

The Sphinx. Vol. 2, No. 12 March 30, 1901

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MARCH 30, 1901.

THE SPHINX



FJ. SUTTER

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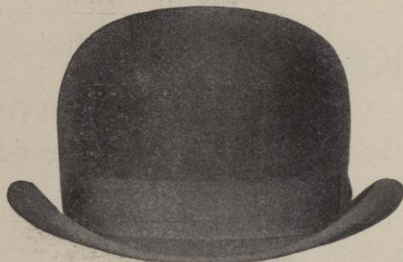
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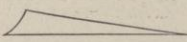
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THE SPHINX.

Vol. II.

MADISON, WIS., MARCH 30, 1901.

No. 12



The Rose In Her Hair.

Within there was laughter and music
And women of beauty tis true,
Yet somehow they faded from memory,
When I stopped, dear, to look at you.

For I was insanely jealous,
"Though I don't suppose I should care,
Won't you tell me who sent you the rose,
You wore that night in your hair?

She smiled and said, "How stupid,
Now please don't care a great deal,
It was made of silk and velvet,
And that wasn't even real."

Good Business Training.

REBECCA—Der fees at der school are eggstortion-ate. Shall Ikey come home?

COHEN—Certainly not; der eggssample he will acquire in doing others vill be more as der value of der eggspense.

Rubaiyat Burschiorum.

The brilliant arc light hangs without
While incandescents glow about,
By polished marble's beauty backed,
And becken to a jolly bout.

A voice from out the tavern, clear,
"Come in, old man, for here's good-cheer,"
Why waste in toil's ungenial pact
What little respite we have here?

Some years and hours and you are done;
A few more fiftths your course is run;
A thesis written, well or ill,
Your game is up, an end to fun.

As naught you were before you came,
So when you go you take your name.
Not now for Pat we shout again,
When whistle shrill calls on the game.

Some say alumni watch us still,
We see them not upon the hill;
What boots it then, what others do?
Ere 'tis too late' we'll take our fill.



Same Old Price.

Razzle—Wha'd'ye get your hair cut that way for?
Dazzle—Twenty-five cents.

THE SPHINX.

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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.*

HERE are some people who look upon running a university much as they do upon running a stock farm. Just as the latter would be more pleasant if you didn't have to bother with the cattle, so the former would be almost a heaven of delight if it were not for the troop of pesky students which somehow seems to be a necessary part of it. For students, you know, (or at any rate these good people think so) are a lot of obstreperous people who are constantly trying to break through all the fences of propriety, who have to be watched and cudgelled, and sat down upon every now and then, who are never under any circumstances to be trusted, who are, in short, a menace to the unfortunate town where they happen to be quartered. You will see this spirit creeping out, and oozing up in the most unexpected places, like a fountain starting forth from under a loose plank in a State Street sidewalk in the spring time. You will see University professors toss aside a sincere pledge of a student organization given in the best of good faith, as amounting to nothing; you will hear one of them remark that if the University publications would devote less of their energy toward getting a trip for the Glee Club and more toward raising the moral tone of the institution, they would accomplish better results, thus taking it as a matter of course that the moral tone of the University is low. You will find "One of the Public" telling the students when to, and when not to give the yell; you will notice that if two thousand students stay in their rooms of an evening and

buck as though they had a quiz in mediaeval history the next morning at 7 o'clock, that no one would think of mentioning it; but if three or four are guilty of acts of vandalism or rowdiness, it is the student body and not the three or four guilty students who get the blame, and there is no lack of blame, either from the press, or general sentiment, forthcoming. In other words, the evil that the students do never lacks for heralds to blazon it abroad; the good gets only now and then a line of commendation.

* * *

Happily, this sentiment does not prevail with all the press nor all the people. It is not entertained by those who know the students best. The students make mistakes, and at times their judgment fails them; but those mistakes and those failures are not the whole, nor the major part of their character. Do not misunderstand the SPHINX. She never has, nor does she now seek to palliate or excuse rowdiness. There has been no voice more ready and unsparing in reproof of these faults than hers. And though you should live long enough to see the time when Madison boarding houses serve as good meals June 15 as they do October 1, when Madison street cars run faster than 4½ miles an hour, or when no one makes paths across the campus, you will not find the SPHINX receding from that policy.

* * *

What the SPHINX does want to say is this: The student's side of the case is apt to be slighted. You

may never have thought of it before, but if you will look at the matter for a moment you will say with her, that the best part of the University is her student body. The part which the institution, and the city of Madison could least spare is these two thousand or more students. Ill indeed would the place get on without them. The SPHINX cannot keep from saying that if "One of the Public" were to live here six months, with these students out of town, and if he were to note the different grade of theatre performance that would be available for Madison audiences with the student support withdrawn, he would long to see the "gang in the gallery" come back, as he never longed for anything else. And the sound of the 'varsity yell re-echoing from out the peanut parquet to greet a favorite actor would be the sweetest music to his ears.

