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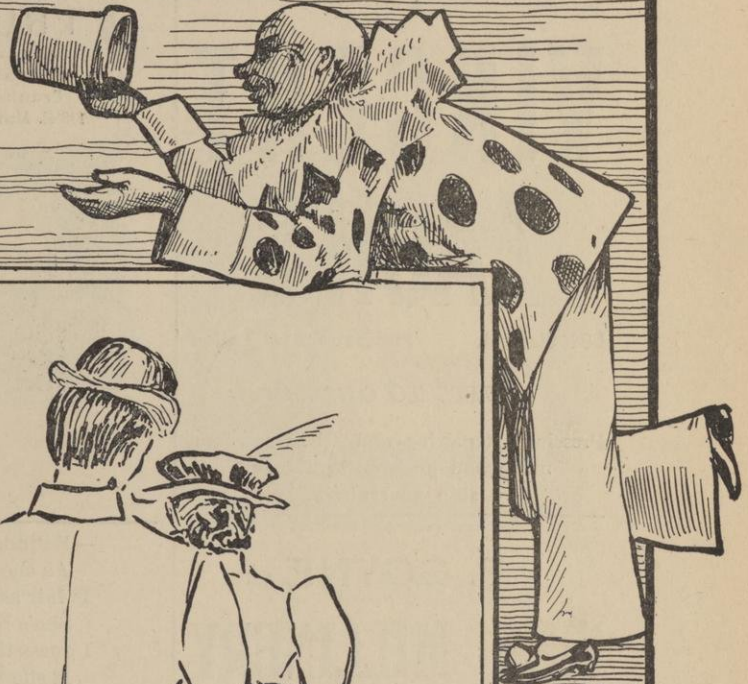
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The Sphinx

Volume I.

Number 4.

MADISON, WIS., NOVEMBER 10, 1899.



A LOVING "COUP."



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

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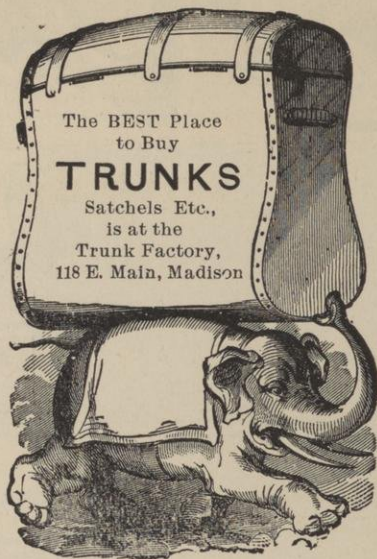
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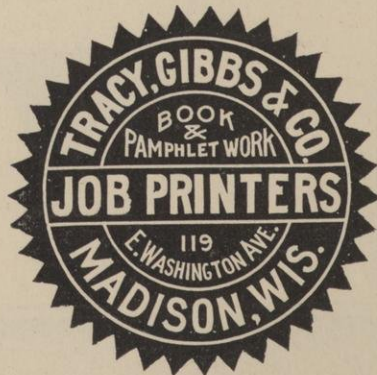
—Belinda, Belinda,
As she sits at her winda
Is fair as the summer's day;
She's been fair since I metta,
I guess that she'd betta,
If she wasn't I wouldn't play.

—Princeton Tiger.

—First Town Resident—"What became of your fence?"

Second Town Resident—"The students took it for the fire. You know they make light of such things.—Princeton Tiger.

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"Great Scott! She must be expecting a flood."—*Exchange.*

—"Define divorce."

"It's the interlude to rag time matrimony."—*Exchange.*

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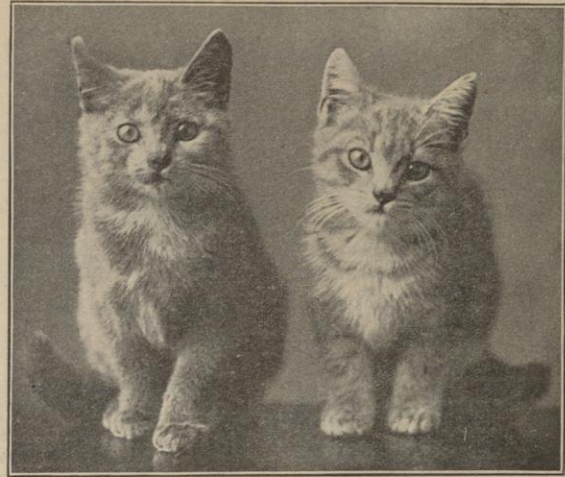
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THE SPHINX.

Vol. I.

MADISON, WIS., NOVEMBER 10, 1899.

No. 4

An Elegy on a Frat Porch.

