

The Sphinx. Vol. 9, No. 4 [November 16, 1907]

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thin boarder, feelingly .- Yonkers

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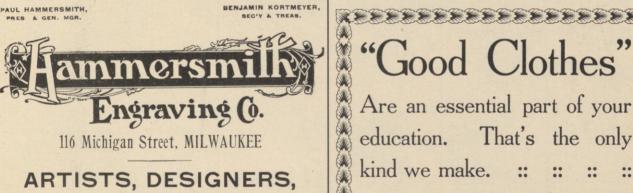
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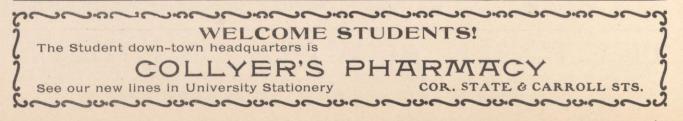
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B. H. Reformer (sternly)-I will eradicate you !

NOTE.—The artist forgot to specify to us what B. H. meant. We have tried Bug House, Bone Head, and Beyond Hope—but as it applies to a faculty reformer, these obviously cannot be it.

RX.A

THE SPHINX,

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

ILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, if he was a stude here now, would take his pen in hand for an editorial on "What's the Matter with Wisconsin," that would leave a trail of blisters through the whole university.

We have gone at football this year in a way that looks about $\frac{1}{3}$ hearted even if it isn't. We have not had the "paucity of spontaneous interest" the faculty pipedreams about, but we have had a shy ineffectiveness that gives near as piffling a showing.

We have got a rooter's section—theoretically. In both home games the ushers flutteringly let into it women and ancient parties, that no one of minimum sanity could take for students or even Normalites.

We have not raised up yell leaders for ourselves. The bunch appointed did their pathetic little best, and with one exception did it pifflingly. This casts no persimmon on the men—yell leaders are born, not elected; but we ought to have the candidates up before the game, so we and they can find which were qualified by Destiny to fill the job.

We have snickered round the edges of the segregated rooter scheme. The sentiment in its favor is sprouting healthily, outside the hearts of the goo-eyed candy element (of both sexes), and we hope to see, about when 1911 grows up, a coed section paralleling the male root for fair, with a big W of red-headed girls in the middle—but just now we are giggling at the obviously sapient proposition like a kid regarding his first long pants.

It is cruel, even *en passant* (French for on the hike), to knock an unsung patriot bunch like the band—but for Hoot's sake, play *Varsity* faster than *Beethoven's Funeral Cake Walk* or the *Dead March*; and do not fire "Wisconsin's got the ball" as a cheerful sentiment when the other side gets it.

Mostly though we rise to slam the slats of the whole student body in the hope of waking a spirit of spontaneous rough-house. When the three geniuses in front called for us to follow the band round after Indiana's initial lemon, we all wanted to go, but were scared of being forward and grand-standy; and also had a well-grounded suspicion that a bunch of tight wads would stay behind and grab our seats. When, in contrast, the good work of Thatcher, '93, at Iowa, was celebrated in the *Candyball*, we sniggered cynically, and said he must have been drunk. Suffering Mike! has a Wisconsin man got to be drunk before he can let go his suspended enthusiasm? Thatcher was not drunk; he was a product of a day when men let their enthusiasm fly regardless of shocking the spectators. It would be a blame sight better for us if we had enough of the old line patriotdope in our systems to appreciate Thatcher and go and do likewise, even to the raising of hell by sections.



WERE we to get back to first causes in our search for What's the Matter With Wisconsin, the finger of accusation would jab itself at the faculty active in bossing the job.

Athletics are not being knocked from headquarters just now, but they are being starved, whether by inadvertence or intention. At any event, we know of no more nose-offending example of tight-wadism in all history than the spectacle of a 4000 stude power university, whose football coach is doing his work unpaid at sacrifice. If he was anyone but Mac his patriotism would have been stretched to the breaking point, along way back.

Wisconsin's "system" consists in soaking one man ---Hutchins---with more work than three can attend Wisconsin has no to. planned football eampaign, as has Chi; no one has a personal grip on every man in the situation-to hold the bone-head off the ragged edge of cons, to square the sorehead with The Milwaukee things. Scentinel has laid the situation open often enough-it is unnecessary for the SPHINX to exhume oncehandled unpleasant details.

Wisconsin can support a system larger than the present high school size without corrupting herself with champagne appetites. Neither would a full-sized system hike us at the pace that kills into bankruptcy--it would mean full-sized games, which pay for themselves. The crying need is not for a Danae shower of gold coin by the bunch at the purse-strings—rather the judicious spreading of the visible supply. Why not?



