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OCTOBER 13, 1900.

THE SPHINX

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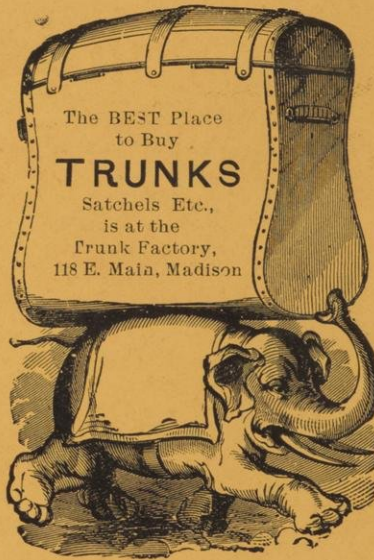
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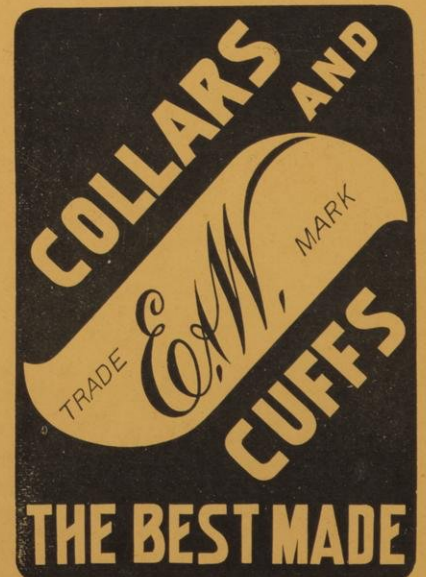
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THE SPHINX.

Vol. II.

MADISON, WIS., OCTOBER 13, 1900.

No. 2

A Good Time Coming.

Now this is the song of the student bold which he sings to a nameless tune,
I want a change, and I want it bad, and I want it very soon,
Add these are the things that I want to see changed and the sooner the better for me,
I want first of all and worst of all a great big cut in the fee.

When the fee is cut to a decent size so a poor man stands some show,
Then quietly fire a few figure-heads (we'd be glad to see them go),
And pay the men who are doing the work what the work is worth when its done,
And we'll build up the biggest 'Varsity that ever was, under the sun.

And then to be fair to the students all, Normalites should be barred,
Or else let them enter as Freshmen and we'll see they run into it hard,
For they need to be hazed until they're half crazed to break 'em of Normal ways,
Of the volunteer movement especially, and all other grandstand plays.

Oh a change we want, and a change we need, and a change we're going to get,
And the change that comes is the change we want, and we'll give 'em a scrap, you bet;
For the place must be run for the good of us all, and not for the good of the few,
And if things don't come our way pretty soon, we'll continue to kick till they do.



Parties and callers she abhors,
Her work is now supreme,
She has not always studied so,
But Jack is on the team.



Her charms I've heard on every side,
Her manners and her face,
Are praised by every man I know.
None have her charms or grace.

Some love her most when playing golf,
Some love her when she dances,
And there are some who quite adore
Her witching smiles and glances.

Let others love her as they will
In dismal moods or gay.
I love her most it seems to me,
When she is far away.

Same Old Story.

WHAT a commotion there was, to be sure. Such a slamming of doors and running up and down stairs as there was in the House one day last week. A tired Senior, as he rolled over for another cat nap, wondered what the racket was all about.

"I do wish those blooming Freshmen would shut up and keep still," he growled. "What can be up at this time of the day?" Then one voice shriller than the rest pierced his ear, saying, "Oh, here's a good roast on Jack." That being his particular nickname he realized that the Badger was out. "Oh, well, it can't be any better than ours and I'd be sorry for it if it was any worse." He settled down in bed again. But after hearing about thirteen different people, yelling about that joke, he decided to get up and investigate the matter. So his sleep was broken and the rest of the morning spent reading the Badger. And when he finished he sighed and thought, "Just as I said."

