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FEBRUARY, 16, '06.

VOLUME VII. NUMBER 9.

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IEBER 07

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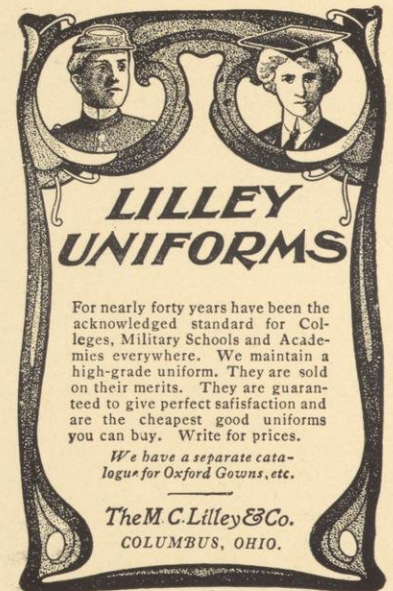
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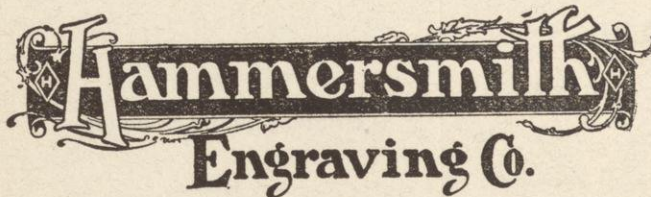
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The Sphinx

Naramore 64

The Prom Girl



E'VE sung and we've written about her
For year upon glorious year;
We've always been willing to tout her
Especially when she is here.
And now that the pippin is present,
We take up our stylus again
To write all the things that are pleasant
And true of this goddess of men.

Of course she has won our affection,
The same as she did in the past;
We're fond of her creamy complexion,
(And wonder a bit if it's "fast.")
We spend our good money upon her,
And the cost of it isn't a joke.
There's many a stunt in her honor,
And when she is gone we are broke.

But bring on the sleigh rides and suppers,
The flowers and candy and stuff;
To-morrow we'll be on our uppers,
To-night we'll be rich—on a bluff!
We cannot foresee how on earth it
Will ever be paid for, but then
She's with us—and surely she's worth it—
The Prom Girl is present again!

—Berton Braley.





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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

Now that the air is thick with darts,
All aimed by Cupid at fair hearts;
We pray he'll aim one true for you,
And touch the heart of—*You know Who*—
On St. Valentine's Day!



HAT a lucky thing it is that Mr. Valentine and Miss Prom both blow into Madison on the same chilly blast. For then THE SPHINX can make its new cover and extra padding and longer line of jolly do duty for both occasions. Dan Cupid came on the same blast with them, and we were glad to see him come. He called at our sanctum yesterday. He was a trifle blue around the edges from the cold, for, he said, his high hat and pleasant smile weren't quite warm enough for such cold days. But Dan was as cheerful as ever. Hard work and staying up nights doesn't seem to wear on this Boy-sage in the least. He entertained us with a short chalk-talk on *Women's Hearts: If Not, Why Not?* It was almost as good as Eddie Bok might have done, only Eddie isn't in the same class with Dan when it comes to drawing lurid hearts with red chalk, and then running arrows through them with black chalk. It's so realistic that it's almost gruesome.

Dan promised us when he came again he would give us a chalk-talk on *Men's Hearts: A New Discovery*. He said he had a few more dissections to write up before he could get the lecture into Elbert Hubbard shape. Just as he was leaving Cupid said, "For heaven's sake, MR. SPHINX, don't let any Valentines creep into your Prom number!"

"Why not, Cupe?" we asked.

"It wouldn't be polite," he replied.

"Well, but *why*," we persisted.

"Because they might crowd the Prom Girls all out!" he giggled. Well—remember, Dan is but a child.





ATCH for the next issue of THE SPHINX. It's going to be the real gravy! The Art department has challenged the Literary department to get up a "Turn-About" number, and (with considerable trepidation, it must be confessed) we have picked up the gauntlet. The sketches and verse, the artists assure us, will be fully guaranteed to make the English department groan, and the pictures we are going to turn out with the stub of a pencil already worn short by much scribbling—Shades of Michael Angelo! What won't we draw! Again we say, keep on the lookout and see what the drawists and scribblers do when they trade jobs for one number.

THE world without woman would be as a blank piece of paper—unruled.



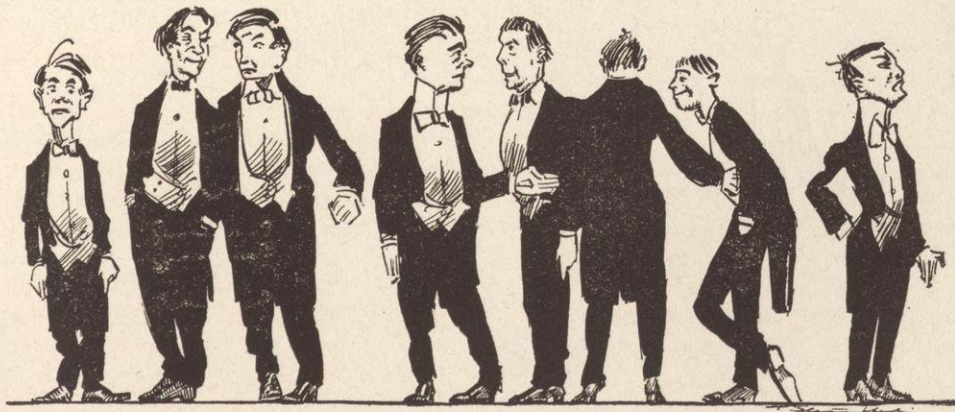
BILLS! Ducks have them. So do mosquitoes. After the Prom everybody that calls has one, and it's just the time that we never have them!



