

STANFORD CHAPARRAL



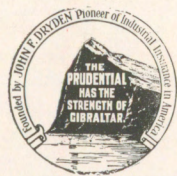
Silver Anniversary Number

OCTOBER 1924

PRICE THIRTY CENTS

SCIPIO AFRICANUS! There's a terrible name. It may be the surname has been placed backward. However, Scipio was a Roman, and a real Roman of the "give-it-to-Hannibal days." He picked up a boy on his travels, loved him as his own, and had his son adopt him. This made an adopted grandson. Incidentally Scipio Africanus was so pleased with himself that he insisted on the foster child being tagged with the same euphonious title and name. This made "Scipio the Elder" and "Scipio the Younger." The first Scipio chased Hannibal all about Italy, and as he was dying he directed his grandson to make his sole ambition in life the overthrow of Carthage. This the younger Scipio promised. About twelve years later he got his chance. He fixed up a navy of ten or twelve thousand ships—that's exactly the numerical strength of navies in those times—and landed his army near Hannibal's stronghold. The ancient Carthaginian was slipping, from his numerous repulses, and hid behind his own walls. Scipio did about everything that

could be done to Carthage. He bombarded it beautifully. Then he sacked it, and then he burned it. Not satisfied with that he drove it back into the African sands. He simply made it a lost city and it has been lost ever since. While all this was going on Hannibal sent out word, "Be merciful, Scipio, be merciful." Of course this was a cry-baby attitude and Scipio felt just that way about it. His courier returned with this reply: "Protect yourself, Hannibal, protect yourself, for I am coming." If it is of interest, it might be said Hannibal protected himself by running away and letting his army pay the penalty for his sins. The whole tale just gives an excuse for the thought, "Protect yourself, for I am coming." Death sings that song into every man's ear. Death should not be feared. But it is a fear to the man who has been negligent of the future. Life insurance protection today is a brake on worry. It is the carburetor of life through which the gas of contentment and happiness circulates.



The Prudential Insurance Company of America

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*
Home Office, Newark, New Jersey

If every wife knew what every widow knows every husband would be insured

"STYLE!" Says Artist Dan Sweeney. "But style that's free from Gingerbread—style that gives a broad shouldered man a chance."

Specifications
Broad shoulders and easy swing—
Coat with 2 buttons set low—
Close fitting at hip—
Pockets set low, too—
Lapels with a generous roll—
A vest that's right—
Trousers that swing straight
and free to a full cuff!

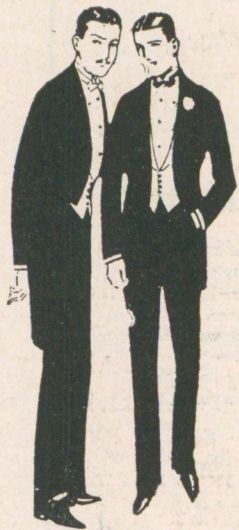
**The
Strand Model**

Straight from the Shoulder
A he-man's suit—no better phrase in all the dictionary! No fuss and feathers about it—a trim hang to the coat, neatness at the trouser waistband and plenty of leg room for the man who walks as if he were going somewhere!

\$39 \$47 \$55

Roos Bros.
INC.
Six-Store Buying Power

College Men Buy Their Evening Clothes Here



COLLEGE men know what they want. They know good style and want it. They know where to get it. They know SELIX EVENING CLOTHES HEADQUARTERS has the biggest and fairest priced assortment of good-style Tuxedos and Full Dress Suits. They know that from this assortment, choosing Evening Attire for the new college year is easy and is fun. That's why they come to

SELIX

Cor. Eddy and Mason Sts. San Francisco, California
Opposite Tivoli Theater
Rental Section in Connection

National Chocolate-Coated Pie and Ecuador

As everyone knows, National Chocolate-Coated Pie is a slab of ice cream covered with a thin crust of delicious milk chocolate.

But how few people realize what a tremendous influence these chocolate-coated dainties exerted on the prosperity of the little country of Ecuador, in South America.

Chocolate is made from cocoa. Ecuador, in South America, is one of the chief cocoa-producing countries in the world. Just before chocolate-coated pie was originated little Ecuador was having a great deal of trouble because the market for cocoa was over-supplied. The price of cocoa had fallen so low that the cocoa-raisers of Ecuador were having a hard time of it.

Chocolate-coated pie supplied a new use for cocoa, and as it immediately attained great popularity, millions of them being eaten daily, the price of cocoa began to soar and the Ecuador cocoa-raisers were able to market their product at a splendid profit.

When first placed upon the market those chocolate-coated bars of ice cream sold for 10c, but the National Ice Cream Company of San Francisco, in order to stimulate the demand for these delicious dainties, has recently reduced the price to 5 cents.

They're real food into the bargain—healthful, nourishing, wholesome.

A. G. Col Company

Commission Merchants

201-221 North Market Street
San Jose

FURNITURE at ENDERSON'S

FOR REAL ECONOMY
You Don't Speculate

Why? *Because you know what you want.*

RUGS and CHAIRS *No college man can enjoy his rooms unless they are furnished comfortably. All men know what it takes to fit a room up cosily, but still they speculate as to the economic advantage of four bare walls and crude plain floors.*

TABLES *ENDERSON offers to all college men and women simple suggestions in the FURNITURE line. Take advantage of them. We are at Hamilton and Ramona Streets and our shop is flexible for the needs of all.*

We know a frosh who is so dumb that he thinks blank note books are written by anonymous authors.—*Punch Bowl.*

She was a freshman from Vassar. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "I simply can't adjust my curriculum."
"It doesn't show any," he reassured her, blushing. And then they both talked rapidly about the decorations.—*Jester.*

"Did you hear the story of the bowl of milk?"
"No."
"It's the cat's."—*Sun Dodger.*

Judge—Twenty days for vagrancy, lock him up, Dan.
Prisoner—But, your Honor, I am not as corrupt as Swift, as dissipated as Poe, as depraved as Byron, or as pervert as—
Judge—That will do. Get the names of those other fellows, Dan, and bring them in. They're a bad lot.—*Jack o' Lantern.*

Drunk—Who are you?
Policeman (indignantly)—Me!
Drunk—I thought so.—*Ranger.*

"Father," asked the young son, who was trying to make out an English lesson, "what is an idiom?"
"An idiom, my boy, is a woman idiot."—*Witt.*

"I see that a San Francisco man has invented a new musical instrument which is a combination of the saxophone and trombone."
"H'm! Have the police caught him yet?"—*Goblin.*

"Why do you call your car Paul Revere?"
"Because of the midnight rides."—*Purple Parrot.*



ZONYE VIKOVA

French Miniatures

Special to
Stanford Students
Until November first

\$1.00
EACH

in lots of six

Make an Appointment Today

DOUGLAS 4718

Moore & Clarke Studio

Ninth floor Liebes Building

177 Post Street
San Francisco

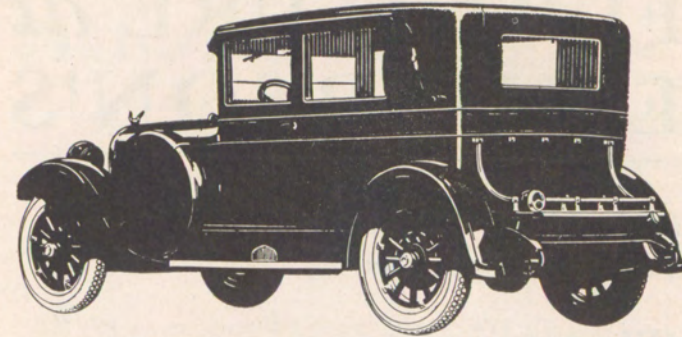
MOTORMATES



Wherever you go you hear motorists praise the economical performance of "MOTORMATES"—Associated Gasoline and Cycol Motor Oil.

These two products link greater power with longer car life, as your most severe test will convince you.

Associated Oil Company



Your Pocket Book

If your pocket book won't allow you to purchase a CHRYSLER SIX or a GOOD MAXWELL at McClatchie's, it may not wither perceptibly if you buy one of our good used cars. Anyway, let us add to your comfort and happiness by equipping your car with *General Cords*—no better tires exist.

McCLATCHIE'S

525 High St.

Phone 110-W



ATTENTION IS INVITED TO THE ENLARGED FACILITIES ASSOCIATED WITH THE NEW FINCHLEY ESTABLISHMENT IN FIFTH AVENUE. CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES, DEVELOPED EXPRESSLY FOR COLLEGE MEN, HAVE BEEN ARRANGED IN LARGE AND UNCOMMON ASSORTMENTS ON A FLOOR GIVEN OVER TO COLLEGE SERVICE.

CLOTHES
HATS ~ SHOES
HABERDASHERY

FINCHLEY

Fifth Avenue at 46th St.
NEW YORK



Cafe Marquard

Adjoining Columbia and Curran Theaters
Geary and Mason. Phone Prospect 81

Plan for a Joyous Evening's
Entertainment

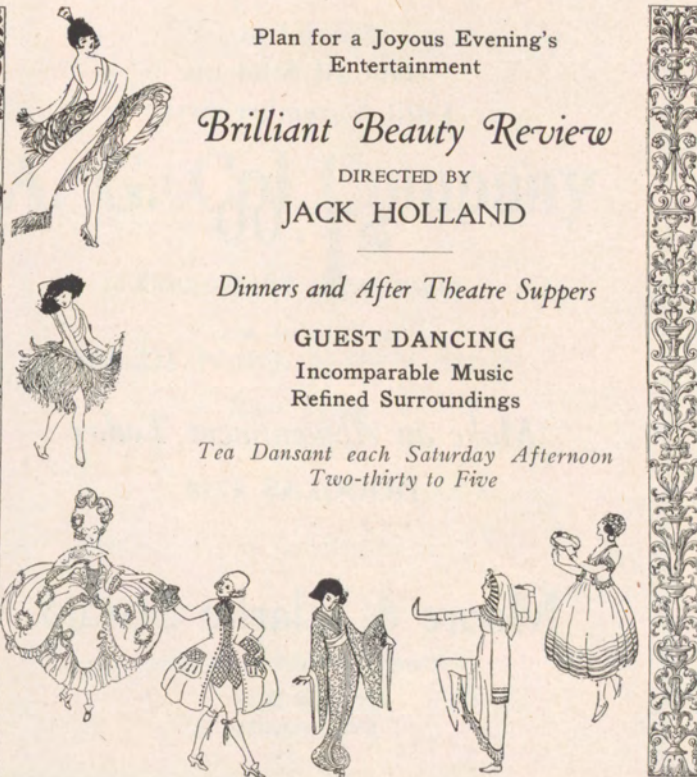
Brilliant Beauty Review

DIRECTED BY
JACK HOLLAND

Dinners and After Theatre Suppers

GUEST DANCING
Incomparable Music
Refined Surroundings

Tea Dansant each Saturday Afternoon
Two-thirty to Five



Tim—My alarm clock went off this morning at eight-thirty.

Min—Hasn't it come back yet?—*Punch Bowl.*

FIFTY-SEVEN

"Well," mused the philosopher at the risqué variety show, "spice is the life of variety."—*Dirge.*

Two students on a train were telling about their abilities to see and hear. The one said: "Do you see that barn over there on the horizon?"

"Yes."

"Can you see that fly walking around on the roof of that barn?"

"No, but I can hear the shingles crack when he steps on them."—*Atogwan.*

25,000 YEARS AGO

The Athenian Anglers' Club was having a lively session after a more or less successful day on the streams round Athens.

"How now, good Aesop," quoth one of the members. "Seldom is thy face seen around these parts. Hast been fishing?"

"Nay," replied the sage, "I merely listen to the tales of those who have. I am gathering material for a new series of fables."—*Columns.*

"Why don't you drown your sorrow?"

"They'd get me for murder."—*Gargoyle.*

A stranger was being shown through the rooms of the Boston Chapter of G. O. O. F.'s.

"And is this the lodge room?" he asked.

"Well, it is rather lodge, of course, but the one next to it is much lodgah."—*Royal Baboon.*

First Bean—I hear your wife is taking classic dancing. Does she show aptitude?

Second—She did, but I made her stop.—*Whirlwind.*

Cherry—Our American women of today are poverty-stricken. They do nothing but use lipstick from morning till night.

Stone—Sort of a hand to mouth existence as it were.

—*Tiger.*

Little Jack Horner came out of a corner;

They wondered where Horner had been,

They thought him too quiet,

He did not deny it;

He found where the host kept his gin.

Lady Customer—I would like a pound of sulphur, please. How much is it?

Clerk—Fifteen cents.

Lady Customer—I can get it across the street for ten cents.

Clerk (politely)—Yes, and I can tell you of another place where you can get it for nothing.—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

"Why did you go out riding with Fred last night?"

"For no good reason."—*C. C., N. Y., Mercury.*

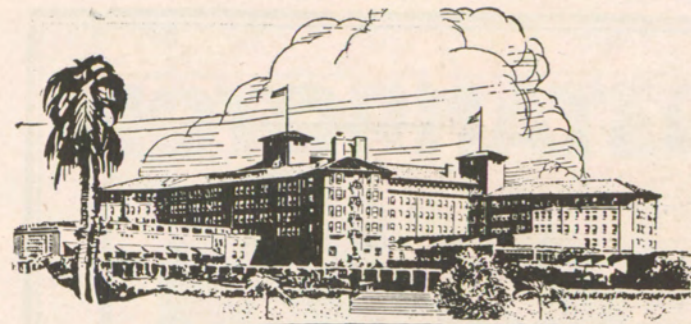


WILLIAM WARREN SCHOOL

MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA

— Menlo —
SUMMER CAMP for BOYS

Lake Tahoe, Calif.



ALL OUTDOOR SPORTS
Center at the Famous
AMBASSADOR
LOS ANGELES

"The Great Hotel that seems like Home"
Among its ever varied attractions are:
Open-Air Plunge. Miniature Golf Course (on grounds). 27-acre Park and Playgrounds. Tennis Courts. Bowling Green. Horse Show Arena and Gymnasium. Motion Picture Theater. The Famous Coconut Grove for Dancing. Rancho Golf Club.

