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"Why, it stopped raining the other day and Ithaca had a little sun.—Cornell Widow.

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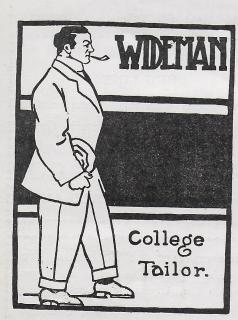
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"No there's a woman in the case."—Record.

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Judge—"Is that your real name?"
Prisoner (who has been up before)—
"No, yer honor, it's my pen name."—
Lampoon.

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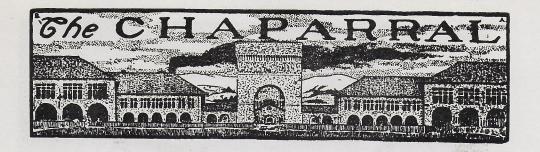


Disillusionment.

'Twas so I saw her at the ball. Alack, out at the game The daylight had no charity;— She did not look the same.



"GOOD LUCK, FRESHMAN!"



TO NINETEEN THIRTEEN.

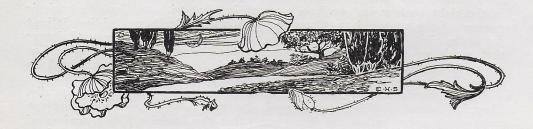
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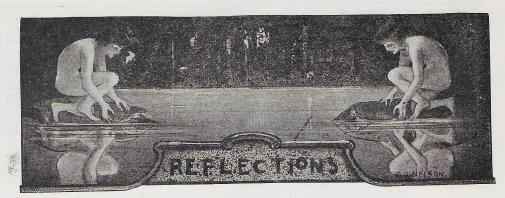


RESHMEN, the day is here again;
You are the chosen few;
So here's to you, the fittest men,
From us that cheer for you!

Freshmen, the prize is more than fame; Honor is in it too; So here's to you, in Stanford's name, From us that cheer for you!

Freshmen, the cause is glorious;
Carry the Cardinal through!
Then here's to you that fight for us,
From us that cheer for you!





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

Vol. 11

Stanford University, California, October 14, 1909

No.

Published twice a month during the college year by the Chaparral Publishing Company of Stanford University, under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society.

Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1905, at Postoffice at Stanford University, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

HIRAM CORNELL FISK,

Editor-in-Chief.

VIRGIL FRANKLIN BELLOWS STUART MACDONALD HAROLD PRATT KNIGHT HENRY WATSON SWAFFORD,

Business Manager.

GEOFFREY FRANCIS MORGAN BRUCE ORMSBY BLIVEN EDWIN CLARK MATTHIAS

STANLEY KENNETH DIXON

world of ours has moved fast enough lately to jar even the Stanford Farm. The Sequoia has been nicely renovated and some careful soul has extracted from its makeup the idea that it has a mission of reform hereabouts, which is a fine thing for the sheet. The Stanford navy has been double-shotted by the good ship-o'-the-line Policy and sent to Davy Jones' locker. Peace to its memory, and more power to the next craft laid on the stocks. Braw lad-

dies, the oarsmen, and Chappie grieves with them. But no one would move the Bav nearer to the Quad, and it had to be.

The underclassmen have been using Sapolio on each other again, which perhaps was prompted by the praise-Allah thankfulness of the *Daily* because some where, some time we may be able to bathe on the campus, if the moon is in the right quarter and we have our rabbits' feet with us. But the hygienic concern of the 1912 and 1913 men for each other is badly out of line. It isn't far to the oiled chute and the home tub, with a "Graduates By Request" degree that won't go far with the average board of education. The Higher-Ups have advised the underclassmen to stick to their own soap and towels, and it's a wise Froshomore who lays his ear often to the gorund.

