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## **The Sphinx. [Vol. 6, No. 8] [February 1905]**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, [February 1905]

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# The Prom Girl



LIEBER  
08

As Lieber sees Her

# The Prom Girl



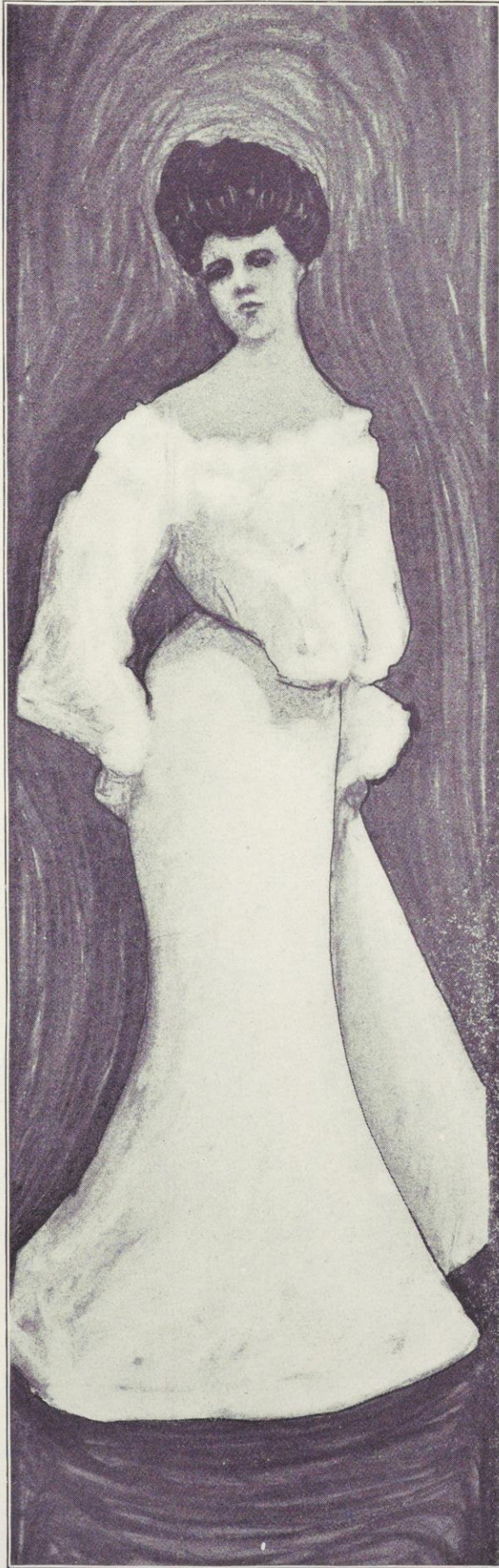
As She looks to Freeman

# The Prom Girl



Stempfel's idea of Her

# The Prom Girl



As seen by Hatton

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*Here's a little verse to you,  
(Gee! but this is nice to do)  
We can look and look and look,  
(Staring's not a crime)  
As we look, you simply grow  
Nicer all the time.*

*—Kim.*

# THE SPHINX.

Published fortnightly during the College Year  
by Students of the University of Wisconsin.

Entered at the Postoffice of Madison, Wis., as  
Second-Class Matter, September 28, 1901.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS

(If not paid before January 1st, \$1.50 per annum  
will be charged.)

Single copies on sale at the news stands and  
book stores.

ADVERTISING RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION

Address Communications to the Business Editor

All contributions, subscriptions and remit-  
tances for same should be addressed to

EDITOR, 505 N. Carroll St.

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

## FOOT IT FEATLY HERE AND THERE



**W**HATEVER BE OUR mental leanings toward cynicism and satire or optimism and eulogy, we've got to admit that Prom Time is a Glad-some Week—that the girls are mostly pretty and wholly attractive, and that after all our inveighings, we think we look pretty nifty in our dress suits, by Heck. Of course the whole thing is an extravagance and a fatuous folly, but still there's a certain exultation in being really reckless with our cash or credit, and a fine frenzy in "doing the thing up right," and try as we will we can't look wholly blasé and bored. We may be sophisticated Seniors and Juniors, but the glamor isn't gone from the Prom yet, and the strains of good music, the babble of conversation, the swirl of shimmering gowns and the radiance of multifarious lights still stir our blood and set our cheeks aglow.

And amid the brilliance of lights and laughter, comes as ever, **THE SPHINX**, portentously old but perennially young, bedecked with gala garb, and with a smile for Co-eds and Students, Town Girls and Out-of-Town Girls, Patronesses and all!

Be Glad—and

You Will Be

Happy.

S S S S S

## PERT PRONOUNCEMENTS

**W**HEN ALL TALK is done, think of this. Has the present athletic regime accomplished one real, tangible good in the last two years?

**W**HEN YOU HEAR some one say, "Michigan is dirtier in her athletic morals than we are," consider that mud is worse than macadam. Is that any reason for not cleaning the macadam?

**W**ATCH AND DISSECT the situation if you wish to deal with it. Eternal analysis is the price of purity.

**WHAT IS THE PROM?** An iridescent rainbow on the cataract of college life.

TALK IS CHEAP



WE HAVE NOTICED, in a rather casual way, and in a magazine little read by students, an article by Mr. Downer, our efficient Graduate Manager, on Tradition by Resolution. Mr. Downer ridicules the now established Senior Resolutions, and laughs, in an excellent literary style, at the idea of establishing "tradition" by rule.

Mr. Downer is clever but mistaken in his views. The point is that tradition, or custom, or precedent, or whatever you choose to call it, must start some time, and it might as well start by resolution as any other way.

Wisconsin is a large and rather unintegrated institution, and traditions in any number will not come spontaneously from circumstances. They must be created. Had those Resolutions, at which Mr. Downer cavils, been passed arbitrarily by an outside body or imposed by the faculty, there might be some ground for jeers; but the resolutions were the result of discussion and of deep-seated conviction among the students themselves, and that the Varsity was ripe for them is shown by the quickness with which the various classes ratified them, and the suddenness with which a crowd of upper class men gathered on the campus at the first threat of resistance. Rules such as these are to be judged, not by their formation, but by their reception, not by their installation, but by their enforcement.

And if strenuously maintained in their present vigor, and improved and added to as the years go on, these Traditions by Resolution, will become Traditions by Time, and will solidify class spirit, intensify democracy and finally work for a still more deep and abiding devotion to Alma Mater.

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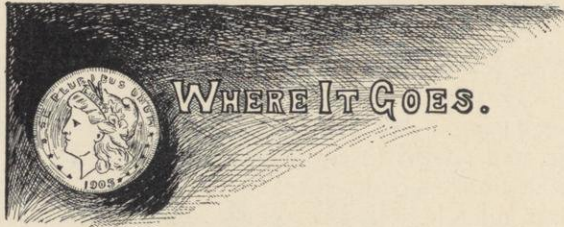
WHENEVER PROM TIME arrives we are wont to consider the "Play" as part of it. This year the Edwin Booth Society is to give us one of Pinero's most successful dramas, and if the past performances of the Edwin Booth are any criterion, the play will be produced in a manner excellent and fitting. Every one ought to go, merely to see a good play well performed; and the bestowal of the proceeds upon so worthy a project as the endowment of a student's bed in the hospital, should be an added incentive to attendance. But the main reason for going is to see a "good show"—and you will!