WHEN we opened up on the athletic board we found it was one measly corollary of a general rank proposition: the athletic director is too much bossed.

The board, theoretically, stands between the faculty swat and the stude athletic victim — practically, they are a champion nuisance when appointments are toward, and a piece of scenery the rest of the time.

The *Flea Press* has discovered that the board nobly keeps the ath. director from playing his own little favorites—a sentiment alongside which the gibberings across the lake are Socratic. When the director is kept jumping sideways to make good he is not dotty enough to weight himself with a grafter's club of peanut appointees.

The athletic board is a vermiform appendix, that has outlived its pristine usefulness. The highest proof the present board can give of disinterested patriotism is to self-dissolve and fade into oblivion like a grease spot on a griddle.

After the corollary this proposition. Wisconsin's ath. system needs, after the long green, an autocrat. Stagg is boss of his dept.; Hutchins is the goat of 47 intrusive committees; where do we stand alongside Chicago? Echo refuses to answer, the truth being shameful. The athletic council would do well to follow the board into the region of the skidued—audit, not execute.

Give us an autocrat and let him aut, and if he don't aut right, fire him. We think Hutchins is right; give him room to prove it.



WHILE on the subject of lids — a word on freshman caps. A sapient move, freshmen, is to organize and take those lids to your bosoms deliberately. You don't need to pick anything idiotic in build—the object is to give you a distinguishing mark, not to make a goat of you.

The stunt would go a long way toward giving our wobbly traditions back-bone. The hazing sophomore would have an excuse for livingto enforce tradition. Our present hazing is innocuous but objectless. With a hefty growth of traditions to enforce, hazing could be made a dignified penalty, and not a questionably funny means of amusing sororities with the easiest, most inoffensive freshmen Squeedy Corners sends down.

In closing, a brief yelp on a forgotten custom. Without putting it up offlcially, a sentiment has come into being against freshmen adorning their limbs with corduroys. This, the least official and most spontaneous of our traditions, deserves to flourish. Freshman—eschew the corduroy; embrace the lid. Off with the old, on with the new.



"George, don't go in this game. I feel sure something dreadful will happen. Just think of a blue eye......"

"What of it, honey-bunch?" "But it wouldn't match my new suit."

x

But why call him Biddy? The title seems giddy, It pleases and yet it offends; Perhaps, on a punt, 'Tis that seamstress's stunt That he does when he's skirting the ends. -Mu.

x

See picture below. Note, to the extreme left, just off the page, the time-keeper with the watch, watching Mr. Messmer pass Mr. Cunningham.

What time is it?

A quarter passed. (Stung.)

The Man Behind the Slat

Each time the crowded bleachers roar, And clamor for a winning score, The faithful guards before the fence Must pound kids' kocos full of dents.

They feel no mercy for the kid Who lacks the price, for if they did, They'd never make those fearful hits, To earn their paltry thrice two-bits.

For guards must swat and bat like thunder

Each wriggling brat who crawls in under Undaunted through the fence and wire Though busy paddles burn like fire.

The task is far from sinecure— The line of talk the guards endure! And after each effective lick They dodge a hail of flying brick.

We often toast our heroes_____ The coaches, team and scrubs_____ Let's not despise The faithful guys Who wield the billy clubs.

-D. S. B.

-Mu.

x

This proverb held good in the games of the past,

And it holds in the game of to-day;

For we are convinced that, in bucking the line.

"Where there is a Wilce there's a way."

30

Michel Angelo was showing Lorenzo de Medici through the works.

"This," said Michel Angelo, "is one of my most forceful groups, entitled 'The Stiff Arm.'"

"Very striking," said Lorenzo, condescendingly appropriating the makings.



Chop Suey Side

An Insanity in Four Acts

The playwright croaked. We planted him, We stars and footlight lights,

With solemn ceremonial

Though he was dead to rites. The playwright croaked. His family Were very much bereft,

And all his wife's relations scrapped

For what the playwright left.

x

Woman-The First Cause

On a beautifully clear cigar-Indian summer day a devastating odor descended upon Madison. It was stinging, nitrogenous, ubiquitous, of penetrating pungency—it insinuated itself into the inmost recesses of things and clung. It pervaded seminaries with the effluvium of forgotten morgues. All the hash houses saved money, and the red autos turned green with envy.

So the good people of Madison (and the other 98 per cent. of the population) set about discovering the cause. The law school's cigars were as bad but different. The gym had had time to accumulate only two months dirt since it was cleaned last summer, and the tank had only been used a week. There was no *Badger* election on. Why, then, smells?