HOPS are the beer of 'Varsity life; the Prom is the champagne.



IN the social pool, fussing is merely wading near the shore; going to the Prom is the big swim.



Jolly up, fellows, for Prom Time is here;
Upper Ten splendor is now all the go.
Naughty Naught-Seven did wonders this year;
It's sweller than ever; they all tell you so.
Oder your flowers and rigs, and all that;
Rent a new dress suit and buy a high hat.

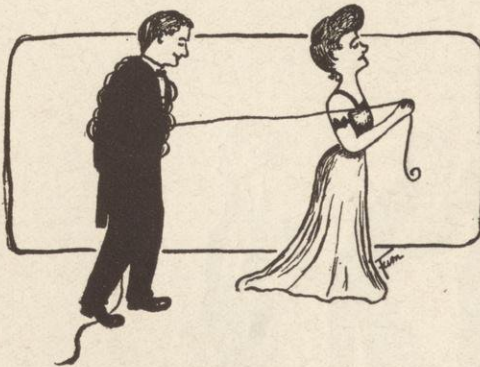
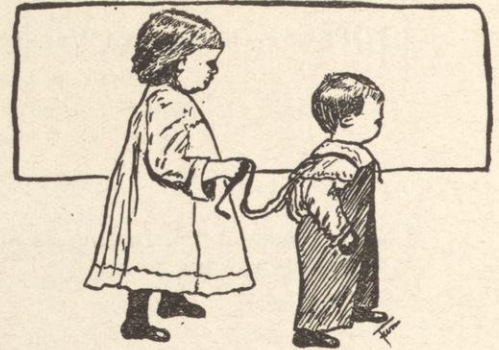
Prettier damsels have never been seen;
Roguish and witty and stunning and keen;
Oder your diamonds, no matter how dear,
Make all you can of your time while She's here!



THE GAME

A LITTLE girl, a little boy,
 In childhood's sunny weather,
 Think nothing gives them greater joy—
 Nor top, nor doll, nor cherished toy—
 Than "playing horse" together.

But still, we know, 'tis always so,
 Whate'er compunction rives him,
 He takes the bit, nor thinks of it,
 And she—she always drives him.



A MAID demure, a youth with fame
 And fortune for his measure,
 Remember still their childhood's game—
 All others grow extremely tame—
 And still "play horse" with pleasure.

But now, of course, she loves her horse;
 On sugar smiles she feeds him;
 And now we find he trots behind,
 While she—ah, now she leads him.

—F. W. M.





A TOAST

HERE'S to the Fairy who sweetens your pleasure,
Leaving no dregs at the bottom to rue.
Here's to the Charmer who dances each measure,
Weaving a web of enchantment 'round you.
Here's to the Sweetheart, the chiefest of all joys,
Blindly you follow her through the gay whirl.
Here's to the one we all love (bottoms up, boys,
Drink it in silence)—Here's to you—Prom Girl!

—F. W. M.



Junior Prom



THE yearly function comes again—
Junior Prom.

Expectant girls and busy men—
Junior Prom.

How the waiting co-ed's glances
Now some napping dub entrances,
Roped in for the King of Dances--
Junior Prom.

Joyously they take it in—
Junior Prom.

While the lad puts up the tin—
Junior Prom.

Dancing, riding, skating, coasting;
(Mingled with a little boasting)—
Though by March they'll start in roasting
Junior Prom.

At the Pal her smiles are sweet—
Junior Prom.

When it's up to you to treat—
Junior Prom.

Though you cough up with a moan,
You plunk down your farewell bone;
Standard Oil's the least you own—
Junior Prom.

If you're going, do it right—
Junior Prom.

Loosen up and don't be tight—
Junior Prom.

For you'll live until you die,
After that—Sweet Bye and Bye;
Then for dancing you may sigh—
Junior Prom!

—"Ebe."

THEIR SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Her Version

O dear! (she wailed) I want to cry . . .
I really think I'm going to die! . . .
For last night Harry said to me:
(And looked at me so soulfully
It almost turned my head, I think)
"Lucille, I dearly love to drink. . .!"

Just think of that! . . . What shall I do! . . .
Poor me! (she sobbed) I feel so blue. . .
Of *course* I had to leave him then! . . .
(O, girls, don't put your trust in men!)
How *could* he say, without a blink,
"Lucille, I dearly love to drink. . .!"

