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THE SPHINX

VOLUME IV

MADISON, WIS., FEBRUARY 13, 1903

NUMBER 8



—PROM NUMBER—

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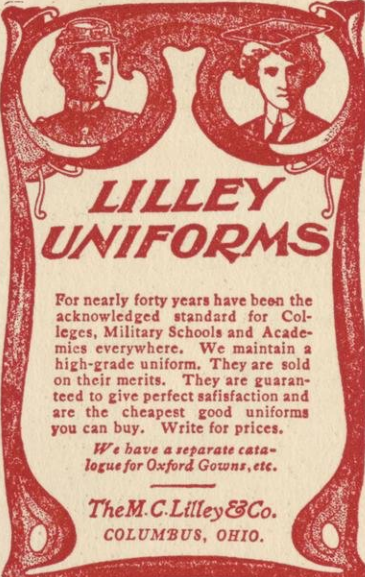
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The Sphinx

Naramore



BROKE

Girls and Prom Time!
Prom Time,
And Girls,
Everywhere!
A fellow's head whirls,
Trying to keep track—
"Gee look back—
Isn't she a Queen?"
"Over there"—
"Best I've seen"—
"Wow, there's another."
And still more;
Oh Mother!
And I'm
Out of it all;
Broke!
Strapped!
Without a dime.
And this Fall—
I had—oh curse the team!

Prom,
And Girls!
And eyes that glow and gleam,
And swirls
Of frills and frocks and furbelows
And Hubbel—
And more Girls,
And dreamy waltzes—and dawn teas—
So it goes!
And here I,
Stand by,
Watching and cussing,
With nothing coming but debts!
"He who bets—
Must"—bosh! I'd do it again—
But then;
Oh Lord!
Maids, girls,
Stately, petite, slender, plump, dark and
fair,
With eyes and hair!
Oh Laura!
And voices low and soft, and gurgling laughter
that purls
Over their ruby lips—all that the poet sang,
And I'm not going!
Hang!!

A. B. B.





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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

The city has May games, feasts, wakes and merry meetings to solace themselves.

Burton.

THERE ARE NO DOUBT a goodly number of people who suppose that THE SPHINX is too old and staid a bird to take any part in what may seem frivolous but to all such she wishes to here give solemn notice that they have misjudged SPHINX nature.

Instead of ignoring the event of the week she has been thinking and planning for it for weeks, yes for months. She too has ordered a new gown and it's coming direct from old Paris. While still a Freshman on the banks of the Nile she learned to two-step with Pharaoh and she is not too old yet to gambol with the youths, at least once a year. And what an event this is that we are all *so sure* is going to happen every year! The football hero is forgotten now and we all bow to the reign of the Girl. There is a strange feeling of expectancy everywhere. Soon will come the mysterious roll of carriage wheels. There will be hurrying to and fro, and then the blaze of light, the dazzle of color and the bewitching strains of sweet music. For those who have been before it is a scene that never grows old and to the uninitiated it is a glimpse of a new world. Then the dawn teas, the receptions, the small "affairs". Truly the Prom is the one happy moment in a life of ceaseless drudgery; the oasis in an intellectual desert.



Subtlety is only a deceitful manner of applying reason to do mischief.—Cicero.

THE SPHINX WISHES TO CONGRATULATE THE *Daily Scaredinall* on the special edition issued during the examination week. The entire staff should be commended for the zeal displayed in collecting news. It can be classed as nothing less than genuine newspaper instinct and should insure immediate employment for those members who intend taking up journalism as a career. In these days of keen competition, it rarely happens that a college daily can get a complete "scoop" on every regular correspondent in the city, but this instance has done something to prove that a college education tends to produce keen men. The faculty had adopted strenuous measures to keep this information from the public, but a young *Scaredinall* reporter discovered it,

and, although in the midst of his examination, he threw study aside at once and called the members of the staff together. Most of the city dailies would have been satisfied with a one sheet extra for an item of this kind, but not so the *Scaredinall*. The paper must come out complete or not at all, and so it was issued in its usual form.

Is it not quite true to say in its usual form either for such great activity had been aroused that the number of pages was increased from four to eight, the extra space being filled with light but unusually interesting matter. This is an innovation which might well be followed in future editions. Great self control was displayed in the editorials. Under the excitement of the moment the natural thing would have been to write an inflammable article against the action of the faculty which might have led to a serious outbreak among the students. Instead of this however attention is called to those things that every one has reason to be thankful for. After all it is always the common and ordinary objects that are most apt to be overlooked and great benefit is derived from noticing them in this way. It seems hardly fair to criticise an issue, which as a whole is of such high order, yet there are a few minor details that can scarcely be overlooked in a review. Considerable space is devoted to college items which are too gossipy to be in good taste. It is scarcely proper to publish the personal habits of heads of other institutions as it sets a bad example to the freshmen. Several of the items contain statistics but a close inspection leads one to doubt the authenticity of the sources. For example, it is stated that the Sultan of Jolorr has forty three sons in college but upon going over the number accounted for it is found that there are really fifty-four. But these are only minor defects which can easily be accounted for from the haste with which the matter was thrown together.



Men lose wisdom just in proportion as they believe themselves to have acquired it.

