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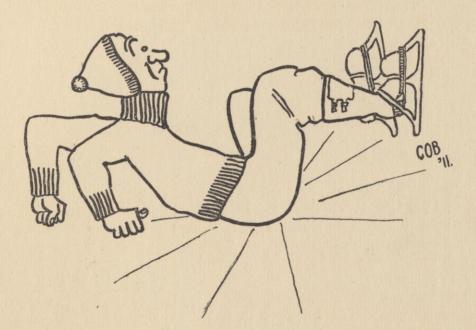
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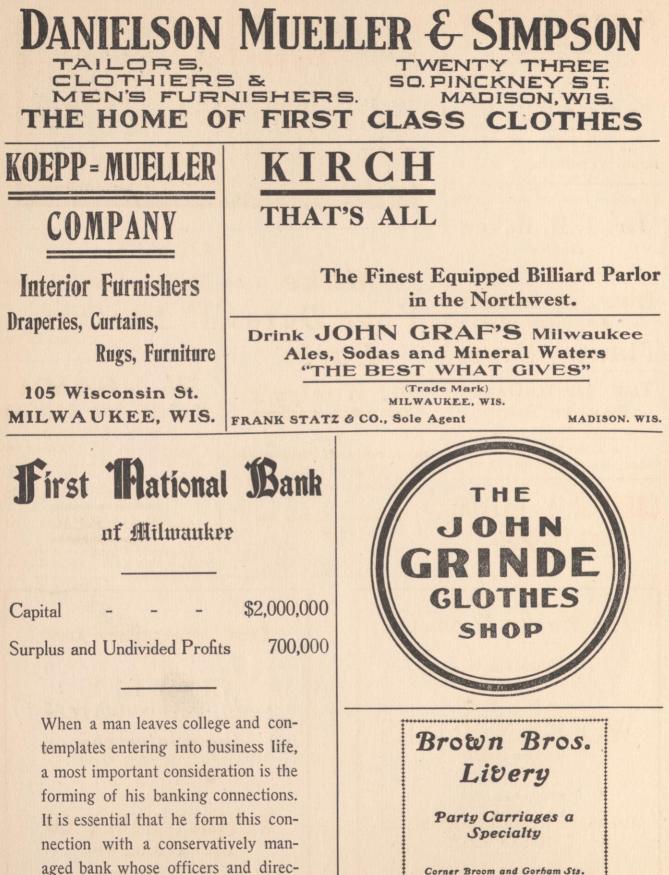


Herein sets forth the delirious joys of the winter season

MADISON, WISCONSIN JANUARY 14, 1909 VOLUME X NUMBER 7

MADISON, - WISCONSIN

Phones: Standard 53, Bell 1165



aged bank whose officers and directors have the public's confidence.

ii



ii

The Sphinx iii Get Your Cutlery LEWIS All Breakfast THE KEEN==KUTTER==KIND **FoodsareGood** AT **Drug Store** Wolff, Kubly & Hirsig but Cor. State and Gilman 507 STATE ST. SPENCER'S BREAD A. G. Elsner GEO. T. STEHLING HARNESS AND HORSE Manufacturer of Is The Best **FURNISHING GOODS** Wagons-Buggies-Carriages **417 CHESTNUT STREET** 10th and Walnut 607 University Ave. MILWAUKEE ...MILWAUKEE... CUSTOM TAILORI Woolens carefully selected for Fall and Winter Wear from the best

Woolens carefully selected for Fall and Winter Wear from the best manufacturers, both foreign and domestic are now on exhibition. Never were the blending of colors more beautiful than this season. Your early inspection is invited.

SCHMEDEMAN & BAILLIE 25 EAST MAIN STREET



WISCONSIN BLOCK, OVER PALACE OF SWEETS





v

Why is this Store A. G. SPALDING & BROS. the favorite of the The Largest Manufacturers in the World of Student Body ?---**Official Athletic Supplies** Foot Ball, Basket Ball, Ice Skates, Hockey, Golf There must be Official Implements for all Track and Field Sports Uniforms for all Athletic Sports-Gymnasium Apparatus Spalding's handsomely illustrated catalogue of all sports contains numerous suggestions-Mailed free anywhere for yourself A. G. SPALDING & BROS. 147 Wabash Avenue **CHICAGO** When Down Town 50 Do not forget to visit Madison's bam O Izas finest and most up-to-date Clothing, Furnishing and Tailoring Establishment You can find all the latest and up-to-the-minute Haberdashery shown by all the swell shops in the large cities. Men's Furnisher Pabet Bldg. Nilwaukee 27 NORTH PINCKNEY ST. When in Milwaukee do not fail to visit the beautiful FOU RESTAURANT CUISINE UNSURPASSED 147-149 Third Street Milwaukee Fred L. Herwig, Prop. An advertisement in THE SPHINX is a guarantee of quality

reason for it-Supposing you step in and see the new FALL STYLES and find out

FEET

Clothes Have nothing to do with a man's morals or mentality, yet there is no denying the fact that they're everywhere accepted as a pass-port to good society—

