



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Sphinx. Vol. 1, No. 17 June 8, 1900

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, June 8, 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.

H. R. P. S.

JUNE 8, 1900

THE SPHINX



FAREWELL.

A.

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

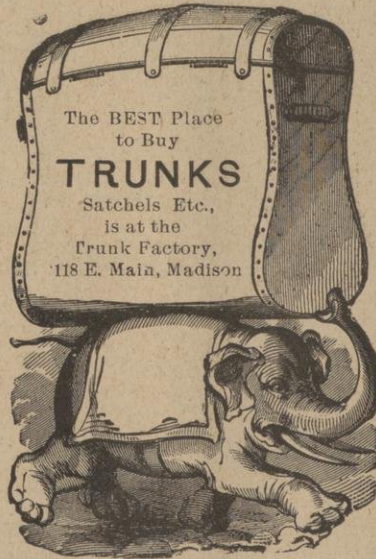
Badger Block--10 South Carroll St.

ASK FOR PRICES AT

F.F.F. LAUNDRY

7 and 9 E. MAIN STREET

PHONE 65

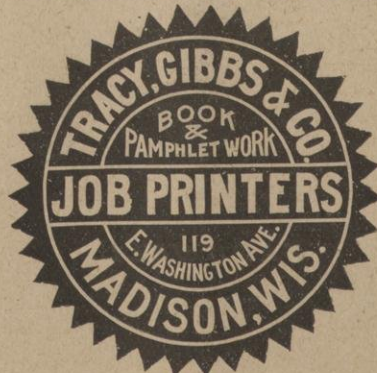


THE difference between a baseball game and a jag is that in one the high ball comes from the bat, while in the other the bat comes from the high ball.—*The Widow.*

Palace of Sweets' Roof Garden open to-night.

DON'T cover up with affectation any more of your character than is necessary to save your reputation.—*The Widow.*

"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.

D. 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.

For Your SPRING AND SUMMER 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.

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.

WRIGHT, KAY & Co.

Manufacturers of High Grade Fraternity Emblem Fraternity Jewelry Fraternity Novelties Fraternity Stationery Fraternity Invitations Fraternity Announcements Fraternity Programs

Send for Catalogue and Price-List. Special Designs on application.

140-142 Woodward Avenue
DETROIT, MICH.

LITTLE GIRL—I want a cake of soap.
DRUG CLERK—Have it scented?
LITTLE GIRL—No, I won't have it scented, I'll take it wit' me. We only live around de corner.—*Judge.*

Coollest place in the city, Palace of Sweets' Roof Garden—109 State St.

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



Hawes
Celebrated
\$3.00 **DERBY**

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

HAWES, VONGAL & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

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

MAEBELLE—And then he attempted to kiss me.

MAYNE—How awkward!

MAEBELLE—Yes, it took him fifteen minutes, and he had to try four times.
—*Princeton Tiger.*

The Hat for College Men is the

C & K

SOLD BY

SULLIVAN & HEIM

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.

The Flight of Time.

OLD MED—Well, old man, how'd you sleep last night? Follow my advice about counting up to 18,000?

NEW MED—Yes, indeed. Counted up to 18,000.

OLD MED—Bully! And then you fell asleep, eh!

NEW MED—Guess not! It was morning by that time, and I had to get up.
—*Exchange.*

Delicious ice cream and soda at the Palace of Sweets' Roof Garden.

Olson & Veerhusen

The "Big" Store

7 & 9 N. PINCKNEY ST.

Straw Hats
Negligee Shirts
Light Underwear
Bike Suits and
Furnishings

We Can Suit You

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.

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 Typewriter 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 fastidious—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., JUNE 8, 1900.

No. 17

My Sweetheart's Mandolin.

When the nights are soft and balmy in the latter days of
spring,
When the flowers are in their blooming and the birds their
loudest sing,
When the stars shine at their brightest and the world is fresh
and fair,
And the perfumed honey-suckle with its fragrance fills the
air—
Then I call upon my sweetheart, and she plays the mando-
lin
In the glamor of the moonshine, when the summer nights
begin.
The glory of all Heaven is in every single star,
But her lily hand is softer and her eyes are brighter far,
And the honey of the locust that the little hummer sips
Is not equal to the honey on the redness of her lips—
When I call upon my sweetheart, and she plays the mando-
lin
In the glamor of the moonshine, when the summer nights
begin.
When those days are past and over, and no more the month
is May,
And the little house is empty, and my sweetheart's gone
away,
When no more the stolen kisses and no more the lover's talks
Can delight the heart within me in our ancient moonlit
walks—
Then I'd give all earthly treasures just to hear the mando-
lin
As I used to in the moonshine, when the summer nights be-
gin.



A MILITARY HOP.