IT WAS NOT INTENDED that anything of a serious nature should get into this number, but in spite of the pains taken to guard against it, there is one matter of importance that must be settled now. That is the question of examinations. Much has been written on this subject and much more has been said, but the argument has usually turned on the time of holding them and of what they should consist. During the past week the SPHINX has spent a great deal of thought on this question and she has arrived at an entirely new decision, that they should be abolished altogether. There are many good reasons for such a radical action. Examinations are certainly of very little benefit to the faculty. It would be fair to assume that over half of the professors know the answers to the questions before they read the papers, and it would be less trouble for them to read up the subject in the library anyway. As for the students, this week of horrors is decidedly harmful. During the first part of the semester all are wondering what the examination is most likely to be on. As time draws near spasmodic work is done on wild guesses as to the probable questions. The week before no one sleeps. Then the examinations come and the guesses are proven wrong. In the excitement papers are written that stand for examples of the author's nerve, and finally all is over.

It is here that the greatest evil in the system is apparent. When the "great occasion" has passed there is a necessary reaction, and this manifests itself in many ways that are not beneficial to the student. The opponents of football contend that it distracts the minds of the students from their work, but the excitement attendant upon football cannot be compared to that which succeeds examination. As soon as the last blue book is laid aside, every student hies himself to some kind of a celebration. And as to celebrations—well a mere catalogue of them would more than fill this number. It is enough to say that all of them are more or less exciting. This sort of thing keeps up until the semester is half over, when the same old preparation for the finals commences again. And so it goes, between joy for what is past and fear of what is to come, very little work is done. This deplorable condition of things is directly traceable to examinations, and THE SPHINX believes that the only way to get good, consistent work from the student is to radically change the system.



Aftermath

It is no time for mirth and laughter,
The cold, gray dawn of the Monday after.



"Prom Week"

Oh, our very hearts are thrilling
Thro' the big Prom Week!
And we certainly are drilling
To spend our every shilling,
And we all of us are willing
In the big Prom Week.



Oh our lively heels are dancing
Thro' the big Prom Week!
And we do a lot of prancing,
And some very telling glancing,—
All the merriment enhancing
In the big Prom Week.



Oh, our busy days are sunny
Thro' the big Prom Week!
All our talk is very punny,
All our jokes are very funny,
And we're all as sweet as honey
In the big Prom Week.



Oh, our merry eyes are shining
Thro' the big Prom Week!
Is there not the best of dining?
Is there anybody whining?
Are not joy and hope entwining
In the big Prom Week?



Oh, our mighty brains are whirling
Thro' the big Prom Week!
Every banner we're unfurling,
And we keep the fun a-twirling:
Hearts aglow and lips a curling
In the big Prom Week.

A. F. D.

The *Milwaukee Sentinel* reporter stepped into the devil's private office. "I'm from the *Sentinel*," he said, "I—

"Here, boy," said H. S. M., to a little blue devil in the corner, "Tell Beelzebub he's fired, and give this gentleman his place, we must keep our liar's department up to date!"



"Well, this is certainly a hard lot," said the pirate when they marooned him on the rock.



It is proposed to use limburger cheese as a generator and brick cheese as a receiver in wireless telegraphy. No messages will then be more than two cents.



Lady—Well what do you want.

Tramp—I tought dis wuz Heaven and I wanted to see de Guarding Angel.



"I may be somewhat slow," said the executioner as he wiped the blade, "but I get a head of everyone I meet in a business way."



Terrible!

Attacked by a vicious tarantula
The rancher, afraid to advanceula.

Cries wildly, "Let go!"
But the insect says, "No!
I'm too much attached to your pant-
sula."

H. G. W.

THAT NIGHT

HE HAD BEEN A STUDENT; a member of the Tangle-foot Dramatic Club. Then he had gone away. The special edition of the *Daily Scrapbook* had it, "to accept a flattering offer made him and fill a prominent position in the cast of a new play being staged by Daniel Frothingsham."

And now he was to return! He was to play in his University town!

All the tickets were sold an hour after the box office was open, and later were disposed of at a premium. The night of the performance, even the fair Co-eds rushed for seats. That night will never be forgotten. Old Grads will tell it to younger generations in years to come, and they will hand it down to be preserved to posterity.

The house was packed and the excitement was at fever heat. All sat expectantly waiting for him to appear. Then he came upon the stage; staggering he rushed in. All on the stage turned in his direction. The students forgot to give the Varsity yell, so spell-bound were they held by his acting. Then he spoke, and all listened. Stepping to the middle of the stage, he cried:

"What, ho! The man is dead!"

Then the excitement found vent. The pressure had been relieved. The whole house burst forth in deafening applause. The students found their voices. Like a burst of thunder came the Varsity yell. Men stood up in their seats! Women wept!

Such a night is seldom seen, and once seen is never forgotten. It will be handed down to posterity and be spoken of as "That Night."

L. R. L.



"Janet has a beautiful gown for the Prom."

"Is it décolleté?"

"I don't know, it has low neck and short sleeves."



Fame's Reward.

Laure was a hungry lad,
Ate his sister and his dad.
When he had no chance at other
Food, he'd take a bite off mother.
Once, in search of morsels sweet,
Ate a young man on the street,
Who—though Laure did not know
it—

Was a poor and starving poet.
Now his very name is great,
He's the Poet Laureate!

H. C. J.



"Jameson has money to burn."
"Is that why he was fired?"



THE END OF HIS PROM DREAMS.



James got mad at sister Nell,
Went and threw her in the well,
Father said, "Dear me, what next,
Really I am somewhat vexed."

