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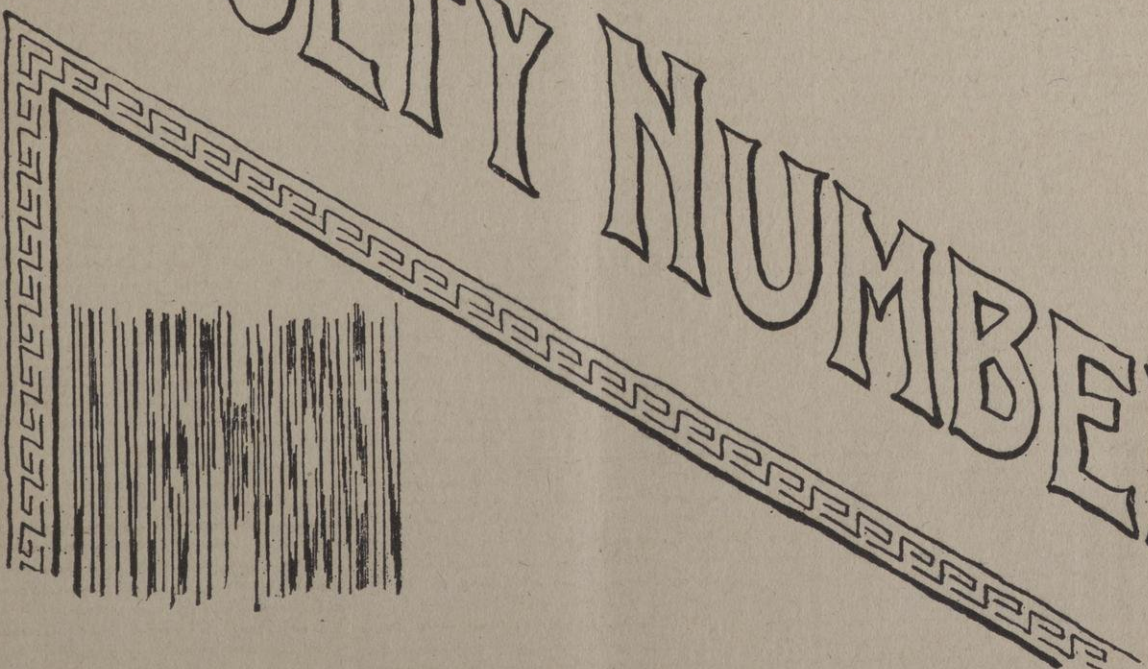
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APRIL 13, 1900

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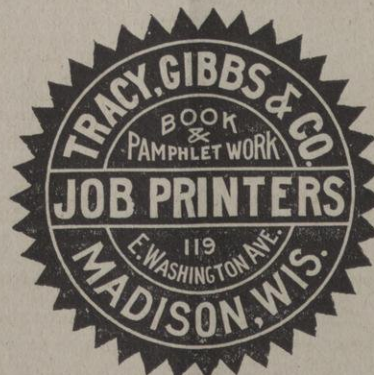
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THE SPHINX.

Vol. I.

MADISON, WIS., APRIL 13, 1900.

No. 13



I.

See those faces, ghastly faces,
Lighted up by flaring flames!
See those gliding, stealthy paces,
See those voiceless men and dames!
Are they human? Are they spectres?
Are they demons from below,
Boiling brown and venomed nectars
In the dim light's horrid glow?

II.

Are they men, or are they wizards,
Boiling blood that will not clot,
Food scarce fit for demons' gizzards,
In that red-hot iron pot?
Are they girls so wildly looking
In that black broth's scummy top?
Are they wicked witches cooking
Necromantic lollipop?

III.

See them dance around that kettle!
See each face wax red and wroth!
See them bang the ringing metal!
See them stir the thickening broth!
See the red blood seethe and hiss!
See the infernal artisans
Helter-skelter hit or miss,
Pour the horror into pans!

IV.

See that giant iron spoon,
Brandished in the lurid air,
Beat as on a brass bassoon,
Like a drum stick in despair,
Such a wild demonic tune
That the witches laugh so felly,
Laugh so like the lonely loon
That the blood congeals to jelly!

V.

See the wizards stir and stir
See the blood turn thick and freeze!
See the black cat blink and purr!
See the witches sniff and sneeze!
See them knead the horrid stuff,
Roll it, slap it, stretch it, beat it,
Will it never be enough?
Will the very devil eat it?

VI.

Ah! what mean these ghostly doings?
Ah! what means this ghastly sight,
Comings, goings, scoldings, suings,
In the dim and spectral light?
What this laughter, singing, dancing,
Witches' shrieks and wizards' nudges?
They just mean these folks are prancing
Round the kitchen making fudges.

W. F. G.



LAW TERM—Confession and Avoidance

about something I said—or not about something I said, but about something that somebody said I said. The Spinx said I said—or some prof said, and of course that's *me*—that some men spent more on the Prom than their legitimate expenses would be for a year. Now I never said that.

Anybody that knows me, knows I wouldn't say that. What I said was that some men spent more than some men's legitimate expenses would be. Now that's a very different thing. Anybody with two eyes can see it's different. One man's legitimate expenses are always bigger than another man's—sometimes twice as big. Some courses are more expensive—the ponies cost more. Now when I was in college, my legitimate expenses were bigger than any other fellow's. Wouldn't have got through if they hadn't been. You see the Spinach was way off. Now I don't want you to understand that I take the Spinx. I always read it at the barber shop. But it's n. g. See?



PROF. BRUCE'S DELIGHT.

The Professor Reviews The Spinx.

They tell me there's a paper that comes out once in a while that they call Spinach or Spinx or something like that. Do any of you read it? No, of course you don't. You needn't answer; I want to talk now. Well, it's no good—The Spinx ain't. It's poor. Now I never read the Spinach. It's been talking about me lately—or not about me, but



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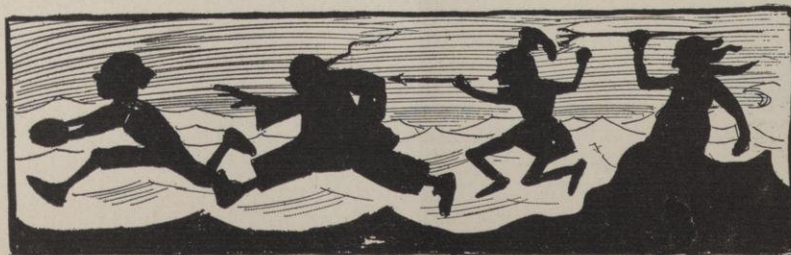
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Future appointments to the staff will be made on a basis of contributions received.

