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VOL. IV

Madison, Wis., June 13, 1903

NO. 15





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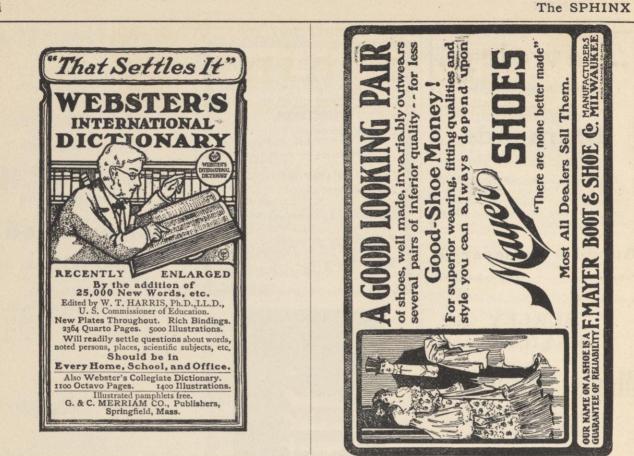
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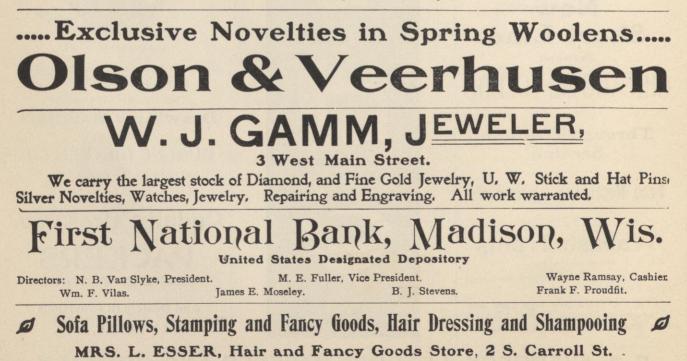
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Sakigami Leaves Us.

Oh Saki, Sakigami won't you stay another year?

You're a blame good fellow Saki, and we always want you here,

With your ever gleaming glasses, and your ever beaming smile.

Why, we'll miss you greatly, Saki, less you stay a little while.

You're a plucky, gritty Badger, and we're proud of you for fair,

And we hope you'll always prosper! Sakigami, put it there!

We shall never hear you rooting for the teams you loved so well,

But we'll know your heart is with us, and your breast with pride will swell,

When you read how old Wisconsin fights her way to first again

By the brawn and brain and hustle of her never quitting men!

You will miss it, and we'll miss you, Sakigami, on the square,

You're a Badger and we love you, Sakigami, put it there!

When at last, oh Sakigami, you go back to fair Japan,

Don't forget us at Wisconsin, for we like you, every man.

Tell your people of our football, tell them of our husky crew,

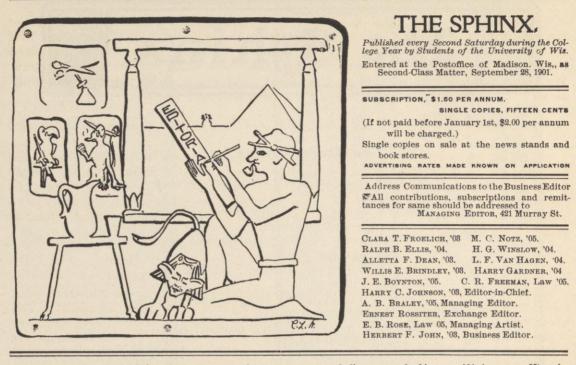
Don't forget us, Sakigami, always we'll remember you!

You're a corker, you're a daisy, you're a brick, beyond compare;

Well good bye, old chap, and prosper— Sakigami—put it there!

A. B. B.





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

The Sphinx Valedictory For 1902=3.