Large and convenient garage on grounds.
RATES ARE MODERATE. Write for Chef's Booklet of California Recipes and Information.

B. L. FRANK, Manager

Tune in any night on K.F.L., wave length 469, to hear the Coconut Grove Orchestra or Sunday Concerts.

The Ambassador Hotels System

The Ambassador, New York
The Ambassador, Atlantic City
The Ambassador, Los Angeles
The Alexandria, Los Angeles



Engraved Christmas Cards

*Should Be Ordered
NOW!*

Of course you will want engraved holiday cards this year—cards made for you individually, bearing just the sentiments you wish to express.

You will find it easy and pleasant to select now while our stock of fine cards and effective designs is new and complete.

Ask to see our special Stanford Christmas Card

H. S. CROCKER CO., Inc.

565-571 Market St. 242 Montgomery St.
San Francisco

Richard Silver—Campus Representative



Every Owl Drug Store

is equipped to give you prompt expert Kodak service

The work is done by specialists. They do nothing else, and they have the most complete modern equipment to work with

The Owl Drug Co

A National Institution



OBVIOUS

Now that they have closed the saloons to save our boys and since they cannot close the garages to save our girls, they might at least close the sideroads.—*Iowa Frivol.*



It's the steam, not the freight that makes the cargo.—*Dartmouth Jack O' Lantern.*



Orlando—Sweet Orcival, I fail to make progress.
Orcival—Then I ask thee, Orlando, why not call in a couple of Pilgrims.—*Penn. Froth.*



Mother—Willie, what are you reading?
Willis—Whizz Bang, mamma.
Mother—Oh, all right, dear. I thought you had gotten hold of one of those magazines of college humor.—*Black and Blue Jay.*



"Yes, I'm an actor—I played in 'The Covered Wagon.'"
"Why, I didn't see you."
"Oh, I was inside the wagon."—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



"What kind of leather makes good shoes?"
"I don't know, but banana skins make good slippers."—*Yellow Jacket.*

EVERY STUDENT NEEDS ONE



**REMINGTON
Portable Typewriter**

The Remington Portable will serve you well—not only in school or college, but for years and years to come. It will give you a training which will be helpful to you in all your after life.

Compact—fits in a case only four inches high.

Complete—has the four-row keyboard—no shifting for figures—just like the big machines.

Convenient—can be operated on your lap if you wish, for it carries its table on its back.

Come in and see the Remington Portable.

Price, complete with case, \$60. Easy payment terms if desired.

FRED H. SMITH

Box 217, Palo Alto, California

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY

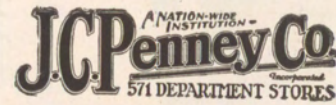
San Francisco, California

Delights of Early Fall Shopping

At this season of the year, a progressive store, like the J. C. Penney Company store, is especially interesting and instructive to the housewife. Its presentation of the new things for Autumn wear and home decoration constitutes the first step toward her Fall preparations.

One cannot go through the aisles of this store and fail to appreciate the fact that we have prepared in a very complete way to serve the public so that shopping for Fall days is to be attended with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction.

Your early inspection of our new Fall displays is cordially invited.



322 University Ave.

Palo Alto

STUDENTS---

We have everything you need for your room.

And whether it is a single article or a large "order" for the "House" the same service goes with it. We are not satisfied unless you are.

SOME SUGGESTIONS

RUGS	BEDS	BLANKETS	LINOLEUM
CARPETS	MATTRESSES	EASY CHAIRS	STUDY TABLES
DRESSERS	CHIFFONIERS	DESKS	WINDOW SHADES

Palo Alto Furniture Co.

University Ave., at Bryant Street

Phone 12

An encounter at the lunch counter of an overcoat exchange, showing what true philosophers Americans really are:

"Hi, Bill, howsa old straw hat?"
 "Well, if it ain't Jim himself."
 "Puttin' on the old groceries, huh?"
 "Yeah, th' old groceries, th' old nosebag."
 "Yeah, th' old nosebag."
 "Yeah. Well, ya gotta eat to live."
 "Uhuh, ya gotta."
 "Yeah, an' ya gotta live to eat, haha."
 "Uhuh, haha, ya gotta eat to live and ya gotta live to eat."
 "Yeah. Th's my Ph'losophy."
 "Yap, th's a good Ph'losophy, awright."
 "Yeah, everyone's gotta have a Ph'losophy a somekind, an' that's mine."
 "Yeah, th's a good one, guess th's mine, too."
 "Yeah."
 "Yeah."—*Phoenix.*

"Frances," asked her mother, "was that young man smoking in there last night?"

"No, why?"
 "Well, I saw some matches in there on the floor."
 "Oh, that's just where he struck some matches to see what time it was."—*Mugwump.*

Famous watering places:

1. Coney Island.
2. The hydrant.
3. Grandfather's well.
4. Our old oaken bucket.
5. Deauville.
6. The tub in the barn-lot.—*Malteaser.*

The Home of Thoughtful Printing

Slonaker's PRINTING House

Clifton S. Slonaker, ex-'22

POST OFFICE BUILDING

Phone PA 387-R

225 Hamilton Avenue

"Do you ever leave a dance before the last gun is fired?"
 "Yes; usually after the last stag's shot."—*Record.*

NEIGH, NEIGH, OLD CHAPPY

No, Ethelbert, you can't make a slow horse fast by not feeding him.—*Sun Dial.*

The watchman in the graveyard approached a figure lying in the grass of the cemetery. He kicked the tramp, who woke up with an injured air.

"What are you doing?" yelled the guardian of the dead.
 "Playing dead," answered the weary traveler. "When I am in Rome I do as the Romans do."—*Stone Mill.*

Friend—How many runs did they get off of you in the first inning?

Pitcher—Only six.
 "And in the second?"
 "Eight."
 "And the third?"
 "Aw, in the third I blew up and went all to pieces."
 —*Chicago Phoenix.*

RESEARCH

Willie (who got a microscope for Christmas)—Say, cook, lend me a flea, will you?—*Boston Transcript.*

"He looks like a musical sort of fish."
 "Yes, he's a piano tuna."—*Penn State Froth.*

"I bought this kimona at your sale and it's shrunk terribly."
 "Naturally, madam—it's a violet design."—*Judge.*

Fred H. Smith



Rented-- TYPEWRITERS --Sold

WM. O. HORABIN

Coal and Wood

Removed to 526 Bryant St.

Phones 59 and 60

C. M. Spencer, Prop.

Telephone S. J. 3350

The Wonder Millinery

Hat, Flower and Feather STORE

108-110 South First Street 16 East San Fernando Street

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Special Sale

on Fall and Winter Suits

\$40 and up

Tailor-Made Cords - - \$5.25

THE VARSITY

TAILORS and CLEANERS

12 Encina Hall
 Stanford University

Phone 1442W

For the Student:

Waterman Pens : Drawing Instruments
 The Finest Stationery
 Engraving and Art Goods



HYDE'S Bookstore

370 Univ. Ave.
 P. A. 2024-W

Liking works both ways

That's why Stanford men like the Fielding Hotel—because we like you, too.

Make the Fielding headquarters for week-ends away from the grind.

On Geary Street at Mason, easy to get to, and right down town convenient to the shops and theaters.

Every room with bath. Rates \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Hotel Fielding

San Francisco

DUDFIELD LUMBER COMPANY

PALO ALTO, CALIF.

Everything in the Building Line

FULL MILL BIDS A SPECIALTY

See Us About a Home

PHONES:

Office & Yd. P.A. 21 Planning Mill P.A. 225

The Stanford Chaparral

SAVE THE SURFACE

The color blooms on woman's cheek,
For less than fifteen cents a week;
But for a man, as price now goes,
It costs a lot to paint a nose.

—Hardware World.

A hobo of wondrous physique
Took an awful hard clobber on the bique.
His frame hit the ground,
And he didn't come 'round
To his senses for more than a wique.

—Chicago Phoenix.

Scene: A cold winter day of 1619. A tepee in the woods above Plymouth rock. A couple of Noble Red-Skins are gossiping over their pipes.

N. R. S. No. 1—It seems, O brother, that I see a sail peeping over the eastern waters like the rising sun.

N. R. S. No. 2—Not so, my friend; it is not yet time.

No. 1—And why, O rival of the fox in cunning?

No. 2—'Tis yet winter, and it takes April showers to bring Mayflowers.

—Georgia Cracker.

"Yes, m'dears, the lace on this gown is forty years old."

"You don't say! Did you make it yourself?"

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Girl with red lips + chap + taxi = Girl with chapped red lips.—Boston Beanpot.

"Some dawg y' got, Ed."

"Yeah, I never seen a more sneakin', mean, good-fer-nothin' bunch o' mongrel than that purp. Come on, Nordic.—Life.

"Jimmy makes me so angry. He always says that he simply can't help himself—"

"And then what?"

"Then he helps himself."—Yale Record.

"I didn't know you were a local girl!"

"I'm not slow, if that's what you mean."

—Virginia Reel.

Romeo: Yuh know, Slim, my ancestors come over here on a Mayflower.

Slim: Yeah? Mine couldn't come, they hada go to Jul'us Caesar's funeral.

—Chi Phoenix.

'26—How much is 12 times 14?

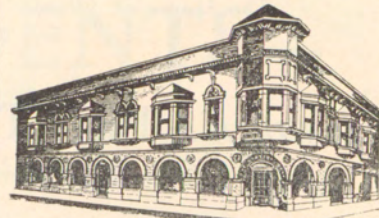
'27 (somewhat cagey)—168. Can't you do that?

'26—Certainly in time, but fools multiply rapidly.—Middlebury Blue Baboon.

"Here! What do you mean by feeding that kid yeast cake?"

"Oh, he just swallowed fifty cents of mine and I'm trying to raise the dough."

—Wisconsin Octopus.



HEAD OFFICE--PALO ALTO
151 University Avenue

IT IS THE POLICY
OF OUR MANAGEMENT
TO GIVE COURTEOUS
REGARD FOR THE
WANTS OF EVERY
CUSTOMER.

THE STANFORD BANK
PALO ALTO . . . MAYFIELD

Storage Packing and Shipping

Local and Long Distance
Moving

OFFICE PHONE 90

Palo Alto Transfer and Storage Co.

111 CIRCLE
Palo Alto
California

Furniture

Pianos

Baggage

Style!

the dominant
note in men's
clothes for Fall



Copyright 1924 Hart Schaffner & Marx

This Fall, more than ever before, men are demanding style as well as quality in their suits and overcoats. In the enormous stock that fills all four floors of the Pauson establishment you'll find a wealth of authentic new styles that represent the last word in smart clothes for men. Fine fabrics, splendid tailoring, and a variety of exceptionally attractive colorings.

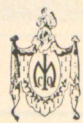
\$45

PAUSON & Co.

Sutter and Kearny

(Founded 1875)

THE HOME OF HART SCHAFFNER & MARX GOOD CLOTHES



WELCOME back to the CAMPUS



TO THOSE of you who know us, all we need say is that we are ready to serve you with complete fall stocks of snappy, smart togs and accessories to add joy to the college day—and perhaps a little romance to the college evening—and to those who don't know us we extend a cordial invitation to come in and get acquainted.

*Our Third Floor Junior
Shop is Dedicated Just
to You!*

I. MAGNIN & CO.

Grant Avenue at Geary
San Francisco

Start Right

Old Hampshire Stationery

is suitable for all social requirements. Its fine texture and beautiful finish give it that air of refinement desired by people of taste.

Your character, your integrity, your self-esteem—these are things that cannot be advertised, but you can suggest them through the stationery you use.

Old Hampshire Stationery conveys all these to your correspondent.

When securing your supplies, don't forget a box of Old Hampshire.

Sold by



FINE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

The event is successful if the
Caterer is

Huber

caterer to particular people

SPECIALIZING ON

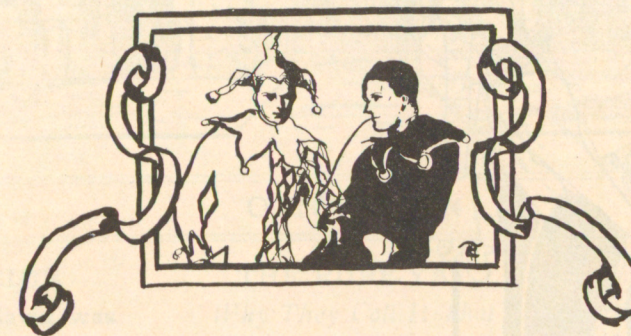
DINNERS
DANCES
BANQUETS

Linens, Silverware, Glassware, Chairs, Tables, Decorations, Etc.
furnished without catering services at reasonable charge

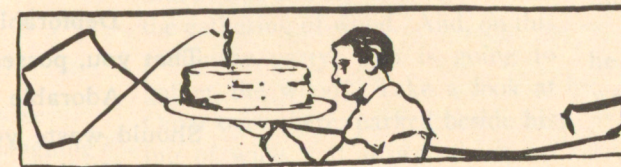
WE FURNISH EVERYTHING BUT THE GUESTS

486 Orchard Street
Phone: San Jose 6013

SAN JOSE
California



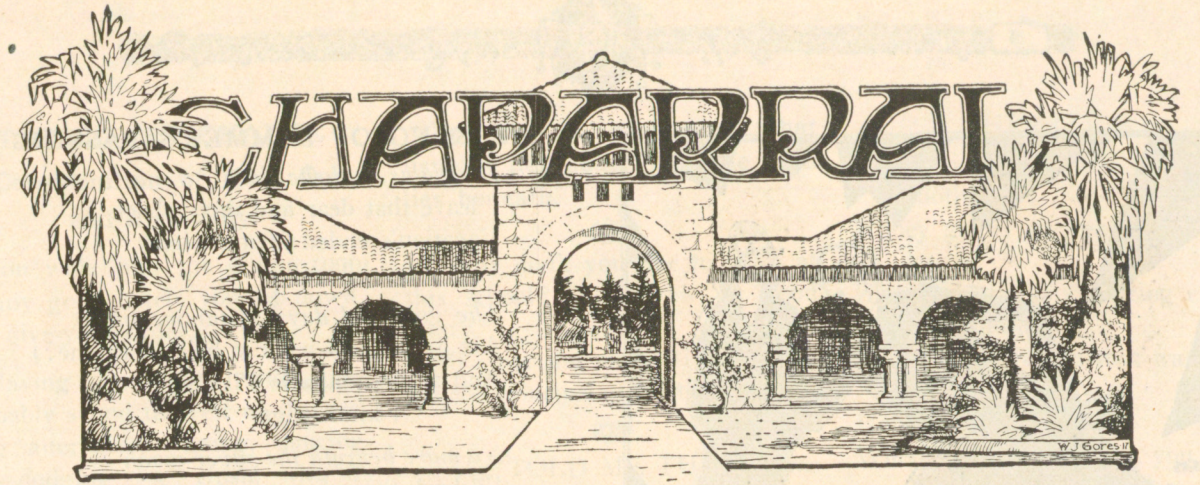
Now come ye gentlemen wax gai & blythe
Reioyce exceeding for that Chappie's lye
ffor tyb & twenty yeres hath now extended
& prai with hym that in hym shall be blended
All witt & virtu in ye yeres to come ☺ ☺
Untill ye Ancient ffellow shall be dumbe
Ye silber Hammer tarnish'd, & ye dust
Upon ye coffin deeplie pyl'd, as must ☺
In goode tyme hap. But for todai, milords,
All merriement & ioy upon ye boards!
So cut thysel a lusty bitt of cake ☺ ☺
& rayse a songg, & all shall merrie make
& maie you know from ffortune's cup ye ioye
That gladdeneth ye heartt of ye Old Boie!