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.*

It appears that some persons, including certain aspirants after cheap journalistic fame, have found difficulty in comprehending the language used by THE SPHINX regarding recent action of the Board of Regents. In order, if possible, to make the matter perfectly clear, THE SPHINX wishes to repeat that her criticisms were directed solely against the action of the Regents. So far from implying any criticism of the Faculty, the action of the Regents were specifically condemned as an insult to the Faculty, which had carefully investigated the facts and acted in accordance. The present statement is not an attempt to answer the wailings of *The Cardinal*. Two hundred copies of that sheet are bought by the Regents, and under its present management no idea was ever allowed to creep into its columns that might injure the pocket book of its business manager. Nor is this statement to be taken as in any way a retraction or modification of any statement, implication, or criticism previously made by THE SPHINX.

ONE statement made upon information, to the effect that one of the men referred to is now in the University, has been found to be erroneous. This correction of a somewhat immaterial fact is gladly made, not out of justice to the Regents, for it has nothing to do with the criticisms passed upon their action; nor because the man himself has been injured, for all possible efforts have been made on his behalf for his reinstatement, and the information upon which the statement was based came partly from remarks of his own; but it is made solely because of the possible implication that the Faculty had yielded to the request of the Regents. It is true, blame could hardly attach to them if they had followed what was in form a recommendation, but under the circumstances might well be construed as a command. But THE SPHINX is pleased to say that they have not, and that the Faculty, as a body, has uniformly maintained its original position.



Retaliation.

Any one who is in the habit of going to the Hall realizes what is meant when "Howling Alley" is mentioned. Not long ago Professor Parker was conducting a class in music in the lecture room and added thereby to the racket.

Suddenly from the floor above there came a terrific crash, and then another. The noise continued for some minutes. At last, growing anxious to continue the class work, which had been interrupted, he sought the cause of the disturbance.

The professor was never more surprised than to see two fair coeds attired with aprons and dusting caps, carelessly throwing chairs and other articles of furniture out into the hallway.

"Ah, er," stammered the instructor, "will you kindly defer your spring cleaning until a later date? You are disturbing us below."

"That's nothing," triumphantly smiled the senior, "we are only retaliating. You disturb us all the time with your warbling and pounding, and now it is our turn to make a noise."

**A Hen Affair.**

About fifty miles from Madison and over fifty years ago I attended a college where chapel exercises were held in the early morning, and it was not an unusual occurrence to conduct the exercises by lamp light. Every student had to attend these exercises, and the old saying, "Where drowsiness is bliss 'tis folly to arise,"

could not be appreciated by any one, for a censor was always at hand.

Daylight was fairly coming, the students had taken their respective seats, and the professors were as usual lined upon the platform. A desk, in which the Bible was kept, occupied a conspicuous position on the platform. The officiating professor quietly and solemnly walked toward the desk. Everything was still and all were ready to offer thanks to God. The lid was slowly opened, and suddenly a loud cackling noise was heard, followed by a fluttering of wings, and a woe-begone, well-nigh featherless hen bustled from under the lid and partly hopped and partly flew to the first window. There was an interval of bewildered silence; the officiating professor glared about him, irate and mystified. Meanwhile the cackling hen, roaming from one window to another, was finally permitted to leave the sanctum after the students ceased their laughter and after the professors regained their composure.

J. B. P.

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ANY

At a Twelve O'Clock English.

Dr. B—tty—What does De Quincy mean in this passage by a "baubling schooner?"

The Milwaukee Freshman—A small beer.

A Hazeless Haze.



OME—where in the good old days of ten, twenty, thirty years ago, a hazing might come in

the course of nature to any plebeian freshman and carry no special distinction with it. It came, the freshman's spirit might be chastened, and yet the victim took no great joy or pride in the fact or the memory. But to achieve hazing as a junior or a senior, that were an accomplishment. Even to be considered worthy of it from the sophomore point of view and to miss it, simply in the maze of chance, that

were somewhat, that were a memory. Whereby hangs the tale:

One balmy spring night some eleven years ago, a senior and a junior were "bucking" together. The senior member, of the class of '89, we may call W. He has been a worthy pedagogue these many years, and is now the principal of an important academy in a neighboring state. The junior, S, of the class of '90, has stayed on at Madison all these years for the express purpose of being on hand to inflict this true story on the patient readers of THE SPHINX. Well, these two ancient classicals were good friends, and met together once a week to prepare their Greek, an elective two-fifths in Plato. On this occasion W had come to S's home on Francis street, where the two hours from eight until ten were pleasantly and profitably spent with Plato. (Does any reader suggest that the circle probably numbered more than three? Let him be assured that no direct evidence exists to prove that either Jowett or Bohn was in attendance.) It was a glorious night. So when W started for his home, S offered his company. The friends were in the best of spirits that evening. It may have been due to the night, it may have been due to old Plato. Alas, the night is a more vivid memory than the Plato, and one of the friends knows not now whether they read that night in the Apology or the Crito, the Laws or the Republic. Sic transit!

However, in good spirits they were, and, after turning west on Langdon street, they stopped to annoy two friends by shying dirt at their windows. The possibilities of joy in this being limited, both inherently and by the quick appearance of their friends, they sought a larger field of opera-

tions. They fortunately remembered that a sophomore friend roomed on Langdon, just east of Francis. This friend, now a successful Milwaukee lawyer, may be revealed or disguised by the letter K. Now this K was a mighty man in his clan, and his clan of '91 was a mighty clan. The classes of '89 and '90 had been peaceful, and the theory existed that hazing had been abolished at Wisconsin. This happy theory the class of '91 had rudely jostled. They started their mad career by attempting to put in the lake a graduate student in engineering, 'with a halter,' the reporters said, and New York papers copied. Then '91 used to take freshmen from their rooms on Langdon and adjoining streets and convey them by boat—the water route, it was called—to the old gymnasium on the hill, where were revived all the glories of dormitory court. Was it a mere coincidence or was it a fatality, that the old gym. went up in smoke on the very June evening when the class of '91 in Library Hall held its senior class banquet a few days before its graduation and dispersal!



MORE?

