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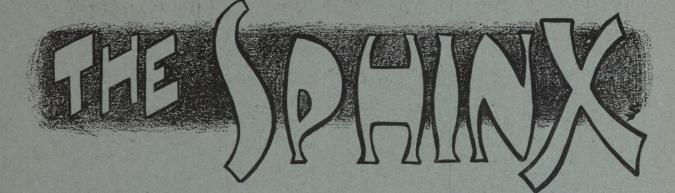
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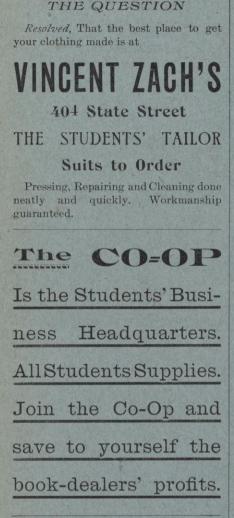
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NOVEMBER 10, 1900.





Maiden pensive, sweet and fair, Are your thoughts, so sad and rare, Thoughts of life and love and fate, Or are you ill from what you ate?



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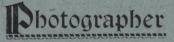


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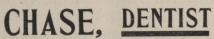


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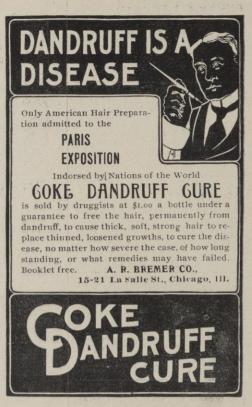
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Vol. II.

MADISON, WIS., NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

No. 4

Halloween.

Around and round the dead leaves whirl, The naked branches snap and creak. The moaning, groaning breezes hurl A driving blast against the cheek. And evil spirits seem to speak Tis Halloween

The infant moon has sought a cloud. A Tom cat howls beneath the wall. The world has on her blackest shroud, Stealthy foot-steps seem to fall. An old dame sneezed three times in all— On Halloween

A strange foreboding siezed Dean Birge, And e'er he found relief in sleep, He saw upon his mantle's verge A million bugs in conference deep, To take revenge in one full sweep— This Halloween,

Slichter, Scott and Haskins too Saw phantom forms in night shirts white, And heard them scream as on they flew, And each jumped up to get a sight, And ask, who's out this direful night of Halloween ?

And right before wise Prof. O'Shea, With brains all bare, I'm truthful sir, There stood a child as plain as day. But soon he sped with dizzy whir And never touched Professor Kerr, On Halloween.

And Bruce's baby wailed and wailed,-O would the picture I could draw When all persuasive arts had failed, The father gravely read the law; The funniest sight you ever saw, On Halloween.

Stranger still Dean Gregory's dream, He saw restored his raven hair. His happy eyes began to gleam As lightly tripping down the stair, Came Mrs. Gregory (?) young and fair On Halloween.

There's many a tale that I could tell, Which stirred that strange, uncanny night, But may be now 'tis just as well, That I should keep them sealed and tight, Till I am gone and out of sight, Some Halloween.

Brown — "What did your fiance say when she saw you slip and fall on the pavement yesterday?" Jones — "She said she'd be assister to me."



Two old jokes met in the here-after. Said the Freshman-sore-eyes joke, "So you are here too, are you?" "Yes" said the Pyre-sweet-girl joke, "But I'm like yourself, I am liable to resurrection at almost any old time."

Stabber's Zero Pill.

Olin, he looked fierce; Olin, he looked tame; Olin had a different look For every man that came.

Olin asked a question; Olin wore a smile; Fellow made a great big stab And missed it by a mile.

-Fellow did not think that Olin tho't he'd guess; But Olin knew a thing or two And made that fellow 'fess.

Olin put another case. That fellow got a chill. He guessed he'd pass that question up And take the zero pill.

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Future appointments to the staff butions received.	will be made on a basis of contri-	ex.h.

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.