Simon D.

TO A LADY WITH A DOLL
 Fair lady, thriftiness is still an art
 To be esteemed;
 That you are breaking my poor heart
 You never dreamed.
 But such extravagance is yours!
 Deplorable
 That you, possessed of dainty lures
 Adorable
 Should waste your sweetness on a doll,
 While I, poor wight,
 To praise your beauty, sit up all
 The age-long night
 Composing sonnets to your eyes
 And lips and hair
 With not a fleeting glance for prize . . .
 Now, is it fair?



VOL. XXVI

OCTOBER 1924

No. 1

ODE TO HERPICIDE

At early morn, when dawn was
 paling,
 She sought the pool, and o'er the
 limpid crystal
 Combed her soft tresses, watch-
 ing her fair image—
 And so got dandruff in the water
 supply.

Miss Simp—I hear you are a pil-
 lar of the church.

Sunday golfer—No, I'm just a
 flying buttress. I support it from
 the outside.

"Why do they call their baby
 Bill?"

"He was born on the first of the
 month."

"Are you the trained nurse?"
 "Yes."

"Well, let's see some of your
 tricks."

Homo—Thinking about me?

Homoette—Oh, was I laughing?
 Pardon me!

Ode to Dad

They're roasted.
 Or are they toasted?
 They're mild.
 Yes, mild; but they satisfy.
 If you haven't one
 You'll have to go a mile to get some.
 What are they? Well,
 Ask Dad.
 He knows.

THE RUBE-YAT

Why They Call It That

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine,
 and thou—"

Just think that over. At first
 glance it looks like a pretty good
 picnic, doesn't it? You can just see
 shady trees, and fat old Omar, and
 the jug of wine, and you, and the
 idea seems first-rate. Maybe along-
 side the jug are a ginger-ale bottle
 or so, and over by the loaf of bread
 are a few slices of crisp bacon. Yes,
 it's a good party. You are tempted
 to accept Omar's invitation to
 "Smash this sorry scheme of things
 entire," and go picnicking with him,
 leaving the office to take care of
 itself.

But just stop and think this thing
 over a minute. Did you ever see a
 picnic yet where there wasn't a good
 deal of hue and cry and hubbub over
 the gathering of wood. And, on this
 particular party, who is going to
 gather the wood? Take a look at
 Omar over there, parked beside his
 jug of wine, and answer the ques-
 tion yourself. Furthermore, who is
 going to spend the afternoon open-
 ing the pickles? And who is going
 to get scalded making the coffee?
 And who is going to get the neces-
 sary sand in the bacon? Just figure
 it out for yourself.

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine,
 and thou"—it's a good philosophy,
 all right; but as far as I am con-
 cerned old Omar can put the period
 just before the "and."

No, Hortense, a booze hound is
 not necessarily related to the lap
 dog.

"Some friend give you that ci-
 gar?"

"I don't know yet."

Customer (on the telephone)—
 Have you any flesh-colored stock-
 ings?

Hosiery Clerk—Yes, whadda ya
 want, pink, yellow, or black?

Sweet—He's the fastest man on
 the campus.

Sour—Sprinter?

Sweet—Oh, gracious, no.

Kry, Kbaby, Kry

Doctor—Mandy, why does your
 baby cry so every time you bring
 him into my office?

Mandy—Donno, Doctuh, lessen
 he thinks 'at long white coat you
 wears is a Ku Klux Klan regalia.

"Papa, what makes a man al-
 ways give a woman a diamond en-
 gagement ring?"
 "The woman."

DIALOGUE

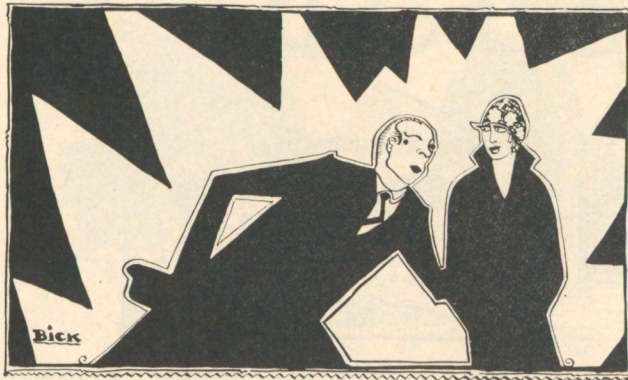
(Sotto Voce)

Paul—Her hair is a mess.

Marie—His tie is crooked.

(Fortissimo)

Chorus—You're looking wonder-
 ful this evening!



"Ooh, there's been a terrible crime committed!"
 "And are you running for the police?"
 "No, not for—because of."

SONG OF SANITATION

(*"Kissing spreads disease"—Accepted scientific fact.*)

The dangers that lurk in the kiss, tra-la,
 Have nothing to do with the face;
 And many a kiss is amiss, tra-la,
 Since microbes may come with the bliss, tra-la,
 And chicken-pox enter the case.
 And chicken-pox enter the case.
 Now, which had a young fellow better avoid,
 The homely-but-pure, or the queen with typhoid?
 Tra-la, la-la-la-la, you laugh, ha-ha-ha-ha,
 But shun the unsterilized kiss;
 And let not your petting prove, tra, la-la-la,
 Bacteriological bliss.

First Brother—I didn't get any asparagus again today.

Second Brother—Well, take a tip from me and keep quiet.

"Here, have a cough drop."
 "Thanks, no; I've already got a cough."

"Well, I guess me brudder's making tracks now, all right."

"Wassamatter—sheriff after him?"
 "Naw—he's woiking in a steel mill."

ACCORDING TO A NEWS item, the "Grand Order of Bananas" has been organized in New York. It is open only to those people who have a sense of humor.

No chapter (or bunch) of the order has as yet been organized here. By Jove, that reminds me of a song—now, how does that fool song go . . . ?

A SONG OF SUMMER'S PASSING

Alas, alas, and eke alack
 I leave that dear and dirty shack;
 Vacation's ended; I must back
 To college.

The good old days of summertime
 Are gone (now what in hell's a rhyme?)
 And to the pinnacle I'll climb
 Of knowledge.

No more beneath the silver moon
 I'll hark the gay mosquito's croon
 Nor feel beneath my pantaloons
 Fleas crawling.

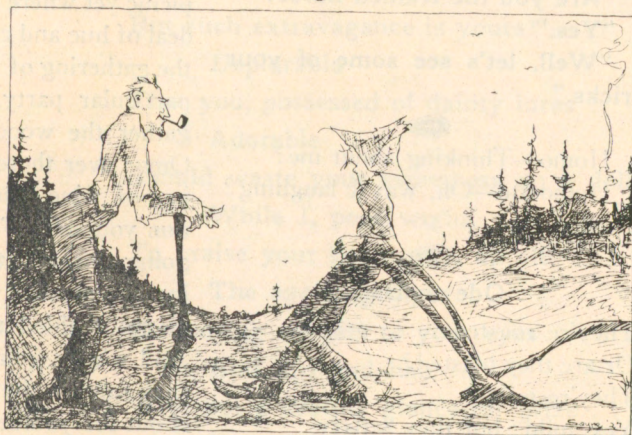
No more upon my legs and such
 To feel the sun's hot, blistering touch
 That, later, is the cause of much
 Loud bawling.

No more go queening, once a week,
 The kitchen maid, whose two hands reek
 Of soap, and onion, and of leek
 From Thursday's dinner.

No more to join in sweaty sport,
 On bumpy greensward to cavort
 And see Jim Smith (the low-down wart)
 Proclaimed the winner.

Vacations come but once a year—
 They really seem nice while they're here;
 And I am filled with royal cheer,
 A carefree rover,

Or so it seems; but now I come
 Bug-bitten, sunburned, back to home;
 And wonder how come me so dumb—
 Thank Gawd, it's over!



Sim—Whut's this yere I heard about you and the Widdy McCracken gettin' hitched?

Slim—Naw, dern it; weddin's postponed a week till she buries that revenoo officer son o' hern I kilt.

THE COVER CHARGE

A Consideration of How Come and Also Why

You walk into the dining-room of any good hotel; you sit down; you give your order.

Having given your order, you probably spend the rest of the evening alternately dining, dancing, and dodging Joe Bush, who is steamed and glad as can be to see you.

Along about twelve-thirty you start negotiating with the waiter for your check. About one o'clock you get it, after going through the successive stages of cordiality, formal politeness, forbearance, and *looking with intent to kill*.

Now, by gosh, we are getting down to the subject of this essay. What is the first item listed on your check? "Cover charge, \$2.00."

Does the term "cover charge" imply that if you didn't pay it you would be served on a coverless table? Then they ought to give you the choice ahead of time. Lots of students, around Big Game Time, for instance, would be really glad to eat off a good clean pine board, if it would save them two bucks.

Does "cover charge" mean that they are charging you for covering you with a roof? But look at the Roof Gardens, and their cover charges. The theory isn't very plausible.

Possibly the term originated in the Wild and equally Woolly West. We've read of people being "covered"—the idea being connected with "six-shooter" and "hold-up"—one bandit keeping you "covered" while the other "robs" you. Now, perhaps, we are getting down to the real origin of the "cover charge." Of course, far be it—but, after all what does it matter whether the bandit who "covers" you wears a napkin over his eyes or over his arm?

Epitaph: A statement that usually lies about the one who lies beneath.

"Why don't you like to teach at this school? You draw a good salary."

"It's not the money I object to. It's the principal of the thing."

SHE TOLD ME THAT I was always in her thoughts. But two hours later, when I asked her what she was thinking about, she said, "Nothing much." So I guess maybe she was stringing me when she said I was always in her thoughts. Or something.

HER CODE

Life is just one darn dance after another.

Money grows on trees, shrubs and lawns.

He should be kept waiting exactly ten minutes.

A true story is one that was never told.

Homely men are brutes.

When your chest heaves, you are in love.

He likes to hear about the other fellow.

Rouge makes one look more natural.

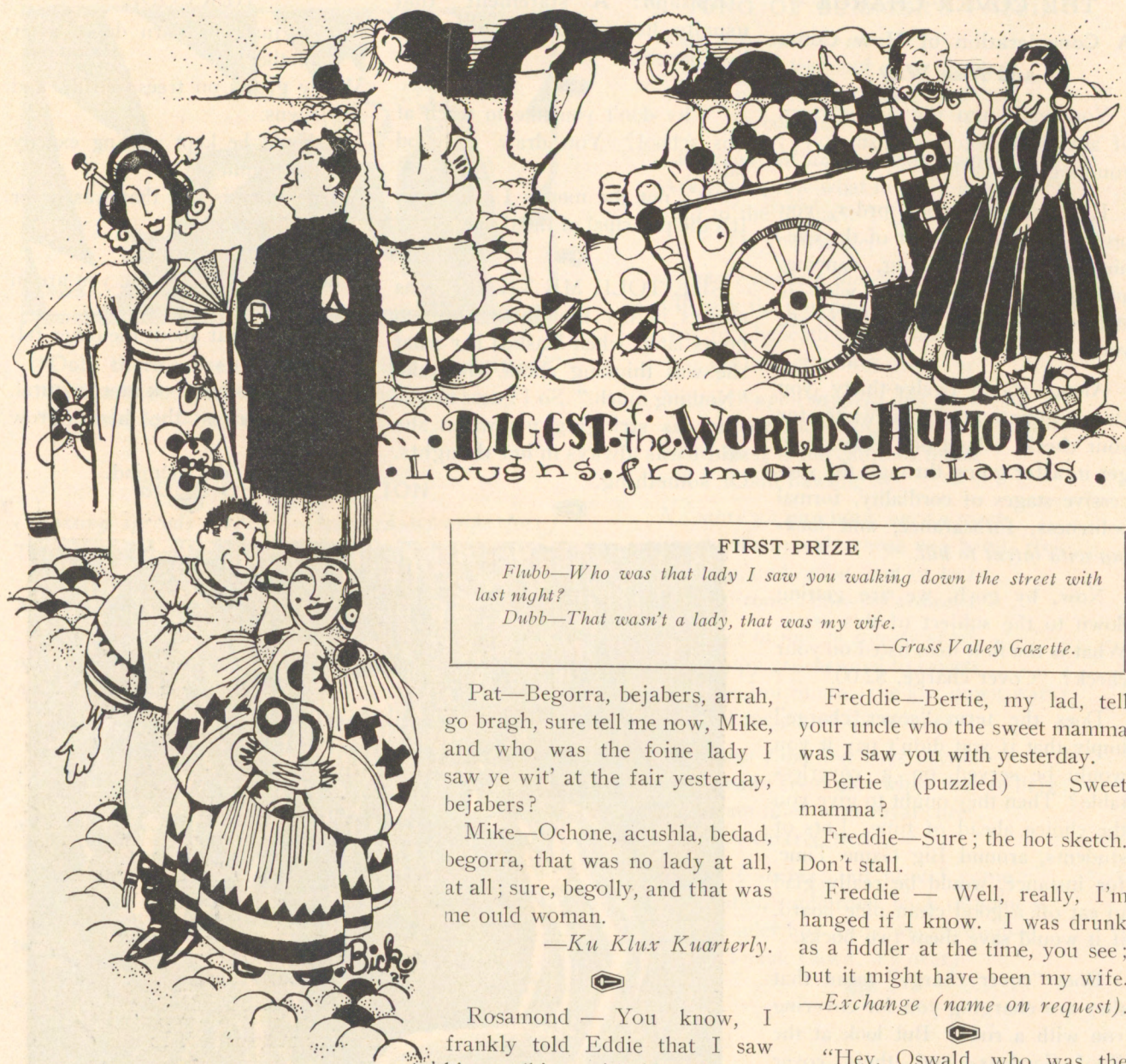
Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Out of sight, out of mind.