But in a larger sense than this material one, does the SPHINX believe in the Wisconsin student. She has come to know him pretty well. She has found him more earnest, more faithful, more sincere, than even he believes himself to be. He talks of cribbing and general rough-housing more than he indulges in them. He doesn't always put his best foot foremost, and oftentimes wears himself wrong side out. But the real man of him is good and sound and true. And there should be no more inspiring thought, than that this army of students, working to gain, and grasp, and appreciate the best things that life can possibly hold for any of us; and what the SPHINX wants most to see, is an increased confidence in the student, and understanding of him. She believes in her turn, that more could be accomplished by an increased acquaintance and closeness of intercourse between professors and students, than by any criticisms, however just or undeserved, when acquaintance doesn't go with them. She believes in the Wisconsin student, and she always will.

Winners of the Sphinx Prizes.

Literary—For the most suitable contribution, either prose or poetry:

1st prize, Miss Clara Froehlich, '02.

2d prize, Fred M. Van Horn, '00.

For the best set of four joshes or jokes, Joseph Koffend.

Art—For the best drawing:

1st prize, Miss Jessie Kroehnke, '01.

2d prize, Philip L. Spooner.

For best full page cartoon, Miss James.



The Important Part.

Now, shall I accept him,
I'm sure I don't know;
He's handsome and clever
And possesses the dough.
I am certain he loves me
His eyes tell the tale,
For man's at our mercy
Not wearing a veil.

The girls all adore him
It's quite plain to see;
And they'd have easy sailing
If it weren't for me.
I know he prefers me
For it's a woman's own art
To know when she's conquered
A noble man's heart.

Now shall I accept him?
I'm sure I don't know,
It's a terrible question
And puzzles me so.
If I should refuse him
And cast him away
He'd go and love others,
That's always man's way.

I'd look awfully stunning
In veil and in gown;
I know I'd be talked of
All over the town.
We could go to Niagara,
On our dear honeymoon,
And make life a heaven,
A perpetual spoon.

We'd have a swell cottage
Just right for us two,
I'd be a neat housewife,
I know I would do.
I would run and caress him
When he comes home to me,
We be just as happy
As happy can be.

So shall I accept him?
I'm sure I don't know.
It's nice to get married,
And I hate to say no.
Alas, there's a matter
Beyond my disposal;
I cannot accept him
Till he makes a proposal.

Here's a Start to a Spring Poem.

Easter buds and violets
Tender words in triolets.

A Case of Spring Fever.

The book is dark and dry and dreary,
 It's dull and the lines are ever weary,
 My eyes still gaze on Minto's prose;
 Though like more morphine, it makes me doze,
 And the book is dark and dreary.

My profs are cold and dry and dreary,
 They talk and their tongues are never weary,
 My thoughts still cling to the dark, dry book;
 Though my eyes are dazed at every look,
 And the profs. are dry and dreary.

Read on dim eyes and take the dope;
 To escape it now is beyond all hope,
 For study you must the different wars
 Though everything calls you out of doors,
 And to buck, is dry and dreary.

Minna von Barnhelm.

WENT to see Minna. A student, who had read the play in class, sat next to me and explained the jokes. Consequently I was able to get in a laugh for every funny crack, but I was always a lap behind, and sometimes the laugh didn't fit what was going on at the moment. My friend had read only the first three acts so that after the third act I couldn't keep track of the proceedings. I was interested, however, in watching the gestures of the act-

ors, who accompanied every word with violent arm movements.

Minna was a sweet thing in a white dress. She was engaged to the most unfortunate man in all Prussia. Poor Tellheim had lost his job and as the play opened, he had just pawned his ring to pay his board bill. The poor fellow had nothing to wear but nice new clothes with lace ruffles and gold braid sewed all over them. He wore one hand in a sling, which of course put him at a great disadvantage when he found it necessary to talk, for he couldn't make the necessary gestures. But he bore up bravely and used his left hand freely. His greatest annoyance lay in the fact that so many people wanted to lend him money. He was haunted continually by friends who had so much money that it was a burden to them.

In spite of his troubles, Tellheim was a good-hearted fellow. At one time he fired his servant. The servant, with tears in his eyes, presented a bill showing that he owed Tellheim seventy-six dollars and twenty-four cents for the privilege of working for him for several years. As the servant didn't

have the money, Tellheim magnanimously agreed to let him stay and work it out.

In her efforts to rope Tellheim in, Minna was nobly assisted by her maid Franciska. Franciska had an average speed of six hundred and seventy-three, seven syllable German words a minute and her duties were to paralyze the downtrodden landlord with her flow of language, and to shoo him away when he came meandering in on the love-scenes of Tell and Minna. When she was off duty she made love to a gallant ex-sergeant, who possessed a manner of walking that was a cross between the waddle of a goose and the gait of a horse with the stringhalt. She got him in the last scene of the last act and that ended the performance.