The populace was now roused. Scenting a medic, the mob stormed Science Hall and threw the whole outfit in the lake, headed by Doc Bardeen, so that unwholesome rings of crude carbolic o'erspread pellucid Mendota, and the fish died of discouragement. But the smell was not abated. They raided the Chemistry building. But there was nothing doing. In despair, they even thought of calling on Madison's police, as a drowning man grasps at a straw, or a starving mariner at a peanut. So everybody flocked to the square gesticulating.

Doc Lehner sniffed. They were burning leaves, alongside Chadbourne Hall. "What happened here?" he demanded sternly.

"A hockey game between the fourth and fifth floors," replied Mr. Post.

When the Doc analyzed a typical sample of detritus he found as follows: 726 rubberine hairpins, 72 tortoise-shell ditto, 97 side combs, and hair *ad libitum* in 46 shades of brunette, 18 tow, 77 natural blonde and 3 unnatural.

Mr. Post now burns the leaves before hockey games.

--H. W.--H.

Roehlery

M

I met the manage at the Camp

The air without was chill and damp, I said "We'll take a car." **

As I had guessed,

He acquiesced,

But (Fortune, ever fickle!)

Like one possessed

I searched my vest

And couldn't find a nickel!

I thought I'd die

Of humble pie

To have him pay my fare,

And this is why

I thought to die

The wherefor that I care— My joy to drown,

My grief to crown,

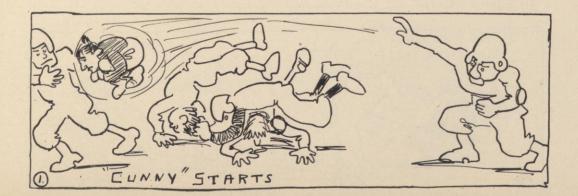
(Reflection turned me pale)

Abashed, cast down,

I entered town

A riding on a Roehl!

-Mu.



Miss Muffet Celebrates

Little Miss Muffet

Sat in a buffet Sipping her pousse café

There came a big spider with red electric eyes and yellow legs, and three green hippopotami, and an incandescent chimpanzee, and pink rats *ad libitum*, which caused Miss Muffet to remark, annoyed:

"Have I got 'em again? Well shay!"

x

It went the round,

And yet 'tis found

The joke has not been spoiled:

"The Gopher -shall we serve him Stiehmed Or shall we serve him Boyled?"

-Mu.

x

Grievance

Mr. Shumacher brazenly proclaims: "Shoes-full of style."

Our own shoes are so blame full of feet there isn't hardly room for socks—much less style.

An Incident of the Indiana Game

20

(Correct imitation of Browning at his jaggedest.)

Upon the ball he sat and sat much longer than was fitting.

He sat and sat. The husky brat would never think of quitting. The play was through

The whistle blew

But still he kept on sitting.

The bleachers howled, the coaches scowled, likewise the referee,

Yet like a setting hen he sat till anyone could see

That he was doped; And yet he hoped

To hatch a victory. -D. S. B.

The Habit

11:55 A. M.

The sunburnt corridors of Science Hall echoed to the staccato tread of a heterogenous mob aimed for Benny's Place.

11:58.

The last Normalite had settled into a natural state of ossification. The last sorority sophomore had her furs off and was trying to look like a Gainsborough.

11:59.

The last medic brought his mephitic zephyr in with him.

 $11:59\frac{3}{4}$.

Benny came in like a 13-inch projectile keeping a date, and attempted to pull the table up by the roots. Failing to do so, he clung there.

12:00.

"Bing." The clock in Library Hall swatted one lick.

"Bing."

Silence fell and kept coming. The hush deepened—grew tense—till all was quiet as the grave or East Madison on Sunday. Benny braced himself.

"Bing." "Bing." Yet again: "Bing." Silence.

"Bing." More silence. Benny began to fidget like a freshman in new flannel underwear.

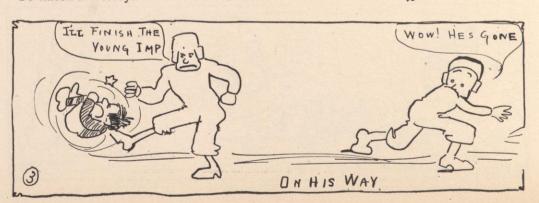
"Bing." Benny vibrated with agitation. Three bings. The marble slab jiggled in his grasp.

"Bing." From the Pharisees in the high seats came a premonitory sibilant hiss. "Boom," said all the freshmen in unison. "Bing," said the clock and they drowned it out.

The tension was broken. Benny felt natural again. He wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Gee," he murmured, "I thought I was never going to get my sky-rocket."