Then there's the car-line. The commuters are smiling. Incidentally, Chappie's wastebasket will be relieved, for the facetious competitor gets so many seedy jokes out of the 'bus system that the Business Office, majors of all kinds, rough-necks, queeners, pipe courses, smoke-ups and other antique subjects for humor are green-eved with downright jealousy of it. So Chappie welcomes the car line with acclaim, and a pocketful of nickels where only dimes grew before. He is going to buy a pig-bank of porcelain and hoard his savings until Christmas. Then he will donate the treasure to that Stanford Tramper whose pedometer shows the greatest perpendicular distance travelled, which

should give quite some pip to the high-stepping gentry with the bulging Bumps of Hike on their craniums. Anyway, Chappie hopes someone will develop a new carline joke without an allusion to stringing wires. Trying to run a funny paper is a solemn thing.

of true sport and

will be your chance, Freshmen. You are going into a game with opponents who are as good, clean sportsmen as yourselves. Behind you are a series of Stanford defeats. Play for all there is in you; win if you can, for the sake

of true sport and not simply to beat the other fellow; and think always of the honor of the University you represent. Victory or defeat, we're with you.

TOW THAT

the college year has opened all over the country Chappie wants to shower good wishes upon his droll contemporaries who are tickling the student funny-bone in an even baker's dozen of

universities. Perhaps the man was right who reduced all jokes to seven and claimed that the first Pharaoh had been accused of plagiarism for publishing these on a scroll of papyrus back in the days when History was toddling around in baby gear. But the varia-

when History was toddling around in baby gear. But the variations on the original septet are myriad. Every fall the old jokesmiths come back to college and dissect the seven jest-cadavers, building up fairy forms and Frankensteins out of the pieces. Every year the hungry competitors chase insanely after the Eighth joke, as ungettable as the ultra-violet or the squared circle. There is a fascination about the game that cannot be shaken off. Comedy stalks abroad, college humanity hangs out its foibles and frettings to air—and the joker sees them all. He treats his material in many ways. Sometimes he is subtle, sometimes blunt; often cruelly satrical, seldom really malicious. The jokes are not all good, the poems not all metrical and spontaneous. But the spirit is fresh, normal and full of the optimism of youth.

For the Exchanges that will come to his reading-table this year Chappie makes grateful acknowledgment. To all college jokesmiths he would drink a toast. To the Lampoon, Widow, Record, Tiger, Coyote, Four-Leaf Clover, Purple Cow, Punch Bowl, Sphinx, Gargoyle, Pelican, Jester and Minne-ha-ha!

May the Spirit of the Seven Jests abide with them forever.

news page, three ments, and in a ch that play a little m

showed footwork. The English Club put on a play that most of us believed to be the real molasses as an amateur production. But the idea was busted to bits. With no warning at all the *Daily* broke out violently on the

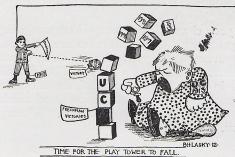
news page, three millimeters from the ravening advertisements, and in a choice line of sporting phraseology roasted that play a little more than dun brown. Article unsigned—said actors went through their parts with about as much intelligence as somnambulists—bum show generally. Biff! You could hear the concussion away over in Mayfield.

Then the Defender appeared, also evading the ads. He lifted the roof off the critic's head pretty well, and showed that our first impression of the play was about right, after all. Next the *Daily*, wonderfully agile, crawled out from under by denying all responsibility for the Critic's article. Critic left gracefully suspended in midair; public sawing the atmosphere violently in argument, and the laurel wreaths of the actors tilted out of plumb!

It is all rather funny. But Chappie suggests more temperate judgment in the future, and that the *Daily* either sign the names of the writers to its dramatic criticism, or assume the responsibility itself for their opinions. As it was,

everybody got the hook.





HOW TO MAKE A FOOT-BALL GAME.

Take a medium-sized pig-skin, and after carefully removing the pig, substitute a sufficient quantity of compressed air. Place this in the middle of a large field. Build a fence around the field and construct a quantity of seats inside the fence. Have ready an assorted bunch of humanity. Shake well and place on the seats, after extracting one dollar or more from each one of the bunch.

Next select thirty (30) large, durable young men, preferably about fifteen (15) from Stanford and fifteen from Berkeley. Place these on the field around the ball, tell them to gotoit and withdraw hastily.

If this is carefully done the thirty durable young men will at once fall upon the pig-skin and each other. The people on the bleachers will emit loud, raucous noises and everyone will be happy.

After a while drag off the remnants of the thirty (30) young men, sort them, and go off and serpentine.

Here we have a foot-ball game.

Taking No Chances.

Bingle—Is Jones keeping training rules?

Bunt—Yes.

Bingle—Strict training rules?

Bunt-Yes.

