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MARCH 17, 1900

THE SPHINX



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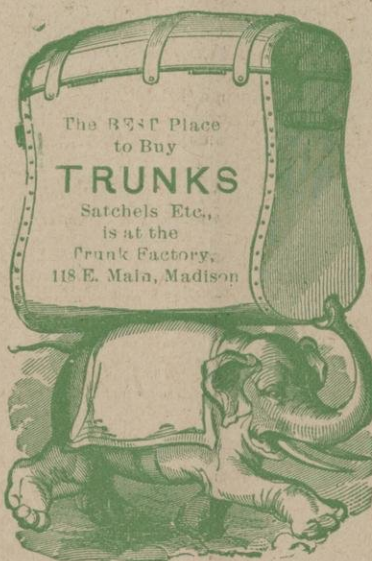
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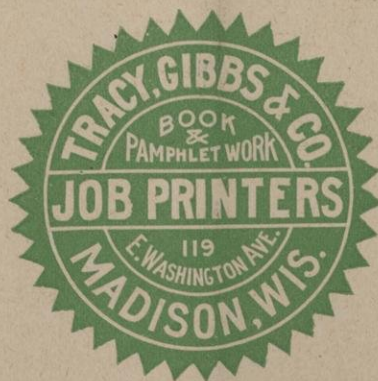
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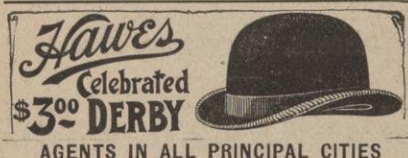
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THE SPHINX.

Vol. I.

MADISON, WIS., MARCH 17, 1900.

No. 11

An Iconoclast.

I feel kind of bereft—I'm the only one left
With a little control of my senses,
They call me a freak; but I buck out my Greek,
And I've some regard left for expenses.
Tho' the weather is fine, yet I rather opine,
My faith I'll still put in Yale Mixture,
With my pipe and my pouch and with never a grouch,
I'm not yet a Ladies' Hall Fixture.
My time is my own, and I go to the 'phone,
And with calmness take down the receiver;
For I'm out of the whirl, and it isn't a girl,
And I'm an immune from spring fever.
I eat a square meal, and I sleep a good deal,
I go up to my class in a sweater;
I drive more at Trig. than I do in a rig,
And I don't wait around for a letter.
Yet it may be, perhaps, that these moping young chaps,
Are getting more fun than this Willy;
So I think I'll devote this negotiable note
To scare up some spring fever bacilli.

Heard on State Street.

TRATT—Hello, Case, where are you going?

CADBY CASE—I'm going up town to see if I can buy some post holes.

TRATT—Couldn't you buy an old well and cut it up?

“THEN it's ho for a cruise on the starboard tack,”

Sang the jovial “salt” from the sea.
But I think that a cruise on a carpet tack

Is entirely enough for me.

SOPH (to visitor)—See that squirrel with the short tail? President Adams says a dog must have got after him and he was curtailed in the chase.

VISITOR—Yes, indeed. It would be well for that squirrel to go into the retail business.



“SHE WAS HAPPY 'TILL SHE MET YOU.”

FRESHMAN—Oh, where did you get that pony?

SENIOR—It's an old one, doesn't trot in my class any more.

Her Troubles.

SHE wept and she sobbed like Niobe,
Like Næara, her tresses she tore;
Her voice it was rising and falling
Like the waterfall's tone at Lodore.

Her eyes, like Medusa's, were stony,
When they were not melting in tears;
Her arms would excite e'en a Stoic
By their gestures suggestive of fears.

O, she was most desperate of mortals,
Her day was one terrible dream;
She had only two hours for selecting
And writing a bright Freshman theme.

FILLED with elation,
And great expectation,
He sallied away to Exam.
But soon on inspection,
He saw his election,
And under his breath, he said—?

A Modest Affair.

One time three —s won a joint debate; they ran down to the house to inaugurate a big celebration, and one fellow rang the 'phone bell violently, called up the Palace, and said: “Send down three dozen lemons at once, we've won the debate!”

The Pal. replied: “We're all out of lemons, but have some good, fresh milk.”



THE SPHINX.

Published every Second Friday during the College Year by Students of the University of Wisconsin.

Entered at the Postoffice at Madison, Wis., as Second-Class Matter, December 22, 1899.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.50 PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.

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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.*

THE SPHINX, since her coming among you, has been a willing listener to many complaints—complaints regarding everything and everybody on earth and in Ladies' Hall. So prevalent has she found the habit vulgarly denominated kicking, that she has more than once suspected, even in herself, a tendency to indulge in that most dangerous of past-times. It is fondly hoped that none of her readers have discovered outward evidences of this tendency. But however that may be, she has learned to make allowances whenever she hears a vigorous kick, and to seek its cause (speaking for the moment in the jargon of the lecture room) rather in internal than in external stimuli.

