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MADISON, WIS., MAY 11, 1900.

No. 15

The Conquest.

Last Autumn she attracted me, she wore a sailor hat, And a jaunty little jacket that was charming;

And I thought that she was pretty, and I liked her pleasant chat—

But it really wasn't anything alarming.

Vol. I.

- But Winter came upon us, with its ice and snow and slush, And she wore a giddy golf-cape to her classes,
- And when she donned a scarlet "tam," I straightway had a "crush,"

And thought her quite the dearest of the lasses.

When Easter came she wore a hat of flower-garden fashion, The suit she had I know was tailor-made,

- And then my case was hopeless, and my heart confessed its passion,
- And thesis-work was shockingly delayed.
- But when the lovely Spring arrived,—Commencement drawing near,—

I met her dressed in simple cap and gown,

And then I wholly lost my heart,—(and lost my head, I fear) For at her feet I humbly laid it down.

TELL me not in mournful numbers.

That Wisconsin lost a team,

For the team is dead that slumbers,

And the games are not what they seem.

STRANGE that a cocktail straight sends a man home crooked.

Caps.

Now that the different classes are adopting appropriate caps, the following suggestions are not untimely:

For the Senior Laws—Blue cap with picture of a bar (and a few schooners).

For Modern Classical — Red cap with picture of Homer in a bicycle suit.

For English Course—Rose color cap with a lion with twisted tail.

For Pharmacy—Black cap, skull and cross bones.

School of Music—Brown cap, with hand-organ, etc.

General Science—Green cap, with pictures of Bugs.

A Senior.

A form it is, of drapèd black, Sleeves flowing, full of grace,

A square of black with tasseled string

Suspended o'er a face Wherein there shines an added light

Of knowledge, hard, condensed, Above the linen collar white,

With which the throat is fenced. Each flutter of the crow-like robes

Inspires a sense of awe-

We almost look to hear her call, "A senior, caw, caw, caw!"

PROF. TURNER (calling for history topic) — Miss Damuth, I believe you are the only one of the class who has religion.

MISS D.—Yes, sir, I am afraid I am.



"HOLDING HIS OWN."

The Senior's Creed.

I believe in the mortar board cap, creator of jealousy and proud feelings, and in its loose, flowing accompaniment, the sombre, black gown, which was devised by 1900, worn by Dean Birge, suffered from boys and girls alike, was bought of Tom Morris for seven plunks, was worn morning, noon, and night, and will be until commencement, when it will be laid away until next fall, and the co-op. will get a big per cent. for selling it to a hard-up 1901er.

I believe in a senior swing out, in a class memorial, in no senior exams., a jolly good time, and then work for ever more. Amen.



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.

DOESN'T it cost enough now to attend the university? Evidently the regents think not, for the schedule of fees included in the new catalogue shows an increase in various items amounting on the whole to over thirty per cent., so that now each student has to pay, at this "free" state university, from twenty to over one hundred dollars per year, depending upon which particular rill from the Pierian spring most pleases his taste.

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THE men who introduced civilization into this neck of woods had a notion that education should be free to all. They believed that the welfare of the commonwealth depends upon equal opportunities for its citizens. So they did their best to embody this principle in the organic law of the state, and to lay the foundations of an educational system whose capstone should be the state university. As the state has grown in population and wealth, the university has grown in numbers and equipment. It has attained a very respectable position among the educational institutions of the country, and is heard of now and then in other portions of the earth. We are all apt to be proud of it, and we think at least that our pride has some justification. Once in a while somebody insinuates that the university is a breeding place of aristocracy and exclusiveness. Then we arise in our wrath and call that fellow names. We like to believe,

and we very much enjoy saying, that here the son of the rich man and the son of the poor man meet on terms of perfect equality, and that we judge a man by what he is, not by the clothes he wears or the money he blows at the Pal.

*

WHEN we think the thing over candidly, we have to admit that these things are not strictly true. They are not true anywhere. They never will be true while money retains its conversational powers. But they make a first-class ideal, and a university is a first-class place to try to live up to an ideal. So when the expense of attending the university is deliberately screwed up another notch, we can't help feeling that something is wrong. We can't help believing that the regents have been carried away by a very natural desire to keep the university moving in the same procession with institutions of immense private endowment, and that they have forgotten their duty toward the plain people of the state who do not wish their sons and daughters debarred from the privileges of a higher education.

