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The Sphinx. Vol. 8, No. 12 April 12, 1907

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, April 12, 1907

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THE SPHINX



Birdies
of
Springtime
Uncaged
on the
Campus

JO. KEHO '09.

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There was a young man named Dumas
Who borrowed ten plunks from his Pa,
But what'll I do
When this is gone too?"
He mused. "Guess I'll have to do Ma." --*Pilcau.*

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The Sphinx

Naramore, A



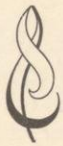
Unable Spree

By EDGAR ALL-IN POE.

IT was many and many a drunk ago,
 In a statelet down on sprees,
 That a law was made that you may
 know
 As the law of the Y. M. C. s.
 And this law was made with the sweet
 intent,
 To make suit case trips increase.

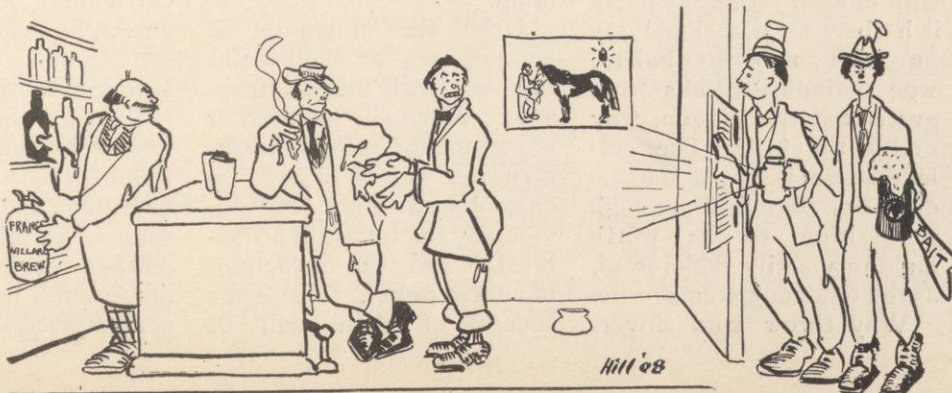
You were a child and I was a child
 And we downed 'em in childish glee.
 We drank with a thirst that was more
 than thirst
 When out on a minor spree.
 With a thirst that the busted cherubs of
 Lenny
 Coveted you and me.

And this is the reason, as kidoes know,
 That the temple by the sea
 Harbors wights who go out of nights
 To fix the clock of our childish spree.
 So that the godlike barkeep drowns
 In seltzer our frenzied plea.
 Seltzer and soda and ginger ale
 And such for the likes of ME.



Tho' our hank'ring is stronger by far
 than the hank
 Of many far older than we,
 Of many with less plunks than we,
 Never no more can they call us a tank—
 Which is a comfort to you and to me.
 Nor can squirt-goo dissever my mitts
 from the coin
 That daddy may send out to me.

The moon never gleams without bring-
 ing me dreams
 Of a beautiful minor spree.
 The stars never rise but I see the sad
 eyes
 Of Ferdy, fat Ferdy, the tight and the
 wise,
 When he turneth down you and me;
 Giving root beer to you and to me.





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.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS

(If not paid before January 1st, \$1.50 per annum
will be charged.)

Single copies on sale at the news stands and
book stores.

ADVERTISING RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION

Address Communications to the Business Editor
All contributions, subscriptions and remit-
tances for same should be addressed to

EDITOR, 644 Frances St

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



WHY should a simple one-syllable Saxon word like *keg*, *booze*, or *jag*, throw our respected university authorities into a state of chair-climbing trepidation, like a mouse in a meeting of the Ladies Aid? If the U is an unspeckled haven of dew-drop purity, as some of its defenders impressionistically paint it, why mourn? If, conversely it harbors an occasional gay guy with an absestos palate, who periodically falls from grace and the Wagon, why dodge the fact? The college souse is not a numerous or dignified enough proposition to be worth making a family skeleton of, as the tendency seems to be.

Why throw cold shivers

because our average of anti-hiccup purity does not run up to the standard of ninety-and-nine mentioned in Scripture and claimed by Ivory Soap? We are willing to stake what little reputation we have, against a yellow pup with mange, or a subscription to the *Journal*, that the U stacks up a good many per cent higher than the state which it supposedly represents. Our Stein-ver-*ein* may not be small and select; neither is it all-inclusive; it is a measurable leaven, but it'll have to go some to produce alcoholic fermentation in the whole lump.