* * *

IF THERE be one thing which more than another is the subject of universal complaint, that thing is the boarding-place (club, soup-house, or hash-joint) frequented by the individual kicker. For long it seemed to THE SPHINX that this remarkable unanimity of objugation arose from the same causes lying deep in sociological sub-consciousness which produce those wise dissertations upon weather, past, present, and to come, that are heard whenever and wherever kindred souls encounter one another. Still, after daily, weekly, and monthly repetitions of the same sad tale, it became the self-evident duty of a philanthropic soul to set on foot an investigation to determine whether or no the

conditions of living in Madison were in truth so bad as they were painted.

* * *

AS THE SPHINX never shrinks from a duty, no matter how painful, such an investigation was entered into—and with most startling results. From all the above-mentioned classes of food purveying establishments, there were collected duly identified samples of board. It was usually necessary, in order to get material for this study, to raid the tables before the attack *en masse*, by their regular occupants began. So if some unfortunate should have missed at any time his accustomed allowance of chalk-and-water (misnamed "cream") or the slab of sole-leather which represents to his landlady's perverted mind a sirloin steak, he knows now that his sacrifice was made in the interest of the common welfare. The valuable collection thus acquired, after being classified and properly labeled (or caged as the case may be) will be deposited in the geological museum.

* * *

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the details of the information gained through this investigation. Suffice it to say, THE SPHINX knows now that in this regard your complaints, most gentle readers, were but too well founded, that nothing but iron constitutions, with the marvelous recuperative powers of youth could withstand the havoc of such

fare as these samples, in general, represent. The food that the average student is compelled to eat, is, in the first place, of poor quality; in the second place, its preparation shows most lamentable ignorance of the noble art of cooking. These strictures apply in their sweeping fullness not to all boarding-houses; but only a very few can meet the requirements of any fair standard. THE SPHINX would fain designate these few, were it not that sudden popularity might be more than they could well endure.

* * *

IT IS not the present intention to offer a remedy for the existing sad conditions. A "campaign of education" could hardly reach those who are most responsible; they are too busy preparing further attacks upon human health. Public agitation will not do the work, for the subject, as has been remarked, receives daily and ample consideration. Mayhap, following out the tendencies of current thought, a College of Culinary and Domestic Science might be advocated as an addition to the university organization. But this suggestion THE SPHINX would prefer not to venture, at least just now. But certain it is that the temper of the twentieth century is being profoundly affected by the indigestible cooking of the nineteenth—and a change of some sort should be made.



PAT—Did ye iver hear what happened to Lot's wife, Mike?

MIKE—No, what was it?

PAT—She turned to rubber.

Misunderstand Her and You'll Never Win.

A young man gazed in his love's blue eyes,
He was trying his love to woo;
So said he: "What would you say, my dear,
If you caught me proposing to you?"
Very prettily blushed the maiden then,
For delighted was she with the match;
"If I caught you proposing, ah then," quoth she,
"I should say 'you're a very good catch.'"
Straightway the young man got up and left,
And his anger was superfine;
For said he: "Although a fish I may be,
I shall not be strung on her line."
So off he went to the African war,
And fought 'side the Hotentot,
But alack, he was killed, and his ashes were sent
Back to his folks in a pot.
But the maiden mourned, for she loved him true.
Poor fool, he had misunderstood;
No sucker meant she that her lover would be,
But a catch of rare species and good.
So young folks, beware, for spring time is here,
Take heed lest ye too misconstrue
The words of your love; just stand and don't move,
And you'll get the girl casting for you.
—"Damphino."

The Poet's Prayer.

Oh, to be funny, funny!
THE SPHINX's constant craving to
meet,
To write but a song or a sonnet,
With wit and humor replete.
Oh, to be bright and clever,
With brilliant ideas galore!
For THE SPHINX—that horrible mon-
ster—
Ever is crying for more.
Oh, to be truly witty!
Alas! I can write only puns—
And in those, authorities teach us,
Not a trace of pure wit ever runs.
Then I'll simply be solemn and serious,
Make rhymes Miltonic and terse—
So that something profound like *The*
Ægis,
Will take my unutterable verse.

WISCONSIN is again a mon-
archy since her King has
been reinstated.



THE Amoeba had a bad attack of spring-fever and he beat an impatient tattoo with his heels on the window-ledge, that caused the Old Man's hoary locks to assume a position of agonized perpendicularity.

"Why," he growled, "is a SPHINX joke like a frosted ear?" "Because it must be carefully thawed out."

But the Amoeba was wrapped in oblivion, to say nothing of the pensive smile that twined itself lovingly about him.

"Shake it," said the Old Man, "only one man ever had the right to send his wits wool gathering and his name was Lamb."

"Say," ventured the Devil, "why are seventeen beers in one butterfly cop like the freshman crew?" "Because they're in the tank, see?" and the Devil collapsed with silent merriment as large chunks of scorn hurtled through the silent air, from the direction of the other two.

