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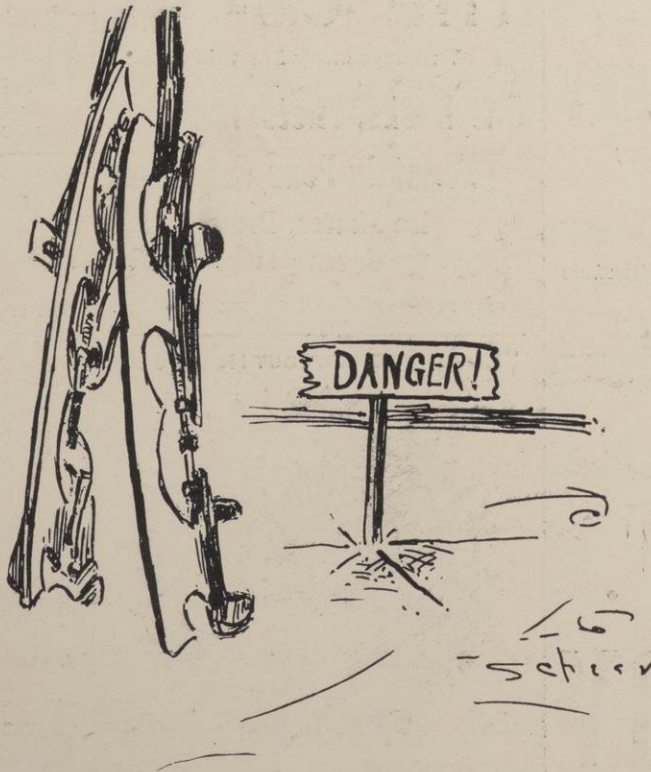
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JANUARY 12, 1900

# THE SPHINX





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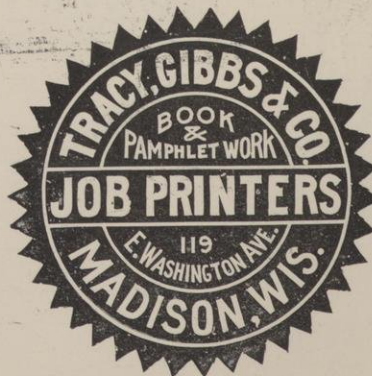
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# THE SPHINX.

utter ignorance of technique and terminology. How many of the readers of this column can state the difference between *chiaroscuro* and a Gibson girl? THE SPHINX freely confesses her ignorance, and she wants a chance to learn.



THERE are many evidences of a growing taste for art among the students—but this taste is sadly deficient of encouragement and education. Once the Self-Government Association relaxes its regard for the moral elevation of the university, it can rattle off a dozen things to give an art exhibit of real value without the least fatigue. It is an intimate acquaintance with the Chair, though it be to comprehend the good government and a collection of students and the Chair, though it be to comprehend the good one, and since Not another voice can venture out when this Gramophone is there.

THREE different waiters at a certain boarding house asked a prim, precise little professor at dinner if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked the question: "Is it compulsory?" "No sir," answered the waiter, "I think it is oyster."

## Another Argument for a School of Art.

The art exhibit was nearing that state of preparedness which would warrant its being thrown open to the common gaze. A Senior Girl who was placed upon the committee in charge because of her familiarity with art of all ages and climes, had been carefully straightening the carbon prints and removing the cards bearing many-jointed Spanish names from the midst of the Flemish paintings to their proper place.

"There," she remarked with a long-drawn sigh, as she stood back to survey the result of her labors, "I think that will do. Now Grace"—to an Admiring

(The manuscript of the following poem was found in a library building. It must be very old as no such collection existed in recent times.)

### Tommy'

When, weary of the human race  
When everything seems common  
blue,

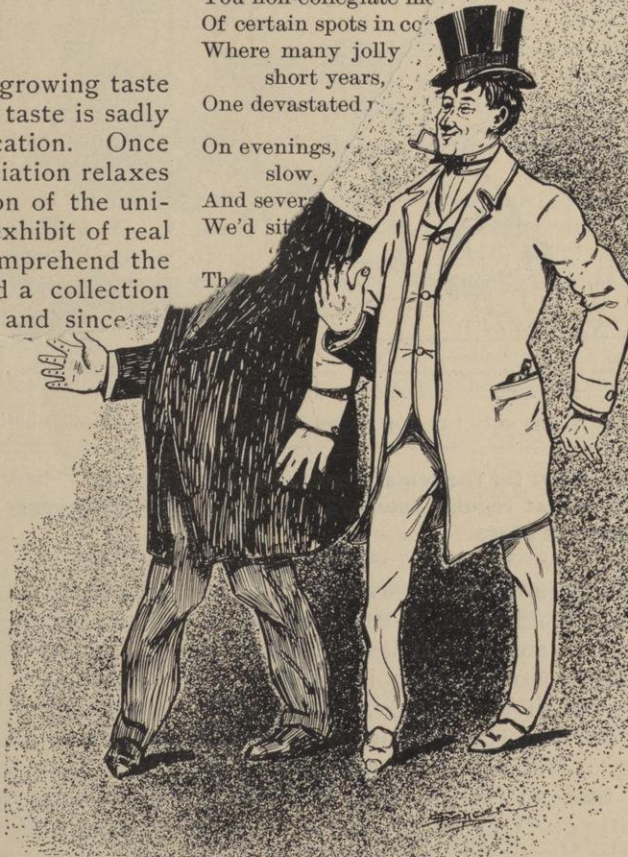
No. 7

I aggravate my mental ills  
By looking back on college

You non-collegiate me  
Of certain spots in college  
Where many jolly  
short years,  
One devastated

