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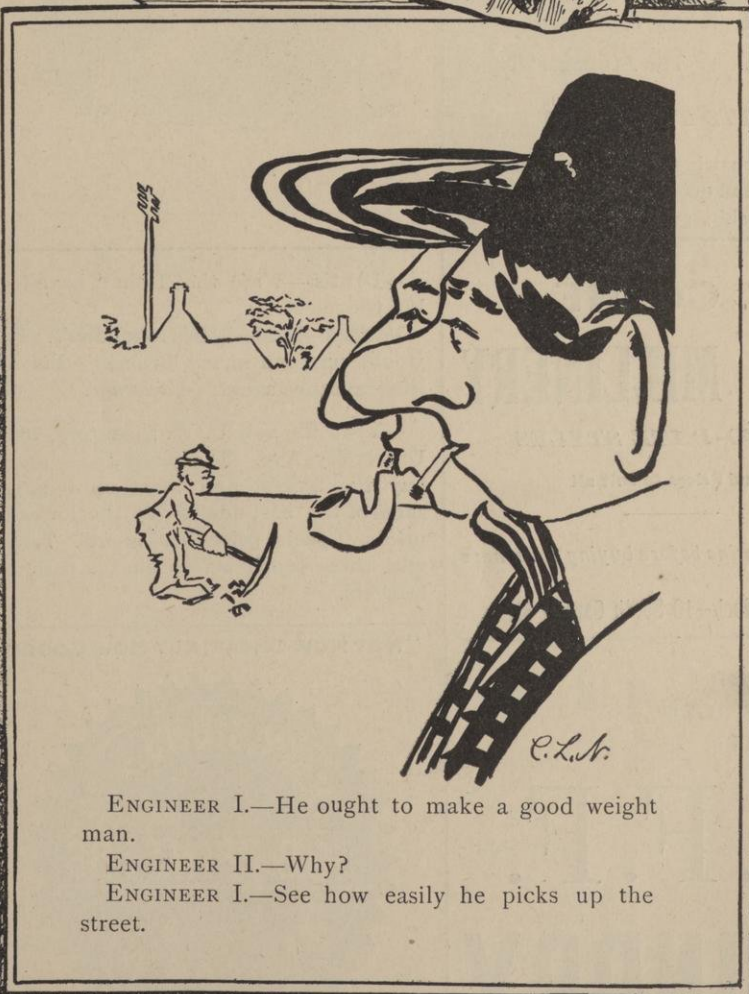
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The Sphinx

Volume I.

Number 3.

MADISON, WIS., OCTOBER 27, 1899.



ENGINEER I.—He ought to make a good weight man.

ENGINEER II.—Why?

ENGINEER I.—See how easily he picks up the street.



A Unanimous Decision

for the affirmative is sure to be given on

THE QUESTION

Resolved, That the best place to get your clothing made is at

VINCENT ZACH'S

404 State St. The Students' Tailor

SUITS TO ORDER

Pressing, Repairing and Cleaning done neatly and quickly. Workmanship guaranteed

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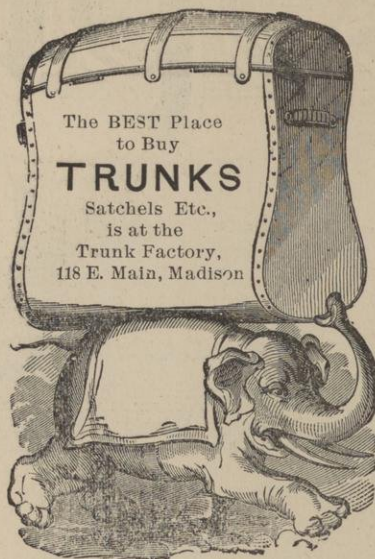
Badger Block--10 South Carroll St.

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PHONE 65

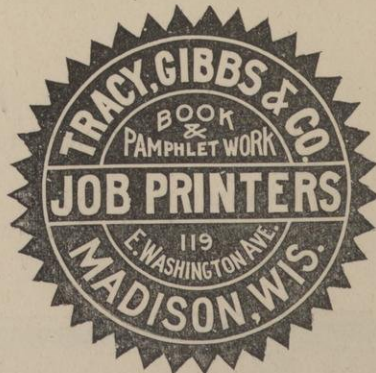


—Dentist—I see that I shall have to kill the nerve.

Patient—For heaven's sake, don't. It would ruin me in my business. I'm a life insurance agent.—*Exchange.*

—Visit the new U. W. shoe store, 708 University Ave. The place to see and buy the newest and most up-to-date shoes of the best quality, at the lowest prices. Special prices to students. Talk with these people before buying patent leathers.

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—Mr. Hayrick (on the 15th floor of Waldorf Astoria)—Waal, naow, this is what I call tip-top.

Mr. Spinnach—Yes; but down stairs it's tip tip —*Yale Record*.

—You cannot afford to buy your under wear until you see the immense line at
C. B. WELTON & Co.

—“I hear there is an unusually large freshman class at Yale this year.”

“Yes, there are nineteen hundred and three men in it.” —*Yale Record*.

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C & K

SOLD BY

Sullivan & Heim

Why Not

have your wheel repaired at the best shop? It will cost you no more, and you will be sure of satisfaction.