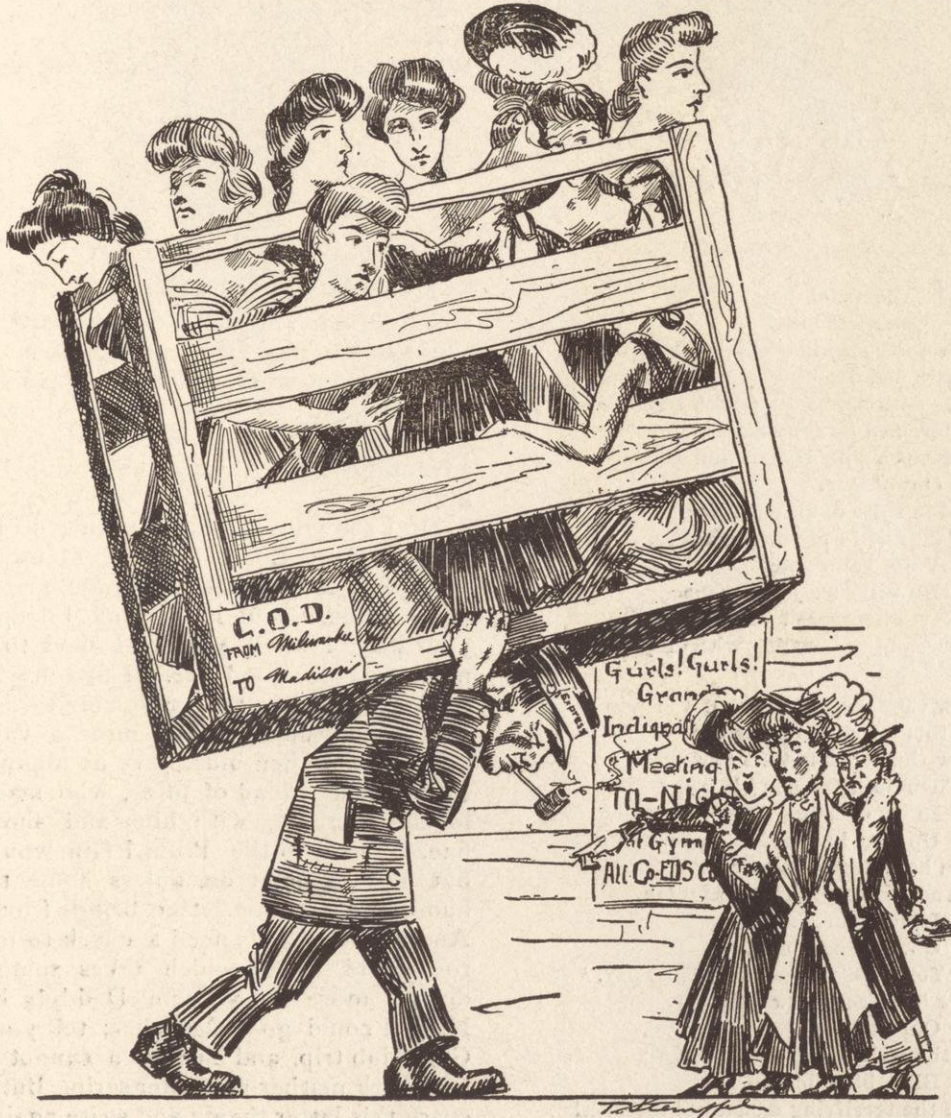
His Version.

Confound it all! . . . What could it be
That made Lucille so sore at me? . . .
I surely must have made a break. . .
O how (he sighed) this heart does ache! . . .
What *did* she get into her head? . . .
O me, O my, what have I said?

Just let me think. . . Well . . . now I know
'Tis dangerous to jolly so. . .
In similies I spoke, I think,
And said, Lucille, I love to drink
The lovelight from your limpid eyes, . . ."
And then (he sighed) she up and flies!

—F. W. M.





Some from Here
 And some from There—
 Prom Girls come
 From Everywhere.





(Imitated by Poe.)

SEE the awful flood of bills,
 Countless bills!
 How their size his conscience thrills!
 Late and deep into the night
 He doth figure filled with fright—
 Horrified he groans a groan;
 Moans a doleful mournful moan
 Out of fear.
 And in spite of all endeavor,
 Balance will they never, never.
 Vain, vain, vain;
 He will surely go insane.
 Raves he, tears he then his hair,
 Screaming, howling with despair.

How they laugh and shout and grin
 At this lad's despairing din.
 How they smirk at his affright!
 Then he falls upon his bed—
 In his slumber
 Up they lumber,
 In horrid, gruesome red.
 And they crow a mournful lay,
 Loudly shrieking:
 Oh, 't is creeping,
 "You must pay, my lad, must pay!"
 Now 't is near—now far away.
 Oh, that lay
 Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
 Bills, bills, bills—
 Oh, the terrifying menace of the bills!

"THEY SAY BINKS PLUNGED INTO THE SOCIAL POOL THIS YEAR AND WENT TO THE PROM."

"YEP. AND YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN THE SPLASH."



Prom Time

Prom Time, Prom Time;
 Flower and fern and palm time.
 All the swell creations in the line of gowns
 they wear.
 Kiss Time, Bliss Time,
 Nobody misses this time;
 When they start that dreamy waltz, you bet
 we will all be there!