Here's the Passport Kaufman's Clothes are preshrunk and guaranteed

to satisfy

\$15 and Up The best thing "to top" off with and always look well is the

Roswelle Hat Sold only at "50 Feet" for \$2.50

FIFTY FEET from Capitol Square 112 E. Mifflin St. S. A. Woldenberg, Prop.



33 24 41 41 41

In a Hundred Years

And so they have written a letter— Delicate, courteous, neat— To tell you you're here on probation— How nice was the letter—how sweet! But a pony's as fleet as a shark, lad, In the dark-horse race for a mark, lad. So say "Ta Ta" to your gob of fears, It will be the same in a hundred years! Check?



As they say among engineers— 'Twon't matter a whoop in a hundred years!

> And what if the maiden has turned you down! Be she ne'er so niftily neat, Fully seventy dozen are left you Quite as clever and sweet. The best girl's always the next one, lad, Any girl beats a vext one, lad, Just wiggle your hand at the pouting dears, 'Twill all be the same in a hundred years! Check? As they say among engineers— 'Twon't matter a whoop in a hundred years!



The bite of your youthful unsuccess You think so bitterly deep? What is the use of your sighing? Smiling is just as cheap! So laugh, and be glad and be gay, lad, Moping's the one thing won't pay, lad. Twiddle your thumbs at your doubts and fears, 'Twill all be the same in a hundred years! Check? As they say among engineers— 'Twon't matter a whoop in a hundred years.

THE SPHINX.

Published fortnightly during the College Year by Students of the University of Wisconsin. Entered at the Postoffice of Madison. Wis,, as Second-Class Matter, September 28, 1901.

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	Address contributions to Editor, 740 Langdon St. Bell Phone No. 3063.
	RALPH BIRCHARD, '10, Editor. ERNST JUNG, '09, Bus. Manager.
	Eugene A. Dinet, '09 Walter A. Buchen, '11
	H. J. Newman, '10 Hugo H. Hering, '10
	Roy C. Phipps, '11 B. P. Stiles, '11 H. N. Crawford, '11 Carroll Bickehhaupt, '11
/	W. A. Klinger, '10

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



ITH a 5 Plunk Prom once more looming up like a Roseate Dawn over the East-

ern Hills (not that we ever saw a Roseate Dawn, or any other kind of Dawn, or Prom either for that matter) the heart of the Fusser is swelling with pride and anticipation, and it is unmistakably up to Pa to buy Mabel a new directoire and a mileage book. Yep, Papa's got to buy the mileage book now. If Chester pays the freight he will lay himself open to criticism or even investigation by the Stude Con. Com., and that last, as every one knows, is serious business.

This idea of paying railroad fare to and fro at Prom time is a fierce extravagance anyhow. Either rates for the occasion, or bulk shipments, or rebates, or an act of the legislature, or something — s o m e t h i n g should be done to cut it out.

Think of the money ruthlessly wrung from the commercial and agricultural centers of the state and flung broadcast with a lavish, careless hand to keep up the glittering glare of the inland capital and gild the tawdry tinsel of a Social Orgy. Er-well - perhaps that is putting it-thatwhatever it is - a trifle strongly, but we always forget to put the tape on our terms when we get on this subject.

Along with the return to sanity come a bunch of reforms that have been welcomed to other schools years agone. Some valuable little ideas are concealed in the flowery verbiage of the recommendations made by the Stude Con. Com. It may seem rather crusty of them to suggest to you that you forego the pleasure of presenting the peach with a full sized pink peony but,

after all, the fragrant flower fades fast and the only real loser by the arrangement is the florist who is spending the winter in Pasadena, Cal., on the profits of past Proms.

And as for the curtailment of the carriage custom, why—papa will have to buy rubbers that's all. You are only out the fleeting joy of ordering the driver to drive to the gym, the fair one looking on approvingly, and then actually having him do what you tell him to, while you are in—the price of several good shows anyhow.