I am sitting here and thinking
Of the happy days gone by;
Then the world was bright and cheery—
Girls would smile as they passed by.
Now their mood is sadly altered—
Frowns and scowls and glances wry.
Clenched fists, determined carriage—
Gen'ral look of do-or-die.
Went to see my loving sister—
Maid who met me at the door
Waved aloft a warning finger—
"Wouldn't see no man no more."
Still, her case can soon be settled,
For I'm holding all the mon;
When she finally goes busted,
Then there'll be a heap of fun.
But another's far more tragic;
My best girl, too, keeps the rule.
We have scrapped, and our relations
Now are most extremely cool.
So I'm sitting and I'm thinking
Of the days—alas!—gone by,
When the world was bright and cheery—
When She smiled as she passed by.

After the Game with Rush.

JABS—"Are you going to the Mock Trial to-night?"
DABS—"Naw. I went to the Mock Football Game this afternoon, and that's enough for me."

The Sphinx Quotes.

Due to the state of mind of some of the editors during the present reign of terror, THE SPHINX is short of copy this week, and is very reluctantly compelled to turn to the English classics to fill her columns. Her readers will perhaps, under the circumstances, pardon the insertion of the following irrelevant stanza of Thomas Hood's:

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In anger and sorrow and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."



FOOTBALL TERM—Tackling the dummy.
"Shay, Mishter, got a match?"

THERE was a young sport in Worcester,
Who had a little game rorcester.
He said, "If I'm right,
My bantam can fight,
But not so well as he yorcester."

ONE M-r-h-se, an ardent student of Burns, is hereby awarded first prize for the biggest bluff made this year.

DR. CAIRNS—"What is the meaning of 'partial'?"

M.—"Same as it is in English."

Dr. C.—"Well, what's that?"

M.—"Opposite of impartial."

Even Maple Bluff isn't in it with this.

THE SPHINX.

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

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Future appointments to the staff will be made on a basis of contribu-
tions 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.

LITTLE did THE SPHINX imagine that her encomiums of the time-honored custom of processions would be so seriously taken to heart by the student body, or that the enthusiasm with which they would be acted upon would lead to such excesses as have lately delighted the scavengers who in this city misrepresent the metropolitan press.

Let no one mistake the attitude of THE SPHINX. She wishes to say once for all that the English language cannot express her indignation at the lawless actions of the evening of October 30, or her contempt for the low-minded rowdies who have heaped disgrace on the fair name of their *alma mater*. The parade, in its inception, was innocent and harmless enough, but the plea of thoughtlessness cannot excuse its being made an occasion for actions not merely unbecoming to, but entirely impossible for gentlemen.

* * *

BUT reports have been published in the papers of outside cities that not only grossly exaggerate the facts of the case, but add to this offense that of downright falsehood. It is bad enough when the great mass of students are blamed for the acts of a very few. But that is endurable compared with the burden of responsibility that is forced upon us

by the overheated imagination of a fifth-rate space writer. And what makes the affair especially galling is the fact that these reporters are in some cases students or alumni of the University, who would naturally be expected to exercise a jealous care over whatever concerns the institution to which they owe so much. Some of the particularly atrocious accounts have come from the pen of a man who, during his undergraduate years, was honored by the University in more ways than one, yet who now, in his capacity of public mud-slinger, loses no opportunity of besprinkling her with filth and slime.

It is unfortunate that the law of criminal libel cannot reach one who deliberately attacks the reputation of an institution, and occurrences like these are apt to make us look with leniency upon the rough justice of lynch law.

* * *

EVERY subject, however, has its ludicrous side, and the present is no exception to the rule. The saying is becoming proverbial,—“If you want to laugh, think of the Self-Government Association.” True to its appointed mission of elevating the tone of college humor, this august body (under the direction of the Faculty) solemnly resolved that, individually and collectively, its members should have no further social relations with the men of the University until either these latter or the Faculty should have done something to somebody.

THE SPHINX is still unable to determine whether the young women sought to punish themselves for having clothing to be stolen, or to punish the young men because they didn't prevent what no one expected to happen. Evidently the ladies have adopted that well-tested rule of our honorable Faculty,—“If you can't punish the right man, punish everybody.” It is evident, too, that in adopting this amusing resolution, the co-eds were not troubled with any uncomfortable sense of the fitness of things, or any realization of the absurdity of asking all the men in the institution to hold a mass meeting whenever one or a dozen or twenty of their number might transgress. No, such things were not considered; the Faculty wanted something done, and the dear girls' feelings were hurt, and they were going to show somebody—so there. And, bless their hearts, they did.

* * *

THOROUGHLY alarmed by this unprecedented stand on the part of the co-eds, the men yielded. Who wouldn't? As soon as possible a mass meeting of the masculine gender was collected (again under Faculty direction), and, amid scenes of wildest enthusiasm (manufactured to Faculty order), it was unanimously resolved that those who were there didn't do it, and they were sorry, oh so sorry, that anybody did. And so one great purpose of the Faculty plan was accomplished; the girls had publicly said that the men were horrid, and the men had publicly promised to be good next time. And now, if only people outside hadn't insisted upon discussing the affair, the Faculty might have returned to its peaceful slumbers.

