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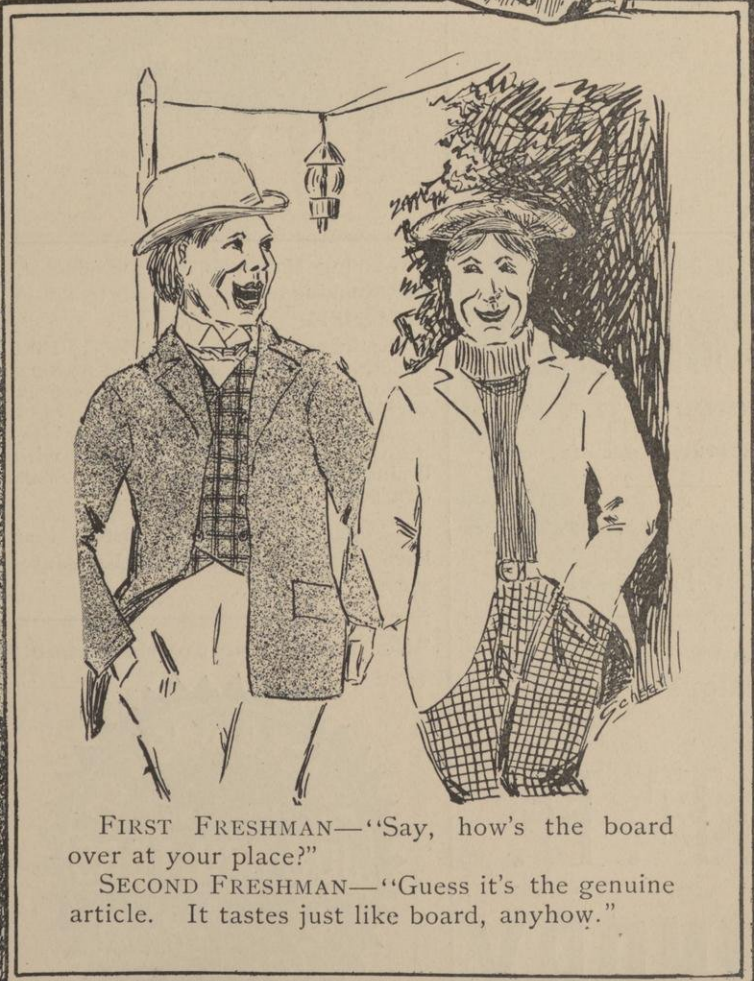
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The Sphinx

Volume I.

Number 2.

MADISON, WIS., OCTOBER 13, 1899.



FIRST FRESHMAN—"Say, how's the board over at your place?"

SECOND FRESHMAN—"Guess it's the genuine article. It tastes just like board, anyhow."



A Unanimous Decision

for the affirmative is sure to be given on

THE QUESTION

Resolved, That the best place to get your clothing made is at

VINCENT ZACH'S

404 State St. The Students' Tailor

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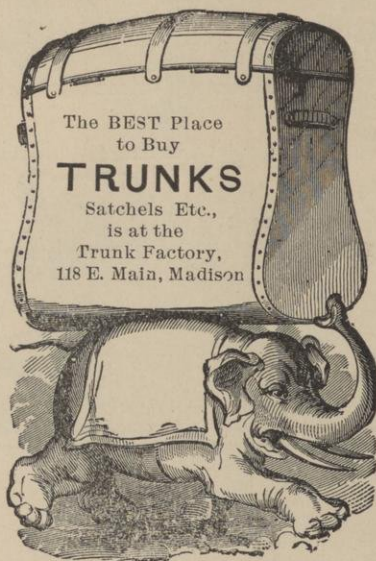
Badger Block--10 South Carroll St.

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7 and 9 E. MAIN STREET

PHONE 65



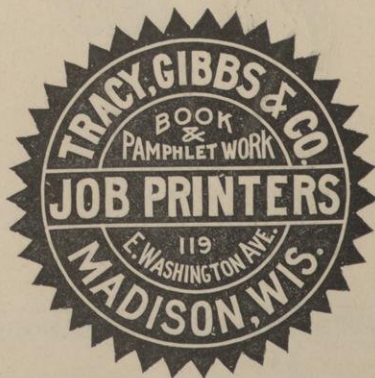
—Young Man—“Is it true, doctor, that smoking cigarettes tends to soften the brain?”

Physician—“There is a belief to that effect, but with all our boasted modern scientific appliances it can never be verified.”

Young Man—“Why not, doctor?”
Physician—“Because nobody with brains ever smokes them.”—*Ohio State Journal.*

—Football to-morrow. Before that have your suit pressed at the Pantorium, 'Phone 570.

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—California fruit house will have a car of apples this week. Buy them cheap by the barrel. Special rates to clubs.
 —There is a freshman in this town Who is so very green, That when he walks upon the grass He really can't be seen.
 —The new U. W. shoe store at 708 University Ave., makes a specialty of fine repairing. Most convenient and quickest.

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120 EAST MAIN ST.

—At the close of a forenoon session of a ministerial conference, in announcing the opening subject for the afternoon, the presiding officer said:

“Elder H. will present a paper on ‘The Devil.’” Then he added earnestly: “Please be prompt in attendance, for Brother H. has a carefully prepared paper and is full of his subject.”