His Letter Home

Good All-providing Sire:

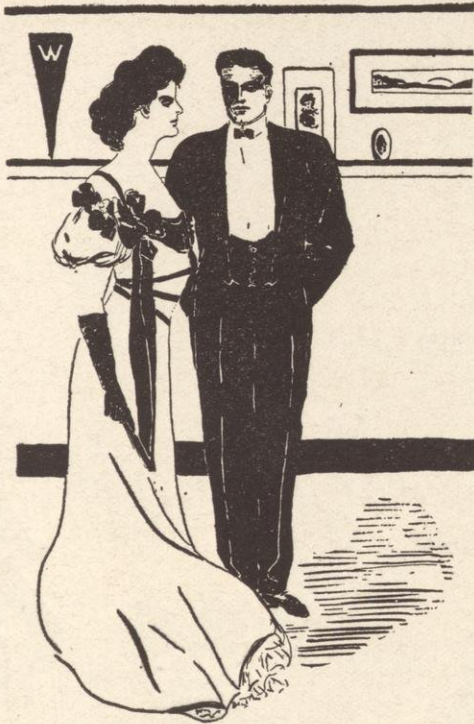
The year has passed its half-way mark,
 and February's here. Your offspring needs
 simoleons to pay for bread and beer. Quail
 not, oh gentle father, at this parting of
 your dough; for I must study, eat and
 sleep, if I would wiser grow—to do these
 advantageously, I must have dough, you
 know.

Do I see you grow impatient; do I hear
 you say Good Lord! That son of mine will
 grow too fat on such expensive board! If
 so, just hark and listen, and I'll appease
 your ire. I'll tell you all I have to do to
 need the coin, good sire. I first must raise
 some fifty bones to pay for my tuition, to
 give that stupid brain of mine a valuable
 addition. I then must have as many more
 for a tailor friend of mine, who made my
 lovely overcoat, with hips and shoulders
 fine. Then, to the Prom I fain would go,
 but this I cannot do, unless some thirty-
 hundred cents this letter brings from you.
 And now again, I need a check to pay for
 room and board which takes some fifty
 dollars more away from Daddy's hoard.
 Now, I could go still farther; tell you of a
 Glee Club trip, and how men cannot travel
 now with neither purse nor scrip. But I will
 spare this latter theme and write again 'fore
 long, and give you the particulars in good
 financial song. And so we'll stop our
 figures here, and if your'e good at adding,
 you'll see it's one-nine-zero plunks that I'd
 be after hadding.

Now, tarry not, most reverend sire, but
 send this right away, or else I'll hire out
 for hire, my many bills to pay, and pass
 away from overwork some bleak and gloomy
 day.

And now I've written all I can, my long
 petition's done; I hereby do subscribe my-
 self as

TOM, your faithful son.



THE QUARREL

I SAW her quarrel;
 And could not but rejoice
 That e'en in anger 'twas a tuneful voice
 Which bade with cold disdain the Man depart,
 And seek no more by stealth to crown her heart
 With false love's laurel.

What cutting scorn!
 She tossed her pretty head.
 And stamped her foot. Sarcastic things she said.
 Yet from her troubled eyes I could infer
 The very thought of losing him made her
 Somewhat forlorn.

Beware, you say?
 For maids who love to spat,
 However dear they are, and all of that,
 When they grow old are much too fond of strife,
 And make for men a hell on earth of life,—
 Such loves decay.

You are no sage!
 Else you would see this lay
 Means only half of what it tries to say.
 Her temper's sweet; not giv'n to spats is she.
 The quarrel I saw her in last night, you see,
 Was on the stage! —F. W. M.

HE—YOU SHOULD TAKE ME MORE SERIOUSLY.
 SHE—BUT I HAD NO INTENTION OF TAKING YOU AT ALL.



SUBSCRIBER: "MAY I CONSULT THE FILES OF THE *Cardinal* FOR A WEEK BACK?"
 EDITOR: "CERTAINLY, BUT I WOULD ADVISE YOU TO USE A POROUS PLASTER ALSO."



Be Cam, Father, Be Cam!

LUCY (JUST BACK FROM THE CITY)—O, FATHER, I JUST LOVE PING PONG!
 FATHER (GRIMLY)—NOW, SEE HERE, YOUNG LEDDY, THIS HAS GONE FUR ENUFF. NO CHILD OF MINE IS A-GOING TER DISGRACE TH' FAMBLY BY ENY ONLADYLIKE, RAMTANKSHUS CARRYIN' ONS WITH ONE OF THEM DURNED CHINEE!



The Bird or the Bottle?

Why, do you say, is my tongue so furred?—
 Last night I feasted on hot young bird.
 And what happened then
 Won't happen again—
 'Twas not so wicked; but Mumm's the word!



THE MERRY SWIRL

The Rose Colored Gown

AS I threw open the carriage door and ran up the steps, I noticed that the house was dark except for a single light down stairs.

"Late again," I reflected, after ringing the bell. "I suppose that Sister Ann and her husband, Bob, have departed and left a wake of choice remarks about my way of doing things."