"Speaking of the Declaration

of Independence," said the Amoeba, tentatively, "I wonder if Queen Vic's Jack-tars could in any sense be considered the widow's cruse." "And," suggested the Old Man, "why is an intercollegiate orator like a wooden pump?" "Well," hazarded the Devil, "because the spout is his essential part."

"The boy guessed right the very first time," hummed the Amoeba and immediately after remarked that the excavation for the new engineering building seemed to be blasted hard work.

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, etc.," he continued, "though I don't see in the least why they shouldn't have as much to do with the case as the flowers that bloom in the cistern or the roadside ditch, or any old place." And he meditated deeply, or slept; 'tis not known.

A Matter of Carrying.

He fell in with an Irish crowd
On good St. Patrick's Day,
And there allowed his sentiments
To carry him away.

He hollered "Down with old Oom Paul,"
Or that is what they say,
And it took a double ambulance
To carry him away.

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BY

A PAST MISTRESS OF THIS USEFUL
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in the country."—*N. Y. Whirled.*

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Part I.

Getting roomers — attractive signs—furnishing rooms without money—how to save coal—how to make a never-go-down-thermometer—how to keep your roomers—intimidation — flattery — best subjects for each method

—how to make a room look as if it were dusted—how to save gas or electricity—how to meet "kickers"—how to utilize a husband.

Part II.

Boarders—how to give a heavy eater dyspepsia—statistical table of foods consumed by Laws, Engineers, Classical, Scientific and English students—best kind to take—best natured—how to make an everlasting beefsteak—to restore rancid butter—soup without meat—how to get up a Sunday dinner at 8½ cts. per plate—how to get and keep the reputation of setting a good table.

One Dollar at News Stands.

The Hill Girl.

The Hill girl has a charming way,
Her path's a blaze of light,
Her sparkling eye with mirth doth play,
She loves with all her might.

Her voice is like the cooing dove,
Her laugh the rippling brook;
Her place with angels far above,
From fleecy clouds to look.

But yet she lingers on this sphere,
And treads the same old beat;
Methinks she'd float to regions clear,
But for—those monstrous feet.

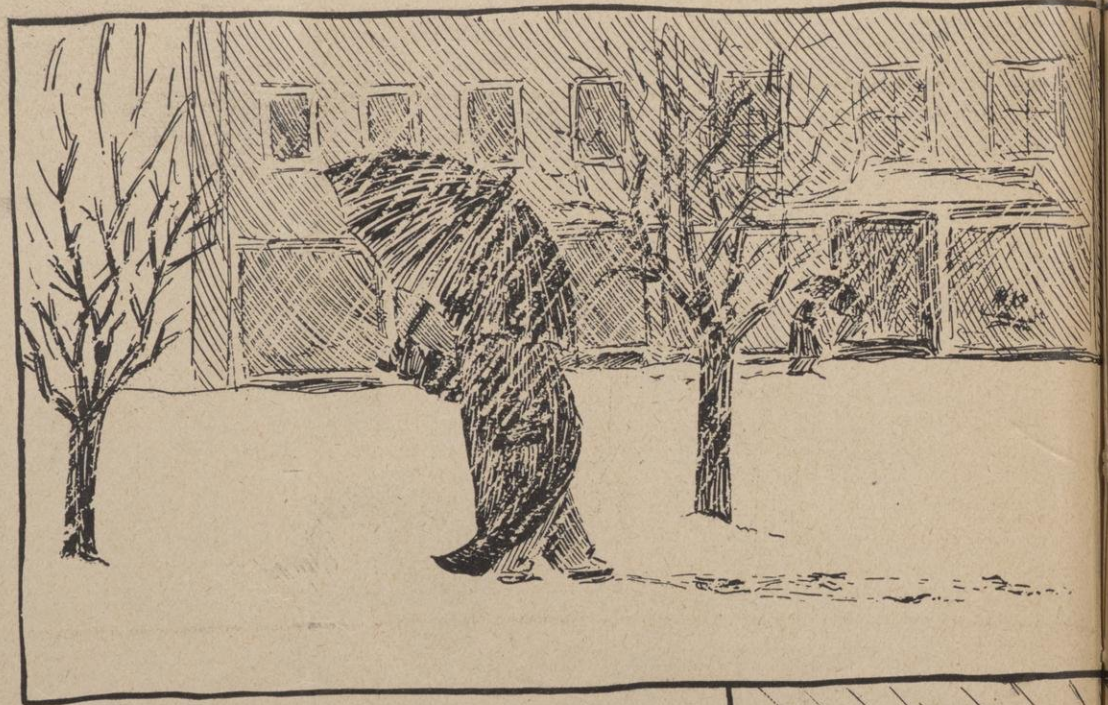
A CLASSICAL student when asked what the Greek conception of marriage was, answered, "The marriage of one man to one woman, which is called monotony."