WANDERING a while far from beaten SPHINX paths let us cast a curse-ory glance at the seamy side of Wisconsin's educational system. In many respects this system seems to be O. K. It can turn out first class plumbers, chaffeurs, bookkeepers or farm hands, but seems to fail utterly at the

producing successes at the fine, unremunerative art of writing English. We have Grads who can manipulate a lathe or a monkey wrench with ease and profit; others who are good at figures on the adding machine, still others who can work a hand separator like a charm, but almost none to dazzle a waiting world with the nimble keyboard of a typewriter. If it were not for Zona Gale we might say absolutely none, the recent literary Grads not having, as yet, hit more than the third rung on Fame's ladder.

Why is this? We have no desire to attach undue importance to the Pseudo-literary end of the U. but it really seems as if an occasional literary genius would not seriously detract from Wisconsin's world-wide rep. Perhaps it is not so much the lack of training facilities as the lack of good material. Perhaps it is the spirit of the place which says, "Whatever you do, get the coin."

But there is good money to be wrung from unwilling publishers, and the reading public grows larger and apparently less discriminating every day. We should like to see an occasional literary light if only to have something new to laugh at. WE hope that no one will ever accuse us of being ultra-moral, and we are confident that no one in his right senses ever will. Because we believe our reputation is thus evilly established we are going to take the liberty of criticising the theatrical taste of the average Wis. stude.

There are quite a number of really good shows come to Madison every year; there are, of course, more poor ones; there are a few which can only be described as rotten. We recently had an excellent example of the last class here in our midst. We did not go, of course, but those who did came back with some very definite information.

At a certain Press Club Feed the genial manager of the Fuller took an accurate shot at the Wisconsin Stude's taste in entertainment when he said that out of a number of students he had invited to witness the performance of Comus not one came, whereas a burlesque show always seems to possess an irresistible attrac-True, this was a tion. rather exaggerated caseone could not expect a combination of J. Milton and D. Robertson to inspire any bursts of wild enthusiasmbut after all, it registered

our ideas of what is good on the stage pretty accurately. Nothing particularly creditable about those ideas, either, is there?

WHAT the—? We almost said it and would have felt justified if we had.

Abolish intercollegiate base ball? Abolish it to save money? Hasn't this season been financially the most successful one in years? Haven't we got money in the athletic treasury? If not, why not? This whine about scarcity of funds is getting pretty tiresome. The suggestion to spend 250 beans on the lower campus instead of having a Varsity team is enough to make a hash cook sick. The proposal to maintain a skating rink on Mendota, which is thrown out as a sop to holders of Athletic Books is the most foolish suggestion for wasting money anyone has had the nerve to propose in some years. It is a time proven fact that people will not use an ice rink.

Who is responsible for the anti-athletic movements around here, and particularly for this last most flagrant one? Just what *is* the present condition of the athethic treasury?

We pause for breath and a reply.

We take great pleasure in announcing winners in the Prize contest announced at the beginning of the year.

The \$5.00 for the best stunt of any description goes to Mr. Roy C. Phipps, whose recent political activities at the time of the 1911 election have made his name a family word wherever Sophomores are mentioned. The stunt which got Mr. Phipps the erisp, new, banknote was his Freshman head, surmounted by one dollar's worth of green flannel, which appeared on the cover of the second number.

The \$2.00 prize to Freshmen goes to W. L. Greene, whose masterly efforts with the India ink have gladdened the pages of our recent issues. To see them you would never suspect him of being a Freshman, now, would you?

We congratulate these gentlemen and the University on it's good fortune in having them here, and ourselves on the same grounds. That is, we congratulate ourselves. See?



Wood Notes

- I am living, far from college, in the woods;
- It is ages since I've heard a college yell, And about affairs at college
 - I'm dependent, for my knowledge,
- On the sporting sheet of Sunday's "Sentinel."
- Things have changed a deal since I was in the game.
- Schools, of late, have changed surprisinaly, you bet;

All the old regime are passing,

And Milwaukee scribes are gassing

- 'Bout a little one-horse college at Marauette.
- I had read Milwaukee "artists" with dismay-
- Though their dope sheets subsequently took a drop:

Just a playful little scrimmage

- With this blue and brazen image,
- And the Badger sat serenely on the top.

- I had read with satisfaction, somewhat grim,
- How "the Jesuits were strict in their requirements,"
 - But I've noticed, since Thanksgiving, That their football stars are living
- In some other than Milwaukee's chaste environments.
- Now I read, of late, a new Milwaukee wail,
- How "next season's game" has raised a areat ado,

But I think, if she but knew it,

Or had sense to so construe it,

- That Marquette has bitten more than she can chew.
- And Milwaukee seems a laughable reminder
- Of a maid of forty summers with the mitten,

Who, because much disappointed, Has her temper all disjointed,

And requites her love by playing with a kitten.