Until the millenium or local option, we shall maintain our little bucket brigade. When six hundred or more unassorted male freshmen are wafted in here by chance each year, it is obvious, by the theory of probabilities and the principles of draw poker, that some several of them will be

classable as potential or kinetic sports. At the university of Kentucky entrants are given a sort of tuberculin test; they are tried on a pint or so of unmitigated water, and if they seem surprised and pained, and choke violently, they are admitted without condition. Unless it is physiologically possible for Wisconsin to adopt the converse of this method, we fail to see how the souse influx can be practically checked.

But—we claim the college souse is born and imported, not made. There is nothing extra demoralizing in the curriculum, except calculus and eight o'clocks, and Madison might be lots worse and still not smell. To be sure—the fond parent need not expect Archibald to be surrounded by a ring fence of cherubim and seraphim as soon as he hits college; but neither need he calculate on Archie's being made the center-piece of Fauerbach-

analian revels, conducted by Evil Companions.

The University does not teach the young idea how to get half-shot; it is entirely up to Archie.

Sure Mike, as Walter Pater so elegantly puts it; the college sport flourisheth like a green bay rum tree, within limits. But he isn't numerous nor serious enough to get insomnia over. It is futile, also, to mention him in bated whispers, as a Problem. He is a part of the University's collection just as he is a part of every assemblage outside of the Geneva conference and the Gold Cure Alumni Ass'n; but he is no more to be taken as the type of the college man than are those opposite limits of the imbibition scale, Atkinson and Graff.



We will presently hear a noise like a dog-fight in a hardware stock-room, which will signify that 1909 is electing its *Badger* Board.

Every year the creation of Wisconsin's chief literary production is preceded by a political chaos that makes the usual Prom chairmanship deal look opalescently clean in contrast. Every soph goes about with blood in his eye, a hammer in one mitt and an axe-to-grind in the other. Eventually they group about two active personalities with the chairmanship itch, one of whom makes his way to office by impromptu methods requiring the combined finesse of Machiavelli and the summer girl with seven solitaires—for he who cops his office without promising each of his sub-committees to six different persons is lucky, and remarkable.

We would be the last to whittle the finger of scorn at participants in the aforesaid picayune politics. The system requires mud-pie methods; if you'd rather be right than a *Badger* Boarder, you'll get your first choice.

The composition of the thus-got board, even when largely bone-head and dead-head, matters little; for the chairman can, working twenty-seven hours out of twenty-four, produce a book. But the literary and art part is

some different; it is not well to pick up genius by methods approximating Fenner's five-cents-a-throw game, as happens now.

On connivance with observant literary alumni, and those who have emerged dishevelled from the *Badger* mill, THE SPHINX has come to safety-pin her faith to competitive election, judged by a committee including the past year's chairman, the editors of the *Lit* and SPHINX, any available ink-slinging alumni, and maybe some profs who have not rusticated in the English department long enough to completely ossify. To these, the high browed literary cuss could pass samples couched in *Badger* style; selection, or even rejection, at their hands would be a sight more comfortable than entering a double-crossed jostle with ramping politicians; and later, after nursing the inevitable lemon for some moons, being smuggled in the back door of the board by the distraught chairman.

The Gypsy's Warning, 1909!
Beware, and do not thus
Tie peanut politicians
To the tail of Pegasus!

WE take particular pleasure just now in welcoming to the Mike Angelo end of the board a new member—Jo Keho, Pharmic, '09, of Tacoma, Wash. He comes from the *Goat*, which chews the rag at the University of Washington after the manner of THE SPHINX, here. Their loss is our gain.

The accompanying design is not an intoxicated attempt to produce a likeness of Mr. Keho. The thing at the

left is an allegorical figure, symbolizing the Gifted Contributor, to whom we extend the glad hand at any and all times. This is a good chance to remark again that there are as many open spaces on our board as there are people having ambition to prove up their ability to deliver the dope. We would like to hear from a few more—and more from the few we hear from now. Verse, prose and art (or any way, drawings), like ours, only not so



bad if possible, are ever welcome. We would particularly like to hear an occasional cheep from the Hill and Law crowds—no one from these departments has been in the eligible class since early last year.

Sufferings of the Sanitary

or

The Rejoinders of John, the Jaundiced

SCENE: The laundry office of the gym. John, the Gaunt on duty.
Enter, before the window, Young Man, in the shortcomings of his natatorium costume, relieved by a towel.

Y. M.—“Here’s a towel” (passing it through the window).

Low growls from the interior.

“Marked?”

“No.”

“Mark it!” (Towel comes hurtling through the opening.)

An emotional silence. Pride and the Instinct of Cleanliness wrestle for the mastery.