On evenings,  
slow,  
And several  
We'd sit

The



"Gosh—(hic) wha' blamed fool poet (hic) wrote that (hic) life s'h but an empty dream? This'h ish the fullesht (hic) kind of a life (hic).

Freshman—"do you think we need to mark those Rembrandts down there on that wall? Everybody will know them, won't they?"

"Rembrandts?" said the A. F. in a puzzled way. "What kind of pictures are they?"

The Rembrandts were labeled.  
\* \* \* \* \*

The Senior Girl was relating the incident to a Youth who doesn't know a thing about art. The Youth smiled knowingly.

But he really wasn't certain whether Rembrandt was a Frenchman or an Italian. So, to avoid exposing his ignorance, he sought to change the subject. He had a vague impression that he had once read the name Murillo in connection with pictures. He ventured the inquiry:

"Are there any Murillos in the collection?"

"Murillos?" said the Senior Girl. "What kind are they?"



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The staff will be made on a basis of contributions... 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.

The Sphinx will be sent for the remainder of the year for \$1.00. There are a few complete sets of back numbers which will be furnished at regular rates when desired, until the supply is exhausted. Leave subscriptions at the Co-op or the College Book Store.



ALTHOUGH notoriously averse to most forms of agitation, THE SPHINX is pleased to note that at last one question is being mooted which is of vital interest to all her readers, not to mention its important bearing upon the filling of her own columns. It is high time that an institution pretending to the title of "University" should at least rival the Normal schools and the denominational colleges in providing its graduates with an opportunity for the acquirement of that taste and culture which are quite essential to the endurance and enjoyment of life. This historic beast is now referring, of course, to the proposition at present being discussed for the establishment of at least the rudiments of a school of art.



JUST consider the intellectual satisfaction that would come from being able to handle long Italian terms like the one in the next paragraph (the only one in THE SPHINX'S vocabulary, and therefore

precious) with all the ease and abandon of an art connoisseur. How we could impress those who have been less fortunate in their opportunities—and what a reputation we might acquire for our amazing verbosity! Surely, even for this minor reason alone, such a school is well worth the starting. But, far above any petty consideration such as this, we might in time—and this is spoken with a due sense of its vast improbability—we might in time even rise to a height where it would be possible to admire and understand the architectural magnificence of the new Main Hall.

\* \* \*

THERE IS little that need be said as to the almost necessity of such a school. In spite of all advantages of location and surroundings, the students of this university are sadly lacking in an appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art. The apparent exception to this rule afforded by the display of both kinds of beauty at hops and proms is explained by the unusual opportunities afforded by co-education for the study of one particular line of subjects. But the general fact remains. And even when an elementary appreciation of the beautiful exists, it is rendered crude and helpless by an



utter ignorance of technique and terminology. How many of the readers of this column can state the difference between *chiaroscuro* and a Gibson girl? THE SPHINX freely confesses her ignorance, and she wants a chance to learn.



THERE are many evidences of a growing taste for art among the students—but this taste is sadly in need of encouragement and education. Once each year the Self-Government Association relaxes its efforts toward the moral elevation of the universe long enough to give an art exhibit of real value. Difficult though it be to comprehend the relation between self-government and a collection of pictures, the work is a good one, and since no one else takes it up, it is well that the S.—G.—A. should. And the show is appreciated—most of all, perhaps, by those of us who haven't the nerve to approach the Hall at any other season.

\* \* \*

WHY, then, if everybody wants it, should not a school of art be a success? The school of music has done much to civilize the barbaric mind, and incidentally has paid for itself. Dramatic talent, under competent direction, has within a few years reached a most satisfactory stage of development. Is there any reason why a school for the training of hand and eye in pictorial art should not be soon established? Only the old, old reason—that it will cost money. This, if true, is indeed serious—though, to be sure, most good things do cost money. But in this case, the example of the school of music would be followed, and the proposed departure should nearly pay for itself from the start—provided that the scale of operation be not too pretentious. The faculty of such a school should consist at first of one or at most two instructors, competent to give elementary training in black-and-white. To such an humble foundation further departments of instruction could be added as the demand for them should appear.



(The manuscript of the following poem was found in excavating for the new library building. It must be very old as no such conditions seem to have existed in recent times.)

### Tommy's.

When, weary of the human race, I yearn for "something new;"  
When everything seems common-place; in short,—when I am  
blue,

I aggravate my mental ills, and make my lot more drear,  
By looking back on college life,—and Tommy's steak and beer!

