

## The Sphinx. Vol. 8, No. 5 November 27, 1906

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## In the Good Old Winter Time

What is more cheerful than a bunch of fellows around the open fire -- with mandolins and guitars and a few bully singers?  $\P$  You furnish the talent and we will furnish the instruments.  $\P$  We have just imported from Saxony the finest line of strings that has ever been received in Madison.  $\varkappa$   $\varkappa$   $\varkappa$ 

## Wisconsin Music Co.

**20 North Carroll Street** 







## **Denaturized Prom**

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I ambled, weak and bleary,

Over many a quaint and curious sidewalk never trod of yore,— While I rambled, nearly napping, suddenly I felt a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping with a two-by-four,— "Eureka! 'Tis the Cop!" I muttered, "tapping with his two-by-four,—

Just the Cop, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak November,

And the brass be-buttoned member seemed like pebbles on the shore, Painfully I wished the morrow: —vainly had I sought to borrow

Down at Ferd's surcease of sorrow for the Prom that's gone before,— For the rare and radiant Prom that made the Vestal Profs so sore;—

Denaturized for evermore.

Presently my breath grew stronger : hesitating then no longer,

"Really, Mr. Peeler," said I, "your forgiveness I implore:

But the Socialist Committee of this antiseptic city

Has decided 'tis a pity for Mendota's spotless shore

To be smirched by things Promific and has raised a classic roar At the boisterous Prom of yore.

"Consequently, Mr. Copper, it appealed to me as proper

For a poor misguided student his crushed feelings to out pour;

So I've poured out one or two Sir, Ferd's my witness, just a few, Sir, And of course if I were you Sir, I would pass the matter o'er:

I've been spending that three dollars that's been wiped from off the score Of the Prom for evermore."

With a sweetly sad expression, like a girl's at first confession:

"Holy Shade of Aunty Comstock! I'll ne'er pinch a student more!"

Quoth the Cop, and sheathed his billy: "For it's manifestly silly

To arrest a hapless Willy who has guardians galore;-

Spotless Town needs no policemen when Professors have the floor! Superfluous sum, for evermore."

J. D. S.



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



E hat the de

E have been told that college students are a most irrepressible

lot." We heard variations of that a good deal, lately, and it has begun to hurt. When blotting-papers like the Skate Journal or the Milwaukee Sensationel write us up, only the unsophisticated and gullible yap is impressed. But when good people-ministers, Y. M. secretaries, or temperance men-say, in sincerity, that the University is undemocratic and irreligious and immoral, that hurts. There is many a worthy old mossback who forms his opinion of this University from what the papers said Bishop Faraway said at the last conference. Aforesaid mossback has a son-a nice, clean,

ambitious kid that would make the best kind of a Wisconsin freshman; but the old man reckons that Madison is no place for *his* boy, and the kid never gets to college. Which is tough on the kid, and bad for the college.

☐ We have been told that Madison is a young Sodom, with a dash of Gomorrah. Maybe it isn't Spotless Town or the New Jerusalem, but all the same it can give a young man about as decent an environment as he will find in any burg where he is thrown on his own responsibility.



We have been told that college life is as undemocratic as the United States Senate, and that for luxuriousness and expenses our social stunts (e. g. the Prom) make Roman revels look like Presbyterian quilting socials. The conception is prevalent that we are a bunch of inspired sports. Sure Mike-you find sports in this University, just as you find them in any miscellaneous lot of two thousand foot-loose young men, whether they be gathered together for shoe-clerking, drain-laying, or higher education. Some students are born sports; some achieve They do so sportiness. because they, personally, feel like it. The University cannot forcibly prevent them from doing it; but certainly the University does not help them do it.

Before knocking further, our long-distance critics would better join a cheap excursion to Madison. Let them figure up the small percentage of students who jibe with their ideal of the college rounder; let them determine whether that percentage ought to represent the University; and above all, let them specify in what ways the University works to make a man a worse

rounder than he wants to be. THE SPHINX likes to knock, herself, but she invariably tries to administer her knocks with justice. The University should receive at least that much consideration from our religious brethren.



