

# The Sphinx. [Vol. 8, No. 15] [May 1907]

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, [May 1907]

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#### Interscholastic

Well-they're here again. Some of the rural bunch With a lunch In a shoe box. Also the candy kids from Milwaukee with mauve sox. He-rushees; and she-rushees. With a body-guard of glad-handing Greeks In their niftiest seventeen-creased coats and windiest breeks. Clumps of shy, long-legged kids With an inquiring air and obvious colored lids Filtering through the Latin Quarter to the Camp-As usual dam damp. Other fellows, with suit cases-And a worried combination Of cold-feet and patriotic exaltation On their faces-Indicating they are presently slated To perform-in garb highly abbreviated. Pipe that thin one All in a shiver Standing round till it's time for him to run His heat And maybe pull a point or so out of the meet For the glory of the new H. S. of Chicory River. -1sk. It's over-The last one I'll see-Five years since I came rubbering out here Gee! A day like this-a draggled ribbonred-And dreams about the four strange years ahead. A dinky high school senior. Senior now, again As green on what I've got ahead, as then.



I know I need a change to something new

And bigger—yet—to think "Skidoo" From all you've known and mixed in— Madison, farewell—

> Etcetera— Hell!



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

NOTE: The orange sunburst effect on our cover is there as a compliment to Syracuse; it's their color, none of them being Irish. With all cordiality, we are hoping it looks like a lemon, during the race; but anyway, whichever crew is the best crew, and wins, we have in mind a fine Syracuse-Wisconsin combination color scheme for afterwards—with some cherry in it.





E are now immersing ourselves in a period of hospitable glad-handing. The

cheerful hand-shake will get so chronic in the next few days that it will probably leave us with localized locomotor-ataxia of the right mitt, so that we won't be able to give that artistic sidewise wiggle to the little leather box when we step up to strike the goddess of Luck for one of Fenner's good cigars.

Firstly—to the Interscholastic kidos THE SPHINX extends the right paw of welcome. She likes you, kidos, because you are Wisconsin produce, which is a pretty good introduction, and because you are a game rooter or you wouldn't have come, but mostly because you will maybe be here next year, and be a Stood, and a fellowsufferer in time of quiz or bustedness, and a partner in iniquity or Y. M. C. A. as the case may be. That's why we're all hiking along ahead of the procession and Strewing Flowers—we want you to come back for more.

E v e r y Interscholastic, since the days when Rameses was such a devil of a cut-up at Karnac H. S., THE SPHINX has got busy to correct your casual impression, picked up under the glad circumstances. Life at Wisconsin is not all peanuts and tooting. You won't have just this kind of good time all the time—but you'll have s'fficiency.

A benevolent gazabo with wispy whiskers recently spieled in your assembly room on the Sweetness of Life at the Dinky College, where you and the faculty are a Happy Family; etcet. If you yearn for domesticity, run along with Whiskers; if you feel like living more or less as a grown-up American, and don't care to ride up to the Springs of Helicon (or whatever Minerva calls her temperance bar) in a perambulator, come out here.

Secondly, Syracuse. We haven't space to tell you just how we feel on the subject—but we calculate to show you. The money we got off'n our overcoat is up on Wisconsin, but if you win out — which Heaven forefend—we know where we can scratch up enough more to help you celebrate.

Dern us! We nearly forgot St. John's. You've come here before against odds and made good; and

last year you chipped in to send the victorious frosh crew east; and you've got some enthusiasm coming, here.



WHEREAS, this is our last chance this year to knock; and whereas, the *Badger* needs it most—we will go to it.

There has been kick made on the leprousness of the electioneering. Deducting 70 per cent. for hot air, there remains more dirt than there is per square inch of gym floor-which is the worst simile we know. This does not impute that 1909 -and all preceding sophs, equally-are drabbled highbinders; it means the present system of Badger chasing puts a premium on dirt -and generally corners the visible supply.