Remember the Place

also bear in mind that we have the only typewriter repair man in the city and that we carry a full line of Typewriter Supplies.

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ALFORD BROS.

Phone 172

THE SPHINX.

Vol. I.

MADISON, WIS., OCTOBER 27, 1899.

No. 3



TRYING TO BETTER HIS "CONDITION."

At a "One O'clock."

"You might call this the Main Hall," said the Freshman, as he took the largest and choicest piece of chicken.

"Yes," said the Soph. "It appears to be a Gym. dandy."

THE SENIOR stood with his ten-year-old brother in the midst of the upper campus, and explained with polysyllabic lucidity the peculiar functions of the surrounding edifices. Having concluded, he calmly awaited the youthful approval.

"What a bully hill to coast on," said the "kid."

A Fable for Freshmen.

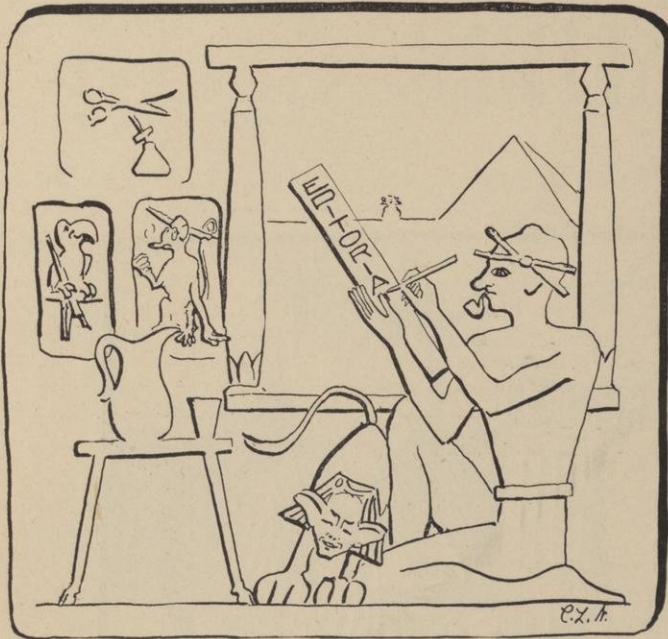
ONE TIME there was a Freshman who had a Hanking for Social Distinction, but having only a Few Dollars, and not being Related to Anybody of Importance, his Chances were Pretty Slim.

His Only Resources were Unlimited Self-Confidence and a Pretty Smooth Way. With the First he persuaded Some People that he was Not So Bad; with the Second he persuaded Them that

They were Just About Right. They Therefore introduced him to Some Other People, whom he mesmerized in Exactly the Same Manner. As a Result he was seen One Day in a Single-Seated Trap with a Prominent Young Lady who bowed to Nearly Everyone on the Street.

Now he Lives in A House with Gilt Letters on the Door and has his Trousers creased Every Day.

Moral: If Things don't come Your Way at first, Maybe they will After While.



THE SPHINX.

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

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Future appointments to the staff will be made on a basis of contributions received. Contributions may be left at the College Book Store or handed to any of the editors.

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



ONE of the pleasing characteristics of Wisconsin college life is the custom of the powers that be of indulging in processions whenever a plausible pretext appears. For professor and student alike, this feature adds a much needed variety to the monotony of daily hill-climbing and semi-weekly freshman posters. If, as some one has told us, "order is Heaven's first law," then the town is surely lifted to a paradisaical state when Prof. Olson waves his magic baton, the bugle corps sounds "Fall in," and with proud step the faculties of the various colleges, followed in due succession by John Hickey, seniors, juniors, sophomores, freshmen, and the Phi Delt dog, march down street to the tune of "Georgia Camp-Meeting," or "I Don't Care if You Never Come Back," arousing varied emotions in the hearts of boarding-house landladies and of the inhabitants of frat houses who are not yet sufficiently attired for a public appearance.

* * *

IN THIS happy manner the U. W. has celebrated commencements, semi-centennials, funerals, and memorial days—when there was no high school field meet to interfere. So firmly is the procession habit ingrained in our natures, that, whenever a

great emotion assails us, instinctively we fall into line with tin horns, fine tooth combs and other musical instruments to inspire our steps.

* * *

THE latest instance of indulgence in this pastime by official order was on the recent occasion of the visit of our chief executive. It is true, Maj. McKinley was not present when we arrived at the Capitol Park, and so did not witness this proof of our patriotism. It is true that we were compelled to stand upon the state grass for an hour or more, and that our ranks were somewhat disarranged and our enthusiasm dampened by the delay. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that someone told the gentleman in question how highly he had been honored, and there can be little question that the process of forcibly amalgamating a "small section of a single tribe" of Filipinos will continue with greater vigor since it was demonstrated that the students of the University of Wisconsin are willing to walk a mile to encourage so patriotic a policy.

* * *

BUT one thing about the affair just mentioned could not fail to impress with sorrow the sympathetic observer. This was the lack of a carefully arranged order of precedence, which has been a most valuable educational element. It would be sad indeed if a traditionally solemn and imposing pa-

geant should degenerate into a mere mob without head or tail. Let the authorities, therefore, look to it that such a calamity do not occur. The order of evolution should rather be in the direction of greater pomp, and many suggestions may be made for adding to the impressiveness of future processions. For instance, a stuffed badger might be carried aloft immediately behind the regimental colors. The 1901 *Badger* will serve this purpose. Let class banners be scattered here and there throughout the line, bearing such war cries as "Remember the mass-meeting!" "*Abas l' engineer.*" The parade should certainly be led by the heads of departments mounted upon fiery and prancing chargers, and if necessary THE SPHINX will be willing to emerge from her seclusion and mingle temporarily with the vulgar herd.