Just a word to old Wisconsin in the passing, Just a word from one who worships in the woods, Let the ill-intentioned worry, Let Milwaukee raise a flurry, But whene'er occasion hollers—hand the

goodsI

-Mu.

Fixing the Blame

"Yes sir," remarked the pompous one at the Alumni Banquet, "I can truly say that the University of Wisconsin has made me what I am.

"Look here!" cried the Stude: "Don't you dare to talk about the University that way. Just admit that the only cause for it was your own natural cussedness!" First Law—Say, I've got a case I want you to come over and help me with.

Second Law (smacking his lips and expectorating in great glee)—Sure! Any time, old man, who is it on?

First Law—On me, of course. It's that "Holland vs. Fuller in torts."

Second Law—I guess it's on me, tho', this time. S'long.



Coming through the door.

Effusion by The Sporting Editor

What joy to glide like a bird of prey over the frostbitten floor which stretches like a pane of glass from the Latin Quarter to the Insane Asylum! Next to Autoing on Mich Ave. on a Saturday afternoon it is the best pot hunting in the West. All you need is an ice-boat that you can't quite manage and a profound disregard for the rights, privileges, lives, limbs and feelings of skaters.

There are with us now, some true sportsmen who disdain to pot the easy marks like girls and obsolete Profs, and find pleasure in bagging a good skater. These, however, are, I regret to say, in the pitiful minority. Most of the hunters are gamehogs who would as soon catch a cripple or a child as a hocky expert. The presence of such great numbers of the latter variety has given rise to rumors of the coming scarcity of game. I have made investigation into the matter, however, and am happy to say that such reports are entirely unfounded and I have no hesitation in declaring that there will be an abundant supply on these covers for years to come.

The Noontime Sorority Phone Call

Repeated daily.

Maid or Freshgirl: (answering ring). Yes—this is the Kappa Kappa Delta house —who?—Will you please repeat that name —Miss Fl—urry?— wha-a-t? Oh — Miss Murry—Yes—Just a minute.

(Interval of five minutes or more).

(Sweet pleasant voice): Hellllo!—Oh! is that you Harold? So sweet of you to call me up—What? You can't understand me? —Wait a second. (Fair one swallows the mouthful of hamburger. Hello! (much plainer). Yes, it is rather cold.—No!— Did you?—I certainly would have bowed if I had seen you—Mad? Oh—no—well I should say not—I never become angry, you know.

(Loud noise accompanied by a shout for Alice). Just a minute, Harold.

(To distant questioners and girls). Well what do you kids want? No—I ain't been talkin over three minutes—Go chase—(Interrupted by wire). Yes—dear—I mean Harold—somebody wanted me.— What? To-night?—No I am awfully sorry When is that?..Next Friday?.... and for Saturday too?..Formal you say?I'd just love to....Yes....and say, Harold—maybe I can flx it with Psi Chi, so you can come over to-night....you know I don't like him near so well—(Buzz on wire)—Hello....Hello!....Hello, Harold! Is that you?

(Voice on wire)—Naw, it ain't me, its m' ghost—say, is dis the Wisconsin Onion? (And the receiver is hung up.)

x

These wire rats the co-eds wear

(That look like springs, give me a pain) For each and every college lass

It seems, has water on the brain.

Ø

Clever Girl

Co-ed—Why does Mabel insist on wearing short sleeves, when long sleeves are again in style?

Fresh Stude—Maybe she is afraid of being arrested for carrying concealed arms.

Co-ed—She's just as liable to be arrested for baring them, isn't she?

A Mere Fable

It's a bum stunt to start a love story with the Heavenly Passion, but this is a true one, and has to begin that way. The Good Scout had a hang-over crush on a high school fianceé, who was his diametric opposite in color scheme, and had some other good reasons for toting his \$4 Frat pin over her left lung. Among them was a pair of big brown eyes and a ream of stock certificates in Steel, pfd, and the Pullman Co., which papa left when they pulled the automobile off him. Besides this, she always handed the Good Scout great gobs of sympathy, when his other friends were doing him a greater, though disguised service, with a few well placed kicks. Now any girl with brown eyes isn't slated for last stand in a beauty contest,-and when she adds sympathy to her guile, and trims the Family Goat's Sunday Dinner with \$20 bills, she usually has the original sirens taken with cramps, when it comes to collecting men on her staff. Any way the Good Scout used to send her a Varsity Calendar every Xmas, and managed to be invited up to her house for a spread every time he went home on a vacation. Every other year he took her to the Opera House, and laid awake nights for a week before, praying for fine weather so he could save cab Hire. The only reason she kept him on was because he looked good in open face clothes, and was nice to parade before the Girls with his Rah-Rah Talk. All the time being a Social Parasite grew to be

such a habit, that his friends shifted their Durham to the hip pocket when he rose over the horizon.

