

# The Chaparral

VOL. I.



THIS IS A FOOTBALL NUMBER

L.B.  
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# The Chaparral

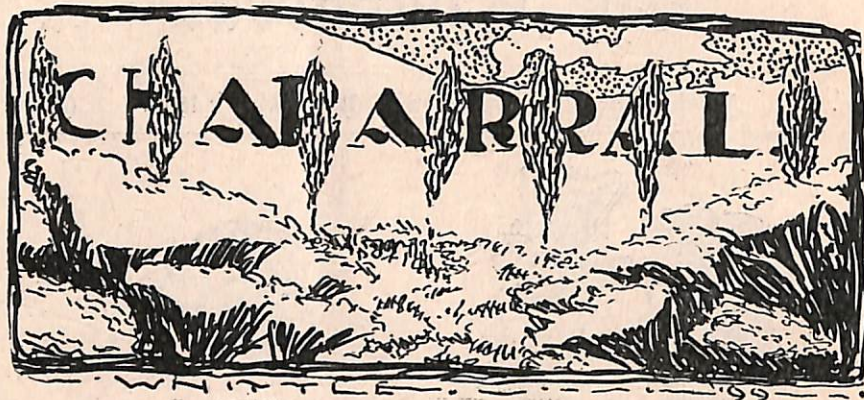
Vol. 1. Stanford University, California, November 23, 1899. No. 3.



SHE—There goes Mr. Punter; they say he's always good for five.

HE—Oh, I don't know. I struck him for two and a half yesterday and he threw me down.

LARREY  
BOWMAN.



'Tis better to have lived and laughed than never to have lived at all.

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BOARD OF MANAGERS.

R. Keith Culver, '99  
H. D. Walter, '00  
E. W. Smith, '99  
Fletcher Wagner, '03  
Larrey Bowman, '01  
May Hurlburt, '02  
Bristow Adams, '00, *Chairman*.

**Now that** the Freshmen have won their annual game with the University of California and the organ of the A. S. U. C. has said that we really didn't swat our old-time rivals, CHAPPIE lays aside his mask of levity and takes occasion to say that the Freshmen put up a good game, and one that augurs well for a 'Varsity victory. "*Augurs*," my dear *Californienne*, not "augers," as your proof-reader spells it. Though we do expect to bore a few holes in your line.

**Now that** was an awful period of slump we passed through, but then we—and even Berkeley—have to get it sooner or later; and it stayed with us late enough in all conscience. But now we are imbued with the old-time hope again, Murphy and Fisher and the rest of 'em will play 'Varsity ball, the editor of the *Weakly Squawler* will hopefully some involved editorial lucubrations indite (like that), and the rooting will be as loud as Teddy North's golf breeches—that is, almost as loud.



MANAGER OF SNOWBALL ATHLETIC AGGREGATION — Steve, you got to get a brace on you. You done bin playin' a sluggish game.

MR. STEVE WHITE.—Sluggish? Yo' would a' hit dat niggah yo'se'f ef you'd been a' playin'.

**Quads.**

[With respectable apologies to the *Daily Parlor Allar*.]

—Joiner joined D. U.

—"Bill" Jones, '91, was on the hog over Sunday.

—The *Squawler* will shortly publish a full account of the Transvaal battle of Lang's Neck, by the only surviving Langnecker in college.

—There is a new rug at the back entrance to Encina. It was paid for out of the Dilapidation Fund. A concert for the benefit of the Fund will be given soon to replace the money expended.

**O a Footballist.**

There little boy, don't cry;  
They have broken your leg, I know;  
And your nose so blue  
And your collar bone, too,  
Are things of the long ago.  
But Sheol holds all for which you sigh;  
There little boy, don't cry.

**Worse.**

As the mop-like, cold-slaw, yellow chrysanthemum expired on the Berkeley man's coat lapel it murmured, as it saw a bicycle girl coming down the street, "Thank Heaven there are worse looking bloomers than I am."