THE *Badger* Board's war cry:
"The *Badger's* out! Hurrah, my friends!
The *Badger's* out to stay.
Now of her jokes that horrid SPHINX
Can steal no more away!"

THEY strolled down back of
Main hall in the evening
shadows. "I feel chilled," said she.
Said he, "Let's go sit under the
firs then."

Laudatory.

SENIOR—Have you heard what
a compliment Professor Giese
gave me on my thesis?

JUNIOR—No, what?

SENIOR—He told me there was
one worse.

JUNIOR—I don't believe it.

ORCHARD should remember
street numbers better when with
a young lady.

"BILL" was reading his notes on
checks one day,
When a draft came in and blew
them all away.

Farsighted.

She leaned back and laughed
hard, her red lips well parted.

He gazed at the mouth in ad-
miring contemplation.

"What are you thinking about?
Why don't you laugh?" She de-
manded sternly.

He continued his gaze and
said pensively: "I can't tell you;
you might not like it."

"But you must."

"Well, I was thinking, 'what
an opening for an enterprising
young man.'"

More Thinking.

Oh! I'm thinking, yes, I'm thinking;
See the wrinkles on my brow.
From this job there is no shrinking,
I must do it here and now.

For the Spinach to be written
A "pome" must be to-day,
So I'll keep right on a-wishin'
For the muse to come my way.

I am sleepy, I am tired,
And I can not rhyme a word,
From THE SPHINX staff I'll be fired,
If I don't brace up, I've heard.

Gee Whiz, Gee Buzz, for Heaven's sake,
I don't know what to do.
I guess a nap I'll have to take,
And simply let it go.

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	HARRY B. ANDERSON, '01
FRED M. VAN HORN, '00	CLARA G. FROELICH, '02
JOSEPH KOFFEND, '00	IDA ELLIOTT, '02
ERIC W. ALLEN, '01	ROBERT P. KRAUS, '03
ZACH A. CHANDLER, '01	MARY F. CUNNINGHAM, '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.

Now, brace yourself for a shock, oh more or less gentle reader. For once THE SPHINX is not going to roast anybody—at least not very hard. Not, you see, because she is any more kindly disposed toward the world at large, for her intentions are always of the kindest, hard as this may seem to you to believe. But she doesn't wish to acquire the reputation of being a chronic kicker, for such animals, she has noticed, are not at all popular. And so, though there are doubtless many reforms pressing upon the attention of the American people, THE SPHINX will gladly abandon, for three long months, the edification of the public and the regulation of the universe to the equally willing and perhaps equally competent hands of the campaign howler.

* * *

SPEAKING of campaign howlers—if you can, you'd better join their ranks for awhile. If you haven't any ideas as to how the nation and its colonies—or the nation including its colonies, if you prefer—should be run—if you haven't any ideas, get a few. And when you have them, go on the stump. Go out and enlighten people who have fewer ideas than you have. Explain to them the iniquity of the Puerto Rico tariff, or the benign goodness of Mark Hanna; dissect Bryan's military record or the Philippine campaign; tell them how

the only logical candidate for governor must come from the northwest or the central south—from Milwaukee, Waukesha, Madison, Augusta, Algonoma, whichever you prefer. It doesn't matter much which side you espouse, for you probably won't change any votes; but you will furnish much amusement to other people, and they will furnish much to you; you will greatly strengthen your vocal apparatus; you will learn a lot about people, and maybe a little about politics. So get out and help stir the political caldron—it's a big one, and there is always room for a few more paddles. It's a better form of summer recreation than you will find at any "resort."

* * *

ALL THIS applies, of course, if you belong to the "sterner sex." Just why one sex should be called sterner is a question. The sternest thing that ever happened THE SPHINX came in calling for copy from some of the fair members of the staff who were preparing for exams. But, accepting the epithet as suitable, if you are one of the less stern ones you can't very well go on the stump. But you can organize Maeterlinck Clubs, and Le ages for the Ethical Advancement of Glassblowers' Wives, and you can go to Biennials and have your picture on the front page of great daily papers. What more excitement do you want?

AND NOW THE SPHINX will kindly cease her rambling remarks, and bid you a fond farewell. If you've been roasted too hard, never mind. Probably THE SPHINX will know better next year. If you've paid hard-earned cash with the expectation that all subscribers would be roasted, and you haven't been mentioned, never mind that either. Make your wants known, and you will get your money's worth in the future. It takes more than a year to get around.

