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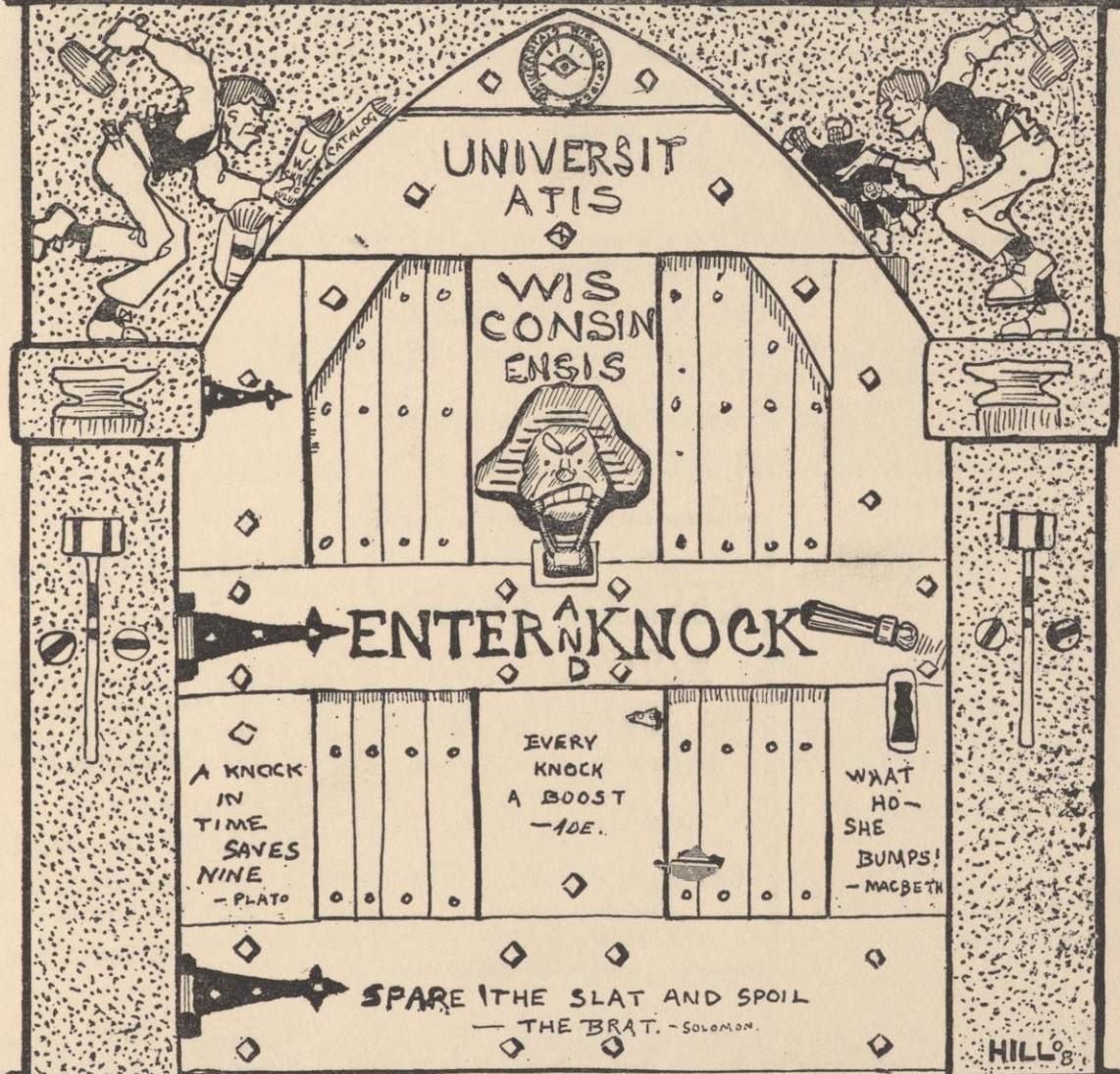
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THE SPHINX



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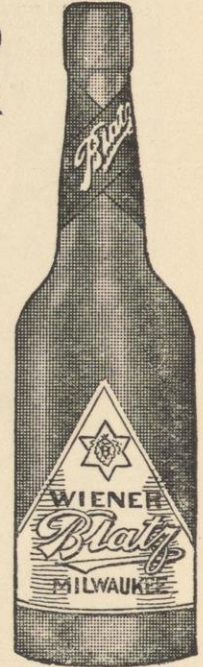
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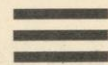
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4 South Carroll Street

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COLLYER'S PHARMACY

See our new lines in University Stationery

COR. STATE & CARROLL STS.



The Sphinx

Naramore



S. G. A.

(The Sweet Girl Association has adopted THE SPHINX as its onliest official organ.)

I had wandered into convocation, idly, as I didn't know anything in Steam, my twelve-o'clock. The room was filled with emptiness. Two seats away from me a *Saturday Evening Post* boy was flipping nickels with himself, and across the hall a co-ed was fuzzing up her Marcell wave. Bredin had just finished *Hiawatha*, and the desiccated little genty who was booked for a spiel was beginning to drone like a saw-mill on a hot day, and I—well, the balmy atmosphere, the soothing burble—I—well the solitude ———I— * * *



“BANG!” Some one had knocked.

I woke with a start. Where was I? Where am I, and why? These questions flooded my poor brain till I felt like a freshman under the tub faucet.

Then I tumbled. I had slept through convocation, through dinner—and now the S. G. A. were holding their mass meeting. The hall had assumed a more summery aspect. Indeed it seemed as if—

“Violets bloomed here, roses bloomed there,

“And heliotropes bloomed everywhere!”
(John L. Sullivan.)

“This meeting will please come to order.” It was the gentle, though firm voice of the presidentess. It took 22½ minutes and a sergeant-at-arms to quiet the gathering.

When the hrs., mins., and secs., of the previous meeting had been filed on a hat pin, a sweet young thing with side-combs got up and said that in view of the fact and in view of the fact and furthermore because it was pretty dark these mornings at quarter to eight, that the girls should not be allowed to walk up the Hill to their eight-o'clocks with any of the fellows. Motion squelched. The next-to-the-prettiest girl there protested of the present calling hours. “Why,” she said, “a gentleman caller hardly says good-day before he begins to say good-bye.” Someone asked her why it took her two hours to say good-bye, and she subsided under a neat blush.

