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## The Sphinx. Vol. 1, No. 5 November 24, 1899

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November 24, 1899

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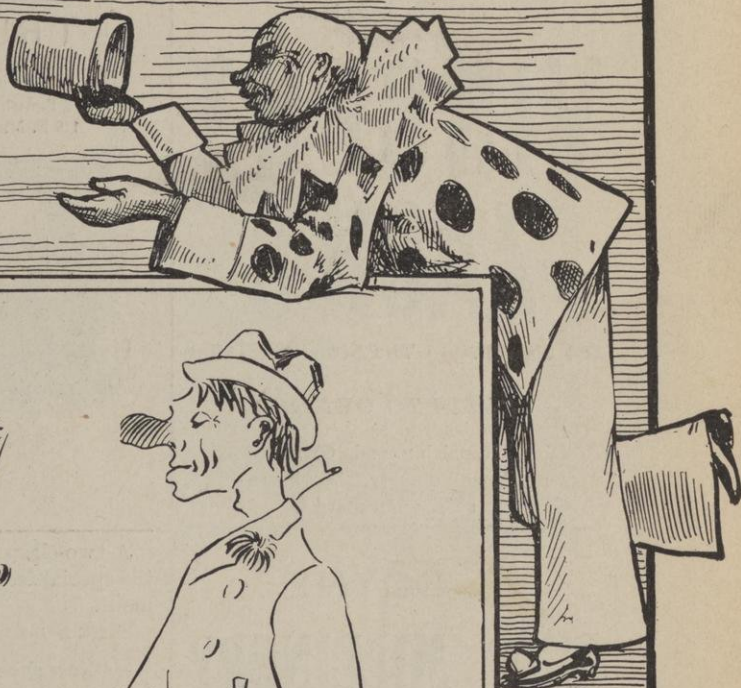
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# The Sphinx

Volume I.

Number 4.

MADISON, WIS., NOVEMBER 24, 1899.



JABS—Watch that Senior Law. He must want the earth.  
DABS—Not much. You forget that the earth is more than two-thirds water.



## 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

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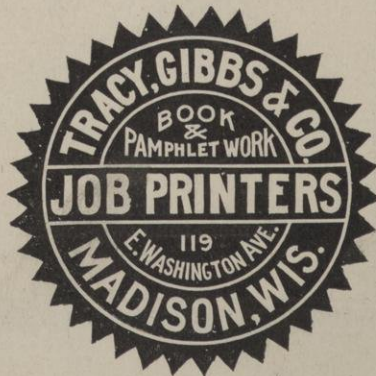
—“New shoes make old ones last better.”

“What do you mean?”

“When you know you have a new pair in your closet you feel like wearing the old ones a while longer.”—*Chicago Record.*

—Dry champagne at Otto's, 228 State street.

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## ALFORD BROS.

Phone 172

# THE SPHINX.

Vol. I.

MADISON, WIS., NOVEMBER 24, 1899.

No. 5



FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE BOYCOTT WAS DECLARED OFF.

## Not at the Hall.

At the opposite ends of the sofa  
They sat, with vain regrets;  
'Twas not because of the boycott,  
But because of cigarettes.

## A Dream.

(With profuse apologies to Olive Schreiner.)

All of these things happened long ago in a far-off little country. Its revenues were provided by the willing tribute of the nearby regions, and its people waxed happy and prospered. Now, in the Senate of the country were men of great learning, but their task was hard in that they wished for the welfare of their own people, and yet wished not to offend those other nations whose wealth was needful to them.

Now, the people of the country were at times unruly, and oft-times their acts deeply grieved the Senate; and its members, being of tender natures, were at a loss how to act so as not to hurt the feelings of their subjects, while yet seeming to the tributary nations severe. Thus, upon one occasion, when there were uprisings, the Senate ordered that certain of the leaders be banished

from the country. But, being urged thereto by many of the people, the Senate insisted not upon this sentence.

At yet another time, when grave sins were committed by night, the Senate found out the sinners and forthwith banished them. But, lest the tributary peoples should think ill of the country, the Senate strove with all its might to hide the truth.



## Have You Been There?

FIRST FRESHMAN — "Where were you Saturday morning?"

SECOND F.—"Pumping station."

F. F.—"Where's that?"

S. F.—"On the witness stand in Birge's room."

Nevertheless, many persons knew it.

And again, certain of the people of the country went forth beyond the boundary line and acted in an unseemly manner. Thereupon the Senate grew exceeding wroth, and forbid a great festival that the people had planned. And by this means many innocent persons suffered along with a few of the guilty.

Now, it came to pass because of all these things that the power and authority of the Senate grew sadly less, and the members thereof did not receive from the people that homage which by virtue of their great learning was justly due. And in the course of time, a great disturbance arose within the country whereby all the peoples for many leagues around were much horrified.

Then at last the Senate remembered that it was the governing body, and, so soon as it found out the real sinners, did banish these from the country. And the tidings were spread abroad throughout the world. And thereafter the people felt a deep respect for their Senate, and its power was firmly settled, and the country was once more at peace.

## THE SPHINX.

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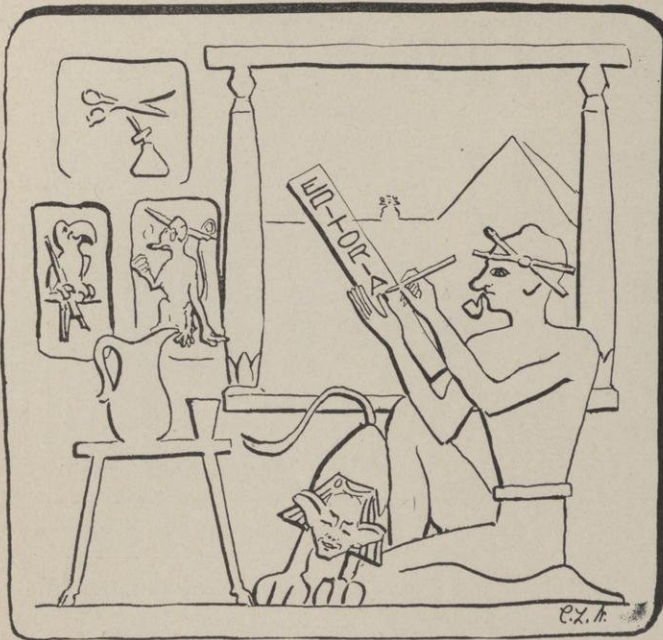
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Future appointments to the staff will be made on a basis of contributions received. Contributions may be left at the College Book Store or handed to any of the editors.



