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MARCH 2, 1900

THE SPHINX



My Tam O'Shanter Girl.

YOU may have your lovely maidens,
With their pompadour and curl
But I tell you, they are'nt in it
With my Tam O'Shanter girl.

For I often sit behind her,
With a sense akin to dread
Of the depths of deepest knowledge
In that Tam O'Shantered head;

Its endless sums and sentences,
Its "Parlez vous francais"—
It has brought me in subjection—
And I guess I'm here to stay.

And I blame that Tam O'Shanter
Whatever it contains
By way of curls and hairpins
And extraordinary brains.

But when she looks at me and laughs,
I'm done, for I agree
That Tam O'Shantered sunshine
Is the only thing I see.

—E. M. B.

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for the affirmative is sure to be given on

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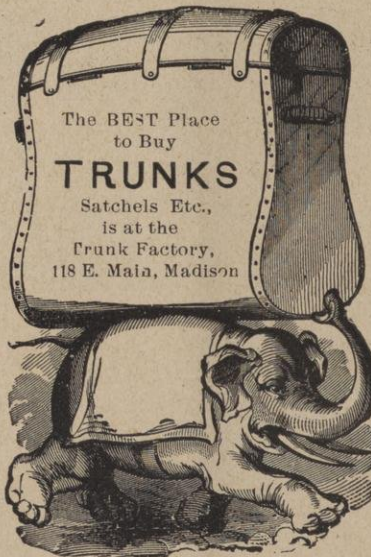
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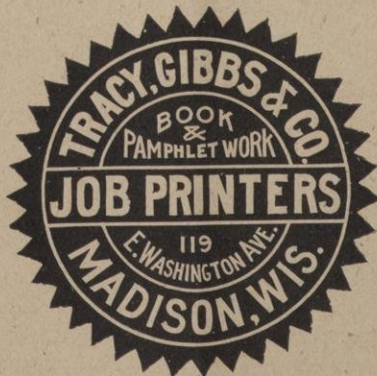
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Phone 172

THE SPHINX.

Vol. I.

MADISON, WIS., MARCH 2, 1900.

No. 10

Same Story.

Went to parties, had much fun,
Exams you see had not begun;
Now, I've a letter with the Dean's own
seal—

O my eyes! How bad they feel.

* * * *

Home I went in awful pain.
Father met me at the train.
Now I'm working in a grocery store,
And my eyes don't hurt me any more.

The Art of Illustration.

The brain might be made of atoms and each atom might be conscious of one thing, but the professor of psychology was having some difficulty in showing why the knowledge of "relations" was impossible under that *regime*.

"I take the sentence," said he, "A pack of cards lies on the table." Now consider each member of the class to be a brain atom. You see Mr. A—knows simply 'a pack'—(Here some expressions of incredulity on the part of the class caused an interruption).

"While Mr. B—knows 'cards,' and that is all he knows—" (the class became enthusiastic in corroboration.) "And Mr. C—knows—" but here the professor caught the steely glitter in that gentleman's eye and shrank from uttering the word that was upon his tongue.

Some People.

No harder workers can exist
Than people that we know,
And yet their eyes are never sore,
In spite of working so.

They go to parties, plays, and hops,
Indulge in frequent larks—
You ask me just what work they do?
They work their Profs for marks.



THE CHORAL ONION.

Junior Prom Thoughts.

With robes of white, with drapings
white,
Bedecked with stars, each star a light—
Above, below, so dazzling bright—
It scarce was meant for mortal sight,
Arrayed the great gymnasium.

Such music ne'er was meant for earth;
Aloft it takes its sacred birth;
It stirs to life each quiv'ring nerve;
No human heart can hold reserve,
Aroused by that grand harmony.

Each dainty gown in matchless taste,
Each sprightly form, each slender waist,
The laughing eye, the smiling face,
Give brighter glow and added grace
Offset by vigorous manliness.

In dreamy, floating rhythm falls
The waltz, and stealthily entralls
The hearts and feet, involving all
In one bright wave throughout the hall,
Enchanted by the orchestra.

Oh, happy sight—resistless charm—
Where youth and joy go arm in arm,
Where wealth with wealth in splendor
vies

To move the heart and charm the eyes
In thoughtless whirling revelry.

* * * *

In a low and gloomy chamber,
As the old clock peals its chime,
Stirs a youth in restless slumber—
Hears the strokes and counts the time.