“Give me the pen.” (Cleanliness scores a triumph.) Young man writes. The Power That Is pulverizes a fresh insertion of King Bolt and decorates the interior of a nearby laundry basket.

(Explanatorily.) “It tain’t my business to tend this—this hain’t my work.”

Y. M.—(laboring with the tag) “No, I notice it isn’t.” (Futile sarcasm!)

A blow of the hammer.

Y. M.—(caustically) “Would you mind giving me a tag?”

Prolonged silence, but a slight movement that might betoken acquiescence. * * *

* * * Dallying deliberations.

Y. M.—(grabbing the tag) “S-a-y, do you want to know what I think of *you* and your blankety blank management?”

A shrug. Expectoration.

Y. M.—“You * * * ! ! — — * * ! ! !”

Window slams to.

Childish helplessness; wrathful indignation; acute pneumonia!

—*Mu.*

Vicious Versions

Hercules was holding Antæus in his chaste embrace.

“’Ods ’oons, groaned the latter, ‘had I taken in Angell’s boxing class this would never have happened.’”

Moaning in vain for Doc Elsom, he trundled his hoop.

Bacchus had just won a big pot on a bluff.

“Show your openers,” said Jupiter, testily.

Hastily throwing down two Hausman bottle keys, he harvested the celluloids, and, with a “Lively with that there ambrosia” to Hebe, he cashed in.

Paris had just given the russet to Venus.

“Had I given it to Minerva, he muttered, ‘I might have become an English instructor.’”

Appalled by his narrow escape, he hurriedly grabbed a two-by-four, for emergency, and hied him to the Damma Gelts to claim his own.

Jason was hard up and in despair when Media came and whispered stagily to him.

“Saved, Meddie, saved!” he gasped.

Hastily writing a testimonial for Æsculapius’ latest corn cure, he hurried off to touch Æsc for 3 drachmas.

—*W. A. B.*

Inspired, I rose at midnight—

O, balmy was the air!

—I gathered up the bed clothes

And piled them on a chair:

I hustled off the mattress

And grabbed my fountain pen,

I pounced upon a writing pad

And went to bed again.

No doubt, my friend, you wonder

Just why I did this thing,

You see I wished to dictate

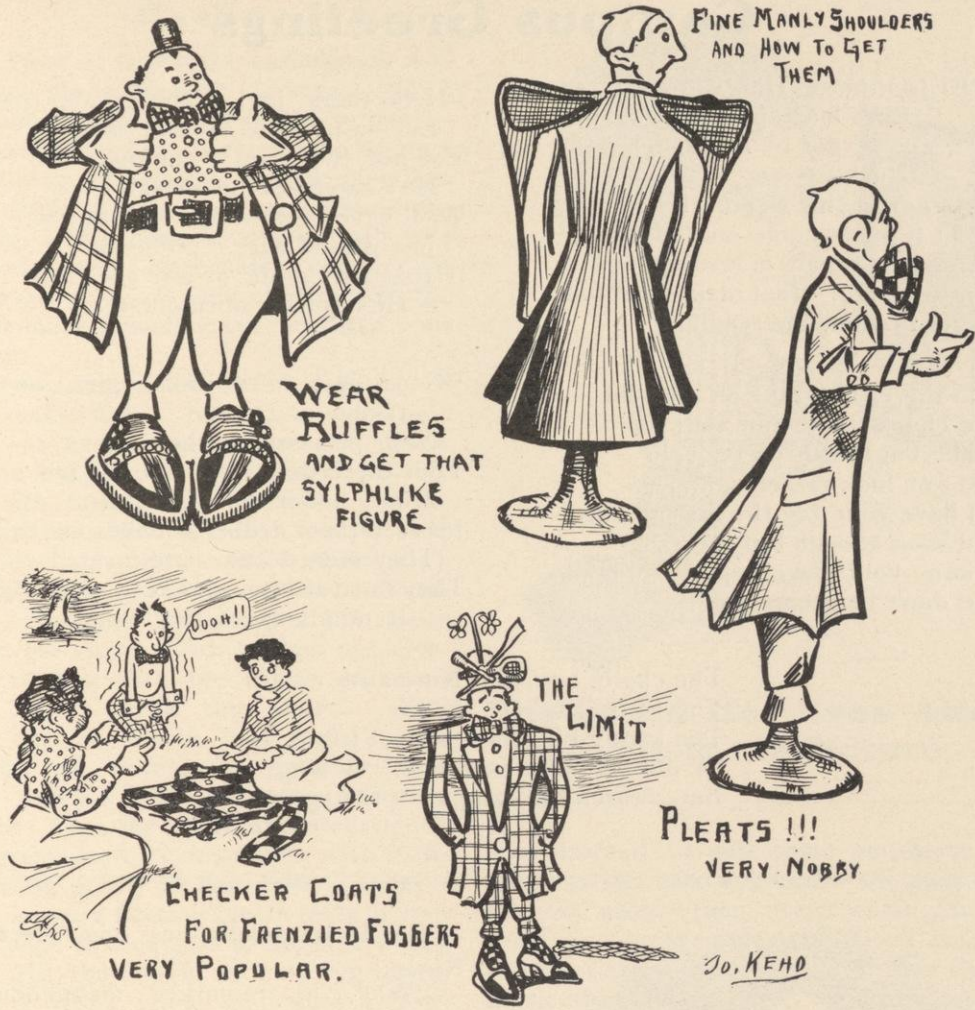
A poem on the spring.