Bingle—Then I guess I'll offer him a cigar.

The fraternity was initiating. "Bring on the branding iron" they cried.

"Don't hold that against me," said the neophyte, and even the brazier went out.

SONNETS OF A RUF-NEKK.

Foiled! Curses! Piffle! Likewise Stung and Burned!!

Never again, ye gods,—nay, nay Pauline!

Wisdom grows slowly when a guy is green,

But don't she sticketh when a man has learned!

I went to call on Her, and I'll be Durned If some smug Freshman that I never seen

Didn't butt in and beat me to the queen

And leave Fate laughing at the trick she turned!

They sat and drooled and Fletcherized the cloth,

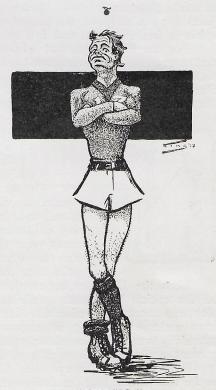
And when poor Willie tried to get the line

The wires were down for miles and miles around.

Girl, you're a candlestick, but I'm no moth;

Bill's not cut out to play the Faithful Hound,—

Nix, Theodosia, nix; no more for mine!



"CINCH!"



EXPERT CRITICISM.

THE DIPPY WRITES UP STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

Football:—The football game yesterday was a complete success. The bleachers were crowded, and the weather was beautiful. It is unfortunate, however, that only one player seemed to have any conception of the real use of the ball. Most of the players' motions were exceedingly jerky and indistinct, and their fine work was lost upon the audience. Jones' work did much to forward the action of the game. Among those present on the field were the other fourteen players, etc., etc.

The Sequoia:—The second issue of the Sequoia tried to appear yesterday morning. As a whole the magazine was excellent. The binding was high class, and all the pages were correctly numbered. Readers do not expect to understand what a Sequoia writer is trying to say, but they do expect that the writer himself shall know. It is unfortunate that most of the writers did not seem to have any idea of what they were trying to say. The article on the 'Bus Drivers failed to come up to

what they were trying to say. The article on the Bus Drivers failed to come up to the possibilities of the part, etc., etc.

Stanford Trampers:—The Trampers took their first annual walk around Roble gymnasium this morning. That a little real hiking by the women of the University isn't such a bitter pill to swallow after all was evidenced by the large number who turned out. It is to be regretted, however, that most of the ladies did not seem to know what their feet were for. Their piking was much too quick and jerky, and left but little opportunity for climax at the finish. Many of the ladies were good only in the straight-away portions of the track. The remainder, etc., etc.

WHO'D A THUNK IT?

They tell you that rowing, Is hard on a man; That too much of such going, Is 'gainst Nature's plan. That the heart is made weaker, (It's always the heart). I'd just tell the doctor One cold fact in part. There's no man on the crew, Has a heart in his breast, Some girl, old or new, From the East or the West, Has it safely imprisoned. Some sweet, pretty flirt, Has taken it from him-How can it be hurt?

FYFE DURYEA ARRELL THOBURN KERN ELLIS WORSWICK LAIRD MITCHELL LULL FRANK MURLIN CASS BAYLEY BAUMGART**N**ER

Nibs-I hear the faculty advocates putting in a race-course at Stanford. Bibs—A race-course! Nibs-Yep, Latin I.



HIS FIRST IMPRESSION OF RUGBY.





LETTERS FROM A HA BAKED FRESHMAN HALF TO HIS MA.

Dear Mother—As this is Saturday night and I do not need a bath, and I'm out of soap anyway, I wrote you this letter, which please find enclosed. Of the many more or less interesting things I have to tell you there is nothing more or less interesting than the night shirt tail parade we paraded the other evening. I have experienced many experiences so far, but this was the classiest yet. All the classes took part. It is one of the undress affairs that the Freshmen are allowed to precipitate in. The other undress affairs I have mentioned before. This one consists of all the fellows in the Hall, garbed in magnificent garbage, led by a band straining beautiful strains on the air of night. They say the faculty doesn't think much of the parade, but I don't see how they can help thinking about it a good deal.

I am now reporting on the Dippy, and am sort of looking for news. Would be glad to hear that one of your friends is dead, or any thing like that.