You non-collegiate men don't know how fond a fellow grows  
Of certain spots in college towns, which every student knows,  
Where many jolly nights were passed; where, during four  
short years,

One devastated many steaks, and punished countless beers!

On evenings, after "bucking" time, when things were rather  
slow,

And several fellows "happened in to waste an hour or so,"  
We'd sit and smoke, and talk or sing or some such pleasant  
"stunt,"

Then, nine times out of ten, adjourn to Tommy's "Marble  
Front."

The rooms were always taken, so we'd have to find a place  
Within the low-roofed dining-hall, where from a frame, the  
face

Of old Queen Vic. looked down and frowned on Gladstone  
opposite,

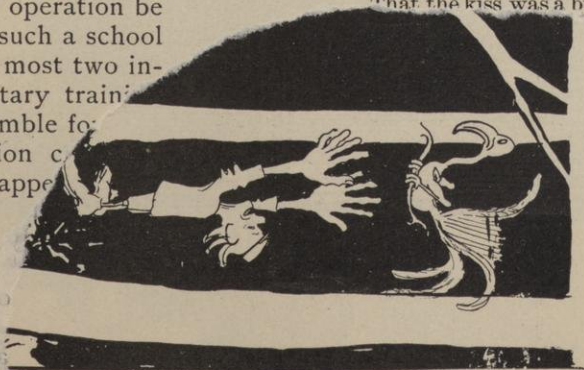
(For Tommy is a Briton, and is mighty proud of it!)

Old Tommy,—I can see him as he hurries to and fro,  
His smile becoming broader as the crowd begins to grow;  
While Matt. is busy at the bar, or superintends the "slate;"  
And Lizzie does her level best to "keep those orders straight!"

But now, alas, the time has been when I can join the "crowd"  
For supper "down to Tommy's,"—and I almost groan aloud  
When I think of all those good old times,—Great Scott! I'd  
give an ear

For one of Tommy's juicy steaks,—a glass of Tommy's beer!

AT a masquerade I kissed a lass,  
As we sat in a cool retreat,  
When she unmasked, I saw, alas!  
That the kiss was a bitter sweet.





**From First to Last.**

"I fear that I know scarce enough,"  
Said the student, "about this blamed  
stough.

But I think that although  
It is risky, I'll gough  
To my classes, and make a good blough."

But when the semester was through,  
Ev'rything looked so deucedly blough,  
That he thought his eyesight  
Must be failing him quight,  
So home to the doctor he fough.

**At Odd Moments.**

The Devil, having drawn a pair of brand-new, patent lever skates from the Christmas grab-bag, and being consumed with an unholy longing to glide with their aid over the glassy bosom of the formerly limpid lake far, far away into the azure depths of the sunset, and incidentally into the ever-present air-hole, appeared at the door with the startling announcement that his revered maternal grandparent had shuffled off this mortal coil, and that he craved a half-holiday to attend the last sad obsequies. The Amœba, too, had skated, alas, from the straight and narrow path in the joyous Yule-tide, and, sullenly raising his right pedal extremity from where it rested with airy grace upon the elegant combination pen-rack, coat-hanger, and waste-basket that had been Gladys Fitzmorris's Xmas remembrance, he directed it with a precision born of intuitive which are quite essential to the THE SPHINX is out yet. This historic beast is now referring, of course, to the proposition at present being discussed for the establishment of at least the rudiments of a school of art.



JUST consider the intellectual satisfaction that would come from being able to handle long Italian terms like the one in the next paragraph (the only one in THE SPHINX'S vocabulary, and therefore

Insurance Co. It will protect you—"

But the flippant youth, remarking that he was a free-trader, tripped lightsomely down the alley, singing, "How'd you like to be the Iceman?"

"Time was," sighed the O. M., "before these carking cares had weighed me down, that I could cut a good figure on the ice myself."

The Amœba smiled a melancholy smile that drew his trousers up above the resplendent torridity of his foot-gear.

"Is that the 'common or garden hose?'" the O. M. ventured.

"Take me for a reel!" snorted the owner of the garments.

"No—imitation," and the Amœba turned up his coat-collar.

**Signs.**

"I know," said little Jack,  
"My father's quite a gun,  
By all the folks as calls,  
And when he's mad at what I do,  
He says I'm the son of one."

**CHLORIDE**—That Mr. Senior Pharmacist quite lost his head on that Chicago game.

**SULPHIDE**—That all? Well, he's no plunger.

**Our Latest.**

MADISON, WIS., Jan. 4, 1900.

Dear Mr. Sphinx:

Will you please lit me know if you can, whether the latest num-

ber of THE SPHINX is out yet. I am informed by some one. necessary. ages O. R., '03. this uni- of the b- of exception ly." both kinds, plained by own co-education subjects. B-alk- tiful exists,

**Hans Learnum.**

Hans Learnum, one November day,  
Hied him to a quizzing fray.  
In lit. an awful lot he'd read  
Of monks and other ancient dead;  
Ordericus and Layamon, Canute and  
Abelard,  
Geoffrey, monk of Monmouth, and God-  
ric, hermit bard.

He closed his eyes on the painted room,  
To dream of Tommy's and the football  
boom.