But all went as merry as a Kehl Hop till he met Mag o' Mazomania, who wore a creation of Royal Purple in Velvet, and left a trail of crushed violets, which beat anything a Pre-medic ever bore in triumph to Chadbourne Hall. Besides this, she belonged to a Bunch who blew more Gilded Shekels the annum than the G. S.'s ancestors had ever earned as far back as they could trace the family tree. But the G. S. buncoed his washer-woman and pilfered enough of his friends to stay with the circus for one semester. Then Mag realized enough of his Sterling qualities to love him for himself alone. And While Mag's Sisters were seizing the brimming tankards from Keeley's Ham-Fisted Hebes, or were treading the maze of the ethereal Barn Dance down at the Woman's Building, Mag and the G. S. were in a haze of crushed violets discussing Kant and Over Soul till the Chaperon died of Insomnia.

Once the Girl with Brown Eyes and a Check Book blew out of the Jungle and importuned the G. S. to come back and be forgiven. But he answered her in accents Cold: "Nay! Nay! Ethelbert. These are muh Chosen Peep-pul." And the G. W. B. E. and a C. B. went off in pique and married a man who smoked Cigarettes.

Moral: Not every girl with money to Burn has an Asbestos heart. -L. D. U.

Our Own Vaudette

We will now entertain you with that pathetic little "ditty lose her" or "did he winner," entitled "The Downfall of China" or "How She Swallowed Her Teeth." (Turn on the faucet, professor.)

There was a young maid from Cape Town,

Her teeth were of world wide renown; She smothered a yawn,

And found they were gone,

And now they must pour her grub down.

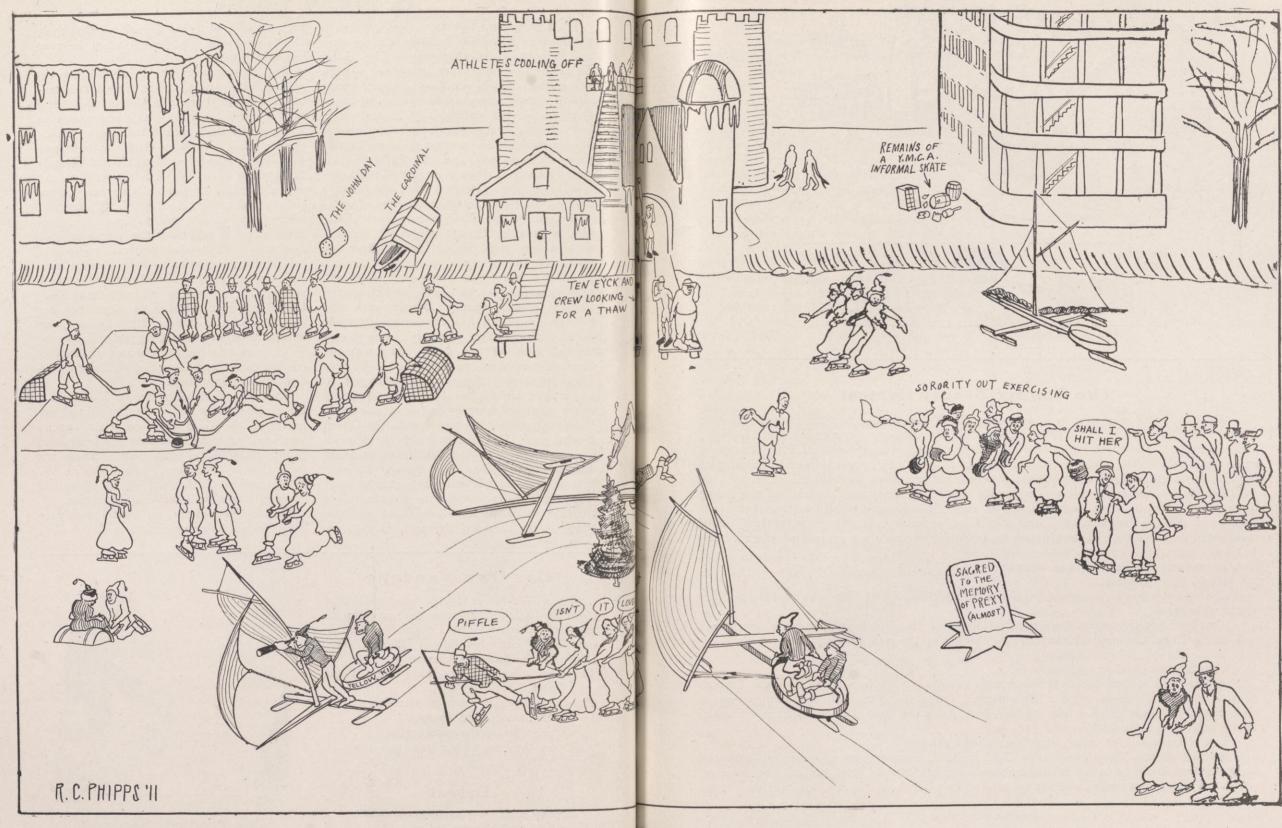
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Drivel