M. L. R.



**HEAVEN!
HEAVEN!
HEAVEN!**

**FREE!
FREE!
FREE!**

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WE LOOK BACK

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H. G. W.

I hate to seek my couch at night,
Beneath the snowy spread,
Because I have to lift my feet
And put them in the bed.

X. M.

"Margaret," he said, "you are a popular girl, a toast and a belle, while I am only a poor, ordinary fellow. I know I ought not to aspire so high, but I love you, and a train of thought which I cannot stop seems to"—

"Well, Herbert," said the maiden, softy, "if you cannot stop the train, you had better ring the belle."

"I seem to be filling an important place satisfactorily," said the rabbit as he disappeared in the snake.



"How far is it round the square?"
"What route—overland or wet?"

Naturally

A precipice climber renowned
Left the top of a cliff with a bound
When they said, "Does it pay?"
He replied, "In a way,
But I rather dread reaching the ground."

H. G. W.



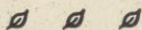
The German lover and his lass were spooning again. Came father's voice from above. "Daughter, was you two kissing again?" "Ach, no, vater, it iss dark in here, and we was shust striking a match."

Sonnets of A Freshman

VIII.

I guess, perhaps, I'm not among the swells,
 I'm going to the Prom, just watch my
 smoke,
 A swallow-tail, and pats, and silk-lined
 cloak.
 And then the girl — say, talk about your
 belles.
 Another conquest—oh, its brain that tells.
 But I'm a true sport now—my watch in
 soak;
 And bills galore, and father nearly broke.
 But then a fellow's got to have the shells
 To treat his maiden right — you'll note
 my slang,
 Like me, its swagger and its up to date,
 Gee, won't I cut a figure with the gang
 Of girls which gathers here from all the
 state;
 More broken hearts upon my string to
 hang,
 It's wicked, but I seem to be their Fate!

A. B. B.



"Henley has left the 'varsity."

"Conned?"

"Don't know, claims his eyes were
 weakened by gazing too much at Sunny
 Pyre."

The Sausage King

In a red hot iceberg sits and thinks,
 (What do you care if your nose is blue),
 The king and queen of the sausage links.
 (Butter your hair and take a few.)
 And the queen holds in her mighty claws
 A keg of nails and a few old saws,
 But the king just nurses his aching jaws.
 (Waiter put stones in my oyster stew.)

The little queenlets sit quite still.
 (What do you care if your nose is blue.)
 Chopping trees with an unpaid bill,
 (Butter your hair and try a few.)
 While their mother sings sweet sausage
 songs,
 And picks her teeth with an iceman's
 prongs,
 And tells of the sausage kingdom's wrongs,
 (Waiter, more stones in the oyster stew.)

And the little kinglets stand around
 (What do you care if your nose is blue),
 Swallowing tacks by the hundred pound.
 (Butter your hair and try a few.)
 For the sausage king is sorely cursed.
 With no chance to drink and a burning
 thirst.

And his children go from worse to wurst
 (Waiter put stones in the oyster stew.)

So keep away from the sausage king.
 (What do you care if your nose is blue),
 For he's noted for eating most any old
 thing.

(Butter your hair and try a few.)
 His hobbies are strange and his manners
 blase.

And he bolts all his food in a horrible way,
 Which his victims find somewhat unpleas-
 ant, they say.

(Waiter, put stones in the oyster stew.)

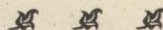
H. R. H.



Chromatic Crudities

There was a young man from the "Sault,"
 He looked most uncommonly blault
 When they asked, "Dault you sorrow?"
 He replied, "Not taultmorrow."
 But a week from next Taultesday I dault."

H. O.



"You look bored."

"I've been studying Augury."

"Hicks fell through a thousand dollar stained glass window up at Street's the other night."

"Gee, he must have felt bad."

"He did. He was all cut up."



During the Interregnum

Two hours sleep nightly or daily for engineers.

School of Commerce—a week off. Normalites incorporate with Standard Oil Company.

If you have not wits, words, nor worth, when the hour comes, put on your good clothes and be handsome.

Wear blue glasses by all means if you are expecting a con.

Cuss all you want. The other fellow is doing the same.

Eat if convenient—if not, chew the rag.

It is better to ride the professor's hobby than your own pony.

C. T. F.



THE FRESHMAN ARRANGES HIS COURSE.



Jingle

There was once a young maid who could write,

Said she, "I'll soon be a bright light;"

But after a year

Of theme-writing here,

She decided she'd better not try 't.

K. H.



TWO SONGS

THE FRESHMAN sat at his study table, moodily chewing the end of his penholder, an unfinished letter before him. It was a letter home.

"I write this to tell you how I came out in my examinations," the letter ran. "I got 'goods' in everything except history, and I am sorry to say that I got 'conned' in that you see—"

The freshman had stopped at this point, unable to go further; for how could he explain what was entirely his own fault? He wished some one would talk to him—sympathize with him and—

"Nobody knows how sad I am,
Nobody seems to give a damn."

The song rang out clearly in the hall, in a merry voice he recognized as that of the sophomore who never could carry a tune.

"Yes, that's just it," the freshman said half aloud, "but then, what of it? It was all my own fault of course, and yet the instructor might have let me through if he had wanted to—if he had cared—"

The sophomore was coming back down the hall, whistling. When he came opposite the freshman's door he sang again.

"I'se gwine to live anyhow until I die."