THE psychological development of the freshman into the sophomore presents many interesting phases. That native ingenuousness and child-like guilelessness so characteristic of the former clings to him even after his evolution into the higher type. This is strikingly illustrated in that representative gathering, Prof. Snow's physics class. Why should a group of two hundred and fifty reasonably intelligent beings, upon being provided with card-board lap-rests, immediately and simultaneously seize these and beat with them upon the nearest available object? The delightful spontaneity of such a demonstration is its chief charm as a subject for investigation. THE SPHINX recommends it to some brain-weary senior in search of a subject for his thesis.

Freshie Again.

She was a sorority senior and bowed as she passed De Bonair, when the freshman pledgling at her side said, as usual,

"Who is *he*?"

"Oh, he's a P. G."

"A P. G.! why I didn't know there was a fraternity by that name here."

Her Taste.

Though she took a course in college
Those who know her now assert,
At the glorious feast of knowledge
She has merely sipped dessert.

Distance does not lend enchantment to the view
when you have to get there to an 8:00 o'clock.

The Latest Daloight.

Oi beg lave to minshun thot gloryus in-
vintion

The twilve o'clock class whot the
Prisidint holds.

Oh vision stupenjus! behold the tre-
menjus

Long vistas of bliss that thy coming
unfolds!

For ivery blame' sthudent an' all that
are prudent

Of fellus 'll be there, an' faculty too
Some of thim curyus, an' some of thim
furyus—

—Thot last underclassmin who come
'cos they're due.

They sit there on binches an' niver an
inch is

Betwixt thim so great, is the aujience
thot comes.

Thin Prexie he praches, or music he
taches,

Ilse asks whoy all sthudents is always
sich bums.

When the cold of the winther has kin-
der got inther

The place in our cranyum where bides
thot whot thinks

Oi foresee me wid plisure thot great
moine of trisure,

Thot storehouse of roasts for to print
in THE SPHINX.

The saying "time is precious,"
Strikes me forcibly as true,
When on my little watch I see
That an 8:00 o'clock is due.



One Modern Boy Who Bears the Mark of Cane.

Natural.

FIRST FRESHMAN — Hello, Kirk, were you in the class rush last week?

SECOND FRESHMAN (innocently)—Yes, I was right in the swim.

Can Such Things Be?

(From some loose leaves of the "Letters of John Hawley.")

The Professor's enthusiasm the night before had so raised our spirits that we hailed the dawn with delight. Indeed, we were quite unprepared for the sad sight that was soon to meet our gaze.

A walk of several miles over the bed of the once famous Lake Mendota brought us to the edge of the fissure. As I explained in my last letter, the town of Madison, on the shore of the lake, had suddenly sunk from sight in the year 1899, and now the fissure was gradually opening again, so that the top of the Capitol building could just be seen over the top.

As we approached the edges, the Professor, shouting gleefully "At last!" peered into the abyss and then let down his ladder. As soon as he announced that the ladder had touched the roof of a house about fifty feet below, we began the descent, the Professor going ahead. That part of the roof upon which we landed was surrounded by chimneys and cupolas, so that we could see little of the surrounding houses. The Professor, in an ecstasy of happiness, ran about, tapping the chimneys and pounding on the roof.

"Now, gentlemen," he exclaimed finally, "you will see why I insisted upon your wearing oilskins. We shall have to proceed down one of these chimneys. I have decided that this," pointing to the large one near the



"An Open Faced Watch."

center, "will be the most suitable."

But how are we to get down?" asked Hemingway, as the Professor was clambering up the side of the chimney.

The Professor did not answer, but calmly pulled out a rope ladder from the capacious pocket of his oilskin. He let it down and in a few moments was lost to view. We followed, Hemingway remarking that he felt like an up-to-date Santa Claus.

I was the last to descend, and as I stepped from the last rung of the ladder, I found my companions standing in a good-sized hall, one corner of which had evidently been used as a library. Hemingway led me thither.

There, seated in attitudes of deep dejection, were two skeletons. In each one's right hand was a pencil, chewed down to the very end. On a table by their side lay writing materials.

One of the loose sheets of paper contained writing, and as I stooped to read it, I saw, "My

contribution to THE SPHINX—we all feel so." On the floor in front of them was an illustrated paper, dated 1899, and the name on the title page was "SPHINX."

The Professor raised a warning hand. "Gentlemen," he said solemnly, "it is time for lunch."

Hemingway gravely told me between bites of his sandwich that he fully believed they were asphixiated.

WHEN THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS SPEAK.

You may sing of Bryan or Denu,
Demosthenes or Wild
Of Bruce or even Slaughter,
Or Wolfenson—dear child.
All these are mighty orators
No better can you seek,
Yet they simply aren't in it
When the FOOTBALL PLAYERS SPEAK.