Dear Teachers, loving Classmates, honored Regents, and Friends present:

It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that we appear for the last time of the present season; pleasure because we don't have to get out another issue and regret because we know how you will miss us. During the past year THE SPHINX has tried to make a mark in University circles, in fact it has made several marks if you count the Cardinal in two times. As a shining light THE SPHINX has shown steadily—she has been turned down several times but has never been put out. There is beauty in the bellow of the blast—beauty which will not be found outside of a Cardinal editorial or a junk shop.

Wot are youse goin' to do about it?-Spenser.

Just the same when it comes to genuine beauty we feel that we have a mortgage on the union-made article and if we are not the official organ of the Madison Art Association it is because of prejudice. We have done our best to elevate the University's TASTE in art and literature and if the University's taste isn't elevated it is the University's fault. The average issue of this SPHINX, according to Professor Jastrow, has raised the art sense of the University about two feet. THE SPHINX has raised literature—has raised art—has raised money and has raised hell.

Where dere's a cent dere's a weigh-Cicero.

Yet we have been slow but sure; when we have started we have usually went and did what we began to done. As a rule when we have started we have been at the finish with our number thirteen goloshes playing tunes on the other fellows ribs.

Wot e'll, boys, wot e'll?-Scott.

The humour of THE SPHINX has been of the subtle variety found rarely outside of the vaudeville stage or Prof. Slaughter's classes. You will notice that sometimes THE SPHINX joke has not dawned on you till a week or so afterwards. That has been because of its subtlety. Sometimes we have not even made out the joke ourselves. We have several jokes in some of our past issues which are so subtle that they will probably not be appreciated for centuries. Then everybody will laugh.

De Constitution and de course in Constitutional Law must be preserved .- Webster.

THE SPHINX ends the present year with feelings of ill will toward none. We are even grateful to the football team because they furnished us with material for several funny jokes, which we have sprung at intervals from October on. We are grateful to the regents for getting us a President. We are grateful to the faculty for giving us examinations. If it were not for examinations we could not use up our annual stock of jokes on the crib.

De tendency to cribbin' is de curse of degeneration. — Cæsar.

When you remember us we trust that a glow of pleasure will run up and down your spinal columns. You have been privileged in reading the products of our brains. You have lived in the german-silver age of Wisconsin's literature. You have held commune with the marvellous works of mighty minds meandering in the midst of meadows mellow with the moanings of mortality.

Youse is all right, Van Hise.-Shakespeare.

8

It was at the close of one of those beautiful evenings in spring, when the air is delicately perfumed by the odors from hundreds of bursting buds. The sun had long since crept behind the woody crest of Picnic Point, and here and there, the new moon shed its soft light through the trees. The cares and toils of the day had been many, and in search of a few minutes of rest they had wondered over the Hill, and now sat side by side on the grassy bank, looking out over the moon-lit water of Mendota, and listening to the gentle murmur of the little waves as they beat upon the rocks.

Suddenly and without turning from the scene before him, the man spoke in a faltering voice:

"Do you know-that-that I dreamed of-of you last night?"

R

"Oh did you!" exclaimed the girl glancing up, "tell me about it, I do so love to hear of dreams."

"I dreamed that you and I were together and alone; we wondered along happily, and finally came here, and—and just as I woke up, I kissed you."

A faint blush came over the maiden. With a shapely foot she turned over a tiny stone and watched it as it rolled down the steep bank, and with a splash disappeared into the water. Then without lifting her eyes, she drew a little nearer to her companion, and softly said:

"Don't you think that you could sleep now?"

9

J. E. B.

8

The Pirate Captain hissed musingly through his moustache, "the captive has an awful appetite," he said sternly, "yet we shall have to board him." Whereupon the trembling victim was made to walk the plank. The Soph—Well, one thing is certain, the Darwinian theory is proven.

The Fresh—How's that?

8

The Soph—No one can help believing it when they've watched you make a monkey of yourself.

A Wish.

