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SEPTEMBER 28, 1900.

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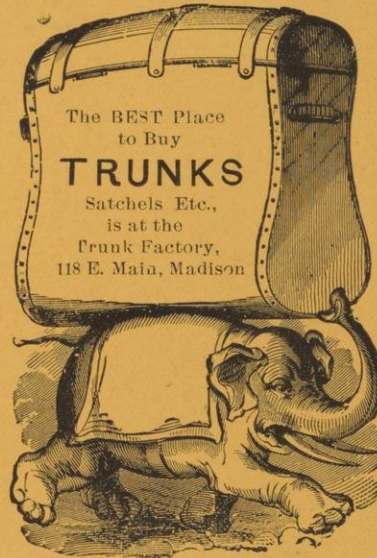
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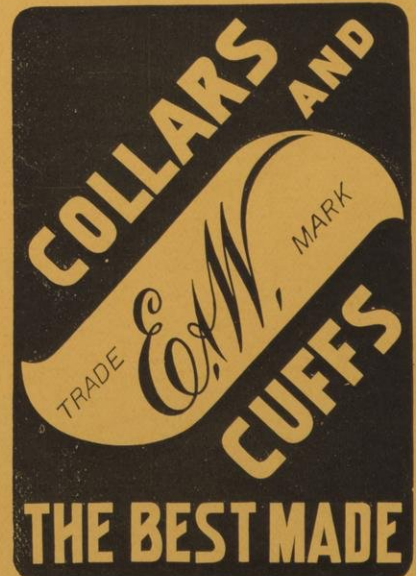
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# THE SPHINX.

Vol. II.

MADISON, WIS., SEPTEMBER 28, 1900.

No. 1

## Varium Femina.

A General Science Freshman  
With an Ancient Classic face  
Wooded a Modern Classic maiden  
Of *fin-de-siecle* grace.

But a Pharmic with a record  
In his home Y. M. C. A.,  
Mixed a magic mystic potion  
And the Freshman hied away.

Next a Junior Lawyer gaudy  
Captured three-fifths of her heart,  
And the Pharmic-With-A-Record  
Thought he better had depart.

Then a C. E. very wily  
Took a card out—and anon  
Did the Junior Lawyer gaudy  
Get a cruel, cruel "Con".

Now the Modern Classic maiden  
Of *fin-du-siecle* grace  
Wearies of the Sewer-Digger.  
Who will get the C. E.'s place?



A youth of exceedingly corpulent stature was one evening taken with violent pain in the region where the cherries and the watermelons go. In great agitation he called to his mother to make a plaster as big as an acher.

## Trite.

A rather trite reminder to a lax correspondent was found by a friend and its answer:

Hail! All Hail to the Freshman,  
Who will furnish new jokes for the Sphinx,  
Who will govern the whole institution  
And let every Prof know what he thinks.

He will walk with a grand condescension  
And transport his state to Main Hall,  
And the eye of the Sphinx will be on him  
When his pride takes its first sudden fall.

A man from Oconomowoc,  
Had a very great fondness for choc,  
But he ate it so often  
He was soon in his coften,  
And now he is too warm to toc.

There was a young fellow named Bert,  
Who treated a friend mean as dirt —  
He owed her a letter  
Some two weeks or better,  
Which made her feel very much hurt.

So this maiden decided to send,  
A wee little hint to her friend —  
As a gentle reminder  
Of where he might find her,  
You may see it right here at the end.  
634 Green Bay st.

The answer:

I would I might call down a muse,  
My sad negligence to excuse:  
But for me it is better  
To write her a letter,  
Which I hope that she will not refuse.

# THE SPHINX.

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Future appointments to the staff will be made on a basis of contributions received.

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

ONCE MORE THE SPHINX addresses those of you who already are, and those who, she hopes, are about to become, her gentle readers. Now just one word of caution before we begin the year together: Don't take what THE SPHINX says too seriously. Some people have made that mistake in the past, and it gave them much trouble of mind and conscience. It didn't trouble this ancient beast at all—simply struck her as amusing. Sometimes, of course, she really is in earnest: but she herself can seldom recognize one of these lucid intervals, and it is doubtful if any one else ever can. So if you take in proper spirit the remarks that will be found in these columns, you may for the time being forget your anxieties and last spring's baseball record. What more can you expect for the ridiculously inadequate subscription price of one-fifty per year?