Wearily, sighs about the morrow,
Wearily, lingers o'er the past,
Deeply longs for ease and pleasure.
Fortune frowns and holds him fast.

Proud ambition bids him struggle;
Means too meager hold him back.
Study comes, but pleasure seldom—
Days too even feel the lack.

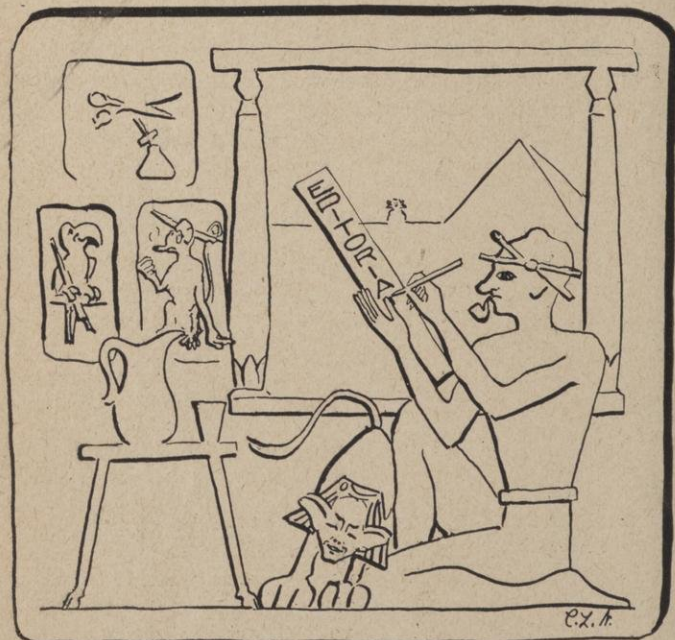
College joys and college revels
Flutter past him like a dream.
Stern and real his daily duties;
Bitter, too, they often seem.

* * * *

There's a sunlight, there's a shadow,
Both a dark and brighter side;
Yet it often seems unequal
By the way our lives divide.

"Hannibal," called his mother,
"why don't you let that poor
stray cat alone?"

"Please, ma," pleaded the fu-
ture warrior, "I can't, because
he's a roamin'."



THE SPHINX.

Published every Second Friday during the College Year by Students of the University of Wisconsin.

Entered at the Postoffice at Madison, Wis., as Second-Class Matter, December 22, 1899.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.50 PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS

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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.

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THE SPHINX was there. She perched upon the rafters, as she had said she would, above the drapings, that her presence might not alarm any timid one, and she enjoyed the spectacle of her first Prom more than she had hoped. And she concluded, also, that everybody else was having a good time. So her mind was at rest. There *is* some reason for the Prom, and so happy an assemblage as it brings together is its own excuse.

* * *

THE ONLY drawback was the shortness of the whole thing. It was a pitiful sight to see the line of pleading youth gathered below the tyrannical leader's throne and gazing up into his stern face as he waved his baton for silence and relentlessly announced that "There ain't no more." It was a mistake. THE SPHINX is not sure just who was at fault. If the omission of part of the program was due to an edict of the faculty social committee, then the members of that committee should be replaced by men who are not so fossilized as to have forgotten the days of their youth, and who will not insist on an arbitrary rule on the one occasion in all the year when co-eds can outstay the witching hour of midnight. If the fault was that of the musicians, future Prom committees should look well

to their contracts, that the mistake of this year be not repeated.

* * *

AS THE SPHINX looked down upon the joyous whirl, the dreamy music stole into her soul, and her thoughts floated out of the great hall and wandered to many an attic room whose window she has often seen alight in her nocturnal strolls. Its occupant was not attired in clawhammer and patent leathers, but in sweater and dilapidated slippers he was toiling over the morrow's tasks.

* * *

NOW, don't begin to yawn! THE SPHINX is not about to preach a sermon. Neither is she going to say that you who indulged in the gay revels of that evening will in after years find yourselves out-classed in the race of life by these men who have learned how to deny themselves and to keep steadfastly at work. That will be true in some cases, but in at least as many others the man who knows how at times to relax his energies will prosper and wax content, while the conscientious "dig" will wear out his powers and sink into an untimely grave.

NO, THAT is not the moral. What passed through THE SPHINX'S mind was this: that many of those men who were engaged in so prosaic occupations would gladly have been among the trippers of the "light fantastic" had they the financial wherewithal. No one could ask you to refrain from any pleasures simply because all your fellows cannot afford them; but is it right to push the extravagant display of a University party to such an extent as to shut out all but a small minority? THE SPHINX doubts this most seriously.