WELL, it's all over now, and when we come to think of it, it is some consolation that after all we were beaten by a team representing a state equally big and a trifle more wild and woolly than our own, and not by the representatives of any little college, whose team is owned and run for advertising purposes by the business men of the town. And it is much more consolation to think that these players who defeated us by their superior bulk, etc., are not the paid students of any divinity school where all athletic students are welcomed and given jobs, some at holding down chairs in the president's office, time two hours a week, expenses paid, or in teaching in some one of the numerous affiliated schools, academies, etc., of which the institution may be possessed. Whatever the result of any athletic events with Minnesota, Michigan, or Illinois, we can feel that if we win it's some honor to defeat the representatives of a whole state, and if we lose it's no disgrace to lose to them. But when we get outside of this class, and tackle the church schools, or privately endowed institutions, we can never feel that, when we win, we've done much more than to defeat the hired men of these institutions.

* * :

So much in general has been said about "The Student in Politics" that THE SPHNIX would like to say a few things in particular. What loyal student at the University does not expand with pride when he considers the influence exerted by any of his fellows in the political struggle just passed? What loyal professor but rejoices to see men sally forth from his classes to support their party?

Politicians are of two sorts; the men who talk, and the men who pull wires, although the line between the two is often blurred. Men of each kind have emanated from our midst in the recent struggle; some to spell-bind with matchless eloquence the eager throng, some to think and act, while the other fellows sleep. This is as it should be, for who has a better right to call for aid upon their sons than those parties which run the great State which supports the great University to which we pay our fees? This is as it should be, for who should be more ready to respond than the men who expect some day to be Kings or Regents, and appreciate such opportunities for practice? And the other men, the silent members, they are more numerous than the talkers. They plan the plays and give the signals which are to rip up the line of the opposition. They carry the transparencies and wear official badges and introduce the speakers, and urge the oldest inhabitant to get around to the polls pretty early so as to discourage the vote-challenging minority.

Now that every little institution in the country is getting out its book of college stories, and we may expect any day to see advertised "Beloit Bosh" or "Ripon Rot," it seems time that we should say a little about this sort of thing. Wisconsin has been very lucky in escaping this, but, who knows? Perhaps some foolish wight (I know I haven't spelled it right) may even now be planning something of the sort, and the unsuspecting public may yet have to endure "Wisconsin War-whoops; Tales of Badger Bravery" from the pen of some of our alumni. But, now that I'm started, I wish to say a few words about some of the stories of other colleges.

Most of the stories take up in the same collegemonthly way the old, trite, wornout tales of victories snatched from defeat, of crushes, both co-ed and town-girl, and of the sorrows of parting, for they always wind up with Commencement day. But once in a while some one sketch, usually more sketch than story, stands out as an expression of some line of college activity and reveals a vivid picture of something we are all familiar with, but just sufficiently different to show all the difference between your own school and the school in question. I have waded through some scores of these stories, some good, most bad, all fairly interesting at the time, but only one or two leave any impression on my mind. These are Williams' "College Men," and "His Un-cle's Will" in the "Stanford Stories," the authors of which I do not remember. In these, you get the impression of a lot of perfectly natural college men, who do perfectly natural things in perfectly natural ways, and you remember them, and want to meet those men when you go to their college homes in the future. In all these books, you find the same old spree stories, freshman wonder stories, and all the same old rot, but once in a while some sketch clings to the mind as do these.



You ask me why I love her, Well, goodness! Can't you see The reason that I love her is She's quite in love with me.

On Martha's Birthday.

When her birthday comes around Martha always sends to me, Great fat letters which abound In undying constancy. Little wretch, 'tis plain to find Thoughts of presents in her mind.

Other times she answers not Lovelorn missives that I send. Now she scribbles such a lot But how quickly it will end. For she thinks I'm easy yet

And past treacheries forget.

She's not pretty, good nor wise She has got a turned up nose Green and shifty are her eyes. And her form is mostly clothes. Still somehow she is so sweet She looks good enough to eat.

I will send a gay romance. She will get a pretty ring. And some dainty trick from France Or some other costly thing. Though she pays my good with ill Hang the girl, I love her still.

The Tobacco Pouch.

Witherby always went away in a hurry and left me to clean up. So I wasn't surprised when he handed me the keys to his desk and said, "Here, old man, burn everything you think I don't want."