\* \* \*

THIS is all THE SPHINX is going to try to do, and this is her sole excuse for a prolonged existence. There is enough that is light and amusing in college life to fill twenty pages every two weeks. We don't need to be told by disciples of the great and only Teddy that life at a university is a "strenuous" affair. That is a fact that can't be dodged. It is impressed upon us by eight o'clocks and stump speeches, pink

cards and Anglo-Saxon, real property exams and the *Daily Scaredinall*. Living as we do, in familiar contact with all these horrors, nothing more is needed to emphasize the stern awfulness of existence. So THE SPHINX isn't going to spring any deep or solemn thoughts upon you. She will simply talk as she happens at the moment to feel, and like all chronic talkers she is sure to say many foolish things. If, once in a while, she can evolve an idea that you think worthy of remembrance for a day or two, she will be amply satisfied—and you ought to be.

\* \* \*

So MUCH of a personal nature. The one subject that we are all now discussing is athletics. It is an enticing topic of conversation, because every one can claim to know all about it, and no one does know enough to combat the next fellow's pretensions. The history of athletics in this institution up to date is divided by competent authorities into two eras: First, the Age of Anarchy, and second, the Reign of Fisher. The latter, culminating in an uprising by a supposedly insignificant body known as the Athletic Council, has now given place to a new order of things—the Supremacy of Slichter. Some wise men see in this momentous change the triumph of Peace and Purity; others believes it the outcome of that spirit of Imperialism now said to be casting its baleful shadow over our fair land. THE SPHINX is not

going to espouse either side of the question at present; because, you see, if she were wrong it would be embarrassing to hear her words quoted at a later day. So she will merely, like that other enlightened animal, Bre'r Rabbit, "lay low," and from time to time will give you the benefit of such information as she may gather.

\* \* \*

THE SPHINX believes that the majority of her readers would gladly see university athletics conducted upon a platform something like this:

1. We want to whip everybody on earth.
2. We want to do it honestly.
3. We would rather be whipped than contemptible.

Some universities, at some times, have not lived up to such principles as these. If we have ever failed to do the right thing, this is not an occasion for vain regrets; but it is not out of place to say that the great body of students, who are the most interested persons, whether or not they have anything to say about the management of athletics, wish and hope to see fair play, not only within the limits of the university campus, but in all our relations with other institutions as well.

\* \* \*

FRESHMEN, you are referred to the *Daily Scaredinal* for a full description of our joy at having you among us; for a schedule of your duties and responsibilities; and for an account of how best to utilize the golden opportunities now within your grasp. One item which that fearless organ may perchance neglect to mention should, however, be brought to your attention. Consider, and remember it with gratitude, that your education is to be more valuable than that which has been dealt out to us older and less fortunate ones. The fees which we have paid are but bargain-counter prices compared to those you must manfully plunk down in Mr. Riley's sanctum. And murmur not that you must seek a cheaper boarding-place — shall not a brand new business college be supported by you all? And say not that a state institution should be free for this that you have paid is "incidental fees." Woe be unto future generations of freshmen, when fees shall have lost their incidentalness! It is decreed that the University henceforth shall strive for "quality, not quantity." And quality in college men, as you will come to know, is measured in terms of their daddies' bank accounts. Rejoice, then, to have fallen upon a time when earlier doctrines to the contrary have happily been outlived. Nay, more, should your quality be sufficiently high, you may even do such naughty things as you may please, knowing that you have advocates in high places; whereas, the luckless wight of lower quality who follows in your lawbreaking footsteps shall be incontinently fired. For so it is written, and there-by must we all abide.

### The Foot-ball Season's Near.

Throw away your books, you Senior Laws,  
 Stop "taking all those braces,"  
 Stop bucking up for Olin's quiz,  
 Stop reading Bruce's cases.  
 For days of fall are here,  
 When the sky is bright and clear,  
 And the foot-ball season's near.

Put off your togs, you Engineers,  
 Stop using tools and wrenches,  
 Stop working in the shop-rooms hot,  
 Stop cutting up the benches'  
 For the days of fall are here,  
 When the sky is bright and clear,  
 And the foot-ball season's near.

