our psychic natures.

We can do better this year. We have two more games at home. For such of us as care to cheer the team on to two victories, let the football management set aside one large choice section. Have the tickets on sale for a week before the game. Sell them singly, to able-bodied male students only. The co-ed, however lovely, is out of place in a rooter's section. Above all, exclude the aged and infirm, the lame, the halt, the blind, and the faculty. Give us a place where we can yell with a clear conscience, and if need be, swear.

Do we hear the manager getting busy?





ago?

HERE is that intercollege football league we heard so much about a while To date, only one team has shown signs of

The dean of the law life. college has attempted to officially sit upon the whole proposition, and the other departments have appeared as bored and uninterested as an Elk in an Epworth League social. So that the inter-college schedule stands as follows:

cuits. Moreover, under the new rules every man must learn to handle the ball like a juggler, or the game degenerates into a fumblingfest reminiscent of buttonbutton-who's-got-the-button. Inter-college rivalry is not a strong enough drag to bring a man out every day after classes, till he works himself into fit condition to get in the game. The backers of the scheme have put forward too hefty a proposition.

election would be like a game of chess played with nothing but pawns.

The university curriculum offers no course in practical politics. Students have to pick up their knowledge of it on the side. The junior election affords them openings for unlimited experience. Let it stand as our chief object lesson in the great political principal of the survival of the slickest.



All this gives no valid excuse for heavy mourning over the decease of college spirit. Football is not a game to be played informally on the spur of the moment. To go into it properly one's muscles need to be trained to the consistency of automobile tires and boarding house bis-



VIEW with alarm the agitation for the removal of the Prom chairmanship

appointment from the hands of the junior president. Such action would reduce the latter position to a par with the other honorary class offices; worse, it would cut out nine-tenths of the present chances for skilled political manipulations. Eliminate the Prom chairmanship, and the junior

E regret to announce the withdrawal from the board of our editor, D. C. Nicholson, '07, who has returned to Chicago to continue his art studies, and Lucien Cary,'08, who has accepted a position with a Chicago daily. The present management are endeavoring to the best of their knowledge and belief to keep up with the record of their predecessors, which necessitates going some.



## The Rise and Fall of Hauley.

When Hauley starts to rough house Down the hall in number 3,

Every roomer in the house gets on his pins. There's a tremor of elation

As we wait in expectation

For the moment when the grand assault begins.

Soon the chairs and books are flying, Rugs and pillows, scattered lying,

And the demon of destruction has his inn's.

When Hauley starts to rough house And goes throwing things around,

Every freshman in the house begins his prayers,

For it sorts o' hurts their pride To be forced to run and hide,

Or to seek a hasty refuge down the stairs; So they're quite resigned at once

To go through their little stunts, In that docile, lamb-like manner that is theirs.



When Hauley starts to rough house, 'Long 'bout ten o'clock at night,

You may just as well resign yourself to fate, For your most beloved prize

He is sure to sacrifice,

And it's doomed to demolition, soon or late.

Consolation you will find

If you'll only be resigned,

For in half an hour will Hauley meet his mate.

#### Society Note.

The Billy Club, the new ex-class-rushguard fraternity, held a reunion at the President's last night. The following collation was served:

> CLUB SANDWICHES. CLUB COCKTAILS. HOT AND COLD DOGS. WATER. MUD.

Three janitors and a cop were elected honorary members. During the ceremony the orchestra rendered "Der Wacht am Rhein." The Student Conference paid for the drinks. When Hauley starts to rough house And has had his little fling,

Then the mistress of the mansion taps the wall,

Hauley tip-toes to his room,

Like a thief to meet his doom,

When he hears that weighty foot-step down the hall.

Mistress of the situation!

She excites our admiration,

While old Hauley's but a bluffer, after all. -Mu.

#### An Awful Warning.

There was a bum basso named Young, Unpleasantly strong in the loung. One day in Wyoming

He sang in the gloaming, And when he had soung they houng Young.

#### P

Hoot: "I saw Mrs. Howswife today going up State street with a common masher."

Toot: \_\_\_\_? !

Hoot-"Yes-potato-masher."



FUSSING IN MENDOTA. "Oh! Why don't that lobster come!"

# The Shame of the Colleges

#### The University of Wisconsin: demure and docile.

#### [With apologies to Wallace.]

I glanced at a *Milwankee Sentinel* not long ago and read this startling statement: "The Co-eds of Chadbourne Hall at the State University have organized a football team and have challenged the Varsity. The game will be played at Camp Randall behind closed gates, and the three Madison policemen will patrol Poverty Hill during the game to keep order among the spectators."

I threw my other collar and a field glass into my suit case and took the dollar-train from Milwaukee to Madison. I stuck an old high school pin on the lapel of my coat, thus disguising myself as a freshman, and then attempted to get a room, but was unable to do so at first because none of the



various land-ladies wished freshmen roomers. When in despair I confessed to one of them that I was neither an engineer nor a law student, but a good Christian, and that I subscribed to the *Youth's Companion* and the *War Cry*, she embraced me fondly and gave me a cot in the coal bin.