Mary opened the door after a good five minutes. There was a tilt about her nose that promised ill for my peace of mind.

"So you decided to come, after all, did you?"

"Now, Mary," I began, "the cabman didn't—"

"Never mind the excuses. You *never* do what you promise."

She wore the rose colored gown she had told me about that afternoon.

"It is a beauty! It's just—"

"Diplomacy, diplomacy. Meek and mild diplomacy," she chanted softly, by which I felt sure that she wasn't so angry after all.

"Where are Ann and Bob?" I asked tentatively. "They haven't gone, have they?"

"Gone!" said Mary, so cuttingly that I reversed my hasty opinion as to her not caring about being late. "Gone! Why, they went hours ago! They are your chaperones. Chaperones have to have *some* regard for time!"

"Come," she added, as she threw a light, fluffy thing about her shoulders, "let's hurry. You go ahead. I have promised to attend to locking that door myself. It is the maid's night out, and Bob is awfully particular about it. He said he wouldn't trust *you* to remember anything."

I stepped out obediently. Mary adjusted the night latch and swung the door to. She turned to try the knob, but stopped and cried out to me, "Oh, Joe, I'm caught! The door has shut on my skirt. I stepped over and shook the door furiously. The night lock had fastened it securely.

"I'll break a window, and once inside I can open it," I said.

"No," you mustn't, somebody might get into the house while we're away."

"Maybe there's a window or door unlocked," I suggested.

"You can try and see, but I'm sure there isn't."

I tried the windows on the veranda. They were securely fastened. I ran around to the side and back doors; they were both locked. I lost a pump in the snow and cursed the impulse on which I had bought such excuses for foot-covering. I waded through the deep snow, and tried all the windows on the ground floor without result. It occurred to me that I could climb a veranda pillar and get in on the second story. I ran back.

"Nothing doing, Mary," I said.

"We'll have to do something. I'm so cold I—"

In quick contrition for my lack of thought for her, I threw off my coat and helped her into it. I stepped upon the veranda railing and embraced the pillar.

"You can't ever do that, Joe," she said, "You musn't try it!" But I was already half way up. I felt my beautiful shirt-front bend and crackle, as I reached for the roof with my finger tips. My hat fell off. I gripped the post with my knees desperately. My fingers slipped off the icy edge twice, but finally I caught a spindle of the railing about the roof, and pulled myself up. I tried the windows, one after another. They were all locked. Then I hunted through my clothes and found a handkerchief which I wrapped around my hand. There was a crash and the tinkle of falling glass. I crawled in, struck a chair in the dark, picked myself up, found the open door (I had both hands in front of me and the door, of course, came between them and struck me in the forehead).

Mary slipped into the hall when I finally opened the door, and switched on the electric light. And then, checking her mirth as she saw my plight, she reached out with her handkerchief to stop the bleeding of a cut in my cheek.

"Oh, Oh, Joe! It's all my fault!" she cried.

"Come," she said after a moment, "we must stir up the fire in the grate and get warm before we go."

We went into the library and I threw fresh wood on the still burning bank of coals. I drew up a settle in front of the quick-rising blaze. We sat together looking into the fire, leaning forward with our faces in our hands and our elbows on our knees.

"Joe," she said, "we can't go—?"

"No, I'm afraid we can't. But we can stay here, can't we?"

"Of course." And leaning back comfortably, she smiled at me.

"And tell stories before the fire."

"I'm afraid I haven't any to tell."

"I have," I answered, "it is a very old story, but it is about a rose colored gown. Do you want to hear it?"

She nodded.

When I had finished, I turned to her and asked, "What do you think of the story?"

"Do you read the Bible?"

"Occasionally," I replied.

"Do you remember the story of Ruth?"

"Yes."

She reached over, picked a bookmark from a volume on the table, and silently handed it to me.

On it was the simple inscription in her handwriting—Ruth 1:16.

—Phelim.



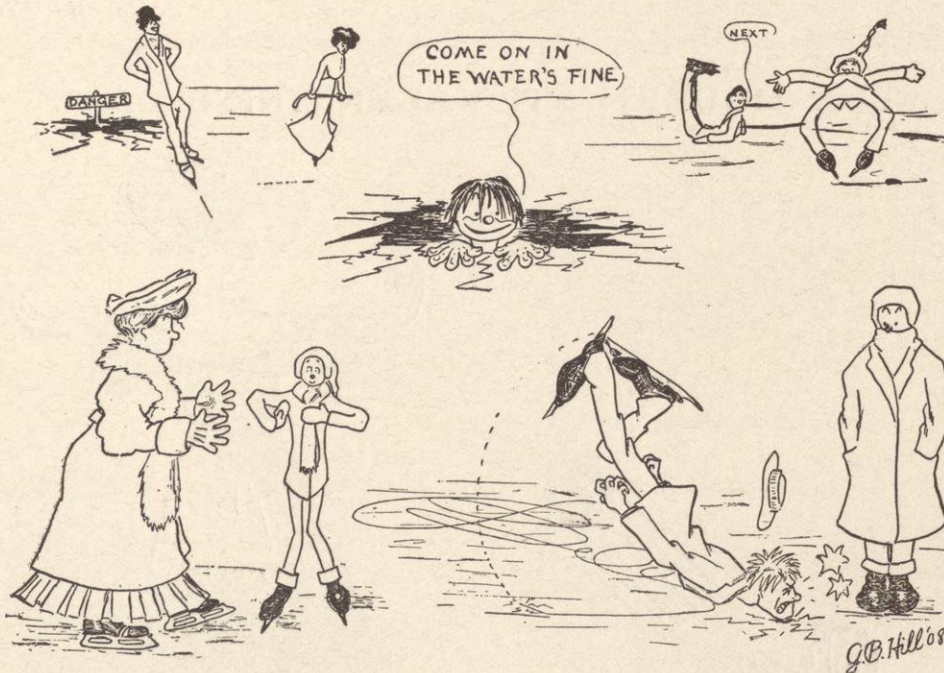
SHE: "HE CALLS HER THE STAR OF HIS EXISTENCE."