It was getting pretty late and I was getting pretty sore. It's no joke deciding what another fellow wants burned and what he does not want burned, especially when there is a blue envelope or two. Well, anyway, it was late when I found the Tobacco Pouch.

Jove! it was a beauty! I could just imagine the girl who made it. But it had never been taken out of the box for any length of time. In a moment I saw it all. I had always felt Jack had had a romance. And she had evidently sent this to him the night before she married the other fellow. The scent of violets chilled me, and I trembled like a girl. Suddenly I saw beneath the pouch a note. Should I read it? another fellow's love letter? yet it might explain, and I could sympathize with the poor fellow. Besides, he had told me to burn up—yes, I felt certain that was what he meant me todo. He could not do it himself. I opened the note and read:

DEAR JACK:-

Mother felt you ought to do a little for the church. Don't laugh, but old Miss Wade did this and it was five dollars, dear. Send money to me.

Your loving sister,

MAY.

Did I burn it? Well, I should say so.



The Law In the Case.

"Old age is a sad thing" said Mr. Finnessy to Mr. Hooley. 'Tis all av that" says Hooley. "Now there's me friend Parkie for instance". He's old and worn by the thrails and thribulations av his long and arduous life as Dennis Scanlan says. He made a sad mistake the other morning and it most makes me weep to think on it; but it was lafable I own." "Tell us about it" said Mr. Finnessy. "I will" says Hooley "Ye see twas this wise: Me friend Parkie teaches constituctional law at the University of Wisconsin: likewise as er kind av side issue he teaches internashnal law." "What's the difference" put in Mr. Finnesey. "Niver mind" says Hooley, "ye wouldn't understhand it was I to explain it to ye. As I was saying, Parkie rose bright and early Friday morning and after taking a sprint down to Menges Drug store fur to read the papers, he wint up to the class room. Twas the class in constituotional law that met that day but me friend Parkie thought it were the other. Mind the difference I own. Well Parkie sails into these lads fur further orders." "Mr. Frawley" says he, "what's a just cause fur war?" says he, "I dinnaw" says Tom. "Mr. Murphy", says Parkie "can ye give me the rights and dooties av billegerents?" "I cannot" says Murphy. "I think ye're right" says Parkie. At that the class bursts into convulsions. They woke up to the situation as Scanlan says. Well, sur, Parkie went through that whole class av the rising gineration, the hope and future av our great Republic fur touchdown after touchdown an all the while the class was a lafing fit to split. That put the grand old man on his mettle and he was a sort av feeling fur his shalalie and he says, says he: "Wanst fur all "says he, "I want this lafing stopped" says he "er I'll break every head av ye wit me shalalee" says he. "'Tis a disgrace," says he, "to show so little respect," says he, "for me white hairs," says he. The class became hilarious and wan poor fellow burst his sides and me friend Parkie thin knew that it was a constitutional affair and that he was all wrong." "'Tis very sad" says Mr. Finnessy as he strolled out, "but did the lad recover?" "Reports don't say "said Hooley. "Good day to ye".

Three Men in a Boat.

A MORAL TALE.

Once there were three Men. One of them was blessed with an Aunt but the Dear Creature died and left him a Bunch of Coin. So the three went Out.

The One went to drown his Sorrow over having lost his dear, kind-hearted, old Aunt. The Two went to celebrate his Luck in getting so much Easy Money. They were as dry as Mathematics and they soaked up the Moisteuers like the Sands of the Great Sahara. First they hastened away a lot of Big Bubbles. On top of this they floated a lot of Little Stoves. Then they opened a few Five-Dollar-prizes and reached that sublime, floating-on-the-wings-ofthe-air stage where they felt as big as Richard Harding Davis and could have written volumes about themselves.

So they took a boat and drifted out upon Fair Mendota. The Sun kissed the Dancing Waters and the Little Waves broke upon the Pebbly Beach. One of them dangled his Shapely Oxford in murmuring Wavelets.

The water was so Delightful that he decided the only thing Doing was a swim. They tried to Remonstrate with him on the Rashness of such Doings but he was Obdurate and stood his ground like a Martyr and insisted that there was nothing so refreshing as a Cold Plunge. Then the boat tipped over and the three were Plunged down into the Watery Deep.