The judge came slowly to his chair,  
Stroking with thoughtful hand, his hair.  
Five questions asked; poor Hans, alas,  
Looked at his cards and said, "I pass."  
The wise man sighed with a secret pain,  
"Ah, that some folks were not inane."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "I've flunked  
again."

**At the Pal.**

"I had a most horrible experi-  
ence the other day," said the  
girl with the cuspidor hat.  
"You know I went down town  
with Ethel to get a thing or  
two that I had forgotten to  
buy while I was home at vaca-  
tion. I had a \$5 bill when I  
started, but when I finished my  
shopping and started down State,  
I had just 10 cents, and I was  
simply famished for an ice cream  
soda. Ethel is one of these chilly  
girls, so I knew I was safe in  
asking her to have some with me."

"Goodness gracious," she said,  
"I wouldn't take an ice cream  
soda to-day for an ice boat, but  
I'll go in the Palace with you  
and wait while you have one. I  
don't see how you can bear the  
thought of one such a day as to-  
day. I'll make up in warmer  
weather."

"Well, we went in and we  
marched up to the counter and  
I put on a look of rare pleading,  
and I said:

"I do wish you'd take one,  
Ethel." I could see her shivering  
at the very idea. "It would





CALLED UPON TO RESIGHT.



THE SPHINX.



C. L. Nelson

SUNDAY MORNING—ONE PAIR.



do you good. I hate to take one all alone."

"Oh, I couldn't think of it," said Ethel. "It would freeze me stiff, but if you don't want to drink alone, I'll take a cup of chocolate."

"I thought for an instant I was going to faint. Ethel is one of those girls—well, I simply couldn't let her know I was broke; I rose to the occasion superbly."

"Oh, I'm so glad you'll take something," I gushed, "it looks so—" and here I stopped short. "O," I gasped, "I've got to go to the depot and meet my Aunt

Mary. She's coming in on the—oh! I haven't a minute to lose. I can't stop for the ice cream soda—you just take your chocolate and I'll run away. See you to-morrow—yes—awful hurry—good-bye," and I dashed out. Talk of heart failure! If I didn't have it there at that counter, it's a sign that I'll live forever. My, but it was a close shave."

"And did your aunt come?" I asked.

"She hasn't come yet," answered the girl with the cuspidor hat. "She hasn't been born yet, and all my grandparents died years ago."

### Help!!

At the Junior class meeting the following plea was sent up by the chairman of the '01 Badger Board:

"When'er you have a moment's rest,  
When'er your work is done,  
For pity's sake just think of us,  
Write up some joke or pun.  
A Badger isn't such a snap  
As many seem to think,  
And writing copy for the press,  
Takes quite a little ink."

IS there anything significant about the fact that the clock in one sorority house parlor has been stopped at twenty minutes of ten?

### The "Sphinx" Information Box.

1. Is it necessary now to understand art when calling at Ladies' Hall?—PHIL. I. STINE.

Ans.—No, a pound of bitter sweets and a clear Hallowe'en record will do much to smooth your way. For emergencies it is well to have a small, but carefully selected stock of expressions such as "grand," "product of a master-hand," "true art," "aesthetic beauty," etc.

2. Should the fad for colored dress-suits be adopted in Madison, what combination would you advise for me?—SLAM.

Ans.—A brilliant cardinal suit, with a modest green and yellow vest, tan patent leathers, and a lavender tie would harmonize with your debonair style of beauty.

3. My girl has asked me to wear my sword at the next hop. Would you comply with the request?—BATTALION OFFICER.

Ans.—No. It might lead to entanglements.

4. Is it customary when ice-boating to place the chaperone upon the runner-plank?—UNSOPHISTICATED MAIDEN.

Ans.—Established usage demands that freshmen occupy that position, but it is allowable to steer the chaperone into an ice-hole and send her ashore.

P. S.—We had a sad experience ourselves on last Monday afternoon, and I got into the water though neither a freshman nor chaperone. For more on the subject call at the office of Williams.

5. Will the SPHINX kindly assist me in choosing flowers for my Prom girl, who will wear auburn hair and a bright emerald dress?

Ans.—We suggest cabbage roses.



HOME RULE IN IRELAND.

6. Must one have an extensive knowledge of football and poker terms to pursue advantageously a course under Sonny?—ELIZABETHAN LIT.

Ans.—Such a vocabulary is not absolutely necessary, but will be greatly conducive to the benefits of the course.



Two Stages.

I.

Last summer while at summer school  
He always had her cutest bow,  
And once when boating, too, the fool,  
Cut "Bess" upon the prow.

II.

But when college opened up anew  
Her crush had faded out, until  
She fonder of a Freshie grew,  
And then she cut poor "Rob" upon the  
Hill.

For 1900.

The girl who burst into tears  
has been put together.

The young man who was taken  
by surprise has returned.

The young man who jumped  
upon the spur of the moment was  
soon glad to sit down again.

It is rumored that distance lent  
enchantment to the view, and  
now the view refuses to return it.

The man who was moved to  
tears complains of the dumpness  
of the premises and wishes to  
be moved back again.

