



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Sphinx. Vol. 1, No. 14 April 27, 1900

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, April 27, 1900

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/VLDRVFMTZUMQR8S>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

APRIL 27, 1900

THE SPHINX



DAN CUPID'S gone a hunting,
With some arrows freshly tipped.
He is out upon the water,
Where the freshman's oars have
dipped;
He is out upon the driveway,
Where the junior wings are clip-
ped;
And I fear me he is lurking,
In the new found cap and gown,
Which the senior laws are shirking,
Lest he surely bring them down.



A Unanimous Decision

for the affirmative is sure to be given on

THE QUESTION

Resolved, That the best place to get your clothing made is at

VINCENT ZACH'S

404 State St. The Students' Tailor

SUITS TO ORDER

Pressing, Repairing and Cleaning done neatly and quickly. Workmanship guaranteed

F. COYNE

FINE MILLINERY

UP-TO-DATE STYLES

And Prices to suit all

Call and Examine before buying elsewhere

Badger Block--10 South Carroll St.

ASK FOR PRICES AT

F.F.F. LAUNDRY

7 and 9 E. MAIN STREET

PHONE 65



“THAT cross-country man is a great coward.”

“What has he done?”

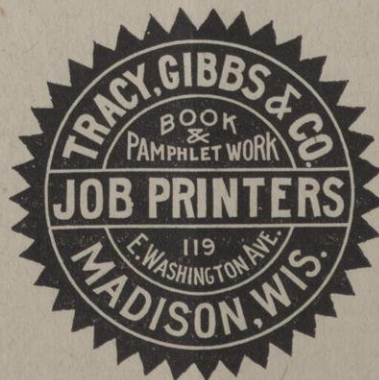
“Some one fired a pistol behind him and he ran six miles without stopping.”

—The Widow.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—Can you tell me who was Solomon?

MICKEY—I can, mum. He's the feller wot's got me fodder's clock in hock.—Lampoon.

“NOT HOW CHEAP, BUT HOW GOOD”



Why not pay a reasonable price and get the best of printing? We can give you just what you want in Programs, Invitations, Cards, Menus, etc., at moderate prices.

J. M. NELSON Manufacturing Jeweler

112 E. Main Street

A Large Line of



Diamonds

Watches

Clocks

Jewelry

Silverware

and Novelties

always on hand

Special attention given to repairing and making of FRATERNITY PINS and BADGES, also

Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing and ... Engraving ...

All Work Guaranteed

Lewis' Family Cough Syrup

Is just the thing for you. Keeps cold from the lungs, stops hacking cough. Try it. 50 cents per bottle at Lewis' Drug Store.

Morgan's Marble Front

Restaurant and Oyster Parlors FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Cor. Main and Pinckney Sts., Madison Best of service guaranteed. Open at 7:00 a. m. for meals.

THE REGAL SHOE

ONE PRICE - ONE QUALITY - ALL STYLES \$3.50

A stock of our Shoes on sale at the CO-OP. See the latest—THE HENLEY BUTTON SHOE

Handsome RUGS!

Address Rug Dept. Baraboo Towel Mills BARABOO, WIS.

Made from old ingrain and brussels carpets. All sizes up to 4 yards wide and any length . . .

THE SPHINX.

THE HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL OF CHICAGO

The largest and best equipped Homeopathic Medical College in the world. New college and hospital buildings erected at a cost of \$150,000. Situated on the line of the Cottage Grove avenue car, near 29th street. The 40th annual session opens September 26, 1899. Clinical and directing material in abundance. Large, thoroughly equipped laboratories. Hospital capacity, 225 beds. Steam heat and electric lights. For announcements and further particulars, address

JOSEPH S. COBB, M. D., Registrar
2811 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago

Graduates of University Science Courses admitted to advanced standing.

KINGSTON & O'BRIEN HACK AND BAGGAGE LINE

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY IN CONNECTION

Telephone 523. Office 121 Monona Avenue, Madison, Wis.

JAMES H. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

PAUL KINGSTON Manager.

LILLEY UNIFORMS

THE STANDARD IN AMERICAN COLLEGES

HIGH QUALITY, MINIMUM PRICES.

BEST FROM EVERY STANDPOINT, INCOMPARABLY SUPERIOR. BEST TO BUY

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE

THE M.C. LILLEY & CO.
COLUMBUS, O.

Or call on MR. T. S. MORRIS,
Our Representative

For your **FALL SUIT** go to
GAY & ANDERSEN

27 North Pinckney Street
Second Floor

E. R. CURTISS
Photographer

VILAS BLOCK
ELEVATOR Madison, Wis.

CHASE
Dentist

...302 STATE STREET...

FIT FOR A KING!!

The Pies, Cakes, etc., at

SPENCER'S BAKERY
Goods to Order, with the Best of Catering

457 W. Gilman St. Special Rates to Clubs

Dr. LINDSEY S. BROWN
EYE AND EAR

Spectacles Fitted . . . INFIRMARY
Room 2, Brown Block
Office Hours: 9 to 12; 2 to 6.
Sundays, 12 to 1. MADISON, WIS.

Cardinal Barber Shop

GEO. O. SCHMIDT
Corner University Ave. and Lake St.

PRISON INSPECTOR—It seems to me that your accounts show a needless extravagance. Look at this item—skin soap, \$15.00. And why, pray, do you use skin soap?

WARDEN—Sure, an' for what else than to keep the prisoners from breakin' out, sor?—*Princeton Tiger*.

While Home.

She—Do you associate with those awful co-eds, Jack?

He—Just at parties and the games, and in college and a few places where one can't avoid 'em, you know.

She—Ah, Jack, I knew you were true.—*Wrinkle*.

Confidences.

"I don't think he and I are suited to each other."

"How so?"

"Sometimes he shows evidence of having a mind of his own."—*Life*.

FRATERNITY PINS AND NOVELTIES. Send for Illustrations
DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY

SIMONS BRO. & CO.
616 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA

SILVERWARE, CUT GLASS and ART OBJECTS
COLLEGE PINS, RINGS
Prizes and Trophies and Canes

PATENTS

Quickly secured. **OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT OBTAINED.** Send model, sketch or photo, with description for free report as to patentability. **48-PAGE HAND-BOOK FREE.** Contains references and full information. **WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER.** It is the most liberal proposition ever made by a patent attorney, and **EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD READ IT** before applying for patent. Address:

H. B. WILLSON & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
Le Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

MADISON STEAM LAUNDRY

111 KING STREET

Telephone 815

GOODS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

Be on the Safe Side.

Up-to-date Goods
and Methods for
Up-to-date Customers

The Menges Pharmacies

28 W. MIFFLIN ST.
829 UNIVERSITY AVE.

New York ..Store..

DRY GOODS AND
CARPETS

Student Trade Solicited
5 and 7 West Main Street



AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

HAWES, VONGAL & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

Broadway, cor. 13th St. and cor. 30th St.
...NEW YORK...

Learn Telegraphy

Young men wanted to learn telegraphy and R. R. bookkeeping. This is endorsed as the most thorough institution of its kind. We assist all graduates to a position. Write for catalogue.

The Morse School of Telegraphy, Oshkosh, Wis.