A Toast

BRETHREN HERE IS a toast to our enemies! may they ever continue the same invidious critics and censors of our ways. May they never cease their sneers at our good deeds, nor their jeers at our evil doings, their taunts at our failures, and their cavillings at our successes. Without enemies we should grow lazily self-satisfied and idolent with no incentive to "show 'em," and no vivifying scorn to spur us ahead. Without them we should fall into a putrescence from over-flattery, and idly doze through a self-righteous existence.

Here's to our enemies! May they belittle and begrudge forever, without stint, for of such is our salvation.



(Apologies to Henley's Shade.)

Papa, is rich, perhaps, or broke,  
Or Uncle is generous—or not—  
And if you're flush you're a lucky bloke;  
But poverty's scarcely a tragic lot.  
But rich or poor, it's the same I wot,  
Till over your grave the flowers nod;  
You blow your cash while the pace is hot—  
Booze and the Peaches cop your wad.

Down in the Hang-Out soak and joke,  
Letting your work go all to pot,  
That's the way of many a moke,  
"Being a sport," and all that rot.  
Or social stunts is all you plot,  
"Treading the dance" as it should be  
trod,  
Talking like Willie off the yacht—  
Booze and the Peaches cop your wad.

You must cough up for the booze you soak,  
And it melts the lucre, I guess, some-  
what,  
And the Rathskeller place with its Flemish  
oak,  
You're helping to pay for that, old sot,  
But it costs a lot to pay the shot  
For carriages, dances and candy—odd,  
Yet no matter what pace a man may trot,  
Booze and the Peaches cop his wad.

A crystal glass and fine large bot,  
To lighten the moments iron shod!—  
No matter how your stuff was got  
Booze and the Peaches cop the wad!

## Promograms

Money makes the Prom go—and the Prom makes the money go.

Three days of Prom week makes the whole bunch broke.

In the footing up at Prom time, it's the little bills that count.

A co-ed is without an escort in her own 'Varsity.

Though the stag is not numerous he is frequent.

x x x

## The Ass

His personal appearance is one of insufficiency. His face is too small for his smirk, and his clothes are too short, wherever shortness is possible, and too tight everywhere else. He is long, gawky and entirely composed of angles.

To fit this unloveliness of looks and attire, his voice is raucous and scratchy, and it is forever raised in expatiation on matters for which the listener cares not at all.

The ass volunteers everlastingly in class, wearies the ear and the mind with unasked opinions and idiotic questions, and makes himself a continual dining nuisance to professor and student.

He is most expansively genial and given to the habit of butting in to all conversation within earshot. He is also confidential when you are unfortunate enough to walk alone with him, and he has an irritating habit of linking his arm carressingly in yours.

In fine, he was born an ass, lives an ass, and despite much education carefully absorbed, he will die an ass.

x x x



**A Song of Seasons**

When the birds come back and the fields  
are bright  
With flowers all fresh and fair,  
I whisper to Jenny, "The world's all  
right,"  
For we are a happy pair,  
And I love Jenny and she loves me;  
There's never a couple more glad than we,  
In the wonderful April air.  
    Jenny's my own  
    Jenny alone,  
Jenny's the girl for me!



Slim is Jenny and blithe and free,  
And a lubberly lout am I,  
But I love Jenny and she loves me,  
And under the summer sky  
There's never a couple more glad than we,  
For I love Jenny and Jenny loves me.  
And Jenny is always nigh.  
    Jenny's my own  
    Jenny alone,  
Jenny's the lass for me!



**Tempus Fugit**

Who are these, all bent and  
dour;  
Grey and old,  
Visages grown harsh and  
sour—?  
These were—so the tale is  
told,  
Belles our fathers used to  
know,  
Prom girls—thirty years ago.  
  
Loveless, barren, void of grace  
Though they be,  
Once they were as fair of face  
As the maidens that we see,  
They were part of all the  
show,  
Prom girls—thirty years ago.  
  
Well, they had their little day  
And their fun,  
Had their brief and haughty  
sway,  
Praised by all, but loved by  
none;  
Lonelily they older grow,  
Prom girls—thirty years ago.

Not a penny has Jenny, my lass,  
And not a penny have I,  
But her voice is silver, her hair is gold,  
What more could the Fates supply?  
And I love Jenny and Jenny loves me,  
There's never a couple more rich than we  
Under the autumn sky;  
    Jenny's my own  
    Jenny alone,  
Jenny's the lass for me!

In the wintry days when the wind is  
keen,  
And the white frost paints the glass,  
We sit together (scant space between),  
I and my lovely lass,  
For I love Jenny and she loves me,  
And there's never a pair more cosy than  
we,  
As the fireside evenings pass.  
    Jenny's my own  
    Jenny alone,  
Jenny's the lass for me!

—Berton Braley.

## The Diary of Dollie

Listerine Junction, Feb. 16.—Ma got up at six to finish my skirt—It's a peach with spangles—I covered up my head and tried to think just how Tom would look in his dress suit and me with the spangles. Gee, but I was nervous at breakfast—Pa asked a lot of questions about how those frats run and whether there are any older sensible women around during the house party—Said he was a little "leery" after things he had seen in the *Sentinel*—Ma stuck up for the frat and he said "be careful," and went off—The 'bus man nearly drove me mad—That man must drink horribly—Came just before train time and Ma went to the depot with me—Tessie and the new doctor were down there. He was going away—She seems to be daft about him just because he is something new—Ma told me alot of things before the train came, and rode down to the tank which is near our house—I was afraid they were not going to stop but they did—Pretty soon the train began to move and I tried to read—A fellow got on with one of those coats tucked in behind—Sat down next to me and we talked college all the way to Madison—He was going down to take some sorority girl—I guess they're engaged—Wore a frat pin and knocked Tom's fraternity a lot before he found out where I was going to stay—He had one of those "Simple Life" books in his pocket and went out into the smoker to roll cigarettes every once in a while—He looked just like a typical college man.

MADISON, Feb. 17.—There were a lot of those kind of coats at the depot—And, heavens, the mob of girls—Every one knows Tom—A fellow named Kingston drove our carriage—One of these regular covered top carriages—I saw the capitol—Lot of trees around it and some men pushing snow shovels up and down the sidewalks where there was no snow—Those must have been these game wardens out of season—Tom showed me "The Pal"—Gee, but that's a nifty joint—And the Juneau—I should think that they would make them get some other name—Tom pointed out some Delta Gammas and some Tri Delts on the way down. I guess he must call there because they smiled kind of condescendingly at him—There was a bunch at the house and some dandy chaperones—Lots of nice chairs without a scratch on them—I was surprised—Looked as if a lot of furniture was just unpacked—The pillows were fixed and everything looked nice—They must have a good woman to work for them—I wished Ma was there to see Tom—Had on one of those low collars like the traveling men have—His clothes hung fine—I got Tom's room—It was a dandy—My picture in the center of the dresser—The springs were weak in the bed—Just like a hammock—Talcum powder on the dresser—Tom does not have many books—I guess he uses the library—I have decided to steal his fraternity pennant, as some of the other girls are going to steal some things—This is real fun.

