

The Sphinx. Vol. 2, No. 3 October 27, 1900

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, October 27, 1900

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I wonder if she contemplates Her pure soul's constitution. I wonder if she meditates On human institutions.

It may be that she simulates This abstract introspection. Perhaps she only estimates Her heart, and its affection. She seems, herself, to me, to be Life, love—The revelation Of hope divine. In her I see My own life's consummation.

A UNANIMOUS DECISION

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THE QUESTION

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Vol. II.

MADISON, WIS., OCTOBER 27, 1900.

No. 3

At The Prep. School.

In the early days of summer when the school is nearly through, When the sun is like a furnace in a firmament of blue, When Spring Fever is contagious and the lessons are a bore, And you have to fight like blazes not to go to sleep and snore. When the school is in its shirt sleeves and the teachers sweat and fan.

Then we big boys club together and we slyly "rush the can."

From four to half a dozen go and gather by the fence, Where we make a quick collection from "twobits" to forty cents.

And some fellow swipes the bucket that is sitting by the stair. And he slips behind the building and across the yard with care, And then around the corner and we see no more of him, Till he brings the old tin bucket that is foaming to the brim.

Each takes a pull that cools him from his front teeth to his toes.

There is joy on every feature, there is froth on every nose.

Each stomach is distended and each weary brain is clear, And our troubles lie there gasping in the leavings of the beer. As we hurry back to classes and slip through the school house door.

One word the birds are singing, and that single word is "more."

1st '01 to 2nd '01: Hello old man! First time I've seen you. What you been doing this summer, or were you here at summer school?



THE FRESHMAN'S BURDEN.



Oh see the little Ostracode! He cannot speak or sing, But wriggles 'round in his abode Too cute for anything.

Junior: That washwoman of ours is a peach. Senior: That so?

Junior: Bet your life. Literary as can be. Always talking about the irony of fate.

Modernities.

Just at this time of the year when Literary Societies are gathering in the Freshmen, a few fit subjects for debate might be suggested.

Resolved, That the cultivation of the social faculties is a detriment to the best progress of the student.

Resolved, That the practice of awarding prizes in the Hebrew department is a good thing for it.

Resolved, That "Madison is a pearl simmering between two lakes."

Resolved, That young men of talent should stay at home rather than be cappers for shell games down town.

Resolved, That street fairs are a good thing for a University town.

Resolved, That Burke excels Kies as an advertisement writer.



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

URRY! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! You'll have to hurry, hurry! Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will kindly step up just a little closer this way so those in the rear may have a better chance, THE SPHINX, which during the last few months, has appeared before all the Great Heads in Madison, will sing that latest popular hit entitled "Why Don't They Throw Those Rubber Bawls?"

But, before we have the song, I wish to remind you that now while the policeman is not looking, is your very best opportunity to secure your tickets for the only genuine imitation of a Carnival, positively the Warmest Show on Earth. There are already three thousand one hundred and twenty-four persons seated on the inside. The doors are all wide open and the performance is just ready to begin. Hurry! Hurry! There is a whole Midway, comprising all the wonders of the world. You will see the lady who really eats 'em alive. Jo-Jo the poodle who looks like a dog; the only original Libby Safe Blower; and besides all this, we produce continuously, at an enormous price for the concession, that plaintive comic-extravaganza pastoral, "On the Banks of the Seine." It is great. Don't fail to see it.

* * *

Look! Look! The Vitascope, the most wonderful invention of the age, casts upon the screen pic-

tures which are startling in their realism. This magic mechanical contrivance represents the Lord Mayor in the very act of urging the Chief of Police to close up all the indecent shows on Saturday morning. This is a remarkable scene, and alone is well worth the price of admission. Look! Look! State Street, the main thorough fare leading to the great University which every visitor wants to see, is shown in many beautiful pictures: by day, with thousands of cardinal streamers floating; by night, decorated with myriads of electric lights. A rare sight indeed! War! War! War! See the wonderful views of the 3rd Wisconsin Infantry on the firing line at Chattanooga. Hurry! Hurry! You'll have to Hurry! Hear the huge phonograph render that touching song by Karles Pay Harass entitled " My Boy Has Wandered into King Street."