Madison Book Bindery

G. GRIMM & SON

Book Binders, Rulers and Blank
Book Manufacturers

Telephone 469. Third Floor, 119 and 121
East Washington Ave., Madison, Wis.

NEW

U. W. Dining Hall

706 University Ave., cor. Lake.

Board by the Day or Week

H. E. JACK, Proprietor

...FINE... MILLINERY

E. C. BAYER

120 EAST MAIN ST.

KNICKER—Jones want to get into
the Hall of Fame.

BOOKER—But he can't; you've got to
be dead ten years.

"He's lived in Philadelphia that long."
—Life.

More Ornamental than Useful.

DOROTHY—Papa, we girls have a new
name for those men who call on us, but
never take us out anywhere.

PAPA—What is it, daughter?
"We call them 'fireside companions.'"
—Life.

OLSON & VEERHUSEN

7 & 9 N. PINCKNEY ST.

THE FAMOUS

"Stetson" Hats

Derby's and Soft

"Hawes" Hats

Derby's and Soft

**SPRING STYLES
NOW READY**

The Hat for College Men is the

C & K

SOLD BY

SULLIVAN & HEIM

Why Not

have your wheel repaired at the best
shop? It will cost you no more, and
you will be sure of satisfaction.

Remember the Place

also bear in mind that we have the
only typewriter repair man in the city
and that we carry a full line of Type-
writer Supplies.

MADISON CYCLE CO.

113 STATE STREET



THE MOST CARPING OF CRITICS

cannot find any fault with our laundry
work, as we aim to please the most fas-
tidious—and what's more, we do it. No
one finds fault with our up-to-date laundry
work in shirts, collars and cuffs. The
best is what we strive for and attain

ALFORD BROS.

Phone 172

THE SPHINX.

Vol. I.

MADISON, WIS., APRIL 27, 1900.

No. 14

The Return from Vacation.

BACK, back, back,
To the same old grind, by gee!
Dry bread and rancid butter,
And the same old hash for tea.

O hell! is the sophomore's cry
As he bucks out his French for Miss
Gay;

O hell! says the lawyer bad,
On the eve of Olin day.

And the nightly chips pass on
Till my bank account becomes nil;
But O, for a sight of the other man's
hand,
And I'd pay my laundry bill!

Ache, ache, ache,
O my head, till I cannot see!
O, the rapid pace of the life I have led,
Is rather too much for me!

THE Average Student had be-
come a detective.

"Ha," he said, "I will disguise
myself as a light eater."

It was a great success. Even
his dearest friends did not recog-
nize him.

"I WILL bear you in mind,"
remarked Zeus as Athene
sprang from his forehead.

SENIOR LAW (to English
student) — Say, old man,
what do you always connect with
the number 1001?

ENGLISH STUDENT — The num-
ber of stories in the "Arabian
Nights."

SENIOR LAW — There's another
one.

ENG. STUDENT — What is it?

SENIOR LAW — Why the num-
ber of bills the *Scaredinall* sent
out to people who did not sub-
scribe.

"I'LL take a walk upon the hill,"
The weary student said.
Just then the blast exploded,
And he walked upon his head.

"I DON'T like to play chess," inter-
rupted the bore,
"My openings I frequently miss,"
She quietly opened the double front
door
And said, "But you surely see this?"

FIRST Freshman — Hello, Dick!
How'd the game come out?
Second Freshman — Michigan
one.

F. F. (horrified) — What!
S. F. (calmly) — Wisconsin
seven.



A CELESTIAL STRAIN.

IT is a strange thing that although the
students dislike so much to have
their creditors come around, they al-
ways ask them to come again some
other day.

The Poetry of the South.

We had thrown off the restraints of civilization, to-
gether with most of our clothes, and the three of
us sat chewing tobacco and playing seven-up. It
was in the office of Tom Lawler, a young attorney,
where there was no danger of any client interrupt-
ing us. We were playing fifteen cents a corner
with the understanding that the winner was to in-
vest part of the proceeds in a watermelon. As
Tom dealt the cards he gave us his idea of what
ailed the South and retarded its material pros-
perity.

"What ails us is the fact that we are too dog-
gone romantic and poetical. We breathe the very
atmosphere of romance and poetry—Bet you the
cigars I can come nearer spitting on that fly than
either of you. What do you do, beg?—As I was
saying, the golden thread of romance runs through

the warp and woof of our commonest actions.
Beauty, Art, and Poetry are the Trinity we adore.
—Quit making signs, you fellows. A man that
will cheat in a game like this is lower than a pole-
cat—We are too impractical. The common, coarser
side of life, the material side, is never seen by us.
We dream of knightly deeds and days of old. We
love to lie in the sun and—Follow suit, you
Indian. What horse-thief played that ace? The
man that played that ace is a dog-gone Yankee
with a streak of blue a yard wide running all around
him.—As I was saying, we are too dreamy. In
our hearty generosity we waste more than we save.
—Gimme that forty-five cents. You fellows don't
know enough to buy a watermelon. Watch me."
I looked out of the window shortly after. He had
stopped an ill-starred negro driving a melon wagon,
plugged half his load, and finally bought the largest
melon for a dime.



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

(If not paid before March 1st, \$2.00 per annum will be charged.)

Single copies on sale at the news stands and College Book Store.

ADVERTISING RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION

Address all Communications to the Managing Editor

BOARD OF EDITORS:

HELEN H. WARRINER, '00	ARTHUR F. BEULE, '01
CLARENCE L. NELSON, '00	RALPH ROUNDS, '01
MILDRED A. CASTLE, '00	HARVEY O. SARGEANT, '01
BLANCHE B. BRIGHAM, '00	SARAH J. SEEBER, '02
FRED M. VAN HORN, '00	CLARA G. FROELICH, '02
ERIC W. ALLEN, '01	IDA ELLIOTT, '03
ZACH A. CHANDLER, '01	ROBERT P. KRAUS, '03
CHARLES E. ALLEN, '99, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	
GEORGE H. SCHEER, '00, MANAGING ARTIST	
M. W. MCARDLE, '01, MANAGING EDITOR	
LOUISE CRAIG, '00	} ASS'T MANAGING EDITORS
HERBERT F. JOHN, '03	

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.*

SOME discussion is being indulged in by certain papers regarding the possible succession to the presidency of the University of Wisconsin. Such discussion seems hardly called for at the present time, at least by any facts that appear to an observer not "on the inside." But since it has arisen, THE SPHINX would venture a word from the student standpoint, not upon the general question of who may be the next president, but in regard to a single suggestion that has been repeatedly made, if not with the direct sanction at least without so far arousing the apparent displeasure of the gentleman immediately concerned.

* * *

AMONG the names prominently mentioned for the position is that of a man who—apart from his other personal characteristics, not now to be considered—is known to fame solely as a more or less successful politician. To be perfectly fair, it should be added that coincidentally with the acquisition of political honors he is understood also to have accumulated much worldly wealth. The latter fact has nothing to do with his fitness or unfitness, but his political record has. He has never been identified with educational interests. He has never shown any particular interest in, or grasp of, the great, vital questions with which a university president must grapple. He has, at propitious seasons, risen

to exalted positions not within the direct gift of the people.