Student Prayer

Spare the sport who spoils his wad—

Who dam’s the drill and cuts the squad.

—*P. M.*



The Scare-like Skates

By E. L. (Apologies to the *Lit.*)

I've seen Italian sunsets, and the color scheme was nice,
 I've seen the borealis spit athwart the polar ice,
 I've seen the tropic jungle in its flamed luxuriance,
Yet dern. I know no simile for college spring-time pants.
 The Real Hot Stuff, the conic cuffs, coats creased into Shakesporean ruffs
 Behind. Incendiary vests. And world-wide-windy pants.

The University G. B. B. T. (Gym Bacteria Baseball team) came out of its anti-septic dressing room.

"Who's that at the plate?" inquired the Captain, a three-eyed *Vibrio* from the Towel-room.

"Oh, Jim Itch is catching, and that's Cotton batting," replied the Orange Organism.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When you're looking and feeling flip—
 But the girl worth while is the girl who can smile
 With a cold-sore on her lip.

"Thou art a pippin, love!" I cry,
 "In fact, the apple of my eye."
 But to my plea she sighs, alack,
 "I cannot be your apple, Jack."

When Adam chewed the Fruit with Eve
 In fig-tree trunks they had to leave.
 The Curse of Clothes came down from them on—
 I bet that apple was a lemon.

Tan stockings (we are reliably informed) are much in evidence this spring; in a word, they cover a multitude of shins.

Campus Greetings

HELLO there, Hal, come on, old pal,
Let's loaf and smoke together—
You've got to *buck!*—O, hang the
luck—

What, *study* in this weather!
I'd cut it out,—come on and shout,
The Commerce team is leading,
Another score!—that makes 'em four
—Forget that outside reading!"

"Hello there, kid, take off that lid
And-chuck that coffin nail;
The lake I'm told is pretty cold
And you look rather frail.
You'll have your day the first of May—
And soon enough I'm sure:
Now mind your paw, respect the law
And don't be premature."

The cholly boy, the Normalite,
The "litter it," the erudite,
The kandy kid, the "perfect fright,"—
Of dozens more we might well sing
But—watch the campus in the spring.

—Mu.

"Hello there, Joe! What, go and row?
Let's watch the Mollies pass.
You got the weed?—confound the Swede,
He's careful of his grass!
We'll have to go—say, look at Flo,—
Just passed with a professor,
If that ain't graft, or else she's daft
—He's quite a nifty dresser."

"Good day, Miss Rake. Yes, one must
take
Some pleasure, so they say—
Your thesis done?—O yes, it's fun,
Mine's under Prof. O'Shea.
Just see them drill! It makes me thrill,
They seem so nice and formal.
They're so sedate, and keep so straight
—Reminds me of the Normal."



State and Park Streets,
?? G. M.

Zhee, Bill! The moonsh (ic) got twinsh!

The It was explaining how effective he was.

"Why," he remarked magniloquently, "I've travelled every railroad in this state, on my face."

"Ah," said the Caustic Gyurl, regarding him with a cold appraising eye, "I suppose you rode in the caboose."

And ye villein spake unto Sir Kay, saying: "To yon castell there comes eache houre ye nickle plated dude from colleyge, to fuss ye fayre daughtere of ye seneschal. Ande every houre comes it forthe agayne, with ye swifte kyck stynging ye tayle-piece of its jerkin."

And Sir Kay, being mazed in thots of hys flissie, ye fayre Erica, sayde testily, "What boots it," and rode on.

"Ye seneschal generally" called ye villein after hym.

Ye whych was considered a dern fayre joke in them dayes.