THE SPHINX.

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

NOW IS THE TIME when the wiliest of all living bipeds, the Sophomore, gathers himself in a bunch to prey upon the green comer to pastures new. He deceives the innocent stranger by posing as an ally, and bellows forth an alien war-cry which reflects his own blood-thirsty designs.

* * *

THE SPHINX has heard many a tale of fall hunting, and with vivid memories of the spring, she perched upon a convenient buttress of the Gym whence she could command a view of the Hickey-kept sward and the expectant wavelets of Mendota. But once again did compunction prevail over beloved tradition. Was there not the memory of a formal and solemn "I promise," which all must cherish? Yes, all. Excepting of course the Intrepid Immunes, who did at times carry one of themselves unresistingly toward the shore, before the admiring gaze of unwary Co-eds; and yes, an occasional Freshman will never need ask if our water-supply is drawn from the lake. But that was all. Taking everything into consideration, THE SPHINX was pleased at the general inclination to see rather than to be seen, but as she climbed down and wandered meditatively to where she eats, she could not but be impressed with the tameness of it all, so she wiped her blinkers once, just for old times' sake.

* * *

THE SPHINX will take part in the first goal-seekers'

excursion of the season, even if she has to go without a new unabridged Latin Dictionary until Pharaoh ships the next consignment of currency. She wants to be on hand in Milwaukee, perched on the grandstand, with her paws full of penants and her mouth full of horns. She wants to see all that happens, though of course she does not expect to be as vividly impressed as the latest reportorial adjunct to the staff the *Daily Scardinell*. But the joy of it all! the consciousness of possessing the keys of the whole city, and of Milwaukee of all cities, when the time comes to celebrate! The thought of it is enough to provoke enthusiasm in a chronic grind.

* * *

THE MAN who first told us that birds of a feather flock together, was all right as far as he went. That, incidentally, is the great trouble with all benefactors of the human race; if they had said or done a little more than they actually did, we would be much more satisfied with them; and what makes us out of patience is that they were selfish about it. Why could they not had enough consideration for future generations to have done a little more than they did? Weren't they doing it for us anyway? Well, to go back to the man and the birds. What he said about birds is just as true of anything else. Insects, animals, all seem to enjoy a fellow being's society, and to know it when they see it. But that bird story occasionally finds itself face to face with an equally felicitous saying which says that there are excep-

tions to every rule. Sometimes there are birds and insects and animals which do not care to flock unless they can do it all alone, and have all the room they want. These are what the encyclopedia calls "A-n-o-m-a-l-i-e-s," which means "I am the whole thing." Since man is said to be a sort of animal, it is natural that he be in some degree liable to the principles involved in the saw first mentioned. Since "life in a great university" is said to be a miniature fac-simile of everything else, THE SPHINX will not surprise all of her readers when she says that she has found several of these A-n-o-m-a-l-i-e-s hereabouts. The fundamental excuse for the existence of an A-n-o-m-a-l-y seems to involve a two-fold consideration: first, what the A-n-o-m-a-l-y thinks of himself; second, what the A-n-o-m-a-l-y thinks others should think of him. These two, being resolved, are found to amount to the same thing, and a sufficiently weighty reason, surely, for any A-n-o-m-a-l-y's existence; further than this, and what may occasion surprise, a sufficiently weighty reason for the continuation of his existence. No matter how circumscribed the A-n-o-m-a-l-y's sphere formerly may be, by the walls of a flat, or by rail fence, when once he has breathed the air and basked in the sunshine of this neck-of-the-lakes, he immediately becomes *more* a-n-o-m-a-l-o-u-s than he has ever been before. Only now can he realize the actual infiniteness of his possibilities. All hail to the A-n-o-m-a-l-y, the "Whole Thing!" May he ever prosper and spread.

—The convict was expecting a reprieve. "Any news," he asked the jailor.

"I have no noose for you," was the jailor's reply.



A GOOD GAME.

SEVEN UP.

The Landlady in Riches.