* * *

THE SPHINX would tell you of the many good things in store for her readers next year, were it not that anticipation might dull the edge of realization. Suffice it to say that the faculty are scheduled to suspend a few freshmen for the crime of being thrown into the lake; that the regents have promised to take some very improper steps for the sole benefit of THE SPHINX's editorial columns; that the *Scaredinall* will continue to commend the cut of all faculty whiskers and the landscape gardening of the Kappa Sig lawn; that candidates for the presidency of the University will be regularly brought forward by the *Late Sternall*; that the 1902 *Badger* will not appear until after the last issue of THE SPHINX for the year; and finally that THE SPHINX will continue to do business at the old stand at the lowest living rates. So come back prepared to subscribe—or at least to get your freshman room-mate to subscribe, so you can read his copy.

Edith.

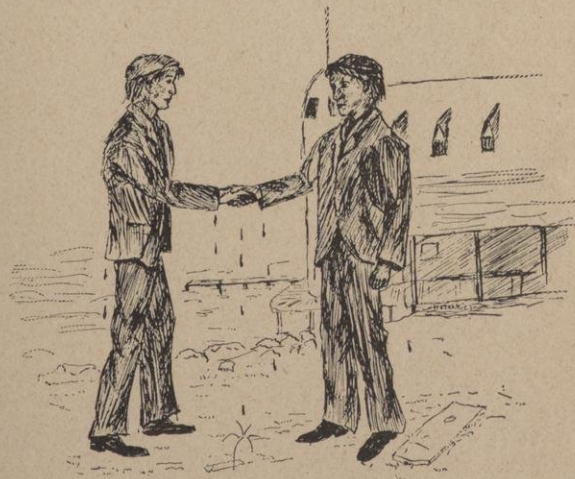
The glittering gold of far Klondike
Has never a call or charm for me,
And for the richest claim or strike
I would not brave the cold north sea.
The only gold for which I care
Is the gleaming gold of Edith's hair.

For heaped-up wealth of fairest Ind,
For gems and jewels that rajahs wear,
I would not face the hot south wind
Or breathe the fever-laden air.
The jewels in which my interest lies
Are the sparkling jewels of Edith's
eyes.

For honor or undying fame—
For riches or for boundless power—
For glory or a noted name
I would not spend one sleepless hour.
But oh, what toils I would endure
If Edith's love I might secure!

Mixed Songs.

"Listen to My Pleading"
"When the Swallows Homeward
Fly;"
"How Can I Leave Thee"
"In the Sweet By and By?"
I have "Fallen by the Wayside,"
Near "Two Little Girls in Blue,"
And "The Girl I Left Behind Me"
Sings "Adieu, Kind Friends, Adieu."
"I'm the Man that Wrote Ta-ra-ra boom
de-a,"
And "I'm a Warrior Bold,"
And "Once I Saw a Sweet Brier Rose"
In "Silver Threads among the Gold."
"My Mother was a Lady,"
"My Love," "My Heart's Delight,"
But since my "Fatal Wedding"
"She Didn't Treat Me Right."
So "Since Katie Rides a Wheel,"
"Sadly I Roam,"
And "Mollie and I and the Baby"
Are far from "Home, Sweet Home."
So, "Break the News to Mother"
"When I am Far Away,"
And "Tell Them that You Saw Me"
"On the Road to Mandalay."
"The Blow Almost Killed Father"
A "Comin' thru' the Rye."
He told me, "Take Your Clothes and
Go,"
So "We Never Speak as We Pass By."
So, mother, I'm going "Far Away"
With "Ben Bolt" and "Sweet Marie,"
And "As Your Hair Grows Whiter,"
"Then You'll Remember Me."



All is Forgiven.

"And we will haze no more."



In "Old Vienna."

As I sit beside an old table here,
 Inhaling the smoke of a cigarette,
 Making big rings that are sticky and wet
 With the butt of a glass of cool Schlitz beer—
 A cover of snow over amber clear—
 I have not a worry, I have not a fret.
 My one sad feeling is that of regret
 For a red-haired maiden I once held dear,
 Who "cut my acquaintance" and "passed me up"—
 Summer it was and the heat of the year—
 For loving to drink from this foaming cup.
 I must pity that girl as I sit here,
 Draining my glass and then filling it up
 With the amber and snow of cool Schlitz beer.

At the Last Hop.

"Hello, Bob, no use trying
 to get in without your brass but-
 tons."

"Great Scott, you don't mean

to tell me they are enforcing
 that?"

"Well, just ask the comman-
 dant."

"I never imagined such a —
 — —."

"Imagination never was your
 strong-point, old man; stay out
 here and smoke."

"Say, Jimmie, did Willson come
 over?"

"No, not that I know of."

"Is Miss—have you seen Blakely?"

"Yes."

"Well, who else is here?"

"O, Bob, you idiot, Miss Grafton came. Why in thunder didn't you ask that in the beginning? Asking about Willson, heavens, man, he went to Chicago, and—"

"Confound it, Jimmie, I'd like to take a fall out of you. I never thought about—"

"No I don't suppose you did. People in love don't think as a rule."