**Football Inn-fectuous.**

"I think," said Winston, as a waiter dropped a large codfish ball on the floor and fell on it, "that I shall have to discharge that man or lose my football trade. His passing is faulty." The proprietor then signalled for the mop.

**A Nightmare.**

"At midnight in his guarded coop  
The 'turk' lay dreaming of the hour."

**Gladiatorial Chorus.**

Football player	} Ave Cæsar, te mori- turi salutamus!
Turkey . . . . .	
Celery . . . . .	
Pumpkin pie . . . . .	
Cranberry sauce	

**Legal Terms.**

An action for damages—a football game.

Suit for damages—padded breeches.



### The Limit.

HE editor was addressing a bright-eyed man with a medium sized forehead; it was the humorist.

"What we want," he was saying, "is a new football joke that will increase the circulation of this sheet, and," he continued, lowering his voice, "also that of the mailing clerk; he is beginning to look too much like Grover Cleveland. Beside all this we need the money. Now there is nothing that will knock the malaria out of a man and make him feel like subscribing quicker than a rip-snorting joke that produces a hearty, spontaneous laugh."

"I see," said the humorist, who was sharpening a big, blue pencil with an old razor, "you want something of a hysterical nature."

"Exactly," remarked the editor, "exactly. You have it exactly, sir. We want something," he went on, rubbing his ink-stained hands excitedly, "that will completely paralyze 'em, sir—completely *paralyze* 'em. Ah, that's the stuff, sir," and he fell into a reverie and beheld a beautiful vision—that of a tight-fisted pessimist buying a paper and laughing merrily.

"If there is anything I am particularly fond of," mused the humorist, as he retreated to his own apartment, "it is trimming up the whiskers of an ancient joke." He then severely reprimanded himself for using slang and began to cast about him for an idea. "Eureka," said he presently,

springing onto the old-fashioned hand press in the corner and peering over the low partition down onto the editor's bald head. "How is this? The rumor that Murphy was intoxicated is absurd. Chet was only playing full."

The editor's paper weight knocked the plaster from the ceiling fully six inches to the left. He was overconfident and also near sighted. "Old," he shrieked, "older than the everlasting hills. Do you think we are running an emergency hospital for disabled jokes, or what do you think we are running?"

"I think," said the humorist, picking the plaster out of his hair, "that you are running an embalming joint; but if *you* think I am going to squirt elixir into the dead past and rejuvenate it for only seven dollars a week you are fooling yourself badly." He then said something we cannot repeat.

"But you have to," said the editor blandly, "you signed the contract. Here's a suggestion—Murphy has recovered from a game ankle and is back on the field—work that up."

"Yah," shouted the humorist, "he's only quarter-back."

There was a terrible silence—ominous, portentous, foreboding. The humorist strained both ears—he noticed that his watch had run down. The suspense was too much; he turned toward the door. There stood the editor in his stocking feet. In his hands was the office shot gun. The humorist could not help noticing that it was a choke bore, and he knew there were ten big buck-shot in each barrel. Getting behind the only available protection—the office cat—he

shouted, "shoot if you dare this old gray cat, but —"

"Not much," said the editor, as he lowered his weapon, and withdrew the shells, after which he blew some imaginary smoke out of both barrels, "he is worth two bits any old time at the Lab—you have one more chance, but don't turn in any more false alarms if you value your personal appearance at all." Then he disappeared.

The humorist buried his head in his arms. He was thinking of his starving family and of the Christmas presents they might have bought with the insurance money. He kicked the office cat and wept bitterly.

"Alas," he said, "this is no cheap imitation that I am up against; it is the genuine article. But I will try; I will try. While there is seven dollars in sight there is yet hope," and removing his number nine hat he chucked a soggy towel into it and drew it down over his ears. "Sometimes that helps," he muttered, and winding his legs about his chair he fell to breathing heavily.

Perhaps an hour had passed when the editor entered the room. The humorist's attitude suggested extreme *ongwee*. To the uneducated eye of the college editor he looked like a man who had been recently paralyzed. But he was a "sober humorist," as he often wittily remarked when thirsty. On a paper by his side were scrawled these words: "Gone on a vacation."