MADISON, Feb. 18. I'm nearly dead—Danced them all and then had a feed—Some big lummoX tore the bottom all off my dress—That Chicago music was heavenly—Tom's frat had twenty couple in their box—They said they had more last year—Ours



was next to the Sigma Kyes—One girl was awfully conspicuous—Dress fit awful tight and she bobbed when she two stepped—Most of the fellows mentioned it when she went by—Tom and three other fellows are sleeping in one bed at some boarding house—The fellows are just “scrumptuous”—The freshmen and some of the others always wait when we eat—We are eating most all the time—Such feeding I never saw the beat—Everybody borrows tobacco of every one else—It must be dandy to live like this—I wish Ma could see Tom with his opera hat on—One fellow is engaged—They sit out in the den most of the time—Tom had one of the other fellows order a rig this afternoon—Said he was too busy to ring up the livery stable—We went out on the university drive—All the fellows said Madison was “beautiful in summer.”

MADISON, Feb. 19. I hate to think of going back to the Junction. We all went to the opera house in carriages last night—Tom had a pull with the fellows running the play and got the best seats there—We sat right down behind the band—One girl who rode up with us whispered to me and said, “Gee, but this wagon rattles.”—She is a Gamma Phi from Stoughton—We had a sleighride to Middleton in the P. M. Nothing but saloons and farm machinery out there—About half as big as the Junction—I heard lots about the place from Tom—I thought it must be as big as Oshkosh—The hotel smelled of a boiled dinner—A girl from the Kappa sorority played the organ—Tom says she gets a bid to everything—The Edwin Booth was the name of the play—About a girl whose name was Rose Trelawney—I liked the name better than the play—Miss Lamont was Rose—She teaches acting up on the hill—Lots of the fellows take it—Everybody was swelled up. The Hairfoot must have given a play a while ago—Every one compared the two—Some swell fellows played—Better than “Blue Jeans” that was at the Junction last year—I’m going home to-night—Tom is going into Milwaukee with me—Gee but I’m tired—Tom wanted to ask me for next year I know, but he was not keen on the proposition—I guess he thought things might be different then—I got home late, and Ma and I sat up for three hours talking—Gee but I’m tired!

—Edward S. Jordan.



### Not Strange at Wisconsin

Instructor—In what department are you taking the most of your work, Miss W.?

Miss W.—In English and Philosophy.

Instructor—Indeed?

Miss W.—You think the combination strange? No, not at Wisconsin. One must have a great deal of philosophy in order to stand the English.



“Going?”

“Nope!”

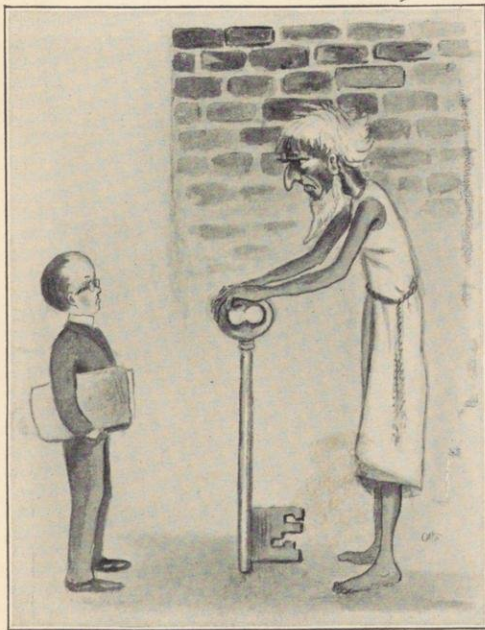
“Broke?”

“Nope!”

“Well—?”

“Don’t want to!”

“Ah! What did she say when she turned you down?”



Peter—Wisconsin eh? Take in the Prom?

Grind—No, I—

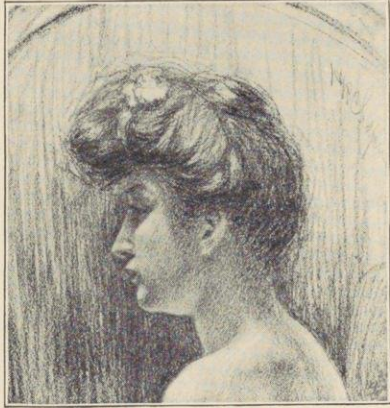
Peter—No excuse. Down with you.

“Yer pretty tough, ain’t yuh?”

“Say, I’m so tough I’m afraid to talk to meself.”

### The Necessity

*You write? Then just heed my conclusion,  
No matter how clever your style,  
No matter how bright your effusion,  
Or brilliant with jests that beguile—  
No matter how terse and satiric,  
How vivid with hurry and whirl,*



*A novel or story or lyric—  
You can't make it go without "Girl!"*

*You draw? Then take note of my moral,  
Your work may be wondrously swell,  
Deserving a garland of laurel  
For skill beyond mortals to tell;  
But if you commit one omission,  
The public will vote you a churl,*



*For in Art you will find this tradition—  
You can't make it go without "Girl!"*



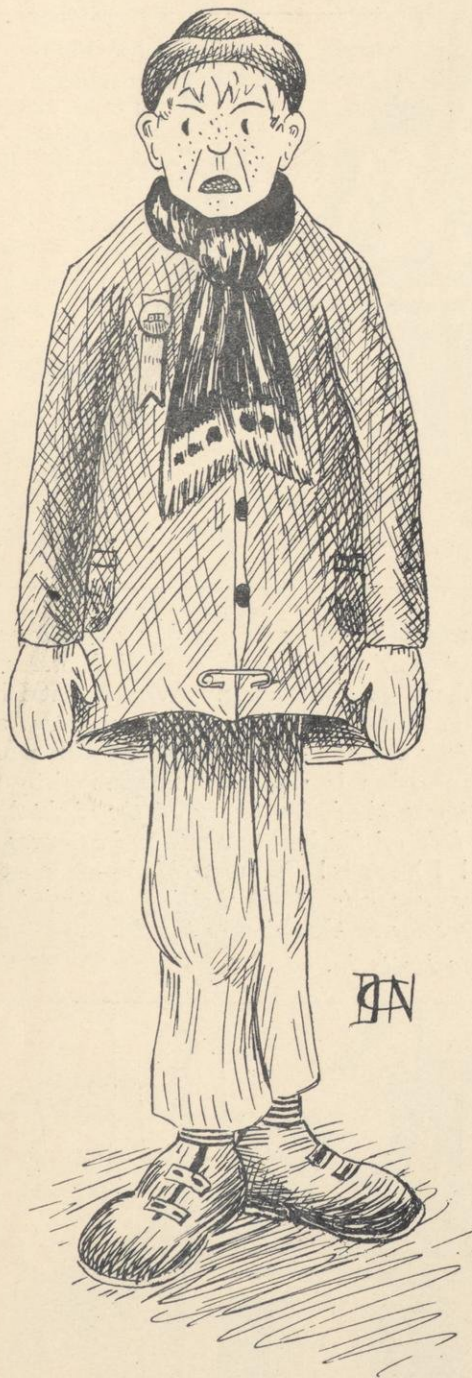
*In planning the Prom, the committee  
Got music and bunting and light,  
And (pardon the slang in this ditty),  
They certainly did the thing right;  
But though they're deserving of glory,  
The "peaches" run off with the pearl,  
And Prom proves the truth of the story—  
You can't make it go without "Girl!"*