We are not in a position to pass our usual authoritative judgement on reformed athletics. It looks good now. It is comfortable to finish a season with five cleanly-earned victories, esspecially when we remember that in the last unregenerate days of football we enjoyed four years of defeat, broken by one lone triumph. Still, without detraction of the team's splendid work under handicaps we cannot forget that our late contests would have formerly been regarded as shamefully easy fruit. We can best class them as practice games for next season. Reformed football will be on trial then; briefly, if we lick Chicago, reformed football is all right.

To our surprise and joy, the faculty seems to be backing the new athletics. They have imposed no tortuous restrictions. They have let men take con exams. But if such were their intentions, why didn't they let us know before? All last spring, we judged from the splendid inactivity of the Powers, that athletics were to be allowed to die of inanition. We have never heard just why Parsons did not run in the conference meet. If our respected authorities had been less exclusive with their information, they would have saved many misunderstandings and heart-burnings.

Just at present, the college is anxious to know whether football is to be restored to its pristine status, or not. The Powers have their data for action. The students want to know whether Wisconsin will have a chance next year to regain her old place in western athletics. Where are we at?



Were this not a reform number it would be a Thanksgiving number; anyway, we cannot let the glorious festival pass without comment, especially as our customary celebrations of it need reforming. It's a wonder the regents haven't noticed it. We go home feeling fine, with our mouths watering. our stomachs expectantly empty, and our hearts full of good cheer. While there, we gorge more than is good for us; we go fussing or cornhusking or theater-partying every night, and get home at All Hours; we lie around the house the live-long day, eating doughnuts and joshing sister and wondering why we feel so lazy. The upshot is that we straggle back into Madison Sunday night with a headache and a brown taste and that frazzled feeling. We have enjoyed our holiday.

THE SPHINX has never been the apostle of sobriety, solid or liquid. Still, she would sound a warning note as to Thanksgiving dissipation. In Madison, we are, so to speak, in training. It requires mental and physical activity to enjoy life and at the same time do the bucking requisite to keep us here. By practice, we keep in condition under adverse circumstances. Thanksgiving is the time to break training, but we shouldn't break it too far. If we do, we will sure come back feeling like two cents of Mexican money.

x

x

x

When we pland this reform number it was owr intenshun to employ the reformed speling, *a la* Mr. Karnagee, thruout. We calculated that we cood then fyr owr prufe reeder and yu wood lay awl owr bad brakes tu Karnagee and not tu us. But after strugling for howrs tu rite our dope in this stile we realized that we wood go bug-hows abowt the secund page, so we dezisted. We trust this apologee will be apresheated.

#### HEART TO HEART

We hate to introduce sordid financial topics on this auspicious occasion. But THE SPHINX has been enlarged to extra bulk, and a correspondingly enlarged subscription list will help some. There are several students in college who have not subscribed. For their benefit, we again announce that the rate of \$1.00 for the year holds good if coughed up before Christmas. We have several files of the first four numbers in stock, which will be delivered to new subscribers as long as they last.

We need not repeat the conventional bunk as to your duty in supporting student publications, especially us. You know it without telling.

Mail subscriptions to the Business Manager, 248 Langdon. Don't be tight, boys and girls.

#### DEDICATION

The *Cardinal* has issued a Y. M. C. A. number. Probably you didn't notice it, but they have. THE SPHINX, always a strong rooter for morality, hereby dedicates this sterilized issue to the same institution.

## **Building Canvass**

#### The Subscription List Makes Up in Enthusiasm What It Lacks in Numbers

#### Spew Up Don't be Tight

Association Hall is in need of support. It sags every time the Bible class meets in it.