But the tale lags. This is not a history of the class of '91. Suffice it to say, it considered itself a glorious class and the aforesaid K was one of its glories. At least K always knew what happened, and there were not wanting those who averred that K always knew what was going to happen about as soon as anyone. So under K's windows W and S called softly. The window opened and K's tousled head appeared with an invitation to 'come up.' W and S were sorry to decline but really it was quite too late; however they wondered if K knew what was happening. K politely wondered. So S told him news they had just heard, how the freshmen had taken a sophomore to the old gym. and were hazing him, etc., etc. K was incredulous and stated his belief that his two friends were trying to 'stuff' him. S protested the truth of the tale. Now, K and S had been room-mates one year, and S had impressed K as being a very guileless and truthful youth. At any rate here was scent of war, and so finally K said, "I'll put on some duds and be down in a minute." But W and S chose not to remain and said they would go down the street and get out some of the boys at Frawley's and at other places.

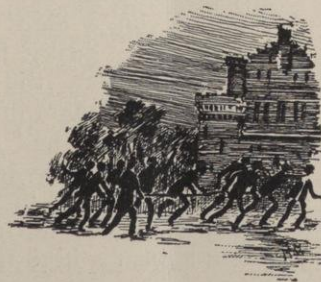
So they progressed in their Paul Revere-like task—only Paul rode and these two youths did not have even a Bohn with them. However their route was short; on Langdon to Lake, on Lake to State, on State to Francis, on Francis to Langdon, they spread the dire news and sent off their recruits to rouse up yet others, cheering them with the word that K, the leader of the faithful, would be with them soon. When these four blocks had been traversed, W and S felt tired and sleepy, they thought they had better retire—you see they really had no

standing in a sophomore gang—and so they quietly withdrew to



their homes and slept the sleep of the just.

There was a curious expression on many sophomore faces the next morning—even K looked grieved—and happy and amused appeared seniors, juniors and freshmen. By degrees the story came out. It seemed the little crowd, which W and S so discreetly left, grew to a big crowd, and the noble '91 gang went to the gym. and found the building quiet but with doors unlocked! So fortune favors the brave—and the practical joker. Hence the sophomores still looked for the hazing freshmen and the crowd still grew. After hunting the streets, some venturesome member of the posse suggested that the noble class of 1891, as represented in its fighting men, had been SOLD! When the crowd



numbered sixty or seventy and the tower clock showed the hour of 11:30, the unwelcome suggestion became conviction and the crowd dispersed, still loyal to their saddened chief but breathing

vengeance against his two perfidious friends.

The joke soon became generally known, and the noble gang of '91 suffered considerable chaffing. That might not be; so within a day or so, W and S were duly informed that, nice fellows as they were, they were to be hazed, and that the hazing would occur after the meeting of the literary societies on Friday evening. This amused seniors, juniors, and freshmen, but the sophomores were serious, and yet W and S trembled not. They told them to remember that three classes outnumbered one! So quietly as usual they went to their literary society meeting. When the meeting adjourned, W and S were offered body-guards which they tried in vain to decline. The corridors and west stairway of University Hall were packed with students and there was a large crowd in front of the building. But the sophomores seemed to realize at last that three classes were more than one and no offensive action was taken. So W and S went home in peace and missed the hazing they had perhaps earned. When S sees the stalwart form of H, a prominent Madison physician, he remembers that H, then a senior, insisted on escorting him home, even to the doorstep, on that memorable Friday evening.

Q. E. D., as the geometry used to say, viz: to show how an upper class man may earn a hazing and yet fail of payment. Whenever the affair came up between K and S in after days, K would look at S reproachfully and say, "You never lied to me before," which ought to be a sufficient explanation of this trapping of a sophomore leader, or what would become of sophomore leaders and other human relationships? But, alas! sophomore

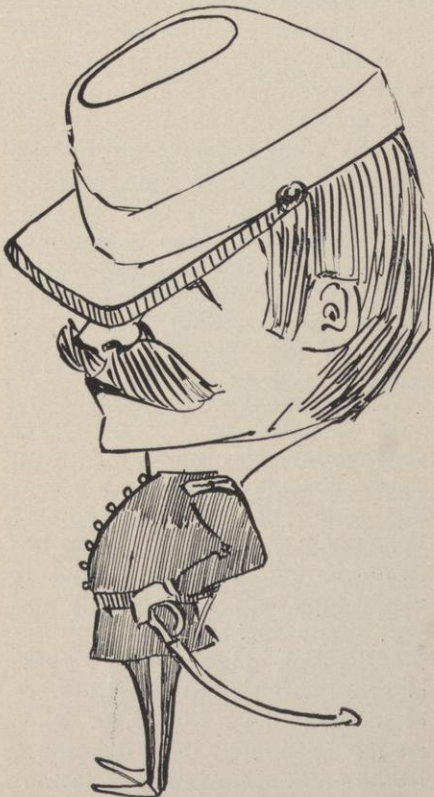
leaders are perhaps a thing of the past, and this is therefore very ancient history. S, '90.

Thränen und Küssen.

Ach! die Sonne liebt dich, Blümlein,
Blümlein mit gesenktem Köpfchen!
Und von deinem nassen Aeugelein
Küsst sie weg die Thränentröpfchen.
Liebchen! trübt die thränenvolle
Flut dir nie die Aeugelein?
Spiel auch du des Blümlein Rolle,
Und lass mich die Sonne sein!

W. F. G.

SOME time ago, Mrs. Eaton of the German department did not receive her *Scaredinall* regularly. Accordingly she made a report to a reporter, who replied: "If at any time you fail to receive your paper, just drop a kick in the box." But as yet, the instructor has not decided how athletic terms can be used in running a newspaper delivery.



CAPTAIN OF THE CRACK COMPANY.

To—Who Asked for a Sonnet.

You ask me, Lady, to indite a sonnet
To your fair self; it isn't asking much,
I must admit, if I could only touch
The proper theme and something pat upon it;
Your eye-brow, say, your soul, or new spring bonnet
And flowers thereto pertaining; topics such
As these are *au fait*, quite, could I but clutch
Them right end to; but how time flies! Dog-on-it,
Both quatrains gone already! who'd have guessed it?
I must have lost track hunting rhymes; I swan it
Seems strange, but here I am half through the sestette
In getting started, and I'll need the rest yet—
You asked me, Lady, to indite a sonnet;
I hardly could refuse—so there—I've done it!

J. F. A. P.

"What Happened to Jones."

Secret meetings of the students were severely condemned by the Faculty,—and that made secret meetings all the more fascinating. The only place that could be used for such purposes was one of the class rooms, on the third floor of one of the college buildings. All doors were carefully locked by a colored janitor, who for neither love nor money would give up the keys. To get access to that room taxed the ingenuity of the fellows for a time, but not for long. One man would simply conceal himself in a closet after the last lecture, and then permit himself to be locked in. After dark, he dropped a rope, which he had previously provided, out of the window, and awaited results. Soon three light jerks would be felt on the rope,—that was the sign for hoisting. Up would come the second man,—then after a while, another, and so one at a time they came, each giving the mystic signal on the rope, and all in perfect silence.