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.



HE white winged angel of peace once more casts a welcome shadow over the haunts of maids and men. Murmurs of cheerful conversation and peals of merry laughter are heard again at Kehl's and on the Drive, in the Hall parlors and the physics lab. Diplomatic relations have been resumed between Gamma Phi and neighboring nations; the hush of expectancy and dread that hung like a pall over Mendota Court has been lifted; and THE SPHINX's heart is no longer pained and burdened by thoughts of the loneliness of man. All this is true because the Faculty did what every right-minded citizen and student hoped it would do, and the S. G. A., taking this action as an acceding to its mandates, magnanimously climbed off its perch.

\* \* \*

SO the incident is closed. And what of the results? As regards the outside world, the reputation of the University has undoubtedly been injured. How much, it is as yet impossible to judge. But of this we may be sure, that there are enemies of the University who will seize with eager delight this new opportunity of pointing out the fearful iniquity and general hopeless depravity of University students. And these cavilers will do some

harm. But they have cast stones at the institution now for lo, these many years; nevertheless the institution has flourished in a marvelous measure. And as graduates of the University go out into the state and in increasing numbers take leading parts in the work of their respective communities, these carping, whining critics find themselves more and more crowded into the diminutive corners where they belong.

\* \* \*

HOW as to the effect upon the oft-mentioned "student body?" Well, students are all human and mostly immature, and being human, and being immature, they require and respect a timely display of power. Did students feel sure that the Faculty would always act with certainty and vigor, the few who need restraint would be held in check, and far fewer cases of lawlessness would occur. The effect of the Faculty action therefore will be extremely salutary. In any institution there must be a governing body. That body here is the Faculty; and, unpleasant as the task may sometimes be, the Faculty must exercise its disciplinary power or anarchy will prevail. As THE SPHINX has said before, students expect the Faculty to insist upon gentlemanly conduct, and to act unhesitatingly and firmly when this rule is seriously infringed.



THERE was, however, one element in the Faculty's action which seems to THE SPHINX to detract somewhat from the otherwise good effect. This was the fact that the names of those found guilty and punished were not made public. Surely, a man guilty of so flagrant an offense as to require suspension is not entitled to a concealment from public indignation; and the good name of the University required that the relations between it and these offenders should be severed publicly and at once. One of the most effective deterrent elements in punishment is publicity. True, any student may easily ascertain the names of most or all of the suspended, but the effect of publicity is largely lost when facts leak out slowly and by indirection.

\* \* \*



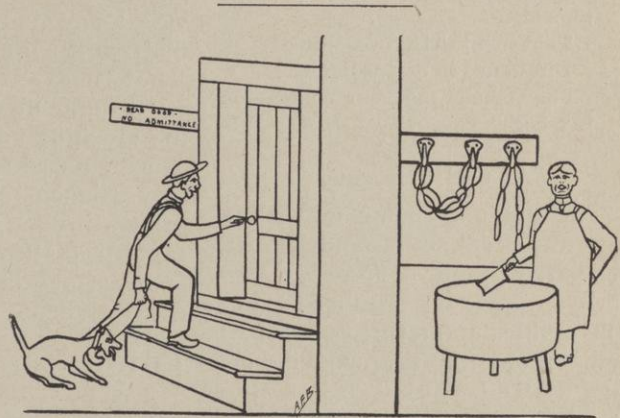
A QUESTION of interest to every one has been raised by the late hysterical action of the co-eds. That question is: What would have been the result had the boycott been permanent?

There can be no longer any doubt that life in the Hall is endurable without the aid of men. Hasn't it been proved by two weeks of noble self-denial? As for the men, it is needless to say that the first week of the boycott was most exasperating. But as the second week wore on toward completion, the general unsatisfactoriness of life had given place to a more philosophic contemplation of existence, and this in turn to a feeling of actual relief. So much is man a creature of habit that it is probable that many of them can never re-form the habit of calling, once so rudely shattered. And suppose they didn't? There would be no more of the inanity of party calls; no more of the frivolity of parties, and hence of the torture of party clothes; no more flirtations, late hours, or tight shoes. On the contrary, there would be ample time to study lessons and read THE SPHINX; more time for exercise; regular hours, better health, a saner and healthier view of life. Unnatural social distinctions would vanish, and men would be judged for what they really are.

\* \* \*

CO-EDUCATION has its advantages and its disadvantages; but the former lie largely in the destruction of false ideas of the opposite sex, in the broadening of one's views of life, and in a general civilizing of manners. These can all be practically accomplished by the necessary association of individuals during class hours. Why not, then, do

away with the evil effects by simply prohibiting social intercourse? Girls, here is your opportunity to elevate the standard of every one about you. Why not try the experiment? Let another edict of the S. G. A. go forth, and Thanksgiving will then be more than a formal celebration. You will be thankful for your own strength of character; the boys, for the opportunities thus granted to them for study; and the parents of both, for the lessened drain upon their pocket-books. Will you do it?



RUSHING THE GROWLER—An Old Joke Rehashed.

**Modernized.**

In the East there is a river  
 Sung in song and told in story;  
 Past the walls of Rome it rolls its classic  
 stream.  
 In its waters are reflected  
 All the ancient Roman glory  
 Which has made the days of old a golden  
 dream.  
 "Flavus," Horace Flaccus called it  
 With an eloquence exquisite,  
 As he paused to gaze upon its yellow  
 flood;  
 Yet methinks to put it truly  
 (I may venture though I miss it),  
 Horace meant to say the Tiber's  
 name was "Mud."

**He Meant It**

In a meeting of one of our religious organizations the other day, a student, in an outburst of enthusiasm, uttered this earnest prayer:

"Give us all pure hearts; give us all brave hearts; give us all clean hearts; give us all *sweet* hearts."  
 To which the remainder responded, "Amen."





SAID the Freshman to the brightly emerald frog,  
 "I have figured out by Van and Slichter's log.