Stop buying books, you freshman new,  
 Stop rubbering at the lassies,  
 Stop staying home each Saturday  
 And bucking for your classes.  
 For the days of fall are here,  
 When the sky is bright and clear,  
 And the foot-ball season's near.

Stop buying gum, you co-eds dear,  
 Try eating Keeley's candy,  
 Begin to make a pillow, swell,  
 To give to King and Andy.  
 For the days of fall are here,  
 When the sky is bright and clear,  
 And the Foot-ball season's near.

Stop thinking how to teach, dear Prof,  
 And how to con the stranger,  
 Stop making out the monthly quiz  
 Until we're past all danger.  
 For the days of fall are here,  
 When the sky is bright and clear,  
 And the foot-ball season's near.

Stop bucking books, you students all,  
 Stop thinking of your exes,  
 Stop going to the Friday noons  
 To hear those talks of Prexy's.  
 For the days of fall are here,  
 When the sky is bright and clear,  
 And the foot-ball season's near.

But one and all, you students good  
 Come out and cheer the 'leven,  
 Our team has got to win that rag,  
 As did the ninety-seven.  
 For the days of fall are here,  
 When the sky is bright and clear,  
 And the foot-ball season's near.

Farmer Hayseed—"I think instead of selling my swine this fall, I'll send them down to Madison."

Farmer Green—"Why."

Farmer Hayseed—"Oh, because King says he needs 1,000 rooters, and I think he can use some of mine."



### A Pointer for Civil Engineers.

A happy river flowed along,  
Rippling out its wary song,  
Until a syndicate from Maine  
Came out and shrewdly eyed the same  
And said: "We'll dam the river."

And soon a man who was quite fond  
Of fishing went below the pond,  
And fished all day without a bite,  
When, full of envy and of spite,  
He said: "Why dam' the river?"

And not long after came a flood,  
When out the dam went with a thud,  
And hay, corn, oats, wheat, rye and pumpkins  
Floated off, while country bumpkins,  
Dammed—not the river,  
But the men who dammed the river.

### Sphinx Talks.

#### I. *With an Unknown Friend of Well Known Men.*

Prof. Henry Smithson Doodlekin is one of the most indispensable members of our faculty. It is true Professor Doodlekin has never done anything to justify his existence, but his highly ornamental physique and his charming *insouciance* of manner, together with a widespread acquaintance throughout the universe, produce a *tout ensemble* the loss of which we could scarcely endure. It is a fact, which we have directly from the Professor himself, that he knows personally every emperor, editor, premier and pugilist on the globe. During the college year, Professor Doodlekin opens to his students and to the citizens of Madison the flood-gates of his inexhaustible store of reminiscences; but the summer months he devotes to the uplifting of the human race wherever he feels himself most imperatively needed.

It is well known to all readers of the local press—in which Professor Doodlekin exclusively advertises—that his advice played an important part in recent stirring events in China; and a SPHINX reporter was fortunate the other day in obtaining from his own lips many important facts which throw light on the secret history of this momentous struggle.

"Ye-es," said the Professor—it is impossible for mere type to produce the cultivated accent which throws so delightful an eastern glamor over all his words—"ye-es, I was called to Peking suddenly about the first of July by a—er—cablegram from the Empress Dowager. You know that I had—ah—promised Lord Roberts a visit this summer, that we might arrange together the—ah—future of the Transvaal. But my greater duty seemed to lie in China, and, much as I disliked to disappoint my dear old friend, I felt that there I must go."

"Do you know," continued the Professor meditatively, "I have sometimes felt that I made a mistake—that many unfortunate events in South Africa could have been averted, don't you know, had I followed my former plan. But I did what seemed to me for the—ah—best, don't you know, and tin gods could do no more."