In Nonsense Land I'd like to be,

'Tis such a place of mirth and glee;

Their only food is smiles and grins, For change they sometimes swallow pins; And pointed is their wit—you see. Their dress is laughter, mostly, free From all of fashion's foppery;

For mittens they wear muffin tins In Nonsense Land.

Ah, that's the kind of place for me, Where folks live topsy turvily.

Where dogs bark nothing but their shins, Where no one worries for his sins,

And—Prue might hear my love lorn plea In Nonsense Land.

G. L. M.

"Pray tell us your name, that we may notify your parents of your untimely end," said the gentle buccaneers as they prepared to throw the two fat captives overboard.

"Mine is Si Perkins," said one. "And mine is Si Huggin," replied the other.

"We thank you from our hearts," said the Pirates with tears in their eyes. Thereupon they heaved a heavy Si, and then heaved another heavy Si.



Happy Henry.

"Why are you happy, Henry?"

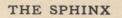
"Happy, why should I not be happy. Yes indeed, Rudolph, I have finished all my recitations, and as soon as I have taken examinations in Botany, Geology, Anglo-Saxon, Chaucer, Advanced Rhetoric, Physics, Elementary Chemistry and Horace, worked off three cons and made up sixty hours of laboratory work, I shall be through for the year."

"Blisters."

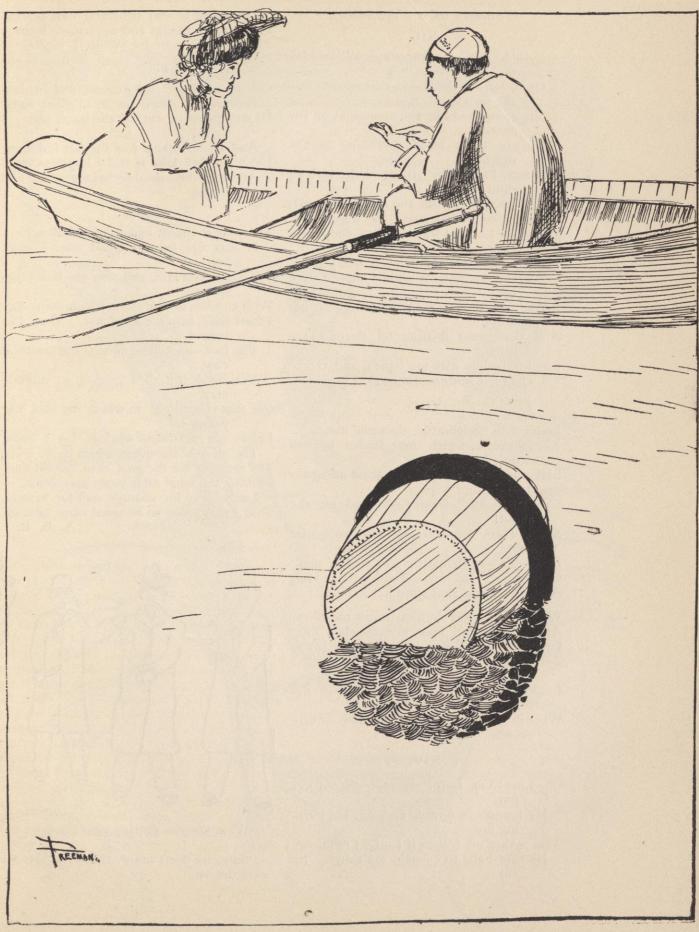
(With apologies to the Columbia Morningside.)