"Confound this apoplexy," said the editor, as he adroitly removed the dead man's watch. "It always knocks 'em when they try to get up original football stuff. The blood-vessels don't seem to be able to stand the strain somehow." After saying this he

cocked both barrels of the shot gun—which he always carried with him—backed slowly into the farthest corner and delivered the following *bohn mott*:

"I am a poor man but I would give at least seven and a half a week for a man whose vein of humor could stand this test," and as a precautionary measure he emptied both barrels into the hallway, but nobody was there.

He then laughed heartily, after which he wrote an obituary and inserted another want ad.

RAY PORTER.

### A Sad Song.

AIR: "Where are Now the Friends."

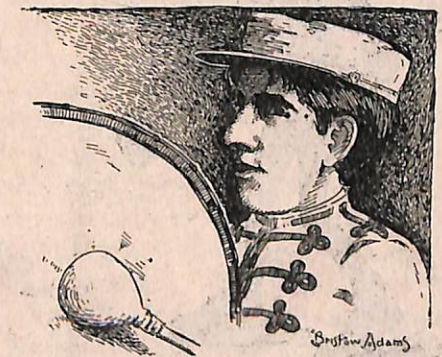
Where will be the jolly fellows,  
We would warn of ways to shun!  
Where those reckless, jolly fellows  
When Thanksgiving Day is done?

They will see the wicked city,  
They will do the town by night—  
But we draw the veil in pity  
On this more than piteous plight.

Where will be the jolly-fellows  
When Thanksgiving night is o'er!  
Where those too, *too* jolly fellows  
We shall meet, ah, nevermore?

There will be no explanation;  
For the kindly veil is drawn:  
They will go on some vacation—  
We shall but know that they have gone.

Yost.



They do say that Harry Wiel is going to beat his way to the game.

### The Plug Ugly.

The Junior Plug celebration was a good 'un, second to Nineteen Hundred's only in the fact that the Century Class's came first. There was a warm time; the warmest that has occurred in front of the bleachers since last year's *Sequoia-Palo Alto* baseball game, when the dispute between Captain Smith and Umpire Fickert grew so hot that the Inn caught on fire and stopped the game.

There were some very shocking things in it indeed; though it was explained in the *Parlor Altar* they were not meant so to be. For instance, the use of the name for the lower regions—we blush to say it—was promiscuous and most common. And after the "keeper of the sophomoreic dignity—that was—" said: "O mutinous and uproarious reveler in the midnight oils, step forth



and answer to the world and me, what will ye do for honor of your class? When night is oozing out her last black drops of weariness, and bleary day comes drifting through the dark; say, wilt thou swear to curse thy major prof. until oblivious sleep shall seal thy lips, etc.?"

And the court answered, "I swear!"

DAM!!!

Even the co-eds jumped.

But, as we said, the exhibition was chaste and refined, fit for any family.

After it was over there was a rough house, and several juniors are still advertising lost plugs, and sophomores are still in debt for surgeons' fees.

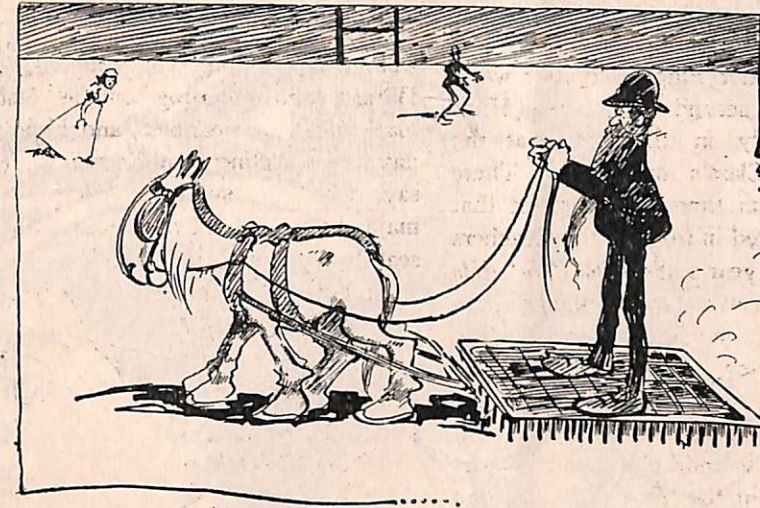
### His Confession.