This modest self-depreciation is one of the scholarly gentleman's most charming attributes. He continued:

"Having arrived in Peking, I found affairs in a most alarming state. You have seen accounts of all these things, and I need not enter into details. Suffice it to say that I—ah—comforted the weeping Dowager, reassured the Emperor with a few encouraging words, and hastened to place myself in communication with the European powers. The task, as you will readily see, was a most—ah—delicate one. But, as you know, I once spent a summer at the Empress's cottage at Yugo Tell, and she at that time urged me strongly to stay and assist her son for a few years in the management of the Empire. But my other duties forbade. It was only last summer, you will remember, that I took a lengthy trip with Czar Nicholas in his private car over the new Siberian railroad. At that time I induced the Czar to run down to Yugo Tell to meet the Dowager, don't you know. I introduced them, and the meeting was most affecting. In this connection, a very—ah—amusing incident occurred. The Empress was attended by seven very punctilious mandarins. The Czar, in leaving, by accident picked up the Chinese crown instead of his own and placed it on his head. The Chinese crown, I should mention, is set with rubies, which they esteem very highly, and the combination with the black beard and swarthy complexion of Nick, as we, his intimates, call him, was, you may well imagine, highly amusing. At this sight, there was great levity among the mandarins. From all this, you will see that I was fortunately well fitted to untangle the puzzling political knot. Add to this my intimacy for years with President McKinley and the fact that, as he has often assured me, he feels that he owes his election to the presidency to the—ah—assistance that I gave him in the preparation of his tariff bill, and—"

But here the interview was interrupted by the receipt of a cipher message from the fourth ward prohibitionist caucus.

We might add that the annual session of the Tsung-Li-Yamen was adjourned for three days awaiting the arrival of Professor Doodlekin, that he might preside over its deliberations. At the first meeting of this ancient body, he presented a paper with an abstruse title which our Chinese editor is unable to translate. In closing, it is not a violation of confidence to say that the present strained relations between the powers could not exist but for the fact that the Professor was compelled to leave Peking by the pressure of his university duties. Let us be thankful that we have him!



THE SPHINX.



ORE."

**Same Old Thing.**

Have to come back in the fall,  
Tack your pictures on the wall,  
Meekly stand the freshmen's gall,  
Gee, but how you'd like to crawl!  
See your classmates (nearly all)  
Make a date at Ladies' Hall,  
Listen to old P. King's drawl  
"Keep youah eye upon the ball!"  
Oh, it isn't bad at all.



Freshman—They give a great many tips here, don't they?

Senior—How is that?

Freshmen—Why, every time a fellow meets a lady he must tip his hat.

**Book Reviews.**

World-famous volumes that might have been written this summer if the authors had not been doing something else.

\* \* \*

It is always rather difficult to review a book which has not been written, not so much because it has not been seen as because the data usually procured from the publishers' ads are unobtainable. In the following the reviewers have had to draw upon their knowledge of the authors, and for this reason we fear may have made the matter more personal (and of course less interesting) than might have been wished.

\* \* \*

WOOD, R. W. *Hints to Advertisers*. Harpers', 50 cts. This short collection of essays embodies the secrets of the author's success in his chosen line. We are informed that the N. W. Ayer Company is using this as a text book in their School of Advertising.

\* \* \*

LIBBY, O. G. *Buried Bones*; The strange, true narrative of a summer trip to Harper's Ferry, and of

the adventures met with in unraveling the mystery of "Buried Bones." Laird and Lee, 75 cts.

This reads so much like fiction that it has been so classified in all the unwritten libraries yet catalogued. Nevertheless it is the veritable account of a summer's trip with a tragic ending. The title may be condemned as too alliterative to be alluring and the text lives up to the title in literary quality.

\* \* \*

SNOW, B. T. *Peter in Paris*. Century Co. \$1.00. The title gives but a hint of the book. Begun as a serial in the children's favorite magazine, *St. Nicholas*, it attracted so much attention, that, to keep down their subscription lists to a number they could handle, the publishers were obliged to issue it in book form immediately after the first installment was published. The work is a description, in story form, of a young American's trip to Paris, of the sights he saw, the deeds he did, and the dares he dared. The perfectly simple form fits the book for placing in the hands of children, and is expected that this work will be used exclusively as a text book in reading in the schools of the state. The volume is daintily bound in Paris green, with a cover design by the author.

**Freshman.**

You may talk about your college life;  
But don't mention it to me;  
I've found in my short stay it's not  
What it's cracked up to be.  
They tell me that a year from now  
I'll "appreciate the game,"  
That I won't be so "awfully sore,"  
Nor think it quite "so tame."

Because it's "Freshman this," an' "Freshman that," an' "Freshman, you go to."  
But it's "How we love our Freshman," when there's anything to do;  
When there's anything to do, you bet, when there's anything to do,  
Then it's "How we love our Freshman" when there's anything to do.