Stop, stop, thou matron fat,
Who with a brand new hat,
And clothes so rich and pat,
Comest to daunt me.
Wrapt not in calico,
Free from all earthly woe
Asking your monthly dough—
Why dost thou taunt me?

You say you need the cash
To pay for last week's hash,
To buy your girl a sash
For next December;
You say I've got to pay
My two month's bill to-day,
Or else I cannot stay
In my new chamber?

I was a rich man's son,
I always had the mon'
I never knew a dun
Until I knew your boldness,
I pay you six a week,
But still my roof does leak,
And I my bed must seek
To 'scape the coldness.

Once in the busy East
A Wall street bank I leased;
My profits so increased
That I grew wealthy.
I took the poor-man's crust,
I owned a Sugar Trust,
But my rapacious lust
To thine was healthy.

Since I have blessed your door
My fingers are all sore
From writing home for "more;"
But I'll not grumble,
The Poor-man's Fund, I know
Will gladly loan the dough
And spare you all this woe,
Matron so humble.

Your clothes I'll help to get,
And if your heart is set
On a diamond, why just let
My board bill buy it.
For when the school-year's o'er,
I'll own a Trust once more,
And all my coin galore,
You'll not be nigh it.

A Repulse.

We were waiting for the train. A drizzling rain was falling; so we lounged within the depot. At one side sat a woman trotting a child upon her knee. She did not seem refined or even gentle. The door would swing open, driven by the wind, and each time it would shut with a slam, persuaded by the not too delicate foot of the woman.

An amused Freshman saw, grinned and spoke: "Ouch," said he, "I'm glae I'm not that door."

The woman ceased to trot. The Freshman withered beneath her gaze. She said, "If you were a door perhaps you would have stayed shut."



PLEDGED TO PEACE.

Dont's.

FOR CARNIVAL VISITORS.



Don't fail to visit the Gym. Be sure to see one of the Gym-jams, if possible. They're immense.

Don't miss seeing the swell new Library Building. Even the door mats are inlaid with arble.

Don't be surprised if the trees in the Capitol Park appear very active. They are packing their trunks, preparing to leave in the spring.

Don't buy any \$5,000 gold bricks for \$5.00. Subscribe for THE SPHINX.

Don't fail to see Cardinal Bunting. This famous Catholic will be on exhibition every day.

Don't have anything to do with the man who asks you if you have change for a \$20 bill. He may want to borrow \$6.49 till next Saturday night.

Don't forget that the Kies (thank goodness, there's only one) of the town are yours. Take 'em home, and hang 'em up.

Dont's.

FOR LIBRARY DEDICATION VISITORS AND STUDENTS.

Don't carve your initials around the building. George Washington was the only one to become famous by getting into the readers in that way.

Don't fail to leave your hats and coats in the cloak room and be thankful if others do the same.

Don't sit on the fence. Election will be close this fall.

Don't take the elevator. Some one else may want to use it later.

Don't ask what the pictures in the first floor represent. It might embarrass the attendants to admit they didn't know.

Don't expectorate on the floor. You can't expect to rate high in the estimation of the library people if you do.

Don't depend on the clock in the reading room. It isn't going, it's coming.

Don't hesitate when the chimes and gong ring. It means a fire in your immediate vicinity for which you can't get any insurance.

"So unconventional,
I'm surprised, I declare,
My dear, let me tell you,
I advise you beware ---

"You know not his family
Nor aught of his kin."
"But stop to consider
I know his frat pin."

The Wicked Little Widow.

I know a young grass widow who is—well—a trifle fly. She has lips just made for kissing and a shifty, rouguish eye. She has teeth as white as ivory, and a curly little head. And she loves the dance and music—and the wine when it is red.

But she's such a little beauty and has such a taking smile. That I cannot help but love her, though I don't approve her style.

But she fairly makes my reason to totter on it's perch. When she winks at me on Sunday, during service at the church.