* * *

NOW, THE SPHINX humbly suggests that a politician, even a successful one, is not by that fact alone made suitable timber for a university president. It is true, the pursuit of politics tends to give a man smoothness, affability, geniality—whatever you choose to call the quality that enables him to meet and deal with other men. That quality is a good thing for a university president to possess, and if the gentleman under discussion has it, well for him. But it is not the only qualification. THE SPHINX will not presume to lay down plans and specifications for a president of this university; but it seems plain that, whatever else he may be, he should be a man whose life has been devoted to education; an educator who has proved the possession of the right sort of executive ability by success on a reasonably large scale; a man who can command the respect of all the people of the state, not only for his attainments, but for his integrity and fearlessness of purpose; a man incapable of narrowness, of pettiness, of favoritism; a man of character so strong and commanding that it shall infuse itself throughout the institution, and give to the university body the moral tone and fiber which, if it begins not with the president, never begins at all. There are men in the country who answer to

such demands as these; but none of them have been trained in the school of party politics.

* * *

APART from the lack of such qualities as those mentioned, a man with a political record has certain positive disqualifications. Success in politics means, at best, long-continued fighting, the defeat of many men and the making of many enemies. It means not only the active opposition of the other party, but the open or secret alienation of large factions of his own. It means enmity from all directions, that can be met only by continued aggression. A university president cannot be aggressive. He must remain silent under abuse of all sorts. Consider, then, at what a disadvantage the incumbent of the position must be, when the personal opposition of a majority of his fellow-citizens is to be assumed from the start. And the burden of this disadvantage would rest in the end upon the University. It is a burden that an institution dependent upon the people for its existence cannot support.

* * *

ANOTHER consideration. Politics is a matter of pull. Pull is a thing that should not exist in college. It cannot be altogether eliminated many years previous to the millennium; but so far as relations of students with faculty and regents are concerned, it should not be even imaginable. A man who has spent a life in politics cannot understand this; he is used to giving offices to the man with a pull, of voting protective tariffs to the manufacturer with a pull, of passing special pension bills for the sake of men with pulls. With such a man in the presidency, political methods in the management of the institution would be inevitable. We have had a recent instance of the working of political methods; no well-wisher of the University wishes to see a further exemplification. Keep the University out of politics; keep politics and politicians out of the University.

Brevity.

The rush and hurry of the world is getting very big,
As very plainly can be seen in Slichter's class in trig.
A freshman, by the name of Pickard, rose to tell his tale,
And by his ready, fluent way appeared to be a whale.
Instead of tangent, cosine, cotangent, and secant,
Irreverently he said so fast he even seemed to pant
Cos, cot, tan, and sec; and sat down very proud—
Well, Mr. Pick,—said Professor S., and the class laughed very
loud.

Tannisse.

I met a maiden fair, one day;
A racket and ball she carried.
"Tannisse," I cried, and ran to her;
The maid was sweet, so I tarried.
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to the court to play tennis,
And you, kind sir, pray, where do you
go?"
"Oh, I'm on the way to court Tan-
nisse."
The saucy maid then tossed her head,
And gayly laughed. "I'm glad we
met.
But dost thou think it safe to go?
Fearest thou not the Tannisse net?"
"Oh, Tannisse," I cried, "How shall we
play,
Single or double court?"
The saucy maiden laughed loud again.
"Off side," was her retort.
I turned away, vexed at the maid,
But soft she spoke, "I was in fun.
I much prefer the double court,
And I think my score is 'Love one.'"

HERR PROF. SCHN --- TYS-
TEINBERG — Fraülein Fla-
herty, what does 'noch eins,'
mean?

FRAÜLEIN FLAHERTY (a lit-
tle deaf)—'Noch drei?'

Herr Prof. S.—Quite right,
Fraülein, 'noch dry.'



*Sand lady. — You need not deny
it. You took those towels.
I know it, because the Scardinal
says you stole two basins
and the last Ball game.*



The Amoeba, having taken unto himself a disreputable pipe and a plaid caddy bag, was discoursing on the ancient and honorable pastime of golf:

"Yes," said he, "when I holed out on the fifth green—"

"Well, for the love of Himmel," interrupted the Devil, "the caddies must have the patience of Job to stand it, if you hold out there as you do here."

"At least they were onto their job and didn't make invidious ob-

servations," and the Amoeba poised the inkstand menacingly.

"Well," said the Old Man, "to heal th' imminent breach, or words to that effect, I want to know if, when going around the course in one direction is traversing links, piking the other way wouldn't be following rechs?"

"Right you are, you old Silurian progenitor," answered the Amoeba, "and now why is a driver like a female book-agent?"

"Because," from the Devil, "it is most effective at a tee."

"No, my son, because it is ordinarily 'brassicie.'"

The Devil submitted a nonsense verse that he had composed.

"A golficide maiden did spique. And said: "That young man is a friek,

He cannot play gof
'Cause his club is all olf,

And this on account of his cleak."

This was readily identified as a nonsense verse by all the assembled company; mirabile dictu!

"And," said the Amoeba, as he shouldered his collection of sticks (beg pardon, clubs), "why are a golf score, a fishing catch, and Sumner's ad in the *Scaredinall* alike?—because you can't generally sometimes most always tell."

The Fate of the Spring Poet.

The poet wrote—"Twas what he said
That made all wish the poor man dead—
Of sublime thoughts he had no end—
But people cried, "May heaven forfend!"

Ha! little did he care or fear,
His own sweet words he loved to hear
So walking up and down the street
His poems loudly did repeat.

Alas for him! One sunny day,
Letting his wingéd fancy play,
Possessed of most ecstatic mood,
He wandered out into the wood.

For 'twas the spring time of the year,
That beauteous time, to him most dear,
And as he walked, he mused or sang
So loudly that the echoes rang.

He came at length upon a dell
Where legend says wood-fairies dwell.
At once he saw them in his mind,
Heard music in the murmuring wind.

In ecstasy he scarce could brook
He entered this secluded nook,
There, mirrored in the plashing stream,
He saw a face—a fairy dream.

He bent down lower, lower yet,
Until his very face was wet,
Still whisp'ring poetry, I ween—
He sank and never more was seen.

Now in the dell there bubbles clear
A spring, and at this time of year
Is heard a voice, altho' a groan,
Repeating in a mournful tone—

"Ah, callow youth, ah, maiden fair,
Of writing poetry beware,
Unless thou must like Homer soar,
Let spring alone—and sing no more."

More News from the Boarder-Land.

"And I some expected you to say," supplemented the G. S. Sp., "that notwithstanding the parking of the lower campus, there are unmistakable signs of renewed athletic activity to be seen. One cannot but notice how the pole vaults, the hops skip and jump, the university walks and drives, the well, as well as the freshman, drills, the punch bowls, the band boxes, the wire fences, the base hits, the lemon punches, the ship spars, the cat calls. And at the same time there is distinguishable a distressing lack of piety in nature herself. It is actually demoralizing to see how the crocusses, the milldams, and even the little lambs gamble on the green."

"It's stew bad," assented the P. G., as he finished his plate of soup. "By the way, speaking of athletics, what has the board done with those two questions that came up last spring?"