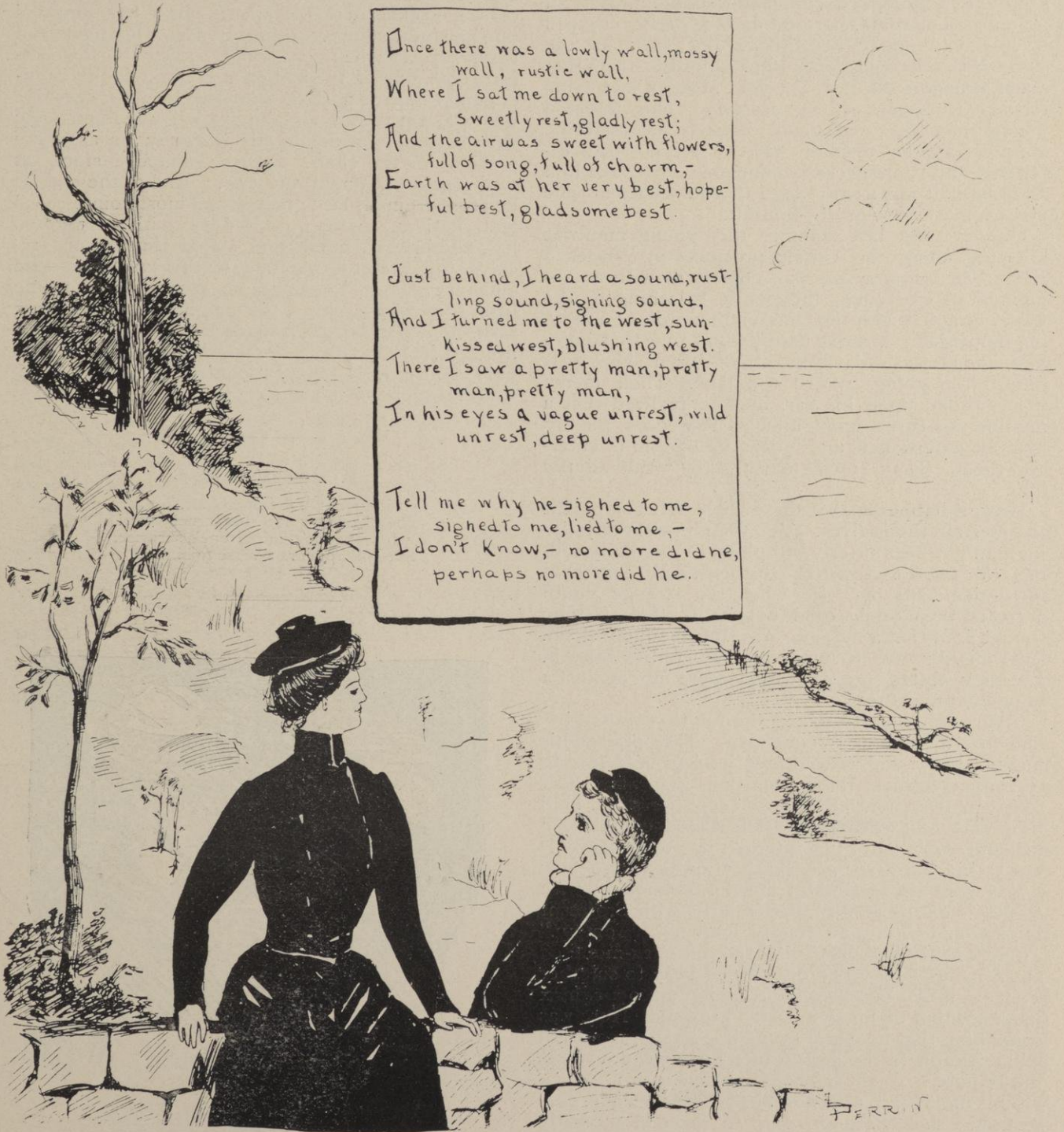
**My Sonnet.**

I tried to write a sonnet
 On a corking Easter bonnet,
 But no matter how I ponned it,
 It resembled still a conduit,
 So I stopped — dog-gone it.

Once there was a lowly wall, mossy
wall, rustic wall,
Where I sat me down to rest,
sweetly rest, gladly rest;
And the air was sweet with flowers,
full of song, full of charm,
Earth was at her very best, hope-
ful best, gladsome best.

Just behind, I heard a sound, rust-
ling sound, sighing sound,
And I turned me to the west, sun-
kissed west, blushing west.
There I saw a pretty man, pretty
man, pretty man,
In his eyes a vague unrest, wild
unrest, deep unrest.

Tell me why he sighed to me,
sighed to me, lied to me, -
I don't know, - no more did he,
perhaps no more did he.



A True Fable—Without Capitals.

Once there was a young man who was talented in many ways. He could do the triple back somersault with a flying start; he could double himself all up on the horizontal bar and look as if he enjoyed it; he could inflate his thorax and walk up the street with a haughty stare and a lordly stride that made strangers ask if J. Pierpont Morgan had come to town to speak at convocation. This talented young man also suspected himself of histrionic abilities; and he certainly had a tireless vocal apparatus and supreme self-confidence. So, take him all around, it was a safe wager that he would in time make a mark for—or of—himself.

One evening last summer this young man was loitering about the classic precincts of Whitefish Bay. The temperature was consistent with an enjoyment of existence; the gentle splashing of the waves mingled with the convivial hum of an imbibing multitude. Yet our hero had no one to admire him, and he was sad. Then a half-dozen shop girls passed him going toward the lake. Their merry voices broke upon his ear, and he realized that a mission was thrust upon him. These girls plainly must be entertained, and it was up to him to entertain them. Then—incidentally—they would admire him.