"This glad New Year I will not cuss!" Said Archie Dodge to Con. "I'll swear off steady blasphemy! I will swear off and on."



The Prodigal Son and The Fatted Calf

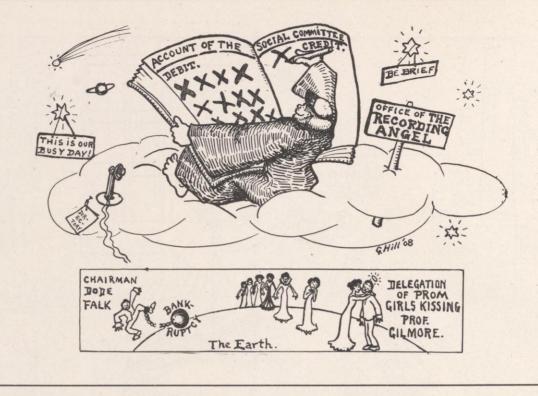


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MENDA DAYS

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The Sphinx Beauty Contest

We take great pleasure in announcing the Prizes in the SPHINX Beauty Contest which is from now on. These prizes will be highly valuable intrinsically, extrinsically, and otherwise. They will be in keeping with the broad gauge policy of THE SPHINX in encouraging all worthy activities such as beauty culture. They will also be in keeping by the Committee of Judges, the personel of which we are about to divulge.

The Committee is a large one, including men of all sizes and shapes, the aim being to get opinions from every possible point of view. It may later be still further increased, and in fact it begins to look as if this might be necessary, as the great interest being manifested by all classes in the University, promises an appalling amount of work for the Judges.

At present the line-up is as follows:

Karl Hill, Chairman.

E. Benj. Andrews (Resigned from the Chancellorship at Nebraska to take up this world wide work.)

Charley Eliot (Resigned from the Presidency of Harvard for the same fell purpose.) Eddie Ross (Champion Heavy weight thinker of the west today.)

Eddie Maurer (His antithesis.)

THE SPHINX Staff (Ex-officio.)

A prize will be awarded to the best male example of the benefits of Physical Torture in each and every college of the University. One also to the likliest looking co-ed in each class. One each to the best looking Prof, Assistant Prof, and Instructor. One to the best looking Dean of Women.

Doc. Elsom will, as usual, be official photographer.

As to costumes for photographs, THE SPHINX suggests, merely suggests, humbly suggests, that it will be to the advantage of all concerned to be brief, but not too near the point. There is not really much to be said on this, anyhow, and we, for ten, do not intend to say it.

(Continued on page vi)

Letters from a Conned=Out Father to His Son

From Graham Cracker, ex-'88, at Crackerville, Ill., to his son Beerfont, '12, at Madison, Wis.

[No. 3.]

CRACKERVILLE, Jan. 14, '09. DEAR BEERFONT:

Your letter received stating that you have made a large number of New Year's resolutions which you intend carrying out. Am glad to see that you plan dropping the booze out of your daily schedule, which reminds me of my own experience. When I struck Madison I thought that the one thing to do was to absorb all the lost, strayed or stolen intoxicants in sight. So, every once in a while I would dive down so far that it would take me about three days to discover whether I was a student at the "U" or the main vat in the tank works on Thirst Avenue. Therefore on Jan. 1st I swore off. All went well until I was invited out to a stag affair one evening. There I had the misfortune to sip a trifle too much of the liquid elixir. As bad luck would have it, the Dean had been in attendance at a reception that evening, and was returning home at the same time that I was endeavoring to return home. He recognized me and bowed, but about that time the long brown ones commenced to play ping-pong with the helpless little pussy-cafés in my interior, and I thought I saw a boon companion of mine. I saluted him joyously, and cried out, "H'llo, ol' pal -jus' wanted t' ask you if you could lend me a few bucks till Thursday night-you know me-you know-" But the Dean passed on without responding, and at this moment the absinthe fog lifted from my confused brain and I realized with whom I had been speaking, and tried to make myself believe I had been dreaming. A sudden coldness came over me. Little drops of alcohol stood out on my forehead, and I felt about as happy as a plugged three-cent piece. I staggered home at 3 A. M. But let us draw a kindly curtain.