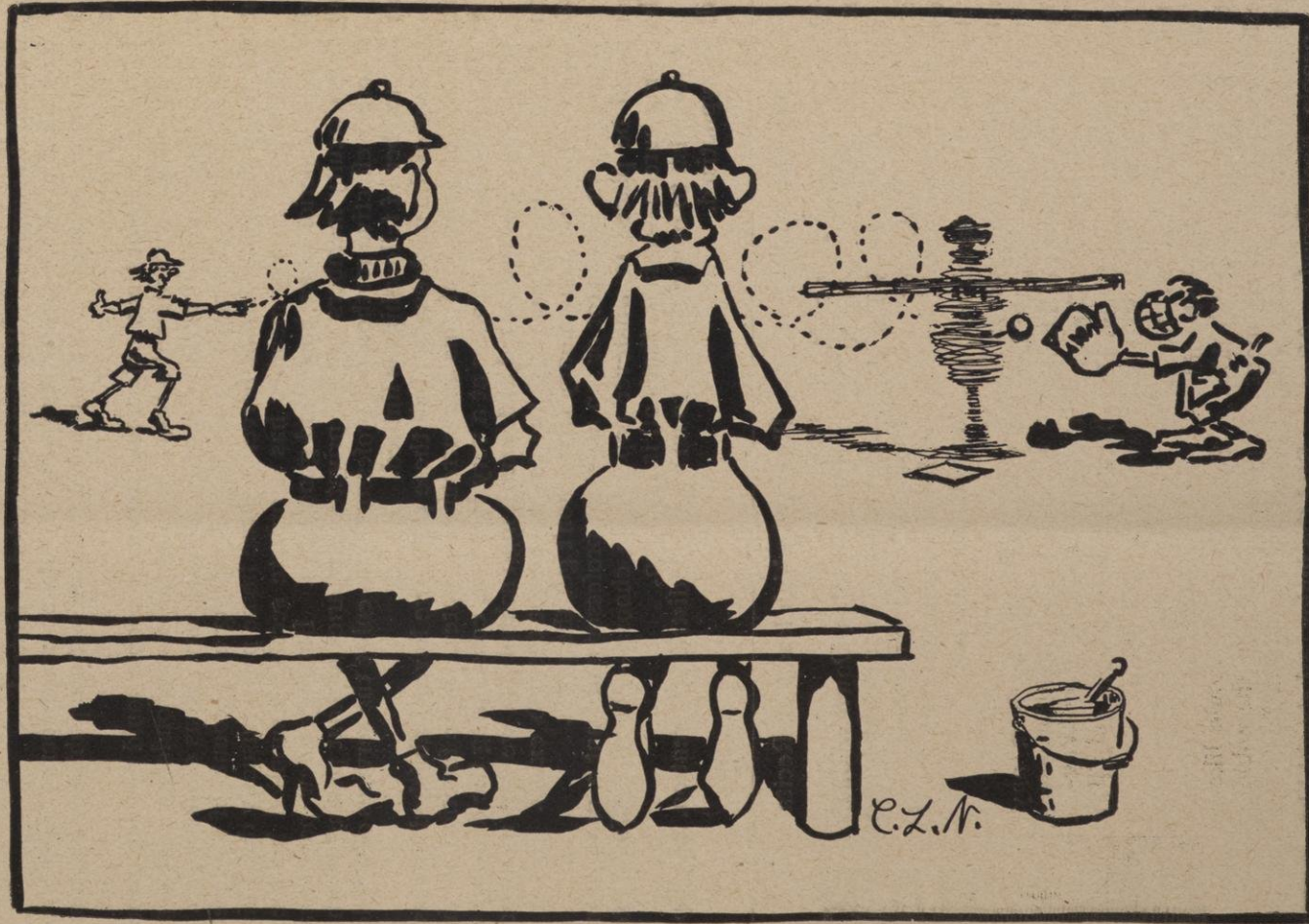
"Search me," said the soph, since no one else bit. "What were the questions?"

"Why, how much does Andy owe Day, and why did the coach kill Patrick?"

"Say," asked the freshman girl, when the smiles had subsided, "is that right about our landlady going to board the train?"

"Naw," said the junior, "she was going to, but the engine tendered its resignation and the—"

"Aw, ring off" said the senior.



1st Sub. (At the Illinois game)—Why is that fellow at the bat like a bobtailed cow on Picnic Point, in hot weather?
 2nd Sub.—I don't know. - Why?
 1st Sub.—Because he can't hit any flies.
 2nd Sub.—I don't see what Picnic Point has to do with it.
 1st Sub.—O, that's the point to the joke.

THE SPHINX BUREAU OF LITERARY SUPPLIES.

Our attention has lately been called to a most deplorable lack, and with our accustomed enterprise we hastened to supply it. We have succeeded. Listen!

You all like to see yourselves mentioned in the newspapers. Don't you? Well, 999 out of every 1,000 of you do anyway. And if you can get your picture published, nothing can restrain your exuberance. Isn't that true?

Up to the present time, only a few fortunate people could get newspaper puffs.

Some laboriously acquired a stand-in with the correspondents. This plan has its advantages, but is unsatisfactory because correspondents sometimes have ideas of their own.

Others adopted the more certain way of writing up accounts of themselves for their home papers; but this requires a good deal of nerve, and the home papers usually don't circulate very widely.

Sometimes a faculty member has a private secretary supplied by the Regents, whose duty is to write up his superior's new books and good looks. But only a few people can be faculty members, and only a few faculty members can get private secretaries without paying for them.

Another effective method for professors is to enlist the services of a fellow in the same department. But the number of fellowships is limited.

In view of the inadequacy of all these plans, we have established a press department, in close touch with all the periodicals of this and surrounding states, whose function it shall be to prepare and look after the publication of eulogies at a very low rate, considering the delicacy of the work.

If you have just graduated and want a high school job, we will manufacture a scholastic record for you and insert it in the papers of the town whereat the job exists. *As a special inducement for this season only, we return your money if you don't get the place.*

If you are an instructor or an assistant professor and want a promotion, delicately worded compliments will be placed in whatever papers you choose—*The Scaredinall* excepted. That runs its own advertising bureau—in fact, that's all it does run.

If you wish to be a delegate to an assembly district convention, the papers of the appropriate party will be hypnotized.

"Go Thou, Etc."

Once there was a Boy of Rich but Honest Parents, who lived in a Place where the Sidewalks were Rather Wide for their Length.

Being Naturally Ambitious, he went to College while yet in his Infancy. He was Slightly Dismayed at the Celerity of Things in the Great World, but Thought Again, and Decided to Speed Up A Little himself. Some Say he attended to his Studies for a Week Or Two, and Maybe he did. At Any Rate, he wrote Weekly Letters to his Home Paper about Life in A University, and Made his people Feel Proud. After awhile The Faculty wrote One Which did not Get Into the paper. Thereupon the Boy Forsook the broad And Easy Way, and began to Hit The Narrow

Pine trail which leads to Recitations.

Now he Holds Down a Chair in Something Abstruse, and is A Highly-Respected member.

MORAL—You can't most Always Sometimes tell.