—B. L. W.



**Defiance**

I'm only a short-horn feller,  
 And my clothes ain't nothin' grand,  
 But at fightin' I'm a heller,  
 If I *am* just off the land.



I've spent all my life doin' farmin'  
 At home with my Maw and Paw,  
 And I ain't no expert at l'arnin',  
 But at fightin' the best you've saw.

I can lick any Varsity student  
 And blacken his goll-durned eye,  
 Don't care if he's twice my heavy,  
 Or even three times my high.

—D. C. N.



**Our Local Column**

John Moffat is going to the Prom.

So is Max Loeb. Wass Max it?

Rip Allen and Best will take in the Prom.  
 Queen—Rip.

Mr. Gaius S. Woledge, a prominent student, will take in the Prom.

Mr. Fred Mackenzie, '06, has quit smoking. Good work Fred.

Mr. Fred Mackenzie, '06, has started smoking again.

Dan Hoan is up and around.

But he's been that way for years.

Mr. Walter S. Underwood has been elected to the "Lit." Board. Never mind, Walt., it might be worse.

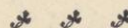
Ruf Shriber has entered the Engineering school. He says he wants a rest.



The Pumpkin blooms on every verdured tree,

The apple ripens softly underground.  
 I hear the tiger call on yonder lea,  
 "Pork sausage only fifteen cents a pound."

The elfin elephant is twittering 'round,  
 I hear the weasel's sanguinary roar,  
 The torrent loudly howls without a sound  
 And I am certain two and five are four.  
 (Outside I hear the eagle croaking,  
 "Nevermore.")



A solemn ritual they say

I must construct for this occasion,  
 But thoughts for it won't come my way,  
 The muse is deaf to all persuasion.  
 Although I try with all my might,  
 I cannot write a rite aright!

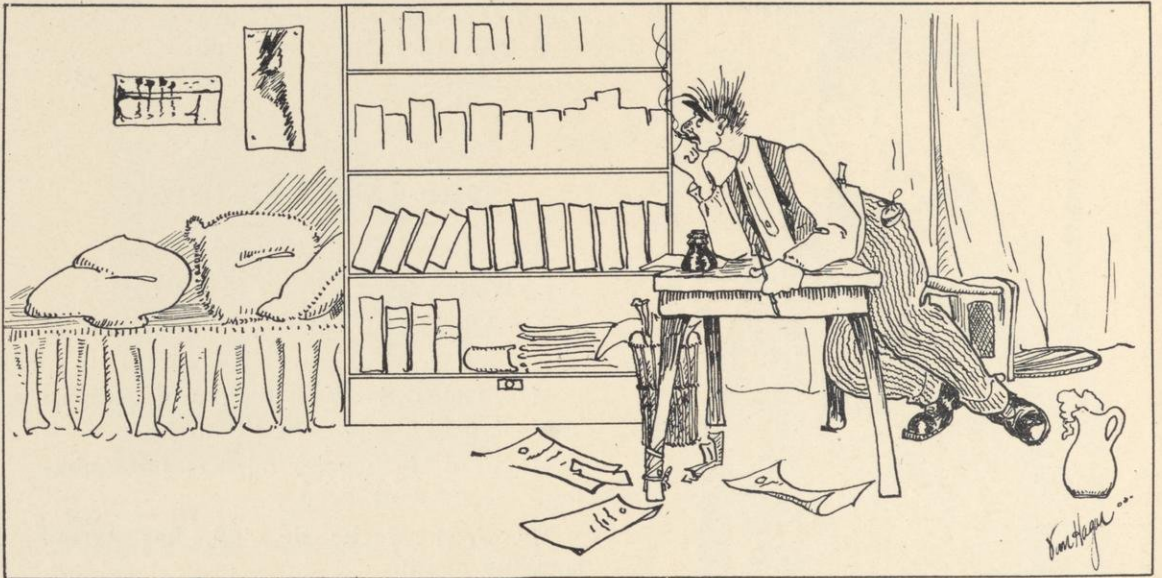
Pick the man that you want to meet me,  
 Anywhere under the sky,  
 Don't care if he's twice my heavy,  
 Or even three times my high.

## Pete's Dilemma

IN ONE ACT.

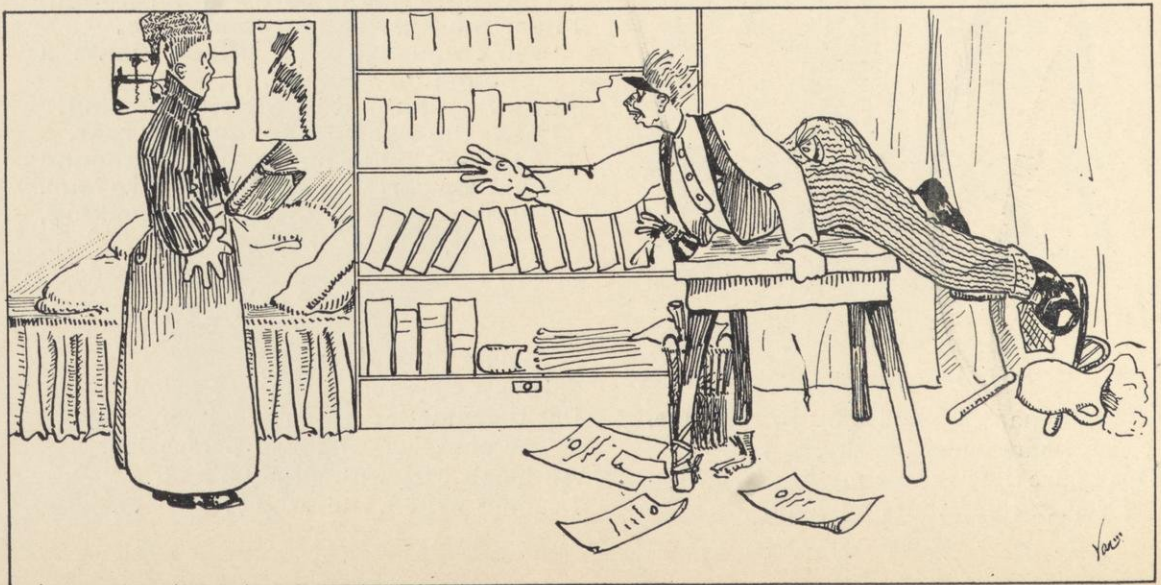
*Scene:* Pete Tinhorn's room on Johnson street.