And the *Homiletic Review* says that it was some minutes before the presiding officer understood the laughter which followed his remark.

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THE SPHINX.

Vol. I.

MADISON, WIS., OCTOBER 13, 1899.

No. 2



FOOTBALL IN PUMPKINVILLE.

QUARTER-BACK (to Captain)—Say, I can't play with him fer center.

CAPTAIN—Why not?

Q. B.—'Cuz his whiskers gits in my eyes, an' I can't see the ball.

Quick Recovery.

Marie—"You will find that a little of that ice-cream will go a long way with you, Ann."

Landlady (suddenly appearing)—"What's the matter! Isn't the ice-cream good?"

Marie (quickly recovering)—"Oh, yes, ma'am. But Ann's a tall girl, you know."

Vindicated.

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre"
Men thought 'e told a bloomin' lie;
But Schliemann found the buried pyre
From which Troy's towers smote the sky.

'Tis said that he who bets is a gambler;
then he who does not is no better.

"Idyll Thoughts of an Idyll Fellow"
—the poems of Theocritus.

Technical.

Sporty Soph. (as Prof. Snow waves aloft the colored cards in physics lecture)—Four on the green, there!

Miss X.—"Aha, girls! He gave me a program, and he didn't give either of you girls any."

Miss Y.—"Yes, sweetheart. He had only one, and he took you to be the chaperone, you know."



THE SPHINX.

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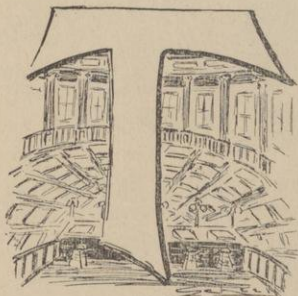
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Future appointments to the staff will be made on a basis of contributions received. Contributions may be left at the College Book Store or handed to any of the editors.

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.*



THE SPHINX has lately been reminded of a saying of the great philosopher of the XVII. Dynasty, Sokyer-Hed, who used often to roost and meditate upon the shady side of the Great Pyramid. After hours of pondering, this wise man would break the silence by saying:

"Of a verity, an arc light illuminateth, and an X-ray penetrateth into hidden mysteries; but past all finding out are the mental aberrations of a state legislature."

Our late unlamented law-makers, not satisfied with appropriations of empty air, showed further their abiding interest in the higher education by providing that hereafter no college graduate shall be qualified to instruct the youth of this glorious commonwealth who shall not have taken what would amount to at least ten-fifths of psychology and pedagogy. It would be interesting to peruse the debates, if any there were, upon the passage of this measure, in order to learn why, in the name of the Annotated Statutes, one cannot make clear to an eager young mind the intricacies of a quadratic equation without having at the same time an intimate knowledge of the James-Lange theory of

emotions; or why it is necessary, in order to explain the circulation of the earth-worm, that one should know the exact squealing pitch of a seventeen weeks old child which has gone unfed for two hours and twenty-six minutes. But such secrets are doubtless buried in the cranial cavities of those who made this law. It may be that our revered legislators had in view the possibility that after a prolonged study of abnormal psych. and the various manifestations of degeneracy, some philosopher might arise who could find reason and sense even in the Wisconsin Statutes; but such hopefulness can hardly be justified by any practical considerations, and certainly the task is far beyond the ability of any student the University of Wisconsin has thus far known.

BEFORE this issue has greeted the eyes of an expectant public, the period of hysteria and delirium commonly known as the "rushing season" will have become a thing of the past. The keepers of livery stables will be greedily counting their exorbitant gains, and devising means of collecting unpaid bills. The pale and frightened freshmen will have been liberated from the frat house cellars and triumphantly decorated with the mystic emblems of their "choice." Upper classmen, having taken a few hours for the making up of lost sleep, will have turned their attention from the relentless rushing

of freshmen to the more congenial and no less exciting occupation of rushing freshmen. It would, therefore, be untimely to urge the reform of this generally lamented evil of rushing. In fact, the situation is much like that of the man with a leaky roof, who couldn't mend it when it rained, and didn't need to mend it when it didn't. We might urge the absurdity of asking an inexperienced boy or girl, fresh from home-life where everything has been decided by others, to choose, on a week's acquaintance, from among several crowds of suave and kindly friends, those whose association is to constitute life-long friendships. We might insist that such friendships are a matter of growth and instinctive congeniality, and should not be determined by frenzied rushing and downright deception; that the result of the present system must in many cases be unfortunate both for the individual and for the society. But such preaching would be useless, and we shall refrain. Even that most active and supposedly useful organization, the Self Government Association, has found itself helpless in face of this problem. And what the assembled wisdom of the co-eds cannot accomplish, shall THE SPHINX be foolhardy enough to attempt? Nay; rather let us trust to the native common sense that is latent—very latent—in the student mind, which is sure to express itself in action when at last the evil shall grow too great for endurance.

TRULY, the Freshman flourisheth like the green bay-tree in the spring time. Were it not mixing similes too much, we might also remark that "his days are as the grass, etc." Not only has he committed the unpardonable crime of being a Freshman, but he has gone further. Acting upon the principle that cleanliness is next to godliness, and realizing that the latter is an unknown quantity in the case under consideration, he has deliberately and with malice prepense (we are not quite sure about the patness of this term) attended to the ablations of his immediate superiors. This is all very well and shows a commendable public spirit, but would it not be well to go more slowly and carefully? Remember, that these individuals whose best interests you seem so desirous of subserving, have been in our midst for some little space of time and have rooted their tendrils firmly in our loving hearts. Naturally, then, any inconvenience which they undergo strikes home to the whole University. Treat them kindly, then, oh verdant Freshman!