By and by, a certain professor began to have suspicions, and so concealed himself near the building, on a night some weeks afterward. He watched the dusky forms appear underneath the window; he saw the three signals given on the rope; he saw them in safety ascend; and when he supposed they had all gotten into the coveted mystic lodge, it was perfectly plain to him that he had them all, and by his ingenuity in making this discovery of the infringement of college rules he would appear a hero to the Faculty. Carefully advancing, he emerged from his hiding place, gave the three pulls; fastened the rope around his waist, and began to go up. How he chuckled at his anticipated victory over sinful students! But Prof. Jones weighed 200 pounds; and moreover his head was bald. A suspicion began to take root in the brains of the men above. They were not used to

hoisting so heavy a man; something was wrong. With utmost caution, one fellow looked out of the window, and saw—monstrum horrendum!—dangling between heaven and earth was the dimly outlined baldhead of Prof. J.

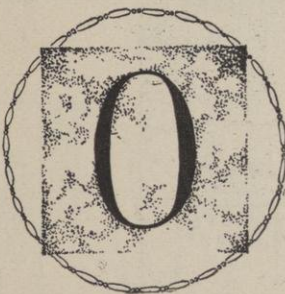
Terror, consternation, cold chills, and hair-raising fright all came in quick succession to those men in the room above; but Jack T. got his wits together first, and in a stage whisper said: "Fellows, we've got him; he is ours to have and to hold; let me fix him;" and then out of the window, into the darkness, went Jack's head, and in sepul-

chral tones, this is what Jack said: "Prof. J., you are encroaching upon the holy shrines of the Mystic Conclave; you are trespassing upon the Assembled Brethren without the magic pass-word; and the Noble Head of our order decrees that you are to drop twenty feet to your mother Earth. But hold! one promise from you to leave this sacred precinct, and to bear no word of this event to the Faculty of this college, will cause our Worthy Chief Hoister to let you down in safety. Do you so solemnly swear?"

He swore.

J. C. Elsom.

The Only Solution.



IN January 10, 1892, a man was found dead in a Berlin street. In his vest pocket they discovered

a Gartenbauausstellungseintrittskarteabriss, and yet the police authorities could not imagine how the man met his death. They also declared themselves unable to identify him, but it has always been my opinion that

he was a clerk in an Exklusivitäts-herrenschneidermeistermusterlieferungsanstaltoberaufsichtskasse.

F. C. Sharp.

A Ste(a)rn(s) Reproof.



close of the lecture he would set-

HE professor had administered a sharp rebuke to a student. Mr. Smith was evidently a good deal disturbed by it, and word passed round the class that at the

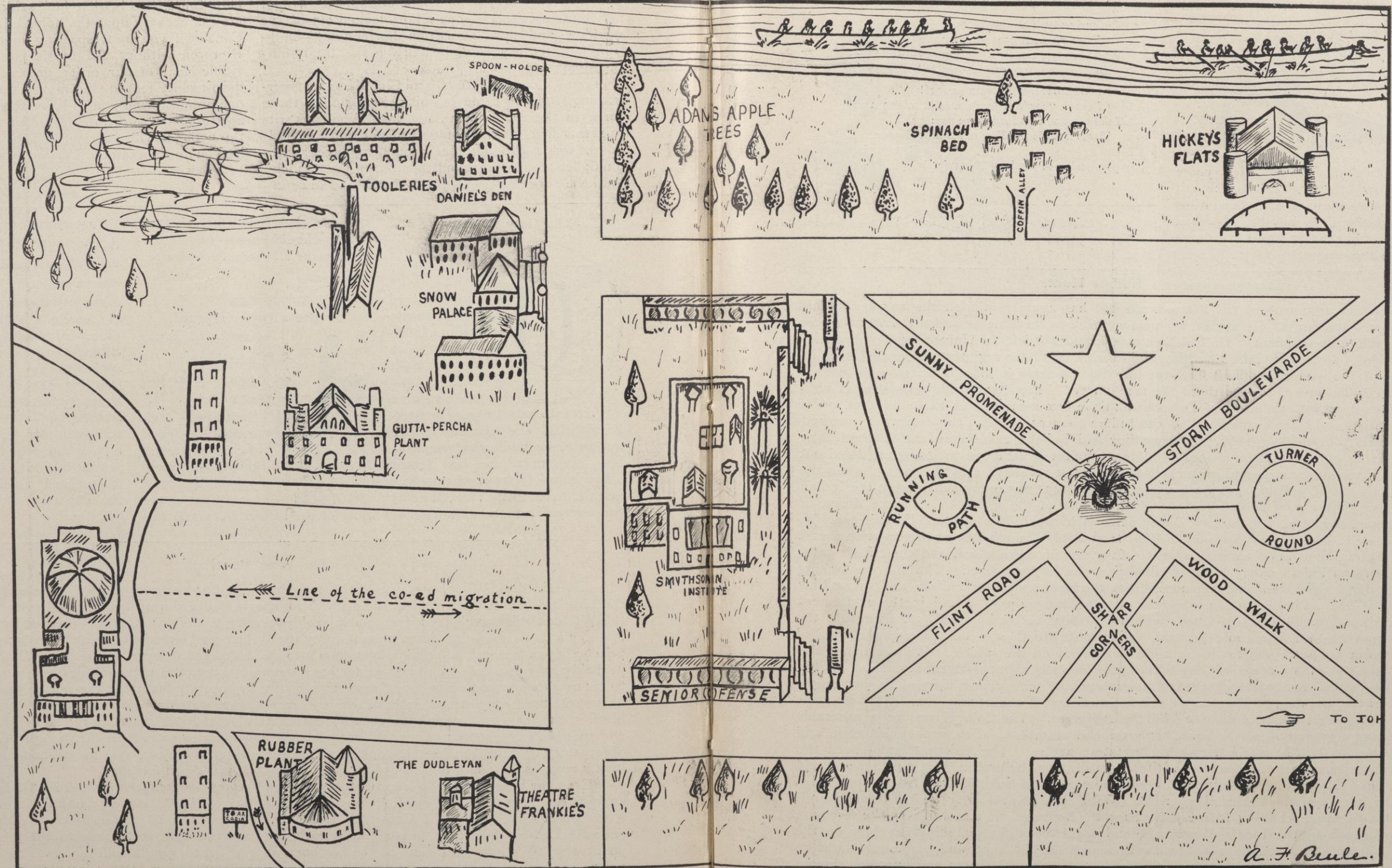
tle accounts with the professor. Accordingly the class passed out very slowly, and the aisles and door were still full when Smith came rapidly forward to the desk. He spoke in a loud and excited tone: "Professor, I am not accustomed to be spoken to as you spoke to me. It seems to me that a student is entitled to gentlemanly treatment from his professors, and—" "Your apology is accepted, Mr. Smith," blandly replied the professor as he disappeared into his office, leaving his discomfited assailant to discuss the situation with the crowd in the door.