The water closed over their heads and three hats, tossed about by the waves of Fair Mendota, told how they had met.their Satl Fate.

MORAL—Never fall out of a boat.



The Politician.

He worked by day, he worked by night, No labor feared nor shunned he; From six A. M. to twelve P. M. He labored, and on Sunday.

Men praised his grit, his ceaseless toil, And said he was a wonder. No work so hard he would not do; He never made a blunder.

Yet this good man ne'er reached success, He never tasted glory.

The push he had, but not the pull; But that's a common story.



The Engineer on Girls.



Well! Every time I made a horrid break, In class. Those girls Wouldlaugh, and ha-ha, and giggle, While I Got torrid under my collar, And perspiration Trickled down my face And splashed, in puddles, at my feet, There was no cause for mirth. It is ever a solemn moment When I hear the prof. In his lair, And he exhibits For the delectation of the class What I don't know. There's nothing funny About it. I'm glad we engineers Have no such troubles.



Say: Maybe you think I care Just because there are no ladies In my classes. I'm glad of it. I like it That way best. It's like medicine Without the bitter taste. In those Happy days, when I Was a high-school boy, And was somebody (Before I came here to be lost In the shuffle). I was in a class Where there were some girls Running round loose.



We've risen above such things. We've soared Like eagles, And have hooked our claws On dizzy heights Where woman dares not follow.

We're up so high, she can No longer cast a gloom Over our fair Young lives: She can no longer—

Say! Look at that fairy Across the street! Aint she a la-la! If you're a friend of mine, Old boy,— If you want to save my life— Introduce me!

A Funny Old Man.

- There's a funny old man on the Yangtse-kiang,
- Whose trousers are bagged and gray; He lives in a funny old floating shebang

That drifts through the night and the day.

There's a funny old woman he calls his frau,

Who can make mouse pie to perfection, And slip a "stick" into her soup and boiled rice

In a way escaping detection.

- They've some queer little youngsters they call "the kids;"
- They are done up in wonderful blouses These queer little Knights of the Pigtail Brigade,

These eaters of birdnests and mouses.

- And why need we tell of the funny old man?
- On the banks of the Yangtsekiang, With his frau and the kids and their slow
- moving life In their funny old floating shebang?
- It's to paint a short moral; the sum of it's this—
- When on football and shows you're expending,
- When for sweetmeats and trap rides you deal out your coin,
 - And you're dead-broke for roses you're sending,
- Just think, kind young man, of the heathen Chinee
- Who floats on the Yangtsekiang, And send your spare change to his frau and the kids
 - Who live in the floating shebang.
- Then you'll grow up a good man as sure as you live;

There cannot be two ways about it, Just ask the old man on the Yangtsekiang He'll tell you it's so if you doubt it.



U. of M. to U. of W.

Wisconsin you were jolly, Wisconsin you were gay. But when the game was over, You felt the other way. You saw the constellations, The stars, the moon, the sun. You felt a little sickly,

When the football game was done.

Chorus— O, U. of M's. a daisy, She knocked the Badgers blue, She set the world all crazy, Von learned a thing or two.

You learned a thing or two. You'll weigh your 1500, O, that's no golden dream. Before you come a bucking, The gopher football team.

An Acceptance.

Young Man:-I understand that you wish a young man to help on your paper.

Editor:-Well, yes; what experience have you had?

Y. M .: - I worked on the Daily Scaredinall one

year and—. Editor:—That's enough. You may take charge of the desk and go to work, and I'll go and sweep out the office. Please be as kind as possible to the rest of the staff.



On the Hill she's so demure and shy; The profs her praises sing. On Halloween, O my! O my! It's quite a different thing.



"With an air and grace by no means common, Her stature, tall. Humph—I hate a dumpy woman!"

-Byron.

Be sure you are right, then-dont' bet.

O, Seniors, when you go, we pray Be kind enough to take away "Hi Ki," "Hurry," and that jay Who springs the gags of Carnival day.

Extracts From Ancient History Read a Thousand Years Hence.

Concerning the institutions of learning in those far away, barbarian days, there were many strange and eccentric features, whereof we will take notice for amusement's sake.