HE: "SHE MUST BE SATURN, THEN."

SHE: "WHY?"

HE: "SHE HAS SO MANY RINGS."

ON ICE



FRESHIE: DON'T BE SCARED, MISS HEAVY-
WAITE, I WILL SUPPORT YOU.

"WHATCHER DOIN', BILL?"

"MAKIN' TH' DOT AFTER MY NAME."



A BALLAD OF PROMS

I.

LOVELY PRIMA—coy yet warming—
 Let me drop a vagrant tear,
 While I smoke and think some charming
 Thoughts about that Freshman year.
 For we sat, you may remember,
 Just a chair's length from the door:
 Oh, those mornings in September—
 Freshman German, Number Four.
 And the Prom—Ah! Heartless Heaven!
 To indulge in such a joke!
 If I recollect 'twas seven
 Dollars, and—Well, I was broke.

II.

SWEET SECUNDA, how it quivers—
 Does my heart at thought of you,
 Telegraphing countless shivers
 Up and down me, thru and thru.
 Time jolts on with jar and rumble,
 But you never will forget
 How I helped you from your tumble
 That Fall morning in the wet.

No, indeed, I shall not task you
 With the Prom I missed—alack!
 Queen you were, I feared to ask you,
 And you went with— Brother Jack.

III.

DASHING TERTIA, peerless maiden,
 I, the great discoverer,
 Found that Poe's poetic *Aidenn*
 Was located where you were.
 What remarkable enjoyment
 Juniors are inclined to find
 In that sterling old employment
 Trading views on states of mind!
 And that Prom?—'Twas bitter—very,
 When I'd planned it with such glee;
 To be canned in January
 And sent back to Kankakee.

ENVOY.

Yet fair Prima, sweet Secunda, dashing
 Tertia, I insist
 That some Paradisial Prom will bring
 The dances that we missed.

—Horatio Winslow.

THE MODERN ST. VALENTINE'S DAY



DAN, CUPID KICKS A GOAL

A Naughty Spasm

I.

A YOUNG man went to his girl's. He
had sent

Her a dozen roses that cost a lot—
American Beauties, a plunk apiece—
For his love was regular heart disease.
And there in the parlor he fell on his
knees,
(Which was awfully bad for his trousers'
crease)

And said, "Let these roses intertwine
In a garland between thy heart and mine,
To bind them both with a lover's knot."

II.

But his roses and pleas were futilities,
For a vigorous "No!" was what he got;
And "I'll be a sister to you," she said,
(Polite way of saying, "Go soak your
head.")

In a tone too cutting and cold to be nice;
So the true-lover's knot didn't cut any ice,
For 'twas cut by the maiden's "Not."

ENVOY.

We know that pun is a horrible one,
We know that the author ought to be
shot,
But we might have punned in a sea-faring
style,
On a sailor's knot and a nautical mile;
So our reader's lot might be lots worse.
Now you'd pine away when you read this
verse
If we'd punned on a pine-knot—Not?

—oδ.



During Exam. Week

BUCKER (CHEERILY): 'MORNING, BILL.
HOW ARE YOU?

FLUNKER (GLOOMILY): OH — FAILING
FAST!

Gracious!

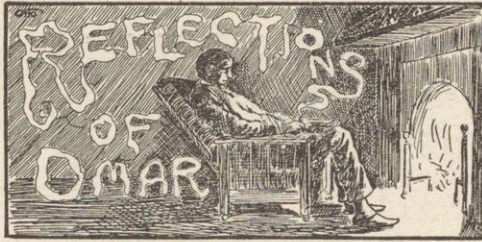
MAUD: "HE WAS VERY RUDE. HE PUT
HIS ARM AROUND ME TWICE."

MAME: "MERCY! WHAT A LONG ARM
HE MUST HAVE!"

The Irish Peddler.

An Irish chap named Mike,
Purchased a fine new bike;
I asked him, "What for?"
And he answered, "By Gor,
To peddle along the pike."

—A. B. S.



"THIS PROM business is all wrong!" declared Omar, aggressively banging his fist on the arm of his chair. "It's fundamentally undemocratic. It's an unnecessary drain on the parental bank account. It inflames the desires of the undergraduates for a place in the social world which they cannot maintain. It fosters habits of reckless extravagance on the part of fellows whose salaries after graduation will be woefully inadequate to stand the pace. It—"

"Wow!" yelled Simms, raising his hand. "When's the next quiz?"