Millie—Which do you prefer, an open or a closed car?

Tillie—It doesn't make any difference, I always get mussed up anyway.



DIGEST of the WORLD'S HUMOR.
Laughs from Other Lands.

FIRST PRIZE

Flubb—Who was that lady I saw you walking down the street with last night?

Dubb—That wasn't a lady, that was my wife.

—Grass Valley Gazette.

Pat—Begorra, bejabers, arrah, go brag, sure tell me now, Mike, and who was the foine lady I saw ye wit' at the fair yesterday, bejabers?

Mike—Ochone, acushla, bedad, begorra, that was no lady at all, at all; sure, begolly, and that was me ould woman.

—Ku Klux Kuarterly.

Rosamond — You know, I frankly told Eddie that I saw him walking with his wife last night.

Ethel—Did you, dear? What did he say?
Rosamond — Why, the poor fish denied it absolutely. Said it wasn't his wife at all. Said it was a lady. —Jigfield Jollies.

“Who was that ladle I saw you on the street with yesterday?”

“That wasn't a ladle, that was my knife.”

—Columbia Jester—or somebody

Freddie—Bertie, my lad, tell your uncle who the sweet mamma was I saw you with yesterday.

Bertie (puzzled) — Sweet mamma?

Freddie—Sure; the hot sketch. Don't stall.

Freddie — Well, really, I'm hanged if I know. I was drunk as a fiddler at the time, you see; but it might have been my wife.

—Exchange (name on request).

“Hey, Oswald, who was the swell skirt I seen you wit' on the street last night?”

“G'wan, you ham, dat wasn't no street, dat was an alley.”

—Bowery Bugle.

Mother — Now, no secrets, mind. Who was that lady you were out with yesterday?

Eddie (who sees his week's allowance go glimmering) —

“Why, mother dear, that was no lady. That was Aunt Emma's second cousin.”

—Vermouth's Companion.

In Merrie England

Lady Peggy Blitheringwell (who has run down to spend a week-end with Lord and Lady Toshington)—I say, Bertie, old thing, who was that stunning little creature I saw you with on the Strand yesterday?

Bertie (who is a bit fed up with Shropshire in Devon and has just made up his mind to run up to London and all that sort of tosh)—But I say, Peggy, old thing, that wasn't a stunning little creature. That was the missus!

—Judge (who should know better)



PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS houses arouse suspicion by pulling down the shades.

“I dreamed I was dead last night.”

“Well?”

“And when I woke up the steam heat was still on.”

WE KNOW A GUY that is so humorous he almost caused a girl's death. She got tangled up in his line and darn near strangled, heh, heh.

“I can't see a thing.”

“Blinded, by jings!”

“Naw; ain't nothin' to see.”

No, Fatima, not all designers of evening gowns and bathing suits come from Missouri. Appearances are often deceiving, however, and your mistake was a natural one under the circumstances.

Pish—I can't see my hand in front of my face.

Tush—Good heavens, whazza-matter?

Pish—'Tisn't there, fool.

THE OLD SOAK'S OUTLINE OF HISTORY

William Tell

William Tell, the mountain archer,

Who is now completely dead—
Introduced a new departure—
Taught his son to use his head.

On the flaxen thatch of Junior William poised that fruit so ripe—

“Hold it, Jun, or Ma will croon your Obsequies, if tripe is tripe.”

“Applesauce,” young Bill responded.

“That's a promise,” Papa said, And his arrow (zip!) absconded, Leaving Junior bare of head.

Quite unscathed by Papa's arrow, Jun stopped one from Cupid's bow;

But, pensive is his wedded sorrow,

He wishes Papa's had been low.

Lotta—My nerve is just at the breaking point.
Crust—Let 'er break! You've got plenty more!

Limb of the Law—Yer pinched for speeding!
Sweet Young Thing—Why, officer, you can't arrest me. This isn't my car, and I haven't any operator's license!

Helen—What do people want most to know?
Bill—Things that are none of their business.

“I would like a nice crisp roll,” said the young lady in the cafe.

“Don't look at me,” said her escort, “all I've got is a two-dollar bill.”

Hot—Your snails are fresher than usual lately.
Dog—Yeah, they're moving more rapidly now.



CANNED BEEF

CHAPPIE'S FASHION NOTES

G. W. '27

According to our London and Paris correspondents, whose reports are verified by our Reno co-respondents, trousers will be worn this season by the well-dressed man, he whom the French delight in calling the *elite* of the *beau monde*.

In Pawtucket, too, trousers continue to remain in high favor with men who are *au fait*; their extreme popularity for fall wear in England was effectively demonstrated when our correspondent saw Lord Helpus wearing a pair at the Ascot races last Tuesday week, the day it rained so between two and four, but cleared off nicely before the dinner hour. As usual, the Prince, whom his friends affectionately term "Davey," or Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, etc., for short, has set the pace in this fashion which has proved so popular.

Trousers, it is rumored, will be quite full this season; that is, they will be worn on the person, and not carried about empty, or thrown over the arm in a jaunty, careless fashion. This latter habit, however comfortable it may be, is still regarded as eccentric in all but the most Bohemian circles, although a number of old clothes men have been known to display the mode, carrying one or more pairs of the nether garments through the streets.

The width of the trousers about the ankle continues to increase, and those who pride themselves on being truly up-to-date are having the trains made longer. This is possible through the use of a device put out by the Bon Ton Elite Shoppe, General Merchandise and Rubber Boots. The affair closely resembles a roller skate; they come in pairs, and one is fastened

under each train attached to the trouser leg, keeping it clear of the street and avoiding wear and tear on what was known as the cuff before present styles came in. A small bumper on the heel of the shoe prevents injury when the wearer goes downhill. The devices come in mauve, orange, purple, and maroon. (\$5 F. O. B. Ashtabula.)

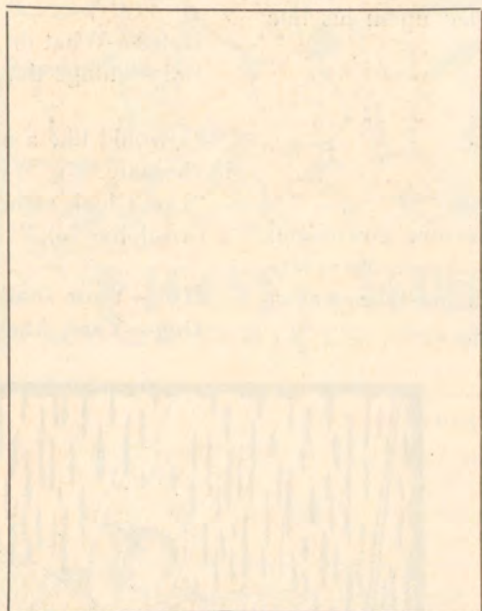
Careful Carelessness continues to be the keynote of men's styles; one means of securing this effect is the wearing of the popular opera or plug hat which has been crushed by a steam roller. When worn with trousers that have large holes in the knees, the result is most startling, and it creates the atmosphere of *deshabille en grand tenue* most satisfactorily.

In regard to milady's wardrobe, it is reported that evening gowns will be shorter skirted and more decidedly décolletée, although other authorities state that pajamas are increasing in popularity for evening wear.

Shoes will be an important part of every feminine outfit, although there is a growing laxity in this regard; one hears that some of the more daring misses of the younger set even step into the bath with their feet wholly unclad. Our correspondent was unable to verify this rumor.

Babies' wear will remain practically the same this season as it has been for the past few years, although there will probably be a few changes from day to day.

Uniforms will be very widely worn in the army, and perhaps in the navy, this fall. Full dress will continue in popularity with movie shieks, head waiters, and the young men in certain advertisements.



Here our artist shows one of the most pleasing sport creations for the coming winter. Pure white coat and knickers, with shoes hat and mittens to match. In the picture the outfit is shown as worn by an albino lady in a snowstorm.

POSTLUDE

Maidie met me at the gate,
Eyes a-drooping wistfully.
All things come to those who
wait;
Maidie met me at the gate.

Something warned me of my fate,
And my heart went pit-a-pat.
(It's been doing that of late;
Doctor says I'm overweight.)

Maidie met me at the gate,—
Lips were pouted temptingly.
'Twas no time to hesitate. . . .
What I got was not the gate.
—C. D. H.

ANGELINE SAYS—

All work and no play never made a great dramatist.

Open confession is good for the soul; but it's not so good for the reputation.

One of the visionary Econ. esthetes said that supply tends to equal demand. Now if he only knew the way my father answers an S. O. S. for cash. . . .

A law major very much "on the Row" assured me that possession was nine points of the law. That boy will never see his pretty jeweled pin again.

Hali—Is she a good dancer?

Tosis—Well, not scrupulously.

LOW BRIDGE

Hearts—And what did they do with that girl who was shot for trumping her partner's ace?

Trumps—They buried her with simple honors.

He—Your cousin refused to recognize me at the hop last night. Thinks I'm not his equal, I suppose.

She—Ridiculous! Of course you are. Why, he is nothing but a conceited idiot.



"Why did you give up pipe-organ lessons?"
"I felt so blooming childish, playing with my feet."

A NEWSPAPER GUY THAT THINKS he's an optimist says that he's glad flies aren't as big as elephants. I'm not. If flies were as big as elephants, think how much easier it would be to hit them. (Bang!) Missed him again, the little son-of-a-gun.

HOW TO FIND THE LIGHT IN A DARK ROOM

1. Blink eyes rapidly several times in order to become accustomed to the dark; then walk straight to the opposite side of the room, upsetting as little furniture as possible under the circumstances.
2. Turn at right angles and walk half the number of paces back. You should now be reasonably near the center of the room.
3. Repeat previous operations.
4. Raise right arm and describe a circular motion overhead.
5. Repeat with other arm when right becomes tired. Then use both simultaneously.
6. Cheer up; morning will come eventually.

The Flight That Failed

Little Willie drove his airplane
Right into a fleecy cloud;
Then the old propeller busted—
Gently dropped him 'mongst the crowd.

Willie's mother standing watching
Said with such a knowing frown,
"In everything that Willie's tackled
He has always fallen down."

Biblical Professor—And what does the "fatted calf" signify to you?

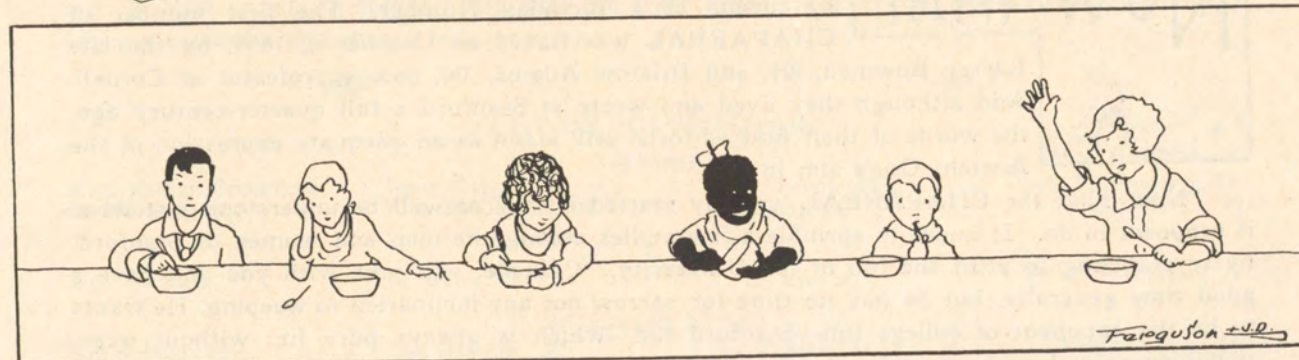
Caloric Co-Ed—The need to diet.

Pater—How do you expect to support my daughter? Why, a hundred dollars a month won't even pay the rent.

Percy—My dear sir! Surely you won't charge Dulcinda and me rent?

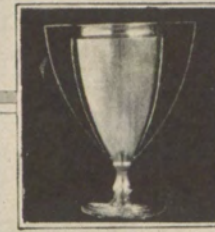
WOULD IT BE ENTIRELY proper to call the shoemaker's wife a sole mate?

"The party is on me," murmured the driver of the wrecked taxi as he crawled out from under his passenger.