A sorority sophomore asked if she ought to recognize a fellow on the street when she had performed a Physics experiment with him. The case was referred to John the janitor.

Then a large-eyed girl with smoky hair read a carefully prepared paper, positively proving that the show of Girls Living in Town, not members of the S. G. A., was much the better, 87 per cent marrying between 20 and 30 as against .03 per cent for the Association. (Consternation and swoons.)

In the rough-house which ensued I opened a window and dropped out hastily. The last thing I heard was the clear contralto of someone who asserted that she couldn't help being popular and getting three bids to the Prom, and that she wouldn't pay the usual fine made and provided.

THE SPHINX.

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Always remember that this is only pretence, so that you are not to believe a word of it, even if it is true.—Kingsley

We, *THE SPHINX*, has conscientiously tried to collate here the gist of the legitimate knocking which arises whenever two Wisconsin students discuss their studies. The result is respectfully addressed to the Faculty. True, the Faculty do not read *THE SPHINX*; if they did, they would probably regard her well-meant suggestions as sassy. However, she proceeds, for her own satisfaction, without expecting her remarks to ever reach their destination—like Robert Burns composing his "Address to the Deil."



WHAT are we here for, anyway?

Some of us would have to guess three times before we hit the answer. Men in the professional colleges could settle it quickest; they are calculating to make themselves into law-sharks, or engineers, or agrics, or pharmics, or commercites. The rest of the bunch get here more by accident. Some think Madison can afford them a four years continuous performance in the light amusement line; some of our dimpled damsels regard it as a ducky place to pass the interesting interval between high school and matrimony;

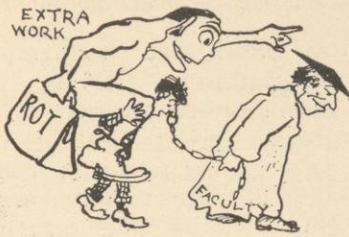
while others, despairing of the degree of M. R. S., hike conscientiously after a Ph. D. But most of us land here because we, or our parents, have the hazy notion that higher education is the right dope for our systems. If we get anything at all out of our college, it is in the line of what Matthew Arnold and other super-educated gazabos have called culture—that is, general development, not necessarily concentrated on the boosting of our bread-winning abilities.

The course for the professional man should train him, as rapidly as possible, into a skilled practitioner in his line. His course ought to be boiled down to a business-like minimum, and all pedagogic fancy-work ought to get the axe.

The non-professional man, who is wandering around the Hill, needs something

different. He hasn't the line of his Life Work laid out ahead of him, nice and definite and straight, like a bowling alley. He wants to collect a large mental museum of ideas and facts and theories, at first; then (shifting the metaphor some) after he has got a comprehensive bird's eye view of things, he is in a position to intelligently pick the path that will prove most primrosy. His course, therefore, should offer him an insight into as many tracks as possible, and a chance to train on one when he gets it selected.

Apply these criteria—concentrated training in the professional schools, and broadening of insight with injection of new ideas, in the cultural side—and what do two-thirds of the courses now handed out to us by our beloved Alma Mater look like? Echo answers: "Thirty cents."



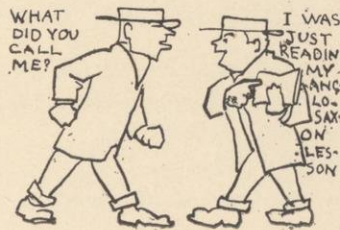
While the Wisconsin engineer has a lot to be proud of in his college, he has plenty to cuss. Where the Hill man is allowed to attempt but sixteen snap fifths, the engineer gets from twenty to twenty-seven slung at his devoted head. If every fifth added something to his engineering ability, there would be no valid kick coming; but a large per cent. of them do not. e. g.: he labors through five-fifths Calculus, where one-fifth-worth would be all that he could remember and more than he could use. The engineer wants to become proficient in his profession, that he may the quicker cop the glittering shekels that furnish the flat. He may justly regard every day's work of his course that does not conduce to this end as irrelevant, superfluous and piffling. *Zu viel ist genug.* One fifth may be useful, where five are four-fifths nuisance, just as one beer is a joy where five are a headache.

Filigree fifths, above the working minimum, consume time which might better be spent in the enjoyment of life; but, worse, the overloaded "preparation" of our first two years, leaves us as upper classmen, in the midst of an array of courses which we need in our business but can't get to. The junior is in the same condition as a mule, which has been crammed with excelsior and other bulky but faintly nutritious breakfast food, and then is suddenly let into a granary

of oats, which he can sample but hasn't time to fill up on.

Also, and furthermore—certain professional courses, traditionally stiff, have no license to be so. Neither is the stiffness of a course an indicator of its efficiency. You can make a good engineer of a man without holding his nose to a slide-rule for four years.

Our above remarks apply with equal force to the other utility colleges: for engineer read law, commercial, or agric, to taste.



When we turn our argus optics to the cultural courses, we observe that their object is the filling of the intellect rather than the dinner pail. As we remarked above, they should give the budding intellect a chance to expand in several directions, at first, and perhaps in one definite direction later. The L. and S. courses do that nicely, in the catalogue. They offer an excellent and variegated assortment of underclass studies, except that they are too generally presented in unassimilable hunks, producing not a brilliant play of new ideas, but a tired feeling.

Still, our critical kick on the first two years applies not to the system, but its methods. It gives us, though painfully, our mental museum; and about our junior year we find the line we want to be specializing in, and start toward it with a pleased grin — whereupon our class advisor yanks us

back by our left ear into a mess of irrelevancies. For example—when you want to major in English you must first wade, or rather slosh through Anglo-Saxon. Wherein does any writer from a lyric poet to a reporter on Night Police, or any one at all except a language specialist, derive benefit from translating gargly sentences that look as if an unskilled compositor had tried to set up a Choctaw love-song in Uncle Remus' dialect, and then had pied the type. Perhaps we are supposed to get pointers on the ancestry of our mother tongue; but we don't, except when we notice some polysyllabic jaw-breakers that look like familiar swear-words.

The upper classman ought to know pretty well himself what he needs for his practical or spiritual completion. If he wants to revel in the humanities, let him revel; if he insanely wishes to pursue mathematics, let him pursue. The class advisor, with his festoons of extra-requirements, is a disturbing factor and a public nuisance. Cultural training is a personal matter, and here is a place where we can best be left to work out our own salvation.