BANDS—Say, Gorman, did you ever know why two physicians are hard to believe?

GORMAN—No. Why?

BANDS—Because they're a pair o' docs.

Some Archetypal Characteristics.

A dry old bird is that old stone sphinx
For all her solemn stony blinks
And sacerdotal side-hair kinks.
She's seen the world, but what she
thinks

She won't betray.

Before the days of printers' inks
She watched Rameses' high old jinks,
And now, on campus, gridiron, links,
She never smiles, but sometimes winks.
And well she may.

She ne'er looks backward—never
shrinks,

And all that in my pocket clinks
Is there to prove that one man thinks
That where you find that old stone
sphinx,

She's there to stay.

A Frost.

A. T. ACKELLE—Did you enjoy the game Saturday?

R. DU MUVE—No, it was too cold. Why, even Lake Forest got snowed under.

LAW PROF. (attempting to be happy in his expression while probing the legal knowledge of his new class)—Mr. B., under what heading in the Statute Index would you look to find the law relating to jumping a board bill?

MR. B.—Under athletics, I suppose.



A FOOTBALL TERM—"Rushing the 'quarter' back."

HA(R)D FOR OLD WISCONSIN.

(Entered in SPHINX Competition.)

Tune: "Cheer for Old Wisconsin."

From old Atlantic's waters
To sunny Golden Gate,
Wisconsin sends her players—
Her hardy men of weight.
We are the moleskin Badgers,
Without the bushy tail,
We've got it on our conscience
To rub it into Yale.

CHORUS.

Then ha(r)d for old Wisconsin,
And don't forget the red;
Then ha(r)d for old Wisconsin,
And we'll come out ahead.

The goat is king of buckers,
His head is like a rock.
Wisconsin's line is harder—
Be careful of the shock.
The baa-lamb has his bumpers,
And gives an awful fall.
But we're a trifle better;
Wisconsin beats them all.

CHO.

The world may have its runners
Who fly around the ends.
There's many a worthy line-up
That o'er a football bends.
There's many a hardy moleskin
Who's chafing for the fray;
But ne'er a single kicker
Like doughy Pat O'Dea.

CHO.

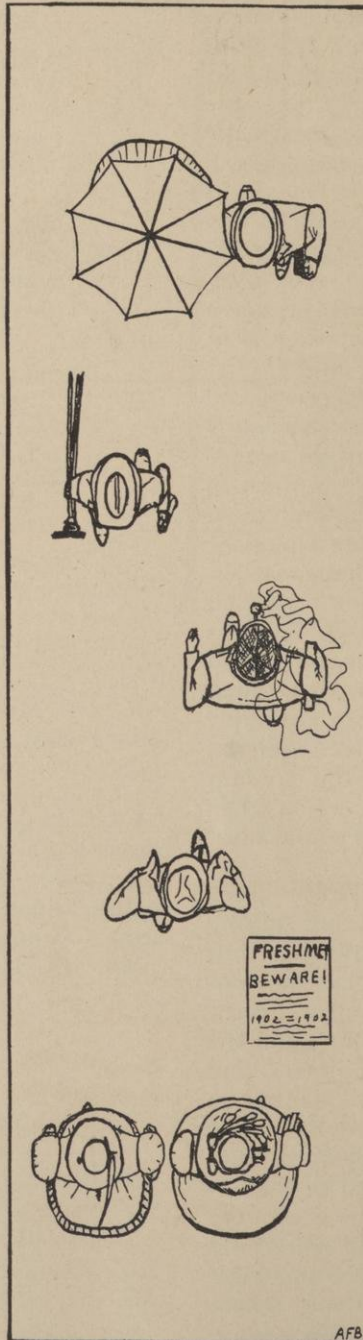
Ye maidens, wave your banners,
Your banners bright and red,
And pray for our eleven
Before you go to bed.
Reserve your smiles and blushes,
To greet these hardy boys,
Who play from sea to ocean
Mid'st lusty shouts and noise.

CHO.

—H. O. S.

FIRST HILL SQUIRREL—"How very solemn Dr. J. F. A. looks this morning."
SECOND H. S.—"Yes. Regular funeral Pyre."

FROM the throbbing brain of a junior law:
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these—I've flunked again."



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF HILL WALK AT
10:55 A. M.

JOHNNY (who has just come from the campus)—"Say, ma, I know what God's first name is."

MOTHER—"Pshaw, John, what do you think it is?"

JOHNNY—"By."

A Hopeful View.

Mr. Wilkyns went into the parlor rather unexpectedly last Sunday night, and, much to his surprise, discovered his daughter seated on young Mr. Elder's knee.

"Well, Laura," he remarked, "your race for a husband seems to be about ended."

"How is that?" asked his blushing daughter.

"Because," rejoined Mr. Wilkyns, "you seem to be on the last lap."

A REVERIE.

7:49 A. M.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;

You may go fast, if you wish to, to-night.