* * *

THE PROM has grown more and more elaborate from year to year. Each year more money is spent on decorations, on music, on refreshments (not always to the improvement of the latter). The necessary result is an increase in the price of tickets, and when that has reached a limit, the introduction of boxes and the screwing up of prices on those. Each year, too, individuals and societies make more elaborate attempts to outdo in splendor their former achievements, and more especially the achievements of one another. More and more time and money are spent on subsidiary social functions. More and more incidentals gradually become a necessary part of the expenses of Prom week.

* * *

The inevitable effects are two-fold:

First, many persons spend more money than they have any business to spend. A member of the Faculty is quoted as saying that some men spent enough during Prom week to pay their legitimate expenses for the college year. This may be an exaggeration, but it fairly represents the tendency, and if not true this year it soon will be true if the present pace continues.

The second result is the more far-reaching and serious. The expense is such as to make it simply impossible for the great majority of students to take any part whatever in the festivities. In other words, a sharp line is drawn between the few who can go and the many who cannot.

* * *

THE drawing of social lines is always a sad affair; and it is made doubly sad when it occurs in a community of men and women of equally high ideals, of practically similar tastes and breeding, of necessarily sensitive natures, who are separated only by the possession or the lack of money—money acquired, in the case of the unfortunate ones, not by themselves, but by the exertions and the foresight of others.

THE SPHINX knows that there is no liking for

such distinctions as these among any considerable class of Wisconsin students; that they wish their status among their fellows to depend upon their own merits, not upon the "dollars of their daddies" (if Col. Bryan will pardon a sacrilegious use of the phrase). This being true, then the present discussion of the Prom question will lead to some action that will bring this event into harmony with the purposes and the conditions of a state university. This means not its abrogation, but the reduction of its expense and the discouragement of elaborate side issues whose only permanent effects are pecuniary embarrassment for those who indulge, and dissatisfaction and envy for those who do not.



Heard Over the 'Phone.

"—well, who are you going with tonight?"

"Oh, wait and see."

"Oh, please tell me now!"

"Oh, you'll see."

"Well, what are you going to wear?"

"Oh, you'll see—"

* * * * *

"Well, if you care more for your old boycott than you do for me, you can just stand by it!"

* * * * *

"—they're all right at the knees, but they would look better, I think, if they were taken in around the bottom."

* * * * *

"—Say, there's a girl on this line that's bound to talk. Now, you hold her while I talk."

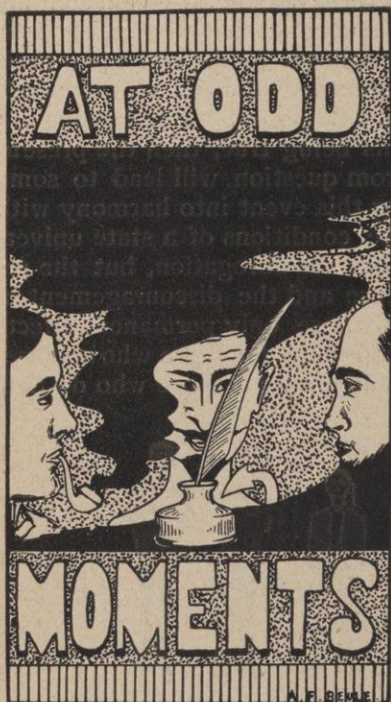
"Wish I could!"

"Well, I wish I could choke her!"

* * * * *

"—then can I have the second, the fifth, ninth, tenth, first part of the fourteenth, sixteenth, nineteenth, twenty-first, and twenty-third?"

"Well, er—r—r—"



A LENTEN air of self-abnegation was upon the Amœba's classic brow as he comfortably tucked his feet in the interstices of the office chair.

"Well, Methuselah," he said to the old man, "has the Y. M. C. A. advance agent hit you up for a subscription yet?"

"Yes," was the weary answer, "I coughed up a fiver."

"Gad! It must have been whooping-cough, sure!"

"Would that it were only Lent," chuckled the Devil with hoarse glee, for his best girl had been at Kehl's the night before with the other fellow.

As this last dawned upon him the briny tears trickled reluctantly from the Amœba's nose and splashed upon the freshness of his manuscript, creating strange havoc with "Spring's Soporific Symphony," therein inscribed.

"That remark of mine seems to have ir-ir-irrigated our friend," ventured the Devil, hastening to add that "a course of sprouts

was always good for spring poets."