After Xam.

Oh, thou cruel Alma Mater,
Thou has proved thyself a traitor,
And have now, alas! no time for me.
But if me thou canst not harbor,
I will hie me to Ann Arbor,
And they'll gladly find a place for me.
—Q. E. D.



THE SHINX.



A FEW OF THE MANY
JOYS OF MARCH.

Doodles and Jowles.

"Well, Jowles, I went to the Ladies' Hall reception."

"Oh, is that it? I thought you must have the grip."

"Well, maybe I have—too—that is—why, yes, I don't know, also."

"Exactly."

"Jowles, would you have gone?"

"Being a senior, I'll be smashed if I would; but if I were a freshman there is no knowing what I might have done—there are certain experiences that all freshmen should go through to get the most benefit from liberal education. Believe me, my dear Doodles, every freshman should either be ducked in the lake, get a con. in eight-fifths the first semester, tear the gown of a Philosophical Junioress at a military hop, or engage to take two girls home from one of Kehl's Tuesday night P. R's, and then find that one lives in Greenbush and the other in the Sixth ward, or go to a Ladies' Hall reception. At least one of these experiences is necessary to ripen and sweeten a freshman's higher spiritual nature—and to reach profound depths of the human soul that only suffering can reach. But on the whole I think the Ladies' Hall application produces the promptest and most efficacious results."

"Yes," admitted Doodles. resignedly.

"Did you have a fine time?"

"Yes, that was it."

"Well, tell me all about it, Doodles."

"It was this way: You see, Jowles, I knew only one girl at the Hall, and I went late, and fell into about a thousand co-eds in the reception hall, and of all the yelling stares I ever encountered. The maid said, 'Right up stairs, please, to parlor B,' and then darted back through the hall, and I after her. Well, when I had run the gauntlet of the gang and was just getting ready to draw a long breath, and

Even Exchange is No Robbery.

"Oh, Cupid, you've stolen my heart away!

"Give it back!" I sternly demand—

"Here, which *is* yours?" he teasingly asks,

As he holds a heart in each hand.

"Oh, this," I cry, and eagerly grasp

What I afterwards find is *thine*;

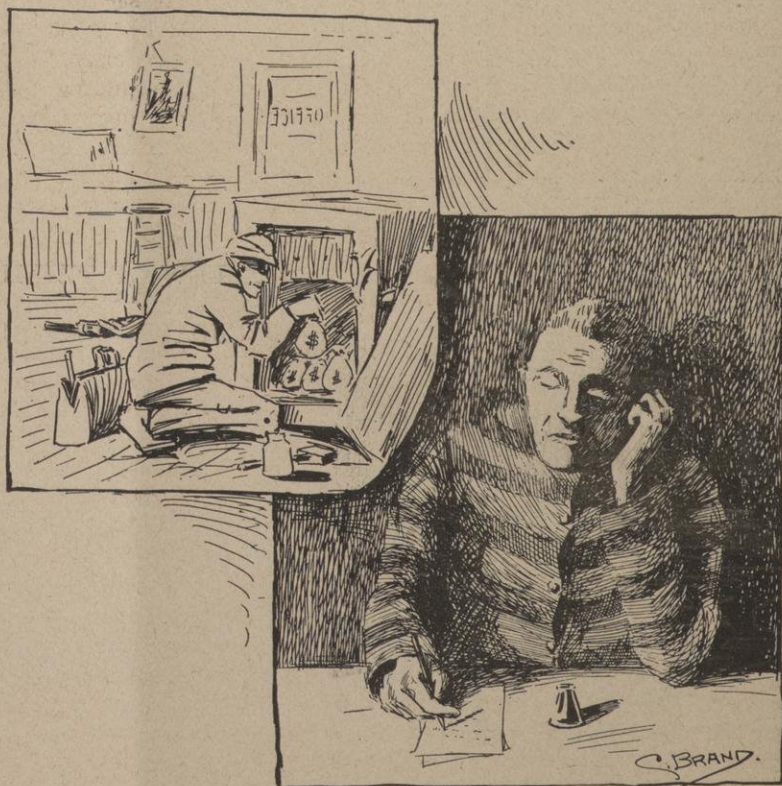
And Cupid, laughing, runs away—

And gives you the heart that was mine.

WHAT will we do next fall when we compose football songs. King is still here but will there be any name so convenient in rhyme as Pat O'Dea?

Extract from a Modern "Lycidas."

For we were taught upon the self-same hill,
Had the same hopes, same book, and ever still
Together bucked; at quizzes and exams
Under the opening eyelids of our Prof,
We sat ashiver and together heard
The hour bell in Main Hall go off.
Battening our minds with memoried dews
We heard the ominous squeaking of his shoes,
And tempered to our trembling flute
He entered—silent his salute.
Freshmen squirmed, and Sophs, with cloven heel,
Who did not dare to show what they might feel,
Did from the prospect to be absent, long;
And Sunny he was glad to hear their song.