When I am bucking you need not be staid,

But now I've an eight o'clock which must be made.

Slower, make slower, O Time, your wild gait!

Thunder! it's only six minutes to eight. I can't eat breakfast in a minute or two, So—Well, guess I'll cut the blamed class—wouldn't you?

WHEN the proprietress of a boarding-house has retired from business, can she be said to be living on a hash-pile?

Misdirected Enthusiasm.

Some juniors bold the dummy took—for freshmen sought to pass—

They dragged it to the Gym's high top, and there, with many a laugh,

They painted on its hay-stuffed chest, in letters green as grass,

The legend—"This is 1902," and hauled it up the staff;

Then nailed it firm and tied it fast, the sophomores to scorn.

It waved aloft 'twixt earth and sky, beneath high Heaven's frown,

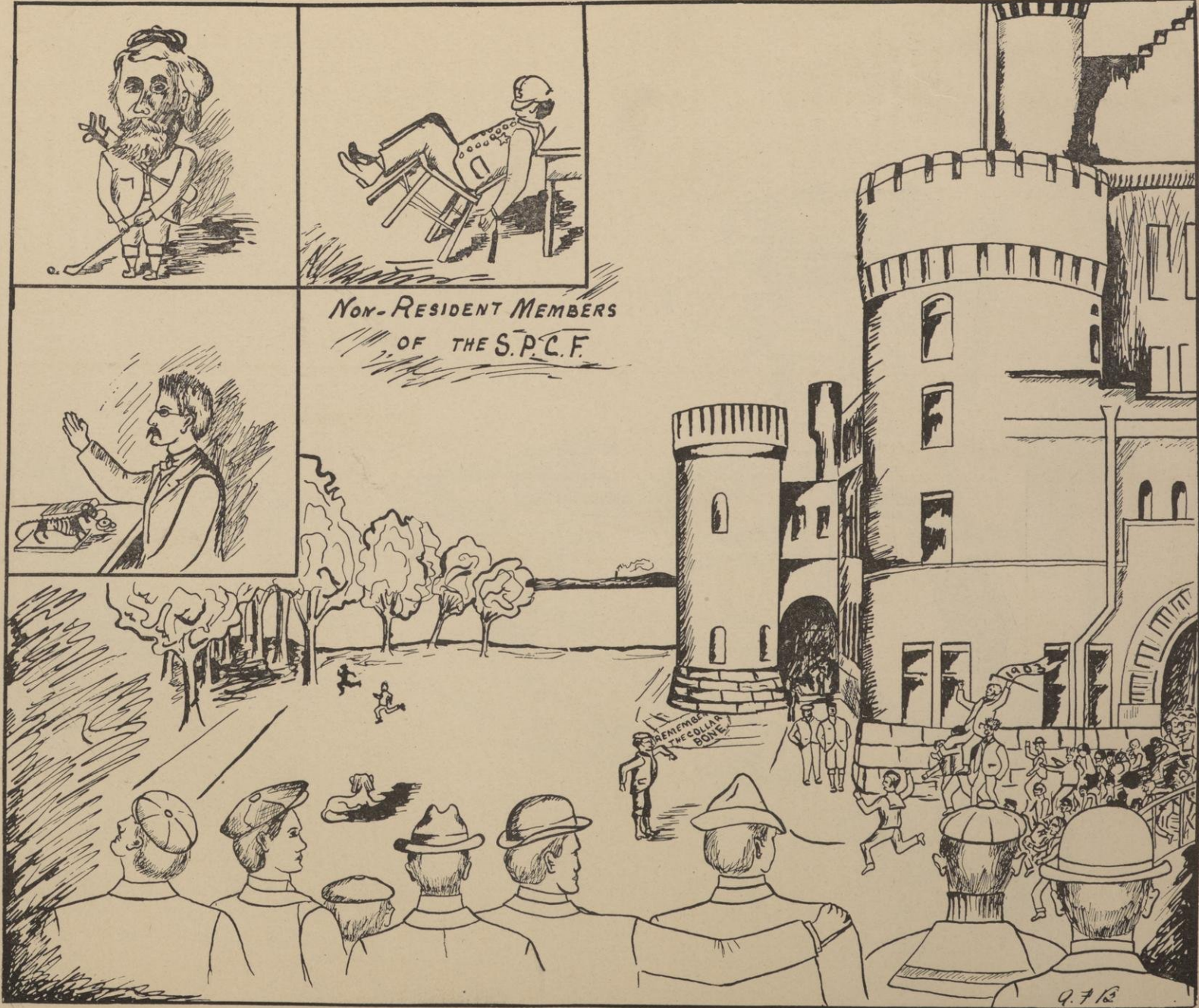
It dangled there from 10 p. m. until the dewy morn—and

At 7:17 A. M. John Hickey pulled it down.

Well Provided.

Spectator—That Beloit center don't seem to lose his feet at all.

Student—How can he? He's got too much ballast on them.



END OF A SUCCESSFUL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO FRESHMEN.

THE SHINX.



ON TO YALE, OCTOBER 21—"Eastward the Stars of Football Take Their Way."

AN EBULLITION OF GENIUS.

We take great pleasure in giving our readers a few verses from a football song written by Mr. Arthur J. Emerton, of Marshfield, a member of the class of 1903. The song as a whole is somewhat long, so we print only a few selections, feeling that the majority of our fellow-rooters could hardly spare time to memorize more.