Though my thoughts may be in Heaven,
Yet she brings them to the ground,
And my blood gets all a-tingle and my heart begins to bound.
I can get no satisfaction from the saying of the mass.
I can hardly see them moving as the incense swingers pass.
While her figure is so tempting and her red lips look so sweet.
That it takes a mighty effort to sit quiet in my seat.
All my piety goes flying and leaves me in the lurch,
When she winks at me on Sunday, during service at the church.

I've loved scores of handsome maidens, and full many a pretty lass,

But none like that little widow of the kind that is called grass.
For my rosary hangs idle, and my knees forget to bend,
While thoughts excessive wordly, with my meditations blend.
And I can't drive out the tempter, no matter how I try
On account of that bad widow, and her shifty, rouguish eye.
If in after life you seek me, why in Purgatory search,
I'll be sent there by that widow who winks at me in church.

Senior.—"Jove, but it makes a fellow feel like a millionaire when he walks up the marble stair case of the new "Lib.'"

Wise Junior.—"Yes, but it makes a fellow look like thirty cents."



Term of Punishment—Indefinite Suspension.



A.F. BEVLE⁰¹



Woe is me! I heard no rap,
 With that dear co-ed in my lap.
 A stifled shriek! A ghostly call
 From half the girls of Ladies' Hall!
 I dare not venture on the street—
 I speak to no girl whom I meet—
 I guess I'm up—the crowd to treat.

SHE got on a car going down town. She was a Freshman, and when the conductor came around after her nickel she said:

"Does this car go to Camp Randall?"

"No, it goes down town," was the reply.

"But it says on the front, 'Football at Camp Randall today,' and doesn't it go there?"

"Yes," said the con, "it says 'Boston Baked Beans' on one of the signs on the inside, but the car doesn't go to Boston."

The young girl got off at the next corner.

There was once a coach named Staggg,
 Whom it pleased his tongue to waggg,
 "My team is the best,
 In all the wide West,
 But what is the use to braggg."

There once was a trainer named Andy,
 Who had coached some oarsmen jim dandy,
 When they went to the East
 Their trousers were creased,
 But they finished their race quite handy.

A Fable in Slang.

[The recent fad of fables in slang taken together with the following which with other ancient MSS. was recently found in Bologna, among the mines of the old library there, goes to prove that "there is nothing new under the sun."

The item is evidently written for the *Climax*, a student publication much like THE SPINACH. The MSS. follows.

"Two or three years ago there was a very enterprising Fellow here who made Lots of Money by gathering up all the Togas for the fellows and shipping them to Paris to be Laundryed. The way he made his Money was by Getting a Rake-off on each Toga.

So he tried to get all the Togas he could to send to Paris.

One time EOle (EOleon Wetherby was the Laundry man's name), went into a Freshman's room when the Freshman was out, and not wishing the Freshman to have to wear a dirty Toga, he cabaged all the Togas in The Room, and sent them to Paris. He did not seem to notice that some of them were clean already. When the Freshman first found it out he was Very Hot.

But he cooled off Laid for EOle, and so when EOle brought the Togas Back Friday evening the Freshman said: "Really old man, that was Deuced Kind of you. Are you doing it for all the fellows? Or is it just a special favor? I had noticed that you Liked me Awfull well as soon as you saw me, but I didn't know you would do so much for Me. There are Some Handkerchiefs which have only been wshed once since I used Them. If you don't like the way they're done up you might Send Them in too. I had promised my Laundry to another Fellow, but if you are doing it this way free of charge and from Hygienic Motives alone, why you can have it Right along.

EOle swore Thoughtfully to himself a moment and then went out and was Good to another Freshman.

MORAL: Get a safe.

A Fable in English.

Do you See the Freshman. He has been Here just Three Weeks and is still as Green as Grass. Grass is the greenest Thing that Grows. Freshmen are not Expected to be Any other Color. Some Day you will See this Freshman with Mendota Dripping from his Pompadour and from his Finger tips. It will be Safe enough to Ask him where he Got it. He will Point at a Retreating Figure and Swear vengeance on a Coming Generation. If you Follow the Retreater with your Eye you will Behold in it a Sophomore of the Blackest dye. That is the Moment you want to Wink at the Freshman. Such is Life at a Big University. It is Great.