The words were sung so a tune original with the singer, but the freshman didn't mind it this time. He smiled.

"There's a good deal in that," he said aloud and again, when he had finished the letter, "Yes there's a heap of truth in that."

OSCAR.

At the Prom was a girl from Syene,
Who painted her finger nails green;
"They look queer," she'd confess,
"But they match with my dress,
And they're rather artistic, I ween."

J. H. H.



Omar on the Prom Girl

Behold the Prom girl—in our sight
she glows
A little space—and then—and then she
goes—
Where we know not—but he who pays
her fare—
He knows about it all, he knows he
knows.

G. B. D.

OBSERVATIONS OF EL HAREB

NOW IT HAPPENED that there came to the city of Madison a noted traveler, who had visited all the colleges in America, except the University of Wisconsin. This traveler observed many things about the life here which had passed unnoticed by the people who saw them every day. Stationing himself half way up the hill one morning he watched the students going to their classes.

"I observe," he said to a student standing near, "that some of these young people stroll leisurely along as if they were out for a morning constitutional. Others rush forward in breathless haste as if their mission was of the most urgent importance. Does this mean that those who go slowly are lazy and unambitious, while those that hurry are keen for knowledge?"

"This may be the case, but it is not probable," said the student. "Some of those who are in such great haste are not at all ambitious. To be tardy at one of Professor Scott's classes is almost a criminal offense. These people hurry because they are wise."

E. R.



The Famous Detective gave a low whistle. (This is what the F. D. always does in a crisis.)

"Aha," he hissed. (It isn't possible to hiss and say "Aha" at the same time, but this is a detective story.) The Expectant Reader will attend closely, something is about to happen.

"Aha," said the F. D., again—"I have found"—

This is where we leave the E. R., the rest of this exciting tale will be continued in No. 26 of Red Pepper Pete or Cloves on his Breath.

Read it. Read it. Read it.
Don't buy it, it's free!
Don't buy it, it's free!
Price 10 cents.
Price 10 cents.
Price 10 cents.
Yahoo!



"May I have the 5th?"

"Do you want it?"

"Of course not, I just asked out of curiosity."

Why do they keep that billiard table covered with a black cloth?

Because the cushions are dead.



The Universal Sphinx

Written especially for the Prom Sphinx.

No matter what a lover thinks
About his lady love,
The passing years are sure to prove
He did but woo The Sphinx.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

With him who knocks at the door of peace, seek not hostility.—Saadi.

IN A GREAT CITY a police force is necessary to the law abiding citizen, and generally an abomination to the law breaker. In Madison it is necessary to itself and an abomination to everyone else, especially the student. A little girl, not long ago, defined a Madison policeman as "a man who arrests students when they yell," a definition which could hardly be bettered. No one ever knew of any one who ever heard of a criminal bagged by a Madison policeman. Some constable at Syene or Oregon catches the offender, while the local officer clubs three students for singing "Tannenbaum," on State street. During the carnival—of drab memory—the roaring drunk, and the city tough, roamed the streets unhampered, while the students were arrested; probably to furnish the Milwaukee papers with scare heads on "Wisconsin Rowdism." This sort of interference is just the thing to irritate ordinarily peaceful men into open defiance. That the students have endured it so patiently for so many years is an example of self-control and law-abiding spirit which most men would fail to show toward a police force, which was created apparently to make trouble for them. And to make trouble for the students seems to be the only logical reason for the existence of Madison's finest.



The Awakening

I dreamed of you, lissome and slender
And fragrant and fleeting and cold,
And I thought, "'Tis the spirits that send
her

To torture my heart as of old."

But your great eyes grew loving and tender,
And the sound of your voice thrilled me
through,

'Till I woke from the thrall, 'twas a dream,
that was all,

But, Sweet, will the dream come true?

Oh, I dreamed that you came to my arms,
dear,

And I folded you close to my heart,
While the world with its troubles and
harms, dear,

Seemed something afar and apart.

You were mine, with your sweetness and
charms, dear,

And the joy of the victor I knew,
'Till the hours brought the day, and the
dream passed away,

But, Sweet, will the dream come true?

Must it always be only in dreams, love,
That love lights its glow in your eyes?

Must I ever catch only its gleams, love,
Through the haze of the visions that rise,
When sleep soothes my pain? Ah, it
seems, love,

That sleep is more tender than you,
For it stilled my unrest with the joy of the
blest—

Ah, Sweet, will the dream come true?

T. N.



UNTRODDEN PATHS: "After you my dear
Alphonse."

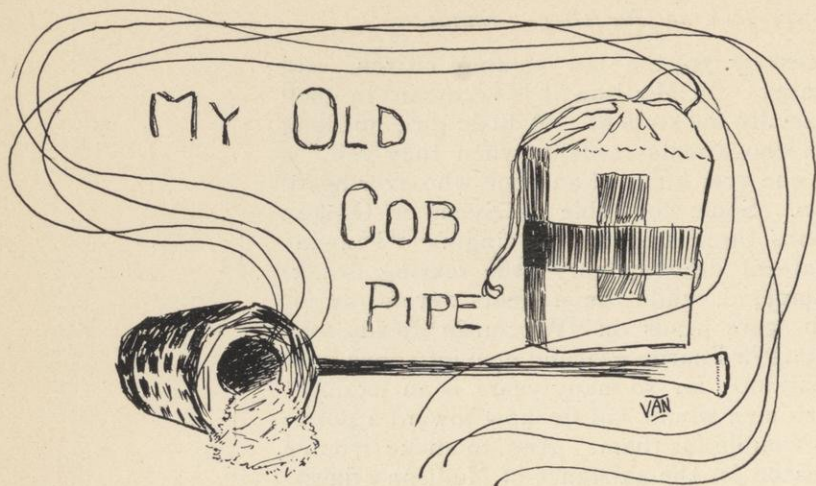


Why is it that you call your paper the
Register?