* * *

BUT people would talk, so the Faculty was compelled to get into the game. The final score is not yet announced, but guesses by experts place it as high as 60 to 0 in favor of the Faculty. As we all know, they are often slow in getting down the field, but they do occasionally make a touchdown, and there is no umpire to penalize them for offside play. In the meantime, humbler mortals must patiently wait. It is true, almost any student could, within twenty-four hours after the occurrence, have prepared a fairly complete list of the offenders. But whether justice come early or late, so long as it comes, all, or nearly all, will be satisfied. What the great mass of respectable students desire is not a time-serving policy, nor one calculated for its spectacular effect upon taxpayers and legislators, but a firm, straightforward insistence upon gentlemanly conduct, with sure penalties for serious violations of this simple rule.



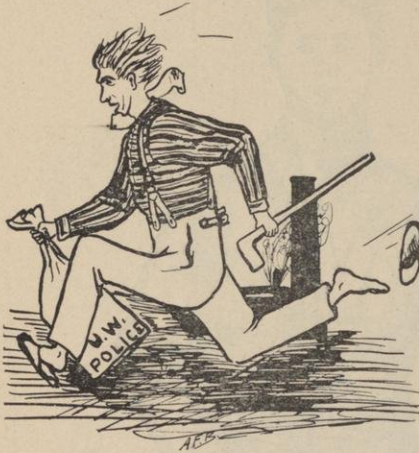
HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

THE business manager of the *Daily Scaredinall* refuses to allow THE SPHINX to be reviewed in *his* sheet, lest her subscription list be increased. O, shade of Shylock, behold yourself outdone.

PROPOS of that remark on “higher education,” we might add that we have all taken many upward strides during our career here.

“I TELL you,” yelled a rooter on the bleachers, as our full-back made a goal from the forty-yard line, “O’Dea has got kicking down Pat.”

Our Proposed Constabulary,



(With apologies to Prof. Flint.)

A Fable for Juniors.

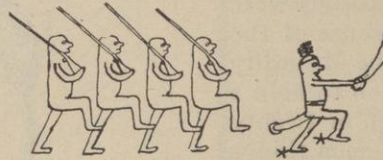
One Night a Junior sat in his Lonely Garret wondering How he could Make Some Money. He needed It pretty Badly, for That Very Night the Boarding-House Lady had asked him If He could not Pay Her part of What He Owed. He had Told Her that he would Try to Have Something for her by the First Of The Month Sure. And Now he was Wondering About it, as I Said before.

At Last a Bright Idea struck him and made his Head Swim. He would get Out a Freshman Poster with red ink and Awful Words. He would Paste Up one or two and Put the others On Sale at The Co-Op. So he Telephoned to A Girl at Ladies' Hall and invited her to Go Driving with him Sunday afternoon.

Well, his poster was a Great Success, and brought him Slathers of Money Even after tom-morris had taken Out His Commission. After he had settled for the Horse And Trap he sat Down One Night for a quiet Little Game, expecting to Recuperate his Shattered Fortune. But he Went Broke shortly After

Three, so he borrowed Two Dollars And A Half from the Other Man and paid it to the Boarding-House Lady.

MORAL: The Game is Sometimes to the Swift.



THESE students are a-marching in a row,

But they wouldn't fight for anything—
Oh, no.

Yet their uniforms are pretty,
And they try to do their duty,
Which is more than can be said for
some I know.

The Co-Ed's Quandary.

The girl was trying to decide what to do. Should she go to the football game with Tom? Of course she wanted to go. She put down THE SPHINX with a sigh and resolutely took up her history. History was history in spite of football games and resolutions. But somehow Charlemagne got all mixed up with football, and the Franks seemed to have made endless resolutions. She simply couldn't study this afternoon —.

"How very strange," the girl said to herself a moment later, and yet it seemed perfectly natural when she stopped to think of it. There she stood in the lonely desert, looking up into the face of the Sphinx. The bright moonlight was shining directly upon it, and she shivered as she stood there in the weird light. "Why not ask her?" she murmured softly, growing bolder. Then, advancing a step, she addressed the Sphinx in pleading tones.

"For once in your life be kind, and speak! You know I am a college girl from Wisconsin, 'way off in America! You've surely heard of us, for since we played Yale—but that's not to the point. But I know you have read of our Hallowe'en party Monday night, for the papers spread it all over!"

In her eagerness she talked faster and faster, and the Sphinx smiled more sardonically than ever.

"This is the way of it," she went on. "Tom has asked me to the game—and I'm not a Hall Girl and *didn't* vote for the resolution, and I *want* to go. Now, you surely know what I ought to do?"