A MUSHY LINE

INDIVIDUAL LITERARY TROPHY
 JUDGE'S COLLEGE WITS CONTEST
 WON 1924 BY CARL SHOUP, '24



INDIVIDUAL LITERARY TROPHY
 JUDGE'S COLLEGE WITS CONTEST
 WON 1923 BY NORTHCUTT ELY, '24

TROPHY CUP
 JUDGE'S COLLEGE WITS CONTEST
 WON BY CHAPARRAL 1923



WARREN F. LEWIS, '21
 VOLUME XXIV



B.C. WOHLFORD, '18
 VOLUMES XIX AND XXI



HAROLD LEVY, '16
 VOLUME XXVII



MAURICE DOOLING JR., '11
 VOLUME XIV



BRUCE BLIVEN, '11
 VOLUME XII



BRISTOW ADAMS '00
 FOUNDER OF CHAPARRAL
 1899. VOLUMES I AND II



GEOFFREY MORGAN, '10
 VOLUME XI



DUG FERRY, '09
 VOLUME X



D.H. CLIFT, '07
 VOLUME VIII



D.M. REYNOLDS, '05
 VOLUME VI



RALPH RENAUD, '03
 VOLUME III



NORTHCUTT ELY, '24
 VOLUME XXV



THE HAMMER,
 CHAPARRAL CHAPTER, HAMMER AND COFFIN SOCIETY
 ESTABLISHED 1906



CHAPARRAL
 COVER
 1924



TOM CARSHADON, '22
 VOLUME XXIII



A.J. HARZFELD, '20
 VOLUME XXII



LES LEVY, '19
 VOLUME XX



LANSING WARREN, '17
 VOLUME XVIII



MILT. HAGAN, '15
 VOLUME XVI



LES SUMMERFIELD, '12
 VOLUMES XIII AND XV



EDWIN, MATTHIAS, '11
 VOLUME XII



HIRAM FISK, '09
 VOLUME XI



EARL J. HADLEY, '08
 VOLUME IX



MORRIS OPPENHEIM, '05
 VOLUME VII



I.K. RUSSELL, '04
 VOLUMES IV AND V



CHAPARRAL
 COVER
 1915



CHAPARRAL
 COVER
 1899

Chappie's Birthday Page

PRESENTING THE OLD BOYS OLD BOYS OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY



"Of course, you can't believe all you hear."

"No, but you can repeat it."

Cook—The cheese has run out, ma'am.

Housewife—I told you to keep it shut up.

Bud—Gee, kid, where did you get the black eye?

Dud—Aw, I was chasing the new kid next door and I caught him.

Klaxon college loses hurdles, and drops track meet when no more can be found.

"What'd your boy Henry learn down at that there un-i-versity, Hank?"

"Wall, sir, he let on that he'd learned team work; but I'll be gosh-durned if he's any better at skinnin' them-air mules than he wuz when he went away.

Sammy—Pa joined the K. K. K. last week and ma doesn't like him to be seen with them.

Jimmy—Hod do yah know that?

Sammy—She said this morning that if he ever came home again with three sheets in the wind, she'd massage him with a stove-lid.

Bored pupil near end of class time—O Bell! Where is your ring.

Bill—Let's get something to eat. Lil—I'm not hungry.

Bill—Well, I'm broke, too.

BEAUTY DEPARTMENT

To Fit Milady for the Coming Season

Fall is here again and from the mountains and beaches the "young ladies of fashion" are flocking back to the "college halls." But alas! Attendant to "fall" is the sunburned "neck" and freckled nose, flaws in milady's beauty. However, the "debutante" need not despair of ever again possessing a "skin you love to touch," if she will but follow some of my "helpful home remedies" for beautification.

For the "well-freckled nose" I have a simple and painless little "treatment." After washing the "nose" in carbolic acid, scrape it gently with a "razor" or "pen-knife." Use a slow downward movement. Continue this process until about half an inch of "epidermis" has been removed. The surface of the "nose" ought now to be a trifle "rough." By rubbing the flesh with either sandpaper or a "nail" file, a smooth raw appearance may soon be obtained. However, if the "bleeding" of the "skin" becomes annoying, smother the "nose" in a can of "axle grease" for several days. After removing the "can" at the end of the third day, milady will find the freckles gone, the "skin" removed, and her beauty extinguished.

For a sunburned "neck," wash the "neck" well in "kerosene." Next singe off any surplus "hairs" by use of an "acetylene flame." The skin is now "smooth" and ready for treatment. Mix thoroughly in a "galvanized" sprinkling "can" one bottle of sulphuric acid, one cup of "mange" cure, and a pinch of "ice-cream salt." Heat mixture "slowly" and when it has reached the "boiling point," dip the "neck" in the solution. Allow "neck" to soak several minutes and then wring it well. The "neck" should by then appear quite "limp and lifeless," and milady should find herself a "fit" illustration of "before and after taking."

Then the Fun Began

'25—'Lo.

'28—'Lo yourself and see how you like it.

"Well, how was the party last night?"

"Pretty good, only nobody had a sense of humor."

"Huh?"

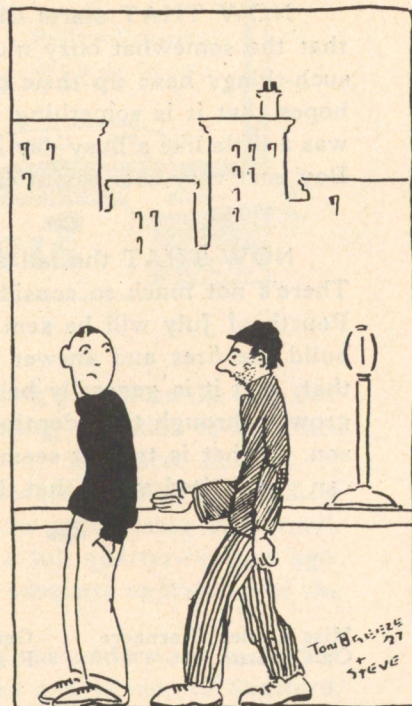
"They all took the pass-out checks literally."

High Brown—What yo'-all mean, yo' got a speakin' acquaintance with Judge White?

Low Brown—Why, quite frequent I says to him, "Good mawnin,' Jedge," and jes' as frequent he says to me, "Ten days!"

Professor—In 1610 the Indians sold Manhattan Island for a keg of whiskey.

Voice from the Rear—Let's trade back.



Hobo—Kind sir, have you a quarter to spare for a poor man?

Student—Go on across the street—I'm working this side!

CRUELTY TO OLIVES

In Which Chappie Presents Another Needed Reform

Consider the olive.

Rather, consider the two olives. Olives went into the ark by twos, and have since continued the march. One olive is possible, but highly improbable, like one fried egg. Now, then, these two olives are found on the edge of lettuce salads beside stuffed tomatoes and on top of cheese sandwiches. You have seen them, many times. Wherever you dine (except in the poorest places—and we don't talk about them, do we?) you will see the little dears perched in the shade of the omnipresent lettuce. Day in and day out, for years and years and years, olives have been used so. Always there are two olives; and it is suspected that they are always the same olives, for they are never eaten. One would as soon think of eating the lampshade or the spot of grease on the waiter's apron or any other fixture.

Now, supposing the name of one olive is Gertrude and the name of the other is Ethel. Consider their

history. They are used to leering or inquisitive glances, and do not care in the least what is said about them. Years ago Gertrude and Ethel grew, oh, so happily, on a tree which has been cultivated from antiquity throughout Asia Minor and Southern Europe, as the encyclopedia so charmingly puts it. Came a day when the olives were plucked from their stems. Then—oh, shame!—in order that Gertrude and Ethel might be willing to take their place in the gay restaurant life of our city, they were—pickled!

Olives are brainless creatures at best, and when pickled are even more so. Gertrude and Ethel, thoroughly soused, became cabaret entertainers. Their part was to entertain the lettuce, or the stuffed tomato, or the cheese sandwich. The last, if the truth were known, is not infrequently a vulgar fellow. . . .

Night life has left its mark on Gertrude and Ethel. Once they were shapely, well-rounded; but now little wrinkles are beginning to appear. It is age creeping on—age, and the inescapable result of the life they lead. Dissipation has left its mark. Soon they will be too wrinkled and ugly even for the cheese sandwiches; and no man will make them his own. They will be sent to the scrapheap of discarded olive hopes.

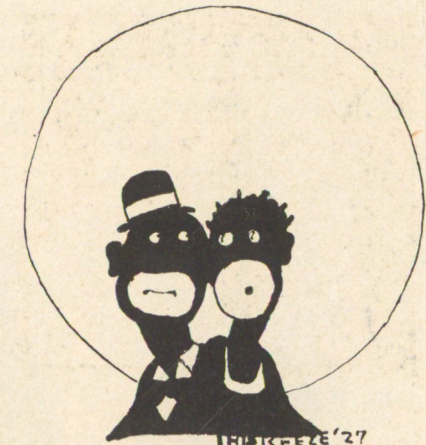
"Oh," cry Gertrude and Ethel, "would that we were back on the tree that has been cultivated from antiquity throughout Asia Minor and Southern Europe!"

Although an olive will stand repeated trips from the chef to the table, it should not be imposed upon. Gertrude and Ethel do not complain. Indeed, their continued silence is remarkable. But it is high time that they were shown compassion. Friends, let us substitute rubber olives.

—C. D. H.



Running Around with an Old Rake



Love in the Dark

Persian—Your hat's very becoming to you, dear.

Maltese—These new styles almost cover one's face.

Persian—Your hat is awfully becoming to you, dear!

Perfect Creation

"Arthur's rather conceited, isn't he?"

"Yes; it's another case of Art for Art's sake."

"Fader, I been ofer drawing."

"Vad? You oferdraw your bank account again?"

"No, fader; I been ofer drawing in the engineering building."

"The good die young," quoth the Nice Old Man.

"Which explains," retorted the Bright Young Feller, "why New Year's resolutions fade so quickly."

He (with great ardor)—I'm in love with the most beautiful girl in the world.

Her Roommate—I'm sorry, Phil, but I could never marry you.

"Hey, has you ever been to the beach?"

"Sure I has; it's an orful fake."

"Whatcha mean, fake?"

"Nothin' there but a lot of water."

The Stanford Chaparral

VOL. XXVI OCTOBER 1924 No. 1

The Chappies

DAVID LAMSON, '25 <i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	ARTHUR DUNCOMBE, '26 <i>Business Manager</i>
KENNETH FERGUSON, '25 <i>Art Editor</i>	JAMES R. BULLOCK, '25 <i>Treasurer</i>

<i>Associate Editors</i>	<i>Associate Art Editors</i>
ART TOWNSEND, '21	JIM CLARK, '23
GRINNY COWING, '22	NIP McHOSE, '24
RAY LAW, '23	HAP KENNEDY, '24
NORTH CUTT ELY, '24	JUILLIARD McDONALD, '25
PHIL NEWELL, '24	
LEE SANDBERG, '24	
ART BRAGG, '24	
HAL RORKE, '24	
BILL WRIGHT, '25	
BILL IRWIN, '24	<i>Honorary</i>
PHIL BIDDISON, '25	JANICE DUNKER,
HERB HOOVER, '25	DELLA TAYLOR,
HARRY NOLAND, '25	ELIZABETH ROPER,
FRED MUHS, '26	JIMMY SWINNERTON.

COPYRIGHT 1924

Published nine times during the college year by the Chaparral Publishing Company of Stanford University, under the auspices of The Hammer and Coffin Society.
Subscription \$2.00 per year. Single copies 30 cents.
Address all communications to Box 15, Stanford University, California.
Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1905, at the Postoffice at Stanford University, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1870.

ESTABLISHED BY B. ADAMS '00 OCT 5 1899

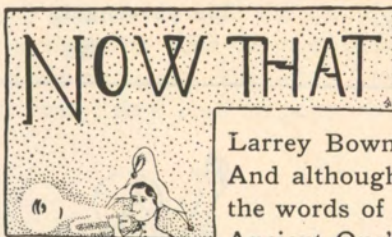
ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

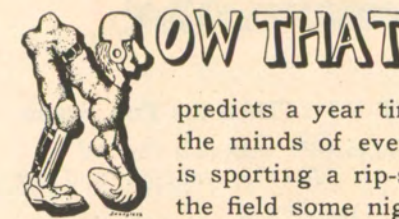
REFLECTIONS

R. WENZEL 1924



twenty-five years have gone whooping past since the Old Boy first saw the light of day, he is calling attention to that fact by means of a Birthday Number. The first number of CHAPARRAL was issued on October 5, 1899, by the late Larrey Bowman, '01, and Bristow Adams, '00, now a professor at Cornell. And although they lived and wrote at Stanford a full quarter-century ago, the words of their first editorial still stand as an adequate expression of the Ancient One's aim in life:

"Now That the CHAPARRAL is fairly started it may as well be understood just what it proposes to do. It hopes to sprinkle a few smiles among the men and women of Stanford, by crystallizing in print the fun of the University. 'Chappie' will joke with you and have a good time generally, but he has no time for sorrow nor any inclination to weeping. He wants to be the exponent of college fun—Stanford fun—which is always pure fun without questionableness and without malice."



we all are here again, and isn't it nice, to be sure, Chappie announces in clarion tones a new year for Stanford. And dipping into the future far as human eye can see, Chappie predicts a year tinged a violent and apoplectic Cardinal. First and foremost in the minds of everyone, the football team. If you don't believe that the Farm is sporting a rip-snorting gang of bear-eating huskies, worm your way down to the field some night and watch Pop's gang of assorted man-mountains champ-ing, as it were, at the bit. If you do believe that Stanford is ready to go, trot down and take a look anyway. It's good for you, and it shows the team that if you were cut you'd bleed blood, and not sour milk. In the meantime, Hello, everybody, and Chappie's dam glad to see you, and hooray for our side! And thus, with a final admonition to the frosh to hop aboard the cruiser, the Old Boy makes his usual initial bow.



the returning student has observed a number of changes in the landscape around these diggings, Chappie nails the chance to make a few remarks apropos of the spirit of eternal change and progress. The new addition to the gymnasium impresses the Old Boy as pretty Hot Stuff. The old gym was fine when it was built; but the number of male beings on this, now, campus has about doubled since that time. With the building of the new wings, the days of combing Bill's hair while Stew put your shoe on Hank's foot are, as they say, gone forever. Also, Chappie rises languidly to remark on the oval patches of sediment at the other end of Palm Drive from Palo Alto. Just at present these plots look like the south forty just after Hank finished up with the disc and harrow. The Old One takes great pleasure in announcing that they will not be left so, but that various blades of grass and pieces of wood will be induced to sprout. And finally, those who were not here this summer missed the five acres of fish in Searsville. Searsville, Chappie states with pardonable pride, is as dry as the Sahara, or even our ownest own Lagunita. Yeah, Poster Fight!