Step up! Step up, good people! Five hundred dollars reward is offered to any person who can produce any other person who has been heard to say that there is anything about this show which is in the slightest degree demoralizing to a three-year-old child. You, there! How did you like it? Fine Show? Thank you. Hurry! Hurry! The Committee on Concessions has spared neither time nor expense to make this the greatest, onliest, hottest show that ever happened. Confetti is barred; it would cover the side walks and necessitate cleaning the streets sometime. Rubber balls are forbidden. They are too soft. Everything soft is barred, excepting drinks. Use canes, they hurt. Beyond these few trival restrictions, ladies and gentlemen, the place is yours. Hurry! Hurry! Pay the price at the entrance. Go in and be entertained and instructed. Leave your scruples with the ticket-taker. But you'll have to hurry! hurry!

THE SPHINX does not think that all the Carnival was bad all the week. There was much to be enjoyed in walking about the square, in watching the crowds in the brightness of the lights at night, in noting the displays of the merchants and considering the inducements of the concessionaires, in listening to the plenty of music by the bands. However, it is much to be doubted whether the average student was repaid if he took more than an occasional brief turn about the Square. Surely the students who spent most of their time on the streets last week over-estimate the opportunities for recreation, and neglect their studies proportionately. Coming at a time when the University was getting down to earnest work, the disquieting effect of the week is lamentable. It was pretty hard, for instance, for the average Freshman, or Senior, either, to keep at work while people about were urging him to go for a walk around the Square, and telling him what the boys were going to do to "Gay Paris."

There was a plan—but the plan was given up. If it had been carried out, if the disgraceful concessions granted by the men who "turned down several objectionable shows," had been mobbed out of town, the action would have been approved by Madison citizens generally. There would have been scare-heads, too, in all the morning papers, over biased, distorted accounts of "ANOTHER STUDENT RIOT," and all misinformed, misguided mudslingers would have rolled their eyes upward, and thanked their stars for sectarian schools.

* * *

But once again did prudence prevail over a desire for a direct civil administration.

In general the crowd was orderly and had the proper Carnival spirit of good-natured toleration. Occasionally there was a man who could not reverse his "time-machine" to the days of his youthful pranks: his mumbled threats won him more than a passing attention. Rubber-ball throwing seemed altogether harmless play, which cannot be said of its successor, cane-stabbing. The soft rebounding sphere was a novelty, at least in the hands of grownups, and less likely to be maliciously used, while a cane is a sort of club, at best. With the ban on the ball, the crowd had no other innocent amusement with which to pass the time. Inevitably there was resort to rougher sport by some, while others perferred staying at home to warding off canes. Friday night, instead of being a grand finale, was, excepting the masque parade, a dismal failure. People had heard so much talk of the general lawlessness to be expected on the closing night that many were afraid to venture out. And so the final flare of the Carnival was rather tame and exceedingly civilized.



"THE WICKED THING!"

A Pastoral.

It was a beautiful winter's day in July. The roses bloomed in the sunny garden, and the soft breezes howled hoarsely through the bare branches of the shade-trees. All nature seemed glad she was alive. But Charles Bushwhacker Hotstuff stood in the gloaming and watched the rising sun rise; sighing a sad sigh aside he strode swiftly to the brink of the precipice, took the elevator to the eighteenth floor, and dropped it. Then with arms akimbo he gazed out upon the ocean, and muttered, "It is well!"

The Sick Child's Little Dog.

The two science students in sweaters had a most determined expres sion on their unshaven faces as they slouched in to breakfast. The graduate growled to the junior, "It ain't nice but it's got to be done. I'm eternally tired of hearing those girls rehash dances at breakfast. If we only got it at breakfast I could brace up and stand it, but this getting it cold at dinner, fried at supper, and sprinkled in generally throughout the week is cussedly monotonous. Because I was raised pious and dance like a cow, and don't get invitations anyhow is no sign I want it continuously rubbed in by a bunch of frizzly haired females that don't know the thyroid gland of a monkey from a mastodon's backbone. Hereafter when they dissect a dance we've got to dissect a dog. Are you with me?"

"To the death, Alonzo. Sound the charge."

Then there floated in three visions of more or less sleepy-eyed loveliness. "Oh, Marie, wasn't that last waltz too sweet for anything?" gurgled the first.

" It was a dream. And hasn't Mr. Wiggles got lovely brown eyes? What is he? Does he belong to the Jim Jams?" "No. Didn't you see his Ki Ute

"No. Didn't you see his Ki Ute pledge pin? Did you see that horrid Jones girl's new silk"—

"William," broke in the graduate laying down his fork, "what was all the racket yesterday afternoon among you undergrad biologists? Explain."