"Shut up. I'm not in love."

"If you're not I don't want any of the real stuff around me. This spring imitation of yours will do, thanks."

"Jimmie, who did Miss Grafton come with?"

"Miss who, did you say? Grafton?"

"I say take a brace."
"Well she came with Rutledge, of course, but say, Bob, where are you going?"

"Guess I will stroll back to the house."

"Stroll, did you say? Jol's coat is in the hall, old man, and I guess the buttons are all on."

Loud.

JONES—What popular song does Brown's new hat ribbon remind you of?

SMITH—I don't know.

JONES—"Oh, Listen to the band."

MISS CL—HEIMER—Ah, what does Dr. Libby mark on?

FRESHMAN (at the end of the table, after the last exam in ancient history)—Don't; marks off.

The College Stair.

When Pauline on the college stair
Reads out my Livy to me,
And tries to get the Latin forms
And hard constructions through me,
The only thing I ever see
Is beauty written on her.
The only thing I ever learn
Is, I am smitten on her.

I know the color of her eyes,
The rosy cheeks like satin,
I know the contour of her form,
But never know my Latin.
I cannot study musty forms,
Tho' study is my duty;
For what is language, old and dead,
Compared with living beauty?

And what care I for bold harangues
By Roman envoys spoken,
For war or blood or ambushade,
Or faith by Carthage broken—
When Pauline on the college stair
Reads out my Livy to me,
And gets, instead of Latin forms,
The shaft of Cupid through me?

The Tale of the Conscientious Maiden.

She was a Conscientious Maiden. So when He asked her to go driving in the evening, she said she would only go if He would promise to bring her back at half-past eight. He was very fond of the Conscientious Maiden, and although He did not desire to return at half-past eight, He said He would. So they went. They started early, and they drove through the town, for He had hired a very swell trap. Then they drove out on the Willow Drive, and went to see the Gypsy Camp. The sunset was beautiful, so was the lake, so were the trees by the wayside, so was the Conscientious Maiden. After a little while she asked what time it was, and He said they had plenty of time. After another while she asked what time it was again, and He said they still had plenty of time. After a third while she asked what time it was once more, and He said they had plenty of time even yet. But the Conscientious Maiden had known Him for three years, and so before she had come she had borrowed the watch from her roommate and had fastened it in her belt. And now she thought she would better look at it. So she took it out, and He looked very much surprised when He saw it, but when she opened it she looked still more surprised. It was quarter past eight. Then he felt the Conscientious Maiden looking at him, and He

tried to look unconscious, and she said, "Will you turn around, please?" and He turned around. And she said "I didn't think that of you," and He wished He had not done so. And she looked at her watch again. And they did not talk for a while.

Then suddenly the Conscientious Maiden said, "Will you stop, please?" And He asked why, and she only said, "Will you please stop?" And she looked at Him and He stopped. Then, before He knew what she was doing, the Conscientious Maiden got out of the carriage. And she stood in the road, holding up her skirts out of the dust. She said, "I told you I would not drive with you after



HOW WE DID IT—EARLY IN THE SEASON.



FATHER:—I hear you were out last night.

SON:—Yes I was out to the extent of forty-eight cents.

One Sunday Evening.

A man he was with crosséd eyes,
Nor bright, nor dim,
Who from his heart could heave such
sighs
As sure must win.
And Jenny thought he sighed for her,
Nor did she very much demur,
But rather hoped to say "Yes sir,"
Ere long to him.

And now the services were o'er;
A glance she gave.
The throng moved toward the outer
door,
In order grave.
And there before her in the hall
She saw him standing, straight and tall.
Did her heart sink? No, not at all—
She would be brave.

That little heart went pit-a-pat;
I wonder why?
She saw him fumble with his hat—
He, too, was shy.
And then he looked into her face,
As if he there would find some trace
By which to judge his lady's grace
Ere he should try.

And as she neared the charmed place
At which he stood,
A blush o'erspread her pretty face
(Of course it would.)
And now she thought the time had come
When he would ask to see her home,
And they could be all, all alone,
Just as they should.

Oh, cruel, crushing, cross-eyed man.
Alack-a-day!
He stepped so boldly up to Ann;
They walked away!
His eyes deceived poor Jenny so.
They are the cause of all her woe;
They've made her pretty head hang low;
And what's to pay?

Some Details from a Modern Novel.

They were seated on a bench,
half-way up the hill, looking out
over the lake. The sunset was
glorious, the evening was perfect,
and they—well, they were not
caring about the sunset. She
was gazing out over the lake, but
her thoughts were wandering—
somewhere else. Her fingers
played with the flower she had
pulled, she stripped the leaves off
one by one,—then she broke the
stem into tiny bits.