Our alumni have been generously parting with their dough, but now, at the close of the duck season, the association has brought the canvass back to the student body. To date, the following insignificant sums have been contributed:

College of Liquors and Sins....\$23.23 College of Engineering....\$3,000 and a stamp.

(Engineers are notoriously pious.)

College of Law .....\$411.44 (Conscience fund.)

College of Agriculture.......\$49.30 (Paid in farm produce. The lambs will be used as allegories if a lion and a freshman can be secured. The pumpkins will be used in the new bowling alley.)

College of Commerce .... minus \$0.45 (That is, when our canvasser got through visiting the commerce students, he was 45 cents out.)

School of Music

(All they gave us was bum notes.)

Students! Let your purse-strings be even looser than your morals. Every one of you should be able to point with pride to our snowy hang-out, and say: "I paid for one of them bricks." Students, get that cough! Drop your spare change in the boxes labeled "Y. M. C. A.—for our health." Also, do not forget to subscribe for our official organ, THE SPHINX! All the news that won't melt the type!

#### Work of the Association

Assassination Hall is planned to be a joint adequate to meet the leisure, social, religious and philanthropic needs of this University. That's going some.

On the first floor you will find the library; come right in, smoke up, and feel at home. We have a fence around our secretary; he is a good secretary and we don't want to risk losing him. Above is a hall rivaling Flom's. Up some more stairs are our dormitories, arranged in suites for two men. Suites to the sweet.

There is a shower-bath on every floor and a rough-house on every Friday.

#### TI.

#### Remember

(Reprinted from our Hand-out Book.)

That it is easier to cough up than to tighten up.

That it does not pay to study on Sunday in an open town.

That you can't fool all the profs all the time. Crib cautiously.

That the pig race is on Thursday, right after our meeting.

That riding your wheel on the sidewalk is expensive; that riding a buggy to Middleton is still more expensive.

That it will not pay you to go out every night; stay in once a month and enjoy the novelty.

That men who succeed are trained; that elections which succeed are engineered; that men who don't succeed are conned.

That Association Hall is open to all of the men of the University.

That the dog-wagon is open all night.

That there are no quitters at Wisconsin.

#### 9

Earnest Worker—My boy! Do you realize that you may be going straight to perdition?

Flippant Stude—Worse than that. I'm going to English 47.

#### 9

#### Inseparable

"Of course," we observed, "the missionaries came loaded with good maxims."

"No," said the reconstructed but woodenlegged heathen, "the Maxims were very good, but as I remember it, they came four months after the missionaries."

This apt remark pleased us greatly for we saw in it the refining influences of civilization.

#### P

Honesty is the best policy, but when it comes to life insurance you won't find much honesty in the best policies.



#### A Pipe-Dream Prophecy

Last night I lay a-sleeping There came a dream so rare I dreamt that old Wisconsin Was purified for fair. Hnd heav I heard the students singing As they washed away our sin— They'd canned our loved' prexy And employed a Gold Dust Twin,

And heav'n itself was dissolute Compared with Wis-con-sin.

Jerusalem I Jerusalem I Wouldn't that curl your hair? I never dreamed a dopier pipe-\* \* \* \* \* \* And yet, we're getting there.

## **Dress Reform Page**

Edited by Luella Limburger (By special permission of the *Homely Ladies' Journal.*)

(THE SPHINX assumes no responsibility for the above profanity. It is a missprint.)



M EN who do things are quite often men who like to look well while they're doing. Hart, Schaffner & Marx.

#### **Feminine Fixings**

In this field I can speak with the greatest authority.

Beginning at the top: female headgear has diminished from the landscape-picture hat through the polo bonnet to the vanishing point. It is now considered quite au fait, in fact positively pomme de terre, to o'mit the lid entirely, and to allow the hair to blow around unchaperoned in a state of nature. This saves doing it up. To prepare for the street: select two Varsity sofa pillows, place them in juxtaposition, and jam the head firmly between them. Add sidecombs to taste. When your hair gets too rough-housed for comfort, it will be convenient to cut it. You can present the detritus to your steady. He can use it to stick photographs in, in lieu of the conventional fish-net, thus producing a novel souvenir.