While strolling about, I heard a few faint squeals and thought of course that the girls were having a fudge-session somewhere. Instead I stumbled upon three hundred or more children as I turned the corner. They were cavorting about a member of the Conference Committee who held a foot-warmer in one hand and an entrance card to the Y. M. C. A. Bible Class in the other. Quickly I disguised myself as one of them and found out I was a freshman. The St. Con man was telling the Varsity boys the rules which had been laid down by the Conference Committee on the previous day. Here are a few:

No student shall take part in the rush unless he has a special permit from his parents.

If one of the combatants on either side shouts, "King's Ex," all tussling shall cease for five minutes until he has regained his breath and has taken a sip of warm tea, which will be served by the Y. W. C. A.

Any man touching wood, *i. e.*, touching a tree or another freshman's head, cannot be escorted to the lake.



If any member on either side is tagged by a member of the other side. then the latter must shout:

> One, two, three for you Now your arrogance rue

You come to the lake

Do it for our sake.

One, two, three for you.

After that the one who has been tagged may be escorted to the lake, where his shoes can be bathed in previously warmed water.

Any man who has corns will not be allowed to participate.

After the St. Con man had finished, the freshmen huddled together until they looked like an average-sized man and gave their yell. It went something like this:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven Freshmen, freshmen on to heaven.

We are mamma's little boys;

Come let's make an awful noise

We are men

We are men

Varsity, Varsity, 1910.

The football game took place on the following day, and thousands of spectators flocked to Poverty Hill. I disguised myself as a member of the faculty by putting on a pair of smoked glasses and muffler and was allowed to enter Camp Randall. A matron of about forty-five autumns, wearing a beautiful sixty-five-dollar set of gold teeth,

received tickets at the gate and took charge of all cameras; this to the disgust of Dr. Elsom. I had perfect confidence in the Varsity team, and so went among the coed spectators to pick up a few bets. They were betting two pounds of Keeley's to one on Chadbourne Hall.

The Varsity team appeared on the field at 2:31, and the boys on the hill gave a real forcible yell. A few minutes later Chadbourne Hall came, and was greeted with thunderous applause. The fair spectators in the grand stand gave the following yell:

> Down with them, down with them, They're not real football men Go for Billy, James and Jack. Pound and kick their weakling back Hurrah! whee! Ten yards more. Come, let's make a great big score Rah, Rah, Rah, Wisconsin.

There was some trouble in finding a good-looking referee at first, but finally a young and curly-haired member of the fac-

Taken out of the Gamefor Roughness

ulty was decided upon. Captain Grace Fremont here interposed. She insisted that the members of the opposing team be shaved close, because, as she blushingly explained, she had sometimes found whiskers painfully excoriating. The protest was supported, and the shaving proceeded under the joint supervision of Assistant Coach Angell and Mrs. Cora Stranahan Woodard, Dean for Women.

In the first three minutes of play two of the regulars were forced out of the game because of internal injuries—not heart trouble of course. Then the game was delayed for five minutes because Helen Sherman had lost her back comb. The comb was found by the referee, and play was resumed. The girls worked a novel trick play in the first half. After the quarterback had received the ball, she pointed at the sky and shouted, "See the beautiful clouds!" All the boys looked up, of course, and she ran with the ball, making ten yards on the play. Winifred Holton called for time until a powder rag was brought. She was much refreshed.

Between halves, Nictschkey's Orchestra played "Hearts and Flowers," and "Violets." Chocolate was served to the players. In the second half, a kicking game was resorted to. Barbara Rogers kicked one of the boys on the shins and was taken out of the game for roughness. The injured player was revived with smelling salts and was enabled to stay in the game. Every one admired his grit. Grace Fremont, the captain and half-back, had an opportunity to score, of which she failed to take advantage. It was an end play and the last man on the opposing team had been neatly bowled over, so that there was a clear field before her. On the fifteen yard line Grace stumbled and fell. A few seconds later the whistle blew and the game was over. Grace explained afterwards that she had



been blinded by her hair. She had washed it the previous afternoon, and it all came down.

The teams were escorted to their respective training quarters by decorous delegetions of the Sweet Girl Association, the Bucker's Union, the Tightwad's Union, and the Phi Beta Kappa. As they went they chanted the following dirge:

Rah for all the tender virtues,

Rah for games that do not hurt youse,

- Rah for Mamie, rah for Minnie,
- Rah for tether-ball and shinny,
- Rah for every studious girlie,

Rah for parties quitting early,

Rah for student discipline, Oo rah rah for Wis-con-sin.

I mournfully stepped to the gutter and let fall one single silent sympathetic (Continued on page IX.)



## HEARING THE PEERLESS.

#### New Song Hits.

Prof. Pyre is credited with the statement that "any fool with an hour's time at his disposal, may write a popular song." Sunny doesn't really know how inspiring he is at times. The following gem is said to have been written in five minutes:

A LITTLE BOY IN BLUES.

Though I've been here scarce a week, I am forced at last to speak Of the griefs that on my soul begin to prey; And I'm longing for to roam In the stubble-fields of home, On the summit of Mt. Horeb, far away.