There was a long silence, and the Girl waited breathlessly for the answer. But the Sphinx said, "*simply nothing.*"



SHE aired her French knowledge at Giese in vain,
Although she essayed it again and again;

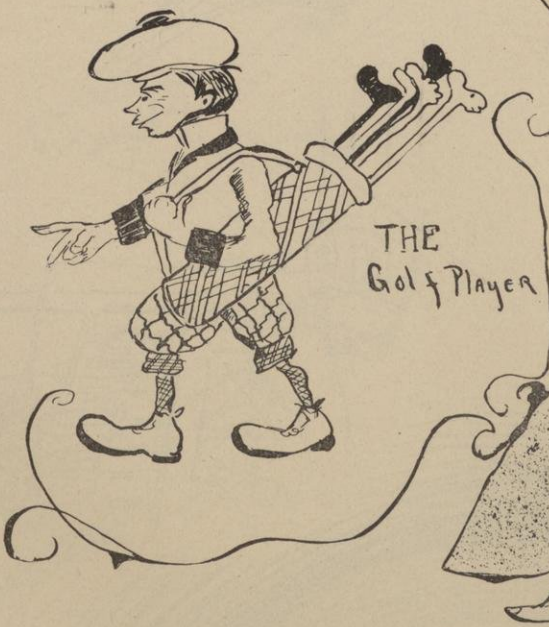
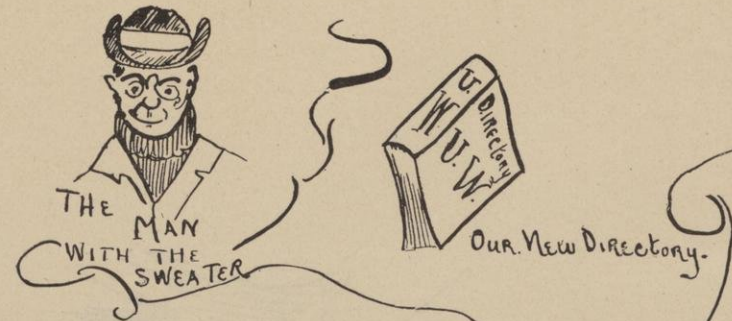
Until, with a toss of her proud little head,

"He don't understand his own language," she said.

ANNOUNCEMENT by the Dean—"Although we are having an Olin famine now, there will be years of plenty soon."

PSYCHOLOGY PROF.—How do I know when I am touched?

SPORTY SENIOR—Feel in your pockets



SOME OF OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

THE SPHINX.



THE INATION SEASON.

"How doth little would-be frat
Improve eashining hour."



Old Salt Jones.

Old Salt Jones
Was skin and bones,
For four score years was he;
But he was a chaw
With a tireless jaw,
And could work it ceaselessly.

"When I was a lad"—
"Oh, come, that's bad,"
I said; and he said to me,
"I was goin' to say
That in Biscay Bay
I remembers particularly

"Of a fight I had
When I was a lad"—
"Leave out lad!" said I, with heat.
He glared at me,
And then said he,
"Bein' a lad warn't an uncommon feat.

"I was up in the nest
A seein' my best
If a pirate was in the way—
For when I was a lad—"
But I ran like mad,
Nor heard what he'd to say.

—REYNAN OLDSDREW.

Gather seeds of kindness
And string them on a pole.
You may need them in your
blindness
To comfort someone's soul.

Some New Rules at the Hall.

No books shall be procured at
any store employing male clerks.

Warships shall no longer be
spoken of as men-of war.

No girl shall attend classes
conducted by unmarried men.
Married professors' lectures may
be attended, but all quizzes must
be in writing.

The elevator must not be used
until a muscular woman can be
found to take charge of it.

The janitor has been muzzled,
and hence must not be spoken to.



The Co-Ed Goes Into Seclusion.

She feels like one who treads alone
In Ladies' Hall deserted;
The music's fled, her joys are dead,
And all the men departed.

Mr. Gooley on Co-Education.

Two opened letters lay on Mr.
Gooley's lap, and that gentleman
was devoting his attention to the
perusal of a newspaper.

"It's a wa-arm place, Dinnissy,
is th' Yunivershty av Ma-ad-
ison," said he, as his friend ap-
proached, "an' it's a wa-arm
prociss, is this edjicashun."

"Phat's Dinnis put his fut in
this toime?" responded Mr. Den-
nessy. "Ar mebbe 'tis Hon-
ary?"

"Th' two av thim, begobs," an-
swered Mr. Gooley, "barrin'
Honary's stockin's wint wid the
rist av thim. They hov a b'y-
cut up thear, Dinnissy, th' which
is ha-ard an th' b'ys, Oi'm think-
in'."

"How did thot come!" said Mr.
Dennessy.