"Well?" she asked, at last,
turning to the man at her side.
He was tracing her initial in the
sand at his feet, with the point of
her parasol. He went over the
lines carefully twice before he
answered the question; then, lean-
ing back and throwing one knee
across the other, he turned to-
ward her, without a shade more
expression in his face than usual,
and brushing a mosquito from his
sleeve he answered her:

half-past eight, and I will not. It is half-past
eight. I trust that if I walk fast I will be able to
reach the Hall before half-past nine." Well, he
pleaded, and He expostulated, and He argued, and
He lied, and He scolded, and He raved, and He
called names, and He swore. But the Conscien-
tious Maiden walked along the road and held her
skirts up out of the dust. Then He got out and
took the horse by the bridle, and they walked home.
But their conversation was not animated. The
Conscientious Maiden reached the Hall at twenty-
eight and three-quarters minutes past nine. So
she stopped and turned around and said, "I am
very sorry this has happened. I hope it will never
happen again." And I do not think it ever will.

"I am waiting for what you
have to say to me."

She dropped her flower sud-
denly, then picked another, a
larger one this time, and care-
lessly tore that to pieces in the
same way. The sky and the lake
seemed strangely still. The col-
ors of the sunset were yet more
splendid. She hesitated, perhaps
a quarter of a minute, while the
mutilated flower lay in shreds in
her lap. Then she took the faded
fragments one at a time and
dropped them on the ground,
where they lay scattered in
irregular shapes. Her hands were
folded in her lap now, and she
was watching an ant which
crawled up the side of the para-
sol until it neared the top, then
turned, paused, and, making its
way back, disappeared under the
bench. Then she raised her eyes
to his face, and the merest
shadow of a smile played about
her lips.

"What am I to say?" she asked
in her ordinary tone of voice, and
her whole manner was quite in
keeping with her words.

A slight breeze caused the
leaves to stir imperceptibly, and
one could almost imagine that
tiny ripples were appearing on the
glassy surface of the lake. Her
voice, breaking in on the intensity
of the stillness, startled him so



ANDY—"Why on earth didn't I call it the 'Lucky Duck?'"

THE SPHINX.

that he moved the parasol quickly, making a mark across the letter he was tracing. He rubbed this out with the toe of his boot and began tracing the letter again.

For the space of half a minute not a word was spoken between them. Meanwhile, she sat leaning toward him, watching, waiting, and breathing quietly. He felt that he must speak, the suspense was growing unendurable, and yet—at length, grasping the back of the seat yet more firmly with his left hand and dropping the parasol from his right, he twisted the top button of his vest between his thumb and forefinger. With seemingly unusual effort he opened his lips and said almost hoarsely:

“How can I tell you that?”

She turned away again, her eyelids lowered ever so slightly, and she seemed to breathe more deeply. A faint tinge of pink just touched her cheek and faded away again before anyone could have time to notice it. She tossed her head petulantly until several stray curls fell about her face.

“No,” she said, her voice betraying scarcely any emotion, “I don’t think it will rain.”

The breeze stirred again, and a leaf, falling from the nearest tree, floated to the ground, but neither of them noticed it.

FRESHMAN (interrupting soph. in bucking Bennie’s notes)—All chickens are of the male gender.

SOPH.—Prove it.

FRESH. (calmly)—All hens set. Sun sets. Therefore all hens are sons.

At the End.

An old, old man with heavy locks
Was walking slow along the rocks
That line Mendota’s shore.
He came upon a senior there—
To him a very strange affair,
For wept the senior, sore.

“Cheer up, cheer up,” the old man said.
The senior only shook her head,
Nor heeded him a mite.
The old man stopped and mopped his
brow;
Such things he ne’er had seen till now;
It gave him quite a fright.

“But look at me,” he cried again.
This time his words were not in vain;
She lifted up her face.
He was a funny sight to see;
In costume of antiquity,
He looked quite out of place.

“Who are you?” asked the senior sad,
“I mustn’t smile, I’ll not be glad.”
Her sobs broke out anew.
He answered her, in accents mild,
“I’m Herald of the Future, child;
I’ve something here for you.”

“Do stop your weeping, tell me why
You never smile, but sob and cry—
There’s much in store for thee.
Here is a bunch of keys, one choose
To some great life work—win or lose,
As fate shall then decree.”

The senior quickly answered, “No,
I don’t know where I want to go;
I’d rather far stay here.
The campus green, the dear old lake—
There’s not a key I wish to take.
Wisconsin’s much too dear.”

But something in his face sublime,
Told her that it was even time,
She now must choose a key;
And suddenly her tears were dried,
The sorrow left her as she cried,
“I choose my destiny.”