We recently noticed in a Family Magazine a column of "Things to Avoid," one of which was "all foolish and unnecessary work." We remembered that, because here at Wisconsin we are kept jumping sideways to avoid it, all the time.

Every professor labors

(We have never been a temperance organ, but this is the first time our editorial page ever had a hang-over.)

under the hallucination that his course is the only one his students are attempting to take, and he ladles out assignments accordingly. If we did everything we are expected to, we would all become Grinds, which consist of heads, glasses, and feet, tenuously connected. We avoid this dire fate by the simple but neat expedient of fudging the work.

We hear old grads lamenting the days "when we had

more time to think." We today may wish to pause and meditate, and maybe hatch an original idea; but who now has time to think about his work, except in terms of profanity?

We make this novel suggestion to the faculty—chop the foolish-and-unnecessary work. This includes mile-a-minute outside reading; two-thirds of the soph mechanics problems; recitation of the by-products of the Cochín-China soap industry

by unfortunate commercial geographers; tickling of *Passiflora* tendrils by full-grown agrics; dotting of kelp eggs by botanists; technicalities of uncommon law. Our kick is not on the amount we do, but on the disproportionately small results we get. Pare down our courses to an effective basis, and we will have less justification in regarding our school work as the least important feature of our college education.

The Czar of the Gym.

*Have you heard of the Czar of the Gym,
Whom his subjects all curse with a vim?
Have you heard no one speak
Of this janitor freak—
Of Dresden, the Czar of the Gym?*

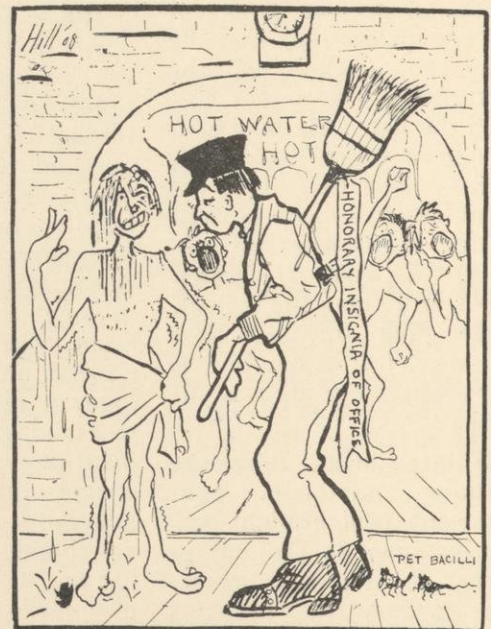
Some day in that locker-room foul,
When you've lost your gym-suit or your
towel,

He will hear your complaints with disdain,
With a sneer that will drive you insane—
And when you retort with a howl—

With the stoical calm of a Greek,
He will shift the great quid in his cheek
And spat near your feet on the floor;
You may deepen your voice to a roar
But never a word will he speak,

He knows not the day nor the hour;
He heeds not the time for the shower;
What care if the water's too hot
Or whether he's told so or not—
Poor devils, we're all in his power!

The air of his kingdom is stale,
His subjects look sickly and pale—
He hears the loud cries for "hot water,"
The howls from the swimming pool
quarter,
And he turns on his heel as they rail.



He stalks through the halls in his might,
Nor glances to left or to right;
When safely outside in his bubble
He speeds far away from all trouble
And "takes the fresh air" every night.

*O, this terrible Czar of the Gym—
I shouldn't regard it a sin.
With a dynamite bomb
To blow off the—thumb
Of this despotic Czar of the Gym.*

—Mu.

KNOCKS

Motto—Whatever is, is wrong.

Song—While the Hammers go Rap, Rap Rap.

This department has been started at the anxious solicitation of a poor but earnest reformer who aspires to a humble place on the staff of that most irresponsible of screeds, THE SPHINX. Anyone having acute indigestion, four cons, a course under John M., or any other chronic pain, is invited to contribute. Dope out the way you think things ought to be and then take a rap at the way they are. But avoid profane words, like damn—, remember THE SPHINX is a family paper.

A casual glance over the short-course-Agric mixer of recent date enabled a logician to make the following deductions:

(1) The course in feeds and feeding might advantageously be broadened to cover certain human contingencies.

(2) It is no fun to play hot-hand with Agrics.



Why all this expenditure of intellectual ooze in trying to popularize Association Hall? A poorly ventilated smoking room, together with a slight broadening of the periodical list to include such Standard works as the *Police Gazette*, would turn the trick in half the time it takes a history prof to develop a point. And two slot machines paying the conventional rate of one Lottie Lee for every five nickels would do more to pay off those debts than a dozen gum shoe solicitors.



No, that was not the ice grinding horribly on the shore Thursday night. It was the all-University concert in full swing.



An acute student in Physics lab offers the criticism that certain instructors devote too much time to the study of optics. Not but what the girls are peaches, but we believe in the greatest good for the greatest number as long as we are in with the bunch. It strikes us as rather unfair for the faculty to take the advantage over the boys which their position gives them. Every man should stand on his own merits or use stilts.



On opening the *Cardinal* the other evening we were stared in the face by the following announcement: "SKATES! SKATES!—at the Co-op." 'Tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity; but why advertise the fact?

A long overdue dispatch recently received from our Hades correspondent quotes at some length from the "Weekly Damnation." The Damnation is the official organ of the Hades student body. It is, if you can conceive of such a thing, a sort of *Cardinal* and SPHINX fused into one.

Extract from the drill regulations of the Hell's fire guards:

Demerits for offences in personal appearance and neatness of dress—	
Hoofs not clean.....	1
Without claw protectors.....	2
Untrimmed horns.....	3
Uncurled tail.....	4



ANNOUNCEMENT.

The fourth red hot hop of the academic year will be held on the local gridiron Saturday, January 5. A large consignment of flunked students has just been received, and a delightful evening's entertainment is promised. Darts may be secured from the devil himself.



ITEM.

Preliminary fryouts are being held each evening in the auditorium of the Y. D. H. A. (Young devil's heretic association) building, under the personal supervision of A. Bad Angell.



CARPING CRITICISM.