"Aisy, now, Dinnissy," re-
torted Mr. Gooley, who did not
like to be interrupted after he
had got under way. "It'll all
come out in th' wash. This
wa-as th' wa-ay av it. They
hild a pa-arty thot noight, th'
la-adies did, says Honary, says
she, an' 'twas t' th' thay-ater they
all wint, ma-askeraithin' in other
pa-aple's ga-arments aven as t' th'
plumbers' ball in Chica-ago.
Honary borried Dinnis's soot an'
ut wa-as a hog th' b'y wa-as says
I, t' give her th' ould wons. Will,
ut comes th' thay-ater stharts up
an' th' aujience wa-as all settin'
quite in th' sates, eight cints thay
wa-as whare Honary set, begobs,
savin' av' th' ould ma-an's tin on-
loike thot janial bruther av hers,
that's Dinnis. He'll brea-ak th'
business some da-ay, will Dinnis.

"Will, thay wa-as all sated
thare, watchin' the dra-ama thot
wa-as an the sta-age, whin thare
kem a yill loike all hill bint f'r
elictshun. Thot sthopped th'
pla-ay in th' midst av th' thra-a-
jidy, an' thin thay all piled t' th'
windies. There wa-as shnacks av



ILLUSTRATED SONGS. III.
"A HOT TIME."

th' b'ys comin' by hundrids t' th'thay-ater t'say th'show. 'Twas a ba-ad ma-an thay hod t' sthick up th' bills, Oi'm thinkin', ar mebbe they had all bin shwoiped t' pa-aper th' wa-all's wid. It's oncomplated houses thay hov in Ma-adison, be all thay say.

"Inny wa-ay," continued Mr. Gooley, "the toime bein' la-ate whin the news kem, an bein' on-thinkin as b'ys always es, tha-ay wa-as refused admittunce on the grhound av not bein' atthired in driss soots, an' indade it wa-as not driss soots they ha-ad on says Honary, says she.

"An thin the b'ys bein' vishus to be kipt out whin they wa-as riddy to pa-ay an' be th' wa-ather thot wa-as throwed down by the la-adies fr'm th' poorch, they thried t' brea-ak in thru' a windy an' git inther the thay-ater, not accounthin' fr the jha-anitar who wa-as an Oirishman begobs an laid open their hids with shillaylays, playin' th' divvil av a ruckshun wid thim, loike whin Oi wa-as a b'y in Tippera-ary, an' ut's a long toime since, Dinnissy."

"It is thot," said Mr. Dennessy. "Will, they got driv out," Mr. Gooley went on, 'bidin'

they sthole some garmints thot wa-as laying around phromiscus, an' they bruk a bowl. 'Plase sind four dhollars' says Dinnis, says he. 'No sur,' says Oi, 'ut's not inny sa-aloon av moine that pa-ays fr sphrays av thot kind,' says Oi. 'An ut's not the b'y av Moike Gooley', says Oi, 'as climes int' a thay-ater wid a hankecher forninst his fa-ace, and puls his ould ma-an fr th' dommage', says Oi. 'Ye ca-an scratch for the mun,' says Oi. An' Oi sint the four dhollars t' Honary begobs Hinnissy," said Mr. Gooley.

A Recent Tragedy.

A rubber factory caught fire. The employes wrapped themselves in mackintoshes, rubber blankets and overshoes, and jumped from the windows. After bounding and rebounding for some days, their friends were obliged to shoot them to prevent starvation.



THIS Senior says, "I very seldom call On the maidens fair who live at Ladies' Hall. For the fatal fascination Of my style of conversation Just deprives them of their reason, one and all."

More Haskinsisms,

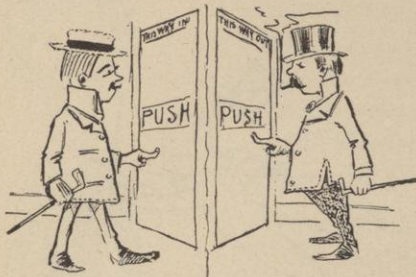
(After a quiz)—"If the contributions are all in, we will proceed with the services."

(Referring to the early Visigothic invasions)—"But they always bought return tickets."



7:59:30 A. M.

The Tale of a Door.



I.

Secret Practice.

The two co-eds had just been taking a walk around the grounds; one was a modest, timid girl, the other a bold, bad one, if such can be imagined. They came to a very high fence, and a very awkward one at that. "I don't see how we can get over that," said the bold one. "I do—but I hope no one else will," replied the modest one.

Evolution.

The ancient cave man with his bow
Shot beasts both great and small,
And lived, and died a happy death;
He thought he knew it all.

The builder of the pyramids
And Karnak's columned hall,
Smiled proudly as he looked about,
Because he knew it all.

The Chinaman with hod and trowel,
Who made the famous wall,
Was cheerful, for he plainly saw
His nation knew it all.

The Romans had a single mind
From origin to fall;
They tried to, but they couldn't hide
The fact they knew it all.