Because it contains so much hot air.



All her roses were crushed,
So he sweetly consoled her,
"Let your tremors be hushed
All your roses are crushed,
So am I," and she blushed.
But she didn't grow colder,
All her roses were crushed
So he sweetly consoled her.



You may talk about your cigarettes and
fifty cent cigars,
Your water pipes and briars, and your mer-
chaums and the rest,
With your extra blend tobaccos and your
silver mounted jars,
But just an old-time corn cob pipe is what
I love the best.
With some double charged tobacco that is
strong and old and ripe,
And I'll get a whiff of heaven from my old
cob pipe.

When the winter winds are shrieking and
the snow drift blocks the door,
I take my old companion, and we settle by
the fire,
And I tell my pipe my troubles, till they
trouble me no more,
For he speaks a silent language and his
sayings never tire,
He's a comforter and helper of a rare and
valued type,
And the world has seemed the sweeter for
my old cob pipe.

Oh he loves the books I care for and I some-
times think he knows
How my Kipling stirs the spirit how my
Dobson warms the heart,
And the faithful spark within him like a dis-
tant campfire glows,
When the masters swinging rythm sings of
field, and town and mart.
Yes my pipe and I are comrades of a most
congenial stripe,
So I love and loaf and labor with my old
cob pipe.

But most and best I love him when amidst
his smoke I see
The vision of a maiden who is going to be
my wife,
Yet a little pang of sadness even then comes
over me,
Despite the gladsome future of a happiness
for life,
And furtively from off my cheek a trickling
tear I wipe,



For I've promised her to quit you now—my
old cob pipe.

A. B. B.



By Our Own Poor Richard

Now that it's all over it is a consolation
to reflect that any sane man would prefer
being an outcast disgraced with a good job,
to being an English instructor anyway.

The sore ones who are not going to the
Prom are a lot better off than the fellows
who are going to take some other fellow's
girl.

The man who gets a "con" will of course
find a lot of satisfaction in knowing that
"the instructor had it in for him."

We may differ as to the value of the Y.

M. C. A., but no one will deny that the
proposed building will serve to fill the wind
swept gap between the gymnasium and Dr.
Birge's house.

We that are not going to the Prom will
find a lot of satisfaction in knowing that
the Prom committee did not get any of our
money.

Some of our most famous alumni were
poor students when they were in college.
Remember that when you are explaining
how it happened in your post-exam letter
to the folks.

PRIZE COMPETITION

The SPHINX offers a prize of \$3.00 in cash for the best article of not more than 200 words in answer to the question "What professor or instructor is the worst lecturer in the University?" The article must be written in ink on one side of the paper, and signed with the full name of the writer. No names will, however, be published and the authorship of each article will be kept secret. The prize will be awarded to the article which gives the best and most cleverly put reasons for the author's assumption. Each article must begin with the statement "The worst lecturer in the University is Prof. —." A fine fountain pen will be awarded for the second best article. If less than ten articles are received the prize will not be awarded and all articles will be returned. Address all articles,

Managing Editor, SPHINX,
421 Murray St.,
Madison, Wis.

For Prize Competition.

**THE ORACLE**

"Proms," said the Oracle, waving his pipe in air, "are a convenient method of going broke; they are useful and democratic institutions."

Since the Oracle was not going, we looked surprised.

"How——?" interrupted the Freshman, who did not know the Oracle and his ways.

"To continue," said the Oracle, with a withering glance at the Freshman, "Proms are useful for two reasons and democratic for the same reasons. In the first place they break the Frat man and escondly they break the Barb. Since people are never so good as when broke this largely increases the morality of the University. Also a state of shortness makes the whole Hill kin, for a busted millionaire and a strapped engineer are brothers."

"Then there are girls. I know less about girls than about anything else, but that's more than most people know. Girls make useful ornaments for Prom time, in fact the Prom would be a bit of a fizzle without them. There's nothing more pleasing than a pretty girl charmingly gowned except a charming girl prettily gowned, and we need all we can have of both. I may say, in fact, that I approve of girls. If our own Co-eds would only look as pretty the rest of the year as they do Prom time, we should love them better. Girls are the most forgivable creatures living, but I can never forgive one for not looking her best. It seems that competition is the life of the Dressmaker."

"Lastly, the Prom is here, and '*Gaudeamus dum vivimus, quoniam diu in Orco Erimus.*'"

KIM.

**Prom Mishaps**

Herbert Montmorency Jones,
Fell in a dance and broke ten bones,
His partner squelched him with a glance.
"Horrid thing to spoil the dance."

After Christmas Vacation—Triolet

Now we've come back to work once more,
But are we back to stay?
Our days of idleness are o'er,
Now we've come back to work once more.
Yet some of us are troubled sore—
Soon comes our Judgment Day.
Now we've come back to work once more,
But are we back to stay?