The old man innocently inquired if glee clubs were necessarily any relation to ball clubs, founding his inquiry upon the fact that both depend upon their basis for support.

It was too much and the Amœba uncoiled his convulsive embrace of the chair-legs. His remarks—in an expurgated form at that—are reserved for a special edition.

A Finished Production.

WITH mien so haughty, stately,
trim,

She came forth from the Hall;
Old Boreas looked on with a smile.
"This will not do at all,"
Said he. "I greatly wish
To see her hat awry,
Her feathers twisted round and round,
Her head not quite so high;
Just there a curl and here some red,
And there a flake or two;
Her fingers chilled, a tiny frown—
Yes, there now, that will do!
For I am quite an artist,
And 'twould never do, you see,
To have so sweet a winter girl
Not quite in harmony."

—E. M. B.

FRESHMAN—I've heard some pretty spicy stories about the biology lab. lately.

SENIOR—I'm not at all surprised at that—you know they keep cat-sup there.

Misnomers.

You remember that good old country lady who came to town and, seeing the sign, "Johnson's shirt store" exclaimed in surprise, "Why on earth don't his wife mend it, then?" The days of such strange incidents are not gone yet. Only the other day there came to our notice a circumstance almost as amusing. A noble youth still having a touch of the verdant hue which often characterizes meager years

came among us. He was somewhat sorrowful because he had left his umbrella on the train and could not get it back. One day soon after his arrival he chanced to pass down the street and saw the sign "Umbrellas recovered while you wait." Joy filled his youthful heart. He entered the shop and explained his case. The shopkeeper told him he might wait, and I fear he's waiting yet.

"I hope the Humane Society don't get onto this," Luther muttered anxiously as he burned the Papal bull.

Just Like a Man.

She strapped her golf sticks on her shoulder,

Just like a man.

At each hole made her stroke was bolder,

Just like a man.

She sent the caddy on before her,

Just like a man.

And when she sent a wretched grounder,

Just like a man—

All grew blue around her,

Just like a man.

Enlightenment Wanted.

Will somebody inform a poor heathen:

Why man no longer sings that he wants to be an angel?

Why men no longer regard it as important whether a whale swallowed Jonah, and subsequently regretted the act?

Why men now scout the idea that a she-bear was inspired to eat little children who laughed at the bald-headed prophet?

Have we indeed grown better since Jonathan Edwards (wrote and) discovered "why the Saints in glory should rejoice at the sufferings of the damned," or since the pious Wigglesworth assigned children to "the easiest room in hell" because they would have been bad anyway had they lived?

Yours truly,

"Dampfino."

THE SPHINX.



During the Cold Snap.

HE—My face hurts.

SHE—I thought so.

THE SHINX.



ONE OF THE DISTINCT AND NOVEL FEATURES OF THE PROM WAS THE SUSPENSION OF THE ORCHESTRA FROM THE GIRDERS OVERHEAD.

Daily Cardinal, Feb. 17.

From "The Madison Student."

A TRAGEDY BY WHISTLING RUFUS.

ACT I, SCENE I.

A cold morning. LANDLADY comes up to third floor along in the forenoon. Finds STUDENT still in bed and raving.

Stud. To burn in fire—'twere good. No more emits
The register its wanted summer zephyrs
To make life sweet.

Methinks that in
Th' eternal cold and darkness of last night
My arms around my neck I wound to keep
Life's current thawed. And when I one unwound,
Or rather struggled to unwind—
(My ear was cold, and I would fain my hand
Upon it lay)—it cracked and broke from cold,
As does the candy of molasses, set
In January's snow to cool.

In breathing
Through my mouth my tongue I froze, which turned
To flint. Chills shook my frame, my teeth from cold
Did chatter, and striking the flint-like substance
Of the tongue, a shower of sparks, excelling
E'en fireworks of the Fourth, leaped from my mouth,
And in the quilt a fire they kindled.
To get its warmth,
In my despair I threw myself upon it,
And put it out, and wept.

'Twas cold!
'Twas very cold! And where the moonbeams struck
The photo of a girl, a friend of mine,
In fascinating low-cut ball gown clad—
I happened there to look—she shivered, moved,
And reaching forth a dimpled, snow-white arm,
Tore from the calendar, which 'side her hung,
The month of February, and wrapping it
Around her shoulders bare, she looked at me
And smiled.