NOW THAT starts Chappie off on another angle. It is the Ancient One's sturdy belief that the somewhat oozy mud fight was not so good. Just what whoever-it-is-that-arranges-such-things have up their collective sleeve for the present year is not known, but Chappie hopes that it is something more appealing than a mud fight. The scene in Lagunita last year was a little like a busy day in a beauty parlor and a little like a political campaign; and the Old Boy isn't very keen about either one.

NOW THAT the fall and the frosh are upon us, let us consider the Rushing Problem. There's not much to consider—it's all settled. Anyone seen talking to a freshman before next Fourth of July will be sent to bed without any dessert. Meanwhile, the sophomores will build the fires and answer phones. Well, well, far be it from Chappie to get excited about that. But it is generally believed that the movement for the abolition of sororities had its growth through the adoption of the long rushing season—or, more exactly, non-rushing season. If that is true, it seems likely that the fraternities are following the same path—and you can get excited about that if you want to.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

- | | | | |
|--|---|---------------------------------------|--|
| <i>Literary</i> | | | |
| Miss Esther Greenacre
Oz Osborne, '23 | Gene Colgan, '23
F. A. McDermid, '25 | Pete Owens, '26
B. Adams, '25 | Greg Williamson, '27
Sid Meeks, '27 |
| <i>Art</i> | | | |
| Stan Wheate, '25 | M. Reiss, '26 | T. H. Breeze, '27 | H. C. Bickerton, '27 |
| <i>BUSINESS STAFF</i> | | | |
| Bob Bolman, '27
Jack De Fries, '27 | Dan Hastings, '27
Bob Gandie, '27 | Jim Watson, '27
Harry Bennett, '27 | Frank Conroy, '27 |

The YALE RECORD

Founded A. D. 1872

Modern movies, like an automobile, never stop without throwing in the clutch.

"Jack said he could marry any girl he pleases."

"Yes; but could he ever please one?"

Surgeon—I understand your anxiety; your case is very puzzling. In fact, I won't understand it myself until after the post-mortem.

Some Horse

"Don't be afraid of him. He's as gentle as a woman!"

"Er—thanks. I guess I won't ride this morning!"

Young Bragger—My grandfather built the Rocky Mountains.

Unsympathetic Listener—Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it.

According to tradition and mastheads, there are four college comics in the United States older than the Ancient One. Hence Chappie, by way of a graceful bow to his seniors, is herewith reproducing representative work from each of the four, with the pointed reminder that comparisons are always odious.

On the left, Ladeez 'an Gent-m'n, the Yale Record, founded in 1872 and 42 years old this year. The Dean of the College Comics. Next in order is the Harvard Lampoon, appearing four years later. Please read carefully from top to bottom and from left to right.

Harvard Lampoon

HE WHO GETS KILLED

ACT I AND ONLY

CANDIDATE SMIT

Characters: FIRST PEST

SECOND PEST

Enter Candidate Smit, whistling and smiling occasionally—on left.

Enter First Pest, whistling and smiling occasionally—on right.

F. P. (cordially): Hullo, Charley! C. S. (also cordially): Well, well, Freddy! How's everything?

F. P.: Hear you're writing for the LAMPOON. 'S good stuff. Mus' be hard thinkin' up ideas. Now I heard some real good stories yistiddy.

C. S. (politely): Well, now, that's fine, Freddy; but it's supposed to be our own work, and (with a sudden brilliant idea) besides, what I know of your jokes wouldn't be fit to print.

F. P.: Well, most of them are aboveboard. Now listen to this one.

First Man: I like the Scotch.

Second Man: I prefer rye.

C. S.: (laughs feebly): Ho! Ho! (searches for an excuse). Well, I'll take it, Freddy. Thank you very much. Of course, they may not print it, but it's very good. "I prefer rye." Heh! Heh!

C. S.: Well, I got to be going. S' long, Freddy.

F. P.: S' long, Charley. (Exit Freddy.)

Enter Second Pest, smiling visibly

S. P.: Well, how are you, Charley? Hear you've been writing for the LAMPOON. How's it going? Kinda hard to think up ideas?

C. S. (anticipating what is about to come): No, it's pretty easy, Bob.

S. P.: I heard a wonderful story the other day I think you can use.

C. S.: Well, now, that's fine, Bob. (Groans within and eyes gin bottle on table with scheme forming in back of mind.) What is your story?

S. P.: You'd really like to hear it? Well, here it is.

First Man: Who was that lady I seen you walking with last night?

Second Man: That wasn't no lady—that was my wife.

What do you think of that? Pretty funny, eh? Ha! Ha!

(Smile freezes on face. Sound of tinkling glass. Thud of falling body. Silence.)

CURTAIN



"By gosh, that farmer did tell us we'd find a fork in the road down here about two miles!"



Whitman's

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED

A very special appeal to the taste of those who want the best nut meats the markets of the world afford, combined with chocolate of Whitman's Super Extra Quality.

There are no combination centers in this package—nothing but nuts, whole nut meats thickly coated with delicious chocolate.

We believe the kinds are assorted to appeal to most tastes. We know that the package is a first favorite with many good judges of fine confections, and its popularity has increased steadily for many years.

Nuts Chocolate Covered is one of Whitman's Quality Group of special candy assortments for discriminating lovers of sweets.

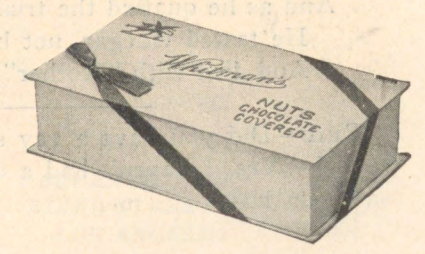
This package has a special Hallowe'en wrapper for that holiday.

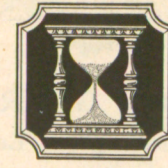
All Whitman's chocolates are sold only by selected stores in every neighborhood that are chosen as agents for the sale of Whitman's. Every agency receives frequent fresh supplies direct. Every package of Whitman's is guaranteed to be fresh and to give complete satisfaction.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

- Medal Pharmacy, Cor. Mason and Geary, San Francisco
- Royal Pharmacy, 700 Sutter St., San Francisco
- Polk Pharmacy, 1201 Sutter St., San Francisco
- Lloyd Drug Co., 1764 Hyde St., San Francisco
- Theo Drug Co., 686 Golden Gate, San Francisco
- Conradi's Pharmacy, 1398 California St., San Francisco
- Baker St. Pharmacy, 1799 McAllister St., San Francisco
- Bee Pharmacy, 500 Balboa St., San Francisco
- Lewin Drug Co., Cor. Mason and Eddy Sts., San Francisco
- Wulzen's Pharmacy, 1400 18th St., San Francisco
- West Portal Pharmacy, 31 West Portal, San Francisco
- Park Pharmacy, 2100 Hayes St., San Francisco
- Lewin's Park-Presidio Pharmacy, 8th and Clement, San Francisco
- Wentz Pharmacy, Gilroy, California





Time's Wonderful Story of the CADILLAC

Virtually all of the V-Type Eight-Cylinder Cadillac cars delivered in the United States in the last ten years are still in service

The one adequate guarantee of any type of motor car is a long record of reliability.

Mechanical specifications may mean much or little. Demonstration-rides must be backed by demonstration-years.

Proof of inherent, enduring quality rests solely with Time—Time alone tells the full truth.

Advanced as it is in engineering refinements, the New Cadillac V-63 is nevertheless the logical outgrowth of a decade of eight-cylinder manufacture.

For ten years, its makers have concentrated on the development of this V-Type eight-cylinder motor car; building it better and better with each passing year; improving, refining and perfecting it; bringing it to a higher and ever higher state of leadership.

And Time, meanwhile, has been telling a wonderful story of the Cadillac.

Official state license records reveal that virtually 100% of the V-Type eight-cylinder Cadillacs delivered in the last ten years are steadfastly paying returns to their owners.

What this enviable and almost perfect record means to prospective purchasers of the Cadillac is so obvious as scarcely to require discussion. The fine result of a policy of "Doing One Thing Well," it constitutes proof rather than mere promise of quality.

It speaks of a degree of dependability, long life, economy and resale value which manifestly sets the standard for the industry.

This is the story which Time tells of the Cadillac—and Time tells the Truth.

VAN NESS AVENUE AT
O'FARRELL STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

DON LEE

SEVENTH AND
BIXEL STREETS
LOS ANGELES

The Princeton Tiger

Lady—Can you tell me how to get to the hospital here?

Minion of the Law—Wal-l, a feller shot himself last week, an' they tuck him thar."

I rose, and gave to her my seat; I could not let her stand— She made me think of mother, with That strap held in her hand.

Louis—I wonder if your father would consent to our marriage?

Louise—He might; he's awfully eccentric.

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked;
Bare are the limbs of all the shameless trees;
No wonder that the corn is shocked.

"Why did Marjorie break off your engagement?"
"Because I stole a kiss."

"How ridiculous of a girl objecting to her fiancé stealing a kiss from her."

"Oh, but you see I didn't steal it from her."

He—Comfy, dear?

She—Ummhmmm.

He—Sure you're happy here?

She—Ummhmmm.

He—Then if you'll excuse me, I'll be running in. I must get a dance with Peg tonight.

A HERO'S DEATH

A pious youth with genius rare
Who wearied of his frequent trips
To secret springs whence liquor flowed
And drougthy souls might fill their grips,
Discovered once a formula
For changing vinegar to beer;
He thought his formula was right
But it was wrong as you shall hear:
At last, one day, his brew was done,—
And as he quaffed the trial sips,
He tasted vinegar, not beer—
And died with "Mother" on his lips

Ruth—Did you have a gay summer?

Jack—Yes, I haven't had a dull moment since I saw you last.

The Widow

LOCAL LIGHTS NO. 6

Back in 1903 a foolhardy group of undergraduates threw a banquet and engaged as toastmaster one other than Bristow Adams. Said banquet, needless to say, was a dismal failure. This fatal blunder has never been repeated, and the words "bristow adams" have come to be as indispensable to the collegiate menu as "soup" or "nuts."

So, like V. Fair, we nominate B. A. for the Hall of Fame because: what he doesn't know about trees hasn't yet been discovered; because he is an illus-

trator of no mean repute; because he professes anything from running newspapers to conserving Belgian hares; because he founded our illustrious contemporary, the Stanford Chaparral; because his Monday Nights have become an institution; and, finally, because (laughter) his criticism of the drawing of the Chicago Waterfront, in the Elder's number of the Eerah, was drawn by the Eerah's own art ed!

W W W

She—I can tell a lady by the way she dresses. Can't you?

He—I never watched one dress.

W W W

1st Bro.—How do you spell phthisis?

2nd Bro.—Just as I d—n please!

W W W

License Examiner—Are you a woman hater?

Examinee—No.

License Examiner—Then let me see you drive with one hand.

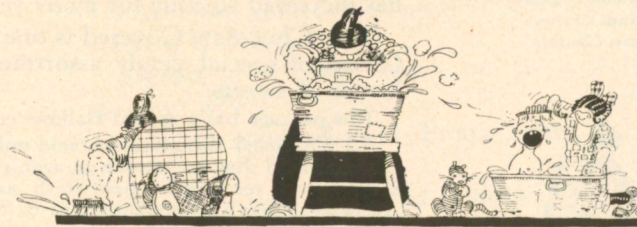
W W W

He—Do you believe "Out of sight, out of mind?"

She—No.

He—Then I guess I'll turn off the light.

W W W



The Scrubs at Work

For your amusement and edification, CHAPARRAL presents in graphic form the Lady and the Tiger. On the left, the Tiger, renowned publication of the college that produced F. Scott Fitzgerald and other manifestations of the Steamed Age. The Tiger is just 35, and doing nicely, thank you. The Old Boy is too gosh-darned gallant to tell how old the Cornell Widow is; but she first saw the light of day in 1894. Gentlemen, please do not subtract.

ONION GEORGE

On Kidding the Ladies

Well, Chappie, I guess maybe you didn't know I was some gay dog with the ladies though I don't mean by that that you ain't never heard of dog days and that quotation from the bible about Every dog has his Day. Well, I will tell you about how I got a rep as a kidder. Chappie, you have heard of these here She-barbers haven't you? I don't mean She-barbarians, because I guess maybe they is common enough, and according to the eddiquette books what print what you should ought not to do when eating your hot dogs I should say they was very common. You notice, Chappie, I didn't say damn common, which words I have discarded along with my Safety razor since the advent of She-barbers.

Well, Chappie, I horns into one of these here shops what specializes on shave shine and shampoo by She-barbers, and the 1st I I spots is plump as a little partridge and is the kind what you would like to fill your pockets of and take home with you. So I puts on my La Salle Institute smile and I says to her:

"I want a paper bag full of shaves, Sister, so I won't have to come down town again for a week."

Well, Chappie, she just sort of looks at me and smiles sweet but Oh so dumb that I know she doesn't get the joke, which shows how dumb dumb they are because that's an easy one and I used to make Eddie up at the Union Barber Shop laff with it every time I went in for six (6) yrs. And she says to me:

"Won't you take my chair?" (Oh, times has changed, Chappie. We mere men won't never have to give up our seats to the ladies no more.) "You married men is such kidders," she says to me as she rubs in the lather which makes me blush. Not the soap, Chappie, it don't make me blush because I have had it on my mug before, but the way this gal rubs it in, so to speak.

"I ain't married," I says.

"All you kidders is," she says.

"I ain't," I says.