The song is written to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," a tune "which," as Mr. Emerton himself suggests, "though it may not at first commend itself as a battle-song, will, nevertheless, by reason of its very slowness and solemnity, strike terror into the hearts of our opponents and win glorious victory for the Cardinal of old Wisconsin." (We quite agree with Mr. Emerton.)

The song is as follows:

"Now let each maiden wave her flag,
Let each man doff his lid,
While we proclaim unto the world,
What our football team has did.

"They went down unto Chicago,
These sons of Wisconsin,
And twisted Staggie's line, you know,
As if 'twas made of tin.

"Old Pat O'Dea kicked sev'ral goals,
I could not count them all,
Then deep dismay seized all their souls,
As we showed them how to play ball."

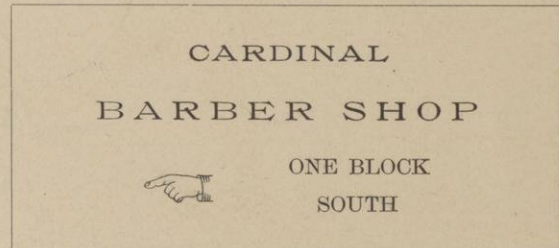
This is enough to show the merit of the composition. If any one wants more, he can get it by calling at our office, and if you doubt the effectiveness of this song, try it on your friends. We have tried it, and we know.



"A MASTERPIECE."

PROSPERITY.

THE SPHINX is happy to note that her arrival has already stimulated the flagging energies of the motley aggregation of periodicals published at this great center of learning. One of the most pleasing evidences of enterprise on the part of her esteemed contemporaries, and one which shows that the "college daily" at least is no longer confined within the narrow bounds of journalistic endeavor, is this sign, the like of which has lately been prominently displayed:



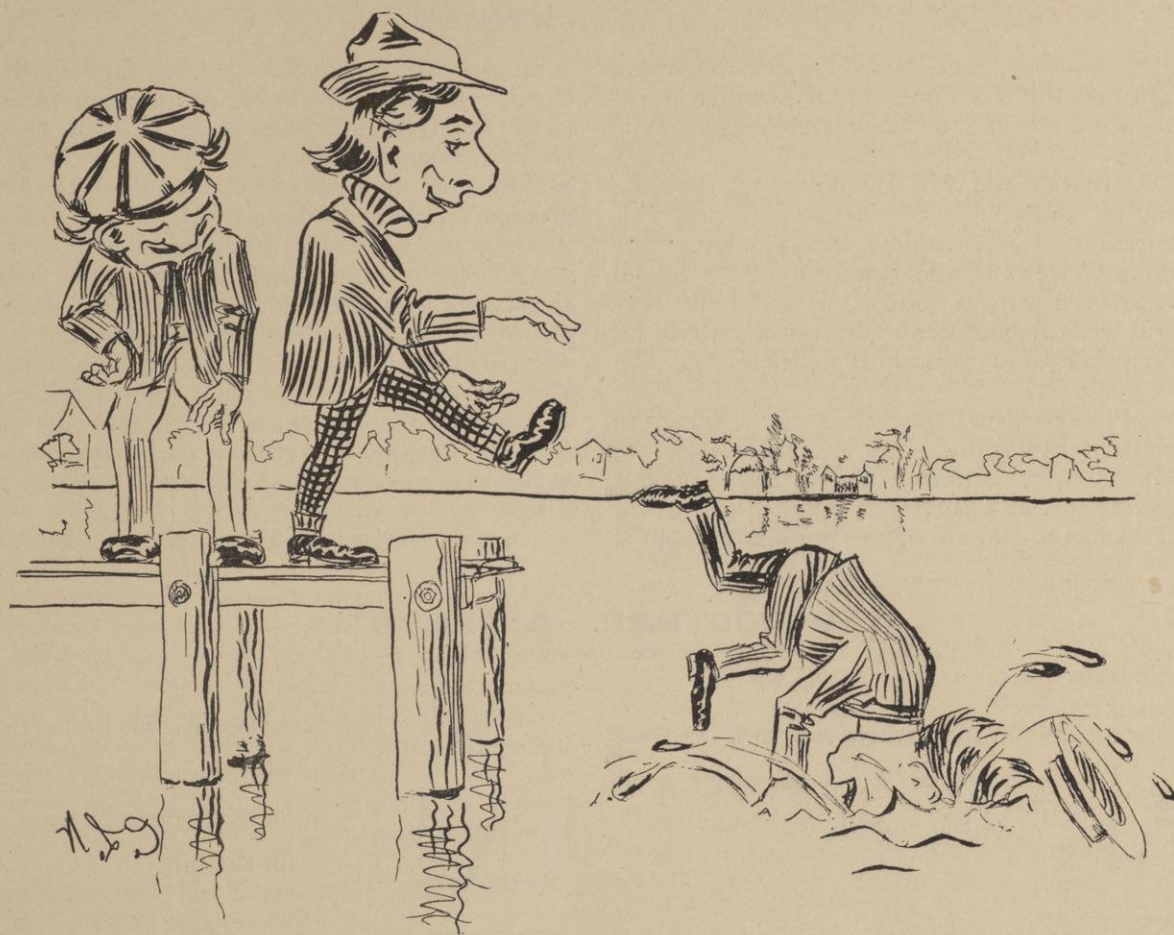
"Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme
Pauvre."