*Time:* 11 p. m., six weeks before the Prom.



*Pete (seated at his desk, with nose à la Rye and hair all awry; a box of monogram writing paper before him, and a waste basket half filled with crumpled sheets of said paper at his feet; sighs deeply):* Alack and welladay! Would that I had some of Regie's ducats. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, *et cetera* and *ad libitum*. (*Pulls at his hair, but does not tear it out.*) How true are the words of Lorenz: "A period of great financial depression is always accompanied by the most strenuous economic disturbances." (*Places the index finger of the right hand upon the cheek, just below and a little to the left of the beauty spot, and assumes an agonized expresseon of deep thought.*) Ah! I have it! I must think—or must I? To think or not to think . . . . (*stares vacantly at the writing material and lounges back languidly in his chair, as if overcome by the effort to think.*)

*Gumptious Freshman Butts In.*



*Freshman:* Hello, Pete! Wat's doin' round this bloomin' joint? (*Observes Pete's attitude of total collapse*). Ah! fudge! Is it a jag I see before me? Wat t' 'ell, Pete, been buckin'?

*Pete (feebly; throwing a book at the Freshman with terrific force):* Bucking—hell! I've been figuring.

*Freshman (turns pale):* Figurin'! Oh, Lizzie!

*Pete (wearily):* Freshie, I've been cogitating on the elements of diplomatic letter-writing.

*Freshman (wiping off his ghastly pallor on his coat sleeve):* Pooh-pooh to you! Get a copy of Smith's *Complete Letter Writer*. Tells you how to write anything from an ad in the *Philistine* to a note of sympathy to a late-bereaved widow you've got designs on.

*Pete (staggering dizzily across the room):* Cease thy levity, gibbering idiot! Harken to my tale of woe. I want to write a letter asking a Chicago girl to the Prom., and I don't want her to come—understand? I don't want her to come. I'm broke. D' you hear? Broke—strapped—on the rocks. But I've got my reputation to sustain.

*Freshman (flabbergated):* Your wha-at?

*Pete (ferociously):* My reputation! r-e-p-u-t-a-t-i-o-n—reputation. I want that girl to think I'd rather have her go with me to the Prom. than—yes, I mean it—than to get on the Conference Committee. And yet I want to word it in such a way that she won't accept it and at the same time think I'm the only real Chauncey Olcott in the social ring. I can't take her, and still I want to make her think I'd go batty if she refused me. Am I up against it? Huh?



(*Freshman falls gently to the floor, with a deafening crash; toes up; they wiggle a moment and are still.*)

(Curtain sticks.)

—F. W. MACKENZIE.



## Maggie O'Flynn

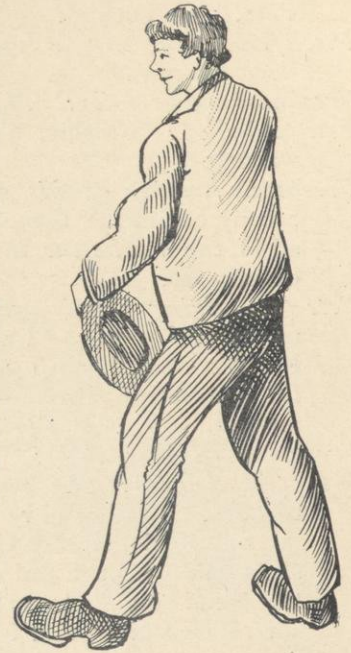
Maggie O'Flynn, Maggie O'Flynn,  
Sure, 'tis a terrible fix I am in,



You wid your eyes blue  
as the skies,  
You wid your blarney,  
yer smiles and yer  
sighs;  
True, true, sure it was  
you,  
Started the race wid yer-  
self for the prize.  
Maggie O'Flynn, now I  
am in,  
Sure I won't quit till I  
lose or I win.  
Hark to the story now,  
Maggie O'Flynn.

Maggie O'Flynn, Mag-  
gie O'Flynn,  
Irish ye are from yer  
feet to yer grin—

Pleasant and  
civil, straight  
as a livil—  
But sharp as a  
needle and full  
of the divil;  
Yis, and yer wit  
wid the spar-  
kle of it,  
Ivry wan else's  
is nothing but  
drivel.  
Maggie O'Flynn  
Hark to me thin,  
Make *me* the  
luckiest man  
among min,  
Sure, and I'm  
wantin' you,  
Maggie O'Flynn



Maggie O'Flynn, Maggie O'Flynn,

To tell you me love I can hardly begin—

'Twould take ivery year I expect to be here

On the top of this wicked terrestrial sphere,

But if ye're me wife, I can spind all me life

In telling the tale of me love to you, dear.

Maggie O'Flynn, will ye say whin,

Sure, an' its mightily patient I've bin;

Answer me, Miss; darling, say "yis,"

Ah, but yere lips are swate, Maggie O'Flynn.

—Berton Braley.



## Sherlock Holmes First Case, or Solving the Schooner Mystery

By A. Nother Conan Doyle

### CHAPTER I.

**I**T WAS A cold dismal night and the wind blew its bloudest outside the inn. Suddenly the door opened and our young detective entered, strode across the room to the bar and whispered a hurried description to the man who bent forward to listen. "Tall and dark," he muttered, then glancing uneasily about, he pushed through the folding doors, stepped lightly over the sawdust carpet, and trembling with excitement, concealed himself in the darkest corner of the room.

### CHAPTER II.

A minute passed, then the doors opened again and the hunted one, drawn up to his full height and frothing at the mouth, was hurried into the room. "Now or never," whispered young Sherlock. So saying he stole up from the rear, threw salt over his intended captive, and seizing him by the arm shook him violently. A struggle ensued. There were gurgling sounds. Then all was silent. "I have downed you at last!" gasped the young man in triumph, and seizing the now powerless one, he whacked him against the table three times and ordered a white soda.

—D. C. N.

To you a maid of graciousness  
 Replete with every virtue.  
 So used to all amenity  
 That flattery can't hurt you,  
 Yet lacking not vivaciousness,  
 And sprightly in serenity—  
 To you—oh, maiden most benign,  
 I send, with love, this valentine.



I sing to you—who fret me not  
 With wiles or quick caprices,  
 To you—who listen tenderly  
 To all my foolish pieces.  
 O, be my sweet Forget-me-not—  
 My Hebe—“fashioned slenderly,”  
 My Rosemary—with lips like wine,  
 My living, loving valentine.