PROFESSOR V.—What is the  
capital of Maryland?

MISS H.—Pittsburg.

In Chicago.

Teacher (to beginner's Sun-  
day-school class)—There is One  
who made the light from which  
we all get so much good. He  
made it for everyone everywhere.  
Who is He?

Johnny (Professor's son) —  
Rockefeller.

Mr. Peterson—Miss Smith, did  
you ever think of the reason so  
many of the young ladies attend  
church so regularly on Sunday  
evenings?

Miss Smith—Why for the ser-  
mon largely.

Mr. P.—Yes, and for the  
hymns.

Brown—Say, Chamberlain, I  
saw something swell at the fire  
Wednesday evening.

Chamberlain—Who was it?

Brown—The hose.

In Social History.

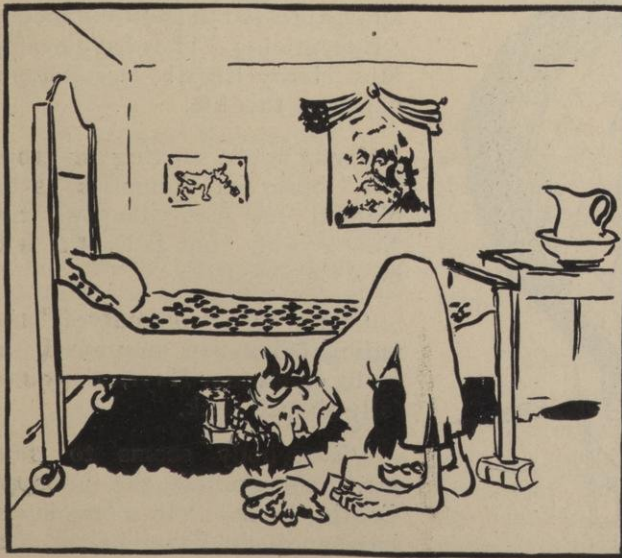
MISS X, what can you say  
about literature in America about  
1800?

MISS X.—The first faint twit-  
terings of the muse of literature  
were beginning to be heard, sir.

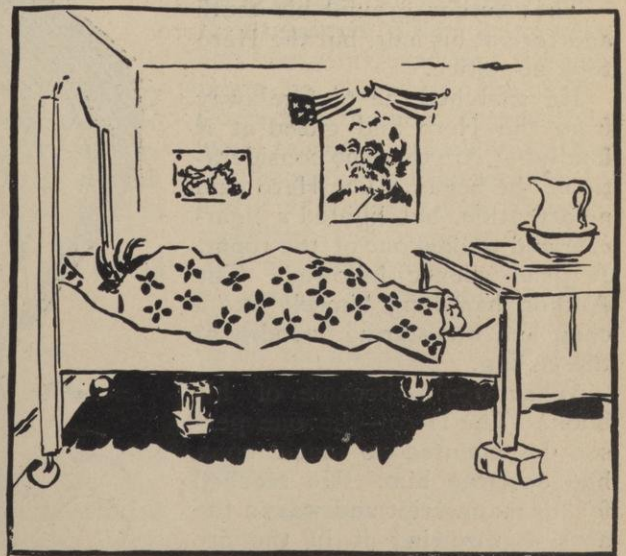
FRESHMAN—Well, I must  
go up the hill and have a  
convocation this afternoon with  
the Dean.

“DOESN'T it seem funny,”  
said a Hall girl “to write  
19— after writing 18—for a hun-  
dred years?”

Among the many tragic  
events of last week the saddest  
THE SPHINX chronicles is the  
plight of Freshman Murphy,  
who, having brought a pair of  
new shoes from home after the  
holidays, and having no foot-  
ease to make them slip on  
easily, used flour which seem-  
ingly answered the purpose  
very well had it not rained  
while he was up town. He  
got his feet wet and failed to  
take off his new shoes when he  
got home. Instead he sat with  
his feet over the register and  
bucked for three hours and  
then had to have his shoes cut  
from his feet. Freshmen,  
hereafter *don't* use flour; rather  
borrow some foot-ease.



ONCE upon a time a very reckless student placed a kerosene stove under his bed before retiring. The night was bitter cold.



After having slept, what seemed to him but an exceedingly short time, he awoke and arose very, very rapidly because—





—he found he had but nine minutes to sew on a button, dress, eat oat meal, get seventeen problems in mechanics, and make an 8:00 o'clock. Gracious, No! the stove wasn't lighted. That's where he keeps it.

#### A Success.

THE Hero shrugged his shoulders aggressively and turned away.

"You want me to fall in love with that girl?" He said after a pause, holding up a photograph—"It's impossible!"

The Author ground his teeth and tore at his hair, but the Hero took no notice.

He snatched the picture away from the Hero and gazed at it fondly—"Are there no considerations," he began. The Hero paid no attention, but lighted a cigarette and walked out of the room. A dead silence followed. The Author had flung himself into a chair and was staring moodily at the ceiling.

What would become of his book? The Hero—the one person he counted so much upon had deserted him. He reached for his manuscript and was in the act of throwing it in the fire when the Heroine walked in.