"Alonzo," replied the Junior, "it was too sad. I am not especially tender hearted, but to see that pretty little dog suffer brought tears to my eyes. It was too pathetic for anything."

"Oh, tell us about it, please," said the three visions in chorus — preparing to weep a little too, "was someone cruel to a poor dumb brute?"

The Junior choked with emotion. "I won't tell you who it was. You would never speak to him again. Suffice it to say he was a Freshman."

"I know who it was I'll just bet," said vision number one. "I was that horrid little Wilson. He stepped on my dress and tore it, and then he came and asked me for a two-step and I"— "Strike and spare not," growled the Senior.

"You see it was this way. The Freshman stole a pretty little pet spaniel that belonged to a sick child. The "—

"He was a horrid beast."

"Yes, that was what we all thought. It had the most soulful, pitiful brown eyes I ever saw. It walked up to the Freshman and licked his hand and wagged its tail, and he tied a rope around its neck and led it down stairs and chloroformed it."

Here vision number two put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Just then a pale, tired looking woman came rushing in, and asked if we had seen a little spaniel dog. She was a poorly dressed woman, and had such a wan, pitiful face. She said her child was dying and that his last coherent speech was a demand for his little dog."

Then vision number three broke down and sobbed.

"In the meanwhile the Freshman had chloroformed the dog, taken out the glands he was in need of, and had come up stairs, his hands all blood and there he confronted that pale-faced woman."

Three repressed sobs were heard from the visions. "And then — but girls, I can't go on — it's too pitiful."

"Oh, go on, do, do."

"Well, as he faced her we heard a whistling on the stairs — a tune so out of place — it was, 'I want them presents back.' The dog had come too — hadn't had enough chloroform — and came staggering up the stairs, seventeen feet of bloody insides dragging after him, trying in that dumb way, by that whistled tune to have replaced his thyroid glands, his left parotid, his smaller intestine, his duodenum, his right eve, his " —

But the girls had fled. They looked pale.

"Hurrah," yelled the graduate, "your dancing may be awkward, but at science you are great."

"I'm generally there with the goods," said the Jnnior. "The pathetic bluff spiel is my specialty. Guess that package I handed 'em will hold 'em for a while."

Said the Athlete.

I'll have to drop a study I guess. My two are so constraining,

I want to study all the time,

But you know I can't for training.

I'm excused from gym, and drill work, too, And I can't go to class when its raining, I'd like to stay up late at night, But you know I can't for training.

Normalite.— "Is it true that they won't allow more than three cuts a week in a three-fifths study here at the University?"



"Be the bould Saint Pathrick, but ain't they foine smellin' posies!"



The Sophomore's Soliloguy.

To haze, or not to haze; that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The gibes and taunts of audacious Freshmen, Or to lock arms against this horde of greenies And by hazing still them? To haze; to fight; No more; and by success to say we end The cat-calls and the thousand autumnal taunts That we must list to; 'tis an Utopia Devoutly to be wished; to haze; to fight; To fight; perchance to yell; ay, there's the rub, For in that fight so loud, what "Profs." may come When we are beating down the Freshies green, Must make us think; there's the respect The Y. M. C. A's should get from Sophs; And who would bear the looks and gibes of Birge, The faculty trial; "Prof" Slichter's contumely, The "Democrat's" report of our brave fight, Which is as true as its other 'Varsity news; When we ourselves might our revenges make On the poor Freshmen? Who would "failures" fear, Who'd buck and slave many a weary hour But that the dread of something afterwards, The tabulated reports which our "pas In Feburary receive; puzzles our wills, And makes us rather bear the taunts we get Than haze the Freshman though he deserves it much. Thus Slichter doth make cowards of us all, And thus our last spring's word of resolution, To still in peace, though we like it not; And daring schemes of our great class and leaders In this new light are nothing but a dream, And lose the name of action.—Shut ye up, The good "Prof" Slichter. "Prof," by thy kind mercies Be all our sins forgotten.



Prof.— Mr. Binthair, what do you understand by a variable, constantly approaching infinity as a limit. Mr. Binthair. — The fees I pay to Mr. Riley.



Nibbs: Say, confound it. Squibbs: What is it?

Nibbs: Well, I want to know whether or not that crack in the last Spinach about the Cardinal bunting, has anything to do with a Papal bull.