"And that's not all," continued Omar, pointedly ignoring the interruption. "It is nothing but a woebegone attempt to ape the doings or rather misdoings of the mighty Four Hundred, and for that reason puts pernicious ideas of life into the heads of students who should be concerned with the higher things of this earthly existence—science, literature, art—"

"Say, Fra Elbertus the Second," broke in Beggs, "I'd like to ask—are *you* going to the Prom?"

"Y-e-s," said Omar, with some confusion.

"Then for heaven's sake, why don't you practice what you preach?" exclaimed Simms.

Omar was silent.

"Tailor-Mades"

Sing a song of six-pence,
Pockets full of bills—
I don't mean the long greens,
But those that bring cold chills.

When the bills are opened,
Through the pile you wade—
They're not the kind that birdies ope,
But those the tailor made.

Just About a Menu

"GOT A LETTER from home the other day," said the Oracle, "and it told me all about a little fest that some of my old bunch had. Four of the boys and four of the girls made up a party and went down for dinner to the old hotel where we used to go when I was home. Then they came home and had a little dance. But that part wasn't so much what took me as the fact that they put their names on the menu card and sent it out to me.

"I tell you, fellows, the thought that the girls and boys with whom you used to run around have not forgotten you, and that they missed you enough to think of you during their jollification, and to send you a much-scrawled bill of fare—that's the thing that pleases you and makes the menu grow a little dim when you read it, just because of the 'smoke in your eyes.'

"You conjure up a vision of them sitting at the table amid the clatter of the silver and the chatter of the talk and you see all of them—the dear old boys and the dear old girls who were such sturdy friends and such frank councilors; such jolly companions, always game for a good time or a good natured scuffle.

"The girls, whole-souled and hearty, who shook hands with you in a way that made you know they liked you, and who enjoyed having you come around and loaf before the fire at their houses with a pipe in your mouth and contentment in your heart. The girls who sent you home when it was time to go, and who told you that you weren't to be allowed around sometimes because they had to study or sew—advice which you took or not as it pleased you.

"And the boys, that hard-smoking, straightforward, loyal gang, from Rob, who talked all the time and always boosted, to Sandy, who was silent and never opened his mouth except to utter knocks which received no attention from anyone. Those names on that menu brought back to me the smoke sessions in my room when we had prolonged rough house, that ended in the breaking of the bed and all of the chairs. It brought back the time we fellows swiped all the candy which a few of the girls had made and afterwards invited them to come over to eat candy with us, feeding them the sweets they themselves had made. And then the house party we had, when the chaperone went to bed early and we stayed up until about two, while the girls played coon songs. And after they had left us, we fellows sat by the fire and smoked for two hours more, took a night-cap and went to bed. Next morning we got up at ten o'clock, that is, the boys did; went down to the kitchen and collected a miscellaneous assortment of tin pans and made a parade up and down the hall, which eventually brought wails from the girls that they would get up. Then the breakfast that we made—um-m-m—and the pancakes that Jane fried—Bob got engaged to her last week, I hear, and I'm certain it was those pancakes, for he raved about them for three months after.

"Then after the dishes were washed I remember how some one suggested a sleighride, and we hired a rig and drove away out in the country for supper—our breakfast was at one o'clock—getting home from that supper at ten o'clock and then starting up a dance,—and, let me see, next morning we fellows all butted over to May's house for breakfast, unannounced, and made her give us something to eat—though we had to buy most of it, for her folks were away and there wasn't much to eat in the house.

"Well, it's funny how many things a little menu with a lot of names on it will bring up—but there it is, and I wouldn't sell it for a thousand dollars. Dear old bunch!

—Berton Braley.

When Lily Came Into the Prom

I drove to the depot to meet her
 And merrily whistled a tune;
 The air held the keenness of winter—
 In my heart it was summer and June.
 When the train rumbled into the station,
 I struggled hard not to let on
 That my dream of the future was near me,—
 When Lily came in to the Prom.

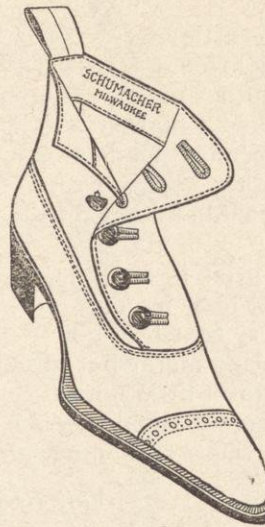
THAT night we were out to a party,
 The Prince of the Fussers was there;
 So when I gave Tom Smith a "knock down"
 My pleasure was turned to despair:
 For her face changed its hue as she met him,
 And she sat out the evening with Tom,
 While I was left out on the side lines—
 When Lily came in to the Prom.

I took her to Fuller's and Keeley's,
 And she didn't enjoy them at all;
 But her eyes lighted up in a twinkling,
 When she met "Mr. Smith" in the hall.
 So now I just hate an old comrade,
 Who has recklessly ruffled the calm
 And lost me one-half my existence—
 Since Lily came in to the Prom.