K. H.

**Metamorphosis**

Mr. Ally married Sally
Died and left her "widow Ally."
As she mourned her husband sadly
(Black become her not so badly),
Mr. Gayter asked to mate her,
Now she's Mrs. Ally-Gayter!

A. B. B.



First Farmer—I see by the paper that
some of the students down at Madison
painted the town red the other night.

Second Farmer—Beat's all what some of
them boys does to earn money.



NO MATTER

(With apologies to Kipling.)

Exams have passed, the world moves on
What standings have we gleaned from this?
But let's not think of ex or "con"
I'm standing waiting for a kiss,
Studies are nothing, what care we
While I love you and you love me!

What matters it if marks be low,
What matters it the how or why
Of things that happened long ago
Or things to happen bye and bye.
In but one course I care to be
The course of love with you and me.

For fame or fortune fools may fight,
But I attain them in your voice.
Brave men may battle for the right,
But right to me is your sweet choice.
The world may jeer—but what care we
While I love you and you love me.

By Cut and Con and Crib and Cram,
By Beebe, Bugs, and Johnnys Beer,
By Scott and Snow and sherest Sham
By Hops and Hoplets hallowed here,
By Flunks and Fairs and Fun and Flings,
By Grinds, and Girls and Game and Gore,
By Threats, and Thumps and Thunderings,
By all this college life and more,
If I love you and you love me,
What pair so fortunate as we!

C. T. F.



HILL TERMS—"Going on his sand."



WE HAVE THOUGHT

That quality always adds to price, but
price not always to quality.

That we are allowed to do many things
we are not prepared to do.

That some who try to make fools of oth-
ers, make fools of themselves. S. B.

A MODERN ABU

ABU BEN ADHEM awoke one night, but not from "a sweet dream of peace." The awakening was caused by the fact that one of Matt Cronin's "rabbits" was causing a lot of trouble by fighting in his stomach with a large bundle of beer and other drinks forbidden in the Y. M. C. A. house. After watching with absorbing interest the race which the bureau was having with the washstand to see which could revolve the greatest number times in a minute. Abu finally distinguished, in the confusion,

"An angel writing in a book of gold."
Exceeding booze had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the angel in the room, he said,
"What writest thou?"

The angel smiled an angelic smile.
"The names of those whose honors will appear in *The Badger*."
"And is mine one?" said Abu.
"Nay, not so," replied the angel.

"Write me then," said Abu, as the bed-stead started to follow the other furniture in the race for the booze record, "write me as one who never trod the boards in an amateur play, nor sang in the university quartet."

The angel wrote and vanished, and next night it came again and showed the names in the book of gold—

"And lo!"—but shucks, any fool could guess the rest, so I won't tell you.

OSCAR.

SENIOR YARNS ✎ THE RED DEVIL

THE FRESHMEN'S ACCOUNT of an uncle of his, who had won an automobile race doing the last mile in thirty seconds, was followed by a provoking silence. It was Buggs the, Senior, who broke it.

"A mile in thirty seconds," he mused.

"Yes in twenty-nine and five-eighths second, to be exact."

"Exactness won't help your story in the least," the Senior continued, "because your whole statement is gross exaggeration. It has happened only once that a mile was covered in less than fifty seconds by an automobile—it took us exactly twenty-four seconds. I am afraid your uncle imposed upon your verdancy when he told you that epochmaking lie."

"Tell us your story, Buggs," the Junior said, as a diplomatic way to avoid the threatening trouble.

The Senior lit his pipe and not minding the Freshman's sarcastic look he began:

"If it hadn't been for Prof. Wood bringing his automobile to Madison the Red Devil would never have been built. However, Prof. Wood *did* bring his automobile, and Prof. Freeman, in order to show what a little one-horse affair it was, ordered an automobile especially built for himself. When it arrived it proved to be a big twenty-horse power machine, and as it was painted a bright red it was christened 'The Red Devil.' At that time I was a good friend of Freeman's and so he invited me to accompany him on the trial trip, the others in the party being Profs. Birge and Bryant. Of course I accepted, and one fine afternoon we started, Birge and Bryant occupying the back seat, Freeman and I the front. When everything was ready Freeman said 'Here she goes' and pulled a lever. The machine gave a grunt and with a jerk started off—rather slowly at first but rapidly accelerating its speed. The first corner we turned on two wheels and at an angle of forty-five degrees. Freeman was becoming excited, and seeing a water hydrant half way up the next block he went for it. The next moment it was behind us, the forward wheel having passed one side and the corresponding hind wheel the other. We were now tearing along at a tremendous rate, constantly crossing from one gutter to the other, as Freeman became more and more excited. Twice he steered us through the showers of lawn sprinklers and it was only by a hair's breath that he didn't run the car up the steps of the capitol and shortly after precipitate us into the fountain."

"Presently we found ourselves in the country. It was just after we had knocked over the third cow that we passed Trowbridge on horseback. Of course the horse shied, and we had just one glimpse of the professor navigating the air, for the next moment we were ourselves thrown high up into the air, the buckboard catching us adroitly as we came down. We knew what that meant—another dead cow. As luck would have it, the car suddenly stopped, this time projecting us all into the sand head first. While we were still brushing our clothes, three husky farmers confronted us, demanding money for their dead cows. All the money we could muster didn't amount to more than twenty dollars, and this by no means satisfied them. By and by one of them proposed that we give them our names and addresses so that they could call for the money, and to this we agreed. Freeman said his name was John Smith, and Birge said his was Jones—Bill Jones. Having arranged this business, we decided to return, and as Freeman and the others absolutely refused to steer the machine, I took the responsibility upon myself.