The portrait of my father,
Which also in the spot of light was tacked,
Looked toward me, weeping for my misery.
Stalactites huge, of ice, from nose and ears
And whiskers hung, the tears had formed,
And, dripping still from off the points of these,
The salty drops of bitterness and pity
Splashed on the floor. And soon stalagmites,
Also huge and icy, rose and kissed
Their counterparts above. And still my father
Wept,
Until they pillars formed like those which grace
Main Hall in front.

And then he quit.
The clock its hands moved fast, to keep them warm—
Then quick it stopped! Oil in its bearings
Had congealed and kept from work the wheels.
Its face was as the azure of the blue book.
Cows pictured standing in a creek 'mong cat-
Tails green
(Which also I had hung upon the wall)

Bellowed in their misery. Their limbs
Were chained in ice.
The waters of the creek were turned to ice,
As hard and smooth as Hoven's sidewalk of
Cement
In winter time. The pest'ring flies released
Their greedy hold and fell upon the ice,
Although the tails of all the cows hung stiff
And motionless, for flies and tails alike
Were frozen.
And still the cold grew thicker. My limbs were stiff.
I could not move except when chills were over
Boist'rous; and then I shook as shake the Kansas
Hay barns in the cyclone season.

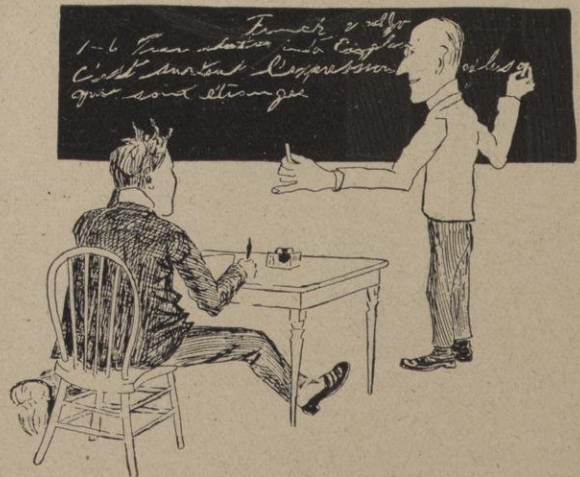
I winked.
The lids each other clasped and froze together,
And in the frigid shadow of the death
Which laymen think to come to only him
Who seeks the pole, or him, who, having shipped
His Prom girl to her home, is caught without
An ulster and felt boots in th' icy glare
Of her who is her sub and does first-rate
For times of less festivity, I lay
And feared.

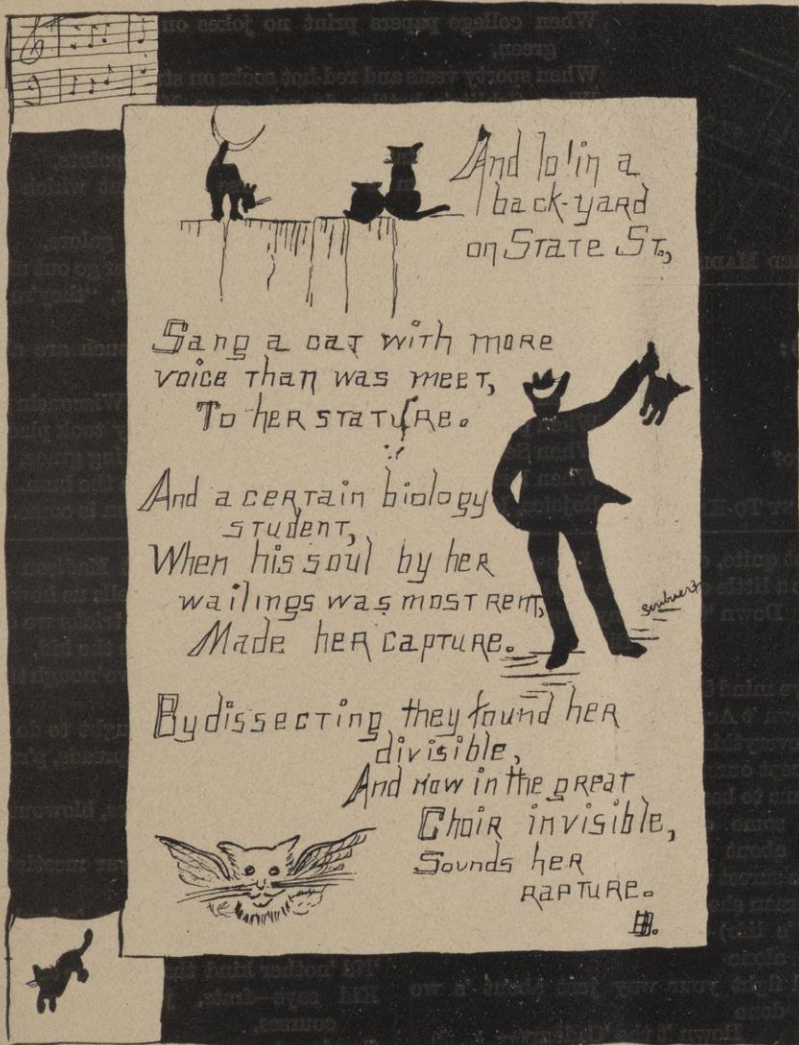
Oh! for the power to move, to feel
The fire of life, to be e'en half as active
As the Northwestern baggageman, on days
When we come back to town, or as th' expressman,
Moving rocking-chairs to a Kappa Sig
Reception!