You have to wear a mustard plaster for this here spring lumbago; that's one draw-back.

Hash

"Oh Phoebe! trilled the enthusiastic 4-C girl who takes cooking lessons, "If I don't have the nicest old would-be young-looking middle-aged teacher, who wears a low-moaning-sob bodice with a piercing-shriek skirt, cut like a flash of midnight lightning, with a hissed-hoarsely train, and a hushed-voice-of-expectancy bouquet in her corsage, and low-neck sleeves with the prettiest lallapolosa that ever irritated your appetite!

"The first lesson she gives a beginner is how to make hash. She says you should always eat hash, because then you know what you are getting. (That is, hash.) To begin with take a large dish and stir for fifteen minutes, then squeeze a lemon. Add some pokeberry syrup and half as much Irish moss jelly. Put this into the salt cellar to cool while you sharpen the spoon near the gas stove. Add a spool of coffee. Strain an egg with the handle of a coal shovel. Then wash the shovel. Now add a cup of frozen ice, melted; and a flying hot Scotch to keep it from getting milky. You are now ready to subscribe for the "Hebrew-Zeitunger." Add a goose-look, then sprinkle with frosting, stirring gently all the while. Taste—and if it leaves a fleeting brown taste in your mouth, wipe the outside of the dish with a smile. Hit the dough with an egg beater and sift it with a funnel as it were. Now, if it doesn't taste like lemon-ice on codfish—why, add a heaping pinch of flour.



She Glued Her Eyes Attentively to the Picture.

Now pretend to add some pon-horse and forget to stir until you butter the pans with anchovy paste—then unstir while you add some powdered molasses. Cook actively and the hash is done. It is so easy that a horticulturist could do it; why, it's just like teaching your grandmother to feed ducks." K.

The Complaint of the Punished Pianoforte

"Sufficient unto the girl is the number of fellows thereto,"

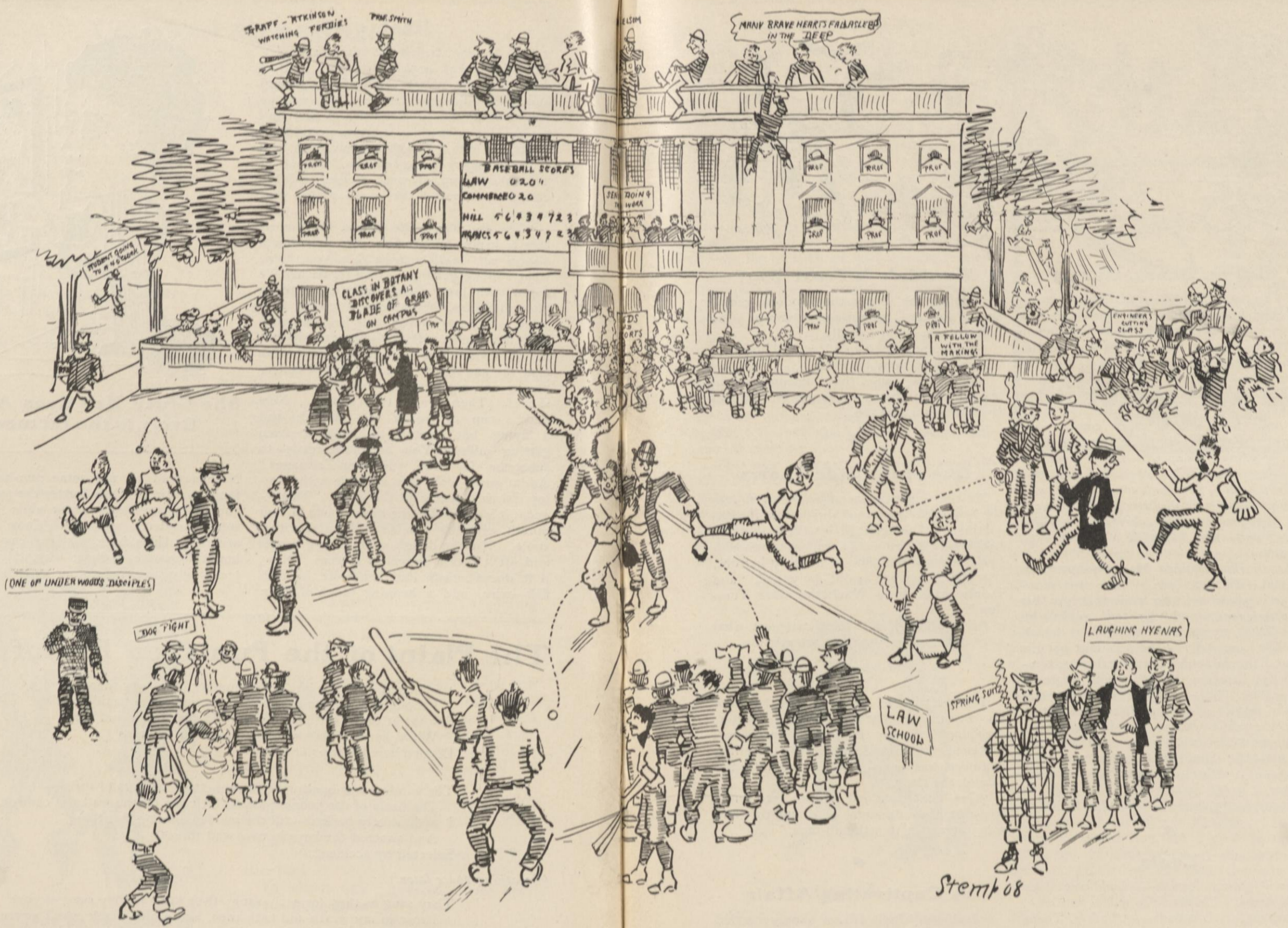
I thought as I agonized sat and harked to the maiden below.
She sat at the grand piano—loud did she stab it and long,
While her various swains in discordant refrains
Dismembered a popular song.