The present weather precludes the peeka-boo; but so much interest is taken in these delicate articles of apparel, that a word as to their consruction will not be amiss. Take one zephyr, and surround it with mosquito netting.

Certain ill-advised reformers have decried tight lacing. I wish to register myself in its favor, here and now. It not only de-



M EN who do things are quite often men who look like hell while they're doing. Mart, Haffner & Scharz.

velops your own and your roommate's muscle; it also prevents you from eating too much grub, of possible high bacterial content.

The following demonstration of the disadvantages of the unlaced state is now made in every seminary and normal school: take one pillow; tie a string about its median zone; inspect critically.

I must not, however, close, without expressing myself strongly upon the Princess gown. It looks as if the owner had attempted to crawl through and had stuck half-way.

Further, I will raise my voice in favor of the reform of the long glove. The short sleeve, as worn in the salubrious summer, without the long glove, gives a bewitching Fitzsimmons effect; but the long glove oh girls, *mon dieu!* As Algeron K. Swinburne pathetically remarked:

"I do not like the long black gloves That maidens wear with empire clothes; The kid ones look like garden hose The cloth ones look like human hose."

#### Masculine Modes

The coat is the most notable feature of the present style *de luxe*. It has a tendency to extend downward indefinitely, and chase

the bottom of the overcoat underground. At the same time, the coat is becoming more capacious. The next step will be to put in hoops and produce a crinoline effect.

Trousers remain windy. (Apply to weather bureau for chart.) The cuff part is usurping more and more of the leg; economical students may obtain the desired effect with a section of stove-pipe.

Foot-gear is increasingly prominent. Size of boots is now considered in qualifying for Tau Beta Pi. Slide-rule makers are throwing in a pair of boots and a *Cambria* with every sale. The boot furthermore tends to increase upward at an alarming rate, approximating the piratical style. If boots keep getting longer and coats keep getting longer, the finished gentleman won't need pants any longer.

A modified Highland costume may be expected (see cut).

Vests are diverging more and more from

#### As Often Happens

- I muse in the chill gray autumn By the cold and profitless lake
- And my bosom is rung with an anguish More dire than a stomach-ache.

Last year I worshipped a goddess All sweetly responsive-then.

- All summer I counted the moments Between me and her, again.
- This autumn I vainly sought her And anguish was aye my lot
- Until, on the hill, I met her, Oh, would that I had'stn't not !

I smiled as I lifted my cady But she passed oblivious by

And to my imploring glances Gave out the Icicle Eye.

How often, thou fair false female Have we studied from off one book?

#### Social Rules

(All profs are hereby notified to post this on their shirt-fronts or other conspicuous place.)

BY ORDER! BOARD OF REFORM GENTS. 1. Students may attend only such dances as are sanctioned by the discipline committee.

2. No student shall hire a hack; busses will run to all official dances, accomodating 18 girls and their chaperones. Bob-sleds will be hitched behind for such escorts as do not hoof it.

3. No decollete waists allowed at official functions; also no decollete vests.

4. No further costume is prescribed; but engineers are requested not to wear their high boots, as the nails mar the floor.



the classic outlines of the bread-basket, and are taking on the rakish, flowing effect known as the marsupial.

Watches will be oftener worn after Prom time, this year.

How oft have I maimed my digestion With the fudges thou used to cook?

- Last year thou wert ever gracious Thou call'dst me my given name
- But now though thou call'dst like a siren False woman, I wouldst not came.
- Thou givest young Cupid chilblains, Thou freezest my love to ice,
- Now ne'er would I ask thee to go to the Prom——

E'en though I had'st the price.