Those mass meetings are corkers,
Whenever big games come,
The band a playin' "Hot Time,"
Or beating the bass drum,
Then everybody hollers
The Eng'neer and the Greek,
Gee, don't they all go crazy
When the FOOTBALL PLAYERS SPEAK?

They're not obliged to say much,
Just "Do the best I can,"
Or tell 'em they're embarrassed
Like an ordinary man.
Of course they're not born orators,
They're expected to look meek,
But our feelin's are just worked way up
When the FOOTBALL PLAYERS SPEAK.
H. S. P.

PROF. HASKINS is devoted to football. If you don't believe it, ask the Mediaeval History class. He gives them 25 minute halves, first half a quiz, second half a lecture. At the last game the score at the end of first half was 6 to 0 in favor of Haskins.

THE associate managing editor indulges an innovation by becoming engaged in weekly installments.



PLAYING THE GAME.

THE SHINX.



L' ENFANT ARRIBLE.
MR. WHITNEY FIGURE AGAIN.

OH, PAT O'DEA.

Air, "Margery."

The greatest, strongest team in all this land so free
 A speedy team so fine,
 The Card'nal's ninety-nine,
 A team sublime.
 And ev'ry team that meets her fate decrees to fall.
 For it's completely lost when Pat's leg kicks the ball.
 One kick from this brawny, iron leg
 Will cause the foe
 To wail and woe;
 For Pat's the only boy in all this land so free.
 This famous punter, Pat O'Dea.

(CHORUS.)

Oh, Pat O'Dea, Oh, Pat O'Dea,
 We love you more and more.
 Oh, Pat O'Dea. Oh, Pat O'Dea.
 You're the boy that we adore.
 Your leg is ever sure and true,
 And always kicks a goal or two,
 The team and rooters worship you,
 Oh, Pat O'Dea.

To this brave lad forever we shall proudly sing.
 He is the boy we love.
 And in the games we play
 The cry "O'Dea"
 We'll yell to ev'ry foe because their game will show
 There is no other lad to see like Pat O'Dea.
 The East and West will surely have to see
 That we can't lose
 In Patrick's shoes.
 For he's the only boy in all this land so free,
 This famous punter, Pat O'Dea.

WHEN THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED AWAY.

(AIR: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home.")

Said Uncle Phil to Pat O'Dea
 One day, they say:
 "Beloit is feeling awfully gay
 'Hooray!' they say."
 Said Pat: "We'll wait until we see
 The way they feel at Milwaukee
 When the score's counted up
 And the smoke has cleared away."
 The Methodists too got on a spree
 "Hooray!" said they;
 An' Hollister up and 'e says, says 'e:
 "Hooray! Hooray!
 The Badger line is weak I see,
 An' we're goin' to get 'em this time, by gee!"
 And they *did* have 'em bad,
 When the smoke had cleared away.

McBride desired a practice game
 Hooray! Hooray!
 The Badger crowd supplied the same
 Hooray! Hooray!
 But when the smoke had cleared away,
 A farmer going along that way,
 Said: "Well, By Gum! them
 Animals ain't so tame."

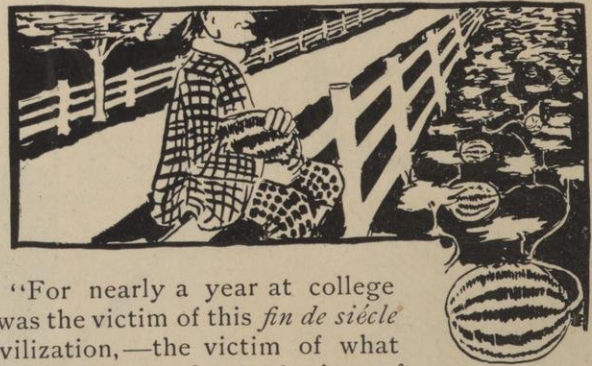
There's Illinois and Michigan
 Hooray! Hooray!
 And when we've licked them both again,
 Hooray! Hooray!
 We'll turn the sidewalks up side-down
 We'll flaunt the Cardinal through the town,
 As the *Pride of the West*
 When the smoke has cleared away!

A COLLEGE-BRED CRIMINAL.

Or, The Pitiful Tale of a Souvenir Fiend.

"Man," said the Judge, severely, "you stand before this court charged with and convicted of the theft of your neighbor's cow. Have you anything to offer as a reason why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

"Yes, Your Honor, I have. I assure you, it would be a great injustice to brand me as a common thief, when I am only a confirmed souvenir collector. Your Honor, I entered college at the tender age of seventeen years, and while there I acquired habits that I have never since been able to shove. Previous to that time my conscience would not let me swipe a watermelon from a grocery.



"For nearly a year at college I was the victim of this *fin de siècle* civilization,—the victim of what I then termed the barbarism of the co-eds. They began by removing the silk tape from my leather hat-bands, and what they didn't take, they asked for. Your Honor, I grew to feel that I was a poor worm on the face of the earth, a creature devoid of nerve and defenceless. I hated myself; I resolved to be a man.

"That night there was a party. I isolated a fan. With gritted teeth I concealed it under my vest. Remorse seized me. Ah, how I suffered!



"In vain I told myself that it was only justice; that it was only a thirty-center; that its owner had eradicated a four dollar match box from me the day

previous. I still felt guilty. There seemed to be a line of fire on my breast where that fan lay. I laid my hand there. The fan was gone! The co-ed stood near fanning herself violently. She gave me the laugh. It is the only thing she ever did give me; but it was a real four dollar laugh, given in return for my match box probably.