R



After

First Celebrant:—"Come on fellowsh, lesh sing Vars'ty."

Second Celebrant:—"I can't ('ic) carry a tune.

First Celebrant:—"G'wan! Your breath ish strong enough to (hic) carry anything. Nathan Hale was about to get his.

Never having died before, he was much perturbed over the proper procedure.

"Still," he said brightly, "I'll soon get the hang of it."

Regretting only that he was not born a cat so he could give nine lives for his country, he rubber-necked for the last time.



Things Are Coming to a Pretty Pass.

SPHINX Literary Lesson Leaflet II—THE JOKE. The above is a fine example of how far one can go when committing humor with malice prepense.

Method: Given a subject, e. g. football, examine several mixed and not necessarily intelligent phrases faintly connected with it: forward pass, pass the hash, pass up, pretty pass—Eureka! We now symbolize this in picture. The ball has described a curve, which is a line of beauty—hence it is a pretty pass. Persons who wear silk hats and canes are esteemed by us the hoi polloi not to be worth dignifying with a gender—hence 'things." We now draw things in hats converging on the pass, hence 'coming to."

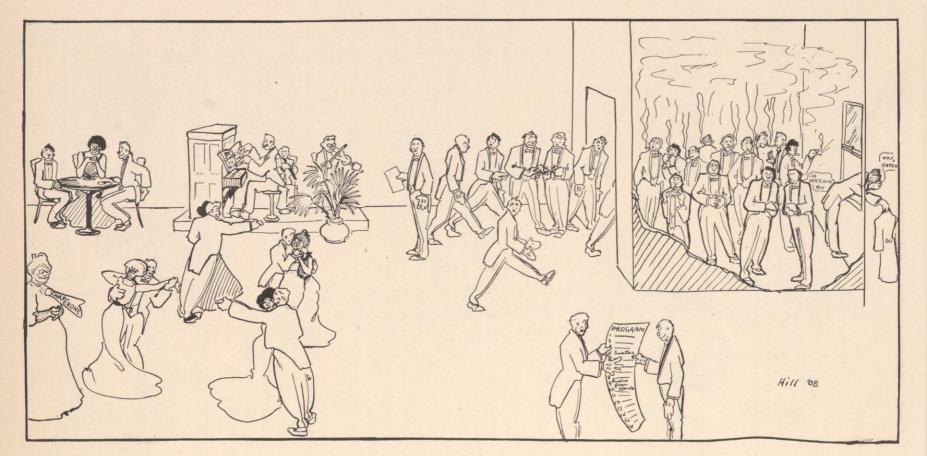
Your readers, following the same analysis subconsciously, laugh violently, which proves that the human race is naturally maudlin.

The second Indiana score Could make us wish for Whitmore more.

> Dad Huntley a Goliath seems (O, wretched little pun!) These latter days the giant plays At guard with Davidson.

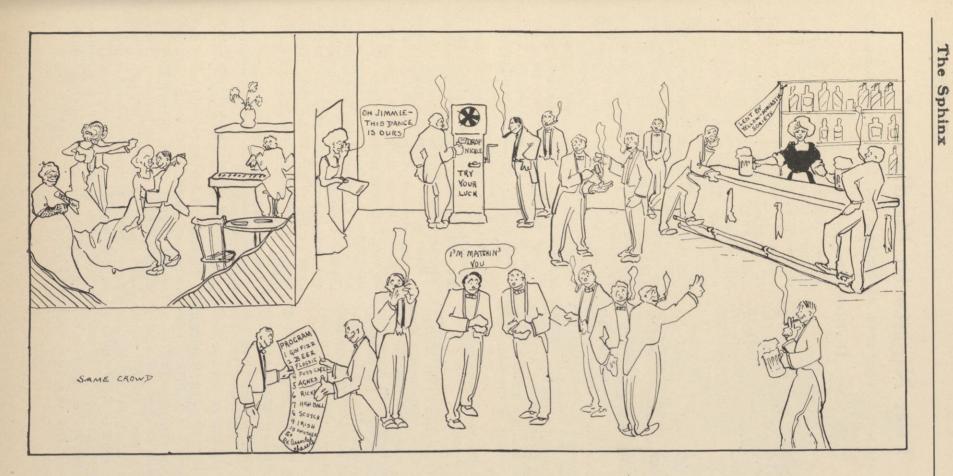
The rubber hurried with the drink, A beefy half was on the blink; The crowd was not surprised; For well did B B section know How halves have often acted so— He had been Messmerized. —Mu.





Cross Section of Sorority Formal.