No more to live—to laugh no more—
Nor read *The Cardinal!* 'Tis sad.
I weep and

Die!

LANDLADY, horror-stricken, hastens to basement; sets fire to a Sunday newspaper in the furnace. STUDENT revives just in time to make a ten o'clock, volunteer, and flunk.





NO agony this from a tortured soul,
No pæan of glee at a foe undone,
No terrible sigh for a distant goal,
No sickening shrink from a task begun,
No cry of despair up to God above,
No blood-shot, hating, murderous curse,
No throbbing whisper of timid love,
But simply a bit of college verse.

A New Version of an Old Fable.

Once upon a time there lived a woman who possessed a wonderful treasure. This treasure was a hen that laid golden eggs. All went well for a time and the

woman grew very rich. But still her neighbors thought she was not happy. The cause of her unhappiness was her curiosity—she had a little more than is commonly reputed to woman—she wondered *why* the hen laid the golden eggs. So, without stopping to think of the consequences, she killed the hen. But alas! as the old fable has it, “nihil in ea reperit, nisi quod in aliis galinīs reperire solet.”

Her hen was dead, and all she had left was one golden egg.

So she was sitting at her door

weeping, with the egg in her lap, when a philosopher chanced to pass by.

“My good woman,” said he, “why this untimely sorrow? For thou art young and fair to look upon.”

He stopped and laid a kindly hand on her shoulder, but she continued to weep.

“Tell me thy trouble. Perhaps I can help you,” he said.

Finally the woman dried her tears, and holding up her golden egg told the old man her story.

“Ah!” said he when she had finished, “The solution is easy. Weep no more. But ’tis well thou hast one egg left. Hast thou never heard of an incubator?”

Horace—Ode XXVI—Book III.

It is not many moons in the past when I was a great lady’s man;
And ’twas not a few hearts that I broke with the help of the little god, Dan.
But now my arms are laid down, my warfare is lacking its zest,
I’ll give to the sweet, sea-born queen a verily well-earned rest.

Yes, here I will offer to her the last one of the “Pal’s” costly checks—
Of the light of those bittersweet nights’ suggestively saddening wrecks;
And there burn the bills and the letters—the florist’s the first—mine the last,
The only available weapons in that giddy—but happy—young past.

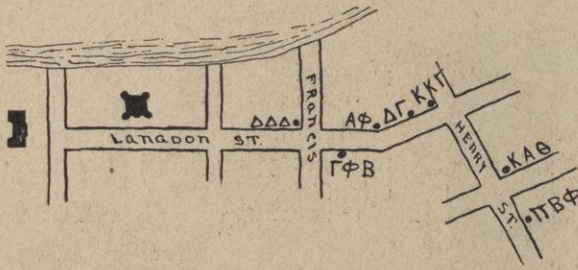
O goddess, who holds forth at Cyprus, far away from Sithonian snows,
And wherever else you run riot, only Quintus Horatius knows,
There’s only one maid who has “cut” me, one irresistible “fem,”
With remorse (I’ll say it with Horace), “lange Chloen semel arrogantem.”

—J. G. M.

THE HALL girls say that Miss Pierce is getting Gay.

WICKED SOPH—I’ll defy the Devil to translate this German if the notes were removed.

INNOCENT NORMALITE—Well, I don’t think I could do it.



HOW A MILWAUKEE FRESHMAN DISCOVERED MADISON.

REPLY.