The further kicks on the use of the frat-non-frat issue are immaterial. True, that particular issue is intrinsically damfool, and would have died long ago were it not artificially resuscitated every year for political use. The trouble lies in the system that hands the papiermaché laurel to the man who whoops the artificial and damfool issue most effectively.

It is illogical to determine a man's ability to turn out a creditable book by the ballots of a hundred men that don't know him, or of four to fifteen lit society brethren who do know him. and ought to know better than to elect him. In a wordwe elect more men to the Badger than can work, and a lot that wouldn't if they could. We will bet our office cat and Sunday galluses that the solution is a board two-thirds smaller, chosen on ability determined by competition. We hope that the 1909 board, the working 25 per cent of which will presently realize what they are in for, will be the first to root for, and work out, the mechanism of the new scheme.



WELL, this is where we get off at. We have, more by luck than good management, got out the fifteen issues you had coming. This top number is out early, which makes it mixed, for it's got to be an interscholastic number and a graduating number and a valedictory number for us, all at once, and we feel like a cross between the Australian platypus and the Siamese triplets, getting such a number out. It's like putting 1 union garment on a whole family.

We're dern glad this is done. The Spring Fever microbe is cavorting in our systems like it is in yours.

To finish, it is THE SPHINX'S custom to let you in on the make-up of next year's staff. We haven't framed that up yet—if, by the interposition of Providence none of us get our ticket out June 8 to 14, about the present board will be on the job again next year; with maybe some joggling of jobs, but the same bunch.

All but Bill Lieber. Were not public demonstration of grief unmanly, the remnant of us would gather round the official goboon and weep. Vale, Bill. We reckon you've got to go, but we cuss the luck.

Parting ain't darn sweet sorrow, Bill.

- Our maiden tear-drops fairly squirt
- And trickle down our classic beak To gooily bedew our shirt.

to goony bedew our shirt.

- No more we'll dope the dope to go Along with Girls that you have
- drew. We hate like hell to lose you.
- Oh, Au reservoir—adoo, adoo.



## Recessional

#### By Mudyard Pipling.

God of the P + —good as gold— God of a many on the Hill— Thou, with whose gamboge dukes we hold Ourselves from out Probation's mill— God of the bonehead, coach us yet, When we forget – when we forget!

The moon of batty bucking dies, Drives, boatrides, dances are taboo, Still stands our desperate sacrifice Long nights of cramming up the goo. God of the bonehead, coach us yet, When we forget—when we forget;

#### A Nursery Rhyme

This little boy went to Marquette; This little boy stayed at home;

This little boy went to Ripon, and then To Beloit—for a reason, his own;

But this little chap went to Lawrence because

His pa couldn't trust him alone.



#### Local Attraction

"In adjusting the level, alignment errors may creep in owing to local attraction." "*Elements of Surveying.*"

M

#### O, Gene Dinet can row, you bet, So please forgive this Joke: For what if he should prove to be A paralytic stroke !

-Mu.

R

"McSwigen is coming back for another degree."

"Huh? Last year he copped his A. B." "Sure—this is a sort of P. S." If, forced by fear of flunks, we use Bum cribs that catch the spotter's eye— Such cribs as verdant Freshmen use In lesser schools, hear Thou our cry— God of the bonehead spare us yet When we forget, when we forget.

From fearless dub who puts his trust In ponies, feckless stabs and such— From valiant shark who helps us bust The Profs dinged optics, keep THEIR clutch. God of the bonehead, what to 'ell— Don't be a tightwad; hear our yell. Amen.

#### **Compet Notes**

Company D, Captain Heinz (57 varieties) after being killed by the enemy while charging over half a mile of open ground, and after being shot in the back by the mixed midgets of Company F during the charge, won third money in the tin soldiers free-for-all.