Some maidens are too eager
To take the marriage vows;
Their courtships are too meagre,
And hasten marriage rows—
My girl has sense and beauty,
She loves me, too, and so
She says to wait's her duty
Till I can dig the dough.

A dozen men have offered
Themselves and lots of "mon;"
She tells each golden-coffered
Esquire, he's not the one.
But I'm the happy mortal,
To whom she gave to win
The key of her heart's portal—
So I must get the tin.

I'll not be long about it
With such a prize in view.
She doesn't seem to doubt it,
But wants to help me, too.
We know we cannot live well
On love alone, though nice;
But I've naught else to give Nell,
Till I have raised the price.

How shall she be rewarded
For loving only me?
The lovingest recorded
Kind husband I shall be.
May fortune shower favor
In modest little chunks
Upon us both, nor waver
When I've procured the plunks.



ILLUSTRATED SONGS. I.

"JUST AS THE SON WENT DOWN."

Theatrical Note.

Every one should attend the free daily vaudeville (continuous performance) by frat initiates, beginning about November 1st, and continuing until further notice.

The business manager of *The Ægis* wants to know if it is possible to get around the golf links in one poke.

CONCERNING ART.

It is often lamented that there is in the atmosphere of the University so little that tends to the development of æsthetic instincts. Thus far, Prof. Stearns' "History of Art," and the *Badger* have been the only incentives to the expression of artistic talent, and the result has been far from encouraging. But an art atmosphere is a matter of slow

growth, and nothing is so conducive to its development as the surrounding of the individual with things of beauty. That great civilizing agent, the Y. M. C. A., long ago perceived this aching void, and for its partial satisfaction devised the bright red handbooks that are seen in the hands or protruding from the pockets of every freshman. But this year another step in advance has been taken, and the public eye has been gladdened by posters built up by the Y. M. C. A. in every known or imaginable combination of shades in paper and crayons. Among the most effective of these combinations have been noted those of chocolate brown on cerise pink, Beloit blue on banana yellow, and crushed pumpkin on Thanksgiving game crimson. All gratitude to those whose untiring labor and faultless taste have added so much to the pleasure of our daily life!

MR. GOOLEY ON SORORITIES.

"Faith, Dinnessy," said Mr. Gooley, as his friend sauntered into the room one bright October morning, "its a foine toime me nace Honoria is havin' these days."

"How's that?" said Mr. Dennissy, "I thot she was away to school."

"The same she is," replied Mr. Gooley, "but oi'm thinkin' it can't be the same sort av a school we wint to whin we was la-ads. Divvil a bit does the gurrul wroite about her books, but it's all roides and raycptions and tays and sorarities an' the loike."

"An' will yez till me phwat sort av a foonction 'sorarities' might be," inquired Mr. Dennissy.

"Well, I dinnaw exactly mesilf, Dinnessy, but they're some sort of a saycrit club loike, with quare soundin' names to 'em an' befure ye kin becom a

mimber ye hev to be 'rooshed,' as they call it. As I undherstand it, two or three mimbers from aich sorarity, an' there are six or sivin av 'em beyant at Madison, where Honoria is. Two or three mimbers hire an iligant shtoilish rig an' go down to the thrains. Thin they shtand in loine and as soon as a loikely lookin' young woman gits off they make a doive fr' her an' the wans th't gits there first lifts her up and shoves her into their rig an' dhroive off with her while the others all purshue thim. If the wans that hez her kin get her safely to her boordin' place an' lock her in her room, they ask her, doos she loike all their gurruls, an' will she be wan iv thim, an' she says she will an' they put a little pin on her that manes she's theirs and that's all there is to it.

"But sometimes thim as are purshooin' ketches up,

YE FOOTBALL ALPHABET.

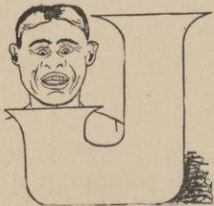
(Continued.)



is the Idiot who avers that it's plain Interference is not the chief point of the game.



is our Mascot; we know that he will Completely, entirely, and quite fill the bill.



is a Joke—if any is found In this alphabet here, it will surely astound.



is the Nit which at any odd moment You will find as the score of our leading opponent.



is our Kicker, the far-famed O'Dea, For Patsie, they tell, has a quite winning way.



is the Oatmeal that surely had oughter Be mixed with H₂O to form oatmeal water.



is Lake Forest; for practice 'twould seem That use can be made of 'most any old team.



is the Punt which will win us the banner In its own western, wild, parabolical manner.

an' thin, Dinnissy, me la-ad, there's a hot time in the ould town as the byes sing. Wan av the nimber grabs the gurrul by the sleeve, and says she, 'Will ye give us Wednesday avenin', says she. 'I dinnaw as I kin,' says the other gurrul. 'Ye shall,' says she, and joost thin some wan gives her a shove an' she's thrampled undher feet, an' others take her place. 'Kin we have Choosday,' cries wan. 'Ye promised that to us,' sez another, an' so they go it till the gurrul hez promised to go with all av thim ivery day for the first wake. An' afther thot, Dinnissy, ivery mornin' bright an' airly, diligations coom fr'm aich sorarity an' they all sate thimsilves in the candidate's room, an' shtay, an' shtay, an' shtay, fr' what I dinnaw onless they're afraid the poor thing will get homesick. An' they all visit thegither, quite frindly loike, oi'm tould, tho' there's feelin's in their har-rts worse nor arnychists, I'm thinkin'.