Now, it happensd that these girls felt competent to entertain themselves. Yet their powers of jolly-ing had not been utterly atrophied by the daily selling of two-for-a-quarter tortoise-shell combs at forty-nine cents per. So when the strange youth accosted them and would not be bluffed off, they too realized that a mission was thrust upon them. That mission was to eradicate the youth's conceit. But they wotted not that they were up against a hopeless proposition.

Space avails not to tell all the fun that those girls had with the talented young man. They praised his massive brow, and he told how he had been said to resemble Webster; they remarked upon his dulcet tones, he described how those same tones had held thousands long enthralled. He waxed confidential beneath such flattering interest; he told them his name; his address; his weekly allowance and how it was wont to evaporate; how he hobnobbed with members of the faculty, particularly with Professor Hickey and with one fondly known as "Tommy." Then as his audience listened in open-mouthed amazement—save when one turned away to smother a sneeze in her handkerchief—he led up to a climax in an account of his gymnastic prowess. Here was something that he could prove if occasion required; and occasion, in the person of a low-voiced maiden, did require.

This maiden, it appeared, had never seen a contortionist since Barnum came to town in the early eighties—and then she was but a child. So wouldn't the young man do just one or two stunts? Of course he would. And he did.

The one or two stunts grew into an exhibition of

his entire *repertoire*—to the accompaniment of constant murmurs of astonishment at his suppleness and daring. In his second double oblique flip he brushed against a table, and a glass containing some of the essence of Milwaukee's fame was emptied upon his new summer trousers. But what mattered that? He was being admired. Later in the performance, one of the audience in her breathless excitement pushed a chair into the locality where he was about to land, and he landed simultaneously with several portions of his anatomy on as many portions of the chair. Still he smiled a stern, set smile and went on to the end. And at the end, as he arose from his last, greatest and most complicated feat, hatless, coatless, collarless, with berumpled hair and bruised hands and soiled clothing, to receive the grateful plaudits of his audience—the audience was no longer to be seen. There came from somewhere within the neighboring pavilion, a series of noises which sounded much like ill-suppressed feminine giggles—but which must have been only the tinkle of empty "schnits."

Moral—There isn't any.

A Paradoxical Maid.

To win the maid the poet tries,
She likes his verse—but, cruel whim!
Much to the long-haired one's surprise,
She still appears a-verse to him.



After the Beta Fire.

Jack—Well, you people had quite a house warming this morning.

Jim—No, only an informal smoker.

A Prose Fallacy.

The usual carload of "peaches and dried apples" had gone home. The Prom festivities were over. Lent was nearly so, and incidentally, the recitations on the hill had ceased. Carlton threw himself down on the couch and thought it all over; he hadn't had time before. Recitations at the Academy had kept away the thought, but yes, he had been "conned out" for that is what three conditions and a failure amounts to in the present regime. The faculty had not invited any one to introduce a bill in the legislature to the contrary as yet.

Suddenly in a most natural way Dean Birge came into the room and sat down.

"Well, my dear boy," he began, "I came to tell you how sorry we all feel to think your marks were so low. I have talked it over with all your class officers and they feel you have worked too hard. Now we must not have any more of it. The Bureau of Information has been unusually busy this season and I cannot understand how they missed you. In fact we have a most wonderful system and keep track of things pretty well. But as I was remarking don't work so much. This outside reading, taking history notes, etc., is all nonsense. Prof. Olson said to me that if the time spent in the library were put in at some social function he felt confident we would have a happier class of students and I think him right.

I will admit we "con" as many students as possible, but it is to keep up appearances and as Prof. Dodge says, "They do it at Harvard." The Dean laughed heartily as he rose to go saying, "a number of students wished me to call and I must not linger longer. Good-bye and don't work, have a good time, that's what you're here for."

Carlton slowly opened her eyes. The Dean had gone, but down stairs the fellows were singing, "When Dreams Come True."

Her Father's Charms.

Oh, do not paint her charms to me,
I know that she is fair;
I know her lips might tempt the bee,
And her form's beyond compare.
Such natural gifts I do not prize,
My heart they cannot win;
The girl I love has squinty eyes—
But her father's got the tin.

**A Flood of Eloquence.****The Vehicle Congress.**

The vehicle congress met one day
And all of wheeldom was there;
From the deep and rumbling glucose dray
To the trap of the millionaire.

"Let's end, my friends," said the landau proud,
"These things that breathe of steam;
That bellow and throb in a vapor cloud
And go without a team."

"Quite right," said he of the barouche style,
"For I am the legal king;
Away with these imposters vile
That run by cogs and ring."

And tho' the new auto outside the gate
Heard well their threats that stung;
Yet how could he retaliate
When he hadn't even a tongue?

**An Easter Rarebit.**



My Co-ed Toast.

You blue-eyed girl with the wand'ring curl,
 Of golden touseled hair.
 You girl of grace, with the kindly face,
 And step so debonair,
 A health to you, of the amber brew
 Drink with never a care.