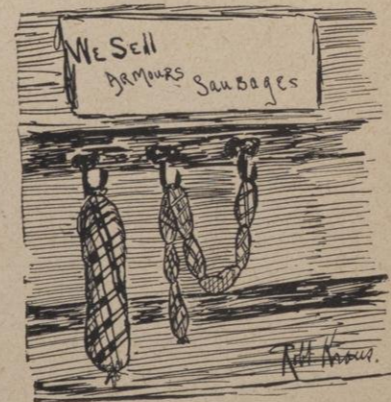
"I DON'T like to hurt anybody's reputation," observed the cow-catcher to Farmer Wayback's heifer, "but I'm afraid I'll have to run you down."

Modest.

Said the senior, "I should like to go to Greece and see the noble columns of the Parthenon."

Said the junior, "I should like to go to Egypt and see the pyramids and Sphinx on the desert's burning sands."

Said the soph, "I should like to go to India and see the princes



GOLF LINKS.

and the rajahs with their untold wealth."

Then up spoke the freshman, "I'd like to go down to Stoughton and see my girl."

If you merely want to be puffed on general principles, we'll furnish descriptions that you wouldn't recognize yourself.

WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO TALK BUSINESS WITH YOU.

Below are samples of our recently published work:

From the *Squashtown Gazette*:

"Mr. Samuel J. Buster, a denizen of our beautiful city, has recently won new laurels at the University, where he has now been in attendance for five months. Mr. Buster's work was so satisfactory and his society so pleasing to two of his professors that they have requested him to remain in their classes a whole semester longer than he at first intended. Mr. Buster informs us that he now thinks seriously of spending five years at the University instead of four. We are pleased to note Mr. Buster's success in his new field of labor."

From the *Wisconsin Late Sternall* (accompanied by a zinc cut):

"Prof. Watton L. Izzit, of the University, is rapidly acquiring a more than national reputation. Prof. Izzit recently received a request from the Society for the Collection of Funny Things, of St. Petersburg, for a photograph of his front yard. The Professor says that, should he receive another such request, he will go to St. Petersburg and let the people look at him. His many Madison friends hope that such may be the case."

From the *Milwaukee Daily Howler*:

"The Sultan of Sulu has asked permission to translate Dr. Pudding's recent work on "Why it Must be So," to be used as a text-book in the education of his numerous family. "Why it Must be So" is having, by the way, a most gratifying sale, having been enthusiastically commended by such eminent authorities as Mayor Rose, of Milwaukee, and Admiral Dewey, each of whom received a beautiful presentation copy. The talented author is now understood to be at work upon another monumental treatise, his classes in the meantime being under the charge of the instructors in the same department. The state university cannot fail of success so long as such men as Dr. Pudding continue to advertise it and themselves."

Ladies' Hall.

THE following fragments were found the other day in the diary of an alumna of Wisconsin, and although somewhat meaningless in their unfinished state, may interest Wisconsin students.

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

Sisters, leave me here a little, if you must go on the hill,
Leave me here, and when you want me, simply stand outside
and trill.

'Tis the place, and every evening, as of old, the men may call
And the girls are always flying 'round the halls of Ladies'
Hall.

Ladies' Hall, that from its windows looks on the electric car,
And by narrow, winding side-walks leads up to the halls afar.

Many a night on yonder table, in the chair that doesn't rock,
Have I pored o'er French or Latin, cramming for my eight
o'clock.

Many a night I saw the callers, if I chanced to go downstairs,
Like the shoes in some old shoe-shop, all a-sitting 'round in
pairs.

Here I stood in the rotunda, idly watching come-and-go,
With a calling and a chatter from above and from below.

In the spring the green grows brilliant where the water-
pipes are at,

In the spring the charming co-ed gets herself another hat.

In the spring the shirt-waists flourish, and the maidens all
confess

In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of
dress.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Ladies' Hall,
Now the bells may all be silent, or the elevator fall.

Come the students down from classes, black'ning all the hill-
side fair,

And the girls are coming this way, where the kind law stu-
dents stare.

Let them enter Ladies' Hall, and let me hear their glad
"Hello!"

For the luncheon bell is ringing, ringing loudly, and I go.

SENIOR—Are you sure that
this horse is safe for a lady
to drive?

MADISON LIVERY MAN—Oh
yes! the lady can drive this horse
all right, or you can tie the reins
to the dashboard.

Scene from Tragedy, "The Madison Student."

BY WHISTLING RUFUS.

Ring off! Thou nickel plated can of tin
Whose contents are condensed from sounds which 'scape
From out the windows of a tin shop, when
An idiot with St. Vitus' dance may chance
To have a fit therein.—Ring off!

Oh that some master mind may soon invent
A new alarm clock which, with its music soft
And sweet, will gently pry apart the sleeping lids;
Which will connect with tender gentleness
The music from the lips of dreamland nymphs
Surrounded by a mist so hazy bright
In which their tresses fair and flowing robes do merge.
Connect the music of these dreamland friends
With that of stern reality, the clang
Which doth from early morn till evening's latest hour,
The freshman on the floor below, who is
Of Nitschke's band, still blow from out the cornet's brazen end.

Oh that in some such way the weary
Spirit might be started on its daily stretch
To stumble o'er the stones of learning, (which
Do make the roads we travel here so rocky),
Instead of being jerked from sleep and sent
On the rocky road so sudden that the soul
Becomes as grouchy as John Hicky,
When the naked, chilly bathers in the bath
Do loud implore for more hot water.

Ring off! I wake—Your daily devil's deed
Is done. The sweetest dream that Heav'n e'er gave to swains,
Soul sick with love in Spring, was mine. Our boat
Had left the boathouse pier, and I was at
The oars, nor did it take but trifling strength
To float or rather soar at lightning speed
Across the star reflecting water's face.
And she was in the other seat, with face
Toward me. But what took place I will not say, except
That when she forward leaned to whisper in my ear
The answer to the question I had asked,
Leaned forward far to keep the secret from
The curious evening breeze (so close her head
That this same evening breeze did bring
To touch my cheek a straying tress of brown),

Just at this time, I say, your infernal meanness did,
Oh, alarm clock, take opportunity
To vent its spite on me, and off you went.

When first your racket struck my ears,
I thought in my half-wakened, noise-filled brain,
That 'twas the cowbell on the State street engine house,
Which rings whene'er there is a chimney fire
In town, (in order that good passersby,
And neighbors near, may rouse the firemen
To duty and to help connect the traces and the whiffle trees,
And start them off, that they may reach the chimney
E'er it cools.)

The scene in heaven did fade away, and I
Was on our roof and climbing towards our flue,
To see (or rather ascertain, for it was dark)
If this might be the one that caused the fuss.
I reached it; sniffed huge clouds of choking smoke.
I fell, and, sliding towards the eaves, I felt
Just like the freshman who must pass
For a Slichter interview on cons up Francis street,
When all the Tri Delts sit upon their porch
And steps, and gaze. I reached the eaves and dropped,
And dropped, and lastly dropped plumb on a picket fence.
And as I sat me down to pick the pickets out
(I felt as does a porcupine with quills
Turned t'other way), your ringing, oh, alarm clock,
Still tinkled on, and as I pulled a picket out
And saw my heart impaled upon its point,
Methought your ringing music slackened down
(As probably it did, the force of spring
Becoming spent), and then it seemed to toll
In measure slow and sad as church bells do at burials.
And then it dawned on me that, my
Heart gone, I must be dead. The funeral,
For which the sad bell tolled, was all for me,
And as I looked to see if I was dressed
For it, my yellow checked golf pants struck my sight.
The shock of this awoke me then.