"Good morning," she said sweetly, "are we ready to begin? Where is Alphonse?" She removed her gloves and began to take off her hat when the Author interrupted her. "It's no use," he said despairingly. "Alphonse has gone, so we can't arrange a scene between the lovers. And you've just had a soliloquy—so as far as I can see there is nothing to do but to have another scene between the servants."

The Heroine had drawn her chair up to the table and was resting her elbows upon it, her gray eyes looking earnestly into his. Suddenly he was glad that Alphonse had gone. She certainly was beautiful. "Photographs can't be relied upon anyway," he said to himself.

"But I wouldn't advise another servant chapter," she said thoughtfully. "Now, confess they are a little wearisome, aren't they?" She smiled, and he answered, "Yes," very emphatically. "Well" she began, "couldn't we arrange a scene ourselves, without Alphonse?" She looked down as she said this, and suddenly the Author knew his book would be

a success, for he had fallen in love with his Heroine!

"Yes," he said quite emphatically again, "I am sure we could do it. I think we'll leave Alphonse out of the book altogether."

#### Historic Remarks.

"If that hair ever busts," said Damocles, looking pensively upward at the suspended sword, "it will be one on me."

Nero leaned forward, fiddle in hand. "Play," he shouted to the band he was leading, "play 'There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.'"

"I have such a crush on that young man," said the thumbscrew bashfully.

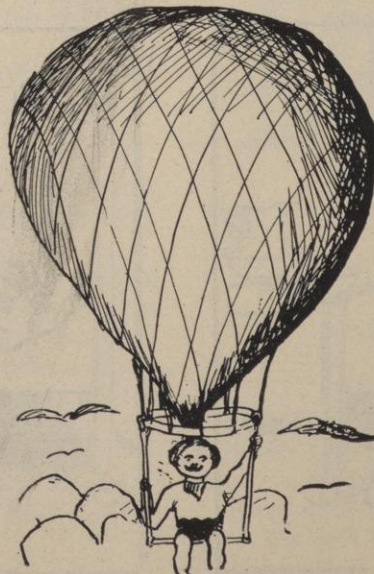
"This," remarked the criminal, as he accidentally swallowed a mouthful of the boiling oil, "is what you might call hot stuff."

Henry the Eighth's private secretary was sorting the morning's mail. "Here, Your Majesty, is a letter from old Mrs. Boleyn, saying she's coming to the palace for a nice long visit." "That settles it," groaned the monarch, and he pressed the button labelled "Executioner." The next morning Mrs. Henry Eighth, *nee* Boleyn, departed this life.

"I may not be starting a metropolis," observed Columbus as he planted his first colony in the New World, "but at least it will be a Colon station."

"I am onto your curves," the falling balloonist murmured, as he lit on Farmer Hayrick's gracefully shaped neck.

"Everybody seems to shun me," complained the unhappy Charles First. "In a few days I have no doubt I shall be cut, even by the executioner."



A SWELL AFFAIR.



# The Sphinx Bureau of Literary Supplies.

THE SPHINX has recently established a bureau for the express purpose of furnishing themes, essays, theses and any other literary productions required at the lowest living rates. Hitherto, such supplies have been obtainable only from outside firms whose reliability is, to say the least, questionable. Now you may examine the goods before purchasing, thus making sure of your money's worth, besides having the moral satisfaction of patronizing local talent.

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For Special announcement of our thesis department, watch this space in the next issue.

### The Downfall.

He pirouetted on his skates  
And cut in manner nice  
Each moment on the frozen lake  
Some new and strange device.  
But when one skate flew off, he made  
A star upon the ice.

MOST people, if weighed,  
would be found wanting  
—the earth.

### A Careless Benefactor.

WILLIE—That Santa Claus  
can't read writin' worth shucks.

JOHNNY—What's the matter?

WILLIE—A man that brings a  
tin train and a necktie instead of  
a pony and a rifle, well—the  
sooner he goes to school the bet-  
ter.

A FRIEND once urged a Pro-  
fessor to go skating. "It is  
not," he pleaded, "beneath the  
dignity of a Professor to skate."  
"No," said the Professor, "but it  
is beneath the dignity of a Pro-  
fessor to fall."

JOHNNY—(who has been read-  
ing while Count Oberwisky  
waits for his sister to come  
down) Pardon sir, but what does  
ante-bellum days mean?

COUNT—O, that,—er—that  
means before your sister went  
into society.

### In German.

INSTRUCTOR—Mr. Griesel, by  
the way, did you know that you  
are really Mr. Oatmeal? And as  
the class laughed, she added:  
At least Griesel means oatmeal in  
German.

And the next day she called  
him "Ditto."

### The New Century.

THE SPHINX does not wish to  
spoil her reputation for truth and  
veracity by mixing up on this  
question. It wouldn't do—for  
the century. But she has smiled  
more than once at the two Engi-  
neers who argued the question this  
week. They argued it from 2.00

until 6.00 o'clock on Monday last,  
and each failed to convince the  
other. At 6:00 o'clock they went  
to their respective boarding  
houses, but the excitement of the  
afternoon was too much. They  
must discuss it at table. The  
beautiful part of it is that before  
they returned to their room each  
had been convinced that the side  
taken by the other was right.  
Consequently they started in  
again to convince each other that  
the change of position was wrong,  
and at 2:00 o'clock A. M. Tuesday  
morning they were still apart.  
THE SPHINX reporter could stay  
no longer; but the material fur-  
nished is being compiled and will  
be on the market in a few days.  
Get a copy and convince your  
friends.