If it is Necessary to Maintain a Herd of Stags, would it not be Humane to provide Occupation for them while Disengaged. On the Opposite Page we suggest 48



A More Logical System.

The most Advanced Sororities now provide Makin's for their Unemployed; why not arrange Interesting and Improving Diversions as Indicated ?

Ten Nights in Madison

Being the Further Adventures of Sinbad the Sailor, Balsora '72

II-State Street

CINBAD the Sailor Gales,

bit the end off a new Principe de saved the band for his fifteenth wife's kid sister, and resumed his narrative as follows:

For many days I led a retired life, rooming somewhere between West Wash-

ington and the heart of nature, and eating at dog wagons in the dinky hours when no one takes notice and the cops take naps.

But on a night, after the interment of a neighboring tribe, Ind I Ana, there was revelry, and music, and also the University band, and I was lifted up with joy. Entering then into the caravanserai of Kirch El Kirch, I addressed the genie in charge as follows: Oh brother of the moon, mix me a horse's neck.

While I stood thus there was a sound of trampling, and turmoil, and there entered a bunch of dissolute yet happy carriage, who had come to that place by the Madison El Ectric. And there came behind them one in grievance, who cried that the conductor had short horsed him on change, and demanded that they cast him in Monona. And another said: Nay, brother, that would be bad con ducked. Whereat they laughed, which showed them to be drunk.

And they recited the following verses:

The pleasant odor from a fountain in the desert at evening;

The glow of the young pomegranate on the sunlit wall;

The love of women and the songs of little birds: What are these to a cocktail on an empty stomach?

Oh, shiek, throw us another life preserver.

This I thought to be hyperbole for doughnuts; but they were blonde drinks, of potency, wherein reposed fruits like rubies; partaking of which my liver was dilated with complacency, and I ordered round. Whereupon the multitude cried: Play along, old scout; which is their manner of salutation.

Presently we went into the streets of the city, and one said: Let us do the snake

dance. And another: How can we help it. So we pursued culvilinear paths, each supporting each.

And we came to the pavilion of Hassan El Hogan, and there was merriment, and light, for that ducks were being raffled. My companions gave a piece of gold, to a presiding Afrite, who returned them talismans; and I took three, remembering the proverb: When in Rome, go the Romans one better. And the Afreet made incantation, saying, Wotgentdrawsthelucky number. And he cried again: Sinbad!

The multitude then crowded upon me, and shook my hand; and one of vest like to an Arabian sunset upon which has splashed a tomato said: Art any relation to "Bad" Elliot, Northwestern, '02-frat brother of mine. And others were playful and would have despoiled me of the duck, saying: "Lesh ush cook him-I got a chafing dish-and use the feathersh to shtuff crazy guiltsh for ashylum."

Their breaths by this time were of such a nature that they blistered my neck, and I fled with the duck clasped to my bosom, many pursuing wobblingly.

Running thus, I butted my turban into the bay window of one in uniform, who seized me by the slack of the garments, saying, Thou hast stolen the duck. Come. And when I said, It is my property, he answered: Then must thou be drunk; and anyhow thou art a student, and accursed, and liable to be pulled. Moreover, I am a game warden, so gimme that duck. Thereupon I was incensed, and recited the following verses:

If one had a nerve of brass and was a blasphemer. Yea, one whose thoughts were gall and whose words were vinegar.

Yet would he have to go some to insult a Madison policeman according to his deserts.

Thereupon I fled like the wild rabbit, and he pursued cursing, for he was fat, out University Avenue. And he was about to clutch me when it struck twelve. Thereupon all the lights went out, and it was dark, so that my enemy was afraid, and went back to the dog wagon.

Thereupon I fell upon my knees holding the duck by the leg, and glorified Allah, and jollied him.

Apostrophe

To the Mut who devotes himself to handing cozy discourse to a she vis-a-vis in the bleacher.

> You cannot yell or sing a note, for You've got to tete-a-tete with Flo. Why are you such a doggone goat for? Are you out here just for the show? You can't be a star as a fusser, And root for your varsity too. We see she is very, very pretty BUT We haven't any time for YOU.

Mrs. Al Falfa (reading):---'' 'And Sir Launcelot said--'Now will I set out on derring-doe--' What's derring-doe?"

"I reckon," replied Al Falfa, "it's a kind of piazza—if it's somethin' you can set out on."

The enemy's tackle tried bucking the line, But he ended a physical wreck,

For when they unwound

He was hugging the ground With a terrible Boyle on his neck.

The Living Skeleton fondly embraced the Fat Lady's 36-inch waist.

"One yard for holding," observed the Dog Faced Boy morosely.