Extract from Tom's Letter.

Dear Mother: Not long ago I opened up a place of business and am now well fixed for some time to come.

loosen my grip on my hat, I saw the maid sprinting down a corridor about three miles long, and I concluded that perhaps I'd missed the stairway in my flight. I turned in time to see three fellows going up a broad stair-case right in front of the door through which I had entered.

I slunk after them. I looked back, going up to see if Anna were in sight. Just as I was making the last turn of the stairway I heard a sound above, and looking up, I saw several co-eds drop back from one of the rubbering galleries of the rotunda, and, Oh! Grief! one of them was Anna, and I had a presentiment that she wouldn't appear down stairs that night. I never felt so forsaken in my life. I abandoned myself to the whirlpool of black despair, and in a daze I let the maid direct me this way and that, and finally I found myself back down stairs. A reception committee blocked my escape. I don't know whether there were three of them or a million, but I know I wished I was one Englishman among that many Boers, and unarmed at that. I shook hands and was introduced to some people, and then I stood around.

I knew they were looking at me and talking about me, and discussing who should do the charitable act of towing around "that freshman that evidently doesn't know anybody—not to speak of things." I don't know whether they drew lots or offered each other bribes; but after a year or two one of them yielded to martyrdom and made a dash for me. I dodged, but unsuccessfully. She smiled a foxy smile that meant, 'No, you don't, young man,' and pinned me. 'You aren't much acquainted here?' I acknowledged it. 'Oh, well,' she said kindly, 'it is always so first year at any college.' Now, wasn't that a nice crack to make at me. Then she asked me if I wouldn't like to meet some people, and I had just presence of mind enough to say, 'No, if you please, I'd rather not. I have met some already.' She had the grace to laugh, and said, 'Then am I to understand that you are satisfied to talk to me?' I assured her that that was the goal of my ambition—that I felt that I had existed all my life for the sole and only purpose of living those few moments.

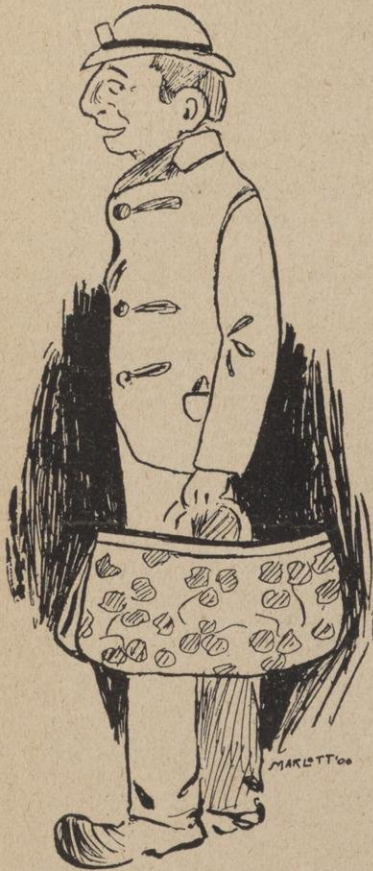
Then I asked her if she was a P. G. She reluctantly acknowledged that she was only a sophomore, and I just began to feel that I had my head above water when she marched me to the gymnasium, and another fellow asked her to dance. Before she left she introduced me to a co-ed with a face like the back of a hack, and even she passed me along the line to the next one.

Everyone in the line around the gallery did her religious duty—as I find they pledge themselves to do before each party—of getting rid of me by introducing me to someone else, and Jowles, I give you my word of honor, I was passed around that gallery three times, each one more anxious than the last to get rid of me and on the fourth round I was meditating a spring over the railing to a feed rack that decorates one end of the gymnasium, thinking that I'd then be beyond the reach of the co-eds, both in the gallery and on the floor, for I was getting dizzy being introduced around the running track so fast, when I caught a glimpse of my sophomore—my salvation. She motioned me to come down. I cut my next introduction, turned, and fled madly for a stairway. I dashed into the first door that offered. It led to a shower bath. The next was the same, and the next. Finally I struck a stairway in an out-of-the-way corner and went down.

I had lost my sophomore. It seems there was another stairway and she had gone up to find me. I felt that at last I was in the lower round of the inferno and I turned to climb out of it again. At the top of the stairway I met a maid with cap and apron. I fixed a stern eye upon her and said, 'Please may I go home?' She smiled feebly. I continued, 'What would it be worth to you to get me out of this?' At last my despair seemed to make an impression upon her. She turned and I followed. I started up the first stairway to get my hat. 'Oh, but,' she exclaimed, 'that is a private stairway.' I looked down that corridor full of female terribleness and I would have given up smoking cigarettes for life if I could have had the bubonic plague at that moment and been hastened into quarantine.