STANFORD GIRL—Now that we are engaged, tell me, truly, is there anything in your past life that you have reason to be ashamed of?

STANFORD YOUTH—Darling, I cannot tell a lie. I once thought for almost a week that I loved a Berkeley co-ed.

### A Hasty Lunch.

After the game he took a bite at the Poodle Dog.



There was a harrowing spectacle on the football field last week.

### Advice.

Generally CHAPPIE does not publish matter submitted anonymously. Aside from the general journalistic principle in this regard, there is this to guard against in a paper of this nature: that persons under the cover of a josh may want to vent a personal spite, and we want to be able to guard against this by having everything signed. But the following annotated excerpts may prove interesting, and while we do not know their authorship, we use them to point a moral and adorn a tale:

#### TO MY FOOTBALL BREECHES.

Thy seams are ragged,  
Thy edges jagged,  
Thy knees are bagged,—  
Thy rents a score.  
But thou art dearer,  
Thy beauties clearer,  
My love sincerer,  
Than e'er before.

Oft have I worn thee;  
Long would I mourn thee,

If Fate had torn me  
And thee apart;  
Though stains deface thee,  
They do but grace thee,  
Naught can replace thee,  
In my fond heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

These are the best two of the lot. The whole is a lament "by one who has given up the game." If his game was as lame as most of the verse, we don't blame him. But we do think that he should not swear—never to part with the suit as he does in one verse, but to turn it over to the management for the use of another and a better man.

1. "Thy edges ragged." Shouldn't have an edge, but there's no excuse at all for being "jagged"—unless, of course, the wearer was "full."
2. "If Fate had torn me and thee apart," the writer would mourn. But "imagine the feelinks of the bleachers."

TEACHER—Can you name the four seasons?

JIMMIE—They ain't but two; the football 'n' th' baseball seasons.



C. V. '99

WITH APOLOGIES TO CHAMBERLIN.  
Of all the co-eds in the land  
There's none like our side liner:  
Of all the coaches she's the best,  
We can't import 'em finer.

## Quart Bottles and Sideboard Lights.

BY CHAS. A. FLITMORE.

(With respectable apologies to the *Squawler* as per usual.)

Ole Olson, square-head, was reclining clumsily on the straw stuffed sofa by the casement when Carl Wilton, his roommate, entered and playfully shied a lighted student-lamp at the reclining figure. "What a typical college scene!" they exclaimed as one man.

"Say, Ole," yearned Wilton, "lately I'm feeling so devilish devilish that I'm actually afraid of myself. Let's drink a pint of beer, and have a rough house."

"Oh! Oh!" admonished the Scandinavian, "you little realize what might happen when one is crazed by drink. Now be good, dear Carl, I must hasten away. I have a date with my sweetheart, Cottoline, at the top of the arch." And he strode into the blackened blackitude of the night.

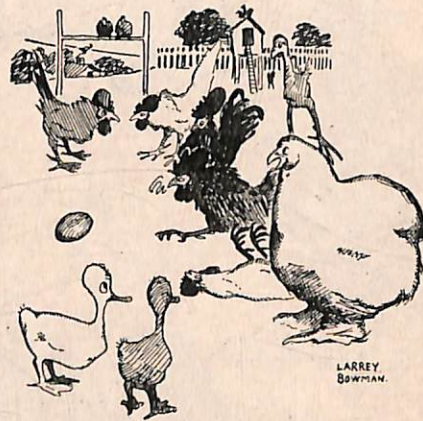
"Ah, ha!" hissed Wilton, like the hiss of escaping steam (beer). "After three long years I can do as I please." With hasty steps he hurried after his booze companions, O. P. Dildock, Jack Nycely, Oscar Beaver and Horace Cox, as desperate a quartet as ever smoked a cubeb. Within three seconds two fleet couriers were bound (hand and foot) for the terrible tavern in the town of Maifeldt. Shortly the click of the wireless telegraphy announced their return. Wilton rushed below and scrutinized every nook and cranny by means of his dark-