At the Bar of Justice

"And he said, grinnin' wittily: 'If Prof. Fish scaled the fence his gillty conscience would in-fin-itely-----'

"It was then, your honor, that I killed him."



Johnny Sees the Wisconsin Game and Gets a Telegraphic Notice from the Chi= cago Game.

"What are your sentiments on football?" inquired our interviewer.

"The only thing I don't like about the football," said Miss Mayhew, "is the tight lacing."

The smallest of Badger bunch Was Cunny, He helped the uninformed to lose Their money: This quarter small

Advanced the ball

And took a fall

Out of them all. The way he nailed the Hoosier backs

Was funny, For smallest of the Badger bunch by far Was Cunny,

This is an allegorical picture of rooters and others entitled "A Horrible Example (1+1=0). The expressions used by the old grad were, necessarily, expurgated, but we will be glad to repeat them to any one who calls at our office and asks what we think of our athletic system, hash houses, faculty or weather.



Editor, The Sphinx:

It is to the glory of THE SPHINX that it is a student undertaking, and the Faculty does not often trespass upon your editorial generosity. But I should like to point out that the *Boarding House Euclid* of your last issue, duly acknowledged as not original, was written by a former colleague of mine, Professor Stephen B. Leacock, of McGill University, Montreal, Canada. May I add that this fact illustrates too obvious but often forgotten truths: (1) all professors were once students; (2) the professorial mind is not so slow or so impervious to the interests of every day life as is sometimes believed.

English Department, University of Wisconsin, November 6, 1907. Yours truly,

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE.

THE SPHINX thanks Prof. Cunliffe. It enlarges our views to learn that a faculty man had the good sized appreciation of the student standpoint necessary to produce the *Euclid*. It is these flashes that make our profs seem, at times, positively human.



Dear Sphinx—I have a gentleman friend who has such a chest expansion he has to sew his vest buttons on with rubber bands, and belongs to the Athena, and Friday nights you can hear him debate clear down to 605 State, and he ought to go root, but he wants to take me fussing to the Minnesota game. I think he is a slob. How can I tell him so, elegantly? $-Flo\ C.$

Chadbourne, half-past two.

Dear Flo—You cannot say what you ought to say in view of the facts and still be a lady. The mildest thing one should do in such circumstances is to kick him in the slats.

My Dear Sphinx—In your valued publication you say "as we go to press." What really do you mean when you say "we are going to press."

Yours for information,

-Clytemnestra McFee.

We mean: "We are going fussing."

Dear-I have got an intellectual companionship with a perfectly swell kid in my German class, and, for me, it is blossuming into something more. But alas. Today I received this anonimus note from some Cat.

Saw your friend Artie, night after Indiana game, singing hymns, 2 A. M. Thought you ought to know about it.

I do not understand, but I feel that all is not well. What does "A. M." mean? Ingenuously,

-Agnes, 1911.

Calm yourself, Agnes. A. M., in this context, means Alma Mater. The lady meant of course: Artie was out after the game, singing hymns to Alma Mater,—a fine patriotic thing, and she was a kind lady to let you know about it. Hang to Artie, Agnes.

52

Two Weeks!

Backward, turn backward, oh faculty tight,

Darned if we want to come back Thursday night.

Wouldst make a hit with the stude population?

Back, and don't short-horse the Christmas vacation.

x

Despite the *Record-Herald* dope, We still retain a ray of hope; 'Twas not so much "Wisconsin's luck," As Culver, Ostie, Wilce and Muck.

x

The dauntless chaffeur gritted his teeth. He also gritted both eyes and his nose and his clothes and the pores of his complexion and wherever the grit wouldn't stick the sand did.

Darn fool.

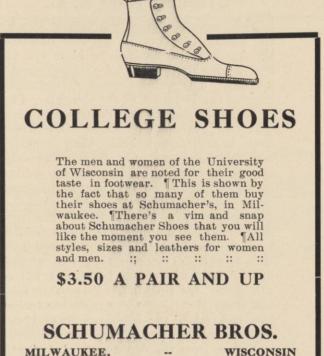
Hats

X

Why is the female lid? For the best answer to this question the SPHINX will give 726 delinquent subscriptions, to collect on before Christmas. Answer by picture postal, limiting yourself to 300 words including exclamation points and profanity.

We have endeavored to see beauty in the present top dressings as we have lain in ambush behind one of the fluffy efflorescent kind, in class, or had our ear jabbed with the spiky kind, in the street car.