Why is it that the demon in charge of the heating for the shower baths can not give us any decently bright red-hot water. Not once this week has the water been brighter than a pale pink shade. All scientific demons agree that tepid baths are very dangerous at this season of the year, when the temperature outside frequently falls as low as 1000° C.



Don't knock the poet. He is born, not made—and he couldn't help being born.

In this issue we, of course, intended to soak our respected though unofficial censor, Prof. Bil. Cairns, and his Forms of Discourse. We have been trying for the last twelve hours to soak the latter, and it is still dry.

♦ ♦ ♦

On skimming over Giese's Spanish "Anecdotes" the thought comes to us that a good Press Agent was lost when William went in for Romance Languages.

♦ ♦ ♦

A certain short-horn in the course of some initiatory proceedings was hit on the head with a pillow. He related the incident at supper next evening, winding up his pitiful tale with these words: "But my head; that was the worst thing about it."

"I quite agree with you," replied an upper classman.

♦ ♦ ♦

The effects of friction on sliding, falling and rolling bodies will be the subject of exhaustive experiment on the upper campus during the next few weeks.

♦ ♦ ♦

Dramatic Criticism

If the Red Domino play is half as pathetic as it sounds, it will be the crying hit of the year. The shriek of a lost soul in agony is as soothing as a chem lecturer's drone to one who has heard the weird, indescribable noise that seeps through the locked doors of the hall in which the Doms are holding high revel.

LATER.—We apologize. The thing we heard was the mob scene in the fourth act of the Junior play.

♦ ♦ ♦

It is rumored that a nominal rate per hour will be charged for the use of the window seats in the Engineering library during the slippery season. A later report denies the confirmation of this allegation which we heard had been given out last night. When seen by our representative the official in charge (janitor) refused to make any statement. One of our best known key punishers is said have said that she thought it ought to be worth 4 bits an hour anyhow. We hasten to agree with her.

♦ ♦ ♦

'Tis better to have tried and flunked than never to have tried at all. This is rank sophistry; it was written by a law student in the glow of anticipation that preceded the Christmas vacation.

CHOICE ANECDOTE (intended to be in slavish imitation of the style of Giese): A youth came one day to take the short course in the Agricultural College at we know not what State University. Soon after his arrival he was entered in a peanut race, with the result that he wished to leave school and seek refuge among the tall Heather Blooms of his Native Heath. Said the youth to a certain very wise professor of Bovine Caudal Appendage Torsion, "I think I shall run away from school."

"Why run?" said the Prof., recalling by a supreme effort a gag he had heard at the show the night before. "Because the short-horn fleeth when no Prof. pursueth, but the commerce student is bold as a goat—and about as delicate," replied the youth. Which in those days was considered a damn fair joke.

♦ ♦ ♦

New Year's Resolutions

Down on the carpet,
Where before my pa I pause,
Down on the carpet,
Where he reads me liquor laws;
When I squirm and twist a deal,
While he makes his little spiel—
There's where I make my
New Year's Resolutions.

Down on the corner,
Where the amber fluid flows;
Down on the corner,
Where I drown my weary woes;
Where I always meet the bunch,
When I get the wished-for hunch—
There's where I break my
New Year's Resolutions.

—Tim.

♦ ♦ ♦

Wanted—Two good knockers to do pleasant and profitable work for THE SPHINX. Apply in person to the Knock Editor.

Brand new set of resolutions. Must dispose of this stock immediately. Reasons on application.

Will Exchange—Two year's credits in military drill for a poor in Engineering Physies.

♦ ♦ ♦

The young oarsman's limbs were distorted in a horrible grin and his face was stark and rigid. Tenderly they bore him down stairs and dropped him into the tank. "What was it?" inquired a sympathetic bystander. "He tried to pronounce the name of the new crew coach," replied his comrade, turning away to hide his emotion.

♦ ♦ ♦

Cheer up; the Prom is yet to come.

Boosting the Millenium.

The socialist had made it clear to us that all the gold and silver currency in the world was to be thrown into the sea.

“And,” he went on “for the benefit of those who live inland we have provided a neat receptacle which you will find at your right as you pass out.”

We thanked him very much, but ex-

plained that as yet the home cistern would hold all of ours.

◇ ◇ ◇
? ? ?

Teacher—We read here about “Shelley’s musical couplets.” Johnny, what are couplets?

Johnny (waking) —Twins.



My Griddle-cake Nymph of South Hall

(Rah, rah, rah, Domestic Science).

Loveliest Miriam, alias Dearie (yum),
Down in my heart you’ve a little *imperium*.
This is no ornery lover’s delirium:
It is produced gastronomically.
Common co-eds buck the lore of the bookery,
Miriam reigns in the science of cookery
Up in South Hall (it’s a blooming old rookery,
But when she’s there it’s Elysian, by gee).

Maiden imperial, stirring a cereal,
Turning out biscuits so light and ethereal—
When I come down from the regions bacterial,
Always you’ve some little hand-out for me.
Never a stomach-ache lurks in the things you
make,
Ev’rything sweet is more sweet for the maker’s
sake.
Let’s us get married and live on your angel-cake—
Us for the cottage I’ve planned out for thee.



Diagram: Showing Our Canning Committee in Action

And in the third year of the reign of Char Les there came wise men from up state, with whiskers that had never known the shears; and they rubbernecked into the inner temple saying, "Hullygee, what scandal!" And they got busy and investigated for a twelvemonth; but there was nothing doing. But when the wise men had returned with empty hands to the tall timbers, the priests and Levites and suchlike took counsel, saying, domestically, "Let us clean house." And they went over the temple with chloride of lime and Sozodent, and whited it.

And when they came to Student Morals they said: "Allah! This is a dickens of a job," only they said a worse word than "dickens." And for a starter they girded up their rubber heels and went into the labs and quizzes, and landed on the poor muts who were cribbing with unprofessional openness and canned them. Yea, they tied cans onto them and turned them out to graze. And they published the results on all the billboards. The moral of which is: honesty is the best policy, especially when some one is looking.

My Visit to The Cardinal Office

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWLS.

A few days since, wishing to pay for some advertising in advance, I called at *The Cardinal* office. Aside from the look of amazement on the face of the business manager, I observed various other large and extensive improvements. Since last fall the table has been turned completely around. Thus a revolution has taken place in the furnishings of the office. The managing editor now sits with his back to the window, which fact is most conducive to greater literary effort on the part of this individual. He is no longer diverted by the "Turkish Bath" sign, looming up across the street, or by trying to identify the various subjects passing in and out of this establishment.