When college papers print no jokes on freshmen looking green,
 When sporty vests and red-hot socks on students are not seen,
 When Schlitz's bottles do not grace Milwaukee students' "joints,"
 When Latin annotations really give a person points,
 When every Prom is rather worse than that which went before,
 When legislators stock the Hill with colleges galore,
 When students long for eight-o'clock and never go out nights,
 When girls don't say when "someone" calls, "they're sure they're perfect frights,"
 When standings, bucking, honor work and such are all the rage,
 When every week the "pink gazette" prints a Wisconsin page,
 When press reporters only state what actually took place,
 When Senior laws before a meal insist on saying grace,
 When Badger football players put Chicago on the bum,
 Rejoice, long-suffering people—the millennium is come.

When?

DEAR Mr. Sphinx (or Mrs. Sphinx):
 I've written this to you
 To ask when the millennium,
 That thousand years, is due.
 When will our pains and troubles go?
 Please tell me quick.

I. WANT TO-KNOW.

DR. CAIRNS—Would you say,
 "I own I have not a good lesson?"

MISS B-V-R—No, sir; I would not.

PROF. PARKINSON—Congress has the power to coin what?

TAYLOR—Paper money.

JEEMS—I heard yesterday the opposite of a Klondike stare.

SOLES—What is it?

JEEMS—A Ladysmith smile.

Eh, Bill?

I swan, you've got me this time sure.
 Now, lemme think. I'll bet you you're—
 Hold on! I'll get you in a minute—
 W'y, you're—By gum! I'd stake my limit

You're just Bill Williams! W'y, old fellow,

Le's have your paw again! I tell you,
 'T's like old times, this is—eh, Bill?
 When you 'nd me were off t' school,

Down 't Academy—
 Eh, Bill?

'Nd we ain't got ourselves together,
 To talk things over 'nd find out whether
 We're both of us a livin' even.

By Jerks! 'Twas back in sixty-seven
 When we last ran across each other.

How are ye, Bill? D'ye stand the weather
 As steady as you used to do?

Not quite, eh? Well, I s'pose us two
 'Re a little older 'n we used to be
 Down 't Academy, you 'n' me—
 Eh, Bill?

D'ye mind the larks we had, us two,
 Down 't Academy when we were new
 T' everything 'nd everybody,
 'Xcept ourselves; 'nd how we'd study
 Plans to beat the fellows out
 Of some o' their schemes? I guess
 about

The surest way to be real chums—
 (A man should have a real chum once
 In 's life)—is t' chum it t'gether all
 alone
 'Nd fight your way just about 's we
 done

Down 't the 'Cademy—
 Eh, Bill?

'Nd y' know the time the fellows were
 goin'

T' give me a good sound drubbin' for
 throwin'

A little sass back at 'em natural
 When they were getting aggravatin'
 'Nd didn't give the proper ratin'
 T' who they were stirrin' up. In fact,
 all

You did was to stand right up,
 'Nd face 'em square; but 'twas enough,
 'Nd after that they let right up.

There's something 'bout you somehow 'r
 other

T says: "You can come so far—no
 further."

'N' they never tried no more such stuff
 On us—eh, Bill?

My boy John Henry's 't Madison now,
 'Nd he writes back 'nd tells us how
 They play the same old tricks we did
 'Nd plenty more, so says the kid,
 'Nd I s'pose it's so. They've 'nough things
 new

'At we would never thought to do
 Like gym, sharks, hops, spreads, p'rades
 'nd cons,

Sophs, decs, drill, freshies, blowouts 'nd
 proms,

'Nd Prexy's Friday prayer meetin', 'nd
 Kehl's,

'Nd Tommy's, semi-publics, 'nd whales,
 Hall-girls, class-scraps, junior-exes—

'Nd 'nother kind that's scarce as blazes
 Kid says—frats, joint-debates, snap-
 courses,

Co-eds, tournaments, hazin', track-
 teams—

Which must be just pulp rockin' horses,
 'Cause kid made one at 'n indoor-
 meetin',

'Nd they use paper ponies—'nd crews,
 Stabs, grinds, 'nd pigskins, though what
 the deuce

They do with 'em, 'nd the thousand oth-
 ers

He tells about, Lord knows. 'Nd moth-
 er's

All worked up about it. Why, say! *
 You know her—Kitty—Kitty Gray?

Why, she 'n' your Nell, 'nd you 'nd I,
 We're—well, these thoughts, they make
 us sigh

For those old days—eh, Bill?