And hast thou really stopped, thou damndest
Torturing implement! The stillness soothes my soul to sleep.
I'll cut my eight o'clock so that the god
Of dreams may bring her back to tell me that—

(He turns over, grunts, sleeps, and dreams that he is eternally trying to get *Scaredinall* subscriptions in Ladies' Hall.)

Only a Dream.

Mary came down to breakfast with the ready-to-bubble look on her face that made each of us hurry to make her last remarks to her neighbor, and then devote herself to listening—and breakfast.

"Girls, I had the strangest dream last night," she announced as she sat down. "Hush, I know there's a rule against telling dreams, but I'd rather pay the fine than keep still. It all came from my reading Kingsley's 'Water-Babies' aloud to Fan's small cousin yesterday. Do you remember Madam Bedone-byasyoudid? Well, I dreamed last night I was walking along some strange street with her, and we were solemnly discussing her 'methods.' 'Have you seen my latest in the courtesy line?' she asked me pretty soon, and she showed me a man posted on the street-corner, with a continuous stream of girls going by. He had to lift his hat to every one in the real wind-mill style, too. He looked simply dead, but Madame said he had kept his hat on quite too much on earth and his head needed an airing. And do you know,—Prof. ——— was at the next corner we came to!"



Jags—Going to Chicago Dewey Day?
Dags—No, this 'dewy day's enough for me.

A rather heartless smile went the rounds, but Mary went on. "A little farther on we came to a long building something like a great bowling alley, and of course I wanted to go in. There were tiers of seats on each side, and a narrow sidewalk down the center. The seats were simply crowded with girls,—girls of every kind and variety,—and down the center was walking one man. Poor chap, I was sorry for him,—you should have watched him, part of the time hurrying to get by, and part of the time going slowly to appear indifferent, you know. And the girls stared and stared, although I didn't see anything particularly interesting about him. As soon as he had reached the end, another just as uncomfortable man started in at the first end. I couldn't imagine what it all meant at first, but Madame told me that they were frat men who had sat on their steps and stared at the girls who went by."

"Good!" and the gentlest member of our party nodded her head exultingly,—"good,—I wish I'd been there to help, I would have taken my opera-glasses."

"You're cruel, Alice," she was told.

"Well, you would be, if you'd gone down Langdon to avoid State, and come back State to avoid Langdon, and been stared out of your very self-respect by a hooting mob of creatures—"

But Mary interrupted. "Speaking of a hooting mob—at one place I went there was a crowd of people sitting and listening to the most appalling noise I ever heard. I think it was a combination of howling dogs and crashing tin pans. I rushed out just as quickly as I could, but Madame said consolingly, 'It will stop pretty soon, my dear. I only keep it up a few hours at a time, because I suppose the poor people were really forced to make others suffer on earth.' I still didn't understand, until she said that they were 'Only a few of the School of Music.'"

Mary went on: "I noticed one girl you all know there walking along, surrounded by a crowd who were awfully attentive to her. 'She is being rushed,' said Madame Bedonebyasyoudid rather grimly. 'We keep relays, so she need never be left alone. She thinks she is going to escape at the next corner.' And I saw a sort of hunted look on the girl's face when she saw another crowd hurrying to join her as the others left."

"I hope they all went home with her, and tried to sit each other out," said our Freshman vindictively. "I hope they didn't give her a chance to study or sleep or even cry."

But Mary went on: "I saw some other people who were rushing around to get people to meet for something or other. As fast as they would get a few together the others would disappear. It was very discouraging. Madame said they had forgotten and been late to Glee Clubs and committee meetings and such things on earth. And then, such a funny thing happened. A crowd of people I knew came up and began to tell me about something they had seen or done that I really wasn't interested in at all, and I kept trying to tell them about the things that had been happening to me, and I couldn't get in a word. They were very impolite, it seemed to me, and you don't know how exasperating it was. I tried to begin again and again, and they were so stupid and talked so fast that it seemed as though I couldn't endure it. And at last I saw Madame Bedoneby grinning at me over their heads, and I got so angry that I shouted 'I will tell!' and that woke me up."

There was a dead silence for a moment, and suddenly Mary looked around apologetically and hesitatingly; the eight o'clockers were folding up their napkins, for it was time to go. "I—I didn't mean to talk so much," she began, "but it was such a funny dream, you know, and—is it really seven minutes of? Oh dear, I haven't had half enough to eat and—well, good-by."

A Fancy.

It was night in the desert, and the moon shone across the parched, dry earth. The whispering breezes played among the pyramids and along the low sand dunes. The old Sphinx, grim and thoughtful, welcomed gladly the cool night air; each little breeze kissed the stern old face and whispered in her ear of its wanderings among many peoples. Many a night had the old Sphinx sat thus, and many a night had the breezes whispered their tales in her ear. But this night a strange hush lay upon the land, and a prophetic silence rested over all. Yea, the great desert was fearful and expectant.

Slowly a low murmur rose, the stern lips parted and the deep old voice uttered the thoughts that she had withheld for many days. The breezes took up the words and bore them to many parts; many creatures heard; some were afraid, and some were pleased in their hearts. The Badger in his burrow heard, but his sleepy eyes blinked twice and he again fell into his profound slumber beneath the university walls; and another, a lean creature, heard, and his pointed ears and gaunt ribs stood out in wonder. Yea, he was lean, for

his only food was of faculty notices and advertisements, and this creature (whom they call Scaredinall) lay very still beneath that rock, which they call "fear of censure." But when the voice of the old Sphinx had been quiet some days, Scaredinall came forth from his rock, and his jointless tale wagged at the old Sphinx as many an idle tongue has done. But still she sits in the desert and thinks. Occasionally you can hear a dismal grating sound, but it is only the tale of Scaredinall brushing against her great, stern side. She has spoken and again she is silent and thoughtful.

Constitutional Law.

MR. LYLE, (reporting his case)and a piece of land bordering on the stream, beside a dam was

PROF. P. (interrupting to make a correction)—Not by a dam side Mr Lyle. If I remember correctly it was somewhat farther up the river; and (as class shows hearty appreciation of the correction,) I am using the word in its proper and not profane sense, I wish the class to understand. (More appreciation.)

HERE is a paradox with which to grapple:
The first pair tasted the first apple.

A Modern Job.

The fat mule attached to the light load of coal was balking. With his ears laid obstinately back and his feet firmly planted, he refused to move either for the expostulations or the blows with the flat of a shovel that the old negro driver was showering upon him.

"Go 'long, you ole flop-eared devil (whack, whack.) Get up, you cussed, sprung-kneed ole fool (whack, whack)."

Up came three neighboring windows, and three ladies thrust forth their indignant heads.

"Stop beating that poor overloaded animal," commanded one.

The animal was the reverse of poor and certainly not overloaded, but the old negro was a "before the war" product and he stopped and scraped his foot submissively.

"You ought to be beaten yourself, you horrid old brute," said another. "The poor animal can't draw that load; kindness alone will prevail with him."

"Well 'm, you don't know dat 'air mule. He sutinly is de meanest, balkiest, ugliest ole critter I ever drove. Yais 'm, he is."