The general air about the office was that of prosperity. The office table and the type stands were covered with a large and good-looking assortment of assistant editors. The editor-in-chief looked becomingly careworn—that look which is so characteristic of the editors of great dailies. The reporters were all manly little chaps, scribbling earnestly under the pleasant delusion that each might one day become a business manager. The paste pot fumes were even stronger than of old and contributed not a little to the prosperous atmosphere of the place. The tin elevator was rattling more noisily than ever and succeeded in completely silencing a poor meek-eyed little man who stepped in to protest a bill for advertising a performance the night after it was given. Some stray remark dropped by the meek-eyed individual, concerning "slight irregularities in delivery," made me suddenly recollect that I had received but three copies of *The Cardinal* in two weeks. I was forced to close my visit abruptly and depart, fearing that further conversation on my part might become shoppy and markedly unpleasant. After descending a seemingly interminable succession of steps, I reached the street, bearing with me the fragrance of the paste pot and a good opinion of our leading daily. Both the fragrance and the opinion lingered with me for some days.

Local Brevities

Irvine Ziegans, 1910, is sporting a new Derby, just like grown folks. It don't look nice, Irv.

Olaf Johnson is taking the short course

at Madison college. Olaf is a bright boy and will make the most of this fine opportunity.

Our esteemed townsman, Max Loeb, has bought a printing press, and is doing a nice business printing visiting cards. He is thinking of buying the *State Journal* and running it as a comic supplement to the *Alumni Magazine*.

H. Montgomery has a new tie. Looks fine from the road.

The college canning committee plans a new social function, to be called the Senior Sling-Out.

Wid Stevenson is dusting out the Opera House for his new show.

Dick Loesch was presented with a fine half speed steamboat by his many admiring friend, Xmas.

It is said that the tennis court fence will be propped up soon. The college will do the work.

Later—The college indignantly denies it. Max Mulcahy has a new graft.—*Adv.*

Percy's Temptation

(Reference must be made to "Nearer Home" by Phoebe Carey. We make no apologies to Phoebe, however.—she could never have written anything like this.)

That little violet note

The postman brings no more—
And I'm nearer the "Home" today
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer the Farmer's Home
Where the profs and students spree;
Nearer the blocks of bone,
Nearer the luncheon free.

Nearer the polished bar
Where they pour the liquor down,
Hoping their griefs to balm,
Hoping their sorrow to drown.

At the door of that awful place,
I stagger back in fear,
Dazed by the crowd of tanks
And the foaming schooners of beer.

O, if my mortal feet
Should ever have crossed the brink!
What if my Charlotte knew
How near I was to a drink.

Fickle, perfidious minx,
To cause your poor victim such sorrow—

I shall scribble my woes for THE
SPHINX—

And look for your note on the morrow.



PROF-JOKE PROTECTOR

PATENT APPLIED FOR AND INDIGNANTLY REFUSED

SAVES WEAR AND TEAR ON

Your Face

Jollies the PROF AND GETS YOU AN EX!



Worn inside your coat. Slips into place INSTANTLY, whenever the prof springs one of his chestnuts. Behind it, you can groan and gnash your teeth all you want to—the prof thinks you are laughing the harder. Don't get neuralgia trying to look pleasant. WEAR OUR PROTECTOR.

AUTOMATIC—works while you sleep. You can doze in peace, and the prof will think you his most appreciative listener. Our protector springs loose whenever a bum joke hits it.

Tried with great success on thirty-two profs, including Hawkeye Schlieter.

WOULD A BIG LEAGUE CATCHER GO WITHOUT HIS MASK, OR A PIG-RACER WITHOUT A COATING OF PINK ASPHALT?

NO STUDENT SHOULD BE WITHOUT OUR PROTECTOR.

Special styles for co-eds—peaches—warranted to dazzle.

MAX MULCAHY and BRICE ENNIS, Sole Agents.

Found

A set of verbatim shorthand lecture notes, bearing neither the name of owner nor course. We print a fragment. Anyone recognizing this lecture is requested to notify THE SPHINX by souvenir postal.

"Today we take up a most interesting subject. That is to say, the subject is interesting. In fact, absorbing. I know of no other subject quite

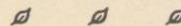
(This for five minutes.)

"That is, the subject of bars. There are several kinds: bars of soap, the law bar, Bar Harbor, plain bars, and isobars. We will discuss the latter. (Going to board.) I have here a point. (Plunk.) Let us suppose that a substance is a gas at this point. Let us select a homely example—the marsh gas that collects in demijohns. Now—ah—suppose the temperature is compressed along this line—that is—ah—the gas is compressed at this temperature along this line. The higher the fewer. As I have drawn it—of course (apologetically) this is greatly exaggerated. Oh! There is one point we must all the time remember. . . . (Takes fresh start—it is now 4:15. 4:25—pencil breaks. 4:35—Someone snores.

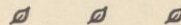
. That is, this gas having been changed partly into the liquid state, the remainder is still a vapor, the two being equal to the sum of both; and the gas then is compressed along this other

line to the co-ordinate axis—so that you see this is purely quantitative, that is—at the point x —hence—ah—a—a—a—I mean, we have the gas and there's the point x as I drew it for you to begin with. Which you see proves the formula.

So (mopping forehead) you will take twenty-seven pages of Watson, marked on the board.



The college sport looks shamed faced now, I guess the reason why! He's back from his vacation and He wears his Xmas tie.



Aspersions on Your Wife

FOR YOUR WIFE.

Necklaces, \$2.50 and up. Dog collars, \$2.00 to \$7.00.—From Gimbel Bros.' Christmas Hints.



"Are you acquainted with Miss Passay?" gushed the hostess, sweetly.

"Yes," burred the Utter Idiot, "Miss Passay is one of my oldest friends."

And he never knew why Miss Passay grew 27°C chiller, after that; for he was only an Idiot.



You can't dead-head into heaven on a church membership.

**When I Got Home===Christ-
mas**

Sister admired the cut of my clothes,
And brother was gone on my stride;
Uncle was anxious to hear of my loves,
While mother was beaming with pride.
Dad wasn't sorry to see me come home,
But he had particular reason:
Sending me checks for laundry and drugs
Was now to let up—for a season.