I have bidden a queen to the second

Encina. She is going to wait and see if anyone else asks her and then let me know if she thinks she can go. I hope so. I like her about as much as I can

Have been learning to dance, mother dear, but have acquired no other bad habits. I may learn to smoke for my studies are hard, and I will try to draw several pipes next semester. (This is the oldest joke at Stanford.) I am writing for the Sequoia, too, and have begun being funny in earnest. This will be all now, for I must answer to the telephone.

Love to Pa and Mabel and the dawg. Your

John.

LEGAL RETORT COURTEOUS.

Law 1.—"Quit stepping on my shoes or I'll have you jugged."

Law 2.—"Huh, what grounds?" Law 1.—"Infringing on patents, if you must know!"

A lady who sagged in the dome Was travelling far from her home. When they cried, "The Red Sea!" She replied, "Dearie me! Is this where they get Rubi-foam?"

I'll Bite.

Griggs-Did you hear that at its last convention the W. C. T. U. condemned the use of sharp razors?

Briggs-Umph! How's that? Griggs-Because they always have an edge on.

'10-She hit him in the face with a sieve.

'12-Have any effect? '10-Well, it gave him a strained expression.

> Circle-saw-One cross-section-Johnnie fixed for

Resurrection. 8



LAST APPEARANCE OF WILLIE. Little Willie, with some matches, Burned his hair in sundry patches. Astronomers on Mars got silly, Looking down at speckled Willie.



THE TWENTY-FIRST NIGHT.

(As Presented by the Ice Cream Club Players and a Dog.)

SCENE I.

(Enter, Bob Ford and his noise producers, Mike with a pair of Mathieu's whiskers, and Cesario, the first Duplicate.)
Cesario: What country, friends is this?

Mike: Search me. (Enter, 106 queeners, feeling of their dress ties and standing in the aisles).

The Dramatic Critic (In the rear of the house). Aw, beans! The First Dupe: Well, kick around, Cap, and help me unfold the plot. Everybody: Aw, ain't she cute? (Exit, everything).

SCENES II. AND III.

(Printer refused to run them).

ANOTHER ACT.

(Enter, Sapolio and Yeaste, the Jester).

Sapolio: Ah-h, chents! (Exit).

Yeaste: Mumble-umble-bumble, 7-20-8!
(Enter, Andy Chillsandfever, and Sir Toby, roaring like a bellows. Enter, Anymore-at-home Maria.

Maria: Here's Sapolio's invitation to wear cross-garters. (Enter, Sapolio in the altogether).

All the Queens: Oh!
Sapolio: Has anyone heah seen me pajamahs?
The Critic: Oh, saleratus! (Quick Curtain).

ACT I (Repeated by Request).

(Enter, the Queen; sits on Hill Bros.' bench. Enter, the First Duplicate, with

First Dupe: The boss says to say, he's for you.
The Queen: You're not so slow yourself, kid.
First Dupe: Aw, you ought to see my brother, the manager.
Well, let's have another act.(Curtain).

(Enter, Bill the Duke and the Boat Club).

Bill: If J. J. Hill's music is the food of love, me for the Inn!

Where is me flossic page, Ontario? (Enter, The First Duplicate).

First Dupe: Gee, but I've got a case on a man about your size, same complexion,

The Dramatic Critic: Vitriol! Gore! Bluggy blug! The same beans! (Quick Curtain, please!)

ACT IV. (Really, truly this time). (Enter, Antonio and the Second Duplicate. San Francisco people in the house applaud madly.)

Second Dupe: Well, the play's about over, let's blow in and say a word. (Exit, the back drop, leaving same old garden scene).

Antonio: (To first dupe). Gimme my purse, or I'll tell the Committee! (En-

Antonio: (To first dupe). Gimme my purse, or I'll tell the ter, R. J. Officer).

Officer: Antonio, I arrest you.
Antonio: You mistake me, old man.
Officer: No, sir, it's no josh. (Exit everybody who can).
Second Duplicate: (To Queen). I wouldest be ruled by thee.
Bill Pemberton: (From the Gallery). Oi, oi! (Curtain).

ACT V—SCENE 2

ACT V-SCENE 2. (Enter, everybody but Mike, who has gone home).

The Duke: This gives me a pain! Come on outside, Ontario, while I kill you. The First Duplicate: Charmed!