The Wise Men Fall.

'Tis said Prof. Wilder was one of the early birds, and as the maxim goes, "the early worm catches the bird," so in this instance was the early bird caught by a wormy trick; for directly in the course of the Wilder bird's travels lay a fine, black, seal pocketbook, such as is usually carried by the gentle sex; and like a hawk swooping down upon its prey the Wilder bird executed two or three graceful circles and pounced upon the seal, sunk his talons deep into its hide, and essayed to rise with his prize; and would probably have succeeded in doing so, for he is strong of wing, had not some heathen, forgetting his duty to his neighbor, "to do him good," done him badly, by securely fastening the seal to the walk; and had he not glanced round to see whether all the world were watching him, and espied Prof. Comstock, a block in the rear, and coming his way; but fortunately without his observatory; so he dropped his prize, and soared away a sadder, wiser, Wilder bird, yet chuckling to himself at the thoughts of the observant observatory reaching out his telescopic arms to draw nearer an object, that he might more closely examine its composition; and of telling how Prof. Comstock was April fooled.

Even the wise men who consult the stars, and search the heavens for hidden things are not proof against the pranks of the small (?) boy on the first day of April; as was painfully in evidence, to the wise man at least, when Prof. Comstock twice, thrice endeavored to raise a heavy wallet from the walk opposite Ladies' Hall; but 'twas securely anchored, and the walk, still frozen to the ground, refused to yield; and 'tis whispered some of the fair ones were heard to giggle audibly; and 'tis well they were not astronomical students; for in the language of the stars burst forth volcanic utterances, and sulphurous fumes of anger from the subterranean passages of the usually serene, calm stalk.

THE SPHINX.



PLAN OF THE CAMPUS AFTER COMPLETION OF PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS.



THE following "notice" was posted, a few years ago, on a fence in Morris county, Tennessee: 'If any cows or oxen gits in these here oats, her or his tail will be cut off, as the case may be. I am a Christian man and pay my taxes, but I say damn a man who lets his critters loose.' C. F. S.

The Nodding of Homer.

The erring tyro nimbly cites—
Whose Pegasus goes roughly shod,
Who blunders much, when much he writes—
That Homer, too, was known to nod.
O reckless bard, what vain excuse!
(Though 'bard,' I fear's, a mild misnomer;)
Take heed of this for future use:
'Twas not his nodding made him Homer.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

(By permission of *Century Magazine*.)



Senator Spooner's Buffalo Hunt.

Senator Spooner's able argument on the Porto Rican bill has again reminded the country of his great ability as a debater and jurist. It carries my memory back to the time he and the writer were in the army, serving in the same regiment. He was then a boy, and had left the University of Wisconsin, and went out as captain of a company raised by himself in one of the later regiments organized in Wisconsin. He was one of the youngest officers, but the line did not show a more efficient one, and in many trying emergencies he showed the mettle of the true officer. After the fighting was over in 1865 the regiment was ordered out into the wilds of Dakota to a little fort some two or three hundred miles from the civilized frontier, and right in the heart of the Indian country. There the regiment wintered and remained till the early summer of 1866. Several thousand Indians came down and pitched their tepees around the fort, and to keep them peaceable a large amount of damaged rations were doled out to them to keep them from starving, as the winter was one of great severity. In the spring, when the grass of the prairies invited the buffalo northward, a great buffalo hunt was organized. From the Indian tribes was picked a band of the most skilled hunters. The Colonel of the regiment and some dozen or more of officers and men, mounted, left the fort in company with the Indian detail. Of this party no one was more enthusiastic than Captain Spooner. After a two days' march, they came up with a vast herd of buffalo, and had a day of most exciting sport. Many buffalo were killed, and their flesh gathered in for the garrison and Indian camp, both of which yearned for fresh beef. The sun was sinking low, when Captain Spooner spied somewhat separated from the herd a monster buffalo, and spurred his horse to give it chase. The animal led him a long race over the billowy prairie, and in the excitement of the chase he forgot to take bearings. It was well into twilight before he could get alongside the animal so as to give him the shot that would be fatal. Finally he stood over his fallen game; but, lo! he was miles away from his party and the black night descended on the prairie. He was alone; the night was chill. When the moon arose, he began to retrace his steps, but roamed around all night. No answer came to his halloo, nor to the shot from his carbine, till "the yellow hairs of the sun began to float on the brow of the morning." Then to his call he heard far off a faint response. Soon he came up with the Colonel of the regiment on a horse led by the Adjutant. The Colonel was in a miserable plight. While pursuing a great bull of the herd, his horse had stumbled, fallen, broken his neck, and injured the Colonel's hip so that he was suffering the greatest agony. The Adjutant had placed the Colonel on his own horse; and they, too, had spent the night, lost on the prairie, leading the horse and holding the Colonel on. Captain Spooner immediately dismounted, and had the tired Adjutant take his horse, and he led the horse on which the Colonel rode. With anxious eyes they walked from summit to summit of the rolling prairie, scanning in every direction the horizon. It was well into the forenoon before they were discovered by the Indian braves who had spent the night searching for them on the illimitable prairie. Thus ended Captain, now Senator Spooner's buffalo hunt, and his lonely night on the prairie. The scene of this adventure is now in the heart of Southern Dakota; and over the ground he traversed that weary night are now villages with all the conveniences of modern life and splendid farms; but the Indian and the buffalo, the military post, the prairie wolf, and the solitude, are things only of memory.

EDWIN E. BRYANT.

The Professor Wins.

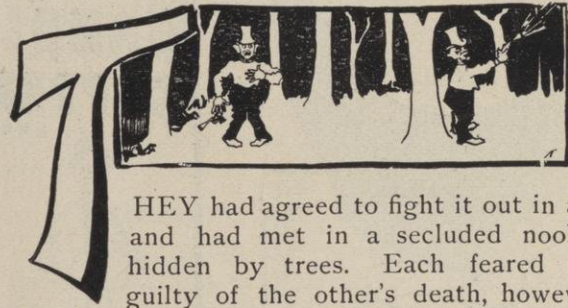


I know this story to be good, because all my classes have laughed at it, not altogether perfunctorily. It also has the unusual advantage of leaving the laurels with a professor instead of with a student.