THE regents are men to whom the addition of a few dollars a year to the expenses of each student hardly seems worth considering, while the thousands of dollars thereby added to the income of the university can be very advantageously used. But

* * *

these few dollars a year mean a great deal to the man who waits on table for his board; and they mean a great deal in the home where the parents save every cent and deny themselves every luxury in order to keep their boy or their girl in college. Fortunately for the university these classes of students are still large, and they have a right to be considered in the fixing of fees.

* *

WE ARE all pleased to see the university take a step in advance; we would like to see it possessed of every department that any university has; we would like to see every department equipped in the most approved style. But after all the university exists for the people, and its first duty is to provide a reasonably complete education for every citizen of the state who may ask it. The argument that the increase in fees is necessary to meet the expense of providing new departments is a dangerous one; for there will always be a proposed department that somebody thinks imperatively necessary, and the logical effect would be an increase every year. One of the regents is quoted as saying that if the legislature doesn't approve of the increased fees it can make an increased appropriation. Now, this is hardly the right kind of a club to hold over the head of the legislature. It is nothing less than a threat that if you don't give us the money we think we want, we will use our position of trust and responsibility to turn the university of the people into a rich man's school.

> WHY is an embezzler escaping to Canada like a young lady enjoying a recent show in Madison?

They are both fond of "Other People's Money."

Upon the Hill,

In cap and gown She came from town— The air was soft and fine oh! The clouds were high, The walks were dry, Of course the sun would shine oh!

In cap and gown She hurried down, The rain was falling fast oh! The wind blew hard Across the sward, The sunshine did not last oh!



THE PRINCE OF WHALES.

Caps and Gowns.

There's no convent, there's no cloister, Where those holy deeds are done 'Tis not here ye hear the murmur Of the priest and praying Nun. But within that flowing sable Merely rests a senior's pride, Underneath that tasseled mortar Just a senior's brainlets hide. Who can tell how many wrinkles

- In that shirt waist underneath, Who can tell what holey elbows Do those ample folds unsheath,
- None can see those faded trousers Shrunk till they the shoe tops meet

Sins a multitude and over Do those blooming gowns secrete.

Almost graceful are the maidens In that somber clinging fold, Nothing new are skirts and drapings To the lovely female mould, But the men, O God be with us Such a dearth of underskirt. Spindle legs and bony angles Prosper in that sable shirt.



The Senior Gets a Pair of New Shoes.

"Hello!" ventured the freshman good naturedly as his roommate came in and threw a bundle upon the bed, "been buying something?"

"Yes, I've been buying something," said the senior. "That's the time you guessed it. I've been buying something. Most anyone, on seeing a fellow come from up town with a package wrapped up in fresh clean store paper, would think he had been out drawing up plans for the beautifying of the lower eampus, or working up a sentiment among the board of regents, toward the erection of a gym for the co-eds. Or maybe you thought at first that I'd been down trying to get the Scaredinall to refute the report that the reason the Badger isn't coming out until commencement week is that the board didn't want the Spinach to get a chance to roast it. But I haven't. I've just been buying something."

The freshman was used to this, and without noticing it he went over to examine the new package. He took the paper off, disclosing a common shoe-box and as he lifted the cover off, he said innocently: "Been gettin' a new pair of shoes?"

"There you go again," said the senior. "Jove man! with your power and insight in asking questions, success will surely come to you. Is it, or is it not, a new pair of shoes! Look again closely, perhaps you can find out for yourself. What do you think it is now, a fountain pen, or a hotel? Or think the matter over carefully if you have not yet fully decided. Get all the data your senses will furnish you, though sight and touch, if used judiciously should assure you of the identity of the articles. Now compare these sense impressions coming to your brain, with the mental images already there, which they arouse. What class now do the objects before you seem to come under? In plain language, do they look to you like shoes as you doubtfully ventured to surmise, or would you on second thought take them for a good square meal, or a horse stable, or a new year's celebration, or an automobile?"

"Oh, did you get tan ones?" was the freshman's third question, as he leisurely examined the shoes, paying no heed to the senior's tirade.

"Oh my, Oh my!" groaned the

All For the Crew?