We cannot see why the fuzz you can get off any duck should, when dyed green and aggregated in a condition approximating spaghetti be esteemed as decorative. The SPHINX has been a coy lady 2000 years and then a few, but she will be blowed if vanity will ever delude her into bedizening her Cleopatric coco with a peck of distorted by-products of the poultry industry.



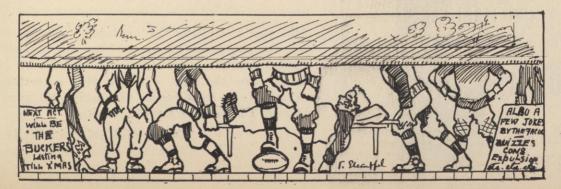
We see where economy comes in. Ma's work basket when you spill the spools and the tape and the buttons out is a nifty superstructure, and when the turkey wing gets worn out brushing the stove off you dye it carnelian and spike it to the basket. And the old ostrich feather that the pup and Baby chewed is looked at as flossier than one fresh from the bird.

We have heard these things called "creations." Annabel, you err. They are liker to the chaos that was before creation.

×.

The Kick Against Indiana

When the high ball bounced off the bar, the Badger contingent foamed at the mouth.



Extract from the Delphian Oracle. 1000 B. C.

This morning about the fourth watch. the College of Pontiffs met and defeated the Amazons at football on Mars field by the astonishing score of something to nothing. The score, however, does not express the fierceness of the struggle. The olive branch goes to the Pontiffs who have won two out of three olives. The Amazons lost because Circe, their captain, changed their tactics too often. The only chance they had to score was when Atalanta got the ball on a fumble and started down the clear field for the goal. Had she not stopped to pick up her hairpins they would have had a score. Venus was tackled by Hercules in such a way that she fell with both arms under her and they were broken off. Paris, the referee, put Castor out of the game for slugging. Perseus tackled and killed Medusa as she was on her snakelike run down the field for a touchdown. Vulcan, the iron man at half, tore off yards and vards from the Amazons. Pan played a great game at Centaur. Full Bacchus showed wonderful staying powers. Theseus was kept out of the game by Ariadne his sweetheart-she had a string on him. Achilles heeled a beautiful punt. For the Amazons Proserpina played a hell of a game. The Fates played their ends well and the silver-footed Thetis got off her punts in quick fashion. Hector, the captain of the Pontiffs, was dragged three times around the field after the game. The only unpleasant feature was Pan's tackle of Diana—she complained that he satyr down too hard.

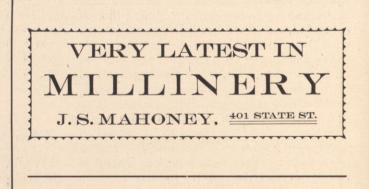
The line-up:

MAZONS	COLLEC	E OF PONTIFFS
Clotho; Lachesis	L. End	Castor
Venus	L. Tackle	Achilles
Juno	L. Guard	Hector
Pandora	Centaur	Pan
Proserpina	R. Guard	Hercules
Medusa	R. Tackle	Perseus
Atropos	R. End	Pollux
Circe	Quarter Ci	rafty Ulysses
Thetis	L. Half	Aeolus
Atalanta	R. Half	Vulcan
Diana	Full	Bacchus
Attandance—Quite Referee—Paris. Time—Two hours a		urs.
		-Yale Record.
	_	

The State Journal would "draw the mantle of charity about the Wisconsin team." The selfsame garment, rightly used, Would lessen wide distress, If penny lemonettes would cloak Their glaring yellowness.

The medics stand preeminent for true college spirit—for strong, unifying *esprit* de corpse.