In a certain college a certain class in Greek wished on some special occasion to have a recitation "adjourned." The professor refused the request. Therefore when the class met, each man as he was called up answered "not prepared," until the nit of the class, playing on the local slang of that college for failure—"to take a dead"—replied with the present tense of a Greek verb, meaning, "I die." "Ah," said the professor, imperturbably, "that is scarcely correct, it should be the imperfect to denote customary or repeated action." After applause the men recited.

Annie Crosby Emery.

A Novel Duel.



THEY had agreed to fight it out in a duel, and had met in a secluded nook well hidden by trees. Each feared to be guilty of the other's death, however, at the last moment; and at the word of command neither could raise his pistol. It was finally agreed to leave it to the toss of a coin. He who lost the toss must step behind a tree and shoot himself. The toss was made, and the victim chosen. With a despairing gesture, he said his farewells in a broken voice and disappeared. The others awaited the shot in frenzy of suspense. Finally a report, sharp and clear, broke in upon the stillness, and the victim ran out into their midst, crying, "Missed, by Jove!"

W. H. Sheldon.

A Genuine Excuse.

A question whether or not an anecdote is to be classified as a joke depends upon a good many elements. For example, I have always been worried when some people look pained and politely sympathetic, while others laugh



over this little episode in my educational experience.

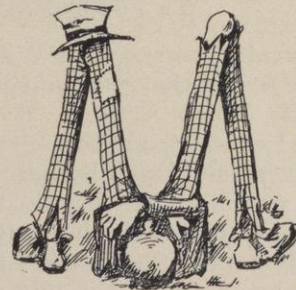
At one period in the evolution of the University's policy of control of student absences, a system was framed which required absentees to hand in written excuses. These interesting documents gave the reasons for absence and the class and date. They were acted upon by committees of the Faculty. I had the doubtful honor of serving on one of these committees and of hearing the following excuse read to my fellow members:

"I desire to be excused because I was sick to my stomach from Professor Turner's class May 20."

Now, if that student had been well trained in the rules of composition and punctuation, it is obvious that this story doesn't come under the conditions of the request of THE SPHINX. I never had the courage to examine his marks in English.

Frederick J. Turner.

One Joseph in the Lot.



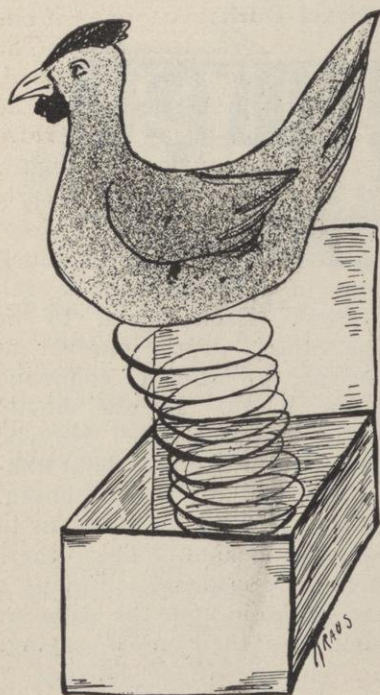
JUST not the following Irish story appeal to those who love the "strenuous life" as opposed

to one of harmony and ease? It offers particularly delicious vistas of a joyous life of excitement to those of us who carry a sparkle of Irish blood.

An old Irishman, father of a large family of strapping sons, in his old age found himself at a disadvantage in the family set-tos and was finally under the necessity of appearing before a justice to get his sons bound over to keep the peace. His sworn complaint ended thus:

"Of my several children, only my youngest son Mickey has for me a proper filial regard, for he never hits me when I'm down."

—D. C. JACKSON.



A SPRING CHICKEN.



It was in the hall near Professor Parkinson's room. Now he is holding one of the highest positions in the gift of the people. Then he was a junior, and a general favorite, though he did wear to classes his old military suit, which had not kept pace with his growth. His hat was on his head and his hands where his hands were wont to be—in the side pockets of his coat.

Down the hall toward him she came with two of her friends. With the gentlemanly instinct

common to him, he endeavored to take a hand from its pocket to raise his hat. The endeavor became a struggle, and blushing and stammering, "I—I—I beg your pardon," in memory he still walks that corridor amid the laughter of the girls.

INSTRUCTOR in English—
What is the derivation of the word boycott?

Freshman—I think it is a corruption of the two words, boy and cut.



Two Bell(e)s.

It was twenty years ago, at William and Mary. The college was at that time small, with only about fifty students. Miss Arabella M. was the college belle, and somebody said that eleven-tenths of the fifty men were submerged by her charms. At any rate, there was more jealousy floating around that old college campus than the neighborhood could conveniently contain. Walter L. was the newly arrived freshman dude—the "rat," as all new students were called. Like the rest, he speedily succumbed to the heavenly charms of Arabella, and that goddess raised no apparent objection; in fact, she smiled more profusely upon the "rat" than was her wont, and that is saying a great deal. With a singular unanimity of spirit, the "student body" resolved either to lynch the favored freshman, or do something more terrible. They decided on the latter; and on one cold, windy, snowy night in December, at 11:30 P. M., after Walter had come to his room from his call, and after he had retired and had begun to dream of angels, and Arabella, and other heavenly things, sturdy hands forced open his door, and silently but grimly bore him, as he was, neither clothed nor in his right mind, over to Arabella's mansion. A rope was placed—not around his neck—but round his arms, which

were tied behind him, and the rope fastened to Arabella's door-bell. Then Walter was left to his fate. The conclusion reached by that freshman was, that he either had to ring Arabella's bell, or else he would stand there and freeze to death. He rang the bell; and the "student body" was avenged.

J. C. Elsom.





WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS—

Pre-Homeric Simplicity.