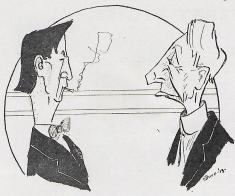
The Queen: Nix—wait a minute—we're conjugal partners, remember!

(Enter, The Second Duplicate). Second Dupe: He hit me first, so I soaked him one. (Enter, Sir Andrew and Sir

Bill, the Duke: I've got 'em again!
First And Second Dupes: (To each other) Rubber!

First And Second Dupes: (To each other) Rubber!
(Enter, Sapolio, with a fresh shampoo).
Sapolio: This is a fake letter you stung me with—I'm going back to Pally.
The Queen: Never mind—get together!
Yeaste: Excuse my not singing, won't you?
The audience: Sure!
The Critic: Gr-r-r-r!
Bus drivers (outside): This way for Palo Alto!
(Exit, everything handy.)





"Why do they always cheer when a fellow's hurt?"

"So the girls can't hear what he's saying."

AN' IT'S UP TO YOU.

Ho, Frosh, an' it's up an' it's up to you, When the chirp of the whistle comes. An' we're backin' ye strong with a yell or two,

An' the gang'll be there when the music's through,

An' the rattle an' boom o' the drums.

The fife'll be squealin' way up in the stands,

An' we'll sing you a song or two.

While the Berkeley rooters are wavin' their hands

An' yellin' to drown out the two brayin' bands,

An' the words we're a-shoutin' to you.

An' away up above, where the sky is clear,

The red banner's cuttin' the blue;

A color that down in ye're hearts ye hold dear

As the men that are speedin' ye on with a cheer—

Ho, Frosh, an' it's up to you!

~

Portola sailed into 'Frisco harbor and surveyed the town (site).

"Alas!" he said gloomily, "The town will never be the same since the earthquake of 1485 put it on the blink."

Thus proving that some modern bromidisms are older than you might suppose.

HOW ABOUT IT?

"I wonder if it's really fair,"
A little boy was heard to say,
"To kick a player in the ribs
"Because it is an 'on-side' play?"

In the Dissecting Room.

Freshie—"What's that noise behind the museum?"

Soph—"Oh, that's the Medics cutting up."

A maiden from Roble called Sally,
Made a run for an auto to Pally.
She ran with such ardor
That—snap went her—shoestring!
And the low brows once more failed
to tally.

Geraldine '12—Have you seen the bleachers yet?

Vasaline '13—Goodness no! Which drug store?



Ethel—There's one thing I'd like to ask.

Jack-What is it?

Ethel—When it says he ran the hundred in ten flat, does that mean flat-footed?

RULES FOR THE DIPPY TRY-OUTS.

Now that the Daily Paltry Piffle is conducting try-outs for the benefit of misguided frosh who aspire to positions on its staff, Chappie hastens to give publicity to the following rules for their guidance. On account of the almost classic quality of the Piffle it was at first intended that the rules should appear in the Stanford "Squeaker." Later, however, the manager decided to publish them where people would read them, and it is therefore the privilege of Chappie to fling them to a hungry and expectant public.

I. Always ball up people's names as much as possible. This may be done by misspelling them, or by mixing the initials, or both. If you can botch the numerals by about two years, so much the better.

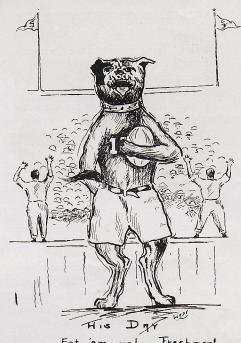
2. Mistakes in grammar are limited to six to the inch. Anyone making less than this number will be barred from further competition. There is no penalty, however, for exceeding the limit. Go as far as you like.

3. The *Piffle* is the official record of Stanford life; therefore news should never be published until it has become history. In previous years a week to ten days has been considered a salubrious interval. This year, however, the average time for an event to become historical and worthy of publication has been extended to about two weeks.

4. Be sure to use the *Piffle's* Popular Phrases in writing up each division of



THE FROSH REPORTER.



Eat 'em up! _ Freshmen!

student activity. In football, say "the Varsity will be seen in action," in track, "the men are rounding into form," and in dramatics, "the last week of rehearsals will be devoted to introducing clever bits of business." These remarks have been used without exception for the last seventeen years, and have never failed to give satisfaction.