Then here's to you, with your eyes of blue
 And heart beyond compare.
 You soncy maid of Wisconsin's shade,
 A drink to you I dare.
 Girl of my youth, whom I love in truth
 Here's drowning my every care.

Words.



ENELOPE, ten books and thirteen pillows lay in an indiscriminate heap on Florence's couch. Florence sat on the floor with a German reader. She hated verbs and declensions. She had no love for memorizing.

"Eine Kugel kam geflogen," she repeated for the tenth time. "I can remember one line, anyway."

"Florence," interrupted Penelope, as she closed her note-book with a bang, "I hate men!"

"Eine Kugel kam geflogen," reiterated Florence.

"You can keep on with your flying Kugels," re-

torted Penelope, rising among the pillows, "but it's the truth. They are a horrid bore."

"Has Freddy turned 'Nelope down?" came playfully over the German book.

"No, he hasn't. She's going to turn him down though good and hard next time she gets a chance. He's as much of a bore as all the rest. I do wish girls could do more things here in Madison on their own hook."

"Suppose the Self-Government people give themselves a military hop," suggested Florence. "How'd that be for a dove party?"

"Florence, you're frivolous."

"Eine Kugel kam geflogen."

Gilt es mir —"

"But seriously, Florence," insisted the now animated Penelope, whose progressions had brought her to the edge of the couch, "it would be lots of fun. Men are so independent you know, and sometimes tiresome, and they think we think half our existence down here depends on them. Now I propose —"

Someone downstairs called Penelope to the telephone. When she came back her hands were full of hairpins.

"I've got to fix my hair over a little," she explained, "for it looks like sin. Freddy's coming in fifteen minutes to take me driving. It's just the grandest day that ever was."

"Herr Freddy kam geflogen. What a bore that you have to go, Penelope, when you hate him so."

Penelope turned from the pretty face in the mirror to the one among the pillows.

"Hate him?" she exclaimed, "Hate Freddy? Why, maybe I did just for a brief moment, but I don't most of the time. Isn't he perfectly darling, though, to come around this afternoon? I simply dote on him. To tell the truth, Florence, I'm afraid

if it weren't for Freddy, I'd almost be tempted to be a man hater."



The Langdon Street
Easter Lily

A Wonderful Dream.

The freshman had been to the indoor meet. That night he dreamed a most wondrous dream. He saw two lines of quadrumanes bipeds (he had learned in freshman biology that this was a polite term for monkeys). The peculiar part was that each set of these animals had only one tail along which were strung their various bodies like beads on a string. When the two sets tied their composite tails into a hard knot and struggled to see which could break the others' hold, countless other single apes screeched about them, yelling unrecognizable encouragements. Finally one huge quadrumane to whom the original tail seemed to belong, grasped a tree trunk with his hands and with marvellous swiftness ran up its shaggy surface, dragging the others behind him. The whole tangled mass rushed at the freshman with frightful grimaces and he woke suddenly, discussing in his feeble freshman cussing vocabulary the innate foolishness of hitting up the One Minute after 11:30 p. m.



UNHAPPY BOWS THE HEAD T WEARS NO EASTER BONNET.

Trouble in Face Land.

"What are you grumbling about?" asked Lower Teeth of Tongue.

"Oh, I can't help feeling down in the mouth," answered Tongue, "because all I seem to be good for, is to help people to talk and whenever they say too much they always lay it to me and say 'there goes that terrible Tongue again.'"

"Well, don't you care," said Lower Teeth, "you have a hard time, that's true, but we will always stay near you, and help you out as much as possible."

"Listen to that," cried Upper Teeth, "why you fellows haven't got any influence in Face-land society at all. You never come out in society, and nobody ever sees you; why, you are not even in our set."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Lips, "that was a squelcher. But when you talk about being popular in society, why that's where we shine. We may not make ourselves heard like Tongue, but the society folks like us, for we are read all the time."

"That's true enough," said Mouth, "and I ought to be glad that one of my near relatives is so popular, but nevertheless as far as I am concerned you are not in it."

"Oh, you children make me tired," said Nose. "with your petty claims, for everybody knows that in Face-land I am always the center of discussion, and my popularity, no doubt, is due to the fact that I am above such insignificant trifles as Lips," and he held himself up in his lordly way.

"Hear, hear!" cried ears. "Why every one knows that I am far beyond Nose in Face-land, and stand out prominently, and always come out ahead."

"What you say, Ears, may be true," said Eyes. However, I notice that as far as Nose is concerned, I'm far from the center of discussion, and in a discussion you know the opinion of the eyes always control."

"You fellows from Tongue up to Eyes all make me tired," said Hair. "Every one of your reasons for supremacy are foolish and childish. The man who would be leader must be a winner, and that's where I am strong, for I always come out on top."