It was a warm still night. They drifted along, looking out over the lake and the lights of the town beyond. A fish splashed near them; the sound of oars in the distance came to them now and then; and the low strains of a waltz from a fraternity lodge on the shore. For a long time they were silent; it was so significant that Hardy felt Miss Morrison had better speak first.

"Do you know" she began finally, "I am absolutely miserable at times when I think this is my last spring here?"

"You are not the only one who is miserable at that thought," he answered.

"Now don't say things like that, but it is so different with you, there are so many things you can do. I will be packed off to Europe this summer, hurry back, just about kill myself with half a dozen dressmakers and then—" she looked at him, stopped a moment, and added half defiantly, half sorrowfully "get married."

Hardy had expected this announcement for a long time, yet he had made himself believe it was only gossip. He had been training for the crew, but that day had decided to give it up, in spite of the remonstrance of his friends. It would take so much time and—well it was the last spring Edith was to be here. Now everything was changed. But as long as he had loved her before he could love her still; if she had brought out the best that was in him she could continue to do it. Edith did not know; she need not know; only he would know.

"You do not seem to be particularly happy over your future." His voice was strangely firm and steady. "O, but I am, do not misunderstand me. I hate to leave college, that is all. What are you going to do?"

"I have not decided, but for the next two months I will be very busy on the crew. We are to win this year and it means a great deal of hard work; in fact, Edith, you will not see me very often, I am to be very busy."

"It is really wonderful what you fellows do for athletics, and we girls are not even interested, except indirectly. Just think what you will give up and how hard you will work for the crew." Hardy leaned on his oars and looked at her steadily for a moment.

"All for the crew?" he said.

SPHINX.

THE



WE SUGGEST THAT WISCONSIN BE GIVEN A COURSE OF STUDY THAT WILL GIVE HER THE ABILITY TO GRASP THE FINE POINTS OF A REAL ORATION.



senior. "Did I get tan ones! Are they tan or are they violet? Or are you sure they are not blue-the delicate blue of the evening sky, when all the air is laden with the sweet scent of violets and last winter's oystercans? Say! with your power of discernment, why don't you apply for a position as judge of some old oratorical contest? Are they tan, think? Or haven't you settled it yet? Sure they ain't green-the deep velvety green of the carpet of grass? Or redmaybe they're red, huh? Well, I'll tell you, so 't you'll be sure: they ain't red, nor green, nor blue, nor anything but just tan. What do you think of em?"-this in a milder tone.

"Oh, they're—they're great," replied the freshman admiringly.

"Whadye s'pose I had to ante for 'em?"

"Well of course it's hard to tell. Everything's so blamed high here, that probably you had to give up a good,—well, say \$1.50, before you got 'em."

There then ensued quite a long pause, during which expressions of deepest scorn came over the senior's face. Suddenly, looking at his watch, he exclaimed: "Gee! It's pretty near time for that confounded laundryman to be around. Guess I'll hike up to the libe!"

He had scarcely got out of the room, when the freshman, smiling softly, said to himself: "I guess that's the time I had him going. 'Gad, though, those are dandy shoes. About five plunks, probably."

And the senior was thinking: "He's a bright kid, all right, if he only doesn't find it out too soon."

THE senior engineer whose boat mysteriously got away from the landing while he went after the girl, says nothing, of course. Wouldn't we all?

My Flunk.

RECKLESS flunk has laid me low, I see my end and dread the blow. Alas for me! I was no grind, And had a co-ed on my mind. No more will I her parlor grace, No more I'll look on her sweet face,— To some remote and desert place I'll hie me off and take a brace.

The Trouble With the Negro.

"The principal trouble with the negro," said the Mississippi lawyer, spitting thoughtfully into the fireplace, "is that he lacks common sense. He is too impulsive. I know of no better illustration than the case of my first client. He was a good, steady, hardworking negro, with a trifling wife, and one day he cut her throat and disappeared. Now that was all right, but just like a fool negro, he had to come back and moon around her grave. He just naturally put himself in the way of justice and forced himself into the notice of the law. That's where the foolishness of the race comes in. A white man that had got away under similar circumstances would have stayed away, but a negro has got no sense and never will have. Subsequently he was hanged. But it was a shame, though. If he had been a white man or even had money I could have cleared him easy. They ought never to have hanged that nigger. I didn't blame him a bit. It was this way. His wife left him, took away the child, and he went after her. He found her chewing gum and rocking the child. He said, 'Honey, is you comin' home with me?' She didn't answer him or look at him. Just ignored him, and went on chewing gum and rocking the child. You know how aggravating a woman can be. My client said, if she had said 'no,' or noticed him in any way, he would have gone about his business like a peaceful man, but she only sat there and chewed gum, as if he were not within a hundred miles of her.