PYRE—Miss Wright, please  
talk about Burns.

MISS W.—I am not prepared  
to-day.

PYRE—All Wright, then.



## THE SPHINX.

PROF. O'SHEA (In art lecture)—Take the Potter pictures for instance. You see this animal. He has indicated the hair by about one hundred hairs. You see if he had put them all in it would have been very painful.

CORSETS are not worn by women as a necessity, but as a matter of form.

## Freshie's Waterloo.

Freshie got his meerschaum lit;  
Then essayed to color it;  
Now the doctor's doing all he  
Can contrive to color Freshie.

MISS C.—In Castalia, when asked to make an extemporaneous speech of three minutes—

"Miss President, I'm not prepared."

FIRST FRESHMAN—I was quite stuck on the Xmas *Cardinal*, weren't you?

SECOND FRESHMAN—Yes, to the amount of 15 cents.

## Absolute Truth.

Mr. Jones—"Mr. Roberts, what can you say about the presumption of life?"

Roberts—"Well, when a person is alive the presumption is that he is alive."

## EXCHANGES.

—A state of intoxication—Kentucky.  
—Lampoon.

—Maria—And the football captain would not let you play full-back in the Yale game? How horrid of him.

Willie—Oh, I don't know. I can't kick.—Tiger.

—At the new U. W. shoe store you will find just what you want for winter shoes and at the right prices. They cater to the exact wants of each student and make a specialty of fine repairing. You can't forget the place—708 University Avenue.

—The Funnyland clerk of the weather  
Doesn't waste his time finding out  
whether

To-morrow 'll be blowy,  
Or sunny or snowy,  
Oh! he's wiser than that altogether.

He carefully studies the past,  
And runs up a flag on the mast,  
So that people can see  
If there's going to be  
A thundestorm week before last.  
And when yesterday promises fair  
When the sun will be hot and aglare,  
People hitch a balloon  
To the edge of the moon  
And dive off and swim round in the  
air,  
For they never get drowned in the  
air—

Albert W. Smith, in the January  
*Ladies' Home Journal*.

—Novels, all kinds and prices, from  
Adam and Eve to David Harum, at  
Otto's, 228 State St.

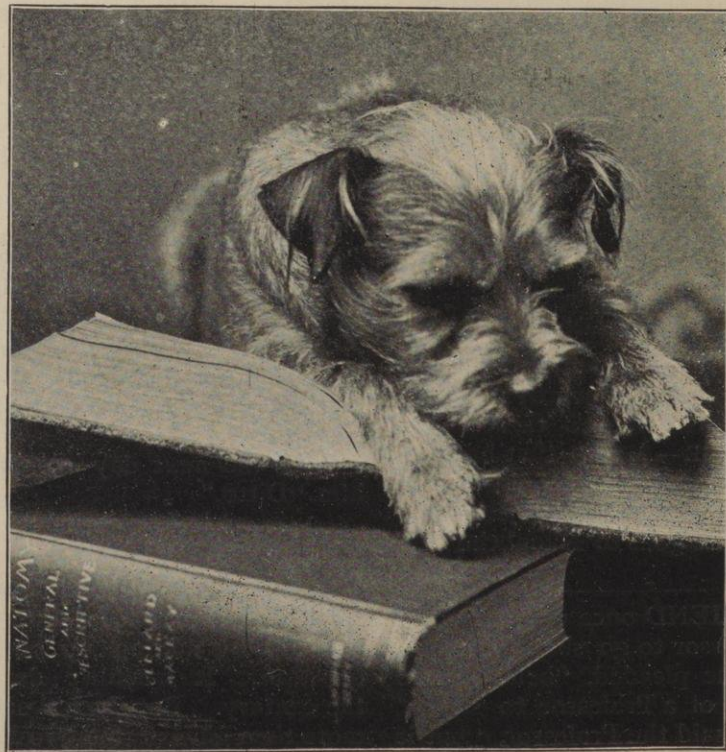
—The Russians tell a story of the late  
Czar Alexander III that upon the rare  
occasions when it was incumbent upon  
him to pay a call he would take

a gold coin bearing his "image and superscription" and twisting it between thumb and finger leave it in lieu of a card—the only man in Russia who had strength for the feat.—January *Ladies' Home Journal*.

—The author of "Mr. Dooley" gives this glimpse of "Molly Donahue's" musicale in the January *Ladies' Home Journal*: The guests had all assembled in the parlor and were waiting the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Malachi Donahue. "Something was evidently happening to Malachi, for from the bedroom issued moans and mutterings. Mrs. Donahue's warning whispers came out sharply; then there was a loud yelp of pain, 'Glory be, ye're twistin' th' neck aff me.' 'S-st.' 'Hol'on, I tell ye; don't thry to pull me through that button-hole.' 'S-sh.' 'Th' rubber on this necktie is busted. Tell thim I'm sick or dead. I can't go in.'