Did I again imbibe? Not as a student of the University, my son. Believe me! For not many moons thereafter I "withdrew" from the University. And just in passing let me remark that if you are asked to "withdraw" do not come home with "sore eyes," or in the way little Ted Barclay did from college years ago. Ted reappeared with the tale that his delicate health had



been broken down from over-study, and that the Faculty had told him that they hated to see him leave worse than anyone else they knew of. However, his father went down later to find out about things, and discovered that his son had divided his time between attendance at class No. XIII in Money and Banking, under Prof. Faro, at 12 P. M., and class No. XXIII in Higher Mathematics, under Prof. Grabb. (The class-card system was used even then.)

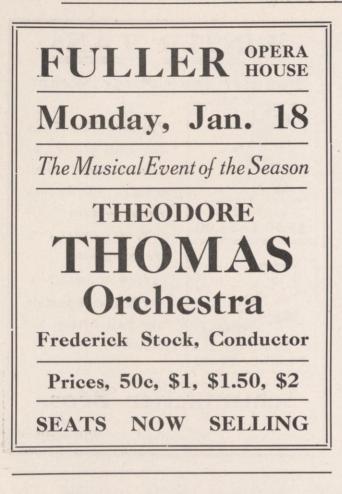
Understand, I just mentionTed in a general way, so as to warn you against the futility of deceit.

Carry out your good resolutions. Don't fall down on them merely because a bunch of yellow, wabbly-legged quitters have done so. Old Jim Black's rule is a good one. Jim used to remark, in a sage manner, after biting off about four square inches of 'chawin'," 'know where you stand every time you wind your watch," and I'll leave that for my get-away this time.

I am sending you a check for fifty that you may purchase a watch with which to watch yourself.

Your affectionate father,

GRAHAM CRACKER.



Prom like Truth once squashed to earth Has risen to be V-plunk; Quite right. We saw the three-plunk kind. Great Pharaoh, it was D punk.



Astronomical Observations



A Star of the First Magnitude

Among Men of Note

Mr. E. A. Birge, of Madison, Wis., is said to have the largest and most valuable collection of railway time-tables in the state.

Prof. E. A. Ross, the famous Sociologist, maintains that total prohibition is the only possible means of preventing the rapid decay of American universities.

Dr. J. C. Elsom, A. B., Ph. D., M. D., B. S., probably the greatest surgeon India has produced, is in London representing his country at the annual meeting of the International Medical Congress and Association of Misfit Photographers.

Professor Louis Kahlenberg, the eminent German chemist, has recently perfected a process whereby solid ice may be transformed into water.

Carl Russell Fish, the historian, is in Europe doing special research work to ascertain the true age of Ann. He is also reporting Vatican news for an American Cardinal.

R. G. Cole, America's greatest composer, has just published a touching little ditty entitled: "What Will We do with Teddy when the Fourth of March Comes Ronnd;" or "His Prom Girl Worked in Keeley's Long Ago."

The latest work from the pen of Prof. Sellery, and one destined to make a hit in international diplomatic circles, is: "Coeducation and the Decline of the Merry Widow Waltz." "Why Does a Barn Dance?" is to be his next great work. —"Baby Doll."

Tne Sphinx Beauty Contest

(Continued from pugs 86)

Send all photographs, plans, specifications and pictorial comments to Manager of the Beauty Contest, c/o Sphinx, Madison, Wis. He will forward them to the committee at once, and action will be taken as soon as possible in order to get the decisions out at an early date. The Prizes are keen to be off for their rightful owners, and we ourselves can scarcely restrain our impatience to greet the happy gathering of Wisconsin's pulchritudinous with shouts of well-won applause.

Come in early and avoid the rush. Do it now. Soon the bitter round of Exams will be upon you, and then the wild gayety of the Prom time reaction-and then the other reaction that comes after that.

Here is the chance of a lifetime to become immortal.

Some brazen knockers have had the impudence to hint that all Wis girls are not Raving Beauties. THE SPHINX will do all in her power to disprove these base insinuations. It's up to you, girls, to help her do it.