5. Mess up your story as much as possible. A simple yet effective way of doing this is to omit two lines or so from the middle of any paragraph, though even turning them upside down will produce a gratifying effect. To break your column off in the middle of the front page, and say "continued on p. 4" is another method which is used with great success.

Any freshman who carefully follows these rules during a six-week's try-out—which generally lasts three months or so—will probably have the satisfaction of being told that he's done good work, and in another year or two he'll likely make the staff.

Professor—Here is an item of news that I would like in the D. P. A.

Editor (to Freshman)—Here kid, rewrite this—fix it up to print.



A BALLAD OF THE TERRACE.

R. B. W.

I've lived for days with the Gamma's, I've golfed with the Alpha Chi's; I've won at cards from the Phi Kap's, And motored with Theta Psi's.
I've trod on their three-ply carpets And climbed up their windin' stairs; I've slept on their silk-floss mattresses, And loafed in their smokin' lairs.

But give me the halls of Encina, With the length and breadth of the same.

Give me the road to the Terrace And the club with the chosen name.

You'll find no gold on the china, No Turkish squares on the floor; And the paint's kicked off in patches, Where their feet have met the door. And 'way down there on the Terrace The fellows just eat and talk, And tramp to the Hall after meal time On that worn, old, Terrace walk.

But "the bunch" is 'round those tables, And they're givin' each other the rub, And passin' remarks on the vittles, And raggin' the manager's grub. I wish I was back there among 'em, A cussin' as loud as the rest,



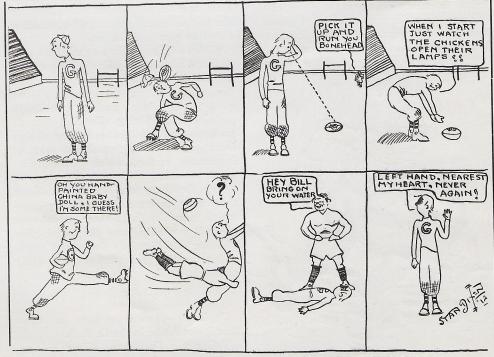
AND THEY SAY RUGBY IS A LADY'S GAME!

And passin' the nudge to my neighbor, And turnin' the other man's jest.

Now there ain't no Greek in my makeup, I'm a "low-brow" through and through; But I've messed with the Alpha Zeta, And supped with the Theta Nu. I've danced at their fancy dances, And sat at their mid-night spreads; I've drunk too deep at their banquets, And been quartered in their beds.

But give me the halls of Encina, With the length and breadth of the same.

Give me the road to the Terrace, And the club of the chosen name.



THE ADVENTURES OF BONAPARTE JONES.

III.—HE TRIES RUGBY.



JACK SPRATT VINDICATED.

Great authors attest to authenticity of old tale.—Chappie scoops Dippy and Skwaker.

The Original.

Jack Spratt, would eat no fat,
And his wife would eat no lean;
And so between the two you see,
They licked the platter clean.

CORROBORATIVE TESTIMONY.

Tennyson.

Break, break, break,
Into globules of grease, oh fat;
But never in all your days,
Will you reach the stomach of Spratt.

Oh well for Spratt and his wife,
That they like not the same kind of meat;
Oh well for the wife of Jack Spratt
Or she would get nothing to eat.

And the tasty lean goes down, To its haven under the belt, And the wife sings, "Oh for a taste, Of the lean that is only smelt."

"Break, break, break,
Into globules of grease, oh fat;
But the tender bite on the lean I don't get
Will always be food for Jack Spratt."

Kipling.

Now this is the law of the House of Spratt that is proven day by day,

The tender lean goes not to the queen but quite the other way;

For old Jack Spratt will have none of the fat; he has avoirdupoise to spare,

And to get of lean meat, enough to eat, is his only thought and care,

And the wife of Jack Spratt would have all of the fat, for she is thin and lean,

And the law of the House of Spratt declares "You must lick the platter clean."

And so the man takes all of the lean and his wife of the greasy part,

And each is well as the fleet-foot wolf, and swift as the skimming hart.

And their eyes grow bright, as the stars of night, when the scent of meat is keen,

For the law of the House of Spratt declares you must lick the platter clean.

Browning.