"Well, afther wan day or mebbe two, as the case may be, each par-r-ty take her off on the quiet loike and tells her that she's a foine young woman, an' that their sorarity c'n lay out anny av the ithers an' will she jine 'em. She gin'rally says no, she can't just now becuz it took her so suddent loike, and thin they all jine hands an' cry, an' thim as cries the hardest, gets her. While thim as don't git her are moighty glad av it, so ivery wan is satisfied."

"Beggorra," said Mr. Dennessy, reflectively, "it must be a gr-reat institooshun."

"It is that," said Mr. Gooley, "an' yit they tell us that wimmen hev no head for pollyticks."

PRICELESS.

Mr. Levins had just asked old Featherstone for his daughter's hand, and Mr. Featherstone was concluding his peroration with all that grandeur of manner and sublimity of style which has made him so justly famous as an orator.

"Sir," he said, "I am entrusting to you the greatest treasure in my possession,—the pride of my heart,—the rarest jewel of my collection."

Mr. Levins was too much overwhelmed to make any reply. Instead, he looked nervously at his watch.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "I had no idea it was so late. The cars have quit running. Could you lend me your wheel?"

"Young man," said Mr. Featherstone, impressively, "I wouldn't trust any one on earth with that wheel."

AND THIS IS IT.

It was ten o'clock P. M. The associate-editor-in-chief of the *Ægis* was walking slowly and despondently to his sanctum. He wanted to think, to be alone. He was pondering deeply. His head throbbled. Joke after joke flashed through his mind until the air about him seemed fairly to scintillate.

"'Why am I not like trade?' 'Because competition is the life of trade, but it is the death of me.' Ha, ha! Good, good! 'A little humor, now and then, is relished by the best of men, to rest 'em.' 'Rest and change.' Yes. 'Rest and change.' Yes, we'd relish the humor if it brought us a little change. THE SPHINX could have the rest. Ha, ha!"

Loud and bitter his laugh echoed through the silent halls. He turned the key, wrenched the door open, and plunged in.

"'What! Lights? And every member of the staff writing vigorously! Such devotion! We may yet win."

Hope beamed in his eye once more.

"'I'll put my best foot forward,—my Wright foot (and my write hand). Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Boys, this touches me deeply. I can scarcely understand it."

"'Haven't you read THE SPHINX?'"

The editor groaned.

"'Yes, I glanced at it. 'THE SPHINX,'—so-called because it refuses to reveal the points of its own jokes. Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

"'But it offers prizes, prizes! Five five-dollar prizes!'"

"'What? No!'"

His jaw dropped.

"'How fine to be born young and rich, like THE SPHINX. We were born young,—yes, very young,—but poor, devilish poor. Ha, ha, that's rich, isn't it?'"

And his wild laughter shook a tin baking powder sign from a telephone pole.

"'Ha, ha! When the associate-editor-in-chief of the *Ægis* opens his mouth, something is going to drop. Ha, ha, ha!'"

But the anticipated shower of signs did not occur, though he watched for it from the window.

"'Ha, ha! They are *stuck* on that last joke of mine. Ha, ha, ha!'"

He sighed.

"'So, then, you are not writing for the *Ægis*?'"

"'No, boss," said the sporting editor, "that is, not directly. Of course, we are writing for the benefit of the *Ægis*—you know the prizes would come in rather handy, and then, perhaps we are writing for

the *Ægis*, for we are going to enclose stamps in case—"

"No, boss," interrupted the advertising editor, "we are tired of writing for fame alone. I, for one, am weary of the perpetual admiration of the crowd, and would like to get my hand on a little filthy lucre just to see how it felt."

With mirth somewhat checked, the associate-editor-in-chief put his left foot forward, and started the rounds to glance at the manuscripts. He made one last effort.

"Well, I am not so touched as I was, but,—ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!—I trust THE SPHINX will be touched for about twenty-five dollars. Ha, ha!"

He stopped first, as in courtesy bound, behind the chairs of the faculty editors. He bent over the broad shoulders and Apollo-like head of one of them. The usually serene face of the writer was contracted in perplexity. He chewed the end of his pen and meditated.

"I write anything funny! Why, how can I write anything funny? I don't see anything very funny about love,—unless,—except, yes, when the other fellow gets left, and that's such an awful old chestnut so far as I am concerned. Well, here goes, anyway. I'll have her seated upon a little balcony in the dark with m—, with Adonis, and the other fe—, and Alfonso down below, oblivious of the presence of any save her, and making love up to her. No one need think I got this idea from *Cyrano de Bergerac*, for I got it right out of my own—head."

He began to dash off the following:

"Sabrina," plead Alfonso, from below, "has your heart ever stirred at the presence of another?"

"Yes, Fonsie, yes," and she pressed her cheek closer to that of Adonis.

"Sabrina," he whispered, gathering strength as he proceeded, "do you know what love is?"

Sabrina's accents were a little confused, as Adonis was gathering strength, too, as he proceeded to imbue Sabrina with the knowledge that might make her answer satisfactory to Alfonso.