That just thirty-three degrees  
 Difference in our pedigrees  
 Would have made me your companion  
 in a bog!"

#### At Odd Moments.

The old man came in with a patient, tired smile and gently deposited four overcoats, two derbys, and the Amoeba's pet silk muffler upon the radiator to make room for his own belongings. "Did you—" began the Devil as he threw a bunch of inky copy on the table. "Yes, I went to the game and had a good time, the weather is somewhat colder in Minneapolis than in Madison, particularly in the 'Varsity quarters. The score was rather disappointing. Pat kicked well, I think we will win the Michigan game, I got in at twenty-four minutes, nine and three-quarter seconds past six this morning, and to the best of my knowledge the earth is still revolving about its axis at the uniform rate of once in every twenty-four hours." "Next!"

The Devil subsided, squelched at last.

Plainly the old man was not in the best of humor.

"Hello! Amoeba," a moment later, as that unfortunate individual entered the sanctum door. "Why do you so ungraciously confer upon me that unmeritedly belittling appellation?" he quoted in querulous tones.

"Because you are so insignificant, and crawl whenever I try

to put my finger on you. Now will you be good?" sardonically.

"Say, did you lose any spon at the game?" insinuated the Amoeba, after an embarrassed silence.

"Only a tenner."

"That was base, indeed," weakly rejoined the Amoeba, while the Devil made a wild rush for the fire-escape.

A long, eloquent interval, and he timidly suggested, "Was there a hot time—"

"Young man, beware," came in crushing accents from the azure-colored region of the chief, and silence again reigned supreme, broken only by the incessant drop, dropping of rejected manuscript into the editorial waste-basket.

PHARMIC—Did you see any stars?

LAW (who has been watching for the promised meteoric shower)—Yes, lots of stars, but they didn't get any move on 'em.

#### Nourishing.

LATESLEEP—"Three minutes to make an eight o'clock. Guess I'll miss my breakfast."

WISDOM—"Oh well, just take a roll on the Hill."

#### The Latest Scintillations.

The *Daily Scaredinall* has latterly attempted to be funny, and it has succeeded, very. In proof of this statement, read the following gems of wit:

Now that the Bessemer Steel company has started a new custom by naming one of its large ore vessels the Charles R. Van Hise, we fear that a number of our professors will be often found at sea.

The admirers of the Cardinal are expecting the team to go-pher (for) Minnesota in good shape next Saturday.

EVERY lassie has her laddie  
 To whisper words so low;  
 But every laddie has his daddy  
 To send him checks for dough.

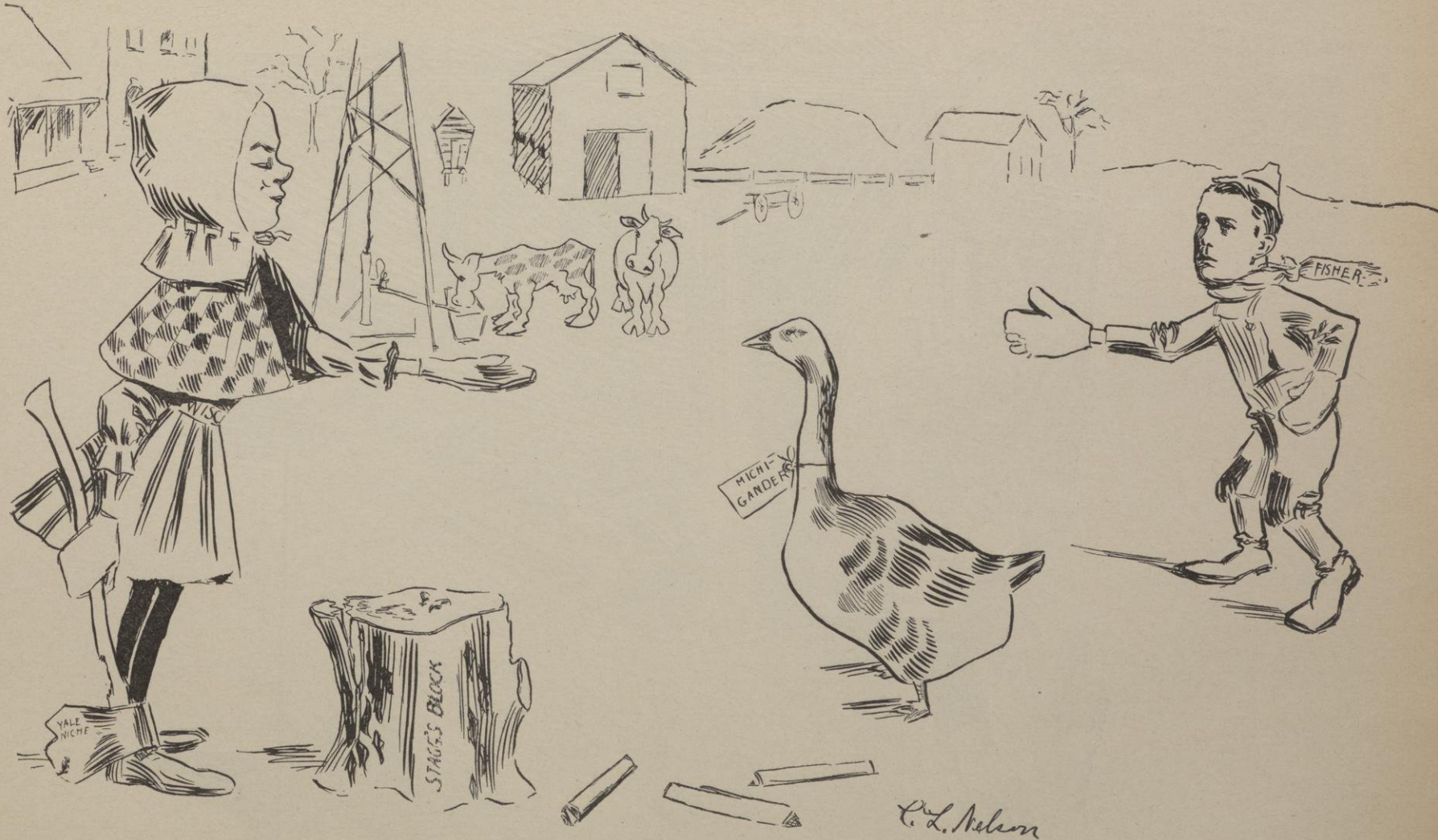
#### Mr. Gooley on Initiations.