'Honey,' he asked again, 'is you gwine to come back to me?'

"She never answered. Just chewed gum a little harder. Then he says, 'I axes you once for all. Is you comin' back home or not? Say 'yes' an' I'll take you; say 'no' an' I'll go.' But she only chewed gum. So that nigger took his knife and just naturally cut her throat, same as anybody would have felt like doing. Probably a white man wouldn't have done it, but he would have wanted to mighty bad. Yes, sir, the negro is too doggoned impulsive."



POLITICAL TERM: STUMPING THE STATE.

Just a Breeze from the Antipodes.

Americans hear very little about Australia, and very often what they do hear, or read, is apt to be far from the truth.

Perhaps the stories regarding the "melancholy bush" and the sombre forests, wherein men go insane, are attributable to the fact that a great many shepherds on the large sheep stations do become insane from the mere fact that they are compelled to live absolutely alone for many months in the year.

An old shepherd, who had grown gray in the service of a prominent sheep station owner, gives as a reason for retaining his senses that he made friends of the birds and animals about him, and made a point of conversing with them exactly as he' would with a human being. Whether he was understood is doubtful, but that his utterances were taken for expressions of good-will the following story will show:

Outside his hut, which stood upon the border of a large plain some nine miles in diameter, a large water tank was placed to catch the product of some occasional showers that rarely visited this particular region. Beneath the faucet stood a large "calabash," which is a huge bowl, carved from wood.

One morning upon opening the door the shepherd was surprised to see an enormous iguana, measuring six feet from the tip of his nose to end of his tail, calmly drinking out of the calabash. The iguana was apparently very tired and thirsty, and took little notice of the shepherd. The old man rather pitied the animal, and allowed it to slake its thirst. He returned to the hut, and emerged in a few moments with a flute in his hand, and began playing, as was his wont, before attending to his daily duties. When the first strains reached the iguana he stopped drinking and turned his head upon one side with a most comical and pleased expression. The old man continued playing, and the iguana slowly crept closer until he rested his head upon the shepherd's shoe, and prepared to enjoy himself. The shepherd continued playing, and when he concluded, he leaned over and patted the animal upon the head. The reptile feebly wagged his tail in appreciation. Every morning after this the iguana came for his drink and listened to the music, and the old man generally had a remnant from his breakfast with which he used to regale his friend. This state of affairs continued until the shepherd received orders from the boundary-rider to shift his camp to the other side of the plain. The old man packed up and next day was installed in his hut across the plain. Next morning, following his usual custom, he arose and after breakfast took his flute and stepped outside the hut. He endeavored to play, but something was wrong.

He did not enjoy his efforts as usual. A few bell birds hopped about in the large eucalyptus tree overhead, making the air melodious with their peculiar "ting, ting," and a tom-tit impudently tittered at him from a small bush on the other side. Still he felt discontented, and returned to the hut. The second morning passed in much the same manner as the previous one. The third morning he walked out, strange to say, without his flute. He had scarcely reached the door, when he came tumbling back into the hut, his features working with excitement. He stumbled over a box, which did duty for a table, scattering his breakfast things over the floor. He arose, and made a wild dash for his flute which hung on the wall above the bed. Grasping it he made for the door, and seating himself upon the stool he played until he nearly cracked the old flute. And all because the iguana was outside calmly drinking out of the calabash.

-Andrew M. O'Dea.

The American's Greeting.

JONES—Hawaii (how are you). SMITH—Philippines (full of beans).

JONES-Oh, Guam (go on).

I NSTRUCTOR in French (to class)—"The exact agreement in the last written exercise handed in by three members of the class, leads me to believe that these three are working on the coöperative plan. In absolute fairness I will have to declare dividends equally among them. The paper is worth about ninety per cent., so you see this will make the individual record of each member of the company look like thirty cents."

THE sorority girl who reported that the Nicaragua canal is completed and world ships sailing on it, believes it, because no sister objected. "Where ignorance is bliss, etc."