Oh, Mr. Hudson, how brown your hands are! And they are so muscular, too. Mine look awfully small beside them, don't they? Dainty as Dresden and white as mar-ble! You're trying to jolly me, now are'nt you? I don't like—Oh those awful blisters! How did you get them? Do they hurt? You would! Now that would be foolish, be-cause I'd row sometimes. No, I shan't! What good would it do them? You can't row home because they hurt so? Well, in that case I suppose you'll have to. There. Why I can't see my hands at all! You'd like to hold them forever? That's foolish, for how could I eat? Feed me on adoration? I'm afraid that would be rather slender sustenance. Yes, it would be pleasant. Have'nt you held them about long enough, besides there's a boat in the distance. There's a horrid mosquito! Well I shan't! I shall die if that mosquito bites me. Keeps away from you because your coat smells of tobacco, does he? Wish girls could smoke! You think he wouldn't then? Well, I won't. Oh, there he is again. Yes, it is nicer here. My how rough your coat is! That button scratches my cheek. You smell awfully of that horrid pipe. Yes, it would have been chilly on that other seat. What are you doing to my hair? You get it in your mouth! Well, impudence! No you mayn't! Well you mustn't! Let me go! I suppose I'm helpless. My! You horrid thing! I never thought of such a thing! it was an entire sur!-again! Let me go! I believe your coat isn't near as rough! You don't shave enough. I suppose you might as well. Yes, they're good ones, but you make too much noise. You don't give me time for breath? I don't? Well it seems to me you are kissing enough for two. Must I! Well! There! R. H. K.

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163



Sonnets of a Freshman. XII.

- I took her out canoeing Wednesday night-
- How fair she looked in that white dress she wore!
- She glimmered like the moonlight on the shore
- Until my heart leapt, throbbing at the sight.
- (I guess I'm pretty strong with her all right,

And every day I see she loves me more!) And as we swiftly swept the waters oe'r,

With love for me I watched her deep eyes light.

- I knew her heart was wholly, freely mine, And in my joy my paddle slipped from me,
 - And splashed a quart of water on her dress.
- And then went floating off "across the brine,"

I had to paddle with my hands, and Gee I won't get sentimental soon, I guess.

XIII.

I-hic-'m shelebratin', drownin' out,

Zhe shorrow whish my leaden heartsh

- SHE turned me down—hic—trod me under heel.
- Show now-hic-I hafhs shtarted on zhe shout!
- Shay! Have annuzher on zhe cock-sure tout,

Zhat—hic—wash blattin' in a blatan' spiel, Of how he wash—hic—sholid an' zhe real, An' only steady zhat she'd have about!

Well shay, I guess she didn' throw me down, An walk—hic—ri' upon my sthricken form I'm jus' zhe mud zhat litters up zhe town, For her to walksh in, whensh zhere ish hic—storm.

- I know I'm—drunk but here'sh my sole defense,
- Whensh shobered up I feel like shurty shents.

XIV.

- Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! the aching head I've got,
 - My tongue is furred, and, oh, the burning fire

That makes me feel as if I might require

Niagara Falls to quench my thirst. No sot

I'm meant to be; the water cart is what I'm going to mount and nevermore retire. The drink no more for Willie, I aspire,

- No more for "one small bird and one large bot."
- Old R. E. Morse has got me, and I think, Perhaps I've been an ass in other ways.
- I'll straighten up, cut out the boast and drink,
- And act less like a fool the last few days; Life's tangled knot is still a hopeless kink,
- And can't be solved by brazen shouts and brays.

XV.

The year is almost ended; who shall say

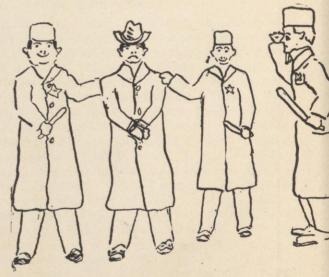
- It has not been a good one; I have learned
- To love the Hill, and how my heart has burned
- With touches of the spirit which some day
- I trust shall help me serve her. True, I've turned
 - The fool sometimes; mine is but youthful clay,
 - Yet through it all I groped, as mortals may,
- For that clear light to which my soul has yearned.

I have not yet found wisdom, but I know The glory of the quest, which never ends;

The struggle for the goal man cannot find. I cannot tell what after years may show,

I only pray for courage and for friends, That I may leave an honored name behind.