'Nd Bill, I know you've not forgot
 The Sundays you and I went out

THE SPHINX.



HE LEAVES US.

THE SPHINX.

EXCHANGES.

For long, long walks when summer 'd
 come,
 Along with those two other chums,
 Those walks 'nd talks we had—they
 still
 Are in our hearts as fresh—eh, Bill?
 'Nd dear as they were then. I keep on—
 W'y Bill, old boy! You gone off sleepin'
 I s'pose I do go on a talkin'
 Aimless like; but this recallin'—
 What's that you say, Bill? Nell is gone?
 Your Nell! Dead! And you alone
 Through all these years so full of joy
 for me.
 There Bill, come, we'll be chums the
 way we used to be,
 And the multitude of joys I've got 'll
 go around, maybe—
 Eh, Bill?

—“Have you ever noticed the fact
 that girls are bad grammarians?”
 “No; I haven't.”
 “Yes. There are only a very few that
 can decline candy.”—*Wrinkle.*

—Get a pair of the finest button tan
 shoes for men at the new U. W. shoe
 store, University avenue. They are the
 finest and latest.

—“May I have you for refreshments?”
 asked the embarrassed Freshman.
 “No,” answered the practical bud;
 “I am afraid my sweetness would ruin
 your digestion.”

—*Lampoon.*

—“Jack seems to be in love with that
 skirt dancer. Why don't he marry the
 girl!”

“He wants to, but she kicks.” —
Princeton Tiger.

—Students who want base ball shoes,
 gym shoes, tennis shoes, golf shoes, or
 any other kind of shoe, will find a fine
 opportunity to get the same at the new
 U. W. shoe store, Cardinal block, Uni-
 versity avenue.

—Pat—Say, Moike, phat's dhe diffy-
 runce bechune a man on dhe top av a
 hill an' one at dhe bottom av it?

Mike—Will, phat?

Pat—Arrah, dhere's dhe hill av a diffy-
 runce.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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SPHINX, CITY.

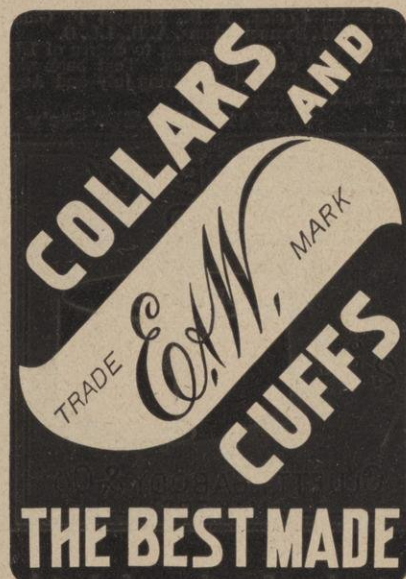
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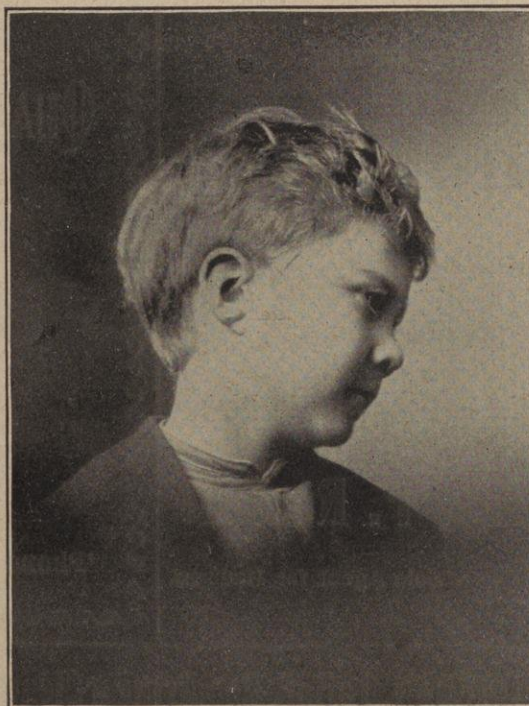
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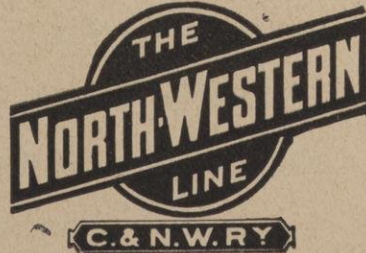
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