"Bedad but thim sthudints at Madison air divils lit loose out av thair confoines ivery wan," said Mr. Gooley to his friend O'Flaherty. "Ye know Oi tould ye how Dinnis had been rooshed be wan av thur sassarities. Wa-al he foinally plidged to wan av thim and shure it was thin his troubles began. Afoor that the byes kilt thimselves intoirely a' bein noice to him. It was 'O Misther Ghooley, let me be a doin thot fer ye,' and 'O Misther Ghooley won't ye coom an play with me,' and Misther Ghooley this, and Misther Ghooley that, until it's a great wondher hes head washn't swelled up to bustin'.

But aafter he plidged, thin there wa-as bad toimes for him indade. It was 'Dinnis give me that chair,' 'Dinnis tind the dhure,' an Dinnis here and Dinnis there until the phoor lad culdn't foind toime to sthudy or aven wroite a letther home.

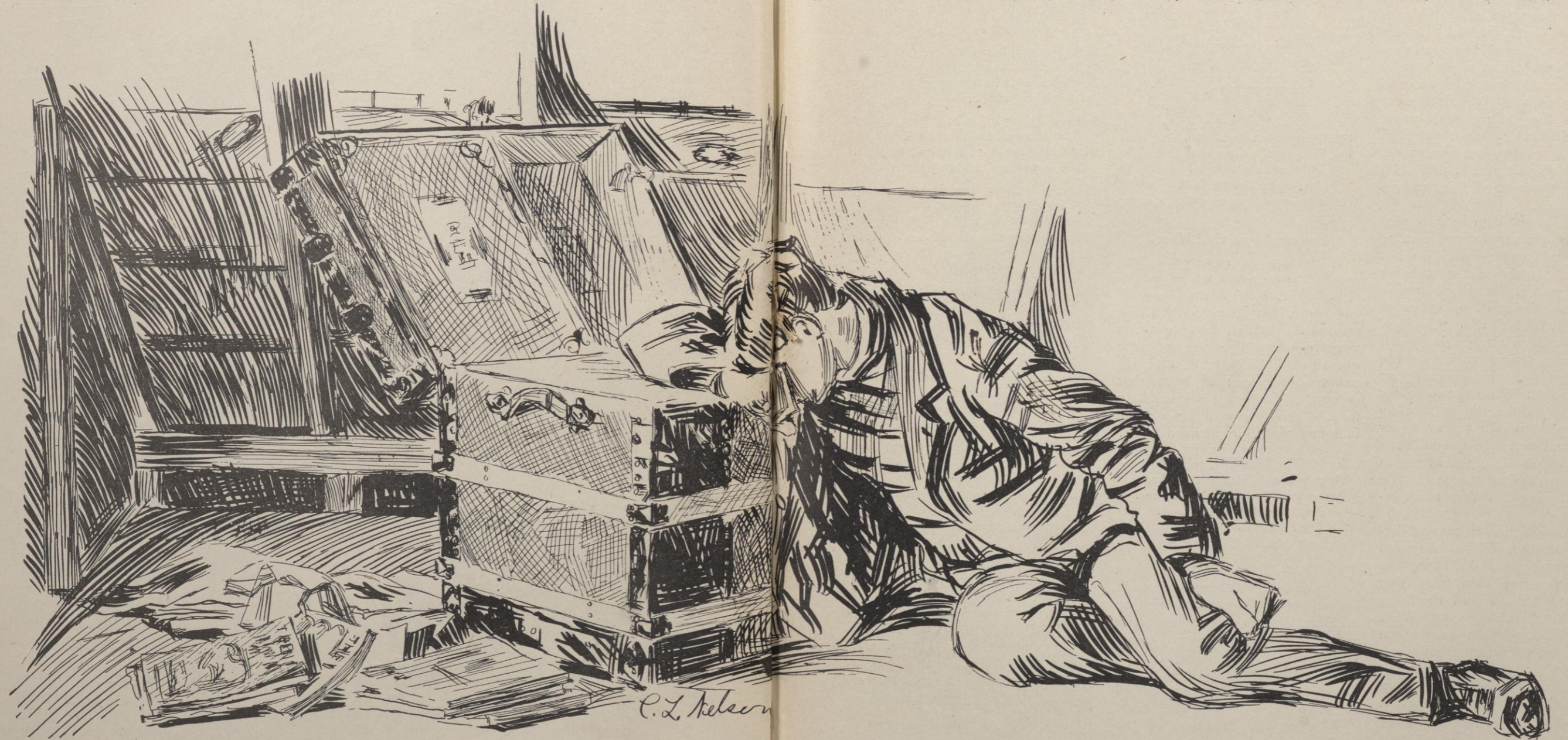
Foinally they begun what they call inshiashun but the divil only kin tell what they do. The frsht toime Dinnis knew it all was wan noight when the byes brot him a polisheman's shute an tould him to be a puttin' av it on. Thin they tuk him to call on a young laidy but blasht a wurrud wud they let him say the intoire avenin'. Whin they got home agin he went to bid loike any dacent lad. Along tooards the middle av the noight as he lay there a shnoorin in the slape of pace, be the fathers, if they didn't come an tell him to git up, an up he had to git an dress himself. Thin they made him sthand in a bowl of wather the rest av the noight an sing 'Mary had a little goat,' an' the Lord knows what ilse. Indade it's the lads now as is not loike whin we wus byes in the ould cuntry, or Dinnis wud a give thim a kick an a shlap an

THE SPHINX.



HE IS OURS.

THE SHINX.



"FIR

sint them sphrawlin' and gone back to his shlape.

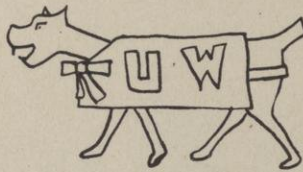
The next day it rained pitch forks an' what did the poor bye hav to do but rake the intoire ya-ard. Shure an it giv' the poor fellow his death o' could. In the afternoon they giv' him a lot o' books an tould him to go roun to the wimmin's sassarities and sill thim fur twinty-foive cints aich. It was the toime whin that blashted bycut was on, but Dinnis has a moighty handsome face, if Oi do shay it mesilf, and divil a wan of the young laidies cud refuse him.