The brave and heroic soldier boy who fainted from the severe strain of chewing Standard Navy while standing at attention, denounces Doc Elsom as a sham, and the Hospital Corps as a miserable drivelling fake, whose methods are unworthy of any save the most abandoned and unchivalrous mercenaries of the Epsom League. While this brave man was down, unable to use his fists, they forced into him a drink of cold tea! He asserts that although it is all very well for the Military Department to be a celluloid imitation, the stimulants, at least, should be the Real Thing.

Colonel Joachim authorizes us to indignantly deny that the medal which he wears upon his manly breast was granted him by the legislature for giving a member from Ashland county a clean shave in 43:40.

Lieut. Grover C. Rapps was tastefully and originally armed with a 12-gage backaction Winchester of the Jag-Krorgenson pattern, which, as Grover explains it, shoots by pushing on the trigger.

The Double-A Johnson rain-makers were handed a neat bunch of posies by the inspectors. Next year they will be given a real cute caisson.

Kappa Sigma copped one, two and the single-handed stunt. Later, Kappa Sigma's porch also had a case on.





## **EXTRA!**

#### **DISCOVERY OF THE ORIGINAL LIEBER GIRL**

By the Enterprising C. Me Gillette, formerly of the Souperior Telegram, now of the Milwaukee Scentinel

The Original Lieber girl is spotted at last! We do not mean she has measles. We mean that she is Found. She lives among the cucumber-bowers of the little hamlet of Esther Beach. She is fair as the morning sun on pay-day; she is so beautiful that automobilists passing her ancestral ranch have to wear blinders to keep their minds on their work, and whenever other females look at her they grind fillings down into the nerves of their back teeth and feel like throwing vitriol.

Our correspondent has dug up the true version of Bill's idyl. He was sitting out the thirty-first at a Beach Peach informal when their eyes met, without even a formal introduction. Hastily Bill sketched the lady on the laundry bill he was using for a program, and then wafted closer. One swirl in the messy dance, as Artemus Ward used to say, and Bill was loco on the subject—a monomaniac, or, as it were, Mononamaniac. The face of Tessie St. Vitus, the Oriole of Esther Beach, butted into his hourly dreams, and cast such a glamour of domesticity over his machine design that his dynamos looked like sewing machines.

Since then Bill has drawn on the motif until, according to the table in his thesis (The Influence of Back Hair on Attraction), his total consists of

> 2312 Lieber Girls 16 Skulls 1 Lighthouse.

In a word, he has made the Gibson girl look like a deuce in a bobtail flush.

While Bill is wedded to his art, the tie is strictly monogamous. There is only one Bill and only one Lieber Girl. Sometimes she is peachier than other times—sometimes her hair is done differently, from a la mode to a la Newburg, in every coiffure style but the bald-headed—but she is always the same ducky Tessie St. Vitus—or her little sister—as limned by Bill on that goldenyellow laundry slip that autumn evening long ago.

## **Expurgated Tidbits from The Badger**

#### The Limit

MADISON, WIS., April 14, 1907.

We respectfully request the Legislature of Wisconsin to pass bill 403 S., which permits no saloons within one-half mile of the University of Wisconsin.

Name, Woody.

Address, Variable, Approaching The Limit.

All men and women twenty-one years of age or over may sign this petition.

Go as far as you like in Madison; but spare Sun Prairie.

#### **Baccalaureate Advice of** 1907

9

"On to heaven" ye madly go With a Nineteen-Seven yell-But leave those senior hats behind; They really look like x ll, ! h

#### **Horticultural Note**

G. Noodles Northrup, our popular school teacher of District 614, is raising a nice bit of spinach. It has been kept back some by the late spring and the frost, but it is coming along nicely now. Good Eye, George, we're all watching you.

The editor of THE SPHINX was eating his fountain pen in agitation. "In the name of Charity, tell me a Real Joke," he shrieked through clenched teeth. For the printer waited, hungrily.

"Angell coaching the track team," suggested the member from East Troy.