- Thy love is a tinselly glitter Thrice cussedly false and fickle, Thou makest my life as bitter
  - As a boarding house dill pickle.
- I laugh in the darkling autumn Heraus shalt thy image go, And I nab it forth from my bosom,
  - Ha Ha, and eke Yo Ho.

5. All parties must quit before 11:30, when the electric lights will be turned out in the Latin quarter.

6. Inasmuch as some women cannot afford to employ such expensive milliners as others, all women students will be required to wear a uniform hat, to be sold by the University, and designed by the poultry department of the Agricultural College.

7. In view of the alarming revelations of senseless dissipation and extravagance among fraternities, the University will hereafter finance these institutions. All students may now secure monthly membership tickets in all fraternities at fifty cents each, provided that such students have paidup gym cards.

 $-G. B. \begin{cases} C. \\ H. \end{cases}$ 



PROM? HUH.



#### Reforms of Discourse Lunacy, Incoherence and Emphasis. From the English Department. BY MONSIEUR QUI VIVE.

It happened on an occasion of unusual significance that I dropped in to visit the class in Elementary American Literature. The day was an anniversary. Exactly a decade since the professor had first launched his yearly Joke at the expense of "the humorous bi-weekly." For nine successive years he had periodically exhumed his manuscript, and on arriving at the middle of page 62, had aired this Joke before a new generation of freshmen.

At precisely 10:30 o'clock The Joke came! Like a dynamite bomb or a cold storage egg, it burst suddenly among us. I sniffed at my smelling salts and looked about for possible casualties. Two grafting freshman girls in the front row were gurgling foolishly. The Phi Beta Kappa candidate behind them stopped note taking to force a hollow pectoral note of esoteric mirth.

The dead-game-sport on the back seat, who had blundered on to English 40 for a snap course, breathed some vigorous English into his cambric handkerchief, and looked as if he had been shot in the lung. For my part, having been conned in the course two years ago, I felt like a man choked with dust in a cemetery.

Nevertheless, at the close of the hour I approached the dais, and indulged in a clever subterfuge to draw forth the opinions of the literary giant.

"I am majoring in English," said I. "I seek advice upon my thesis.—"The infusion of gilt-edge phrases into modern English as shown by THE SPHINX from 1902-05."

"THE SPHINX!" He spoke like a man mouthing a table spoonful of Worcester sauce.

"THE SPHINX !!"

I saw the hair on his occipital lobe on the ascendant and my gum clove to the roof of my mouth.

"xxxxx!! xxxxx!! xxxxx, etc!"

As he finished he took up a small, hand edition of Parson's "Principles," and plucked an old envelope therefrom

"Here," he said musingly, "are a few lines brought forth by the recent snow storm. I have decided to sacrifice them to some student publication. Notice their Whitmanesque effluvium." Then, coughing apologetically and pitching his voice to a plaintive tremulo, he read:

"An Ode To Thanksgiving.

O, Season, sad and drear! I pause to shed a tear Upon thy passing bier. The wintry winds are hush— Without I hear the rush

Of footsteps through the sl----" "No more!" I cried, stifling a sob with the cap of my fountain pen, and grabbing for the manuscript, "Indeed, I am quite overcome! I am sure THE SPHINX will be delirious."

(P. S.—It was. The office boy touched the lines up a little to give them local color, and we offer them joyfully.)

An Ode To Thanksgiving.

O, Season, ever dear!

You bring to me good cheer And two days off for beer.

You give my nose a flush,

My tongue a coat of plush,

And though my verse is mush O, Lord, I'm thankful!

#### 9

#### **A Reformation**

He scrambled up the stairs at night, Assisted by the railing;

- His Derby hat was dented flat— Without the stars were paling.
- A bump or two—the air was blue With awful oaths he swore.
- Then, feeling round by luck he found The night lock on his door.
- A soothing draught he seized and quaffed Regardless of the label,
- Then tripped across a Turkish rug And slept—beneath the table.