When noight kem he wus that hoarse that niver a wurd cud he sphake, but nothun' wud do but he musht git up on the table an make a spaich. Be this toime he culdn't sphake at all but they kipt callin, 'Loudher' and 'Loudher' ivery toime he clared his throat.

There was wan ither that the sphalpeens wud make him do an that was this: Whiniver an oulder man whistled he musht shin up a three whareiver he was an if iver they found him with a gerrul they tuk a divilish daloight in makin him cloim the firsht three till the poor fellow's shins were skint intoirely.

Wan day he had to carry a dictionary on the Hill, as they call it, to ivery class. But there was somethin' warse thin all. You know how Dinnis had the faver an all his hair fell out. Well, wan foine day whin ivery wan was out on the sthrate they tuk an put a baby's hud on him an put him in a baby's cart an thurned him up and down the sthrate. Nor was that all. They gev him an ould tin pa-an an a sthick an he musht dhrum, dhrum the intoire toime so that iverybody wud turrn an luk at him. Thin kem the foinal cirimony that he says is dridhful sacrid. Av coorse Oi niver hurd tell what they do thin but Oi do know that

Dinnis was in bid for a wake an its a noice dochter bill Oi had to pay, but it's all in a loife toime, as Dinnis sez, an' now it's all very foine with him.



**T**HIS dog is the Hon. Pete,  
Who always has plenty to eat;  
He wears a red shawl,  
And he tackles the ball,  
Which is looked on as quite a smart feat.

#### Followed by a Cold Wave.

A young man recently remarked to a co-ed that he always read the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and especially the "Side Talks with Girls," which he considered very good. The reply came quickly: "O, I'm sure it is unnecessary for you to read that column. You are a perfect lady now." And she wonders why he is not as cordial as he used to be.

#### The Man of Quebec.

There was an old man of Quebec  
Who was sadly deprived of his nec.  
But he said, "What care I?  
For I'd lost my necktie,  
And without it I felt like a wree!"

**P**ROF.—Miss Smilkins, if a pendulum 27 centimeters in length be moved upward with an acceleration of 149 kilometers per second, what will happen to its vibrations?

**MISS SMILKINS** (who doesn't know)—Sir! I allow no man to speak to me! I am a Hall Girl!

Whereat the members of the S. G. A. loudly and vigorously applaud.

**S**ONNY (criticising one of the early dramas)—Yes, it was a very thrilling stabbing affair. Quite like a Monday morning recitation.

#### The Tale of a Turkey.

**A** TURKEY once heard, as the story goes,

A tale of Thanksgiving day,  
How his brethren were fed and then eaten up

In a very shocking way.

With fear and horror in every strut,  
He hastened to warn each one.  
So they held a meeting upon the spot  
To find out what could be done.

So he spoke up in the meeting that day  
With accents brave and bold,  
Told of the day when they'd all be dead.  
And so well was his story told,

That the turkeys stood in a trembling row,

Not one of them said a word.  
They were frightened half out of their wits.

Each poor unlucky bird.

But the gobbler went on, "I know a way,"

And wita that he winked his eye,  
"We will eat so little we'll not get fat,  
And then we'll not have to die."

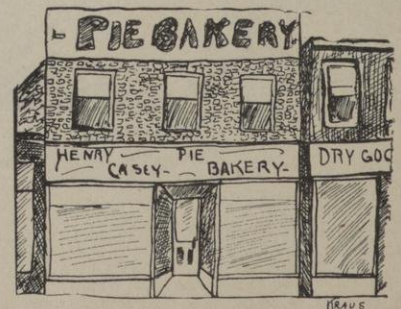
So the days flew by, and the turkeys all  
In hoping their lives to win,  
Ate scarcely a bit of their tempting food,  
And grew most painfully thin.

So at last when Thanksgiving day  
dawn'd bright,

Alas! all the children cried,  
Their long-looked-for dinner was wholly spoiled,

For the turkeys all had died.

This sad, sad tale is indeed too true,  
'Twas truly a piteous plight,  
For starvation with cruel, relentless fate  
Had wiped them quite out of sight.



PIE PLANT.



ILLUSTRATED SONGS. IV.  
A SPRAY OF SWEET HELIOTROPE.

#### A Fable for Sophomores.

Once there was A Sophomore who had an Awfully Swelled Head. He did not Notice this, However, Because it was his Head. But some Other People Did, and They would Talk it Over just After he Went Out. One Time he Stopped Outside the door to Light his Pipe, and Learned some New Things about Himself. Then he Went Home feeling Sad.

MORAL: Chew Battle-Ax Plug.

**FRESHMAN GIRL**—"Why are bittersweets so called?"  
**EXPERIENCED SENIOR**—"Because of their opposite effects upon purchaser and consumer."

**O**NE of the sororities was preparing for initiation. A sophomore went to Sumner's and asked for five cents' worth of H<sub>2</sub>O. When the clerk inquired if she wanted it delivered in a hogshead, the girl decided the joke was on her.

**"T**HAT'S where I draw the line," said the Freshman, as the Sophomore, hurrying across the campus, nearly snapped off his neck by running against it in the dark.

#### Overheard in the Grand Stand.

Miss X.—Oh! There's that dear Mr. Beule! Why *doesn't* he wear some ribbon?

Miss Y.—Oh, he's an editor of THE SPHINX, and is read enough as it is.

### The Boycott.

Have yeou heerd of the women's boycott, say?  
That they had deown Madison way?  
It ran just two weeks and a day  
And then all at once—But wait,  
I must be keerful and get this straight—  
Fittin' in all the bits  
As to how them gals cried quits;  
Have yeou heerd o' that, I say?

Neow in the makin o' boycotts, I tell yeou what,  
A woman is allers shy on thought,  
But them air gals would do it braown,  
So they talked it up and they talked it deown,  
And at last concluded it perfect saoun',  
That every man be barred  
From showin reoun' with a callin' kyard.

So they called a meetin' of all the feolk.  
Who couldn't their spasmic anger cheoke  
And resolved and resolved and resolved again  
That they allers would shun these nasty men,  
That they'd cut all dates with their party mates  
Lest by hook or crook in the giddy dance  
Some riot feller they'd meet by chance.  
Then they voted and put 'em through  
And proudly shouted, "We think they'll dew."