—Tim.

x x x

Modern Morals Elucidated

Thief—one who steals at retail, and gets caught.

Magnate—one who steals wholesale, and who does not get caught.

Financier—the same, only worse.

Commandment—example: Thou shalt not steal, unless thou art a Magnate, in which case thou shalt found a college.

x x x

Make-Up

He (rapturously)—And how easily she makes up her mind!

Comforting Friend—Yes, and how beautifully she makes up her face!



**Smart
Boots
for Men**

Schumacher Shoes are renowned for their distinction—their shapely, stylish appearance. They fit, retain their shape, and

afford absolute comfort in walking. A favorite among neatly dressed men, and once you wear them *your* favorite too.

\$4, \$5 and \$6 the Pair.

SCHUMACHER BROS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

We Have No Branch Stores.

We Are Ready for You



WE are ready for you with everything that is good and fashionable in the Hat Line.

NICOLAI COMPANY

Successors to Nicolai-Pantke Co.

67 WISCONSIN STREET

NEAR THE BRIDGE

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

We are Sole Agents for the Celebrated Dunlap Hat



No Cons

This semester for students who wear our *Famous Hand-Tailored, Ready-to-wear Suits and Overcoats.*

The faculty recognizes the excellent judgment thus displayed and commends them for *knowing a good thing. You can get wise quick at*

**The John Grinde
Clothes Shop**

The Curtiss Studio

Duplicates printed from E. R. Curtiss, A. C. Isaacs, and F.W. Curtiss negatives.

WISCONSIN BLOCK, OVER PALACE OF SWEETS

“The American” THE NEW CIGAR STORE

21 WEST MAIN STREET

Fixtures new and modern -- supplied with largest and choicest assortment of Cigars and Smokers' Articles in the City

HIGH GRADE PIPES A SPECIALTY

The Finest Equipped Billiard Parlor in Northwest

We can repair your old Pipe

Pitman Dry Goods Co.

DRY GOODS
CARPETS
AND RUGS

Student Trade Solicited

5 and 7 West Main Street
MADISON, WIS.

W. J. GAMM JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

Fine Watch Repairing
J West Main St. Telephone 685

LILLEY UNIFORMS

For nearly forty years have been the acknowledged standard for Colleges, Military Schools and Academies everywhere. We maintain a high-grade uniform. They are sold on their merits. They are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction and are the cheapest good uniforms you can buy. Write for prices.

We have a separate catalogue for Oxford Gowns, etc.

The M. C. Lilley & Co.
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Removal FENNER'S Billiard Hall

REMOVED TO
225 STATE STREET

A continuance of your patronage is solicited

M. B. FENNER

CRONIN'S RESTAURANT

...THE...

PLACE TO EAT



LADIES' HAT AND BOOT SHOP

MADISON, WIS.

A Rendez-vous for College Girls



Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

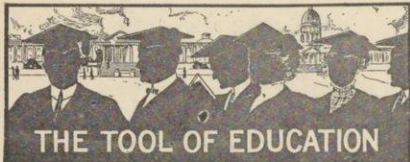
For sale at all first-class places

Painters and Decorators
 GET YOUR PICTURES FRAMED AT
Mautz Bros.

Telephones: Office 718, Residence 6447

DR. J. B. BAKER
DENTIST

...Mendota Block



Teachers and Students

in School and College,
 work with the

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen
 The pen with the Clip-Cap

because it keeps pace with thought, is always ready, (Clip-Cap holds it in pocket), is never tired, keeps clean and is easily filled.

GUARANTEED.

FOR SALE BY BEST DEALERS.

L. E. Waterman Company,
 173 Broadway, New York.

209 State Street, Chicago. 8 School Street, Boston.
 742 Market Street, San Francisco.
 136 St. James Street, Montreal.

The "Ovalesque" is the newest full dress shirt offered to the good dresser. It has a peculiar oval shaped bosom, fits perfectly, and will not bulge, and is made in the "smock" style (coat shirt to button down back). You find it where all newest things are found, at "THE HUB."

An excellent assortment left at THE HUB in those nobby 50-inch black form-fitting overcoats.

The Model Creamery

Fancy Elgin Butter, Pure Cream,
 Sweet Milk, Buttermilk and all
 Dairy Products

207 State Street
 Phone 1150

EAT
Spencer's
Boston Brown Bread
and
Boston Baked Beans

Try our Cookies
 and Cakes

607 UNIVERSITY AVENUE



He Smiled a Smole

of satisfaction and delight, as all men do when we deliver their goods after we have laundered them to suit His Royal Nibs. The Czar of all the Russias never donned collar, cuff or shirt that was laundered any finer than we can do it. Bring your laundry work here and we will prove it.

ALFORD BROS.

Phone 172 113 & 115 N. CARROLL

The Delmonico Restaurant

425 STATE STREET

Meals and Short Orders a Specialty

Competent Cook. Quick Service.
 Wide Selection. Open all night.

CHESTER A. TAYLOR
Men's Furnishings

Hand Laundry

431 West Gilman Street

All kinds of Laundry Work. We make a specialty of Ladies Fancy Garments. French Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing.

Phone Standard 6628

Madison Storage

Furniture, Upholstering
Company

417-419 W. Main Street

Bell Phone 1400 Standard Phone 6083

U. W. GROCERY

Dealers in

Fancy Groceries and Fruits, Teas and
Coffee a specialty, Fine Candies and
Confectionery, Pipes, Tobaccos and
School Supplies.

OLWELL BROS.

625 University Avenue

Genuine Gas Coke

Better than hard coal
and costs 25 per cent.
less. Place your or-
der now and save
money.

Madison Gas & Electric Co.

Phones: Standard 23
Bell 144

SPALDING'S Official Athletic Almanac

PRICE 10 CENTS

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia
Denver	Syracuse	Minneapolis
St. Louis	Buffalo	Cincinnati
Boston	Kansas City	San Francisco
Baltimore	Pittsburg	Washington
New Orleans	Montreal, Can.	London, Eng.

Spaulding's catalogue of all athletic sports
mailed free to any address.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

Conklin & Sons

Coal, Wood and
Mendota Lake Ice.

Salt, Cement, Stucco, White
Lime. Hair and Sewer Pipe.