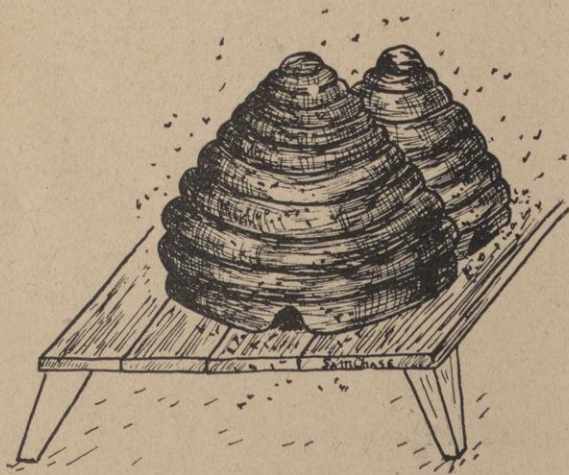
Justice and Mercy.

“I alluz temper justice with mercy, when I kin git my costs that-a-way,” remarked Squire Ball, wiping his forehead with a red bandana handkerchief and gazing earnestly at his empty glass.

“In the hon’able court where I preside, costs is the first consideration. After costs, of course, comes justice and mercy. Occasion’ly I give justice and costs, but ginerally costs and mercy goes together. When *costs* is eliminated, nothin’ goes but justice, and justice with the bark on, too. Only yesterday it was that I give Doc Hottum and a fellow from New York all three combined—justice, costs, and mercy. It was a very curious case, and in all my judicial career I never run on to its equal. No, sir.”

Here the squire stopped provokingly and gazed once more at his glass. Being anxious to hear his story, I asked him what he would have.

“The hon’able court will take a little rye and syrup, Egan. Never mind about the chaser. What



Illustrated Songs.

“Home Sweet Home.”



The Millennium.

"And a little child shall lead them."

makes whisky harmful is drinkin' water on the side. Any doctor 'll tell you that this here water is simply polluted with microbes. I never drink nothin' but whisky in the mornin', anyhow. These here fancy drinks is all right towards evenin', but the hon'able court sticks to whisky straight in the mornin'."

Then I ventured to remind the old gentleman that he was wandering from his subject, and that I was anxious to hear about his curious case.

"Oh, yes, about Doc Hottum. You boys know his place across the street. Shot craps there many a time, I'll go bail. Blame clever fellow is Doc. Well, Doc's been considerable worried lately on account of this here Civic Federation tryin' to have him indicted for running a gamblin' house and all that foolishness. Well, yesterday mornin', Pete

Barkey comes down to see Doc and—fill 'em up all around, Egan, and chalk up to the hon'able court—and Pete, he says, "Doc, them preachers have got out a spotter after you," he says, and says he, "he's a big fellow with a loud suit and a white hat and a game eye. Better look out for him. Got it straight."

Now, Doc had ought to know Pete was only stringin' him, but Doc he swallows it all like it was greased. He gets mad, and he feels his muscles, and he says, "I used to be the light weight champion of the South," he says, "and if that low-lived spotter with a white hat and a bum eye heaves in sight of this place, I'm goin' to knock the socks offen him, if it costs me a hundred dollars," he says.

And then, Pete, he comes over to see me, and he laughs and laughs at the joke he's put up on Hot-



"OUT FOR A MARK."

tum, because this here—Thank you, I will. Little more of the same, Egan—this here fellow he described was a dub prize fighter from New York, that wasn't no more of a spotter than I am. On account of Doc's place bein' sportin' headquarters, Pete figured that this here fellow would be droppin' around soon, and, Doc being hot-headed, there'd be a lively mix-up before explanations could be made. Then Pete he pulled his freight and left me all alone with that fool constable of mine, Bill Bradley.

"Bet we'll see a good scrap soon," I says to Bill.

"Business is mighty dog-gone dull," says he.

"What in blazes," I says, "has business bein' dull got to do with this here fight?"

Bill alluz was a curisome idiot, and he just takes a chaw of tobacco and don't say nothin' for awhile. Then he looks up at me with those wall eyes of his, and he says:

"Far be it from me to interfere with any man's fight unnecessarily, but business is business, and costs is costs."

Then I tumbled, and I says to Bill, "Bill, you certainly do show streaks of intelligence at times. We'll map out our campaign and wait. Maybe there won't be no fight, but if there is one," I says,

"for Heaven's sake don't you break in till you see the police or some other officers comin', for I want to see it. It ain't every day, Bill," I says, "that we kin have the pleasure of seein' two professional pugilists in a street fight, and then get our little costs offen 'em besides."