"'Now ye're all right an' lookin' fine.'

"'They're hitchin' up Malachi,' chuckled Mr. Dooley to Father Kelly. 'He's very ticklish. See, here he comes, lookin' like a pall-bearer at his own fun'ral.'"



Ford, Photographer.

A WEARY STUDENT.



## THE SPHINX.

—Snatched from the jaws of death,"  
the headline runs.

I read the tale. My heart with terror  
thrills.

"Snatched from the jaws of death, one  
noble man

Is saved from awful fate by—  
Beecham's Pills."  
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—"The folks down there," remarked  
Boreas, looking earthward, "seem to be  
in need of some amusement."

"Then why don't you re-gale them?"  
inquired Bacchus with a sickly smile.—  
*Wrinkle.*

PHIL—Got anything to smoke? I  
left my pipe at home and I want to  
smoke the worst way.

WILL—Here, try a stogie. That's the  
worst way you can smoke.—*Cornell  
Widow.*

—Life goes on regularly—in spite of  
*Puck and Judge.*—*Lampoon.*

—"Pedalling is very important to  
piano playing."

"Then I suppose that a man who 'has  
no music in his sole' never can play  
well."—*Lampoon.*

—HOGAN—Do you belave in dreams,  
Mike?

DUGAN—Faith an' I do! Lasht night  
I dremt I was awake, an' in the mornin'  
me dream kem thru. —*Princeton Tiger.*

—"I hear that William Waldorf Astor  
bought some shares in a Klondike min-  
ing company, recently."

"Yes, that was a sort of Asterisk,  
wasn't it?"—*Princeton Tiger.*

—Now is the time to select your pipe,  
Otto carries the most complete line in  
the city. 228 State St.

—"I hear they're going to have a new  
golf course here."

"Yes. I'm going to elect it next  
term."—*Princeton Tiger.*

—PROF.—I believe, sir, that you have  
merely skimmed over this lesson.

IMP UDENCE '03—Why, professor? Be-  
cause I seem to have gotten the cream  
of it?"—*Princeton Tiger.*

—At the Bargain Shoe Store, 432 State  
street, *good shoes at low prices.* Repair-  
ing a specialty. A. K. JENSON.

—Many a poem, deep inspiraton,  
Have I with fiery admiration  
Penned to you dear, as I but can,  
You loved—but wed another man.

Then you have gathered them together  
In piety, you and the other,  
Have had them printed o'er and o'er,  
Till they were found in every store.

Yes in this way—O what a grip;  
They raised the mon for their wedding  
trip! —*Princeton Tiger.*

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ing of ladies' fine shoes. 432 State St.  
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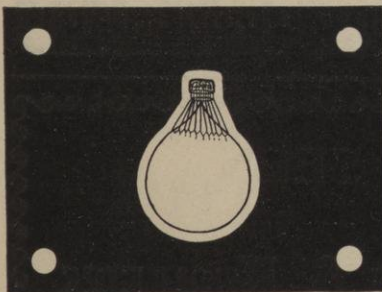
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### A BALLOON

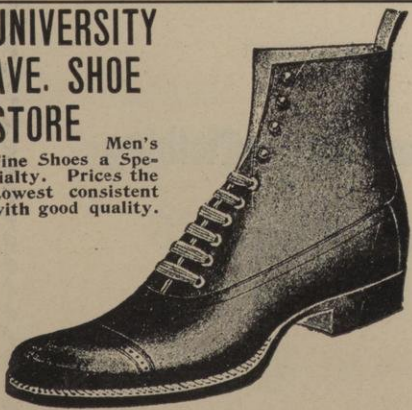
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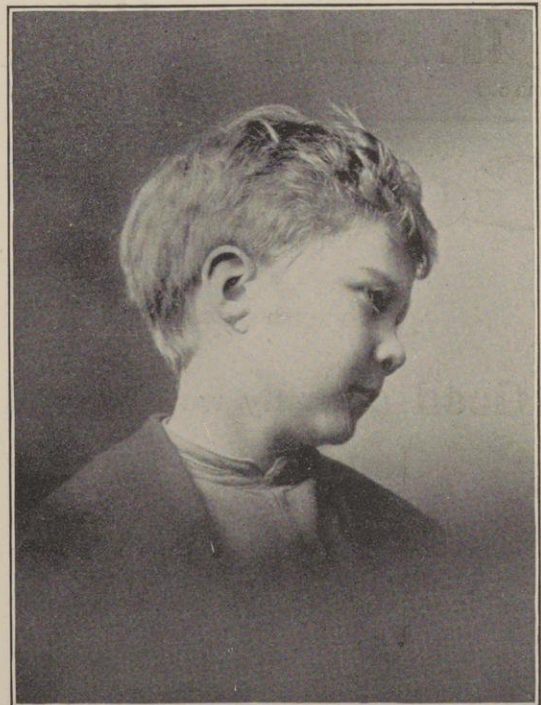
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