A Heart to Heart Talk with Young Men.

E. BOCK BEER.

(Special Permission Ladies Home Journal.)

THE FUNDAMENTAL VIRTUE OF HYPOCRISY.

To succeed in life a young man must be above all things, virtuous—or at least he should create that impression.

By frequently and loudly, nay, ostentatiously parading his superior goodness, he can not only persuade others that he is a person of extreme respectability but he will finally convince himself. For example we have but to turn to the great Anglo Saxon race. Since time immemorial the sturdy Anglo Saxon has modestly, but firmly announced from the house tops that he is not only the bravest, the truest, but the most virtuous person in the world. He has been so doggedly persistent about it, that his statement has now become an accepted fact. He is no better in practice, but that doesn't count. In the test room of the world it is reputation, not character that cuts ice.

The wicked French have not perceived this fundamental fact and are now a decadent people. Those who claim to understand such matters state that there is more rampant vice in the streets of London than in the streets of Paris, and the soul of a Chicago man, called up by a spiritualistic medium said that the only difference between Hell and his former home lay in the fact that Hell wasn't quite so smoky. However that may be, by shaking his head and groaning whenever he hears Paris mentioned, the Anglo Saxon easily maintains the name of being Puritanically moral. Indeed there is nothing so elevating as a wicked neighbor. The Anglo-Saxon has his titled degenerates in London and his divorce marts in the western states, but by pointing the finger of shame at Gallic looseness his halo takes on an extra brightness and new pin-feathers crop out on his wings. He can cook up a Boer war, or lynch a nigger or two any morning, and then by expressing his horror at the Dreyfus case make his civic character "whiter than snow." And then the Anglo-Saxon is not bright or witty. Pompous dullness will cover a multitude of sins, while the burden of proof is on the brilliant man to show that he is not a villain. Young men should take this lesson deeply to heart, for it applies to individuals as well as to races. For a personal example let us take ex-President Cleveland and ex-Congressman Breckenridge—but hold! 'tissacrilege. Let us get back into the path of safety and jump on the vicious Latin once more.

When the wicked Gaul goes to the theatre he applauds the acting. The Anglo-Saxon cheers the virtuous sentiments expressed to slow music by the hero. The heroine denounces "rum," or "hell cursed liquor," and brings down the house which presently goes out and consumes Scotch high balls. Thus it obtains all the moral advantages of temperance, without the inconvenience of thirst.

The moral of this discourse is then, be virtuous in your sentiments for actions don't count. Take a drink when you want to, but go in by the side door,

and if you get a chance go and cheer Woolley when he lies about the President. There is no necessity for your being a regular Joseph—but if a Mormon is elected to congress throw bricks at him. A faithful observance of this great fundamental moral principle has won the world for the Anglo-Saxon race, and it will for you.



—A Lynching Bee.

Two students who furnish their own room, were moving in the other day. One at the end of a rope was hauling away until a feather mattress reached the third story window, when the tackle broke and the mattress came down on his head.

"How do you feel?" jokingly asked his comrade.
"Why," he replied, as he spat out a mouthful of small feathers, "I feel a little down in the mouth."

The Course of a True Case.

The young man could not jibe with the young lady's folks,
Consequently no matter how much she did colks
Him to call, yet for fear
Himself he might queer,
He never came near—
And the reason is clear—
He never would laugh at the old man's jolks.

If to do were not as easy as to know what were good to do, corporations had been Sunday schools, and bunco-steerers Wandering Willies.

At midnight in his guarded room
The Freshman lay and dream't the hour
When Sophomores should meet their doom
And tremble at his power.
He woke to hear the door fall off,
And shrieked, "They come! The Soph! The Soph!"