lantern. He announced, in a stage-whisper, "Hayden slumbers. Proceed." Alas, little did he realize that a tuft of white whizzed in the moonlight (Adderson *always* wears white whiskers). The rope-ladder was lowered and by means of an air-ship and a captive balloon two tamales, four fried eggs, a couple of cream puffs and a bottle of pop were hoisted into the apartment. Every lock was locked—even the one on the bicycle. "What a typical college scene," murmured Dildock, as he nosed Beaver out of the rarebit.

In the midst of their frolics—

[At this point Cottoline, the heroine, gets in her deadly work, and as Mr. Flitmore knows even less about females than he does about jags, the paroxysms of our parodist became so violent that we had to restrain him.—ED.]

## A Fowl Cackle.



FIRST DUCK—Eggbert is such a big fellow, why doesn't he play center?

SECOND DUCK—He can't, because he's a Cochin'.

## The Freshman Game.

There isn't so very awful much to tell except that there was a good captain,—first-Raitt, in fact,—and we had Luck with us. The Stanford young 'uns bucked down the field almost any old way they wanted, and about every time it would amuse them. After the game the *Californienne* said that those horrid Stanford boys really didn't win at all, and it was all the referee's fault, and even if they did win the Berkeley boys done noble, anyway.

## Going Into Danger.

"Good-by, Harold!" she cried as she threw her arms around his neck and wept on his shoulder. "I shall pray for your safe return."

"Going to the Philippines?" asked a sympathetic bystander.

"No," she replied tearfully. "Going to play center rush."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

## Worse Than War.

"What's the difference between football and war?"

"Football is war without any human object in view."—*Chicago Record.*



The Filipino is a man  
Who envies much the snake  
The Ethiop cannot change his  
hide.  
This pleasant pastime he's  
denied.  
The Reptile changes his  
with pride,  
And that is no  
mistake.  
C. de Quetteville WHITTLE.

## In Boston.

"How much are these string beans?"

"Seventy-five cents a quart."

"Isn't that rather altitudinous?"

"Yes, madam, but these are very high-strung beans."—*Yale Record.*





# AN APPENDIX

TO THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL MARCUS D. MILO, BREVET-GENERAL  
COMMANDING THE CANTABRASOOLI EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

[Synopsis of preceding chapters.—A document is found by Col. Milo of Rome, who is in command of the Nubian cavalry on an expedition against the Cantabrasooli. It read in this wise: The writer took passage on a "low-lyin' scow bound for furdur Spain but runs in wid Sirens which pretty nigh does for us"—to use the author's own picturesque language. Everyone jumps overboard and is drowned save Mr. Gugenbach, the supercargo, and the writer. They beach their vessel on the Sirens' island, where Mr. Gugenbach gives the Sirens music lessons.]

There was one real nice girl, that had her harp a little bit out of tune, an' every time she gives a real good swipe across the strings Mr. Gugenbach he grits his teeth like something hurt him.

I never seen such a place for noise. We takes in enough green water to start a young river in business, but Gugenbach he hangs onto the tiller, and finally he strikes the channel. Next thing we was runnin' in smooth water, and beaches her nice and neat on a bit of sand.

"Now," says Gugenbach to the Sirens, runnin' up the beach real

lively, "I'll show you how that piece ought to be played."

## CHAPTER II.

I found myself face to face with as likely a lookin' girl as you'd care to see. But before I could think up anything elegant to say she cuts in, with a kind of risin' inflection, "You are from Rome?"

"You've struck it, Ma'am," says I  
"Lovely, lovely Rome!" she says, and sighs.

"But there are other places just as pleasant," I says.