When we parted at the station, I had thought that education Was the only high ambition of to-day, And I bade a glad adieu To that little girl in blue, On the summit of Mt. Horeb, far away.

But today that girl has written, And my heart is sorely smitten For the door-yard where we children used to play;

O, I'd like to take my pack,

And go hiking down the track

To the summit of Mt. Horeb, far away.

In my present desperation, I have still this consolation

That my class adviser thinks I shall not stay;

At the end of this semester

They will force me to sequester— On the summit of Mt. Horeb, far away.

This pathetic ballad was first sung by a well known freshman on the porch at Chadbourne Hall, where it scored an instantaneous success. Later it held audiences spellbound in a three night run at one of the local music halls on "the Avenue." Copies, ornamented with a photographic reproduction of the composer, are on sale at the Co-op. Ask to see the other musical sweetmeats by the same author—"Where the Oleander Leans Against the Door Post," and "When the Paint-Pot Turns the Summer Tan to Pink."

#### P

#### Bryan.

First man with a cold: "I uderstand thad they call hib 'the beerless leader."

Second M. with a C.: "Yez. Thad geds hib indorsed by the Prohibishudists."

#### To Rudolph Soukup.

Here's to the man who skirted the ends And helped to roll up the score,

Who gave us our points in the Lawrence game

And brought us one victory more. Brave in hour of misfortune,

We offer you heart and hand We may say it was grit,

-But that isn't it,

It's the oldfashioned word of—sand. —Mu.



#### Letters from a Soph=Flayed Freshman to his Grand= mother.



MADISON, Oct. 18.

Dear Grandma: Yesterday Mr. Bryan spoke to us men about politics. Before attention was called we gave cheers for Elsom and Hot Water, and also for Bryan. Bryan thinks as I do, that people are not getting enough money these days. When trusts are destroyed and times are prosperous I hope you will belong to the financial Liberalists. Bryan also said that our army ought to be taken out of the Philippines. That is because all the Filipinos are coming to Madison, now.

After the speech we all tried to get out at once, and were squshed into hexagonal form. It was like the snake wrassle; which, dear grandma, is an elective course in domestics.

People think I am an upper classman now, because I sat on the gym fence. Someone said: "You'll get your pants rusty," but that was only irony. He was a poor joke, himself; but he passed in the crowd.

At the Y. M. C. A. Bryan welcomed us with both hands. I shook his right hand, but half the fellows got left.

#### In haste,

I. B. NAUGHTTEN.

P. S. I am taking domestic science please send some dough.

#### What Spot?

Doc Elsom is a surgeon, too, The best Wisconsin's got, And every time a man is hurt, He's Johnny-on-the-spot.

#### A Pole Vaulting Feat Illus= trated.



"Clearing the bar at 11:10."

#### An Echo of the Rush.

The freshmen won the class rush, But their glory soon was shorn By a foolish little escapade at night. Violating all tradition, They attempted a parade Which resulted in a panic-stricken flight.

Though they came in fancy costume, When at length they were attacked A non-resisting spirit did reveal; When the sophomores had stripped them And had broken up their ranks Every fresh was fleeing homeward—*disha-bille*.

#### T

We have been asked "if alcohol will dissolve sugar." "It will," is the good reply. "It will also dissolve gold and silver and brick houses and horses and happiness and love and everything else worth having."

#### P

The chains of habit are often too small to be felt until they are too large to be broken.

#### L'Envoi.

Now the last election is over And the tickets are cut and dried, And a cynical silence follows

The whoops of the winning side. We shall rest (b'gosh, we shall need it)

Till the start of Semester Two, When our masterly politicians, Shall set us to scrap anew.

Oh girls that are prettily nifty Ye shall be vice-presidents!

And caucusers that are shifty Ye shall go to the Conference!

Ye shall have your names in the *Badger*— Sally and Pete and Paul—

While the losers knock in a chorus That never grows tired at all.

And oh for a pen like Dante's, And oh for a style like Nick's, To roast the men who invented

Our 'varsity politics; In the tropical zone of Hades

They're each in a separate cell A-stuffing a bottomless ballot-box

For the master of H. E. L.

-H., 'o8.



#### Ham and Eggs.

As the third bad egg struck the stage, Hamlet sniffed.

"Ha! Something rotten in the state of Denmark!" he cried, intelligently.

#### q

Dimpled Damsel of 1910: "Please Mr. Hiestand, have you any application blanks to join a sorority?"

#### Sum Aforisms.

Man has no sence of proporshun. It is the smawl things of life that pleese him most. Some gies would rather get themselves elected class tresurer than marry a Goold. So, awlso, a hen with 1 chicken is as prowd of her job as if she had razed 14.

Doctor Rustle says there is over 2 and a  $\frac{1}{2}$  billyun dedly mikerobes on a 1 dollar bill. At that rate there would be 50 billyun on a 20 dollar bill; and it keeps me awaik nights thinking of the awfull risks that John D, Rockofeller runs.

When a man sez his boss makes him wurk till he can't call his sole his own, it is a sure bet that his sole ain't wurth claming anyway.

4

"We don't need beef this year," they said, And yet, convinced I am That all the same To play the game They need a cunning ham. --Mu.





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