"Your Honor, from that moment my fate was sealed—my career settled. I resolved to drown possible remorse by plunging deep. I returned from that party with two fans, three handkerchiefs, a glove, a side comb, and a blue satin slipper—and I didn't pick them up off the floor either. From that time on, I never let slip an opportunity to acquire a souvenir, but in my wildest *abandon* I drew the line at articles of wearing apparel that could be of any use to me. I never took things as souvenirs unless they were very unusual or unless I ran great risks in getting them. I was particularly addicted to eradicating signs because of the danger and consequent excitement in getting them, and because they were good evidence of my nerve and up-to-dateness.



"Once I thought I was a lost man when I was moving a sign. But the nerve my career had developed saved me. Virtue was its own reward. I attended an art exhibit, and on every statue and picture there was a hideous sign, 'HANDS OFF.' They not only offended my sense of the artistic, but they excited my propensity for transference. I had just taken possession of one of them when an officer in uniform faced me.

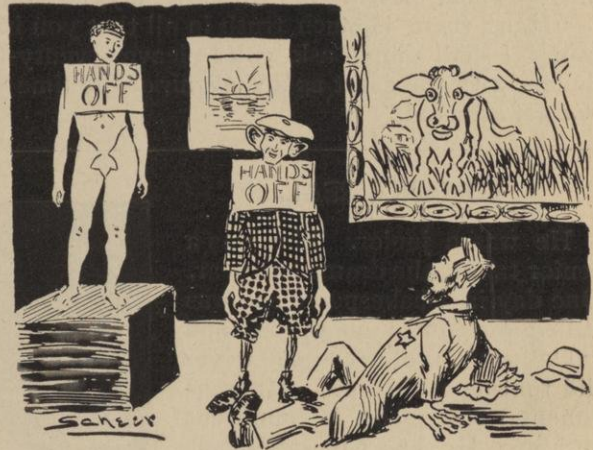
"'Young man,' he said, 'do you know that I am an officer of the law?'

"'Then, sir,' said I, 'you will surely respect this notice.'

"The man was seized with an attack of apoplexy, and I gently removed his club, which was lying with its full weight on one of his shoulders—

as a sign of sympathy and as a souvenir of the time I didn't get arrested.

"As years went on, I became confirmed in the habit of transferring anything that pleased my fancy. It was only moving things from one place



to another. All men are brothers and should have things in common. Restaurant napkins, hotel spoons, everything came my way. In a fit of absent-mindedness, I once took one of my grandmother's crutches.

"Yesterday, Your Honor, I made a championship record on the Comeontsia golf links. In the ecstasy of the moment I saw that cow. I cried:

"'What a souvenir!—so original!—so difficult to transport!'

"So I resolutely undertook to drive her home. I told all the policemen that I had been playing golf, and that I had to do this ridiculous act as the result of losing a bet. Thus I got the creature home. But in the very moment of my wildest



exultation, I was arrested, most vulgarly arrested, solely and only because my souvenir had formerly been in the possession of my good friend and neighbor, Mr. White.

"Your Honor, with all the indignation of an outraged soul, of a misunderstood pride, I, the Dreyfus victim of an un-college-educated throng, cry out for justice."

The Judge wiped his eyes and pondered a moment. Then, clearing his throat loudly, he said:

"Man, there is much truth in all that you have said. I shall simply ask you to leave seventy-five dollars with the court as a souvenir of the time you *did* get arrested."

Elevating.

SOPH.—Say, is that blooming senior a sentimental art enthusiast?

JUNIOR—No. Why?

SOPH.—Oh, nothing, only I overheard him telling about something that "called up all the best there was in him."

JUNIOR—Well, from what I know of the fellow, he couldn't have been talking of anything but an emetic.

ROMANCE REAL.

He was a junior. She was a senior taking the drama last year. One day in Shakespeare she was called on for a quotation and "The course of true love never did run smooth" came. His sentimental side made it humorous to him. He had never met her. No, but he might, so when class was over he lingered until professor and all were gone when he went over, and out of pure cussedness wrote her quotation on the arm of her chair in a masculine hand, and underneath it the query: "How about yours?"

The next day he forgot to note her expression when she found it, but early the following morning as he entered the room it all came to him, and as no one was in he stepped to the chair and found below his own writing this: "I would advise you to change your course rather than write such *d—n* nonsense as this." It shocked him, and during the whole class period he wondered how such a pure, sweet girl could write such a thing. Yes, the



No. 1—"Green Goggles?"

No. 2—"Seen the Tri Delt house?"

thought of it was repulsive again as he was about to retire that night, and then it all came to him, not in a flash, but fast enough to satisfy him. The junior law class met in the same room every morning and the fellow who sat in that particular chair was not to blame if he did not know how the Shakesperian quotation came there and added his own philosophy to it.

"THIS getting an education," said the freshman, as he halted before the law building to catch his breath, "is rather up-Hill work."