FINIS. A. B. B.

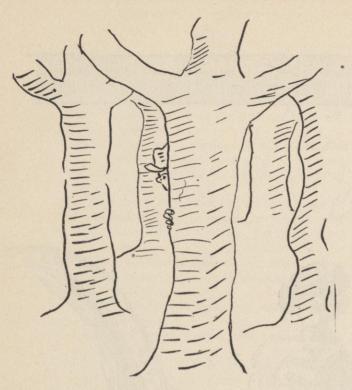


"What are you putting your hands on me for?"

"Sure, we don't know, that's the way we were drawn."



Ghe Engineer watches the girls go by.



"His name is Wood." "Ah, I see, thats' his Family tree.

Kind Aunt Amelia.

Aunt Amelia was fond of children. She usually had three for breakfast and always buried their bones carefully in the garden. Kind Aunt Amelia! Little Johnny was a tough, horrid little boy, and would not let Aunt Amelia eat him and bury his bones in the pretty garden. No indeed, he was not a nice little boy, and nice little boys and girls must not be like little Johnny. Little Johnny stabbed Aunt Amelia and cut her into pieces, while the nice red blood went all over the table. Aunt Amelia was all cut up about Johnny's naughty actions. Kind Aunt Amelia's mother came in and saw the muss and said reprovingly: "Johnny, dear, what a cut up you are."

This teaches us that Honor is more than Riches. KIM.

"Charlie's awfully buoyant?"

"Yes, his girl has just been throwing hot air into him."

d

The Senior Says "Goodbye."

Yes; I guess I'm through all right, For good! Perhaps I should Be glad to be-But-but-you see,-Well, four years Has made me feel Kind of .--No those aren't tears, I-I-it's just the sun's too bright! No; I'll confess; you're right, My eyes are wet! I can't forget The joys and sorrows I've had here, Which makes the old place dear Beyond all hope of roseate to-morrows. Well, goodbye, old Hill, I don't suppose you'll miss me, But I'll try To do your training proud, And so. Goodbye! A. B. B.

Ø

"To Every Badger Girl."

We confess we've lost our hearts, Who's the cause? You wonder, who? 'Tis a loss that sweetly smarts, We confess we've lost our hearts To an artless maiden's arts.

Yes, we've lost them dear to you. We confess we've lost our hearts, Who's the cause? you wonder. Who? X. M.

Two at the Same Game.

The Boy had declared he could kiss the Girl if he wished to, and what was more he could do it with her permission. The two other boys, perhaps knowing from experience, offered to bet a supper at "Tommie's" that it couldn't be done under any circumstances. The boy accepted the bet and agreed to make the trial the following night at the naval ball.

The Boy, who had not expected to go to the ball, arrived late at the Gym. and at once made his way to the Girl. She was talking to the two other boys, but stopped in the middle of a sentence to greet him. "Have you any dances left?" asked the Boy?

"I saved two for you," she said, as she smiled up at him. And the Boy, after he had written his name in the only two vacant spaces, went away, thinking of at least one good thing to eat that he would like to have at that supper. By the time his programme was filled he had planned the whole menu and was feeling sorry for the two other boys who would have to pay for it.

When the third dance came the Boy was on hand early. He liked to dance with the Girl. Her skirts never got in his way, and her hair never blew against his face. She neither tried to pull away nor leaned heavily on him, and her step suited his own. So he was prepared to enjoy himself, and did, until he noticed the dimple which appeared in the Girl's cheek only when she was amused. For some reason he was annoyed.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"You," answered the Girl.

"Aren't you going to tell me?"

"Why, I have told you," she said, and then suddenly she blushed to the roots of her hair and began talking about the Glee Club Concert.