O, I might wax delirious  
 And still not praise you duly—  
 And I would sigh to marry you  
 I would, I swear it truly,  
 Were't not, O, maid imperious  
 You're quite imaginary; you  
 Are but an artist's fair design,  
 And cannot be my valentine.

## A Tea Talk

“Hello, Jack, come in. I suppose you want some tea?”

“Well, if you're willing to save a poor mendicant from dying with thirst, I *will* have some tea.”

“Poor boy, he shall have some real Russian tea with cloves and cherries (maraschino, of course) and lemon and cinnamon and sugar and—”

“See here, Sue, I came here for tea. I can get cocktails at the club.”

“O, you'll like this, I know. And I don't think it's nice to compare my tea with your horrid bar-room drink. I—”

“O, there's no comparison. What I like best about this tea is the subtle blending of the brandy with the cloves, and the delicate flavor of the cherries and the lemon which tempers the strength of the liquor. But, Sue, you've forgotten the vermouth—that adds a certain piquancy to the—ah—cocktail.”

“Jack, I think you're just horrid. Now, really, don't you like this tea?”

“What tea?”

“That you're drinking.”

“Am I drinking tea? let me taste again, um—um. Yes, I detect a soupçon of a savor of a hint of tea; how did it happen? I can't say I think tea improves the taste of the cocktail. Sue, always wash your cups thoroughly before making cocktails; they are very sensitive to every odor or flavor near by.”

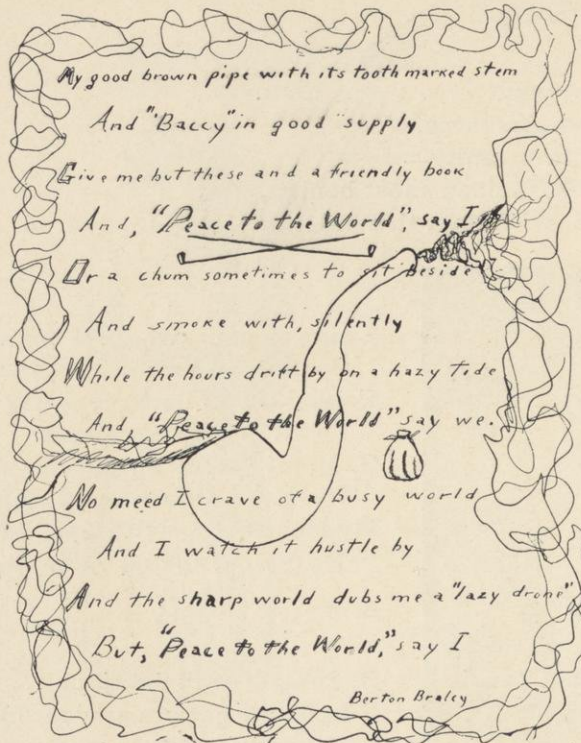
“Jack, I shall send you home if you don't stop.”

“‘Send me home,’ is good, for I certainly couldn't—hic—get zhere. O, Sue, I'm awshul drunk. 'Zhal your fault—hic—'shall zhat cocktail, should know besshar, you knew my headsh not strong—hic.”

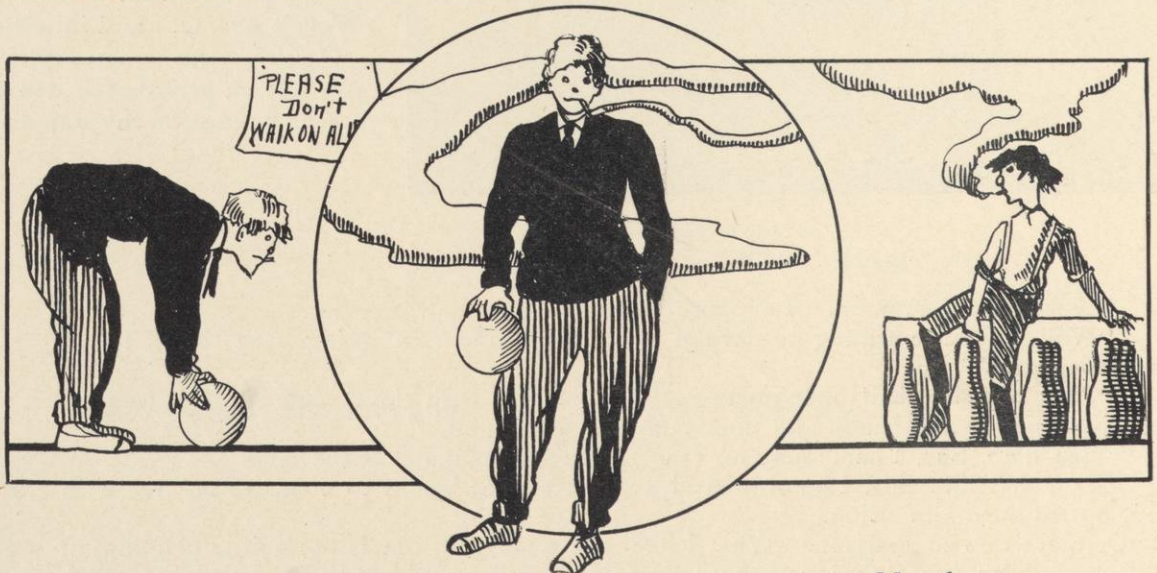
“Stop it, Jack, here's the pipe I promised to have ready for you, stop plaguing and be comfortable.”

—Mark Kronzen.





"Oh the devil!" said the medical student, "here I've looked through twenty different dictionaries on medical terms and haven't found any bone called the trombone yet."



### Freshman Sports.

### No. 1.

Bobby cut off baby's head,  
 "I'm a warrior brave," he said;  
 Mamma merely said, "Why, Rob,"  
 But she never sobbed a sob.

Muldooney Mulcahey McPhee  
 Went out on a peach of a spree,  
 But somebody told of it,  
 The Profs got a hold of it—  
 Well, I'm glad that McPhee wasn't me!

"Well," said Louis Sixteenth, as they  
 drove him to the guillotine, "this is cheaper  
 than paying for a Prom rig, anyhow,"  
 turning his face from the mob, he grinned.

✻ ✻ ✻

She—Who's that awfully pretty and  
 stylish girl over there?

He—O, that's Miss Cute; she's at the rib-  
 bon counter up at Dashleigh's.

She—H'm; don't you think she's pretty  
 dowdy, though?

### A Ballad of Discomfort

Mother, my nose is upside down,  
 (Hold me closer and squeeze me tight!)  
 O, please reverse it and paint it brown,  
 (I wonder if muffins ever bite;)  
 My ears are yellow, I hear them crawl,  
 I feel them walking along the wall,  
 I can't do nothing with them at all.  
 (O, Laura, turn down the light!)

Mother, I hear the size of the room,  
 (Hold me closer and squeeze me tight!)  
 There's a washboard there in the glimmer-  
 ing gloom,  
 (I wonder if muffins ever bite!)  
 My feet are singing a wierd duet,  
 They sing just awful already yet,  
 But what can you ask with the pay they  
 get?  
 (O, Laura, turn down the light!)