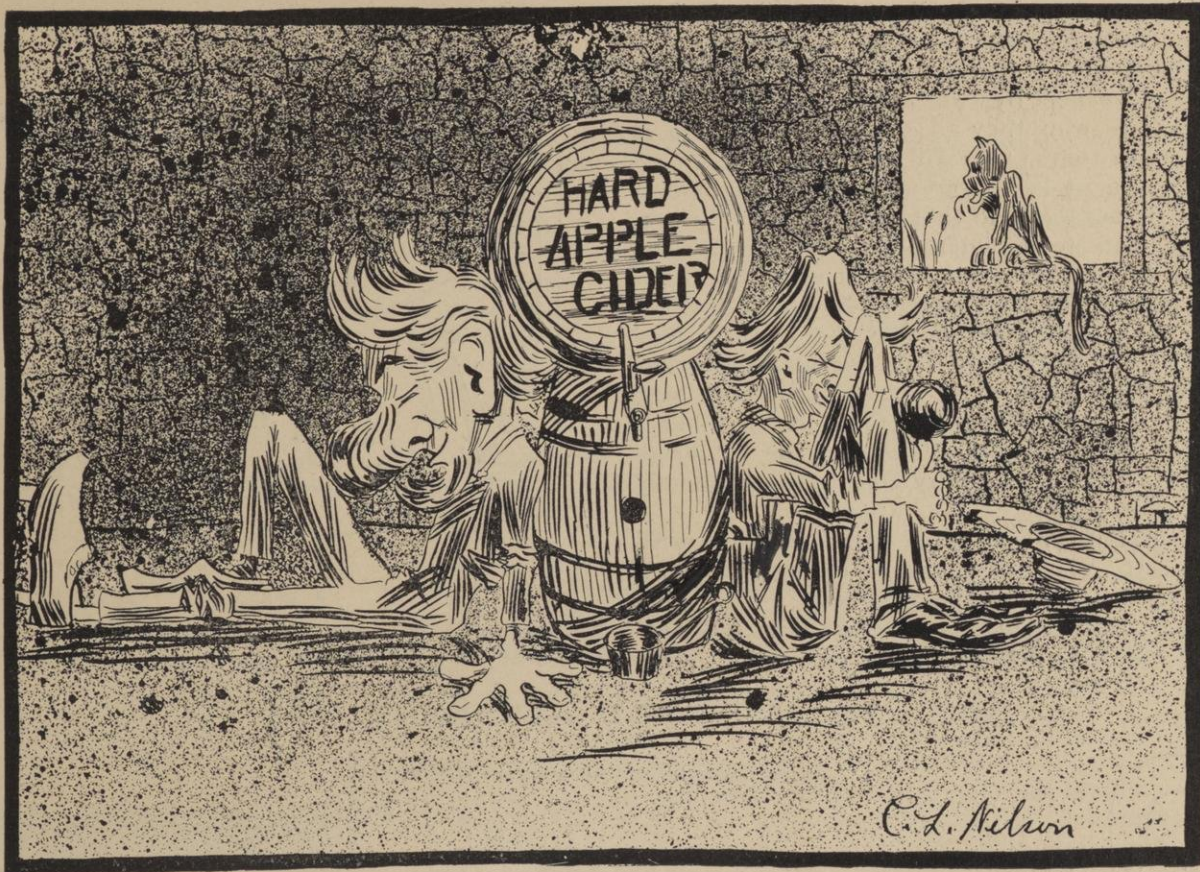
DUE to excitement over the Yale game, THE SPHINX is one day late this week.

THE sorority ought to be revered that invented the guileless cognomen "*Schimmelpennig*," etc., etc. for one of its members, and the salubrious "*ausgeblasen*" etc., for a fellow who is not a member, but mayhap hopes for brotherhood some day.

An Encore.

A year ago he climbed the "Hill,"
A freshman, boldly bound to win
Renown by wondrous strength of brain.
Alas! he made it all too plain
His head held naught but void within;
To-day he climbs, a freshman still.

THERE is at least one Smith in the University who might aptly be termed the guardian angel of Delta Gamma. His latest act of fidelity consists in answering to roll calls for his absent sisters. The geology class knows more on the subject.



ILLUSTRATED SONGS. II.

"APPLE BLOSSOMS."

MR. GOOLEY AT THE MASS MEETING.

"Did ye iver attind a ma-as matin', Dinnissy?" queried Mr. Gooley of his bosom friend and habitual audience during the noon recess.

"Niver!" ejaculated the latter, "ez ut anny relashun to a proize-foight or an Oirish wake?"

"It is not, Dinnissy, but it has the characteristics av thim both, only there is elivin gladjhiators instid av two and they are not wake but shtrong—which is a poor joke, bedad! Loike th' immortal Jawn L. and Bob Fitz they all tells at great lenth phwat arre they goin' to do, and the thing they arre goin' to do is to woipe out a lot av young min callin' thimsilves the 'sons av Eli.' Be th' powers! owld man Eli must have a husky family av childher!

"And the raison av the matin' is to arouse enthoosiasm, though I'm thinkin' it might be chaiper an' more ginteel to rouse it wid an alarrum clock instid av pullin' it out be th' hair in such promischuous fashion."

Here Dennessy interrupted to divert the conversational flood back into its proper channel, and Mr. Gooley resumed.