"Nonsense," said the third lady, "he's a good, patient, dumb brute, starved and over-

worked. Take out part of that load." Uttering no protest, the poor old man emptied half the load on the ground. But it had no effect on the mule. Then the ladies scolded and bullied him into dumping out the contents of the whole cart. And still the mule would not budge an inch.

Then the old man expressed his righteous indignation. Spitting on his hands he grabbed the shovel and hit the mule a vigorous blow. Spying another negro down the street, he yelled:

"Come heah, niggah, and help me load. It 'ud make a saint cuss."

But whether he referred to the ladies, or the mule, or both, has not been explained.

GENERAL Order for February 28th: "Forward March."

By command of the Commandant.

E. W. UNDERWOOD,
Major and Adjutant.

PROFESSOR—Mr. C——, do I understand you to state that those two cases are alike?

LAW MID.—Why, no, sir. Certainly not, sir. But—which is different, anyway?

At Last.

THE day of judgment had come. Each arrival at the door of Heaven was severely examined and questioned concerning his worldly life. At last it was Pres. Harper's turn. He calmly faced the board of examiners, and, unable to overcome his worldly habits, extended his hands and cried, "money, money, money."

"What good did you do while you were on earth?" asked Peter.

"Me and Rockefeller founded a great university," was the answer.

"Record that," said Peter, turning to his amanuensis.

"Is that all?" was Peter's next query.

"Great Scott! isn't that enough?"

"What great crime is marked against this candidate for heavenly glory, who is and would continue to be a Harper?" said Peter, turning to his secretary. The secretary hastily turned the pages of a large book marked "H," came to page 618, but suddenly grew ghastly pale and stood speechless.

"Read, man," commanded Peter.

"I find," said the trembling secretary, "only one great crime marked against this man, but that one alone is sufficient for his doom. In the month of April, in the year 1900, the candidate before us attempted to deprive the University of Wisconsin of one of its best and most popular professors."

"Hell!" said Peter. —

The command was immediately obeyed.

PROFESSOR E.—It beats all how we are called on for charitable contributions.

PROF. S.—Yes, indeed; only a few days since the *Scaredinall* sent around bills for three dollars to a lot of us who never saw it during the whole year.

FIRST FRESHMAN—Well, Tom, what'll you have to eat?

SECOND DITTO—Hey?

WAITER (aside to 1st Fr.)—*They're served in the stable.*

NEW, WELL LIGHTED ROOMS, CENTRAL LOCATION, THOROUGH COURSES, AND WELL QUALIFIED TEACHERS make the

Northwestern Business College

one of the best institutions of its kind for obtaining a practical education. Come and see us in our new location opposite Park Hotel. Address the college for circulars of information.

**A
PHREE
PHOTO**

Purchase goods to the amount of One Dollar (\$1.00) or over from us and receive, *free*, a ticket which is good for one photo of yourself made by Ridgway, the best photographer in town. Remember, the photos are cabinet size and are free.

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

**BEGIN RIGHT
HOLLISTER'S PHARMACY**

First Nat. Bank Block, Madison, Wis.
Headquarters for Drugs, Surgical and Biological Instruments, Microscopic Sundries, and Toilet Necessaries. Everybody wants the best thing at the lowest consistent price. All goods as represented, fresh, new and up to the Standard. We invite the student trade.

TELEPHONE

RILEY & SON

FOR FINE LIVERY

Either Phone No. 54
Corner Pinckney and Doty Streets

Oshkosh Business College and School of Shorthand and

Typewriting In session the entire year. Individual instruction. No examination on entering. Office practice from the start. Students taught to do by doing. Students assisted to situations. Established 1867.

W. W. Daggett, Proprietor, Oshkosh, Wis.

THE SPHINX.

Lawrence University

APPLETON, WIS.

A GOOD PLACE TO DO COLLEGE WORK

Academic, Collegiate, and Musical Departments..... Excellent facilities, able teachers, thorough work. Expenses are very moderate. Send for catalogue. For information address,

Sam'l Plantz, Ph. D., DD., Pres.

Fashionable

Dressmaking

At Reasonable Prices

311 State St.

B. DAVENPORT



Intercollegiate Bureau of Academic Costume. **COTRELL and LEONARD** 472-4-6-8 Broadway Albany, N. Y. Makers of the CAPS and GOWNS to the American Universities. Illustrated bulletin, samples, etc., upon application.

DR. J. W. VANCE, Specialist.

—PAINLESS TREATMENT OF—

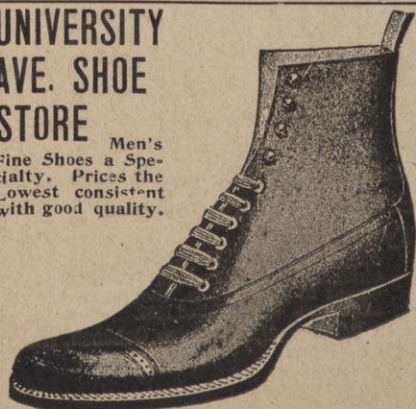
Piles, Fistulas, Fissures, Rectal Ulcers.

Book of Diseases of the Rectum sent free.

Office 208 S. Fairchild St., Madison, Wis.

UNIVERSITY AVE. SHOE STORE

Men's Fine Shoes a Specialty. Prices the Lowest consistent with good quality.



Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done
JOE DUNKEL
604 University Ave.

J. Monroe Weil & Co.

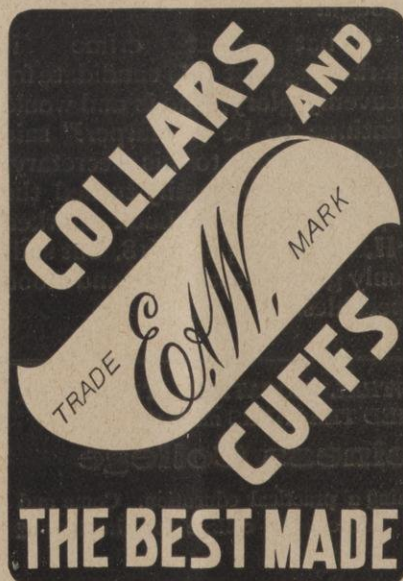
MAKERS OF

High Class Garments

FOR MEN

114 Grand Ave., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

...College Styles a Specialty...



THE CO=OP.

Will have many fine things

Gift Books, Photographs

Fountain Pens, Calendars

Ice Skates, Dress Suit

Cases and Many Novelties

Every article of the best manufacture.

Students Wanted!

For Profitable and Pleasant Summer Work.

Something easy to do with little or no expense.

Don't decide on anything before examining this.

Call at 709 W. Dayton Street.

How many pins in the cushion at the U. W. shoe store, University avenue? Put in your guess, perhaps you will win the zither. Contest closes May 10th.

“WHO is the most inconsiderate man you know of?”

“The man who is deaf and does not tell his barber.”—*Lampoon.*

—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.



LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS

SELL WELL WEAR WELL FIT WELL BUY THEM

TRADE MARK.

The CRAMER-
BOARDMAN & Co.

ENGRAVERS
ILLUSTRATORS
MAKERS of
HIGH GRADE
PRINTING PLATES

McGeoch Bldg. Milwaukee



NORTHWESTERN

University Medical School

For circulars of detailed information address

Dr. N. S. DAVIS, Jr.