You say you know them not? Well, Mrs. Spratt's A lady large and corpulent. Her fat's Disposed upon her person in thick layers. She daily prays, and praying with wild prayers Asks to be made as some fair sylph; yet eats fat With greed; such inconsistency, what beats that? Populi faex they are. Old Spratt's the same, Thin as a rail yet he will hear no name, But lean. So magnus acervus erit Adde parvum parvo. How can they bear it?

Swinburne.

Mrs. Spratt, simple, soft, saponaceous, Plainly pinguid and lacking in pulp; Bravely bagging the fat, butyraceous, Laud lauding the fat so lardaceous, While she takes it all down in one gulp; Singing songs to the substance sebaceous.

Mr. Spratt, sprawling, springy and sprite-like, Procrustean, promised the lean, Yet watchfully waiting and Kite-like, Sometimes saying solus he'd quite-like, To clearly clench, chew up, and clean, All the platter contained, at one bite-like.

But the paly, pink, beef on the platter, Is eaten the lean and the fat, Oleaginous Mrs. fares fatter, Greasy gravy, or suet, no matter, Gregarious grist is all that, When these furious folk clean the platter.

P. E

Joke on the Medical College (?)

"Say, what does this mean, 'He espoused the doctrine'?"

"Why, he married a lady doctor, of course."



Noble Attendant of His Lordship's Train—Ah, Perceeval, and what woulds't do if some rough person should throw an egg at us?

Perceeval—Odsbodkins—beat it!





HERE'S HOPING THIS WILL BE THE BEST BAWL-OUT IN YEARS.

OWED TO THE D. P. A.

It comes between the twilight and the dawn,

A small excrescence forming on the ground,

A microscopic maggot, tightly wound, A bit of macaroni on the lawn.

Its contents are at one mere glance withdrawn.

The rind remains, of "ads," and "lost" and "found."

Henceforth its mission is to lie around Till some kind hand cremates it, and it's gone.

SEVEN RULES FOR RUGBY.

- 1. Keep on top of the ball.
- 2. Get under the ball.
- 3. Get behind the ball.
- 4. Get after the ball.
- 5. Get around the ball.
- 6. Get inside the ball.
- 7. Bawl.

New Stude—"What are you punching me for? I'm not a Freshman. I'm a transfer."

Soph.—"Well, that's fair enough. You're no good unless punched."

SHE WAS WISE.

He was a transfer from Berkeley, and so knew almost nothing about Rugby, but nevertheless supposed that he would be able to take a girl to the game and bluff his way through the play with fake technicalities which would make her suppose that he was the original behind-the-team kid. Accordingly when the whistle blew for the beginning of the first half and the babies rushed down on the ball like a flock of settling quail, he turned to her with a tolerant, weary smile.

"You see," he dribbled, "yonder are the goal posts, between which is——"

She bent a withering glance on him till it broke. "Ring off," she breathed. "I was watching this game when you were voting for a female student body prex up in the Oakland annex. Go and explain to the referee, if you want to, but don't try to put any U. C. football goo across at this number. Nothin' doing—see?"

All was still save the regular, slow drip-drip as the Berkeley man leaked through the crack in the floor onto the ground below.

Frosh—"I hear Tom takes his math. to football practice."

Soph.—"Yes, he likes to tackle the problems."

'II—"I always have my own way."

'12—"What, a private road?"

'11-"Nix, one hundred and forty pounds!"



"I play the game for pleasure,"
Said the often-tackled gent.
And by his shape you see above
That he's on pleasure bent!



THE UNAMBITIOUS CHICKEN,

Who Had the Ugly Duckling Skinned a Mile.

There was once a gray Chicken, hatched out of a yellow Egg with white spots on it, by an industrious Hen. This Chicken was built like most other chickens, but like some men, while it looked the same externally, it was Peculiar inside. However, it grew, and grew like the others, because it ate like a Sequoia editor at a Chaparral food, and there a little hit. feed, and then a little bit.

But presently some of the Chickens began to get up onto the fence and try to Crow, and some of them began to cackle Prodigiously, in the belief that they had laid the latest and most fashionable kind of an Egg. But the peculiar Chicken did nothing but eat, whenever there was anything to eat, and stand around on its left leg and think whenever entires was not fassible. So, the others came and stood in a circle think, whenever eating was not feasible. So the others came and stood in a circle and pointed out that the Peculiar Chicken was not doing its duty to the World.