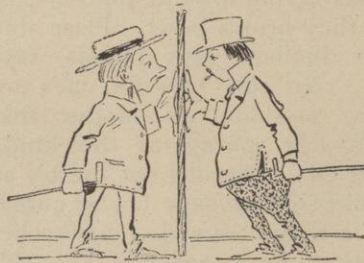
And we, meek creatures that we are,
Sans nerve, sans cheek, sans gall,
While listening to the auto's whir,
Mixed with the gram'phone's squall,
Are happy, for at last—you see,
We know we know it all.

Financially Speaking.

Recent items in a student's expense account:

Three nightshirts	\$4 50
Laundry at Alford's	50
Bittersweets	1 00
Errand boy	25
For the same to keep quiet.	50
Postage	18
Baggageman	1 00
Fare home	2 44

GIRLS, lay aside your short skirts. The decree has gone forth from the Phi Psi fashion oracle that the tunic skirt is *passé*. The gentleman speaks with *high* authority, for he is a constant reader of the *Delineator*.



II.

An Example to Underclassmen.

Timid, retiring freshmen, consider what you may become by ceaseless pushing and pulling during your college course. A prominent law student and Hill graduate, returning from Yale, though entirely unconnected with the team, by his own dogged persistence obtained a free ride from the station to the President's house, piling out at the conclusion of the journey to the surprise of the loyal fellows who had thus shown their appreciation of the *team's* work. Consider well, follow this brilliant example, and some day you too may force yourself to a place where you do not belong and where nobody wants you.

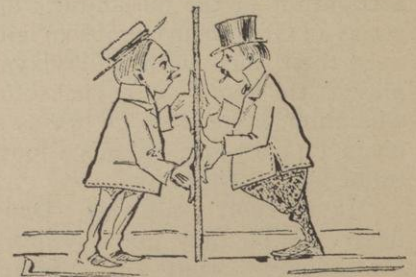
Another Fable for Freshmen.

Once upon a Time, a Freshman went to Call on a Young Woman who was an Officer of a Self-Government Association. The Clock struck Ten, but the Rash Youth heeded it Not. The Same Clock struck Half-past Ten, and the Blithe Lad was Still in the Middle of the Ring. At a Quarter-past Eleven, it had not Yet dawned upon the Freshman that the Temperature in the Parlor had been Steadily Lowering during the Last Three-Quarters of an Hour, with Storms Threatening in the North-west.

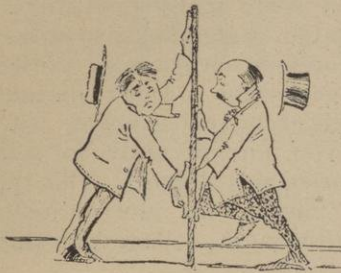
The Face of a Little female Sophomore was Seen to Gleam for an Instant in the Hall, and Five Minutes later an Alarm Clock started to Go Off in a Distant Part of the House. Strange as it may Seem, the Freshman was then Stricken with an Idea. He Thought He had Better start to Go Off, Too. So he Uncrossed his Knees, and Said he guessed he'd Better be Going. Then the Officer of the Self-Government Association exclaimed in Fervent Surprise, "Nay! Going? Guess again, Do!"

The Young Lad settled Back a Little, but Persisted that It was Growing Late, and that He really Ought to be Going.

The Girl reassured Him that It couldn't Get much Later, Anyway, and She besought Him in Pleading Accents to Wait a Year. She told Him that This was too



III.

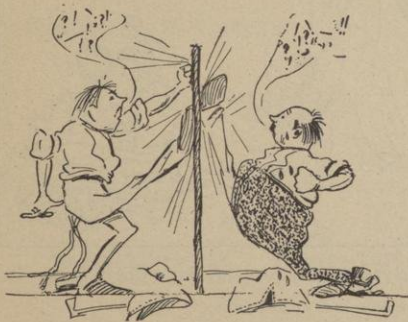


IV.

Rash, too Unadvised, too Sudden a Move; too Like the Lightning which Doth Cease to be, ere One can Say, "It Lightens."

The Lad had a Vague, Uncomfortable Sensation, and he Wondered if he had Better Stay in the Game awhile Longer.

The Maiden Interrupted his Wonder by Begging him to, At Least, Delay his Departure a Few Moments, saying that She would then Walk Along with Him, as She had an Eight O'Clock.



V.

The Young Lad replied that He Feared that She was Joshing Him. But She said that She wouldn't Undertake Anything like That. She added Confidingly, "I don't Think—it would be Possible to Josh You-u." She Shot a Souful Glance into his Eyes as She Pronounced the Last Word with Soft, Lingering Stress, and Then her Eye-lids Drooped, and as if Overcome by her Shyness, she Turned Like a Timid Child toward the Wall,

and, as One Trying to Conceal Embarrassment, she Coily Tore another Month Off from a Pretty Calendar.