Coal Yards: 614 W. Main St., Ice Houses:
322-4 E. Gorham St., 548 W. Wilson St.,
Offices: 105 E. Washington Avenue.

MADISON, WIS.

A. Haswell & Co.

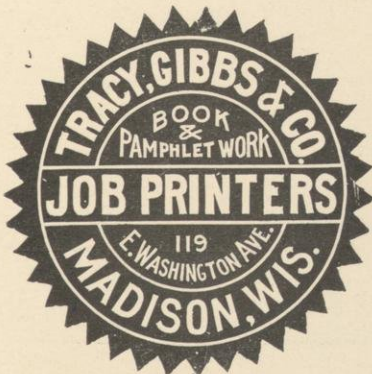
Good
Furniture

Madison, - - - Wis.

Laaw LIVERY Stables

Phone 1-2-3 313-317
W. Johnson St.

Madison, Wis.



The New St. Nicholas Restaurant

BEN. STITGEN, PROPRIETOR
Phones: Standard 2703
Bell 922

118-120 WEST MAIN ST.

— GO TO —

WALTZINGER'S

for Exquisite
Ice Cream, Sherbets
and Confectionery

19 N. PINCKNEY ST.



A New
Milwaukee
Beer



That Serves you Right
Order A Case Tomorrow



Let me take Your Measure



if you seek clothes
that are perfect in
style, fit and fab-
ric--yet at a mod-
erate price.

I am in Madison each
Friday, Rooms at 717
State Street.

Ferd. C. Sattler
TAILOR
89-91 WISCONSIN STREET
MILWAUKEE

CUSTOM TAILORING

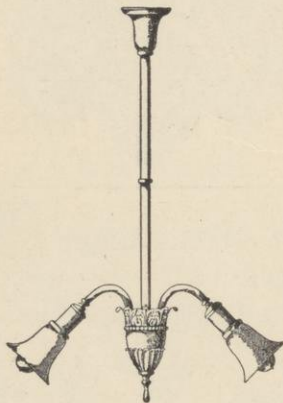
We are now showing advance numbers in Imported Fabrics for our Custom Department. Please call and review them. ❁ ❁

SCHMEDEMAN & BAILLIE

Coyne Hat Shop



10 S. Carroll Street
Madison, Wis.



Chas. Polacheck & Bro. Co.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Lighting Chandeliers
DEALERS IN
Everything Lightable

Don't you want Style and
Quality in your
PICTURE FRAMES

We have both at moderate
prices. Try us.

Madison Paint & Wall Paper Co.
203 KING STREET

CUDAHY CASH MARKET

111 West Mifflin Street

WM. HUPPRICH, Manager

Delivery Hours: 8:30 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m.
and 5:00 p. m.

If you want a cigar that is right, or
want to find a nice brand that will suit
you, just call and see Boelsing.

...

Why is it that most of the boys prefer
to do their trading at "THE HUB?"
Try it on, and the chances are you will
understand and "get the habit" yourself.

A. M. HILSENHOFF
Merchant Tailor
302 STATE STREET

Arion Orchestra ^A_N^D Band

CHAS. NITSCHKE, Jr.
Leader and Manager

First Class Strictly Up-to-date

STANDARD PHONE 1641
BELL PHONE 870

Madison, Wisconsin

**Make
Your Dates
Early
At Keeley's**

for
**Dancing and Banquets.
Two Halls,
the Best in the City.**

**Our Lunch Rooms Are
Now Open**

Fauerbach
Brewing Company.



**The Students'
Favorite Brew**

She—Do you know Daubtser, the artist?

He—Yes. He's one of those chaps, isn't he, that wears long hair and never changes his shirt and draws—

She—Sir!!!

He—Draws all the time.
—Record.

Lewis' Family Cough Syrup

Is just the thing for you. Keeps cold from the lungs, stops hacking cough.

Try it. 50c per bottle
AT LEWIS' DRUG STORE

Traveling Equipment & General Leatherware

That is not only honestly made but has a little touch of distinctive "get up" to its appearance. Try us on anything from a purse to a sole leather trunk.

Makers of
Trunks and Bags
Since 1848

ROMADKA'S

81 Wisconsin
Street
MILWAUKEE



Laundry

Students—\$5.00 Com-
mutation Tickets for
\$4.25, and \$3.00 Tick-
ets for \$2.60.

We are making a spe-
cialty of domestic fin-
ishes.

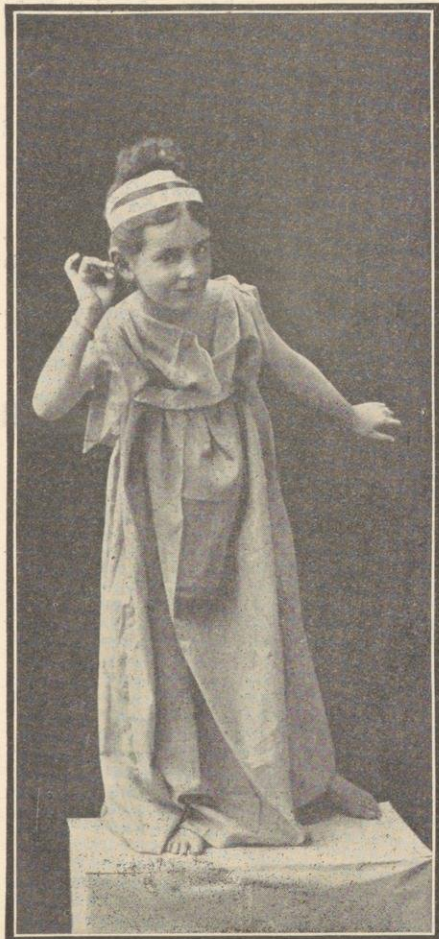
It's the store that is not afraid to buy novelties and introduce new styles, that gets the young men's trade. Hence the great popularity of "THE HUB."

BOESLING is carrying the most com-
plete line of pipes in the city. Drop
into his little store on State street and
look them over. It will pay you.

OLSON & VEERHUSEN
The "BIG" Store Reliable Clothiers

7 & 9 NORTH PINCKNEY STREET

We carry the largest stock of FINE CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS and HATS in the city. U. W. trade especially solicited



HARK !!

Listen to...