TO-DAY she returned to the depot—
 I drove down with her in a hack;
 We talked of the snow and the weather,
 Of how glad she would be to get back.
 Our handshakes were formal and listless,
 Though I tried to be cheerful and calm—
 O, the light has gone out of the future
 Since Lily came in to the Prom.

—J. V. M., '08.

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The Cardinal has published its "Don'ts" for the Prom. Here are a few "Dues":

- 1 Dress suit\$00.00 (friend's)
- 1 Harrison hat99
- 1 Pair tan shoes..... 1.01
- 1 Red tie20
- 1 Bandana04
- 1 Pair military gloves..... .10
- 1 Geranium boquet..... .02
- 2 Street car fares10
- 1 Girl (?)



THE POST EXAM. EXODUS

Clipped Quips

Oh!

He was a simple, little ass,
 And oh, he truly loved a lass.
 He plunged in clothes of newest style,
 Faith, you could spot him off a mile.
 And THEN he penned his dame a note.
 But oh, the haughty maiden wrote—
 She couldn't come to the Prom!

He drowned his grief in many jags,
 He sold, at awful loss, his rags.
 He drank up every cent he'd got
 For months, that he might but forget,
 And THEN he got a little note,
 And oh, the changeful maiden wrote—
 She was coming, after all.

—*Yale Record.*

Gladys—He sat on the settee beside you
 —did he propose?

Ethel—No, but it was an awfully close
 call.—*Yale Record.*



Superseded

Foreigner—The eagle is your national
 bird, isn't it?

Native—Oh, that was some time ago.
 Now it's the stork.—*Life.*



Why do the students cut their initials in
 the tables?

To wear off their edges, I suppose—*Yale
 Record.*

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Her Specialty.

"You see that girl? Well, she is an expert at handling the ribbons."

"Fine horsewoman, hey?"

"No; department clerk."—*Baltimore American.*

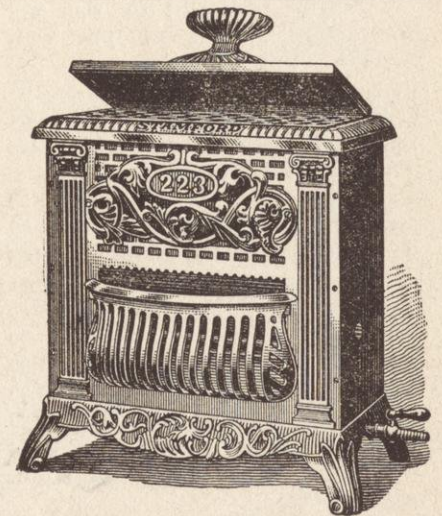
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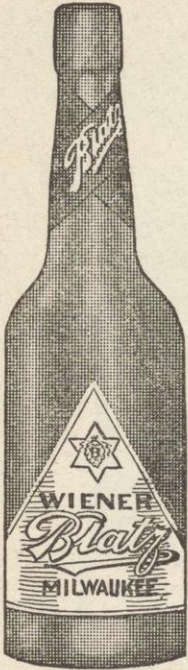
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Coffee List.

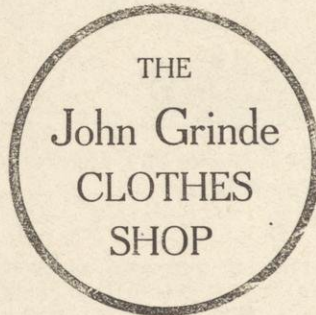


Better keep this list so you will know just what each coffee will cost you.

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

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Jubilee Blend, 32c. 3¼ lb.....	\$1.00
Mexican, 30c. 3½ lb.....	\$1.00
Fava Blend, 28c. 3¼ lb.....	\$1.00
Rozan, 25c. 4½ lb.....	\$1.00
Hotel Blend, 22c. 4¼ lb.....	\$1.00
Bourbon Santos, 20c. 5½ lb....	\$1.00
Jamaica, 18c. 6 lb.....	\$1.00
Golden Rio, 15c. 7 lb.....	\$1.00

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Joggs—What was it? Wheat or cotton?

Boggs—Neither. Full house against fours.—*Princeton Tiger*.

Nell—Yes, he actually had the impudence to kiss me.

Belle—The idea! Of course you were indignant?

“Oh, yes. Every time.”—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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There was once a pair of young beaux,
Who sported the loudest of clothes,
And the noise that the made,
Put the sea in the shade,
By the sound of the serge, I suppose.
—*Punch Bowl*.

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De Style—How would you like
to be a Mormon and have ten
wives?

Gumbusta—Wouldn't like it;
think of getting ten pairs of sus-
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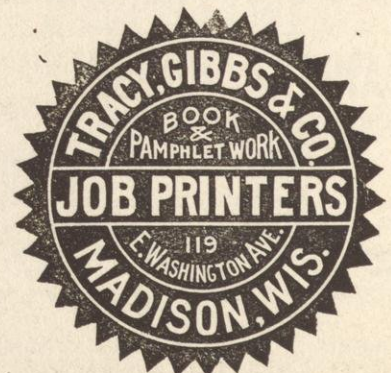
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