"Yes, you is," she comes back at me with quick repartee. "You're married and I bet you your missus would be sore as pepper in the eye if I was to give you a shampoo."

"She wouldn't neither because I ain't got no missus," I says.

"But you are afraid to let me give you a shampoo," she says.

"I ain't," I says. "Give me two (2) of them," I

says, and Chappie, I think she was beginning to get on to my fast line about then because she laffed. And she give me a shampoo.

"I bet your missus wouldn't stand your having a baccilli massage," she says.

Then I thought of a good one and I says: "Is a baccilli one of them mud baths on the face?" and when she says "yes" she laffs so that I think of another one real quick and I says "I don't need one," I says, "because I am already as homely as a mud fence."

"Oh you married men are always trying to kid a poor lonely girl," she says. "You are afraid of what your missus would say if you let me give you a baccilli massage."

"I ain't," I says. "Go ahead, you little mud-slinger," I says. And she gives me a baccilli massage.

Well, Chappie, I guess maybe these here She-barbers are a bit more expensive than Eddie up at the Union, only think of the service you get. I have to laff every time I think of how dumb dumb that little gal is only there is one thing that sort of bothered me because when she got done with the baccilli massage she rubs her hands over my face and she says "My ain't you nice and soft," and I thought for one (1) minute maybe she didn't mean my face because my beard is like a shoe brush, but nell's bells I guess the little gal meant it alright because she was so sort of sweet but Oh so dumb dumb.

So chalk up another for Ol' Onion, Chappie. It ain't his jokes, particular, which all the gals tumble to. It's just the way he says 'em. —T. K.



THE OLD BOY'S ANSWER

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are gags of the college Has-Been;
His airiest nifty, all burnished and slick,
Strikes the undergraduate ear with the thud of a
brick;

The things that were funny in the long, long ago
Will be funny again in a century or so;
In the meantime, the graduate's josh is as pat
As an unbobbed co-ed in a coffee-cup hat;
For his wheezer is rusty, his snapper is shot
And his metre is scattered all over the lot;
He tickles the ribs with the feathery touch
Of a log in a steam derrick's diligent clutch.

—Earl J. Hadley, '08



As a football player he's a good poet

LET'S admit that all men are not born for gridiron honors, just as all men are not born poets.

You can admire a man's grit for plugging away at the thing that comes hardest to him. He does derive benefit in developing himself where he is weakest. But to achieve real success it is only common wisdom to pick out the line for which you have a natural aptitude—and go to it.

Particularly if you are a freshman it may be useful to remind you of this principle, because it can help you start off on the right foot in both your campus activities and your college courses.

If your fingers love the feel of a pencil, why not obey that impulse and come out for the publications? You can serve Alma Mater and yourself better as a first-class editor than a third-class halfback.

Similarly, when it comes to electing your college courses, you will be happier and more efficient if you choose in accordance with your natural aptitude.

The world needs many types of men. Find your line, and your college course will be a preparation for a greater success.

*Published in
the interest of Elec-
trical Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.*

Western Electric Company

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment

OUR FOOLISH FRIENDS

Prof. (giving a lecture)—I don't mind if a student looks at his watch once in a while, but what gets me is to see someone take out his watch, shake it a few times, and then put it up to his ear.—*Penn. Froth.*

Teddy—I could die dancing with you.
 Toddy—I am.—*U. S. N. A. Log.*

She—Can a man tell when a woman loves him?
 He—He can, but he ought not to.
 —*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

Co-ed Medic—How long could I live without brains?
 Cruel Prof.—Time will tell.
 —*Colorado Dodo.*

The Blue Baboon's idea of wasted energy is a mental picture we have of Adam singing "There's Nobody Else but You" to Eve.
 —*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

EARLY BIRDS

Judge—Have you ever been up before me?

Prisoner—Why, I don't know. At what time does your honor usually get up?—*Yale Record.*

There is a cabaret in the city where they don't serve spoons with the coffee—they have such stirring dancers.—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

Econ. Prof.—That's wrong. You have put the liabilities under assets.
 Student—Yes, sir; I'm left-handed.—*Yale Record.*

Kittybelle—They say she goes to a different school every quarter.
 Kathleen—Yes, she bought a big stack of clothes in Paris last year, and she can't afford not to wear them out.—*Colorado Dodo.*

Corinne! A beautiful lass was she,
 With teeth like pearls and hair of gold.

Corrine! A beautiful lass was she,
 But alas for me—she turned me cold.
 —*Colorado Dodo.*

He—I understand that your father said that if he found me here again he would kick me out of the door.

She—Oh, don't mind that! father's punting is wretched.
 —*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

Sweet Young Thing (to Oculist)—I've broken my glasses. Do I have to be examined all over again?

Oculist—No, just your eyes.
 —*Colorado Dodo.*

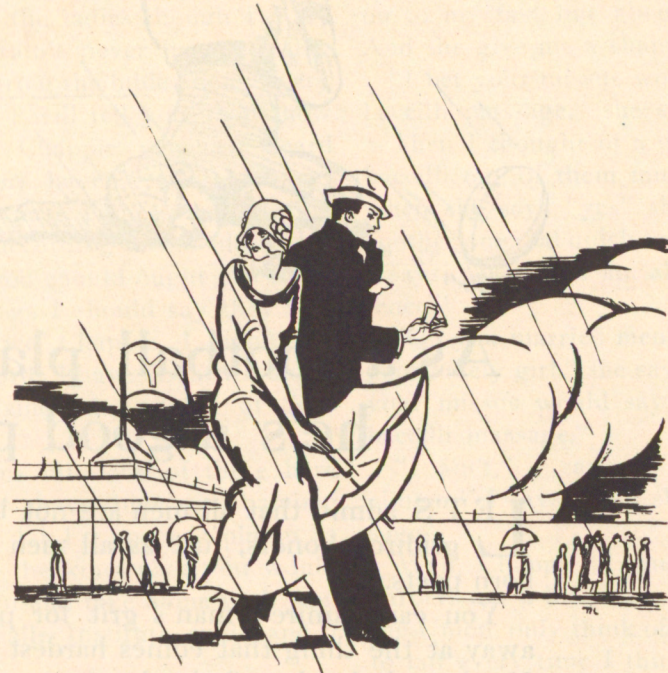
ALMOST AS BAD

"Did you get caught in the rain?"
 "No, in the Hall."

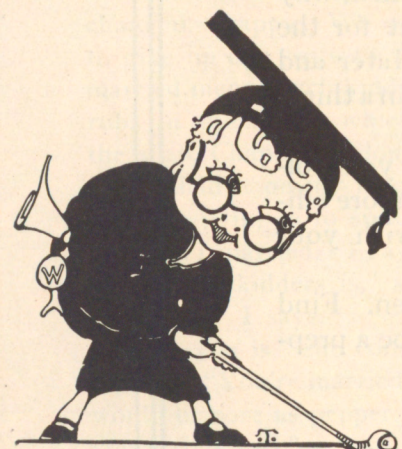
—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

It has been definitely decided that the occupation of a telephone girl is neither a business nor a profession, but a calling.—*Lafayette Lyre.*

"You say you're working pretty hard these days," Rastus?"
 "Yassuh, yassuh, reckon Ah spends most an hour every mawnin' collectin' an' deliverin' the ole woman's washin'."—*Navy Log.*



"I was out walking with that girl from the Follies when it started to rain."
 "Was she frightened?"
 "Well, the color left her face all right."—*Yale Record.*



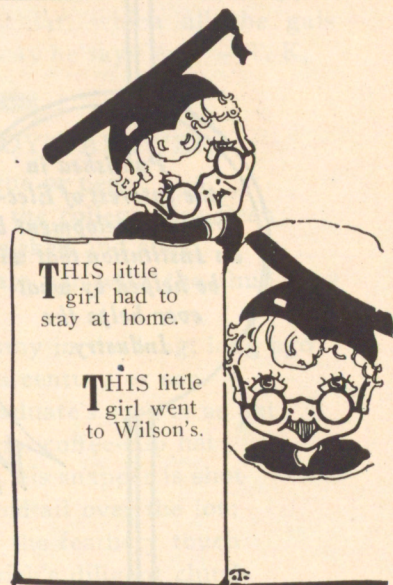
ANOTHER of the popular pastimes is giving Wilson's candy on gift occasions.

Wilson's Confectaurants

FLAVORY HOME COOKING

The Candy with a College Education

PALO ALTO - SAN FRANCISCO
 SAN JOSE - FRESNO - STOCKTON



Livingston Bros.

GRANT AVENUE GEARY STREET
 San Francisco

After a trip to Livingston's

Tired but happy with a slave at the station to meet you. And the boxes—they may be a bother but think of the fun they hold for you. It's nice to know the cleverest shop in the world where you can get everything you've wished for and still have time for a matinee.

Coats Hats Frocks
 Sweaters Blouses
 Ensembles
 Scarfs



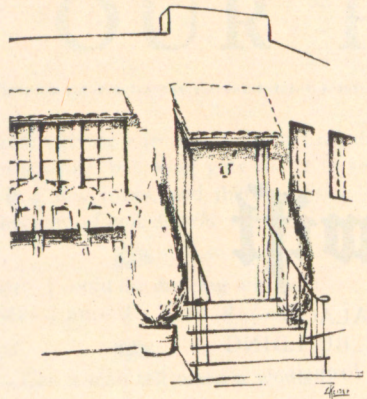
Swift

PALACE HOTEL BUILDING
 San Francisco

KNOWING where to get proper Haberdashery is quite as important as knowing it when you see it.

Our style policy is exclusively devoted to the ideas preferred by the well-dressed young men.

Suits and Topcoats
 Hats
 Fine Haberdashery



Portrait Studio

ELIZABETH KEISER

Portrait Photographer

Phone P. A. 599-M
501 Cowper St.



MANY NEW STYLES FOR YOUNG MEN ARE HERE

Hart Schaffner & Marx made them; they're here; easy fitting coats, full trousers, wider cuffs. Better choose yours early

FRIEDLANDER & NAUMAN

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes

309 University Ave., Palo Alto

Annie—Last week he sent me candy, saying sweets to the sweet.

Laurie—A pretty sentiment. What of it?

Annie—But now he sends me an ivory hair brush.—*Tiger.*

Proctor (entering room)—You're drunk. I saw you running around here in a circle.

Freshman—No, sir, I'm not drunk. I was just trying to read the name of a Victrola record while it was playing.

—*Tiger.*

John—Even a prominent author is susceptible to the lure of gold.

Joan—Yeh?

John—Yeh. I see that one writer married another for her talent.—*Tiger.*

MATHEMATICAL

A—What's a tetrahedron?

B—You mean an icosahedron?

A—No, a tetrahedron.

B—Well, wouldn't you like to know what an icosahedron is?—*Widow.*

The new night watchman at the Observatory was watching someone using the big telescope. Just then a star fell. "Begorra," he said to himself, "that fella sure is a crack shot."—*Reel.*

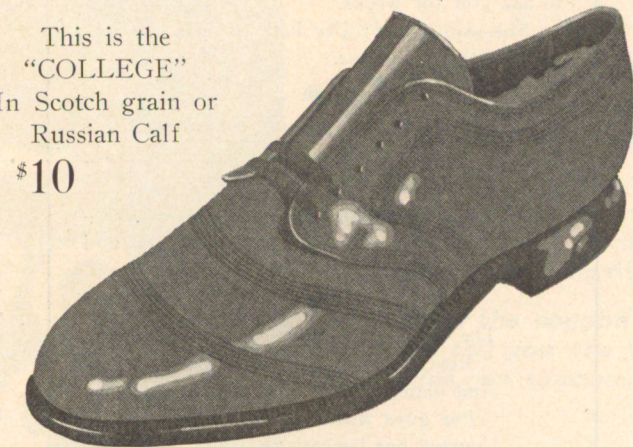
TEA-HOUNDS

"Won't you join me in a cup of tea?"

"Well, you get in, and I'll see if there's any room left."

—*Octopus.*

This is the "COLLEGE" In Scotch grain or Russian Calf \$10



4,000 Feet Will Rejoice

Good news for every male foot at Stanford! An extremely smart line of shoes has come to Palo Alto.

On this page we picture three models, each with all the get-up-and-go you'd want. Call the style collegiate, if you wish, for they do knock the man on the campus for the proverbial goal.

Note the wide toe (now so popu-

lar) with the vamp handled in adaptations that are, without argument, original. See the wide heel with rolled top — "streamline" someone called it.

You've heard of Richards & Brennan? Well, they made these shoes! Try on a pair—this week—and never call your foot a dog thereafter.



\$10

Above is the "CRAFTSMAN" in Russian Calf

ED ZWIERLEIN'S Walk-Over BOOT SHOP

171 University Ave.

Palo Alto

At the right is "RUFF BOY" Scotch Grain

\$10



The Stanford and Varsity Theatres

Announce

some of the leading screen productions for October

REGINALD DENNY	- - -	<i>The Reckless Age</i>
COLLEEN MOORE	- - -	<i>Flirting With Love</i>
MILTON SILLS	- - -	<i>The Sea Hawk</i>
BETTY COMPSON	- - -	<i>The Fast Set</i>
LARRY SEMON	- - -	<i>The Girl in the Limousine</i>
THOMAS MEIGHAN	- - -	<i>The Alaskan</i>
BEBE DANIELS AND RICHARD DIX	- - -	<i>Sinners in Heaven</i>
NORMA TALMADGE	- - -	<i>Secrets</i>
DOROTHY DALTON	- - -	<i>The Lone Wolf</i>
LAURA LA PLANTE	- - -	<i>Butterfly</i>
PRISCILLA DEANE	- - -	<i>The Storm Daughter</i>
MARY PHILBIN	- - -	<i>The Gaiety Girl</i>
ALL STAR CAST	- - -	<i>Dangerous Money</i>

AND MANY OTHERS NOT YET BOOKED

The Stanford Chaparral



The Cameron & Getchell Shop

Fully equipped to serve a Particular Clientele, especially in

Marcel Waving Shampooing and Bobbing

Our expert operators are competent in every field of beauty culture.