O, mother, you're standing on my chin,  
 (Hold me closer and squeeze me tight!)  
 And I might remark that it hurts like sin,  
 (I wonder if muffins ever bite!)  
 I don't so much care when you sit in my  
 eye,  
 Or stand on the bridge of my nose and cry,  
 But get off my chin or I'll know why,  
 (O, Laura, turn down the light!)

“He always calls a spade a spade.”  
 “Not only that; he calls a brandy flask a  
 ‘booze tank.’”



A suggestion for the Economical—  
 (if it wasn't for the Girl.)

Here's where I write a villanelle,  
 In which to show my love to you;  
 These Frenchy forms are pretty swell,

Say, Bessie, you're a nifty belle,  
 And though I know it isn't new,  
 Here's where I write a villanelle.

Your face, so fair no tongue can tell,  
 You've got the natty figure, too,  
 (These Frenchy forms are pretty swell).



And you can jolly rather well;  
 (You get me “fussed,” you bet you do),  
 Here's where I write a villanelle.

And in your cheeks the roses dwell,  
 Your walk is *a la kangaroo*;  
 (These Frenchy forms are pretty swell).

My heart goes pit-a-pat, pell-mell,  
 I long, I love (just hear me woo),  
 Here's where I write a villanelle,  
 These Frenchy forms are pretty swell.

### The Soldier's Tale

I was not on the battle field,  
 I did not taste the fight,  
 And yet no man could ever wield  
 His sword with better might.

And many men in my old crowd  
 Then left this world of care,  
 With shame my very heart is bowed,  
 For I,—I was not there.

The general was an arrant knave,  
 The captain was a fool,  
 To force me—while my friends were brave—  
 To hold an army mule.

—A. B. S.

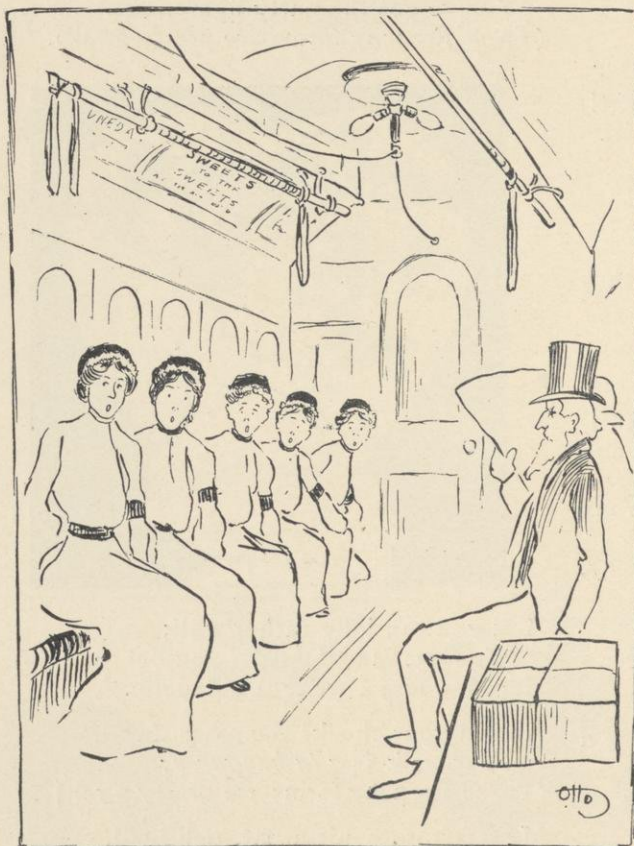
## The Singular Plurality of Mrs. Jones

When I entered the car I could see that every one of the five pretty girls who were on board seemed greatly impressed by my good looks and gentlemanly appearance, and while I am of course used to being the center of interest wherever I travel, the constant adoring scrutiny of those five fair young ladies made me somewhat embarrassed.

Yet I could scarcely blame them, for in my new suit, which I had purchased just prior to this trip, and with my natural insouciant ease of carriage and a certain indefinable distingué air, such as marks the real college man, I would of course be the logical target for eyes as canny and sweet as those of the quintet of young ladies.

While my thoughts were taking this natural trend a sudden lurch of the car tilted all of my sweet admirers into my lap, and I found myself almost buried under a bouquet of dainty, shrieking, palpitating young women, who in their fright clung wildly to me as though fearful of being killed should they let go. It was some time before I could unwind their ten encircling arms and restore their lost equanimity by judicious words and gentle caresses; even then the young ladies fought with each other for the inestimable privilege of weeping out their fright on my broad athletic shoulders.

Amid all this flutter I was calm enough to notice that each of the girls wore a rich crêpe bonnet and a dainty little black sleeve band about



her arm. Interested, I enquired: "Whom is it that you are mourning for?" and was surprised to be once more over-whelmed by the same torrent of femininity as before, and to learn between sobs: "We have lost our husband."

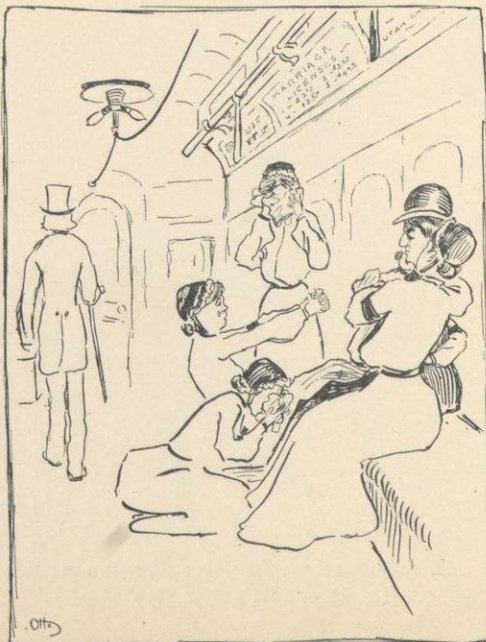
"Pardon me," I said, "for my rudeness, but don't you mean your husbands, one should not use the singular when"—

"No! No!" they smiled through their tears, "We are Mormons and we have all lost our husband. We are all Mrs. Jones."

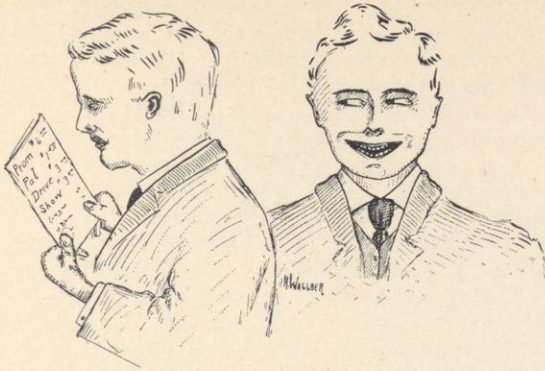
And then I remembered that I was in Utah. Presently the tear-suffused faces were raised from my coat front, and ten deep tender eyes gazed devotedly upon me; accustomed though I was to feminine admiration, I could not but feel my heart beat faster at the fervent love which burned in those eyes.