End of the wonderful boycott's sway,  
Boycotts is boycotts—that's all I say.

Wa'al, they did for two weeks as I said before,  
And some o' those gals war mighty sore.  
The men had a meetin' and passed some rules  
Sayin' all Hallowe'en parties war run by fules.  
The reporters reported with the sense of mules;  
And the Faculty met from all the skules.  
This cheered them boys, as I've heerd say,  
To think that the boycott had come tew stay.

Ninth of November,—ninety-nine,  
Those gals grew sad at the boycott's sway  
And wished the dum thing sent away,  
So they met some more as they had before  
With an "I dew veow, and an I dew vum  
The day of this boycott's end has come."  
But the S. G. A. had so strong a hold  
That these dear gals war considered bold.  
So, since the meetin' was two by four,  
They simply gave it a new *encore*.

They'd fixed it neow, and they'd surely stick,  
But the Faculty action came right off quick,  
And thirteen boys, so the news comes raoun',  
War told to pack up and leave the teown—  
And then—wa'al, them wimmen forgot their veows,  
And says, "We'll go whar the law allows  
And tho there were scores took part in the game,  
We'll play with 'em all, for they're just the same."

### A Parable of Some Left-overs.

One time a Confectioner was making bittersweets, and when he hadn't Used Up all of his Stuff, he got very Tired and wanted to stop. There wasn't enough chocolate left to cover ordinary-sized bittersweets; so the Confectioner said: "Well, we have Enough to last a Long Time, anyhow." So he made a great big Bittersweet that weighed Three Pounds and a quarter in its Stocking Feet. There wasn't any Box big Enough to put it in; so he placed it on a plebeian pan, and put it in the Window for a Show Ad.

Everybody that came Along stopped and looked at the big Bittersweet, and said, "My! How Big!" And if they didn't go Right On, they went into the store and bought little Bittersweets.

But one day the Long Stick of the Establishment said that the Big Bittersweet took up too much Room in the Window, and he Or-

dered it out, to be taken to the Basement and mixed with some Glucose and Tallow, and Made up so that it would Sell. And then the dear Public Bought it and Enjoyed it, and it Went Down.

One time a Toy-maker was making men, and he had a Good Deal of Stuff left, but most of it was Gall. He said it would be a Pity to make a Lot of Men with too much Gall, and so he'd Make just one quite Large Man, and put it all in Him. The Large Man was too Large for any one Ordinary Place; so he was made to Circulate freely, and was Used at Times for a Show Ad. in with a Job Lot.

And everybody said, "My! How Very Large!" And immediately they made application for Some Smaller men that would Go Down.

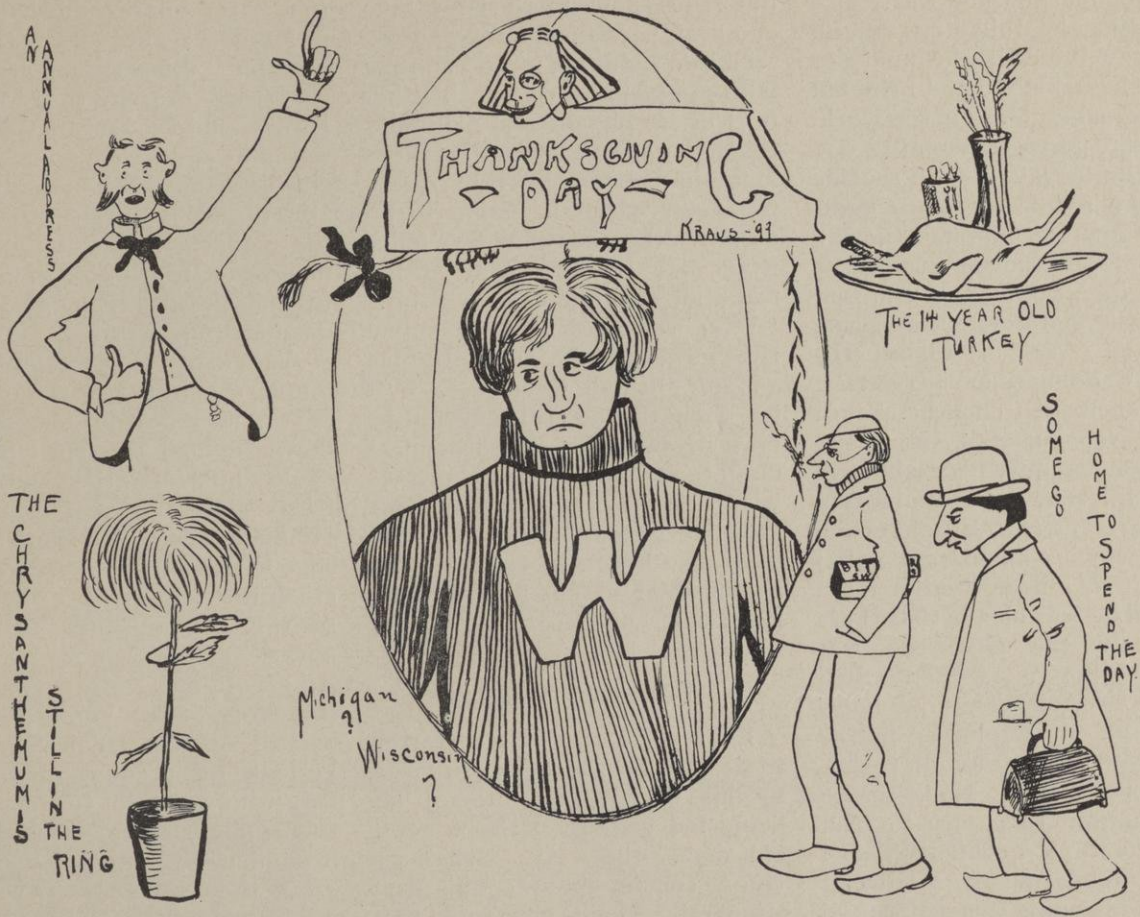
And one day the Proprietor of the World concluded that the

Large Man took up too much Room on the Earth, and that all he had been Good For, was to excite in People a Desire for Something Else—not Quite so Large. So he sent the Large Man back to the Factory, and they made a Lot of Junior Laws and Book-sellers, to use up his Gall in, and then they Melted up the Sand that was left, and made a Gross of Brown Glass Cuspidors. And the Public bought them, and Enjoyed them. And what was left of the Man, they mixed with some Generosity and Humility, and made a very Passable assistant instructor.