The Heart of the Righteous Studieth to Answer.

"And the men rose up from thence and looked toward Sodom." Genesis xvii, 16.

Oct. 11.— "The State University of Wisconsin was bitterly attacked to-day at the session of the Presbyterian synod at Waukesha. The students were accused of drunkenness and disreputable conduct, and the institution was branded as an ungodly one, unfit to be the educational home of clergymen's sons or the sons and daughters of good church members.

Judge Eastman of Marinette, declared it was high time some college should be able to compete with the state university, which he declared, was an objectionable institution."—*Record*.

And there came one who was a mighty prophet.

And he opened his mouth and spake, saying: I will not go down now¹ for surely they have done altogether according to the cry of it.² For if it were not so they would have told me.

Yea their wickedness is exceeding great. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard this wickedness which passeth understanding.³

With mighty shoutings make they merry and with mirth fill all their days. The curse of labor know they not; they go not to the ant, to consider her ways and be wise. Verily they are like the lilies of the field which spin or toil not.

Their lamps they fill with oil that they may come over against their neighbors. With the wisdom of the serpent and with cunning take they their neighbor's goods.⁴ And there is lamentation among the stricken but the evil ones give not back their neighbor's goods. And this is an abomination in my sight for is in not written: by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread?

And by strong drink are they possessed as of

devils. They tarry not long at the wine nor do they go to seek mixed wine. But with the strong drink of the wicked city 5 are they drunken. And the city waxeth mighty and the name thereof flieth to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Now curses be unto them for their sin is very grievous and because the cry of it is great. Lest they be as a stumbling block in the path of the elect.⁶ and the righteous youth forsake the way of the father: if peradventure the son of the elder seeketh the mammon of unrighteousness. Curses be unto them. They shall become an astonishment, a proverb, and a byword. With the words of my mouth as by a great wind ⁷ shall they be overthrown. With the words of my mouth as by brimstone and fire shall they be utterly cast down.

And one of the multitude drew near saving: Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? Peradventure there be some righteous found there.

And the prophet spake saving: Shall not the judge of all the multitude do right? Bring then thence the elect which are within the city.

And behold a token I give that ye may know them. Go ye into the wicked place and take thence them that are the sons of the prophets.8 For they are as Adam was before that Eve his wife did tempt him by reason of the wiles of the serpent and he did fall. Even as Adam before he did eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

Yea, all men do eat of the tree of knowledge and do learn good and evil. Only these lambs⁹ learn not evil, being even as angels. Even as angels, white as snow, are the sons of the prophets.

Because they are even as lambs will I not destroy them. Because they are doorkeepers in the house of the Lord, therefore take ve them hence from out the tents of wickedness.

Thus spake the prophet and with a loud voice cursed all the rest that were in that place.¹⁰

At the hour of going to press the walls of University Hall were still intact. But don't scoff at the prophet. This is his first time around. He has six more blows. (See Joshua, vi.)

Moral: Sampson had better luck with his Philistines, but, notice, he didn't talk through that jawbone. See Judges xv, 15.)

NOTES ON THE LESSON. 1. I. e., to the University. He stood "afar off." 2. According to reporters and other friends. 3. Obscure passage. Refers probably to the prophet's method of getting Penny-ante " seems to be meant here.
Milwaukee apparently.
Understood to mean ministers' sons.
Probably a figurative expression, though doubtful.
See note 6.
See note 6. information

- 10. See note 1



HURRY !! HURRY !!!



Razzle: Why is an engagement for a taffy-party, like a man who is running for office?

Dazzle: Oh I dunno. Something about "pull" probably, eh?

Razzle: A mile off as usual. No, it's a candydate.

The Senior and the Freshman had not seen each other since their little tilt last summer over the new pair of shoes (the Spinach was the only paper that published an account of it) — until a day or two ago, when the erstwhile Senior, now back as an assistant, ran across the former Freshman, now a Sophomore, with all the inexplicable pride attaching to that position,— and the two went up into the latter's room for a friendly chat.

They had been gossiping some time, when after a pause the Sophomore, lapsing somewhat into his old querulous, innocent way of speaking said: "So you're back again, are you?"