"Our resolve to get away was materially hastened when we saw Trowbridge coming towards us without his horse, looking very red in the face, and shaking his fist at us. I started the machine, with the firm resolve to keep cool and steer in as straight a line as possible. Considering that we were now going even faster than before, I was reasonably fortunate in avoiding accidents. In an incredibly short time we were chasing down North Carroll St. towards State St., and by some means or other we collided with a street car which had just started up State St. In exactly twenty-four seconds we were opposite the library, having pushed the car the whole way ahead of us. There the automobile disengaged itself from the car, turned at right angles, throwing us out, bounded over the campus, and missing the boat house by less than a foot, disappeared in the lake. That was the end of the Red Devil."

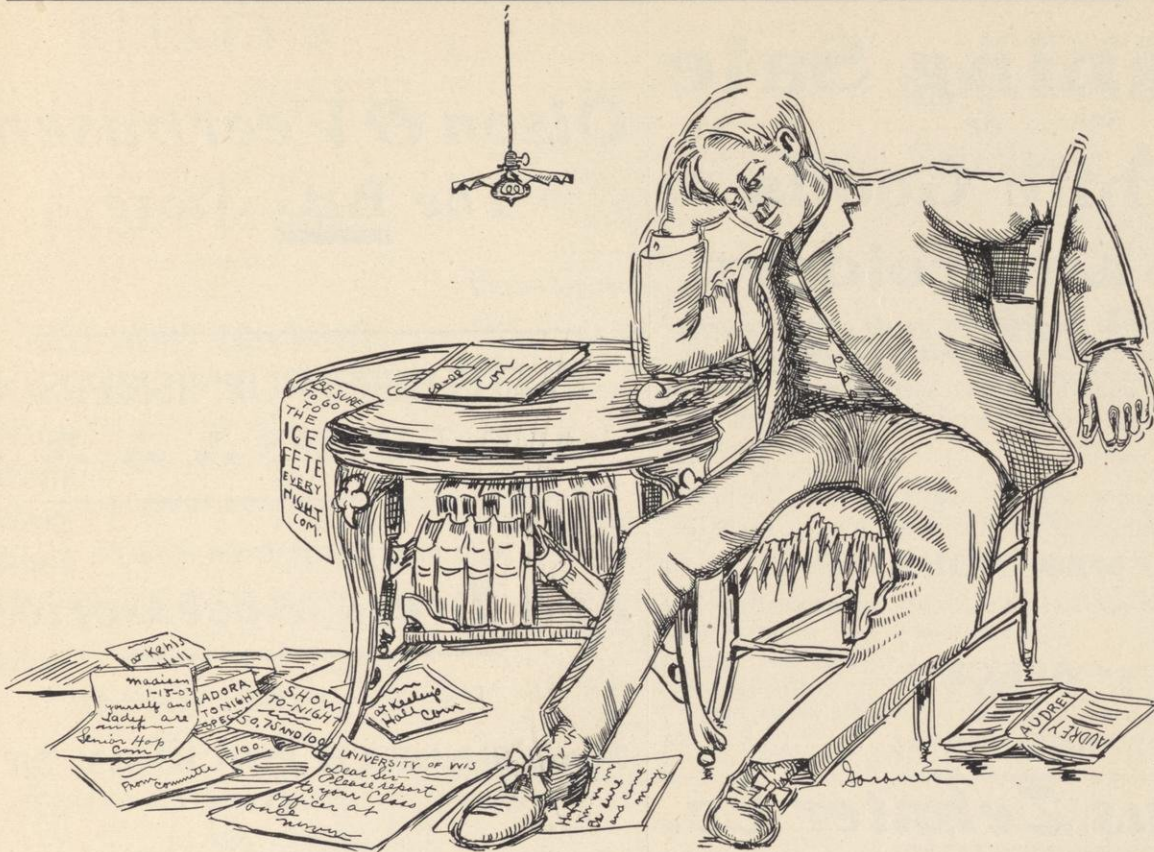
The Freshman's eyes were closed. His sarcastic look, long since died away, had given place to a painful expression on his face.

"You are right," he said meekly, "my uncle *did* impose upon my youth."

M. C. N.



Making Out Programs for the Prom in the Stone Age.



The Senior—"Only one semester more."

Different Circumstances

When the office boy twirls on a bulky machine,
And copies the letters, the checks and the bills,
It is easy to see, for we've all of us seen
The part that the office boy's exercise fills.
It is what he is paid for, and therefore I guess,
His work hour companion's the old letter press.
Now sometimes you'll see, if you watch
what is doing,
Some tender flirtation clandestinely planned,
And you'll steadfastly notice the way it is brewing,
By the notes that are penned in a masculine hand,
When she presses her lips to these missives—
well yes,
I think one can call it a letter press.

Then again there's the case when the
spring time has faded,
And summer, hot summer makes murky
the air,
When the cleanly White ducks on the
streets are paraded,
Or lounged in the hammock or stretched in
the chair.
The things get soiled in a horrible mess,
So we send to the laundress and "Let her
press."
Now the last of this song it is well you
should hear,
If after the Prom you should chance to go
sleighting,
With a maiden who's slender and winsome
and dear,
With eyes in which mischief is constantly
playing,
And she starts to press close—"cause it's
cold here"—I guess
If you have any senses you'll "Let her
press."
H. G.