They have kept me running errands,  
And I've been answering the 'phone,  
I have filled the furnace and do work  
I could never do at home.  
Yet all the fellows seem to think  
I consider it great joy,  
As though I came to college  
Just to be their errand boy.

O, it's "Freshman this," an' "Freshman that," an' Freshman, you go to,  
And it's "Up to you now, Freshman" when there's anything to do;  
An' it's "Freshman this," an' "Freshman that," an' anything you please;  
But all Freshman aren't so slow—you bet this Freshmen sees!

## A Flirtation.

The maiden sat in her seat alone,  
Her beauty was entrancing.  
I saw that all the passengers  
At her were ever glancing.

But though the maiden saw she was  
The center of attraction,  
She knew that any smile on one  
Would cause dissatisfaction.

So there she sat, all by herself,  
Just thinking, thinking, thinking,  
While all in vain, the men kept up  
A foolish winking, winking.

A man came in from the smoking car,  
He saw the maid so charming,  
He hastened to the empty seat,  
The outlook grew alarming.

He smiled down at the maiden fair,  
I wondered at his boldness;  
She pointed to the empty seat,  
And lost her former coldness.

He sat right down and took her hand,  
His conduct was unseemly,  
The passengers, I mean the men,  
Were angry, yes, extremely.

Before the maid could say a word,  
Or utter an objection,  
He put his arm around her waist,  
And kissed her with affection.

Such actions to the other men  
Were simply tantalizing,  
And as for me, my blood grew hot,  
My wrath was quickly rising.

So when we reached our journey's end,  
The passengers and I  
Were very glad to leave the car  
And bid the man good-bye.

But when they both walked past our group,  
Which in the rear had tarried,  
We saw upon the grip he bore  
A placard, "Newly Married."

## DECEASED.

On June 21 last, in this city, were performed the last sad rites for one whose gentle presence had scarcely risen above silence in recent years. Even the heroic efforts of the famous physician, whose counterpart shut his windows forever at St. Helena, could not avail, and the silence of oblivion stole in upon the poor consumptive of sentimental fiction with an overpowering grip that resulted in the long expected demise, which had previously been prevented only by severe narcotic treatment. In memoriam THE SPHINX extends this epitaph: Dear *Ægis*, may the ashes of your unread numbers aid your dead slumbers to be peaceful.

## Geometrically Speaking.

Overheard in the Senate. The Senator from Mass.  
"I didn't know that Quay was cross-eyed."  
The Senator from New York.—"Why, he isn't, is  
he?"  
The Senator from Mass.—"Well, he looks crooked."

## Up in the Air.

The telephone pole to the electric light pole—"How  
nice you look and how straight you are."  
The electric light pole—"Oh, that's because I  
never go out nights."



Fox—Do you enter as a Freshman?  
 Prof. Fish—No, I take Prof. Turner's place.  
 Fox—Well, I am glad to meet you. I am at the head of the Economics department.

#### Recent Boarder Developments.

In which the Senior gives the Freshman some Fatherly Advice.

"No, as I was just saying, it's no trouble to pick out a freshman, and you needn't expect to keep that fact from anyone. Of course, that's not saying you want to hide it, you know, but if you did it wouldn't go."

It was early for dinner, and the senior and the freshman were alone.

"In the first place, you freshmen get here in time for dinner and aren't surprised when you find it ready. When you eat you take hold of things as though you expected to find them hot. You eye every strange man you meet (and that means everyone) as though he had a warrant for you, yet at the same time you seem to solicit and take everyone's advice. You slow up to admire the new library; wonder if that tall fellow is a Prof; walk sidewise when you go by Ladies' Hall; keep off the grass on the campus; quit talking when you go into the library; ask who John Hickey is; go upstairs to your room quietly and turn the door knob before you bust the door in; and wonder if you'd rather make Phi Beta Kappa or be a fellow. You can't help it. You can't help trying to act free from fright, when it's plain you think every man you see is a soph. We like you for it.

He was interrupted, for just then the last year's soph and freshman came in, and the senior, setting aside his soup bowl, said to the junior: "Please pass some of that other water," and the freshman laughed. Which corroborated the senior's words.