"Why should I?" inquired the P. C., in a puzzled way, standing on his right

leg for awhile. "Because— "Because—," began all the others; and then they saw that the Unambitious Chicken was really peculiar clear through. So they went away on their several Avocations, and the Unambitious Chicken fell into such a deep Thinkness that he was four seconds late to Supper.

The next day a man came into the poultry yard with an Axe and carried off the

Unambitious Chicken.

"Ah!" said the rest sorrowfully, "We misjudged him, because his aims were higher than ours. He was training to become a Chicken Pie."

So they held his Memory in great Esteem.

A BIT OF RUGBY INFORMATION.

No, Evelina, the game does not wind up with a spiral kick.

No, Hortense, it isn't a try every time they try.

No, Jessamine, the athletic management wasn't starting a matrimonial agency when it got out that poster that said "WED. FRESHMEN." That referred to a mid-week game with Palo Alto High.

No, Lucy, when you catch a punt in

your hands that isn't getting the ball into touch.

No, Miriam, they don't really kick the goal. They kick the ball.

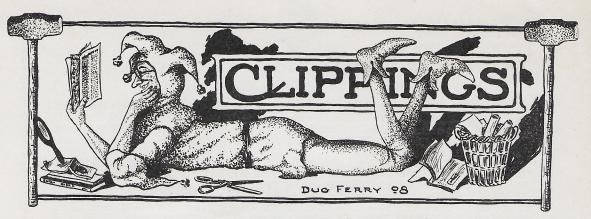
Oh, no, Leoline, the whistle doesn't mean for a policeman to come.

Yes, Antoinette, they call it a gridiron because the players get toasted. Chappie had that last year, you know.

Well, of course, Clarionette, the rooters don't really root, and the bleachers-well, you know.



SUGGESTION FOR A FIVE-FOOT LIBRARY.



NOTICE—Single copies of the Chaparral will be sold at the bookstore for twenty-five cents the copy.

NO WONDER HE DRINKS.

His Better Half—Oh, Alonzo, I'm so glad the North Pole has been discovered!

Her Better Half—Why, my dear? His Better Half (again)—Oh, because there'll soon be a new Cook book on the market.—California Pelican.

MODERN METHODS.

The saying "take his pen in hand"
Was once the thing, you see;
But now each man in business takes
His typewriter on his knee.—Tiger.

WILD ANIMALS.

"Roses have thorns they used to say,"
A proverb very pat,

"But now beneath each marcel wave There lives a water-rat."—Harvard Lampoon.

D. Broke—Send a dozen roses to this address.

Salesman-Yes Sir.

D. Broke—Will you trust me? Salesman—Certainly.

D. B.—Then make it two dozen.—Lampoon.

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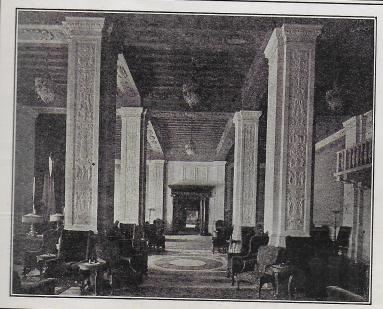
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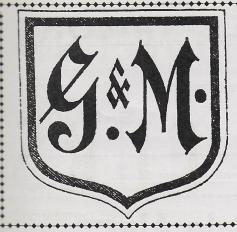
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The princess style of pajama with sheath skirt effect is called the night shirt.—Purple Cow.

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a bier."—Lampoon.

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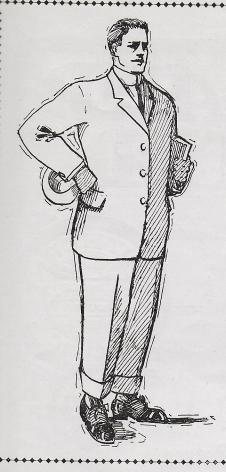
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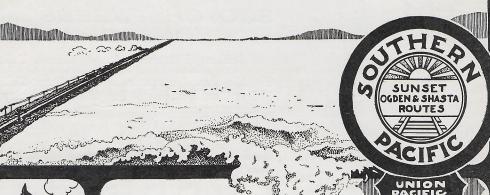
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