The editor's hair turned grey in bunches. "I said humor, not pathos," he explained, wildly.

Bill's face lit with divine inspiration. "Doc Elsom's salary!" he cried.

Weeping foolishly, the editor fell on his neck.

## Poems You Ought to Know

#### Folding=Beduin Love Song

BY LEIGH HUNK

UT of the night I come In my Nettleton 6-plunk shoes, And my heart is a-going some With the love I bear to youse. Under thy window I stand, And the neighbors hear me sing: "I love thee, I love but thee, With a love like a kid's for pie." \*

24

Oh, the stars look old, And the wind blows cold Through the hole in my pants Where the dog took hold.

\*

14

(This justly celebrated bit of passionate genre was sung with howling success for 11 nights run-ning at the Ophia (cosy) by Bill Bewick, the boy baritone.) é

\*

Again we, rubbering, blush to see Our little high school friends In airy track-meet lingerie-Decollete both ends.

E

The department of Oratory and Eruption is to take over the gym, some time. If anything would make the bacteria get discouraged and leave their home, that's it.

#### From Teneyckson's "The Princess"

(Canto III, the celebrated Bar Room Scene.)

As out, far out, at eve we went Afar from listening ears, We fell out, the Girl and I, (O, we fall out I know not why) And stayed it seemed for years. No blessings for that falling out Have she or I, but tears. When we fall out with those we love And stay\_it seems for years\_ It is a dreadful, awful thing On which but devil's gloat, When out upon Mendota's waves, Far out upon Mendota's waves, We fall out of the boat.

#### Broke

(Correct imitation of Mike Maeterlinck.)

I cast my eyen athwart the blue: Afar, perspired the faithful Crew Upon Mendota's matchless goo-Alas, that fair expanse.

My languished eyen saw, up the shore, A crude, uncultured Cuss who wore The suit I'd sold the week before-Alas-my fair ex-pants.



See the Cuss. Why his ag-it-ated att-itude? Oh, see the whiskers on his Lower Garments! Has he spilled Herp-i-cide on himself? Why the As-tra-khan effect? What gives the pants the as-pect of needing a Shave, like ye editor of ye Skate *fournal*?

JO. KEH

This: the whiskers is what the Cuss acquires in his lab-o-rat-o-ry off the asbestos fuzz and the cotton. So this is a plan-tat-ion picture, entitled "The Cotton Picker."

Why does not the Cuss use a whisk broom on the whiskers? Because there ain't no broom. The Cuss has coughed lab fees till he is black in the face; like a blackhead. Also for breakage fees, so called because you are broke at the finish. But, fudge, child, the regents cannot furnish domes-tic comforts; they are too busy pur-ify-ing athletics to pur-i-fy pants.

See the jardiniere. It is filled with chloride of lime, to catch the pearls of pro-fani-ty that are dropping from the Cuss's lips. What is pro-fan-i-ty? Why Willie, your col-lege education has been neglected. Go and stand south of the Law Building when the wind is from the north.

#### A Rhyme o' Drew

(CREW DROOL.)

He couldn't row—oh goodness, no, He was yards too fat for that;

Nor play football-oh not at all,

Nor do the dash in 'leven flat— For basket ball one must be tall—

In base ball one must bat. So Drew withdrew (we refuse to use, The trite *skidoo* in this here goo).

To soliloquise

In the following wise: "Too much of a tub for the crew, I might be a scrub it is true, By making a sub out of Drew When it comes to a rub it might do.

- "Though I equal in weight any two on the eight,
  - Though I'm bigger than Ten Eyck, the staunch,
- There is naught I can do for the sake of the crew—

Not even to running the launch.

To start in and queer the new engineer Is shocking, indeed, to my morals;

To get in the race and try second place Is plainly provoking a Quarrels."

What 'tell did he do,

This man (named Drew)

To the crew so true?