#### EXCHANGES.

Backward, turn backward, Oh, time in  
 your flight,  
 Make me a Soph again, just for to-night!  
 Give me a mask—I am thirsting for  
 gore;  
 Bring me a Freshman to haze as of yore.  
 I have grown weary of logic and psych,  
 Weary of balls, and orations'alike—  
 Backward, Oh, Time, in thy hurrying  
 flight,  
 Make me a Soph. again, just for to-night.  
 —Badger, '89.

Our new line of Silks is exquisite—Silks adapted for Waists, for Trimming, or for entire gowns at

KEELEY, NECKERMAN & KESSENICH.

#### Freshmen, Notice.

There will be a Freshman class meeting, with a full line of Drugs, Perfumes, Photographic Supplies, Pipes, Tobaccos, etc., when they call at the Summer Drug Stores, 502 State St. and 15 S. Pinckney St.

Fourth anniversary sale at the U. W. Shoe Store. During this sale, from Oct. 1st to Oct. 6th, we will give to every purchaser of a pair of shoes a ticket entitling them to have soles put on their shoes free of charge at any time. First class repairing a specialty. U. W. Shoe Store, 708 Univ. Ave.

J. J. Buellesbach.

Fashionable Ready to Wear Suits and Skirts, in great array. Most of them will fit without alteration, but if necessary we have trained tailors here to make changes.

KEELEY, NECKERMAN & KESSENICH.

Chimneys smoke easily. So do students who buy at BOELSING'S. Get your pipe and tobacco there and perpare to enjoy the weeds of life as you never did before. 122 State Street.

#### Freshman's Disappointment.

I met her at the Hall one night  
 She seemed so sweet and kind,  
 She joshed me and she jollied me—  
 I loved her, rash and blind.

I met her on the Hill next day—  
 How graceful and how fair!  
 I blushed and bowed, face wreathed  
 in smiles.  
 And got—a Klondike stare.  
 —Badger, '99.

Visit our Millinery Department and see the latest styles of Felt Walking Hats for street wear. We want to interest you in this stock of ours, and in the very low prices that prevail throughout the department.

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Banquets and

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Where can we get our Lunches? AT KEELEY'S  
Where can we get the Best Candies? AT KEELEY'S  
Where can we get Delicious Ice Cream Soda AT KEELEY'S  
Who can furnish the Hall, the Supper, the Punch, and everything for a Select Party? KEELEY  
Who has the Palace of Sweets? KEELEY  
109 State Street.

#### The Kind of Work He Liked.

"You are mistaken about young Clifford. I tell you his heart was very much in his work when I last saw him."

"Indeed! What was he doing?"

"Falling in love with a pretty girl."—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

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CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

Drop a postal for book "How to Make Good Things to Eat." (New Edition.) 2B

Stage Manager.—Not much noise in the chorus girls' dressing-room to-night.

Property Manager.—No, not much going on.

—*Lampoon.*

People who burn the Lamp of Reason need Rocky Mountain Tea. Greatest reason producer known. 35c.

"Say, Pa, what is a 'surtout'?"

"That is the French word for overalls, my son."

—*Lampoon.*

## Madison Book Bindery

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Professor Kehl's dancing class meets every Tuesday evening. Private lessons given to suit pupils. Hall to let to private parties. Fine bowling alleys in connection for ladies and gentlemen. Phone 522. 309 W. Johnson St.

#### To Maidens.

But believe what you please  
When they swear they adore you.  
Let them rest on their knees,  
But believe what you please—  
Let them argue and tease

If the thing doesn't bore you,  
But believe what you please  
When they swear they adore you.

*Smart Set.*

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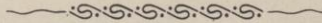
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You can get a U. W. Pen for	-	-	-	1 25
You can get a College Book Store Pen for	-	-	-	1 00

In order to introduce our "U. W." Pen and "College Book Store" Pen to the new students we will offer the U. W. Pen for \$1.00, and the C. B. S. Pen for 75c. This offer to hold good for two weeks only. All these Pens are guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.



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In the last month we have removed our stock into a newly refitted store. Its appointments in every way far surpass those of our old store; more space, better lighted, better heated. Our University trade and the trade of the Madison people in general has increased each year, and we hope in the future to merit your continued good will and patronage.

### A SECRET FOR STUDENTS.

We do not declare dividends at the end of the year but every old student knows that in buying second hand books he saves an amount as large or larger than can be offered in the way of dividends elsewhere, and he gets it NOW.