At first I thought I would go home without my hat; but I remembered that I had my name in it; that my hat would be forever a Ladies' Hall souvenir; and that I would be forever a marked man if I left it. Once more I gathered together the fragments of a broken spirit and placed them at the feet of that maid. She piloted me down the corridor and up the front stairway. I told her what my name used to be, and she found a hat for me. She led me meekly down the stairway and showed me through a little side hall. I staggered down the steps and wondered if Robinson Crusoe knew a good thing when he had it, and whether his Friday was a convocation Friday, and then I knew that my mind had given way. Jowles, this is my first appearance in three days. I am out now to go over to tell Pete what a good time I had. He wasn't invited, you know."

THE SPHINX.



OFF TO CELEBRATE THE DAY.

Tommy.

I went into the Marble Front
To get a glass of beer;
It was the first I ever drank—
I was a freshman here,
I got three down all right,
Without a sign of fear
When all at once my head was took
With feelings mighty queer.

I saw Tommy this and Tommy that,
Before I got away,
I was talking very freely,
Without very much to say.
I thanked the barkeep kindly
When he struck me for the pay,
And told the people round me
All to call some other day.

My spirits were so giddy
As I rambled down the street,
I was singing little lullabys
So tenderly and sweet.
The sidewalk seemed to wobble,
And to twist beneath my feet,

And the 'phone poles chased each other,
As I wandered down the street.

O its Tommy this, and Tommy that
And Tommy has good beer,
And if you've had lots of it, you
Have not so much to fear,
But it makes you feel right funny,
And your talk sound mighty queer,
If the first time that you try it,
You swallow down "drei beer."

An Indian girl with cigars
Tried to hit me in the eye,
She looked so kind o' sassy that
I laughed most fit to die.
I couldn't get around her, for
She wouldn't let me by,
But I knocked her thro' the window,
Without seeming half to try.

It was Tommy this, and Tommy that,
As the cop came running up
And shook me by the collar,
As he would a poodle pup.
I was bumped around and thumped
Around, and tumbled down and up,
As he dragged me all down
State St., on the way to lock me up.

It will do for you who read it
To remark "the joke was rum."
It is nearer truth than fiction, tho'
A little stale and bum.
I've transferred my room to Broom St.,
To make up a little sum
To liquidate expenses, of my
Freshman Tommy bum.

O Tommy this, and Tommy that,
May be all right for you,
But for young and verdant freshmen
Its apparent, it won't do.
If this gets in the papers, tell
My folks it isn't true
And the next time, you've been down
There I will do as much for you.

THE co-eds will no doubt petition the Regents for a new sidewalk down the middle of the upper campus when the engineering building is completed, for all other avenues of escape on muddy days will then be closed.



IT IS SAID THAT BURLEY GOT QUITE A CRUSH ON MISS AIRY DU POIS AT THE LAST HOP.

Where Was It?

Senior (reading a newspaper)
—I see Gen. Lew Wallace is in New York.
Freshman—Who's Gen. Lew Wallace?
Senior—Why, he's a Phi Gam.

THERE'S more than way of sliding on the Hill at this season of the year.

THERE was a young man of La Platte
Who had grown quite remarkably fat;
So he rubbed from his nose
All the flesh adipose,
And now he struts around with eclat.

Jogs—Did you ever think why a Senior law is like a baby, Crab.
Crab—No, why?
Jogs—Because each one has his crib.

The Freshman's Joke.

A Freshman and his girl one day
Went out to take a walk,
And, just to while the time away,
Of housekeeping did talk—
She boasted of how she could cook,
Of putting up preserves
He gave her such a funny look
(It worked upon her nerves),
And said—"Ha! That will do to tell!
It shows you've lived in town.
I've never put up half the jell
That I have helped put down."

Ole's Handspek.

VAL ay use ban, come ofer by dis country, ay ban Ole Oleson, en ay ban lookin' for yob. Ay haf ban axin' some faller vere ay ban goen to get some yob mabby, en ha'll say, "Vy ent yo go op Nors on de woods. Yo shal get yob op dar."

So ven ay am come op dar ay tole some faller vot ban de boss, et ay ban lookin' for yob.

"Hoo yo ban?" ha'll say; en ven ay tole em ha'll say, "Val, Ole, yo tak de ax en de hahn-spek, en yo go out on de woods, en cut op de tree down, en cut de lims off, en roll 'em ofer by de hahnspek, en dat'll ban your yob."