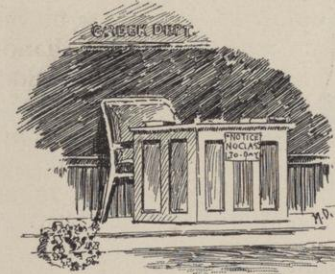


HERDER, whom we met in the Great Smoky Mountains, was at once the poorest and most hospitable man I ever saw. In his one-room log cabin were two rude scaffoldings for beds, with scanty ragged coverings, and the only other property visible was three chairs, a water pail, a wife, three children (the baby in a dug-out cradle), and a mother-in-law. He had no corn-meal nor flour—"was out, an' hadn't no time to go arter none"—but his little store of potatoes, bacon, beans, and buttermilk was tendered with the grace of perfect heartiness and sincerity, though he did apologize more than once. "Boys, hit's mighty tough, but ef you-uns kin eat it, you're more'n welcome to it." If it could have cost him a thought to give of his scanty store, he and his were more than compensated by what we could tell them of the outside world, for in that lofty wilderness it was not the age of post, much less of telegraph. It was the last week of July (1885), and still we mountaineers had not heard whether Mr. Cleveland had been inaugurated without opposition. He had an idea that "Blaine was a savage kind of a feller," and had 'hyeard ther might be a war betwixt the Republicans and the Dimecrats; but he hadn't hyeard no mo' erbout it, an' he reckoned ther warn't gwine to be none."

It would be a temptation to talk forever if one could always have such eager listeners. The herder had seen, but never ridden on a railroad, while the others had not had even this advantage. So they sat on the floor, the mother-in-law in the third chair (chewing tobacco and spitting through a crack in the floor) and hung upon our lips as eastern people listen to Indian tales. C. F. S.

A Smoke Nuisance in Ye Olden Time.

It was in the old days when University Hall was the only building for instruction. One morning as we all went up the hill the wind was blowing a terrible gale from the northwest. We found nearly all the rooms filled with smoke. This was not an unusual thing at that time, for the stoves and furnaces in use seemed to treat us to just such a performance every time we had a northwest wind. This morning, however, the smoke was particularly thick in the rooms, and many of the professors dismissed their classes and went home. Others not so lenient, with tears in their eyes, lectured to weeping audiences. In the end it was too much for all and classes were dismissed for the day.



In the afternoon I met Patrick, the famous old janitor, and asked him if the rooms were still full of smoke.

"Yis," said he, "just as badly as iver. Ye see," he went on, "the explanation of the whole thing is jist this way: The wind goes up and it sthrikes the dome and thin bounds right down the chimbleys. It's quare too, but there's chimbleys shmokin' the day that never shmoked before."

About five in the afternoon the wind subsided in great measure, but still the rooms continued full of smoke. Search was made everywhere for the cause but it could not be found; till in their despair Patrick and a few others climbed to the roof and looking into the chimneys found each one expertly stuffed with straw, and the fellows without their lessons had no doubt succeeded in making a successful cut.



NO "CAT FARM" NEEDED.



A SWELL.

The Triumph of 1903.

There is a certain house in town, the upper rooms of which are inhabited by three juniors and a freshman. To be accurate, there is a soph there too, but it will be just as well not to mention him, as too close a description of the premises and furniture might lead to a disclosure of the identity of the parties concerned, which would not be altogether advisable.

The freshman is a terror. He has developed a thoughtfulness



A SWELL SPREAD.

A Doleful Smile.

The professor smiled in his easy chair,
The smile ran up till it struck his hair,
Then round down over his ears,
Then back to his eyes till they ran in tears,
Then out of his eyes around his nose
Till his face grew red as the reddest rose.
Next down around under his ears
And into his locks of sixty years.
Its force was great, and it curled them up
Like the shriveled tail of a poodle pup;
They curled and curled till the curls' own force
Pulled them out by the roots, by jerks, of course,
And bald was the head as it looked to me
When the Prof. came in that night to tea.



A DEAD SWELL.

and finesse in the execution of seemingly impracticable jokes that a senior law might be proud of. He takes more delight in bothering somebody than Prof. Stearns does in shuffling his class cards on Monday morning. And while there is a charming air of infantile innocence about him which is quite irresistible as well as effectively disarming of all suspicion, yet the variety of his deviltries is equalled only by his fiendish originality.

His roommate has learned that when coming in after dark it is advisable to approach matters fully as carefully as one does Sumner's ad. in the *Scaredinall*. Our hero has a way of stringing chairs, chunks of wood, and German dictionaries around on the floor that is wholly baffling.

The other evening the juniors fixed things up for him something after his own fashion, with

a fairly successful outcome; and since that he has been worse. The two juniors across the hall have been finding hammers, cold-chisels (very), saws, and other tools strewn promiscuously under the lower sheet in their bed. One evening they found their bed clothes pinned together in a well nigh inextricable mass. They were obliged to extract sixty-two pins before their bed was at all habitable, and this in a cold room and after they had made all other necessary preparations to retire.

But one of the sweetest delights our hero has is to awaken the juniors about an hour after they have gone to sleep. This he does by judicious pounding, shaking or yelling; and the ecstatic expression on his face as the enraged junior vainly reaches for a shoe to fire at him, would be heavenly if it were not diabolical.

The last time this happened the junior swore vengeance. He would stay awake until midnight, if necessary, in order to have the pleasure of coming in and waking up that blankety blank freshman.

Here the freshman evinced consummate diplomacy. Skillfully he quietly enlisted the services of the other two juniors in his behalf. He put enough sofa pillows under the clothes on his side of the bed to make it look as though he were there fast asleep; then, taking a chunk of wood for a seat, he went into the closet and cheerfully munched a doughnut (which he had induced his roommate to swipe that morning at breakfast), and told the fellows they might announce that he was sleeping nicely and not expecting any attack.

In due time the blood-thirsty and oft-abused junior appeared.

With what satiety of revengeful joy did he pull off his heavy slipper and stealthily approach the unconscious form of the supposed offender! Springing upon the bed, he belabored the still quiet sleeper with many a resounding whack. In the fullness of this sweet satisfaction he poured out his very soul. In order to make a closer application of the theory of natural punishment, he threw off the bed clothes. . . .

And honestly, as he saw those sofa pillows, as he climbed off the bed and blinked staringly into the enraptured features of the freshman, who, of course, had been watching him—and as he saw the two other juniors rolling on the floor in glee, the expression on his face would have fried eggs. Since then our hero has had things as completely his own way as a village hogbuyer adjusting his own scales.

WHEN the Grand Duke Alexis visited Harvard College some years ago he was escorted by President Eliot to inspect several of the college buildings. The Duke, as an officer of the Russian navy, wore a cap and long coat resembling a kind sometime worn by Cambridge peelers. As the pair started across the college yard, arm in arm, they were followed by a crowd of students and town boys; and one of the latter was heard to ask: "What has the Prex been arrested for?"

—A. S. FLINT.

EXCHANGES.

PIANO TUNER—I called to tune the piano.

LADY—I did not send for you.

PIANO TUNER—No, but the man next door did.—*Cornell Widow.*

A Diplomat.

SHE—Excuse me, you are standing on my foot!