He went out to see where he'd scare up a V To help send the bunch to the East;

He dug down himself and coughed up the pelf—

A dollar or two at the least.

He stood on the pier and started the cheer When the fellows pulled in from the row;

To the benefit play, in a praiseworthy way, John Drew was the first one to go.

He talked day and night with the races in sight,

And brought Mary Jane up to see,

Determined to shout, howe'er they came out,

For a sportsmanlike rooter was he, By gee!

'Twas thus Drew boosted the crew a few,

And THIS is the point I have in view-

What Drew

#### Did do

Can you

Do too. -Mu.



#### Wisconsin as She Is

The celebrated H. J. Corbun, of the well-known Kentucky Bunn family, author of the Cave Man, Jo-Jo the Human Ground Hog, etc., has been in our midst taking notes for a forthcoming article in the Saturday Evening Soust. By special permission we publish his naive views of our cultural dope-joint, as he passed them out to our Special Representative—Alfred Austin Rademaker, author of "My Heart is Like a Little Watch" and "Thou Kissest Me; I Wish Thou Hadst—not Et those Onions thou Hadst Et."

M.R. CORBUN is enthusiastic over Wisconsin. "You are so versatile," he told us. "A man can get anything here, from a Ph. D. to a hangover."

"Your buildings are titanic," he said. "They look like the work of some Cyclops; the Cyclopses, you know, had only one eye, and I reckon this individual was crosseyed in his." He made an epigram on the lower floor of the Library: "restful emptiness infiltrated with  $CO_2$  and surrounded distantly by expensive architecture." it to measure only 34 inches. The appended cut, which will be run with his article, was snapped by Doc Elsom, who is pacing his office restlessly now that his gym classes do not demand his entire energies.

Campus odors were of absorbing charm to Corbun. He stood for the tank and the pharmic lab, but when he sniffed the Badger election he was overcome with emotion and had to be restored gradually with iodoform.



**Backyard Contest** 

"Grateful shade is afforded by the smoke wad daubed impressionistically across the sky by the heating plant."

"The sidewalks are draped around the campus's contours like spaghetti round a tomato in One-Minute soup. The students mainly patronize the Indian trails worn by the class of 1853, however. This is lucky for the walks, for the cement is spread on the sidewalks with the delicate touch of a red-headed girl talcuming her freckles."

Mr. Corbun says of our faculty, "It is pretty fair, considering. There is nothing against it." He, however, calls the English department "an ineffective collection of rococo innocuosities." We don't know what this means, but we consider it equivalent to a slap on the wrist.

Mr. Corbun is much interested in back yards. He was particularly taken with Tubby Wheelock's, until inspection showed He is strikingly original. He does not say: "Your women are the most beautiful I have met in all my travels." He says: "Wisconsin co-eds are rarely beautiful very rarely. I have seen some queens, that make you put on smoked glasses to avoid St. Vitus Dance in the heart action, at first sight; but by and large the bunch I beheld seemed to have been passed up by Santa Claus when he was distributing the Dangerous Gift of Beauty."

"Strolling down Lover's Lane on a gambler's chance of encountering a peach, I met a S. B. A. damsel (Single Blessedness Agglomeration), I reckon she was born a member, from the looks. But I bravely moved nearer, remarking:

""Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm hoofing to Middleton, sir,' she said. "But where is your chaperon, pretty maid?" "My face is my chaperon, sir,' she said.

"I was, however, pleased with the original styles of the campus Mamies; noticeably those who wear long gloves, with their mitt protruding partially, like a half-swal-



lowed rabbit in a garter snake. But my first love is those gallus waists. Mrs. Cora Stranahan Woodward doped me the following recipe:

> "To make a nifty costume For Minerva's classic halls, Cut off the upperworks of Pa's Last season's overalls."

#### Ø

"Pete has his work cut out for him." "So? What's he handling?" "Dress patterns."

\*

"I dreamed my watch was gone last night. So I looked under my pillow this A. M. and found it—"

"What? Gone?"