"Leave it to me," says Bill, and he goes to sleep with that fly-trap mouth of his open so wide that his snorin' drove me over here to Egan's—have another on me, boys—drove me over here to Egan's to escape nervous prostration. Ever hear Bill snore? If you haven't you've got somethin' to live for. Well, just as I step out, who do I see but Hottum run out of his saloon and paste a big guy square in the face. Say, that was the best all-round fight I've seen since the war. They slugged vicious, and they fought scientific, but that New York boy certainly did make Doc look sick. Well, just as I was enjoyin' it a copper comes chargin' down the street like a short tail bull in fly time. And there was that cussed Bradley, sound asleep and snorin' in his chair across the street. I was desperate. I picked up a brick and I heaved it at him, and it hit, too. He woke up just in time, made one jump across that there street and grabbed those men just a second ahead of the copper. He

led 'em into my office, and I explained matters. Then the stranger wanted to lick Hottum again for takin' him for a spy. Then I made a speech. I told 'em I didn't blame Hottum for sluggin' a man he thought was an informer, nor did I blame the stranger for poundin' the face offen a man that come and smeared him in the eye. "Therefore," I says, "I will fine you twenty-five dollars apiece and assess the costs equally between you. The costs will be ten dollars—five to my officer for makin' the arrest, and five to me for tryin' the case. The fines I will hold up during good behavior.

And the first requisite of good behavior," I says, when they settled, "is settin' 'em up to the hon'able court."

That stranger was a prince, and when I left him and Doc they were certainly friendly. "Doc" had the stranger's hat on, and the stranger had on Doc's, and they were tryin' to dance the lovin' two-step together. Well, I must be goin'. I've got a trespass case to try, but I will take one more, seein' it's you. Here's to Justice and Mercy, Costs included.

Bucking—A Farce in One Act.

SCENE: A room in the Alpha Omega Sorority House. Time, 2 P. M.

EDITH—Say, isn't this exam going to be just frightful! Positively, I don't know a thing! I just know I'll get conned. Say, how far are we in this stuff, anyway?

MAUDE—I don't know. Oh, here it is! See, I marked the place with that sample of Lou's new gown. Isn't it going to be just too sweet? Yes, page 268. Say, what are you going to wear?

EDITH—My new pink organdy, I s'pose, and a worried look. I wish they wouldn't have parties exam week. Hal's coming down for it, isn't he?

MAUDE—Yes, let's get to work. You read first. Is Hal going to stay long?

EDITH—No, he's too busy. Glory, how I hate this bucking! Say, did you know that George X— had Alice out driving last evening?

MAUDE—Out driving last evening, and she has physics exam to-day! Well, *she* must have plenty of time. I wouldn't do it. Page 268, did you say?

EDITH—Look out of the window quick! There goes Annie Y— again with Will. That's getting pretty serious, isn't it? Well, I suppose they know what they come to college for.

MAUDE—Shall I read? There's the 'phone. I s'pose I have to answer it. Hello — — —. Why, I don't know. It would be awfully nice, but we're bucking for exam. — — — Oh, it wouldn't do any good to take our books

along. *You* know how much you'd let us study. — — — Well, I'll ask Edith. — — — Say, Edith, Tom wants us to go out on the lake awhile. Can we go?

EDITH—Oh, maybe, for a little while, but not long.

MAUDE—Well I'll tell him to come up then. Say, it *is* too bad, isn't it?—just when we had such a nice start, too.

Exit Maude and Edith for hats.

Coollest place in the city, Palace of Sweets' Roof Garden—109 State St.

WHY is the Wisconsin athletic association like China?
The capital of each is P. King.

Delicious ice cream and soda at the Palace of Sweets' Roof Garden.

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.

**Second-Hand
Text-Books
Wanted**

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 1887.

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., D. D., 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.

J. Monroe Weil & Co.

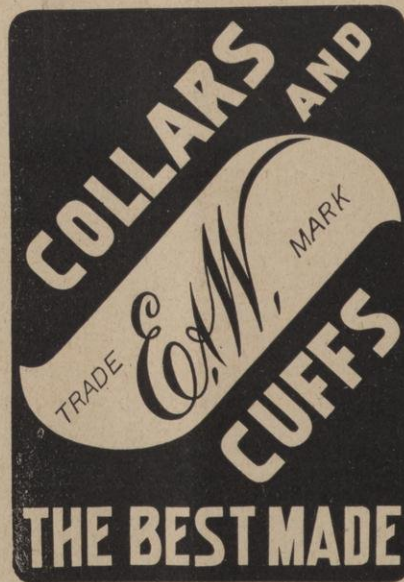
MAKERS OF

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

Your Chance.

With a purchase for ten cents or over at the U. W. Shoe Store, you are entitled to a guess on how many hours and minutes the candle in the window will burn. The person guessing nearest time can SELECT any pair of shoes in the store FREE OF CHARGE.