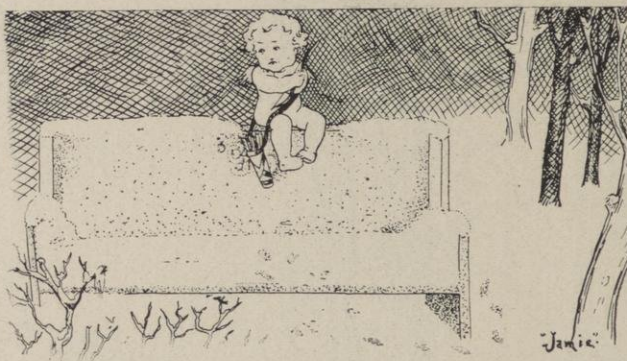
"Gentlemen, gentlemen," broke in cheeks, "stop this useless fighting, or I'll not have the face to appear in society any more. You are all well enough in your way, but sadly behind date. I am the only one of you all that first obtains the newest wrinkle and in society up-to-date-ness counts."

This seemed to stagger the crowd and Cheek as always won the day.

A Safe Practice.

RACHEL—I hear from Ikey dot he has charge of der target bractice und gives der vort to shoot.

MR. SWINDLE-STEIN—Eggcellent; he will probably learn to shout der vort "Fire" widout eggsciting susbition.



Some one else who is glad that Spring is here.

"When Greek Meets Greek."

"But I want you to."

"Well, that's different. A minute ago it was my duty; you are so inconsistent."

"Then you should admire inconsistency. You must admire the qualities I possess rather than admire me because of some qualities."

"I don't know whether I caught it all, but I'm willing to admire."

"But tell me are you going to that reception."

"Really, Marjory, you ask such impossible things of me."

"Impossible things. Don't you suppose after five thousand years of training a woman knows better than to ask impossible things of a man?"

"Well there's advantage in even knowing what you're in training for."

"That hasn't anything to do with the reception. Are you going?"

"Do you want me to or is it my duty?"

"It's your duty, I guess."

"I'm not going."

"Very well, the next time you want me to dance with a man just because he's in your class, I'm not going to."

"That was entirely different."

"I don't see why."

"Because I wanted you to."

"When if I say I want you to go, will you?"

"Of course I will."

"I will do nothing of the kind."

"All right, suppose its up to me to go home."

"Yes, I think it is. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."



ARE YOU A BUFFALO.



My Easter.

My trusting aunt from Ravenside
Sent to me for a bonnet.
I bought a bunch of violets,
I wrote an Easter sonnet.

The names got mixed; my aunt sent back
Iced thanks for flowers and sonnet,
And asked me quite as frigidly
What maiden had her bonnet.

Proud Helen wrote in frozen lines,
"Dear sir, you're kind and generous,
But father for my hats still pays;
We buy from Madam Demorus."

Scarce can my frenzied mind recall
The words burned in that sonnet;
Nor can it picture Helen fair
In Auntie's purple bonnet.

Good, all But one Thing.

German Professor—How did you like the German play?
Student—Fine, only the acting wasn't any good.

A Untold Tale.

"I feel like a fool," panted the girl with the little black hat and red golf gloves.

"You say I look like one?" she continued. "Well, who wouldn't? Come on up Langdon and I'll tell you how it happened."

She waited until they had waded through the little rivers that find their source near the Library door. On the highway she began.

"I wanted a Virgil from a second floor stack and climbed those pesky dark little winding stairs to get it. With every step I vowed to thank the old Romans if ever I got to the top. By the way, Grace, you'd better be thankful Latin Seminaries are not in your line. When I finally got there, it was so dark I couldn't have told a Virgil from a Mary J. Holmes. I managed to find a button on the wall and I pressed it."

"Well, did the lights come?" asked the girl who knew nothing of Virgil and the winding stairs that lead to him.

"No, they didn't!" was the almost savage answer. "They didn't, but what do you suppose did?"

"Can't imagine. Mr. Dudley?"

"Not quite. It was—"

"The library small boy?"

"No, it was an abominable, automatic little elevator!"

She savagely turned up her fur collar before she continued.

"Just imagine my emotions. After panting and creeping up those stairs to have that little wire cage crawl slowly after and stop right in front of me. I felt weak as a kitten and the worst of it was—"

"That someone beheld your emotions," interpolated the sympathetic listener.

"No. That I hadn't the nerve to face that old elevator while I looked for a light button. I simply bolted down those crooked old stairs and here I am. I hope the old cage will have to hang up there all night."

"It probably enjoys high life," remarked the other as they parted on the corner.