The instructor gave him a swift and shrewd, and then a pitying glance, got up and took a careful look around the room, then out of the window, then shook himself, and, after a few more reassuring moves replied. "Y-yes. As near as I can make out I'm back. Doesn't it kind of look as though I might be back,—or doesn't it? Anyhow the report got around that I was back and I never doubted it. But hang the newspapers anyhow. If a fellow could only believe 'em what a lot of worry it would save. But you can't, and now you turn up and don't know, and how the deuce am I to find out? I was to report"— "Aw, ring off," interrupted the Soph.

"No, but say honestly, what do you think? Am I"-

"Say," interrupted the Soph. again, "How about our chances down at Chicago the 17th?"

"Pretty bright. Can't look at 'em long at a time. Hard on the eyes."

"There's where you're beginning to talk sense," assented the Soph— and as the conversation now turned to the work each had selected, the hopes and plans of each, comments on the death of the Aegis, the nongetalongableness of the Scaredinall, and other remarks of a more serious nature, the Spinach thought best to stay outside, and only heard the Soph. say, as his friend went down stairs a few minutes later: "Well old man, I'm glad to see your back." And she (or he) heard the instructor say softly to himself, "The kid's improving right along. Darn bright kid all right all right."



Once there was a little girl And she had a little curl In her hair.

It was only such a little She said "now surely it'll Craze me I declare."

So she went and bought an iron And she put a little fire on The grate.

And she got the iron hot And she — oh well, you know what.

Moral: The fellow had to wait a little longer, but then she was pretty enough to pay for it.





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Customer—"Don't you think that you are making too big a profit on your 25c. cakes?"

Clerk-"In what way?"

Customer—"Why you are gettting 10 cts extra for a scent."

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Jokes.

Wit—"Say, old man, do you see John L. Sullivan over there at the table trying to cut his steak?"

Humor—"Yes; he is having a hard time of it, isn't he."

Wit—"Yes; What book does it remind you of?"

Humor-"I don't know."

Wit-"The Battle of the Strong."

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—"Somebody told me the table was good here."

—"Well, don't you think it is pretty good—to stand for this sort of thing?"

Engraved calling cards at SEXTON & O'NEILL'S.

"Seems queer doesn't it?" said the senior to the junior, as the two walked arm in arm up the walk, and gazed thoughtfully about at the bulletin boards, the new library, the freshmen, and other scenery, and incidentally noted the poster telling how "all students are expected to subscribe, etc."

"What seems queer?" queried the junior.

"Why you know it took the Lord six days to make the earth, and there is more than one fellow in this institution that can put up a first class bluff in less than three seconds."

And the two, in deepest meditation, still calmly hiked on up the hill.

When you hear about the game talk it over at the PALACE OF SWEETS.

Mug: "Here's an easy one for you. Why is Croker like water? Pug: "Why?"

Mug: "Cinch, because he runs down Hill."

WE frame pictures ,and do it neatly, and furnish you with the best stock that we can purchase. HASWELL & SCHOLL.

Get a good pipe and some fine tobacco at Boelsing's so you can enjoy solid comfort in talking over the game.



A Close Shave.

One of the students had a painful experience with a razor last week, but he applied some of Sumner's Favorite Cream which relieved him at once. Try it, it is all right.

After the game to-day pay that bet at the Palace of Sweets.

Her Value.

He (adoringly)-Darling, you are worth your weight in gold.

She (practically)-You do not value me sufficiently, Henry. Gold at its value of \$16.50 an ounce is worth \$264 a pound avoirupois, and as I weigh 140 pounds my value would be only \$36,960, where, as the tax duplicates will show, I am worth something over \$75,000. -Detroit Free Press.

Biological Supplies at SEXTON & O'NEILL'S.

Did you

see them yesterday buying the latest sheet music at the Groves Barns Music Co's store? Everything in the popular sheet music of the day. Students find it the great emporium for a new supply. Popular music, popular prices. Look it over.

FORD'S Photos never disappoint. They are winners.

—"They say celery is good for the nerves."

—"This seems to be pretty good for cords."

Mc Kinley may win, but FORD'S Photos always win.

Fraternity Stationery Engraved at SEXTON &O'NEILL'S.

Editor — I can't put that in this number because I've got so much stuff that won't keep.

Candidate—Is it so bad as all that?—Harvard Lampoon.

—"Wow! what's this ice cream flavored with?"

-"Florida water, by Gosh!"

You can get just what you want at Keeley's Palace of Sweets.

"There's a woman in the case," he said as he gazed pensively at the sad, sweet face beneath the lid of the coffin.— *Tiger*.

Keeley's Palace of Sweets open for football parties this evening.



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