"Dad burn it!" remarked the Short-Horn as he threw his clothes on the side of the gym. tank preparatory to jumping in. "This be dum near as good as our place in the pasture, but I'll be gol durned if I don't miss the sand bottom!"

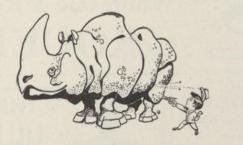
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License 1268-Registered

-"What sort of dance do you enjoy most, Mr. Dubb?" queried the sweet one. The Ignorant—"Why-er-(Happy thought

strikes him), the Salome."

Then he wondered why the dear girl fainted.



THE RHINO

Is too thick-skinned to be easily convinced. He's like the average buyer. None the less, an "argument" of heavy calibre will penetrate his hide. Because other hatters have found you thick skinned to their propositions it doesn't signify that values of the right calibre won't "penetrate."



HATTERS & FURRIERS



Two Fifths under Parky

The largest display of New High Grade Furniture ever shown in Madison

Bailey Mercantile Co. **418 State Street**

and at display room over College Book Store

BETTER FURNITURE AT LOWER PRICES

BOOK **412 STATE STREET**



COLLEGE

Use a Parker Pen **One Week** Free

along without it then your money refunded.

STORE

If you can get

Milmaukee National

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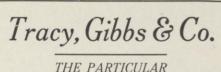
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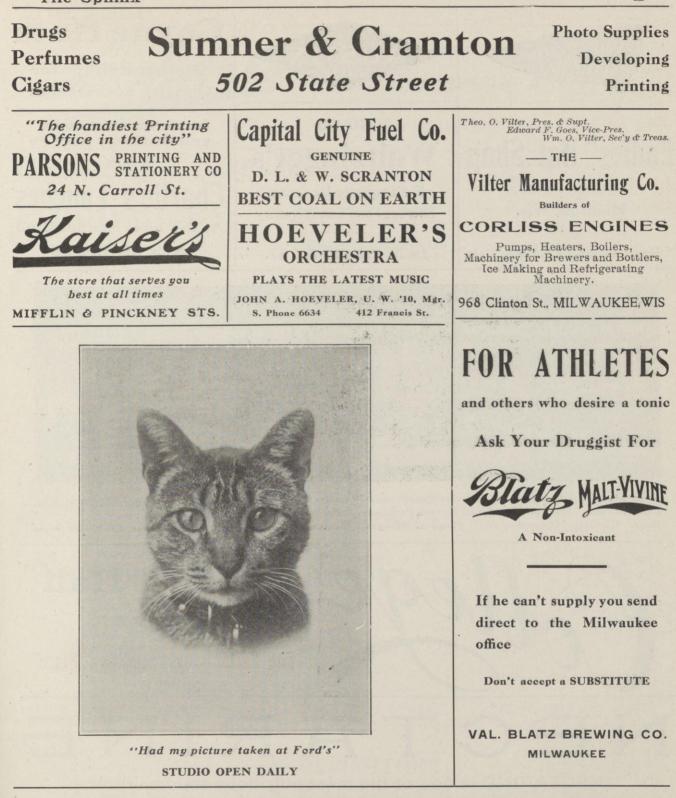
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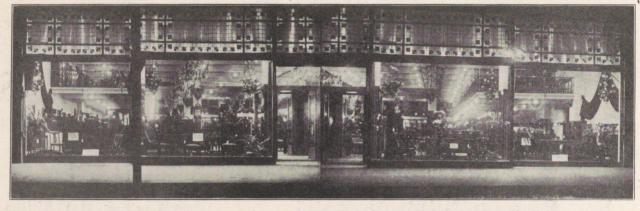
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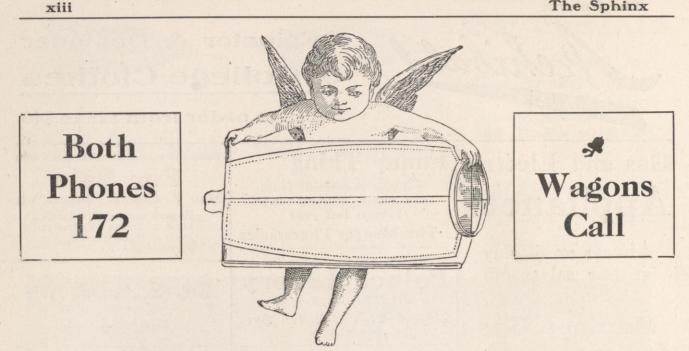
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