Then the Young Lad was Touched to the Quick (He Really was), and Getting a Good Grip on his Crush Hat, he Moved toward the Means of Exit. He turned Back once More, However, and Said a Haughty—"Good-Night."

The Maiden was Standing under the Gas-Jet. She Stifled a Rising Yawn, and a Softly Radiant Smile Played around her Mobile Lips as She Breathed a Gladsome "Good-Morning."

MORAL: The Wise Senior May enjoy Life, But there Are moments When It is Far more Fun To know Nothing.

Billy McSwayble.

This is a fable
Of Billy McSwayble
Who said to his ma,
And his nurse and his pa,
That he wouldn't say grace,
Nor wash his own face,
Though indeed he was able.

His face got so dirty
That when he was thirty
(Or forty, or fifty)
He was rich and quite thrifty;
And was wont to embellish
His table with relish,
And then act quite flirty.

—REYNAN OLDSDREW.

THE SPHINX learns on reliable authority that the Faculty investigation committee is bringing to light a most astonishing and pleasing habit of studiousness on the part of the students. So far as returns have come in, every one was at his room during the whole evening of October 30th. The night-shirt parade was evidently composed of ghosts and other intangible beings.

He Still Lives.

SMART FRESHMAN—"I object to this coffee."

BOARDING-HOUSE LADY—"On what grounds?"

S. F.—"Coffee grounds, of course."

STRANGER—"I knew you had insane asylums, but do you allow the inmates to walk the streets unguarded?"

MADISONIAN—"Oh, that's only a freshman being initiated."



VI.

Literary Note.

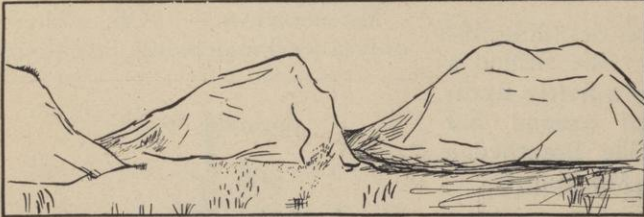
"When Knighthood was in Flower" is a book much talked of now-a-days. THE SPHINX learns that it has been translated into the Boer language by one of the young ladies of the University who has made a special study of their language and customs in this institution. It is still in press, but its publication will be looked forward to with great interest by many university students.



VII.

The Jolly Man.

Perhaps it has never occurred to you—this being a good fellow, how it is accomplished. Being jolly is a trick. Now, the curious part of the trick is that some perform it instinctively, and are born with a tendency to joviality, much as some youngsters on coming into the world manifest a remarkable shyness and blush when spoken to, perhaps because they have never recovered from the indelicacy of being born. Then there be others who



I. No, this is not an Arctic scene, but—

acquire the trick and make of it an art. And who shall gainsay that these are sometimes the best? For the naturally jolly man is merry when the mood strikes him. But he that is not happy by nature studies the moods of others, and is observant of the right time and place. The one laughs because it makes him feel good, the other because he wishes to dispel gloom.

There are all sorts of jolly men: mechanically jolly men; gracefully jolly men; tall, lanky, jolly men, with faces mournful in repose; and short, fat, jolly men, with round, bald, knobby heads.

I was walking down State street the other day, reflecting on the dignified repose of Madison, when a bellow jarred the melody of my thoughts, and a resounding whack between the shoulder-blades led me to fear I was in a mixup. This was a salutation, an "How fare you to-day, sir?" of the closing century. Then at the top of the voice, "Haven't seen you in an age, old man!" "No?" replied I, wondering if murder were always a sin. A few more senseless sentences bawled in my ear, and the kangaroo departed, imagining himself a high type of good fellow.

There is the fellow who shines—God save the mark!—in ladies' society. The small talk devil, who "tee-hees!" like a school girl. The popgun who echoes your happy sayings. So that when

you attempt to get off some really good epigram which you have originated, a giggling girl will say, "Freddy, or Reggie (or some other weak whiskey negus) sprung that yesterday. Don't imitate." Oh, Freddy, you delicately constructed wit, I should like to call on you, unexpectedly, for some clever words at a gentleman's dinner! This type of jolly man is the "Sissy," the idol of foolish school girls—an impression in collars and cuffs. Avaunt!

Then there is the short, fat fellow who beams like the morning sun. He never says anything brilliant. But he is happy and makes others feel so. He sits down in a rocking chair, and, folding his chubby hands across an expansive waist coat, he rocks, and rocks, and rocks, evolving chuckles. Now, *that* is what I call a jolly man. You smile with him. He introduces a mild criticism, and his wink, his smile, his ever delicious chuckle, give it the force of a delightfully bad innuendo; and every one rubs his hands gleefully. Long life to you, my fat friend!