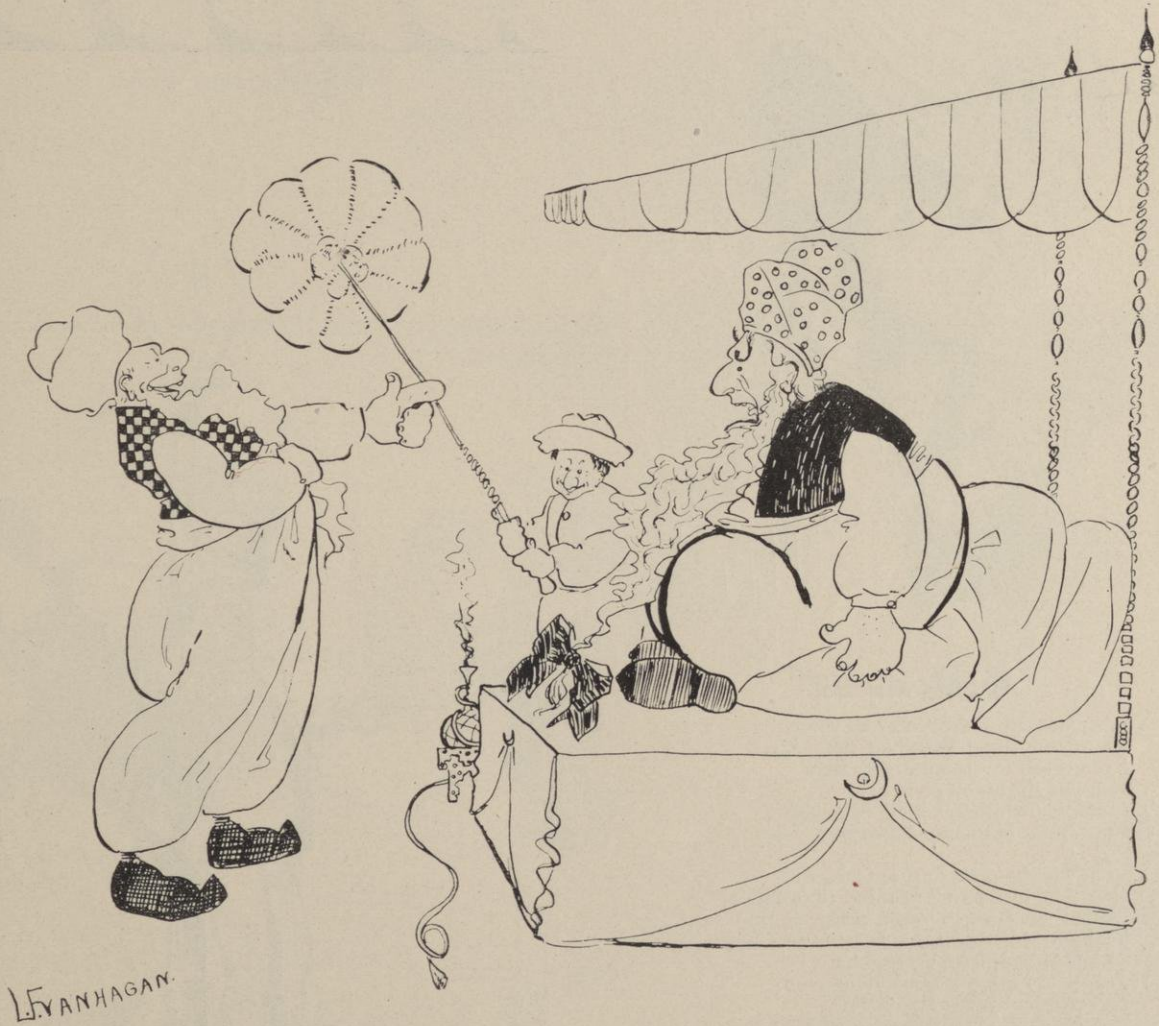
A Foxy Goose.

"Are you going to Dr. Elsom's circus," asked the fox of the old gray goose.

"Not on my own bill," replied the bird with an emphatic ejaculation.

An American-German Alliance.

MINNIE—Come to supper, kinder, fader is on the table and mudder's half eaten.



Where was the Joke.

"Has it ever struck you, Hassan," said the Caliph of Pashphit, turning to his prime minister, "why it is that I can never get off a joke?"

"Has it ever struck your Highness," returned Hassan, with a loud guffaw, "that it is even because the joke is always on you?"

At this point in the conversation, the Caliph called in the Lord High Executioner, and next morning there was a card hanging in the front window of the palace saying "Prime Minister Wanted."



My Classroom Idol.

You're just the same today as when
You came the first day of the year.
I often tell my room-mate, Ben,
I wish you didn't sit so near;
For somehow all this hour each day
Seems spent in gazing down your way.

You never thought, perhaps, that I
Could be less harsh in mind than face;
But then, you women often make us try
To have the best that's in us take a brace,
And if I fail some days, at least,
It seems my debt to you's increased.

Yet tho' my work this hour be lax
I would not change it for a world;
And though my spring exams may be a tax;
A virtue banner in my heart's unfurled,
Your modest face, your straying curl
My mem'ry e'er will keep, dear girl.

Evidently a Life Prisoner.

JAILOR AT WAUPUN:—Yes, we call this prisoner
Infinity.

VISITOR:—Infinity? Why?

JAILOR:—Oh, because he has unlimited time.



A Facetideous Frieze.



A Change of Season.

In summer, when in beauty grand
Mendota mirrored every star,
My inspiration was to seek
The mid-lake's sandy bar.

'Tis winter now; the scene has changed
And oft in the city far,
My inspiration now to seek
Is Tommy's handsome bar.