There is a young Junior named Mike
Who is an apt student Psycho.
He went through Conception,
Sensation, Perception,
The day he fell off of his bike.

Letters from a Freshman.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH.

DEAR MAMMA:

To relieve possible anxiety, I hasten to inform you that your little boy arrived all right. I sat very still in my seat in the car all the way, and didn't put my head outside the window once, for fear of posts—and, also, of my head. It is a hard matter to buck against these corporation affairs, you know.

I got acquainted with some fellows on the way over, and they put me on to a boarding place. I went there for a short time until I could get permanently settled.

I have been getting acquainted a good deal, and have been trying to arrange my work so as to avoid conflicts.

As you will see by the Madison paper I send you, the price of rooms has advanced considerably this year, and I am afraid my expenses will be more than we had estimated, but I am trying to get all I can for my money anyway.

I am well, and will write again next week. With love to yourself and father.

Your son,

WILLIAM W. BROWN.

100 College Boulevard.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH.

DEAR OLD FELLOW:

I've wished a thousand times, if I have once, that you were here. I tell you it's great. It isn't my fault that we are apart for the first time. I hadn't meant to tell you, but I am going to, that I asked the old man before I left if he wouldn't lend you the money to come. He said he wouldn't hesitate a moment so far as the money was concerned, but that he thought that this year in business meant more to you than a year in any college possibly could—that sometimes he half wished that I were in your shoes and could have the "inestimable benefit of one year of adversity." After a few days in this large institution, I begin to think the old man is pretty foxy after all. But I have the cinch on him. He bought me off from enlisting for the Chinese war, and it's going to cost him something, I'm afraid. I suppose I'll get settled down to some work soon, but I've been too *busy* so far. Freshman-

like, I was going to arrange my hours at the start, but I found it conflicted with my dates with some rushing parties, and with watching the football practice, and getting used to the town. If I have time I'll get things fixed up this week. It costs a good deal here. At the end of five days I had just fifteen dollars left, and nothing paid but fees. I hope the blow won't kill father. But the fellows have treated me pretty well, taking me out driving, etc., and of course I have to show the size of the town I come from.

If I only weighed a hundred pounds more, I'd try for the football team. I never had speed enough to think of joining the track sprinters. Physically I don't seem fit for anything but Phi Beta Kappa, and I am afraid my charming social qualities incapacitate me for that. West, one of the fellows, says I am sure to make my mark in mathematics, if not in athletics. He thinks I'll lower the University record there without paying any attention to my probable condition.

The boarding houses here are the funniest. I've left one already, and can't stand my present one long. The cooking is good, and the service, but we can't get enough to eat. Last night they brought us each a plate with a small, thin, dainty slice of bacon, a teaspoonful of scrambled egg, and a teaspoonful and a half of creamed potatoes. West looked as solemn as a deacon, and handed his plate back to the waitress, and said, "Might I trouble you for another plate? This one has three specks on it, and I'm ready for my supper any time." I thought the fellows would raise the roof.

Well, I'll say good-bye. Tell Madge I'll write to her soon, and, say, keep her from getting lonesome enough to go with any other fellow. More later from

BILLY.

100 College Bd.

Freshman in front of new Engineering building.—
"Stevenson, Watt, Anno Domini; who were they?"

For the Ameer.

"I wonder what he came so early for."
Roommate — "Rush seats, probably."

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As To Strikes.

"What's the matter with that man?" asked the clock. "He doesn't seem to have anything to do but wind me up."

"No," replied the calendar, "he isn't working. He and his companions struck some time ago."

"Huh! Suppose I should stop every time I struck?"

"That's so, but I notice it freshens me up every time he takes a month off."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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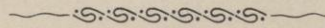
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We're all going.

Somewhat Twisted.

German Instructor—"Mr. Poety,
will you decline the German ar-
ticle?"

Mr. Poety—"Die, der, das, dem,
des, den das die; das—."