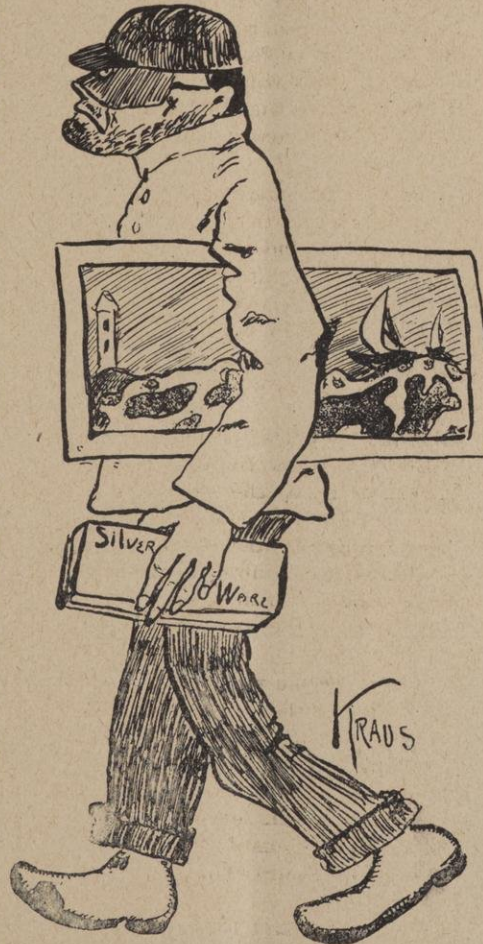
So ay took de ax en de hahn-spek, en ven ay am come op to a tree, ay lay down de hahnspek op gainst a rock, en ay cut op de tree down, en bah yeemany, ven ay am come back for dot hahn-spek, ay ent can find 'im ahnyho. En bah yeeminy, ay shal ban lookin' ol ofer for dot hahnspek, but blam ef ay can find 'im. En ay tole de boss et ay ban losin' ma hahnspek, en ha'll say, "Val, you ban havin' to find dat hahn-spek or et'll ban charge op by yo."

So ofery time ven ay haf got sometings else not ay ent got to do, ay am honting for dot hahn-spek; en ven ay see any faller vot ay tink mabby he ban seen ma hahnspek, ay ax em, but ha'll say he ent ban know notings bot ma blam hahnspek.

So ven ay come down town in de spring, ay come op to de faller vot ban on de bank behind de bars, en ay say ay haf ban vantin' ma pay. En ha'll say: "Hoo you ban?" En ven ay tole 'im, ha'll say: "Val, Ole, ay haf got hahnspek on de books gainst yo."

En ay tole 'im: "Yo son off a gon, ol vinters long ay haf ban honting on de voods for dot hahn-

spek, en here yo haf 'im on de books. Nou yo gav im to me or ay vill smash your face."



Photographer's Term.

He Takes a Good Picture.

EXCHANGES.**The Wit Mr. Beecher Kept In.**

In the early days of Mr. Beecher's career, when wit was unknown in the pulpit, some of the deacons of his church asked him if he didn't think such frequent outbursts of humor were calculated to diminish his usefulness. He listened patiently, and when they finished he said: "Brethren, if you only knew how many funny things I keep in, you wouldn't complain about the few I let out."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

—You may tell of fair Jessica's delicate way,

Of the pout and the glance, of forgiveness a token,

Though pleasant to some minds, the thing doesn't pay;

I sing of the pledges that never were broken.

Of loyalty, truth, and, though others may chide,

Of kisses as dainty as violet dew,

Of dimples in frowns ne'er pretending to hide,

I sing of a love that is life-long and true.

We live in a valley whose soft purple haze

Covers blessings unknown till the evenings are ripe,

I sing of the phantoms that smoke rings upraise,

I sing of the love of my old meer-schaum pipe.

—*Yale Record*.

—Get a pair of the finest button tan shoes for men at the new U. W. shoe store, University avenue. They are the finest and latest.

"A certain co-education college has a ledge running just outside the girls' rooms on the fourth floor, connecting window with window," tells a writer of "College Girls' Larks and Pranks," in the *March Ladies' Home Journal*. "This ledge the girls used for going from room to room for midnight feasts. In the daytime it was in plain sight of the campus. One afternoon a party of college men coming across the campus saw four girls sitting on this ledge talking and laughing and eating bananas and cakes, and enjoying themselves. Suddenly there was a shriek. The men saw one girl slip and pitch headlong over the ledge. The other girls, with terrified faces, rushed to the nearest windows. The men ran toward the body of the unfortunate girl. It had struck heavily and lay perfectly still. With horror and pity they lifted the limp form. It was a second or two before they realized that the tumbled clothes were but fastened to an old stuffed megaphone, and that the whole

thing was a huge joke—before they saw the laughing faces at every window. Then they put the dejected dressed-up megaphone down roughly, pulled their hats over their eyes and went away, peal after peal of laughter going after them."

—Students who want base ball shoes, gym shoes, tennis shoes, golf shoes, or any other kind of shoe, will find a fine opportunity to get the same at the new U. W. shoe store, Cardinal block, University avenue.