"No, but just going."

#### R

#### A Wisconsin Bride

The wedding raiment I shall tell Of Hazel Green—a Boscobel.

Her floating veil of Poynette lace Fell lightly at her back,

It's Green Bay folds, which hung with grace,

Were caught au Fond du Lac. Her waist was cut a' Baraboo\* And sewn Prairie du Sac.

She wore a heavy gold La Crosse, The finest ever seen;

Her skirt of rare Geneva lace.

With chiffon a' Racine,

Was tucked with silk la Marinette And Prairie crépe du Chien.

Now, lest another large detail Of her trousseau we lose,

I might remark this maiden wore

A pair of Neenah shoes.

-Mu.

\*BARABOO WAIST: A cross between a peekaboo and a decolleté; when not in season, handy to stick photos in. Any engineer can point one out from the steps.



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Who swoons when you hiccup a half hic-

With instincts detective-

Mustache, ineffective-

We think that description is graffic.

#### X

#### Glad To!

Give 'em a shake

And give 'em a pound, And haul 'em and rattle 'em

All around.

To the beds which mother used to make

It's "23" for the 8 o'clock's sake.

And the Fashions have had an awful fall

Since the Freshmen came

To Chadbourne Hall.

-Lac.

NOTE: We were recently shocked by receiving a contribution—the one above; it was prefixed by the following little note:

#### CHADBOURNE HALL.

DEAR SIR: I enclose an inspiration which came to me while engaged in the womanly labor of "straightening" my room. Hope you can squeeze it into your instructive paper.

Certainly. THE SPHINX board are always happy to do anything in the squeezing line requested or desired by the University's young ladies.





He woke-to hear his room mate shriek, "How shall I ever get my Greek!" He woke to dive From out the bed And, hurtling at his room mate's head The Thracian grammar, Thus he said: "You microscopic-minded freak, -There!-did you get it?

-There's your Greek!"

"'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse-" Has been recited o'er and o'er,

How brave John Maynard grasped the wheel

And steered the burning ship ashore:

But since the "Cardinal" was launched A new report disturbs the realm-

How \* Ten Ecyk coached the Badger crew With stout John Mainland at the helm.

-Mu

\*TO PRONOUNCE TEN EYCK: Loosen your belt or its feminine crayfish equivalent. Take a long breath-or a tall-and-dark breath if preferred. Firmly resolve to say Ten Ike-begin to do so, then change your mind and attempt to say Tin Neck-in the midst of this hiccup. You will then have pronounced our coach's name.

#### M

We have several bunches of back copies, all of the numbers of this year except the REFORM and SKATE JOUR-NAL. We will hand these out while they last at 5 cents, the copy, Prom number 10 cents. Apply to Business Manager, 248 Langdon, by postal, or over 'phone 2127 Bell.

Any outstanding kicks will be promptly looked up if referred to same address by June 1st.



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| The Sphinx  |  | vi  |
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Delivery Hours: 8:30 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m. and 5:00 p. m.

New Maid—"Miss Soph says to tell you she's not at home." Caller—"All right, please tell her that I didn't call, will you?" -Ex.

Why is it that most of the boys prefer to do their trading at "THE HUB?" Try it on, and the chances are you will understand and "get the habit" yourself.

A. M. HILSENHOFF Merchant Tailor 302 STATE STREET



CHAS. NITSCHKE, Jr. Leader and Manager

First Class Strictly Up-to-date STANDARD PHONE 1641 BELL PHONE 870

Madison, Wisconsin



for Dancing and Banquets. Two Halls, the Best in the City.

> Our Lunch Rooms Are Now Open





My son, did you take anything at the Freshman dinner? asked the stern parent of his youthful offspring.

Yes, father, I cannot tell a lie. I took two spoons and a napkin, he earnestly replied-Harvard Lampoon.