And at last the world had a Use for the Large Man.

AFTER geometry class the other day, in room 27, Main Hall, the following was seen on the blackboard:

"Two angels are respectively equal if ——"



NOVEMBER 30.

**A Testimonial.**

CITY, Nov. 20, 1899.

Doctor Soffmore Hazem, Madison, Wisconsin.

Dear Doctor:—About two years ago I began to be inflicted with abnormal cranial inflation. It was well-nigh impossible for me to purchase a ready-made hat which would fit me; I found the greatest difficulty in procuring collars high enough to reach my chin; I was visited more and more frequently with spells of hallucination, during which I imagined I was the only person on earth; my old acquaintances began to notice a peculiar expression in my eyes which ultimately developed into a stony stare.

I went to several military academies and normal schools, seeking relief, but my condition grew steadily worse instead of better. My life began to be despaired of.

Finally a kind friend recommended your institution. I greatly rejoice to say that I was benefited from the very first week of rigorous treatment, consisting of almost daily constitutionals about your beautiful grounds, followed immediately by plunges in your magnificent pool. I cannot say enough in praise of what you have done for me, and I advise all who are similarly troubled to take a course of your treatment.

Heartily yours,

A. F. RESHMAN.

**Evolution.**

Would some of our to-be teachers who are grinding out tenths of Psychology this year please inform us why it is that the average age of our Freshmen is much lower each year? Is it because *we* are growing older, or are there actually youths entering of more tender years than formerly? To us the latter seems the case, and we append an example of the kind of essay which may be expected when the next Freshman class appears. The title is of course the conventional one

“MY SUMMER VACATION.”

I gess my Vakashun must of Begunn in joon when I gott my DiPLomA frum mistur jenks our

hie skool tee-chur hoo was a nice mann bekus he tolled me altho u didnt hav the valledikshunary or whattschumakallit u ar a brite lad and wil make a Mark in the wurld if u hav to go to Jermannani to doo it. Thenn he luffed and i thot he must hav red a *Cardanall* edditoryal abowt the Go-phers the day befor and jusst finished using the key to it. So i exqzed miself darn kwik and gott out uv swaring ranje. Wel, i took mi DIPLOMA doun toun to gett it phreighmed soz i cood hang it in mi collej room nex fall. Goin doun street i mett eddie BIAre hoo ive none frum time immemmmoryul as the preechr ses. Ed of corse u all no wuz jus back frum collej wher he hadbeen studyn for a yeer and he wuz one uv these here heeros uv the Griddirne wot wiped Mishigun las yeer. So i steps up to ed and ses. "look heer" shone him mi DIPLOMA but he oneli smild an sez "kumin to collej nex yeer?" Nau, ses i "im kumin this year." Au, ses he with a nowin look an I kud see maps uv lake MenDOTa flotin in his brane. u see we red the noospayprs and knoo al abowt this haysin or hayseed or wateverucallit And i noo wat a tuff croud I wuz goin to gett into with thayre bathin soot parads and skraps with perlise and burnin up the noo librari bilding. Butt Ma sed i mus joyn the wyemseeays or fikirebaters an eet at ladez haul soz mi moreals wont be taynted bi the tuch uv the stoodent bodi

Wel i gess im not tawking much bout mi vakashun butt ile say that bout septembur 20 mar and sister jane took me in too milwawkie where the beer gros. I had to gett a noo soot uv close a hat shoos shurt kollers sope touls and Ma bawt me a noo biBul an a thred an needle soze i kann so on mi buttuns. while we wur in the stor a yung doodish

like fello kame up to sistur Jane and sez "Howdooudoosogladtoo-seeu," an sistur sed so too an they both ggiggled an told eech uther it wuz a plesent day Finely, this feller sez "i here ur bruther's kummin owt too the yooniversty this yeer. Doo u happn to no jus when hez kommin ovr fellos wood like to meet him at the trane an sho him around a bit." "Whi," sed Sister "i can ask hym rite now," an she turnd too me an sez "Elijah when——," butt jus then the dood discovered he must of swallered a fish-bone at dinnur an beet a hasti retreat with his hankurchif ovr hiz mowth. I gess that upset him so thatt he forgott to tel the fellos about me at al cuz i havnt seen them yet.

#### A Debater's Troubles.

Ever since the writer started to debate he has been criticised by his betters (and others) for being too serious. "Look here, old man," they say, "what are you so solemn about? This isn't a funeral. Don't you know that a good story or quotation goes further than any of your dry old arguments?" Just as if the writer were a "Complete Collection of American Humor" or "Hand Book of Famous Quotations" in himself! To tell the truth, at the moment when his mind should be bubbling over with mirth-raising stories and his brain teeming with noted sayings that hit the nail squarely on the head, such things as "Give me liberty or give me death!" "To be or not to be," "This is the last of earth," alone are present. Now, how is it possible to make use of those remarks?

Again, the writer puts it to every fair-minded person: how can the story of the gentleman who, when walking in the evening, gave his young lady a button

(under the impression that it was a lozenge,) affect the Transvaal question? What arguments would the story present to a logician? How would the fact that the button did not dissolve prove conclusively that England's dealings are unjust? In what way would the embarrassment of the young man when the button came back by mail show that "Oom Paul" is on the wrong path?

An extraordinary, acute, jury might see just how the incident of the waiter who poured peas down the deaf lady's ear trumpet could influence the subject of trusts—but the writer doesn't. He doubts whether Daniel Webster, with all his eloquence, could crush the imperialistic theory by reciting "The Children's Hour,"—yes, or even "Curfew shall not Ring To-night!" Moreover, while the story of the conductor who backed his train half a mile to Podunk on account of the old lady who was told to take a pill there might affect some people, it obviously would not convince *all* of the error of restricting immigration. The story told by Lincoln, in which he compared a steamboat which had to stop every time it whistled to the head work of the other side, might be successful, but the writer has never cared to try it. He once saw a young man spring it upon a rural debating society. Unfortunately for the young man, he had not thought of the size of his opponents, and as a result was unable to leave his bed for two weeks.