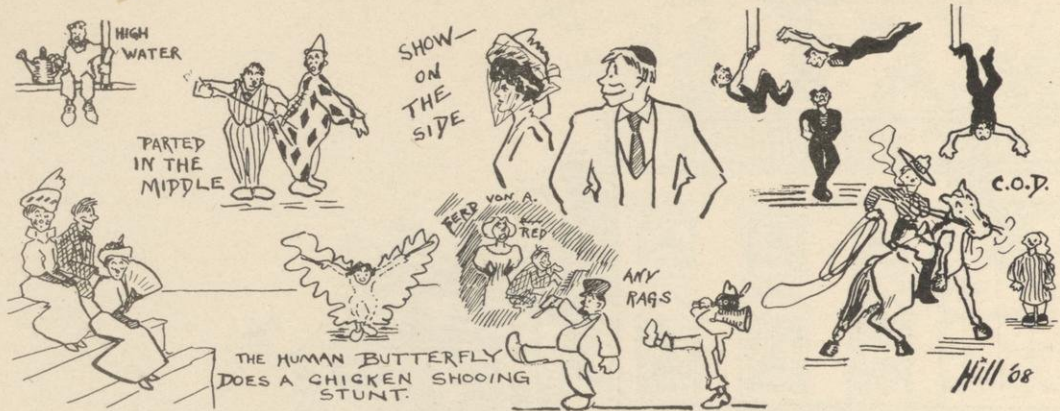
The window was open wide to cōquettish zephyrs of spring—
The heels of the people passing hit crisp on the walks of cement.
I meditatively bucked—till the maiden sprung that thing
And swatted the keys in twos and threes,
Selected by accident.

(Breathing space later.)

They sang as they formerly sang; they sang as they sang of yore.
I rose in my wrath and bath-robe, and a blue-black cuss I swore.
I slung the door into closure with a splintering, five-ton slam.
If you had been in the place I was in,
Would you say, "Oh, me!"—or "DAMN?"

—P. M.





Hurry, Hurry, Hurry!

"This way, ladies and gentlemen—quitcher crushin' there, do you think this is a sorority cosy-corner? Huh? What you smell is only the tank, ladies and gentleman—some say it's a dead cat, but it's mostly bacteria that died of overeatin'—we ain't sure, because no one ever got down to the bottom—quite safe, ladies, we make the boys take a bath after comin' out. *Them? Wax-works?* Naw, they're janitors, workin'. That Doc Elsom posin' as still life.

Have-a-look, have-a-look. See the *only*, original menagerie of Beasts. The sleepless, shapeless, unshorn, unshaven, unshingled Shark—and his mate, the pop-eyed pelican.

Here! The Ossified Man, straight from Normal. Here is three of our most stoopenjus curiosities: the man that got his *Cardinal* every night for two weeks—he went MAD, gents, tryin' to figure it out on his slide rule. *Here's* the man that got Ex under Eric; *he's* mad, or else Eric was, temporarily; I dunno. *Here's* a wild engineer in a white collar—that's what *makes* him wild. Jiggers, kid, stand back, you act as if he was safe as Parky. And *here*, gents, is our most miraculous marvel, the cataleptic kid—the Student Conference. Is it Dead—is it Alive? I dunno, and it don't matter.