Lewis' Family Cough Syrup

Is just the thing for you. Keeps cold from the lungs, stops hacking cough.

Try it. 50c per bottle AT LEWIS' DRUG STORE

The "BIG" Store

"B. V. D." underwear, the kind cut off at the knees, and without sleeves, will be generally worn this summer by the athletic young man. Just got started last summer. THE HUB has a big stock on hand now. Also athletic union suits.

sole leather trunk.

**OLSON & VEERHUSEN** 

Makers of

Trunks and Bags

Since 1848

"Mrs. Jones is going to give a window to the Christian science church."

"Stained glass, I suppose?" "No; paneless."-Judge.

Traveling Equipment & General Leatherware

That is not only honestly made but has a little touch of distinctive "get up" to its appearance. Try us on anything from a purse to a

**ROMADKA'S** 



Seniors should be as wise as "Johnnie Bear" and have their photos taken at Ford's. Special rates to all students.

Kentzler Bros. LIVERY

**Reliable Clothiers** 

Keep the "Best Equipped Livery" in the state (no exception) and meet all the requirements of Fashionable Driving, and to this fact is due their wide spread popularity. A fine stock of ve-hicles and well-bred horses constantly on hand for your pleasure. : . :

BOTH TELEPHONES No. 85

FINDLAY'S 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.

| Mandheling Java, 40c. 24 lb\$1.00                 |
|---|
| Mocha-Java, 35c. 3 lb\$1.00                       |
| Jubilee Blend, 32c. 31 lb\$1.00                   |
| Mexican, 30c. $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb\$1.00             |
| Java Blend, 28c. 3 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> lb |
| Rozan, 25c. $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb                     |
| Hotel Blend, 22c. 4 <sup>§</sup> lb               |
| Bourbon Santos, 20c. 51 lb \$1.00                 |
| Jamaica, 18c. 6 lb\$1.00                          |
| Golden Rio, 15c. 7 lb\$1.00                       |
|   |

And now get Findlay's Prices no other things.

81 Wisconsin

Street

MILWAUKEE



MILWAUKEE: Cor. 1st Ave, and Oregon St. CHICAGO: 198 Lake St. ST. LOU1S: 205 Board of Educatiofi Bldg. CINCINNATI: 805 Sycamore St. NEW ORLEANS: 604 London, Liverpool & Globe Bldg. BOSTON: 85-89 South St. ST. PAUL: 23-24 Davidson Block. GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.: 55 South Main St. NEW YORK: Cor. Cliff and Ferry Sts. FRANKFORT, A. M., Germany.

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## Pfister & Vogel Leather Co. TANNERS AND CURRIERS x .....Milwaukee. Wisconsin

What you want in the line of

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may be found at this store.

We have a large assortment and at correct prices.

We have the yard goods for curtains and draperies that will please you in style of patterns, and also in price.

The most complete line of Blankets and Comforters in the city.

Burdick & Murray Co.

"Get next" to "L System" clothes. All the snappy dressers at the University are. It's the line of clothing that has set every college town to talking, and is worrying the merchant tail-ors. They are shown by "The Hub" exclusively in Madison.

### ... Maybe I Was

When I see a youth with his pants turned up and his beautiful socks in view,

And over one eye perched a little round hat with a ribbon of mauve or blue.

And the fourteen rings and the seven pins that he got at his dear prep school.

Why, it strikes a chord and I say: "Oh Lord, was I ever that big a fool?" When I see a youth with his gloves

turned down and a cigaret stuck in his face.

And a loud check coat and a horsecloth vest and a half inch wide shoe lace,

And a bunch of hair that hides his ears and a line of senseless drool, "Oh,

Then I paw the sword as I say: Lord, was I ever that big a fool?" -Purdue Exponent.



## Laundry

Students-\$5.00 Commutation Tickets for \$4.25, and \$3.00 Ticketsfor \$2.60. We are making a specialty of domestic finishes.

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