When the dance was over they stopped by an open window. The Boy thought that the Girl was very good to look at as she leaned against the casement and let the wind blow a strand of her hair across her face. He was still curious about the joke that had made her blush so furiously, but the mere mention of it made her face, her neck and even her shoulders flush again. After an embarrassed silence she asked him whether he remembered the lecture he had once delivered to her on the curiosity of girls in general and of herself in particular. Thereupon the Boy was forced to defend his own sex and repeat his assertions about hers. In the midst of what he was saying, however, the music for the next dance started.

After he had taken the Girl back to her place the Boy went outside to smoke. He honestly liked the Girl and being really a good sort of a fellow he was rather ashamed of himself. He had about decided to give the whole thing up when one of the other boys came past with a girl.

"Thinking about that supper?" he asked.

The Boy knew he would never hear the last of it if he gave up now, so, as he threw away his cigarette and went in for the next dance he decided to do or die.

When their second dance came the Girl said she was tired. Couldn't they go some place where it was cool and talk? She actually seemed to be furthering his plans. The Boy suggested the small hall just off the dancing room, and wrapping herself in her cape she went out there with him and sat on the stairs.

The Boy was not used to this sort of thing. He felt like a criminal. But the fates were with him, for the lights went out. He put his arm around her and whispered in her ear. And then—

The next day the Girl met the Other Girl on her way to church.

"Good morning, my dear. When are going to buy my candy?" asked the Girl.

"Your candy !" extlaimed the Other Girl. "You— He was not so silly as to ask you !"

"Hasn't he though! I never make bets unless I am certain. I knew he'd never do it without asking."

"Did you let him ?" asked the Other Girl eagerly.

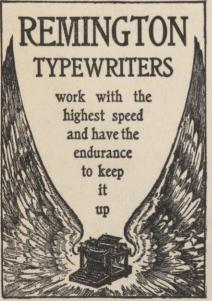
"Of course not. If there were no other reason, I hate the smell of tobacco. Good bye. Won't you come to church with me! No? I'm sorry. Good bye."

And the Girl folded her handkerchief into her prayer-book and went into church with a face that strove to be demure, although the dimple came and went.



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When the brute was quite dead She scalped it and said:

"Good gracious! just look at the goo."—Widow.

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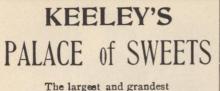
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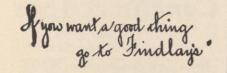
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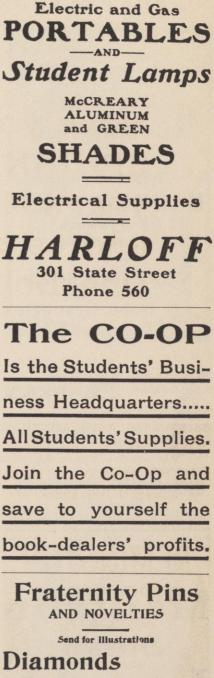
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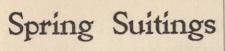


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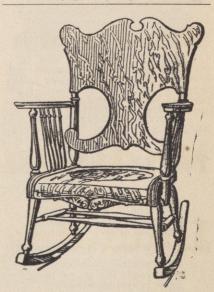
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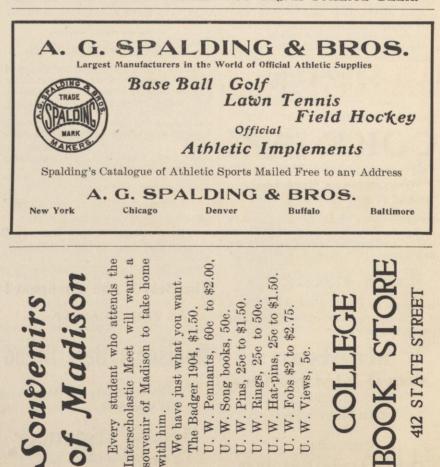
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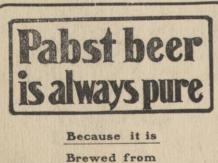
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