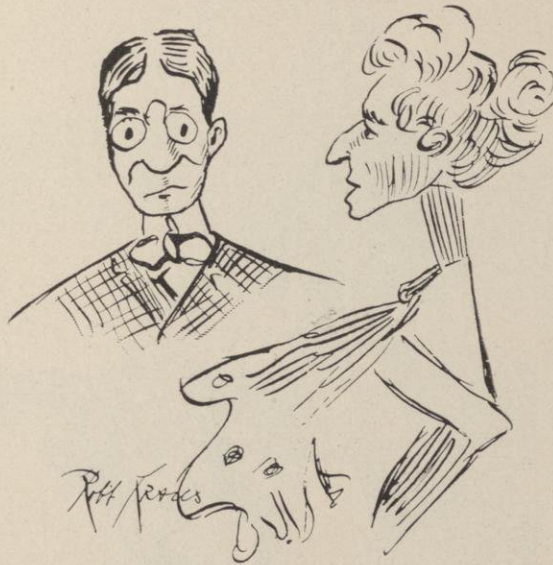


"Jamie."

AUNT JEMIMA—"Land sakes, Jennie! Be them escaped from the asylum?"

JENNIE—"Oh, no, auntie. They're 'Varsity men. They run in those clothes."

AUNT JEMIMA—"Run! I should think they would!"



An Insult.

MISS FACE:—Why are you so glum tonight, Mr. Beard?

MR. BEARD:—Oh, because my barber called me down, this morning.

The Last Charge.

A picture large and grand and fine,
And painted by a master,
Of soldiers in a battle charge
Portending fierce disaster:
All 'round the field both near and far,
I see their comrades lying,
It's plain to all, that these brave men
Their only chance are trying.

The picture is a work of art,
It claimed my long attention.
I turned to see if in the lists
It had received a mention.
"The Last Charge," the painter named
This work so fine and able.
When I read this my face grew hot,
My balance grew unstable.

For on that morn my grocerman,
Whose bills to me are many,
When asked again for tea and soap
Said "Show me first your penny."
As I had none, he seized the book
Wherein he keeps me rated,
And in it wrote in letters large,
Just what the picture stated.

Can this be so.

There is a Junior here who is to have an exam. next Saturday at 2 P. M. He thinks he is the hardest worked student in the U. W. at exam. time and this is why. He will get up early, dress slowly, shave leisurely to kill time and discover that he is up earlier than ever before. He will stroll out to breakfast, going the longest way possible so as to get plenty of fresh air, then having consumed his daily oatmeal rushes down town to remove the taste. He will stand some time in front of Sumner's with a cigarette in his mouth, and then go into the Co-op., spend half an hour reading *Life*, *Truth*, *SPHINX*, and then buy a *Chicago American* for a cent, and go to his room. There he will find the landlady cleaning up. He will indulge in a little French, and proceed to call on various friends, all of whom prove to be bucking. Having wasted about twenty-seven minutes, he will return to his own room, request his Freshman roommate to go up to the Lib. to buck, then remove sundry clothing, and light a pipe. Then he picks up the paper, reads the headlines, then the exciting articles and finally ends by looking at his watch and getting up to look for the postman. It is only 11:15. He suddenly discovers a maiden across the street, and wonders who she is. Soon it is 12:00 o'clock. He fills his fountain pen and sharpens two lead pencils; puts a few suggestive blots on his blotter, and then goes down to the postoffice for two stamps; he gets an early dinner and returns to his room at 1:15. He picks up a syllabus and turns over a few pages, and discovers something he has not seen before. He turns over the next page and finds more that he hasn't seen before, gets out a text-book, and looks through it. The more he looks the more he finds which he didn't know. He gets excited and tries to learn it all at once; gets more excited, turns the pages back and forth and reads and rereads, tears his hair, sighs, and looks at his watch. It is 1:47. He then rushes wildly up the hill, generously cursing Professor What-you-call him, and telling everyone he meets that he is the hardest buckner in the 'varsity.



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of Smith's are bad. I would not
wear such loud things.

Jones—They are no worse than
his new low shoes.

Brown—But you wouldn't ex-
pect anything but low shoes to as-
sociate with such stockings.

—The Widow.

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master of this town was lost on an
island and some cannibals found
him and devoured him, what time
would it be?

The easy ones—What time
would it be! How foolish.

Joker—Why 3 P. M.

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He happened to find her there,
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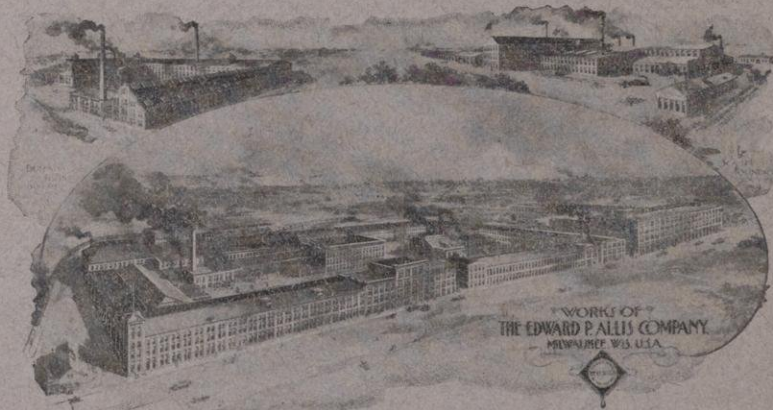
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