We see him on the stairs again At ten o'clock next morning;

His head is high as we pass by,

His glance is cold and scorning. Within his grasp, with burnished clasp, A book with leather covers;

A hymn book and a small baton A second glance discovers;

Upon the street, the willing feet Sidestep to let him pass—

He's on the way, this Sabbath morn, To meet his Bible class. —Mu.



#### FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

(Apologies to Life, the Board of Regents, and the W. C. T. U.)

Life says this picture has reformed more tanks than all the snakes ever created or imagined. The Regents think so too; they have had the above design made up into wall-paper for the rooms of the new Press Club. We consider this sarcastic.

## **Prom Notes**

- When the sorrows of life are oppressive, And my spirit is laden with care,
- There is only one place where I'm happy, For I always find sympathy there.
- It is not a sorority mansion, Nor is it a fancy dress ball,
- As you'll know when you see me a-hiking To Kehl's new Colonial Hall.
- It is there that one's life is worth living, As you whirl in the two-step or waltz;
- You forget that your girl's not a co-ed, And don't mind complexion that's false;
- Though your varsity girl has proved faithless,

And her heart is as cold as a stone, Remember that Lizzie and Mollie

Will always be true to the bone.

Perhaps they are not as they're painted, Perhaps the perfumery's strong,

- The air may be filled with cigar smoke, Your partner may be *embonpoint*;
- But think of the hit you are making: For often such confidence lurks
- In the heart of your charming companion, That she'll tell you the place where she works.
- She is bashful and coy and so timid
- That she'll suit the most critical taste,
- And you wish that your arm would grow longer
  - So's to fully encircle her waist.
- Her features perhaps are not classic,
- Her feet may be other than small— But it's me for the girls with peroxided curls, In Kehl's new Colonial Hall.

#### Racy

"These pigs are pretty high-

The Normalite was disappointed. "All my partners are so unintelligent," he complained. "They do not appreciate the beauties of my conversation." First Stag: colored."

"Ah." we said, epigrammatically, "Casting pearls before swine." colored." Second Stag: "Sure. That's the pigment."

#### **There Are Others**

Reform is like the measles But Wisconsin caught it light, Consider: down at Syracuse You can't go out at night. You cannot smoke nor keep a dog-It gives the profs convulsions, And if you squeeze a coed's hand There straight are two expulsions, Northwestern, too, is up the flue, The curfew rings at nine, They fire you if you look upon A maiden or a stein. Compared with that, our troubles here Are really not so worse But one thing needs reforming bad

And that is this here verse.

**Out of the Past** 

De Quincey was hitting the dope. "Gee," he exclaimed, "if I keep on dreaming things at this rate, I can get a job on the State Journal."

Suiting the action to the word, he staggered to his type-writer.



The Curtiss Studio

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V

Students will be interested in the new line of 'Bench made'' \$5.00 shoes at THE HUB.

She—Modern dancing should be reformed. It is only a polite way of hugging a girl. What would you suggest?

He—Doing away with the music.—Stanford Chaparral.



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You'll find it thus in every age, The same in every man— When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"

The youth replies "Oh damn." —Columbia Jester.

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STUDENTS



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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. 2 <sup>#</sup> 1b\$1.00
Mocha-Java, 35c. 3 lb\$1.00
Jubilee Blend, 32c. 31 lb\$1.00
Mexican, 30c. 31 lb\$1.00
Java Blend, 28c. 3 <sup>8</sup> / <sub>4</sub> lb
Rozan, 25c. 4½ lb\$1.00
Hotel Blend, 22c. 4 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> lb\$1.00
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 on other things.





NATIONAL DISTILLING CO. MILWAUKEE

THE MAN WHO DOESN'T KNOW, MAY WEAR

FOWNES GLOVES

THE MAN WHO DOES KNOW IS SURE TO.



the Great Vintage of 1884

Geo. A. Kessler & Co. - Sole Importers