Nevertheless, the writer has not lost hope.

Let some careful student who has read *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life*, *THE SPHINX*, and others of that class for years and years, cull out all the good stories and apt epigrams and have them published in book form. A thorough table of contents should be appended in



## THE SPHINX.

### EXCHANGES.

which under the title of the debate all stories applicable to it would be cited.

Thus, a young man looking up "Election of Senators" would find himself referred, say to page 361, where he would see something like this:

"EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES."

"(In this anecdote, which supports the affirmative, the debater will compare his circumstances to those of the parson's chickens and his opponents to those of Mr. X. For anecdotes in opposition to this point see pps. 50, 81, 204.)"

"Mr. X, a colored gentleman, with a fondness for spring chicken, was in the habit of," etc., etc.

Then the young and timid Freshman, armed to the teeth with side-splitting stories, will be able to put it all over any old fashioned Senior in the business.

—Special display of those stylish black hats, and all of the late novelties in millinery.

THE BURDICK, PECHER, MURRAY CO.

—Her voice is one of command,

Her power is in full swing,

Her jewels though scarce are pure,

She has but a simple-ring.

The fellows all jump at her call,

To obey her they hasten pell-mell,

But I dread the sound of her voice,

For she is the college bell!

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—You can buy an Ulster for \$10 at any clothing store, but the one you find marked at that price on our counters is —well, come and see for yourself, and if you are not surprised at the exceptionally good values, we will not ask you to buy. Come and see

C. B. WELTON & CO.

—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.

—"Jack was very forward last night," she remarked blushing to her chum.

"He put his arm right around me."

"Why, Alice, what did you do?"

"O, I re-pressed him of course."—*Wrinkle.*

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—Her eyes were downcast. A frown of pain marred her matchless features. "But, Charles," she said, her voice choked, "you are penniless, and I—" her tears came—"I am worth two millions."

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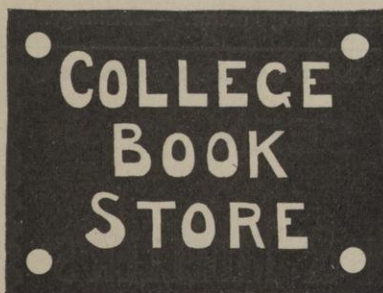
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And Charles turned, his face as white as death. "Edith," he cried, hoarsely, "I will marry you—" he made a gesture of resolve—"for all that."—*Tiger*.

—Before you go home for Thanksgiving come in and see the samples of fine suits which we have now on exhibition. We are agents for Wanamaker & Co., of New York and *we still press 'em*. The Pantorium, 230 State St. 'Phone, 570.

—The miner had just dug up a gold nugget. "Ah! that is hard luck," he chuckled to himself.—*Harvard Lam-  
poon*.

—We can both please you and fit you with a corset; try a *Royal Wooster* and you will take no other.

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—"Daughters are a great anxiety."

"How so, Mrs. Nooch?"

"If you don't dress them handsomely they are not attractive; and if you do dress them handsomely men are afraid to marry them."

—*New Shoe Store*, at 604 University Avenue. We make a specialty of student trade and invite you to call and examine our goods and prices. See our fall and winter line before buying. Fine repairing neatly and quickly done. Remember the name and place—Jos. Dunkel, proprietor.

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—She said her name was Marguerite,  
She surely was a daisy!

I met her coming down the street,  
She said her name was Marguerite—  
My purse is gone—with bills replete—  
My memory's somewhat hazy.

She said her name was Marguerite;  
She surely was a daisy.—*Tiger*.

—F. H. Otto has just received a new line of pipes. Call and see them. Prices to suit everybody.

—At a Hallowe'en frolic, my head in a whirl,  
I strove to make captive the heart of a girl,  
But when 'twas all over, the joy and the fun,  
A big yellow pumpkin was all I had won.—*Chicago Record*.

—Remember we have one of the largest stocks of Underwear in the city, all bought in case lots direct from the manufacturer with all cash discounts off. We therefore know we can give you reliable goods and save you money. Our 50c. grade is a grand surprise to everybody. Come and see

C. B. WELTON & Co.

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—Bobby (at the breakfast table)—  
"Maud, did Mr. Jules take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?"

Maud—"Why of course not! Why should he?"

Bobby—"That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say when he was going out, 'I am going to steal just one,' and—why, what's the matter, Maud?"—*Tit Bits*.

"I understand that you said that my eldest daughter was as homely as a mud fence, Professor."

"You are quite mistaken, my dear madam. What I said was that your esteemed child reminded me of a mixture of terra firma and aqua pura combined in a practical boundary line."

"Oh, is that all? Dine with us on Sunday, professor."—*Exchange*.

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—"Our engagement is off again."

"What's the matter now?"

"I gave her a belt buckle with my photograph on it, and she uses it to fasten her dog's collar."—*Exchange*.

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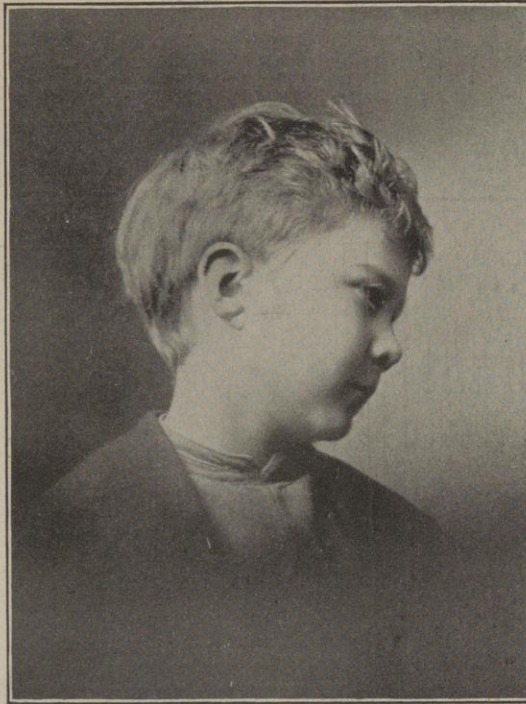
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