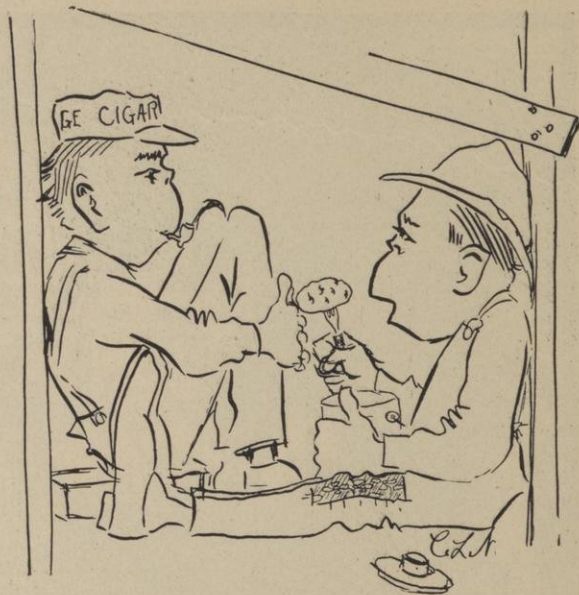
"The furrust thing, th' ba-and all dressed in brass-butt'ns an' schmoiles played wanst or twist an' iv'rybody yelled. Thin all was shtill an' wan av th' gladjhiators shtopped to th' frunt and says: 'We has wid us the night some distinguished visitors. I calls fer Admiral George Djewey, av th' U. S. navy.' But George was at home sortin' out trioomphal arrches, an' could not appare. 'Thin,' says he, 'we will have His Excillincy, th' Pris'dint av th' United Shtates.' Mac not showin' up an' the secind vice-pris'dint av' the Frishmin not bein' available, two min of th' aujience tuk th' flure. Wan av' thim says 'Virtshue is its own raward,' thin he shmoiled. The other wan says, desphioteful-loike, 'There are no saakers after Gawd in Chicawgo.' Iv'ry wan yelled 'Sic simper tyrranis,' which manes 't'h' divvil wid Stagg,' an' then th' chief mug says 'Let us sing.' Then they sung in blud-thirshty tones speshiul incantashuns wrote fer th' occashun.

‘Nixt some wan says, ‘We want Pat!’ an’ a long la-ad be the name av O’Dea, gits up and says bashful-olike, shmoilin at th’ coo-eds, whatever they may be, says he, ‘Bys we will do our bist!’ An’ thin wan be wan they all shtud up and says in har-rd, stern tones, ‘We will do our bist!’

‘Thin a la-ad in th’ rare asks wid a loud voice, ‘What’s th’ matther wid th’ tame?’ an’ all th’ ithers bein’ ashamed av his ign’rance says contempshus, ‘They’re all roight!’ The furrust wan, thin, bein’ dafe in his lift ear, says agin, ‘Who’s all roight?’ an’ all his frinds pityin’ his misfortshin, yells as loud as they kin, ‘The tame!’ Thin for mutooal informashun, asks aich ither, ‘Aint they laa-laa’s, aaaahhh.’ Thin iv’rybody shtands on th’ binches an’ yells loike all possised, fishts in the air, fr’ all th’ wurruld loike a primary corkus in th’ bloody Sixt’ av Noo Yorrk.”

‘How did it ind?’ inquired Mr. Dennessy with bated breath, ‘Did they scrap an’ extarminate aich ither loike the cats av Kilkenney?’

‘Naw,’ said Mr. Dooley, reflectively, jabbing his fork into a hard-boiled potato, ‘They all wint



home singin’ ‘Wisconsin can lick old Eli,’ and be th bones av St. Pathrick Oi belave they’re roight!”

YE FOOTBALL ALPHABET.

(Concluded)



is the Quarter, a pretty large fraction
Of the muscle and brain of a team
when in action.



is the Umpire, who raises a howl
If a player by accident makes a
slight foul.



is the Rooter, who, perched on
the bleacher,
Is a howling success as an artistic
screecher.



is the 'Varsity, our hope and our
pride.
They're equal, we think, to the
team of McBride.



is the Signals, a branch of that
knowledge
Of applied mathematics that's
taught us in college.



“Wisconsin, U-rah-rah,” we
yell;
'Tis the slogan of football that
serves us so well.



is the Tackle; when made ‘ha’d
and low”
P. King will exclaim: “That’s
the way it should go!”



are three values un-
known,
With X representing
our team and its
pluck;
But 'twas found in the
solving that X wasn't
equal

To the Y of the Elis—plus Z, the Yale luck.

THE SPHINX.

EXCHANGES.

—Cigars and fancy tobaccos at Otto's, 228 State. Phone 728.

—Wealthy Aunt—Why did you bring me this grass, Tommy?

Tommy—So you could bite it.

Wealthy Aunt—But why did you want me to bite it?

Tommy—Because I heard pa say that when you bite the grass we'd get \$20,000.

—*Yale Record.*

—If we can save you from \$2.00 to \$5.00 on a suit or overcoat it will pay you to buy of us—come and see.

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—A tutor who tooted the flute Tried to teach two young tooters to toot.

Said the two to the tutor,

Is it harder to toot, or

To tutor two tooters to toot?—*Life.*

—Our \$10 suits make our customers laugh, but oh! what a countenance it puts on our competitors when they see them.