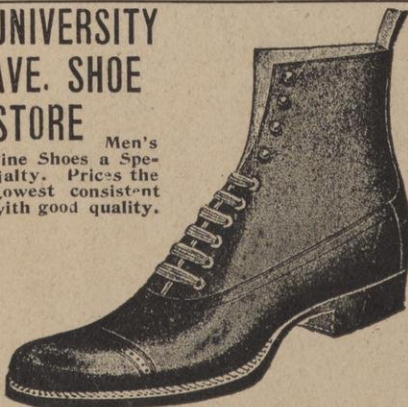
CHRIS—What makes him such a good short stop?

CCROSS—O, he's used to managing high ball.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Coolest place in the city, Palace of Sweets' Roof Garden—109 State St.

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



LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS

**SELL WELL
WEAR WELL
FIT WELL
BUY THEM**

The CRAMER-BOARDMAN & Co.
ENGRAVERS
ILLUSTRATORS
MAKERS of
HIGH GRADE
PRINTING PLATES
M^cGeoch Bldg. Milwaukee



NORTHWESTERN

University Medical School

For circulars of detailed information address

Dr. N. S. DAVIS, Jr.

2431 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

THE SPHINX is going to hibernate
 In a snug old hollow tree,
 Where choicest kernels of wit are
 stored,

Where the sap of thought flows free,
 Where no badgers can enter to break its
 peace,

Nor Cardinal sound its knell.
 Where the next season's jokes will be
 cracked with the squirrels,
 To see if they all take well.

Coolest place in the city, Palace of
 Sweets' Roof Garden—109 State St.

“THIS,” said the Serious Minded
 Person, “is no laughing mat-
 ter.”

“You are right,” rejoined the Frivo-
 lous One, “it is comic opera.”

—Princeton Tiger.

Palace of Sweets' Roof Garden open
 to-night.

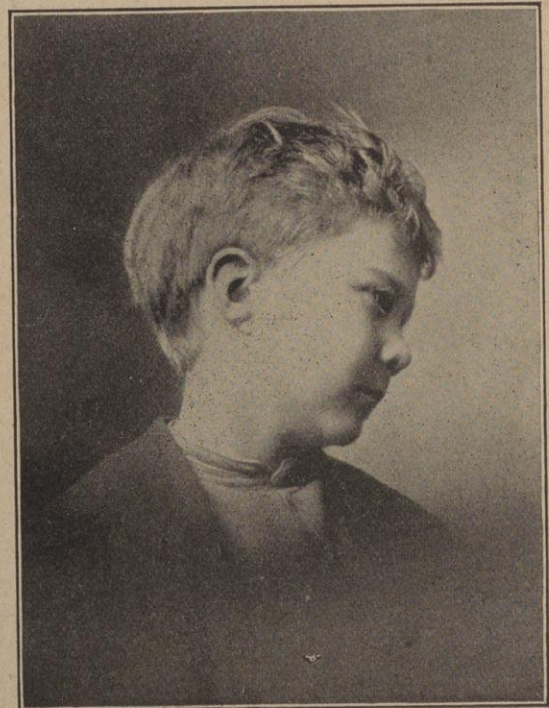
CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RY.

6383 Miles of thoroughly equipped
 road in Illinois, Wiscon-
 sin, 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 Laffin 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



ARROW BRAND

2 FOR 25¢

CENTOLA

CLUETT, PEABODY & Co.
MAKERS

Patronize American Industries

WEAR THE

Knox Hat

Matchless in Beauty

Superior in Quality

Artistic in Design

Sidney P. Rundell

Sole Agent for Madison

Still Thrilled.

Her voice used to thrill him
When she mentioned his name,
His heart leapt within him,
His soul was aflame.
Her voice made his heart leap
When he was her lover—
Since she's his, when she hails him,
He jumps up all over!

—Times-Herald.

Palace of Sweets' Roof Garden open to-night.

A GRIND is a man who sells his life to a book and gets stuck in the bargain.—The Widow.

Delicious ice cream and soda at the Palace of Sweets' Roof Garden.

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

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

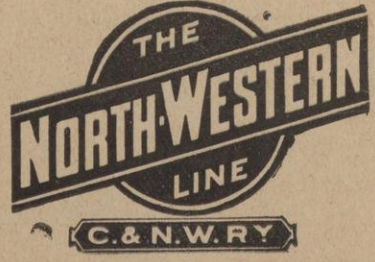
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS

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, Du-
luth, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Winona, La Crosse, Huron,
Pierre, Oakes, Gettysburg, Clinton, Marshalltown,
Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Sioux City, Coun-
cil 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, W. B. KNISKERN,
Third V.-P. and G. T. M. 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