Hurry, hurry, hurry—hike, hike, HIKE!!!

Louis

Investigating Parent—"And how does Louis dress? Plainly, I hope."

Explanatory Landlady—"Plainly! Them clothes are plain as an electric sign on a dark night, anywhere up to four miles."

Wouldn't It Frost You?

Outside the tents the anxious crowd surged forward, clamoring for tickets. Coe bungled the change wildly.

"Keep cool; keep cool!" came Hib's cautioning voice from the rear.

"And how can I help keeping cool," wailed Jerry; "have you forgotten that this is Conklin's ice wagon?"

One of the Side Shows

As the gigantic menagerie moved into the ring there was a loud shriek from the end section. The college souse, careening backwards, drummed a harmless tattoo with heels beneath the chair of the lady in front,

"There they are again!" he yelled, "and I only back from Waukesha since Tuesday."

All of which goes to faintly suggest what a lot of things most people are missing.

The bell tingled like an ulcerated tooth hit by the dentist's drill. The porter, dropping a sleepy ineffectual cuss-word, hastened to berth 8, where the travelling engineer was boring the button into the side of the car.

"Gee," he explained, shaken into sensibility, "I was dreamin' of draughtin' and was just puttin' in a thumb-tack."

A Captivating Affair

"And was Uncle Hiram simply carried away with the circus? "No—but his pocket book was."

The Path of a Pun

It was the morning after Easter. I was hiking uphill with the rapt expression coincident to the first 8 o'clock, when a pair of large knobby boots entered my line of vision, followed presently by the remainder of my long-lost engineering friend. He said he'd been east and seen Niagara, and a bottling works, and got as close to a Pittsburg millionaire as he could and still keep respectable. He was so full of information that he sizzled like a Science Hall radiator does as soon as the weather gets too hot to need it. And while I balanced excitedly on one leg he held me with his eye, cramming so many things into one breath that it reminded me of the after-odor of a pousse cafe. And just as I broke for Main Hall his face was bisected by a reminiscent grin and he called siren-like, "Oh, say! The best ever—you know Graff—Atkinson's left-hand man—in Pennsylvania he was rubbering down a coal shaft, and a fellow asked him, 'Say, Graff, are you looking for minors?'—miners, you know—m-i-n-e-r-s—"

But I fled, tossing a polite conventional snicker over my shoulder pad.

That joke haunted me like the ghost of Hamlet's father or the aroma of a long-since-eaten limburger. I told it to three people myself, and they all snickered and told it to three other people. At 11 I wandered onto the steps to sponge the makin's, and three junior engineers came to



Lucid

"Waal—how fer kin ye see through that ere thing?"

"All the way through, sir, all the way."

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me with the preface, "Say—you know Graff." At noon the soph engineers had it; they told it to a freshman, and when they had spelled it out he choked suddenly and sputtered cocoa over things, and the waitress raised woe. Late that afternoon I heard an iodofomed pharomic telling it to a law, and late that night I saw a poor prone pilsified commercite sobbing it confidentially to one of Caspar's goboons. Next morn the agrics caught the infection—Doc Alexander told it, and a Duroc-Jersey, overhearing, went into a decline. By night even the *Cardinal* reporters had heard of it.

The day after, the faculty, Sunny Pyre in the van, were telling it to their classes. Bredin was setting it to music in the key of A min—but what's the use. Someone said that those who hadn't heard it were now in a minority; three desperate men, led by myself, cast him in Mendota. I am strong for prohibition, but I grew to hate Graff, the innocent origin of that prairie-fire pun, with a hate like unto the hate of Prof. Smith for a gin rickey.

The end came yesterday. I wandered wanly into the room of THE SPHINX's most promising neophyte. He sprang at me with a joyous grin, saying blurredly,

"H'ray, I've got a good one for the next issue. You know Graff—"

I fell sobbing onto the Davenport, burying my anguished nose deep in the buttoned dimples of its plush. For I have always sympathized with and respected the SPHINX. "Judas," I hissed, "would you soak the tenuous reputation of that gasping sheet with a putrid old formaldehyded fossil like THAT! Judas again, and pfui on you! Put it in the *Badger* or in the almanac, but spare THE SPHINX."

It was the last straw. I write this in the Madison General; and I made them import a deaf and dumb nurse, and I made her wear boxing gloves for fear she'd hear that joke and tell it to me on her fingers.

Facts From Fiction

Liza was in the act of bounding to the next cake when she paused thoughtfully.