C. B. WELTON & Co.

—A freshman was observed on State street the other day trying to arrange with a proprietor to have his shoes blacked "on the outside." He was bothered by the sign, "Shoes blacked inside."—*Widow.*

—CONSULT US ABOUT YOUR EYES. We make a specialty of fitting glasses and correct errors of refraction. Examination free. Hours 9 to 12 o'clock A. M.; 2 to 5:30 o'clock P. M., and by special appointment. The Madison Ophthalmic Institute, 26-28 W. Mifflin, over Menges' drug store.

—ULSTERS—well I should say; that's where we down them all on high grade and low prices.

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—Mr. Johnson—I's gwine to propose to Miss Blossom to-night.

Mr. Jackson—Ha; yo' got yo'r rabbit's foot wif yo'?

Mr. Johnson—No!

Mr. Jackson—Lord! You'll git accepted fo' shuah!—*Puck.*

—English papers are telling with some gusto a story of a private soldier named Murphy who was brought before the commanding officer at Devonport, charged with selling part of his kit. Said the colonel:

"Now, Private Murphy, why did you sell your boots?"

"I'd worn thim for two years, sorr, an' I thought be that time they was me own property."

"Noth'ng of the sort man! Those boots belong to the queen."

"To the quane, is it, yer anner? Sure, thin, I didn't know the lady took twilves!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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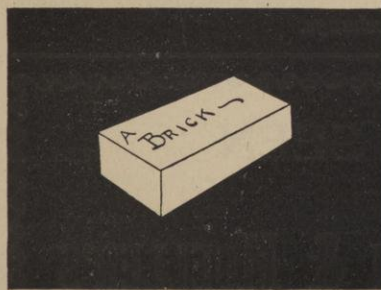
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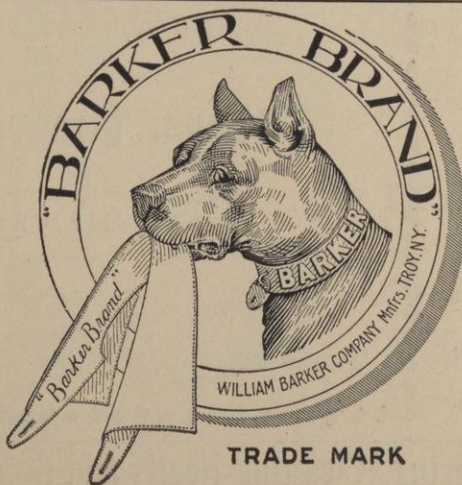
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Doctor—All right, I'll be ready as soon as I can get my carriage. Wait and you can ride with me.

Doctor (two hours later)—I can see nothing the matter with your wife except that she seems pretty mad at being waked up.

Stranger—Remarkable recovery, I must say. Here's your dollar.

Wife (five minutes later)—Why in creation did you bring a doctor to see me?

Husband—The street cars had stopped running and it was cheaper than hiring a cab.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

—The new U. W. shoe store at 708 University Ave., makes a specialty of fine repairing. Most convenient and quickest.

—Barber—How does the razor suit you, sir?

Victim—I wouldn't know I was being shaved.

Barber (feeling flattered)—Glad to—Victim—I'd think I was being sand-papered!—*Exchange.*

—Put your locals in THE SPHINX. They are sure to be read among its humorous exchanges.

ANXIOUS MOTHER—"Doctor, is there any hope for my child?"

DOCTOR—"Your child is not very sick, Madam; you see it is laughing."

MOTHER—"Oh, that doesn't show anything. Its father is a clown."

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—"Never tell your dreams," he said. "They interest nobody but yourself, and if they have any significance at all, they merely indicate some mental weakness on the part of the dreamer."

"Yes," replied one of the listeners, after a pause, "what a fool old John Bunyan was to tell that long dream of his about the pilgrims!"

After this there was another and longer pause.—*Exchange.*

—Game with Rush to-day. Get your suit pressed at the Pantorium before. 'Phone 570. Their wagon calls.

—A retired linen draper went into an English school one day and began putting the scholars through an examination in geography.

"What is the capital of 'Olland?" he asked.

"Capital H!" was the crushing rejoinder from the smart boy of the class.—*Exchange.*

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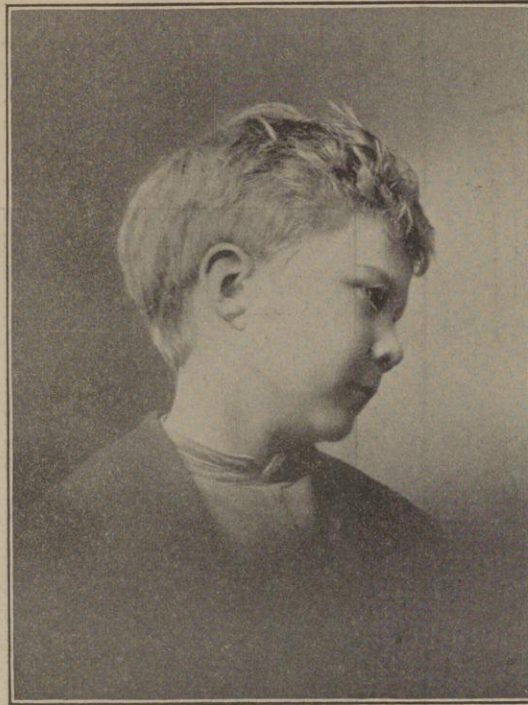
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