FORD'S

Message to all

STUDENTS



Kentzler Bros.
LIVERY

Keep the "Best Equipped Liv-
ery" in the state (no exception)
and meet all the requirements
of Fashionable Driving, and to
this fact is due their wide spread
popularity. A fine stock of ve-
hicles and well-bred horses con-
stantly on hand for your pleas-
ure. : : : : :

BOTH TELEPHONES No. 85

FINDLAY'S
Coffee List

Better keep this list so you will
know just what each coffee will cost
you.

Also to remind you that we roast cof-
fee for every taste and at prices within
the reach of all.

- Mandheling Java, 40c. 2½ lb\$1.00
- Mocha-Java, 35c. 3 lb.\$1.00
- Jubilee Blend, 32c. 3½ lb.....\$1.00
- Mexican, 30c. 3½ lb.....\$1.00
- Java Blend, 28c. 3½ lb.....\$1.00
- Rozan, 25c. 4½ lb.....\$1.00
- Hotel Blend, 22c. 4½ lb.....\$1.00
- Bourbon Santos, 20c. 5½ lb....\$1.00
- Jamaica, 18c. 6 lb.....\$1.00
- Golden Rio, 15c. 7 lb.....\$1.00

And now get Findlay's Prices on
other things.

Milwaukee - Western Fuel Company

AGENT FOR

D. I. & W. R. R. Co's. Scranton Coal
The W. L. Scott Co's. Lackawanna
Coal. Pittsburgh Coal Co's. Youghio-
gheny Coal. Sunday Creek Coal Co's.
Hocking Coal. C. C. B. Pocahontas,
Smokeless Coal.

GENERAL OFFICE:

Nos. 2 to 14 Grand Avenue

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

*"The handiest Printing
Office in the city"*

PARSON'S PRINTING AND
STATIONERY CO

24 N. Carroll Street

O. R. PIEPER

Good Things to Eat

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Hotels, Restaurants, Boarding Schools,
Institution Supplies

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Theo. O. Vilter, Pres. & Supt.
Edward F. Goes, Vice-Pres.
Wm. O. Vilter, Sec'y & Treas.

— THE —

Vilter Manufacturing Co.

Builders of

CORLISS ENGINES

Pumps, Heaters, Boilers,
Machinery for Brewers and Bottlers,
Ice Making and Refrigerating
Machinery.

968 Clinton St., MILWAUKEE, WIS

MILWAUKEE: Cor. 1st Ave. and Oregon St. CHICAGO: 193 Lake St. ST. LOUIS: 205 Board of Education Bldg. CINCINNATI: 805 Sycamore St.
NEW ORLEANS: 604 London, Liverpool & Globe Bldg. BOSTON: 85-89 South St. ST. PAUL: 23-24 Davidson Block.
GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.: 55 South Main St. NEW YORK: Cor. Cliff and Ferry Sts.
FRANKFORT, A. M., Germany. LONDON, S. E., England, 18 Market St. Bermondsey.

Pfister & Vogel Leather Co.

TANNERS AND CURRIERS



.....Milwaukee, Wisconsin

What you want in the line of

Rugs, Curtains

AND

Couch Covers

may be found at this store.

We have a large assortment
and at correct prices.We have the yard goods for
curtains and draperies that
will please you in style of
patterns, and also in price.The most complete line of
Blankets and Comforters in
the city.

Burdick & Murray Co.

Go To

The Famous

405

STATE STREET

...For Fine...

Confectionery Ice Cream Parlors and Cafe

OPEN AT ALL HOURS

WILLIAM HAFERMAN, Proprietor

LADIES

go to

Mahoney & Graham's

for strictly up-to-date
MILLINERY

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT IT?

The Sentinel's New Illustrated
Magazine 16 Pages of Beautiful
Views FREE Every Sunday

Printed on Enameled Paper. Every
Picture as good as a Photograph

This Handsome Magazine will be
Given Free with the Sunday

Sentinel

Remember that this new feature will start
Sunday, Sept. 30

Get the first Number and you will
surely

WANT THEM ALL

Avoid disappointment by ordering in advanc
of your Newsdealer, Postmaster or Newsboy

THE SENTINEL CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

First National Bank, Madison, Wis.

United States Designated Depository

Directors: N. B. Van Slyke, President.
Wm. F. Vilas.

M. E. Fuller, Vice-President.
James E. Moseley.

Halle Steensland.

Wayne Ramsay, Cashier.
Frank F. Proudfit.

KOEPP-MUELLER COMPANY

INTERIOR FURNISHERS

**Draperies, Curtains, Rugs, Carpets,
Furniture**

105 WISCONSIN STREET

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

SIDNEY P. RUNDALL
High Class

HATTER

—and—

Men's Furnisher

Agent for Hole-Proof Hose

7 EAST MAIN STREET

TELEPHONE

RILEY & SON

FOR

Fine Livery

Standard Phone 54

Bell Phone 1051

COR. PINCKNEY & DOTY STS.



A. E. AUSTIN & CO.

MADISON, WIS.

Trade at Gimbel's

Wisconsin's Biggest Store

OUR GINS ARE GINS THAT ARE GINS



Boys let's have another
Mistletoe Dry Gin
Fizz or a **Ruby**
Sloe Gin Sour.

They are Winners.



PURITY

QUALITY

NATIONAL DISTILLING CO.
MILWAUKEE

Mayer's
HONORBIT
Shoes for Men

These elegant, stylish and up-to-date shoes are made of the finest leather. They are built over "foot form" lasts that insure a perfect fit and are guaranteed to wear better than most shoes sold at higher prices. Every piece of material used is honest. The workmanship is perfect; style correct.

They are built on honor.

Let your next pair of shoes be "Honorbit." Your shoe dealer will supply you. If he refuses write to us. See that the name "Honorbit" and Mayer trade-mark appear on the sole. It is a guarantee of quality. We make the "Western Lady" and the "Martha Washington Comfort Shoes."

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO.,
MILWAUKEE, WIS

YOU MAY SEE

FOWNES GLOVES

ON THE MAN WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S
WHAT—YOUR SURE TO SEE THEM ON THE
MAN WHO DOES KNOW

THE CHAMPAGNE of the 20th Century

MOËT & CHANDON



WHITE SEAL

of the

Marvellously Grand Vintage

of the year

1900

Superior in Quality, Dryness and Bouquet
to Any Champagne Produced Since
the Great Vintage of 1884

Geo. A. Kessler & Co. - Sole Importers