"Sabrina, would you wish to be the wife of an adoring heart?"

Her reply was very shy—in fact, it was shy several accents, which were lost in Adonis' ear while she murmured, "Yes, but—"

The editor passed to the next chair, and bent over the dejected figure of the slender, scholarly man seated there. The man had the look of one who had suffered deeply, of one who had drank the dregs from the cup of life, of one who, perchance, had taught rhetoric to engineers. He murmured low, "It is sacrilege, sacrilege, but we must be ready for any sacrifice for the sake of good litera-

ture," and he wrote at the head of the page, "The Man with the Whoa."

With a deep groan, the editor staggered away to the chair of the staff artist. The latter had sketched in bold outlines what looked like a letter S, and was widening the line with careful, caressing strokes. With firm, deft hand, he next drew two vertical lines through it, and outlined a figure five after it.

"I don't see the joke, Artie."

The worker's face was illumined with quiet joy as he raised it to meet the gaze of the soulful brown eyes above him.

"Boss," he said, "it *is* a joke, all right. I am drawing one of the five dollar prizes."

The editor's face was a study. There appeared successively hesitation, conviction, and then the shadow of a great resolve. He nodded twice, thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, and two-stepped across the room with all the fervor of a bucking bronco. With a deft movement of one foot he upset a faculty editor from his chair, dropped into the seat himself, and inscribed in mad haste at the head of the page, "How the Staff of *The Ægis* got Funny."



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—She—It wasn't a year before we were married that you told me you never could be happy without me.

He—Yes, and I believe I also said that marriage would make another man of me.—*Life*.

—The trimmer at Miss Beck's millinery parlors has just returned from Chicago, and is filled with the latest ideas in her line. Call and see them.

—Bilduz—See that poor fellow shake. He must have St. Vitus' dance.

Razwit—Perhaps he's only having a joint debate with himself.—*Exchange*.

—A full line of canned goods, teas and coffees at the lowest cash figures. The Opera Fruit House, S. Kasdin, Prop. 'Phone 302.

—These are the testimonials that count:

I lost my eyesight four years ago. I used a bottle of your eye wash and I saw wood.

Sometime ago I lost the use of both of my arms. Shortly after buying a box of your pills I struck a man for ten dollars.

I had a wart on the back of my neck and I used it for a collar button. I took one box of your pills and can now hang my coat on it.—*Exchange*.

—THE OPERA FRUIT HOUSE.—Fancy fruits and vegetables, candies and cigars at the lowest cash figures. Your patronage solicited. Special rates to clubs and boarding houses. The Opera Fruit House, S. Kasdin, Prop. 'Phone 302.

—Only the other day the Kansas volunteers got under a fire so heavy that, after spreading out in line of skirmishers, the order was given to lie down. One unfortunate soldier flopped squarely into an ant-hill. Thousands of the lit-

tle pests swarmed angrily over him, biting with the peculiar penetration of Filipino ants. In a second the soldier jumped up, swearing and almost screaming with pain.

"Lie down, my man," shouted the captain.

"All right, sir," and down flopped the unhappy soldier. He could stand it only a few seconds, when he leaped once more to his feet.

"Lie down, I tell you," insisted the captain.

"Blankety-blank, captain, I can't," protested the poor fellow.

Just then a shower of Mauser bullets flew past him at all heights, from his shins to his head. It was marvelous that the standing soldier was not hit in a dozen places. But he changed his mind swiftly about the possibility of lying down. Down he went, regardless of ants, shouting to his commander:

"Yes, I can, captain! By the holy smoke, yes I can, sir!"

And he remained down until the order came to rise.—*Manila Correspondent in Leslie's Weekly*.

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 High school teams are your size,
 And there you are wise.
 Keep away from the saw;
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 That *you* know how to blat,
 Mr. Stagg;
 Yes, you know how to blat.

—REYNAN OLDSDREW.

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 By some possible plan,
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 Do you lose that green look!

—REYNAN OLDSDREW.



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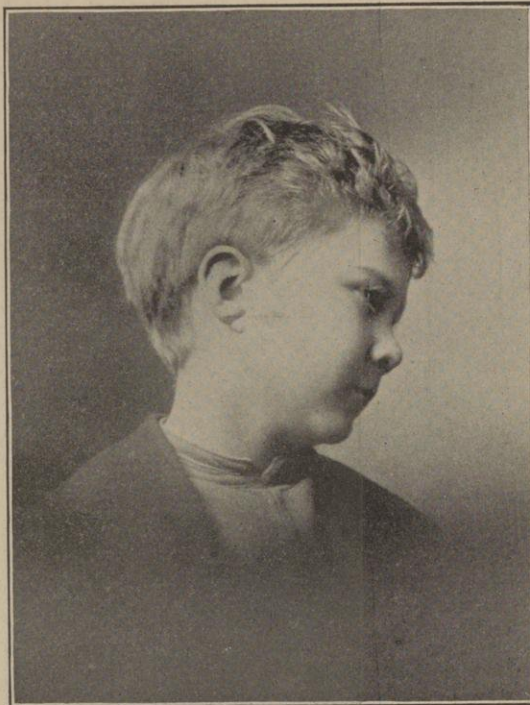
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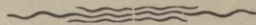
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