"How nice that the ice is breaking up," she mused; "the crews ought to be out by next Monday."

Hawthorne assumed a thoughtful pose "And why not 'The Cardinal Letter?'" he asked.

But instinct warned him. "Confound it,

there are too many looking for W.'s nowadays for their own sake. "We'll have to stop it."

Ben Hur was rounding into the home stretch! The car of Messala thundered at his right wheel. In the gallery the breathless senators clung to the railings, rigid with excitement.

"Talk about your circuses," said the junior member from Wisconsin, settling back in disgust, why this isn't in it with our biennial."

A Martial Threnody

There comes a tide in student life
That hikes us out of our gym-drill airy—
Blackly cursing the loathed exchange,
To drill with a gun for military.

Through succulent mud the faithful wades
'Neath his two-bit captain's authority;
The robin hollers a mock; fair maids,
Hang rubbering round the sorority.

E'en the little mice that scamper and fight
O'er my attic room in the black, black
night,
Sympathetically seem to squeak,
Military drill four times a week.

—P. M.

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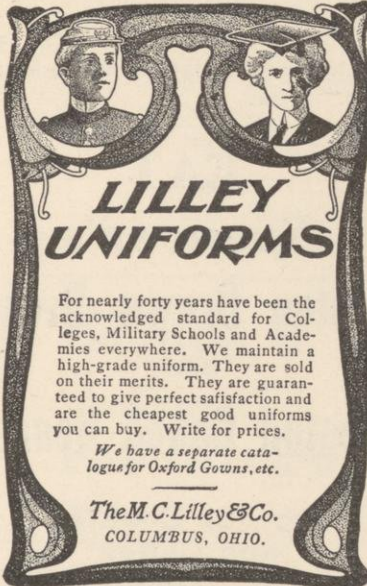
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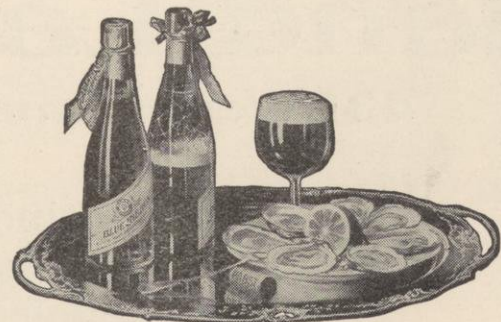
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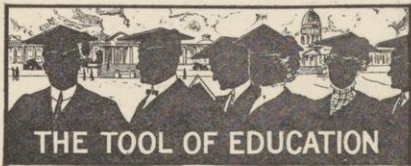
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Office Boy—"Aw, dat's all right, me grandfather was a Mormon."—*Ex.*

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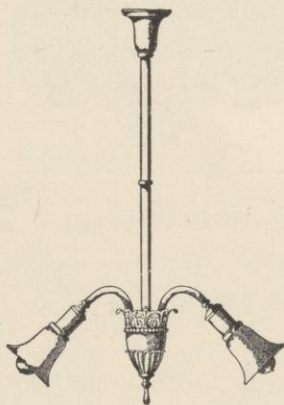
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—*Record.*

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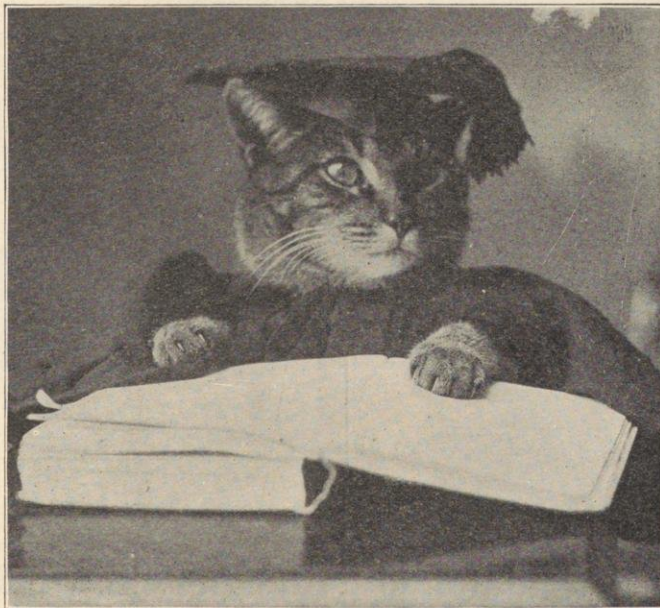
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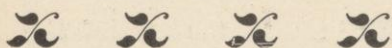
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—Ex.

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