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IN THE RUSH BUSINESS.

"We Are Seven."

I

I met a little league one day, It had seven colleges, it said, Its hair was thick with many a

wreath.

That hung around its head.

II.

It had a noble, youthful air, And it was finely clad,

Its skill was great, Oh, very great, Its power made me glad.

THE SPHINX.

III.

"Schools and Colleges," little one, "How many may you be?" "How many? Seven in all," it said, And wondering looked at me.

IV.

"And who are they? I pray you tell," It answered "Seven are we, But, two of us out-span the rest, As far as I can see."

V.

Two of us lie far behind In the contest ev'ry May, And one fights hard to reach the top, And I think it will, some day."

VI.

"You say that two lie far behind, And two are far the best, Yet ye are seven, how can that be? Pray, set my mind at rest."

VII.

Then did the little league reply, Seven 'Varsities are we, And lead the rest, you see.

VIII.

But loses by a hair, And two, alas, are far behind, And two are almost there."

IX.

And one hard luck has had, How can it be that you are seven? Your 'rithmetic is bad."

X.

The little league did make reply, "I know that I am right, Though only three are at the top, The others make a fight."

XL

Strive as I could to tell the league, That it was only five, It answered still the same old way, "But the other two, they strive."

XII.

I walked away, proud of the league, That would not change its cry, That would not say that it was less, Though two behind did lie.

But, two of us have won the prize,

One college fights so hard to win,

"If two are fine, and two are poor,



MITH-I wonder if Wagner is still composing. JONES-Decomposing now, I guess.

The Poe-em of a Senior. Once upon a spring day dreary while the raindrops trinkled, wearv

From all their dropping on the eaves of Ladies' Hall, Suddenly a learned senior, noted for her wise demeanor Laid her head against an elder, unrestrainedly to bawl,

"Why is that?" I quick did utter, as with many an evil mutter

I swore vengeance on the one who made those tear drops pour, "Show me who has hurt this senior, ruffled thus her proud demeanor,

- That against a tall box elder she her bursting grief does pour. Point him out, and he the sunset on the lake shall see no more.
- He shall drink Mendota's waters from its basin evermore." Just as when the sun shines smiling, all the rainy clouds beguiling,

Thus my words aroused the maiden by the tree, "It is not a fault of man, sir, put no Adam in the water down.

"I was walking-when the rain came-in my senior cap and gown.

Neither blame my discomposure to O'Shea or Mister Slaughter,

It is only"-here she faltered-and she whispered, eyes cast

- All dissolved is now my tassel and my hem has come unglued." And the maid upon a younger laid her head and long boo-
- hooed And I whispered to my shoulder whence her tears commenced their fall

"Little senior, though a junior, I can sympathize with all.

- Dry your tears and let's go "Pal"-ward, care not if the rain does pour,
- Cheer up, we will have a Sunday, that's the best thing in the store."
- And she sighed as she'll continue for a month, but nevermore.

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The day of the Interscholastic Meet, and will be a High School Number.

Clarence L. Fairbanks of the Racine High School sends an extremely appropriate and well drawn double page cartoon illustration of the Meet. H. G. Winslow of the Madison High School contributes an apt full-page drawing. An appropriate and novel cover design comes from the West Side High of Milwaukee. There will be many smaller illustrations.

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-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, Uni-

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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.

Deserted.

Oh, little stray of waving hair Escaped to-night upon my sleeve, We too have common cause to grieve—

The same sad tale to tell; For both were bound by all the ties That Nature's wisdom could devise— And both were lightly dropped, as well.

But things are strangely out of place, For thou wert more content, I wot, Entangled in a Psyche knot,

Or curled above her soulful eyes; While I'd rejoice if she would be Entangled in a knot with me— The kind the parson ties.

-Lampoon.



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HEBREW, with sporting proclivi-A ties possessed a small sailing boat and invited a boon companion to go with him for a sail. A squall came on suddenly, and the owner of the yacht was pitched overboard. While he was struggling with the waves, his friend peered anxiously over the side and exclaimed:

"I thay, Ikey, old man, if you don't come up for the third time, can I have the boat?"-Exchange.

AGISTRATE (to witness)-I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife? WITNESS-Yis, sor.

"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'." -Green Bag.

HENRY PECHER

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AND BATH ROOMS

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