Were you taken in?

Opening Sale

—OF—

White Goods and Embroidery

Never before has this class of goods opened to better advantage than this season's showings.

India Linens in white, black and linen color, from .35c to 10c
Dimity, stripes and checks, from50c to 10c
Persian Lawns, in colors, from75c, 50c and 25c
Swiss Mulls, at45c, 35c and 25c
Madras, plain and mercerized, from50c to 12½c
Long cloth, both imported and domestic, from18c to 12½c

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In Swiss, Nainsook and Cambric sets are unusually pretty and effective.

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"MY FRIEND
FROM INDIA"

Will be presented at
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**Friday
February 27**

What's home without a SPHINX. 15
cents at
Co-op,
College Book Store,
Menges,
Sumner's,
Wisconsin Pharmacy.

Mr. Bug—How many entries
are there for the scratch event?
Mr. Gnat—Two—Willie Flea
and Mr. Mosquito.—*Tiger.*

Engraved stationery at
SEXTON & O'NEILL'S.

Persian—I was decidedly struck
by Belliakker's latest poem.
Mede—Great Zoroaster! Any
bones broken?—*Tiger.*

Chatelaine and wrist bags at
SEXTON & O'NEILL'S.

She—Love not and your pur-
sued.
He—Yes, and love and your
sued.—*Tiger.*

Look at the bargains we are offering
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'Tis better to have loved and
flunked, than never to have loved
at all.—*Chaparral.*

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mes, or anything in plate work, at
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Cor. State and Carroll Sts.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"This paper says woman's
chief attraction is her hair. Do
you think so?"

"Not on a muddy street."—
Wrinkle.

Monogram Stationery at
THE WISCONSIN PHARMACY,
Cor. State and Carroll St.

The eye being the window of
the soul may account for the
pane often felt there.—*Widow.*

Always headquarters for University
of Wisconsin while in Chicago—Victo-
ria Hotel.

There Are Others.

Mary had a little lamb,
Likewise a lobster stew,
And ere the sunlit morning
dawned
She had a nightmare, too.

If you want a shoe to be comfortable
the first time you wear it, obtain them
at the U. W. Shoe Store.

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— AND —

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**Goods Called for and
Delivered**

A. Walker—"I wouldn't like
to act in China."

A. Knuther Walker—"Why
not?"

A. Walker—"Think of the
China eggs."—*Punch Bowl.*

This is no Joke

Straight goods, from a straight house.
"The HUB" always a 'moving, is going
to move into new quarters. They have
outgrown their present covering, as it
were, and will have to have a new gar-
ment made for them, and from what we
are told and promised, it will outshine
anything of its kind ever designed in
Madison, so far as style and size is con-
cerned. They also tell us that their new
store will be planned and equipped to be
a fitting home for such high grade goods
as "Stein Bloch" clothes and "Stacy-
Adams" shoes.

But what is of more importance just
now, "The HUB" is having a "Removal
sale," that is, they had rather have the
public generally take a hand in moving
their stock, than to be obliged to move
it themselves into the new store. To
this end they are offering very liberal
discounts on their fine stock of cloth-
ing, furnishings and shoes, and we be-
lieve it will pay you to investigate

Have your prescriptions filled at
THE WISCONSIN PHARMACY,
Cor. State and Carroll St.

Willie—"Mama, don't you ever
beat eggs when they're bad."

Mama—"No, Willie."

Willie—"Then I wish I were an
egg."—*Widow.*

New line of embroidery, edging in-
sertion, beading and galloons, laces,
edges and allover, very handsome and
reasonable in price. BURDICK, PECHER,
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tidious—and what's more, we do it. No
one finds fault with our up-to-date laun-
dry work in shirts, collars and cuffs.
The best work is what we strive for and
attain.

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♦ Gas Grates and other Fuel appliances at cost.

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Gas & Electric Co.,
124-126
East Main Street

PHONE 23

Office Open Evenings

A Paradox.

Brown: Funny thing happened the other day. I dropped my watch, and it stopped when it struck the floor.

Smith: Of course.

Brown: Well, I picked it up and it was still going.—*Wrinkle.*

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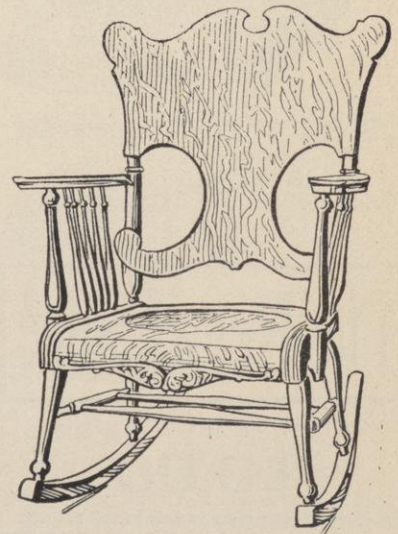
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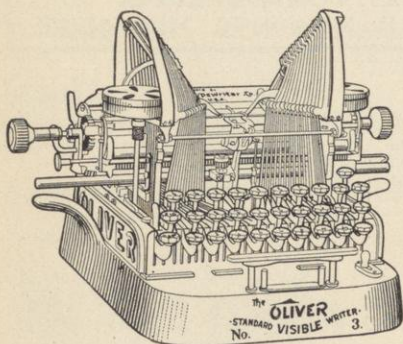
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