"Tell us," said Mrs. Jones in chorus, "do you think us nice?"

"I think you are the sweetest women I ever met."







“Laughing at another man’s expense.”

A certain young lady called Minn  
Was exceedingly large on the grin;  
Once a man from this miss  
Fried stealing a kiss,  
But she laughed and they say he fell in.

### Afterwards

The Prom girl she has came and went,  
I seen her come and go,  
And gobs of money folks has spent;  
You bet I didn’t though.

Money is an evil, and therefore it is fit  
That when we have some money we should  
get rid of it.

“That surgeon, is trying to get the girl  
away from the ex-forged.”

“Think he’ll succeed?”

“Sure, any surgeon ought to be able to  
cut out a felon.”

He—She’s as dainty as Dresden china.  
She—Yes. The hand-painted kind.

Teacher—Give the names of the political  
parties and what they stand for.

James—Republican—stands for any-  
thing, Democratic—stands for nothing,  
Populist—stands for Paternalism, Pluto-  
cratic—stands for apoplexy, Socialistic—  
stauds for society and Autocratic—stands  
for automobiles.

“O you dear man!” and I had to dodge the five pouting red mouths pressing toward mine.

“Do you know we thought when you got on the Pullman that you—that we—well, you know,” said Mrs. Jones, inconsequentially and collectively.

“And I thought, ah, what bliss, might I but speak with one of you, but clasp one hand!” (Of course this was merely flattery; there never was a woman yet who wasn’t just dying to know me the minute she set eyes on my face, for I have that patrician elegance and culture, you know, which seems somehow to take.)

“Oh!” they shrieked, “we know you are fibbing. Naughty man!” five pink forefingers were shaken at me, “you have a girl at home, we know,” here they sobbed piteously, “and you don’t” (sob) “care at t-t-tall” (sob) “for us” (sob).

“There, there,” I condoled, patting Mrs. Jones on their shapely shoulders, “consider, even now I am here with you and you can look at me, while she is far from my face.” The forlorn girls brightened a bit. “Besides,” I added, “there is no other girl, at home.”

Mrs. Jones fairly chirped with joy in their relief, and I could see the smiles breaking forth from their pearly teeth.

They blushed prettily, looked up, then down again, then stammered (or at least the prettiest one did).

“Then you are free—to—to, love—anyone you want to?”

“Yes, my dears, I am free.”

They looked bashfully at me, fearfully at one another, and suddenly I was again engulfed in a wave of hugs and kisses. It was almost like a sorority reunion.

When I had extricated myself, they began murmuring rapturous love words in my ear, and the dark and soulful brunette whispered:

“And you will love us, won’t you?”

“Ladies,” I said, “I get off at the next corner, and since I am a poor man and marriage fees and hotel bills are high, I shall be compelled to leave you forever. Mrs. Jones, you are a charming widow, but you are four too many for me.” I bowed myself out to the platform and left my five sweetheart in utter desolation. When I left the car they were still weeping.

Ah, me! how many broken hearts has my unfortunate fascination caused. —Kim.

## A Confession

To scribble "kiss poems" is easy,



(The easiest thing that I do)

In verse that is "blithesome and breezy,"  
I write them to "Mollie" or "Prue;"  
I fill up the meter with "kisses,"  
Or babble of "Margaret's blush;"  
Such stanzas are simply (as this is)  
Mere "Mush!"

I mix in some "half-hidden glances,"  
And season with "lips that allure,"  
With a dash of a "dimple that dances"  
And eyes that are "shy" or "demure"—  
Add laughter that's "gurgling" or "mellow,"  
And hint of the "rose's faint flush,"  
And something of "loving a fellow,"—  
Just "Mush."



O, spooning is easy (on paper,)  
Because you're inventing the girl,  
It's quite the conservative caper,  
To "kiss with your head in a whirl."  
In reality maidens are colder,  
For I have a "terrible crush,"  
Yet she turns the "polarial shoulder,"  
To "Mush!"

x x x

I'd rather be frank than be rude,  
I'd rather be prim than a prude,  
And naked, the truth  
Is shocking, in sooth,  
I prefer it undraped, or else nude.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mamie—What would you do if Tom  
should threaten to kiss you?  
Jane—I'd make him eat his words.

x x x

Be good, my son, the father said,  
Though the way be rough and scrappy;  
Some day you may be president,  
Or perhaps Phi Bety Kappy.



**Afterward**

“For all of ut we must pay, but the price is cruel high.”  
—*Mulvaney.*



Who wants to study and read and buck  
And grind along all day,  
When there's always a good bunch of sports  
To pass the time away?



Mrs. Haut Nee—Your husband is essentially a utilitarian, is he not?  
Mrs. Gott Lodes—Gracious sakes, no! He's a Baptist.

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“Gee it must be awful to be bow-legged.”



Faust was trying to break his compact with Mephistopheles. “I'll see you in hell first,” said the fiend as he lit a cigar with his finger tip.



A sedate old man named McFee  
Had a habit of saying “Oh, Gee!”  
But his wife was more swell,  
For she said “Oh——” well  
I guess we will let this verse be.

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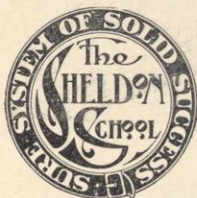
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## Clipped Quips

### So Sensible

Be sensible, girl, and wear heels that are flat,  
And comb back your hair without a curl;  
If you don't pull your waist in or glance at a man,  
You'll continue a sensible girl.—*Life*.

"It sounds funny, but the thing I put the most interest in I get the least interest out of it."

"What is that?"

"My Bank Account."—*Record*.

"I wonder how she happened to tell him that she loved him?"

"He probably just squeezed it out of the poor girl."—*Widow*.

"Smith has a dry sort of humor."

"Yes, he told me that a friend of his, a grass widow, was in the hey-day of life."—*Chaparral*.

"You hold my future happiness," he signed,

"Why don't you hold it yourself," the maid archly answered.—*Record*.

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### A Big Pill

"What is it, my Pet?"

"Oh, Mum — Mummy — I dreamt I'd sw-swallowed myself. Have I?"—*Punch*.

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First Roman—I hear the senate has passed a new corn law?  
Second Ditto—Yes, it prohibits wearing tight sandals.—*Lampoon*.

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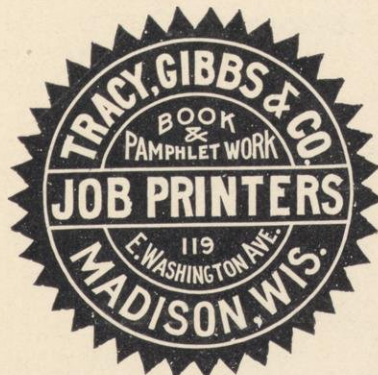
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