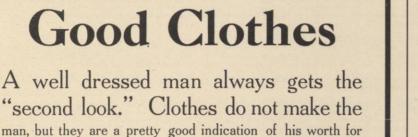


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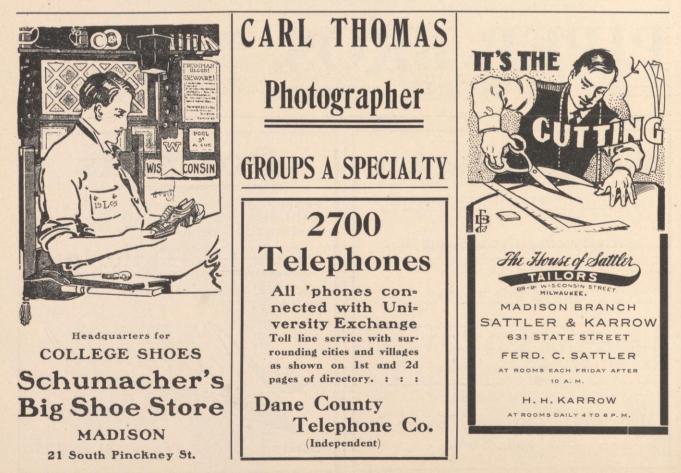
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- THE COLLEGE OF LAW offers a course extending over three years, which leads to the Degree of Bachelor of Laws, which entitles graduates to admission to the Supreme Court of the state without examination.
- **THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE** offers (1) a course of four years in Agriculture, which leads to the Degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture; (2) a short course of one or two years in agriculture, in which exclusive attention is given to studies in theoretical and practical agriculture, (3) a dairy course of two terms of four months each, in which the student is taught the most successful method in the manufacture of butter and cheese; (4) a Farmers' Course of two weeks designed for busy farmers, and providing only the most practical instruction.
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- THE GRADUATE SCHOOL offers courses of advanced instruction in all departments of the University. The degrees of Master of Arts, Master of Science, or Master of Pedagogy is conferred upon graduates of the University or of other institutions of equal rank, who have previously received the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, or Bachelor of Pedagogy, and who pursue successfully at least one year of graduate study. The degrees of Civil Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, or Electrical Engineer, are conferred on graduates of the engineering courses of the University or other institutions of equal rank, who have received the Degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil, Mechanical, or Electrical Engineering, and who pursue either one year of advanced professional study in the University, or three years of such study in connection with professional work of an approved character. The Degree of Doctor of Philosophy is conferred upon successful candidates after not less than three years of study, of which the first two years, or the last year, must be spent in attendance at the University.
- THE SUMMER SESSION extends over a period of six weeks, from the last week in June through the first week in August, and is designated to meet the wants of teachers and undergraduates who desire to broaden and deepen their knowledge; of regular undergraduates who desire to shorten their University course; and of graduates who wish to devote part of their vacation to advanced courses.
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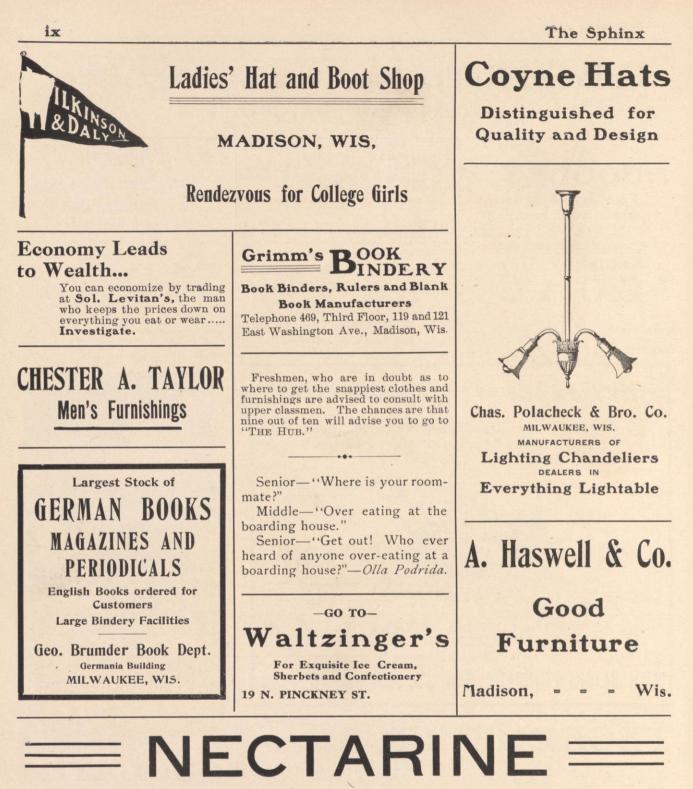
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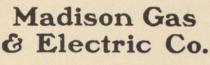
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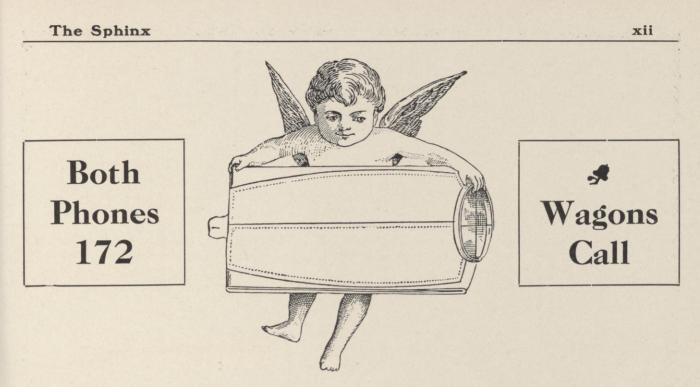
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