German Instructor—"I have
heard of cases where persons have
been born with a silver spoon in
the mouth, but this monkey
wrench is a new one to me."

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—"Say, did you notice what the
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—"No, I supposed it was the
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—"Well, it's calculated to create
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If you want a rollicking good time
after the game, see Nancy & Co., at the
Academy. The band and team will be
there.

Razzle—"When is a class rush
not a class rush?"

Dazzle—"All right, I'm ready;
spring it."

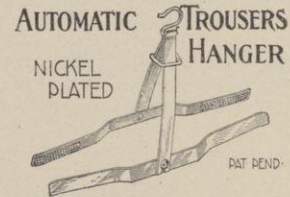
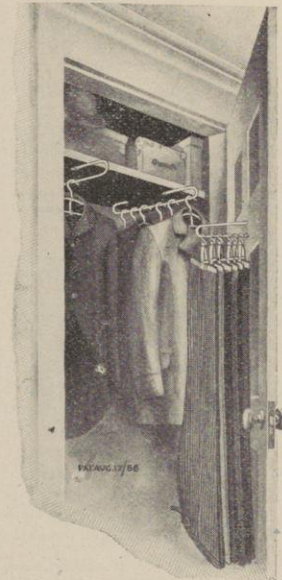
Razzle—"When the upper class-
men turn it into a lake."

Dazzle—"That's nothing. When
is a quart of lake water not a
quart of lake water?"

Razzle—"Its your turn. Go
ahead."

Dazzle—"When its turned into
a freshman."

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Undoubtedly the best real genuine fun show that has visited the Alhambra theater this season and Milwaukee for that matter is Ward & Voke's "The Floorwalkers." These two comedians always were popular, but this season they have not relied upon themselves but have organized a company of forty-two people, a cast that is remarkable for a farce-comedy road company. The Tuxedo Ladies' band of twelve members, is simply an auxiliary. Then there is Lucy Daly, that bright little lady whom everybody favors all the time for she is enthusiasm itself before the footlights. The young ladies comprising the chorus are decidedly handsome, a qualification all too often gallantly applied though not wisely. Prettily encased, the costumes, particularly of the ladies, lovely conceptions of the eternal fitness of adornment, "The Floorwalkers" deserves to play to standing room only at every performance.

"The Floorwalkers" will be at the Alhambra Saturday night and no doubt many Madisonians and students will avail themselves of Manager Miller's very thoughtful invitation. There would seem to be but little doubt that an attraction spoken so well of will suitably round out a day's pleasure on the gridiron.

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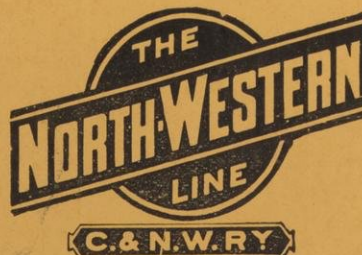
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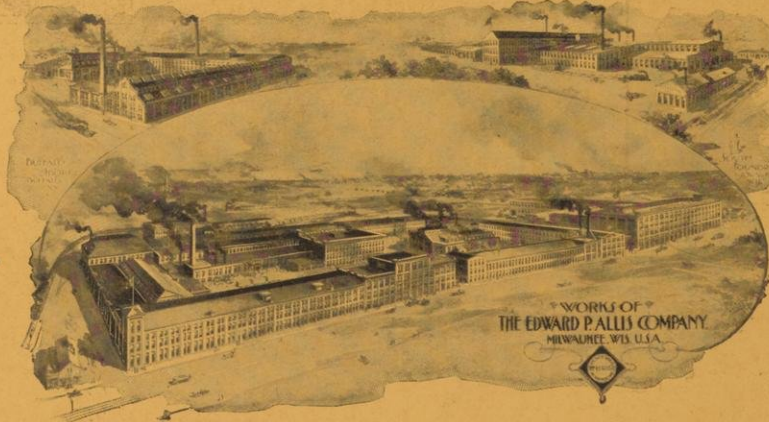
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