"Meanin'?" she says.

"Wherever Woming goes Man finds his paradise."

"Aw, you're just like all men," says she, and makes a pass at me with her harp.

I considers a moment and then remarks: "Who's that entrancin' lookin' young lady over there by Mr. Gugenbach, her as is sayin' she can't keep her harp in tune because the dampness is always loosenin' of the strings?"

"Why d'you want to know?"

"Oh, well, she's kind of sympathetic lookin', and I thought perhaps she'd like to hear the story of my life."

"Oh, suit yourself," she says.

"What, do you want to hear it?"

"Not at all."

Considerin' I had gained my point I said: "Suppose we walk along the beach."

## CHAPTER III.

'Bout three days later, 'long onto ten o'clock at night, I hears the girls all a-clearin' their throats simultaneous, and looks out and sees 'em arrangin' their hair kind of hurriedly. I judges what's up and sure enough, two points off the weather quarter I makes out a sail. She turns out to be the "Senator Joe Strabo" of Alexandria, a-carryin' Babtist missionaries for the Germani. When our rag-time strikes 'em they pipes up:

We're twenty Babtist prelates  
Have sailed on Agean sea,  
For lo! the Heathen he waits  
And hungers much for we.  
It will not us one bit appall  
If we are truffled, one and all.

I guess they seen their only chance was to keep their minds occupied.

But it wasn't no use. All at once one of 'em calls out to his mate: "The Sirens are heathens, Brother Peterson. Why should we not begin our labors with them?" And they all jumps overboard, emulous for to see who'd reach the heathens first.

It was a good race, but somehow I feels sorry for the poor cusses. You see they all swam with their mouths open, and their long coats interfered. I *did* pick a piece of spar and start to throw it out to 'em, but Jinny (that's

the young lady I had the conversation with), she catches my arm.

"You mustn't do that," she says, "the management don't allow it."

## CHAPTER IV.

"Jinny," says I, some days later, "the time has come when I can't dissemble any longer."

The sun was gettin' pretty low in the sky and the sea was smooth and blue. Altogether it was a fair-to-middlin' fine evenin', and I judges the conditions was properly salubrious for what I got to say.

"You aint mad?" I says, and then quickly considerin' I hadn't yet said anything to give offense, I hastens to add:

(To be continued.)

## Some Thanksgiving Borrowings.

TOMMY—Paw, what is a football coach?

MR. FIGG—The ambulance, I guess.—*Indianapolis Journal.*



AN IDI-YACHT-IC JOKE.

"A book of verses underneath the bow."



### No Kicker.

MARIE—And the football captain would not let you play full-back in the Yale game? How horrid of him!

WILLIE—Oh, I don't know. I can't kick.—*Princeton Tiger.*

### Inquisitive.

JUNIOR (to landlady)—Will you kindly tell me where you got that steak you are serving to-day?

LANDLADY (expecting another kick)—What's the matter with it?

JUNIOR—Oh, there's nothing the matter with it. That's the reason I wanted to know.—*Cornell Widow.*

A good game for Thanksgiving—wild turkey.



This little boy is shocked and sorrowful because he can't raise anything but dead beetles.

### Announcement.

We are requested by the editor of the *Daily Parlor Altar* to state that, owing to lack of space, he was able to publish only an extract of the Freshman yell in a former number. At his request we publish the official yell in full. We are always glad to do things for our friends.

With a Vevo, and a Vivo,  
And a Vevo, Vivo, Vum,  
We are the Freshmen,  
We are the Freshmen—  
With a Vevo, Vivo, Vum.  
Hurrah for the Wise-heart,  
Hurrah for the Dull-head,  
The stainless-hearted Wischart,  
Son of a prominent  
And influential citizen,  
Back in Indiana  
With a Vevo, Vivo, Vum.  
We are the Freshmen,  
High stepping prancers,  
Informal dancers.  
Our Honorary Member  
Is Doctor Jordan;  
We approved of the Doc  
And made him one of us  
With a Vevo, Vivo, Vum.  
Bum with a rat-trap,  
Bigger than a cat-trap,  
With a Vevo and a Vivo  
And a Vevo, Vivo, Vum.  
Vas is los mit Coogan  
Dr. Jordan and Wischart—  
And the Honquering Kero.  
Stanford sis, boom, bah!  
(This last is keen—Bah!)  
Naughty-three, wicked three  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Freshie! Freshie!!  
Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

### Berkeley's Triumph.

It was a perfect afternoon.