2431 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Watch for the great contest in guessing how many hours the big candle at the U. W. shoe store will burn. Contest begins May 1st. Put in your guess.

'Tis a Poor Rule.

THE PATIENT—Doctor, what's in the prescription?

THE DOCTOR (*haughtily*)—That's not for you to know, sir.

"All right. When you send me a bill, make it out the same way."—*Life*.

"I ALWAYS like to do my best," brightly remarked the ingenious maiden as she deftly extracted the diamond from her steady.—*Princeton Tiger*.

CUPID'S a thieving rascal, they say,
There's no mistake about it.
That he's a thief is my firm belief,
Whether a rascal—I doubt it.

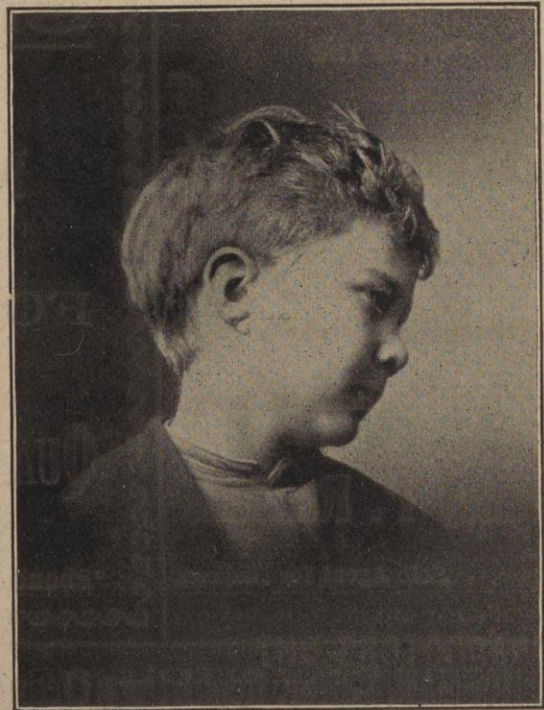
CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RY.

6383 Miles of thoroughly equipped road in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Missouri, and the Peninsula of Michigan * * * * *

GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent

P. L. HINRICHS, Freight and Passenger Agent

MADISON, WIS.



Ridgway THE PHOTOGRAPHER
13 West Main St., Marston Block
For all the latest designs and Up-to-date work.

THE SPHINX.

The John Marshall Law School

107 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

FACULTY

Hon. John N. Jewett, LL. D., Dean, Hon. James G. Jenkins, LL. D., (Judge U. S. Circuit Court), Hon. Luther Lavin Mills, Hon. James H. Cartwright, LL. B., (Chief Justice of Illinois), Hon. Ephraim A. Otis, LL. B., John W. Ela, Esq., Arthur J. Eddy, Esq., Frank H. McCulloch, LL. B., Henry Schofield, A. M., LL. B., Wm. Meade Fletcher, LL. B., Edward M. Winston, A. B., LL. B., Stephen S. Gregory, A. M., LL. B., Wm. H. Dyrenforth, LL. B., James S. Harlan, A. M., Harlan W. Cooley, A. B., Michael F. Gallagher, LL. B., Samuel Adams, A. B., LL. B.

Three years' course leading to degree of LL. B. Day and evening classes. Text book and case study. Summer term during July and August. For catalogue, address,

EDWARD T. LEE, Sec'y



SAME SHAPE
TWO QUALITIES

"Cluett" ARROW
BRAND
TELEMUS IRONTON
25¢ each 2 for 25¢

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
MAKERS

For he's an excellent friend of mine
Whatever way I view it,
For Dorothy meant to say me nay,
But Cupid had stolen her heart
away,
So she hadn't the heart to do it.

—Life.

“H AVE you read ‘Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?’” asked the man from the States.

“No; not yet,” replied the illiterate Porto Rican, “my attention is being monopolized by ‘Mr. McKinley and Mr. McKinley.’”—Life.

EDITOR—I can't put that in this number, because I've got so much stuff that won't keep.

CANDIDATE—Is it so bad as all that?—Lampoon.

HENRY PECHER
BARBER SHOP
AND BATH ROOMS
414 State Street



OURS IS
DIFFERENT!

When you see an Overcoat made by us you will be convinced that we do the kind of work you want done—the kind every tailor can not do. Try us.

L. J. OSTIN, Tailor
332 State Street, corner Gorham

Patronize American Industries

WEAR THE

Knox Hat

Matchless in Beauty

Superior in Quality

Artistic in Design

Sidney P. Rundell

Sole Agent for Madison

SPRING Hats

SOFT AND STIFF

MONARCH SHIRTS

FANCY AND WHITE

FOR SPRING

AND SUMMER

QUAMMEN, DANIELSON & MUELLER

TAILORS

'Phone 435

23 S. Pinckney St.

WM. HOFMAN, Tailor. Repairing & Cleaning Neatly and Quickly Done. 129 State. Phone 59

A good thing to go by!



BETWEEN
CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS
AND THE
...NORTHWEST...

JAS. C. POND, G. P. A.
MILWAUKEE

BARBER SHOP

Turkish and Russian

...BATHS...

CONNECTED WITH HOTEL PFISTER

The **FINEST** in the **COUNTRY**

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Plankinton House



The Leading and Best Hotel
in the Northwest

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS

American Rate, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per Day
European Rate, \$1.00 to \$3.50 per Day

Cafe, Lunch Room, Billiard
Room, Bowling Alleys, Etc.

W. E. KING, Manager

DIRECT ROUTE TO
MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO

and all points

EAST AND SOUTH

..via..



Also to

Green Bay, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Ishpeming, Ashland, Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Winona, La Crosse, Huron, Pierre, Oakes, Gettysburg, Clinton, Marshalltown, Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles,

PORTLAND, AND ALL POINTS WEST.

QUICKEST TIME. SERVICE UNEQUALLED.

Our Motto: "The best of everything."

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

H. R. McCULLOUGH,
Third V.-P. and G. T. M.

W. B. KNISKERN,
G. P. and T. Agent.

DANDRUFF IS A DISEASE

Only American Hair Preparation admitted to the

PARIS EXPOSITION

Indorsed by Nations of the World.

COKE DANDRUFF CURE

is sold by druggists at \$1.00 a bottle under a guarantee to free the hair, permanently from dandruff, to cause thick, soft, strong hair to replace thinned, loosened growths, to cure the disease, no matter how severe the case, of how long standing, or what remedies may have failed. Booklet free.

A. R. BREMER CO., 15-21 LaSalle st., Chicago

COKE DANDRUFF CURE



← GO TO →

“The Finest Custom Tailoring

Establishment

in the city”

FOR YOUR

SPRING SUIT

The Prices are Right...

M. J. GAY

302 STATE ST.

Good Clothes



Mean Much

Good (honestly woven) Cloth

Good (strong, fast-colored) Lining

Good (pure dyed, not leaded) Silk Sewing

Good (Pure Linen thoroughly shrunk) Interlining

Good (uniform and skilled) Tailoring

Good (properly fashioned, hand-cut) Style

This is the way all our Suits and Overcoats are made.

Your inspection is solicited.

SULLIVAN & HEIM