II. —merely a group of subs on the side lines, as is discovered when Peele makes a touchdown.

This sketch would be incomplete did I fail to mention the type represented by Mark Twain, Bill Nye, and Eugene Field. Absolute gravity; irresistible sallies delivered with a preacher's expression of sadness; wit dependent on no illustrative chuckles to point out its beauty. Oh, lank masters of the art of being jolly, we, who are almost dead from chestnuts sprung by sheep-head wits, salute you! More Chinese face and deep wit—less Sissy small talk and giggles!

—REYNAN OLDSREW.

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EXCHANGES.

—Wife of Patient: "I'm so sorry, doctor, to bring you all the way to Hampstead to see my husband."

Doctor (from Mayfair): "Pray don't mention it, my dear madam. I have another patient in this neighborhood, so I'm killing two birds with one stone!"—*Punch*.

—F. H. Otto has just received a new line of pipes. Call and see them. Prices to suit everybody.

—Jeems—"Well, doesn't the Bible say a tooth for a tooth?"

Jones—"Yes; but after Jack struck you in the jaw, you landed him one in the eye."—*Boston Courier*.

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repairing neatly and quickly done. Remember the name and place—Jos. Dunkel, Prop.

—Mrs. Newlywed (timidly)—"Is there any difference, Bridget, between washing soda and baking soda?"

Bridget—"Sure an' there's a dale of difference. The wan's the wan and the ither's the ither."—*Brooklyn Life*.

—THE THANHOUSER STOCK COMPANY, at the Academy, Milwaukee, has invited the team to occupy the boxes after the game Saturday. The company is to present "Lord Chumley," a hilarious study of the ups and downs of sweldom "in dear old Lunnon." The play has been chosen with especial reference to the tastes of college boys. The boxes are to be decorated in cardinal.

—"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"

"Yes, I'm a cornetist."

"And your sister?"

"She's a pianist."

"Does your mother play?"

"She's a zitherist."

"And your father?"

"He's a pessimist."—*Exchange*.

—MANAGER THANHOUSER, OF THE ACADEMY, MILWAUKEE, says he knows what college boys want on the stage after a big game, viz: a chance to laugh. He is presenting this week a comedy, one of the celebrated Frohman successes, "Lord Chumley." He has invited the team to occupy the boxes, which will be decorated in cardinal.

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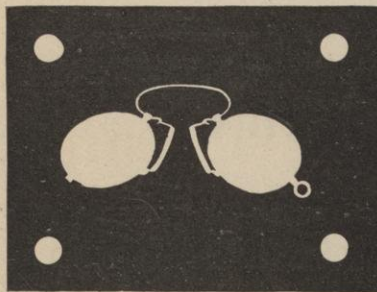
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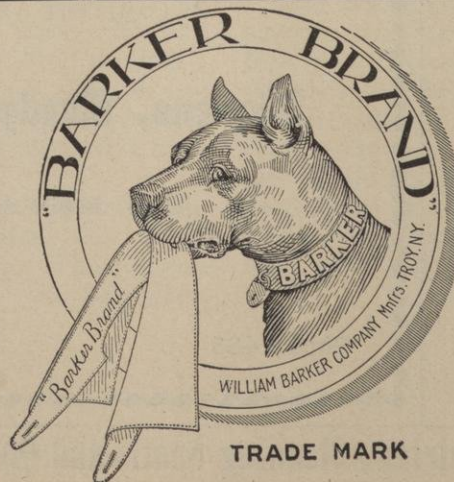
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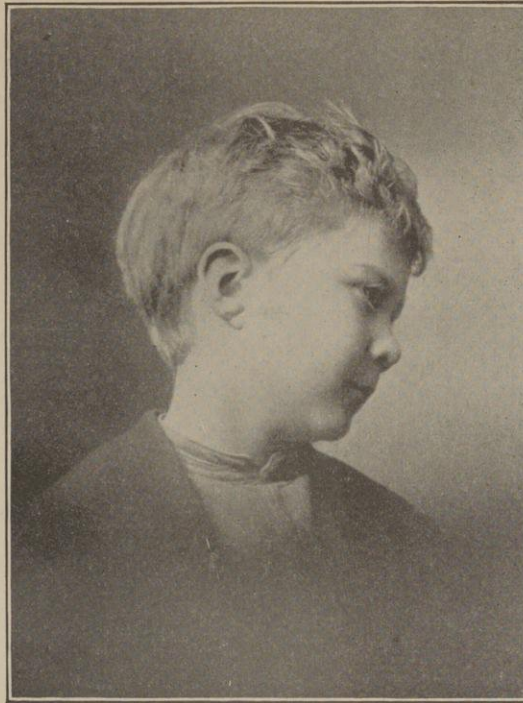
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—Small Bostonian (struggling with her arithmetic)—"Oh, dear—"

Papa—"What is it, my child?"

Small Bostonian—"I wish I were an Australian rabbit."

Papa—"An Australian rabbit? Why, my child?"

Small Bostonian—"Because they multiply so rapidly."—*Exchange.*

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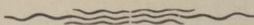
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