HE—Oh, I beg your pardon. It is so small I did not notice it.—*Princeton Tiger.*

"DID the Freshmen take the Sophomore fence on Washington's birthday?"

"No; they let the photographer do it."—*Yale Record.*

"I UNDERSTAND that he was under a cloud because he stole an umbrella."

"Yes; and he stole the umbrella because he was under a cloud."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

EMPLOYER (to clerk)—This is disgraceful, Mr. Penn; here I am at the office first.

CLERK (deferentially)—Yes, sir; I have always been taught to give precedence to my superiors.—*Lampoon.*

WILLIE—Didn't Shakespeare say, "the apparel oft proclaims the man?"

NELLIE—I don't know, but I suppose they also had clothes loud enough in those days to make proclamations.—*Chaparral.*

High Minded.

"Did you ever see a more concerted fellow than that Bugler? They say he is an atheist, and I believe he is."

"I wouldn't like to go so far as that; but I do know that he doesn't recognize the existence of a superior being."—*Brooklyn Life.*

HAME ARKET—That's a good take-off at Weber's.

KYE ROE—So? What is it?

HAME ARKET—The undressing scene the third act.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Charity Elite.

MISS NORTH SIDE—Are you going to the "Society for Providing Tenement Children with Clothes" to-day?

MRS. HYDE PARK—No, indeed! I have no hing fit to wear.—*Wrinkle.*

THE SPHINX.

"THEY are after you—"
 "Who?"
 "W, x, y and z."—*Cornell Widow.*

"I HEAR that Goldstein is out for the ball team; I didn't know that he played ball."
 "He doesn't, but the diamond attracts him."—*Yale Record.*

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 J. J. BUELLSBACH.

BILL—I see that Piet Joubert is dead.
 TIM—What! again? — *Princeton Tiger.*

Extremes Meet.

"This is an awful high grade."
 "Yes, I've got an awful low grade wheel."—*The Chaparral.*

MRS. BEN EVLENT—You don't mean to tell me you were ever a poet?

HARVARD HASBEN—Yes, kind lady, unfortunately I was. Dat wuz where me feet first went astray.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A CODFISH ball is a dry gathering compared to a beef tea. — *The Widow.*

A Refutation.

If love's what makes the world go round,
 The stronger then this force,
 The faster, if my logic's sound,
 The world would turn, of course.
 Thus would my love for Mirabel
 Throw all the human race,
 By increased force centrifugal,
 Out headlong into space.

—*A. W. Bell, in Life.*

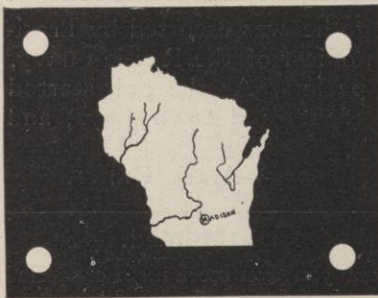
I WALKED beside a Boston girl,
 She was a maiden full sedate;
 We talked about all animals
 Herbivorous and vertebrate.

No longer will I try to talk,
 And learned statements try to make;
 She blushed and wept and left me
 'Cause I spoke about a garter snake.
 —*Yale Record.*

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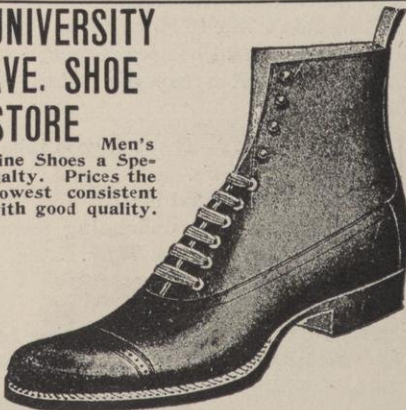
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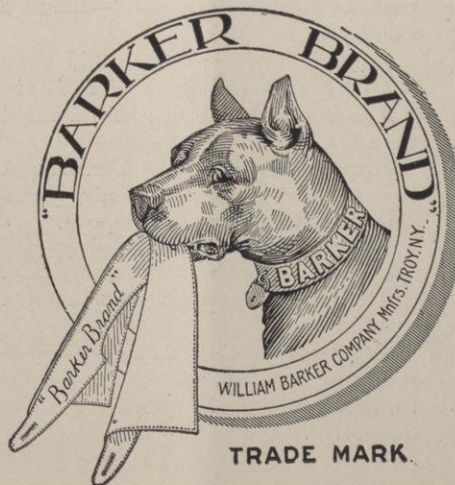
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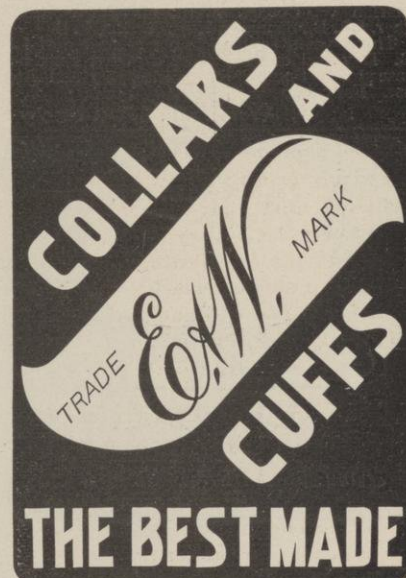
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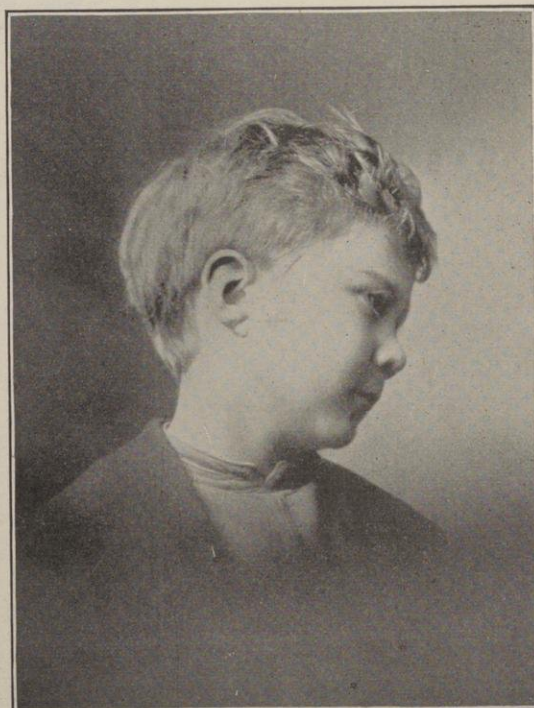
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