Crowds of college rooters filled the seats that looked upon the football field.

It was the day of the intercollegiate game.

U. C. had the ball, near the middle of the field.

The Berkeley rooters and rootresses were mad with delight.

With bowed heads and tense muscles the Berkeley team waited till their quarter-back should pass the ball.

With the rapidity of lightning the brown bulb is passed into the arms of the sturdy full-back.

The team surges forward in a struggling, swaying mass, and the full-back plunges ahead.

"Second down—three yards to gain."

Hurriedly the blue and gold lines up, and the center again snaps back the ball.

A groan of dismay comes from the California rooters. For one fatal second the captain fumbles the ball; men fall about him, and the pigskin slips from his hands. Instantly a mass of struggling men covers the ball.

Who has it?

A joyful cheer arises from the Berkeley section, for when the mass dissolves it is seen that a man in blue and gold hugs the ball to his bosom.

But though U. C. has the ball, she has lost ground, and now she is a yard behind her first position.

Once more the players in the blue and gold attempt to gain.

Eagerly the spectators await the outcome.

A moment of deathlike stillness. Were it not for the hurried breathing of the onlookers, one might have heard the music of the Berkeley band.

The signal is repeated.

The ball is passed.

Ah! An end run!

Interfered with by two of his gallant comrades, the right half-back, with the ball tightly tucked under his shoulder, is circling around left end.

On he comes, cheered by the shouts of his fellow-students.

He has almost made the distance! Will he succeed?

He falls.

Impeded by the rush of men about him, he stumbles and pitches headlong.

Has he made it?

Slowly the men on top of him are pulled away.

The distance is measured.

And a cheer of mighty meaning goes up from the throats of the wearers of the blue and gold.

For the runner has made the necessary five yards!

A few minutes later the Stanford team, which had meanwhile been practicing at the other end of the field, lined up, and the game began.



Those Palms of Victory don't seem to be coming on very fast.

### California Enterprise.

#### A SURPRISE THAT WILL FAIL.

#### Stanford Rooters Plan to Wear Red Vests to the Game.

Stanford is preparing another startling surprise for Thanksgiving. An order was recently sent to Hoffman, Rothchilds and Co. of San Francisco for five hundred red vests to be finished before Thanksgiving. The matter was to be kept perfectly secret so that their appearance at the game might be a surprise. When finished, the vests will be sent to Sacramento and thence to Palo Alto, so that no suspicions will be aroused as to their destination.

[Down with the man who was guilty of sending to Berkeley items that are on

our public bulletin boards and published in the *Parlor Altar*. Perhaps the editor of that sheet sent his paper as an exchange to the *Californienne*. Or maybe a bold, bad Berkeleyan heard about it and told his mates. It is even possible that U. C. levied an assessment and sent down a detective. To what base ends mankind descends! Anyway, we are glad they unbosomed the fact that we had so long invested with mystery.]

#### Poem.

CHAPPIE this time is dressed in green,  
To honor our Irish football team.

#### LOUIS BENOIT

... Merchant Tailor

Suits to Order from \$12.00 Up  
Pants from \$ 5.00

On the Campus, next University P. O.

## Something to eat!



At the

# CARDINAL CAT...

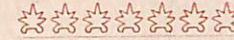
THE KEENEST STUNT YET

WHEN  
YOU  
WANT

A little "feed" in your room  
some night come over  
and see our line of  
good things to eat

## The Daily Palo Alto

The News Organ and  
Official Bulletin of  
the University



Keep in touch with  
college life and hap-  
penings by reading  
the daily paper

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