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TOS ARE THE BEST?

## THE SPHINX.

Hurd's and Crain's fine stationery, all  
the new tints at

SEXTON & O'NEILL'S.

There once was an artist, nigh dead,—  
Half starved, his heart was like lead:  
But he wandered about,  
And never found out  
There was a nice spread on his bed.  
—*Chaparral.*

Decorate your rooms with good pic-  
tures. We carry the very largest and best  
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Engraved calling cards at SEXTON &  
O'NEILL'S.

A representative of the J. MONROE  
WEIL & Co. of Milwaukee will be at the  
Park hotel about October first with a full  
line of gentlemen's fine suitings for Fall  
and winter wear.

### A Cold Deal.

"Miss de Jones frequently gives  
a fellow the frosty face, doesn't  
she?"

"Yes: I saw her turn down the  
street the other day."

—*Chaparral.*

These are the days when students are  
singing, "My money never gives out,"  
and a host of other snatches from the  
popular songs of the day. One fellow  
went to a sorority house one evening  
and has since been warbling "Rose" on  
all occasions, while another after a like  
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### Honeycombed.

"She seems to command a salary  
all out of proportion to her  
ability as an actress."

"I know it. But her life has  
been full of scandals.—*Life.*

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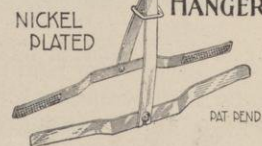
Mac.—He doesn't look at all  
like a literary man—yet he told  
me he made his living by his pen.  
Jack—He does; he's a pork  
raiser from Illinois."

*Princeton Tiger.*

La Franc Rose, the true rose odor at  
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A great gathering of Waists for Fall; stylish, yet inexpensive, at KEELEY, NECKERMAN & KESSENICH.

A CERTAIN doctor, when only a beginner in practice, had occasion to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel, in cross-examining the young doctor, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand the profession.

"Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I do," replied the doctor.

"Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend Mr. Baging and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend Mr. Baging might," was the reply.

—Wave.

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

My little West End friend came home from Sunday school yesterday in a very thoughtful mood. He sat beside his mother nervously crushing his lesson paper, and then said:

"Say, mamma dear, don't you think I've been a pretty good boy since I started to go to Sunday school?"

"Yes, my boy, certainly."

"Don't you think I am good enough to be trusted now all right?"

"Of course I do, but why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothin,' only I was just wondering why you kept the cookies locked up the same as you did before I went to Sunday school, that's all."—Albany Journal.

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

Castleton.—My aunt has just died. Is the head undertaker in?

Assistant.—Want to see him on business?

No. Pleasure.—Life.

FORD's Photos never disappoint. They are winners.

The Wife—I came very near not marrying you, John.

The Husband—Yes, I know; but I had no idea you were on to the fact.—Smart Set.

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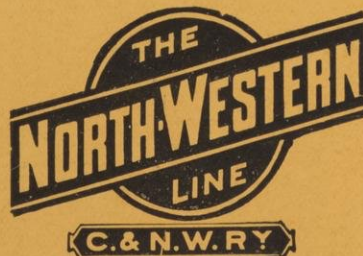
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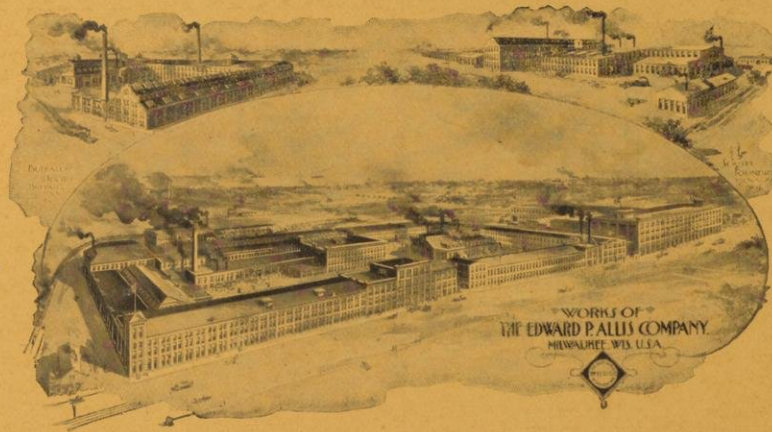
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