Divers societies sprang up and were given Greek names. And why these were, and what their aim, let no man strive to know; for though the historian study the every action and search each hidden motive in the acts of the Greek apostles shall he find no clue to their purport.

In the beginning would the Greeks come from distant countries, and on meeting would they clutch one another in gruesome glee, and wildly shake one another by the shoulders, and the meaning of this was welcome among the Greeks. And many of the fraternal mortals would bear with them victims from the wilds, who were come to acquire learning and virtues and football as had the noble Greeks.

They would seat the trembling newcomer upon a pedestal and show unto him their laurels, and point unto him a motto framed whereon was written, "There be no men but Greeks"—and "There be no Greeks but us;" and did the youth act with decorum, it might be he would be deemed worthy of being a Greek, and it might be he would not, and either is more likely.

And if he did not become a member, would they in the future despitefully use him, and it he did become a member would they do likewise, in all verity—as they might not too.

And the Freshmen were given banquets and rides within the costliest vehicles, and anything that Tommy had might he have also, for mightily might he drink in the prior fraternal condition, while the Greeks stood behind him as lords.

For him would the Greeks sing and shout and set up a merry clogging, and when the Freshman was warmed even to the cockles of his heart, would the Greeks tell him of a fondness sprung up within them, of an attachment not to be suppressed. Psalms would they chant of brotherhood and kindly act, and with shoulder 'gainst shoulder grow maudlin in their affection.

Then upon the garb of the Freshman would they place an emblem, then loudly shout in rejoicing and hilarity of spirits, for the purport of that emblem was twofold, and the hidden meaning was —

Tomorrow will I pay for all past eats and drinks. For the next four years will I clog for any Freshman, though my spirit faint and I grow weary. By wearing this pin do I become liable to all debts of my predecessors, yea even unto ten year old coal bills. I do promise henceforth to become brother to the insensible clod if he has rocks—for thus it is written among the ethics of the ancient Greeks.

I agree to suffer an initiation wherein my comrades may rejoice, to be beaten, dragged, starved and humilitated. And upon the crest of the emblem was emblazoned "brotherly love."

And the nature of the student in ye olden times was such that he rejoiced in his badge of suffering, and he who was spared was moved to envy thro' blindness.



The Banner of Reform,

MADISON, WIS., Nov. 4, 1900. Editor of The Spinach:—

My Dear Sir:—I take my pen in hand to indite a few lines in reply to your request of the 1st inst., which never came to hand, for a short communication for the columns of your esteemed paper.

"In a few well chosen remarks" I am going to make a suggestion with the hope and fear that it will be adopted at the next meeting of the Society for the Prevention of cruelty to Old and Indigent Hash Slingers. "The idea is certainly a good one," and is about as follows:

At Leland Stand for It University, California, the frats give Sunday suppers to the girls. The girls of a sorority do not necessarily go in a body to any particular frat house, but rather accept invitations to visit different frats. The *casus belli* of this letter is to urge that this very admirable custom be adopted at our "beloved Alma Mater."

The advantages are many and great, the disadvantages few and many blocks between. I feel assured that the boys would welcome this innovation and the girls with open arms. Engagements could be made in advance, and in order to avoid confusion supper cards similar to dance cards could be printed. Then, instead of having square dances you could have square meals. Mamma's bible could be gotten out from its quiet resting place in the corner of some dark closet and given some fresh air. Little Willie could take little Mamie out to supper and perhaps have more than one piece of pie. The frat's collection of souvenir spoons from Tommy's, the Bismarck and the Capitol house could be used on these state occasions. The girls would be delighted to know when and how and by whom each spoon was secured. That beer sign that the boys swiped could be placed on the wall opposite the "A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two with Anheuser-Busch." Barber poles, cigar signs, and other appropriate articles could be grouped artistically around the rooms.

Now my dear editor, I have taken much of your valuable time and space and have mentioned but a small number of the many advantages of this system. I suggest that you push the matter to a finish. I have written much and said little, but I am serious in this matter as my remarks will show.

Yours truly,

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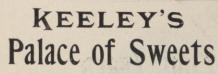
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