Poker stories command attention in the House, and seem to be more enjoyable than other reminiscences. The number of members who appear to understand its peculiar phraseology almost

American."

surpasses belief. A rich scene occurred not long ago. It was during the controversy over the Philippine question. Mr. Handy, of Delaware, and Mr. Todd, of Michigan, both said they were in favor of the immediate withdrawal of the American army and navy from the islands. In alluding to this on the following day, Joseph G. Cannon said:

"The gentleman from Delaware and the gentleman from Michigan constitute a pair, and I believe you might draw to every member of the House and not get three of a kind."

"Mr. Chairman," thundered General Grosvenor, "a point of order. I deny the right of a member to speak in a language not understood by the average

"The gentleman from Ohio is just about 'an average American,'" Mr. Cannon replied.

"The point of order comes too late," observed Sereno E. Payne, who was presiding in Committee of the Whole.

Here Handy placed the finishing touch on the scene:

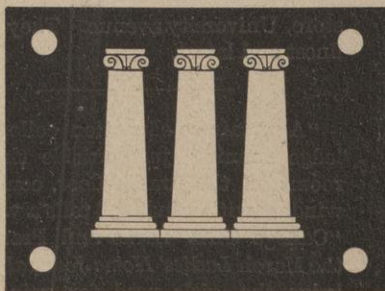
"With the gentleman from Michigan, the gentleman from Illinois and myself on the floor," he added, "I would say that there were three of a kind before the House, and that it would take exactly three queens to beat them."

This suggestion of three jacks paralyzed the House. It sobered for an instant, but finally drifted into uncontrollable merriment. — *Saturday Evening Post.*

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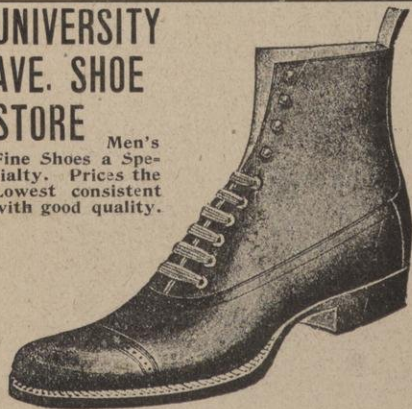
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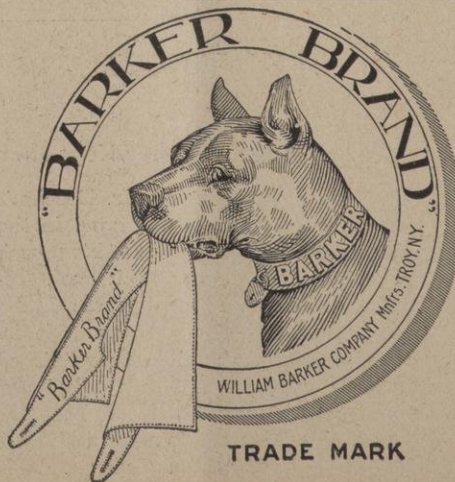
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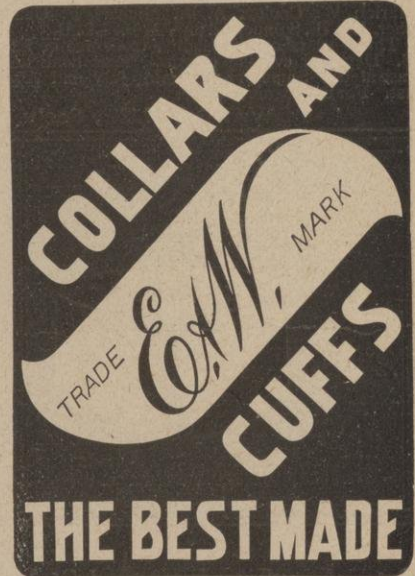
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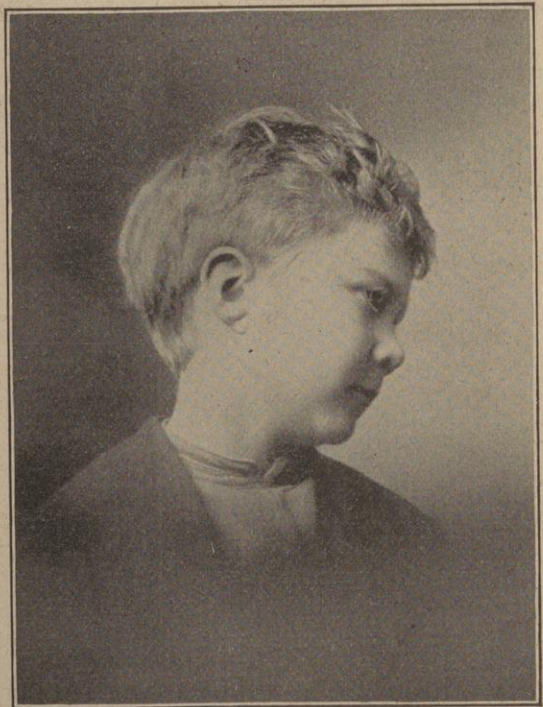


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