On University Avenue Just above Waverley

He—Darling, I have a question I've wanted to ask you for weeks.

She—Go ahead; I've had an answer ready for months.—*Octopus.*

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER

A snakye stude was prancyng onne ye floore— Ryte smarte he foxy-trotted atte ye balle, And yn hys armes an nyfye gynch he hore— Bye gadde, she was an lewlewe, thatte and more! —*Purple Cow.*

The swain of happy olden days Never had to call a taxi, And damsels did not have a craze For guys with Cadillacs. He Courted her beneath the stars, While she rode on the handle bars. —*California Pelican.*

Harold—My girl has had too much education.

Howy—How come?

Harold—Why she calls Child's Restaurant La Cafe des Infants.—*Colgate Banter.*

NO OPPOSITION

"Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

"Three aces."

"No yuh don't. Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

"Two nines an' a razor."

"Yuh shoh do. How come yuh so lucky?" —*West Point Pointer.*

The hand that rocks the roadster is the hand that wrecks the world.

—*Florida Swamp Angel.*

Moke—Does yuh really love me or does yuh jes' think yuh do?

Moka—Yas, indeedy, honey, I really loves yuh; I ain't done any thinkin' yet.—*Black and Blue Jay.*

"Selling a family heirloom, eh?"

"Heirloom nothing. This car's only been driven 500."

"How far has it been towed?"

—*Yale Record.*

Senior (wonderingly)—And how did you happen to decide to come to Williams?

Prep.—Well, you see I won a Williams pennant with cigarette coupons, and they wouldn't exchange it.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

TO AN AGING STAR

Gather you husbands while you may,

Your notices are dying,

And this same hubby that serves today

Tomorrow may be flying.

That star is best who has the most,

Christmas Greeting Cards

ENGRAVED OR PRINTED

Remember your friends at home with a Christmas greeting card. We have hundreds of beautiful designs to choose from, and they're reasonably priced, too. Bring in your plate, or let us order a new one, or we will print in your name from type. To get the cream of the market,

ORDER EARLY!

Times Print Shop

ED. L. WARNER, Prop.

220 Hamilton Ave. Phone 1931

Multigraphing--Mimeographing

John Tait's Coffee Shops

San Francisco, Oakland,

24 Ellis St. 412 12th St.

24 Turk St.

Los Angeles

518 So. Broadway

Open All Night Food of Highest Quality Our Coffee Has No Peer

THE MINTON COMPANY

Building Material Merchants

"The most complete building material concern on the Peninsula"

130 University Avenue PALO ALTO Phone P. A. 1705

A STANDARD four-bank typewriter with all the sturdiness and capacity of a hundred dollar office machine—yet portable.

It's light to the touch, quiet to the ear, a delight to the eye. Every time-saving feature is there, from self-spacing carriage return to 12-yard self-reversing ribbon.

Mail the coupon below and let us tell you the whole story of this new Corona.

The new CORONA FOUR



CORONA TYPEWRITER CO., Inc. 161 MAIN ST., CROTON, NEW YORK

Please send me full information about CORONA FOUR and the address of the nearest CORONA Store.....

Name _____ Address _____ City _____

Radio---Sets and Parts

Bob Adams, '22 in charge

Student Lamps — Mazda Bulbs
Double Sockets and Cord

Alfred E. Werry Electric Shop

Phone 1000

University and Waverly

Phone P. A. 35

Palo Alto Feed & Fuel Co.

Coal and Wood
HAY AND GRAIN

116 Hamilton Ave.

Palo Alto

HYMN ON HATE

I hate
These articles of prose
That lead you on
and
when you are
excited,
they fool you.
All about the
lovely night
darkened light,
you know the stuff I mean,
little petting
lovely necking
Just an ideal scene,
no commotion
pure devotion.
Real hot stuff, old bean
just some sighing
and some crying
And then it turns out to be some damn fool
and his dog. —Purple Cow.

“You never can tell,” said the bandit, as he shot the only witness to his crime.—*Record.*

PROBABLY HE WAS HARD HIT

“Oh, Dad, when you refused my hand
To Dick,” said pretty Annabelle,
“Did he fall on his knees and plead?”
Said Dad, “I don't know where he fell.”
—Chicago Phoenix

THE BANDBOX

60 South First Street
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Exclusive Agents for
Vogue—Meadowbrook Hats

*You can buy for less
in San Jose*

The F. THOMAS

PARISIAN DYEING and CLEANING WORKS

ODORLESS--
The Thomas Way

Phone P. A. 317

417 Alma St.

Palo Alto

FORTUNE TAXI

Phone **19** Taxi

TOURING and CLOSED CARS DAY and NIGHT

“THE SERVICE THAT NEVER DISAPPOINTS”

Herbert's

Bachelor Hotel and Grill

Rooms \$1.50 to \$2.00 the Day

Substantial Cuisine

Phone 567
151-159 Powell St.,
San Francisco

745-749 So. Hill St.,
Los Angeles

Palo Alto Hardware Co.

The WINCHESTER Store

Hardware
Housefurnishings
Paints, Oils,
Glass

Headquarters for

WRIGHT & DITSON

FOOTBALL, BASEBALL and TENNIS
EQUIPMENT

Phone P. A. 65

286 University Ave.

It was at the fraternity meeting, and an alumnus of the class of '88 knew none of the men, yet he said he was certain that he could distinguish between the brothers and the pledges, even though the pledges should wear no pin. His statement was soon put to the test.

Pointing out a sophomore, he said, “You, for instance, are a new brother.” To another man he also made this statement, and to two more, until finally the men were willing to admit that his intuition was uncanny. But he had pointed out no pledges. Turning to the chap who had been standing by himself in a corner, he said, “You are a pledgee.”

“No, no,” said the fellow pointed out. “I just got over an attack of appendicitis, that's why I look that way.”—*Medley.*

And simply
Because
A man with
A Roman nose
Gets
Lit up
It does not
Prove
That his nose
Is a
Roman Candle.—*Banter.*

Yearling, at McCall's—I'd like to see something cheap; in a felt hat.

Clerk—Try this on. The mirror is at your left.—*Whirlwind.*

Instructor—My boy, your work has fallen down; and if you are going to pick it up, you'll have to step on it.

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



“Please, oh please,
buy me a waffle at
the University Creamery.”

... he bought her six!

(The University Creamery is next to the Stanford Theater)

FULLER & CO.

Grocers

If it's good—we have it

162 University Avenue

PHONES 751-752



Announcing
**OUR FALL
OPENING**

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
October 8, 9, 10

To better serve our many valued patrons our Shop has been enlarged and redecorated.

You will enjoy selecting your Fall requirements amid the unique and colorful environment of

The Gotham Shop

Apparel for Women and Misses

533 Ramona Street
PALO ALTO

FOLLY

Stude—I'm going to New York over the week-end to get my eyes treated.

Prof.—Send us a program.

—Penn. State Froth.

The ducats on her shower;
The fewer husbands you can boast
The less your drawing power.
So be not coy while there is time,
You can't afford to tarry;
When movie stars are past their prime
They must forever marry!

—Goblin.

Instructor (meeting his class for first time)
—And on this paper I want your names—not your signatures.—Yale Record.

"Does your food contain many vitamins," the kind lady asked the hungry gob.
"Well, there's bound to be a few insects in the best of chow, but you get used to it after a while."—Annapolis Log.

"I hear the Whim Wham studio company has left for Great Basin to take scenes for a new production."

"Another laundry romance, I s'pose."
—Notre Dame Juggler.

She—What is the matter, dear? You look worried.

He—The books at the office won't balance.
She—Why don't you buy some new ones?
—N. Y. Medley.

"Sorry, waiter, but I've only got just enough to pay the bill and nothing left for a tip."

"Let me have another look at that bill, will you?"—Boston Beanpot.

She—Then you do really love me, darling?
He—Passionately, my own; I am yours until death!

She—And have you any references from your last engagement?—Brown Jug.

Wife (teaching husband to dance)—My dear man, you learned to do drill in the army; why can't you pick this up? It's a perfectly simple step. Any one would think you were mentally deficient.

Husband—Almost the sergeant's own words, my dear.—Cougar's Paw.

It is remarkable how many doubtful meanings an alleged pure-minded person can find in an entirely respectable joke.—Cornell Widow.

Aloysius—Have you seen the new balloon tires?

Dulcina—Why, who ever heard of a balloon needing tires?—Texas Ranger.

Here lies the body of George Noah Stout—He laughed at his girl when her teeth fell out.—Bowdoin Bear Skin.

**H O T E L
V E N D O M E**

SAN JOSE

Headquarters for
Stanford Students

Special Attention Given to Dinner
Parties and Dances

Make Reservations for Week Ends

Tennis Courts . . . Plunge
Radio
9 Hole Putting Green

Rates on Application

FRED W. TEGELER, Prop.

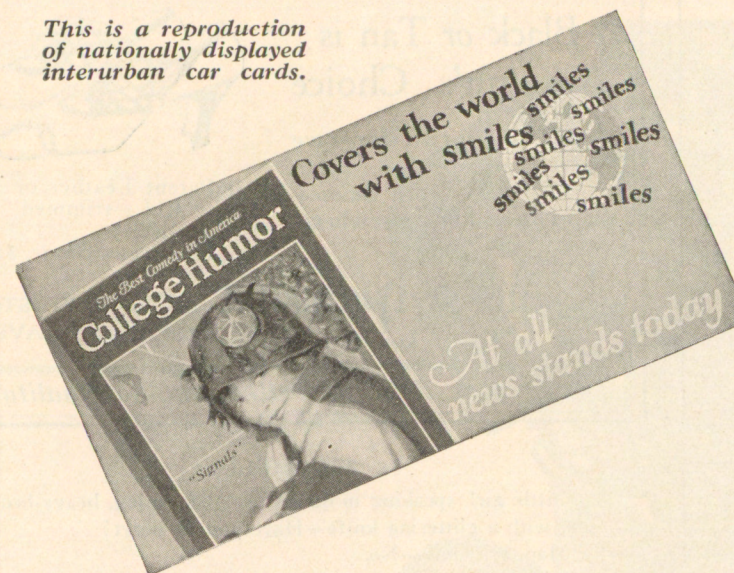
**Lumber and
Building Materials**

**Palo Alto
Lumber Co.**

Personal Service
Prompt Deliveries

181 Channing
Phone Palo Alto 98

This is a reproduction
of nationally displayed
interurban car cards.



College Humor

What it is
What it does

IT is exactly what its name indicates—**College Humor**—your humor. When it is advertised in street cars and **PRINTER'S INK**; when it is broadcasted by radio and whenever **College Humor** is read it popularizes your comic.

IT is read by approximately 3,000,000 people each issue and focuses the attention of everybody on the college comics.

PAGE 79 of the Autumn Issue now on sale (the cover is reproduced at your left) tells you of the considerate policies of **College Humor**. We now maintain a College Comic Service Dept.

THE three letters at your left speak for themselves—for us—for you.

The college comic is popularized, advertised and helped nationally by

College Humor

Chicago, Ill.

First Bellhop—Why did the scullion maid bob her hair?
Second Bellhop—She heard Sampson wasn't so strong after his hair was cut.—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

Friend, entering room where one of three roomers is about to depart on a house party with much borrowed apparel:
"I see you're leaving us, Jacqueline."
Hollow voices of the other two:
"Look longer and you'll see she's not leaving much."
—Middlebury Blue Baboon.

Tom—I never felt so punk in my life.
Jerry—Do any drinking last night?
Tom—Yea, and when I went to bed I felt fine. But when I woke up I felt terribly. It was the sleep that did it!
—Virginia Reel.

Customer—May I have my egg order changed to fried?
Waiter (who is ex-football man)—Signals over. Break up the play.—California Pelican.

Fossilized Prof—Young man, you have spent three months on football and what have you for your pains?
The Optimist—Liniment.—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

If "saving the surface saves all" the modern girl must be in a wonderful state of preservation.—Virginia Reel.

Golfer—Absolutely shocking! I've never played so badly before.
Caddie—Oh! You 'ave played before, then!—London Mail.

The Stanford Union Store

is ready to supply
your needs in

Tobacco
—the finest smoking mixtures.

Candies
—Agency for Wilson's and Martha Washington.

Lunch Counter
—everything to tame the appetite.

Fountain
—wonderful Choc Malts.

Groceries
—staple can and jar goods.

Drugs
—shaving articles.

Furnishings
—collar buttons, handkerchiefs.

Jewelry
—Stanford buckles—and other collegiate pieces.

OPEN DAILY—7 A. M. to 11 P. M.

Phone
458-R

Frazier & Co

Knox
Agents

PALO ALTO

Specialists in Fashionable Apparel
—Comfortably Correct—

“Fashion Park” Clothiers

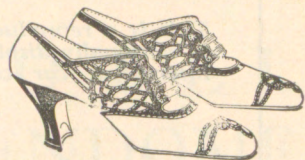
KNOX HATS for Fall

“University” and “Fifth Ave.”

The College Models



Black or Tan is
Autumn's Choice



And in our two stores we
offer more models, more
varied styles, more shoes—
than you will find elsewhere.

All Patent Leather or Black
Dull Kid trimmed with
Patent \$10.
(In Brown Suede, \$11.50)

Sommer & Kaufmann
SAN FRANCISCO

838 MARKET STREET
119 GRANT AVENUE

“No One Ever Regretted Buying Quality”

THE BULLY

Little girl, speaking in quivering voice to big, heavy-browed
man with a glittering knife—Have you no heart?
Man, growling—No.
Little girl—Well, then, I'll take ten cents' worth of liver.—
Wisconsin Octopus.

“Have you given up anything for Lent?”
“Oh yes! Candy, eating between meals, dances, movies,
flowers, taxis . . .”
“Say, can I have a date Saturday night?”
—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
As he stubbed his toe against the bed—
** xxx ??? !!!! ** ??? (xx !!!!)
—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

He—How are you going to vote, my dear?
She—In my green velvet walking suit with a hat to match.
—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Country Cousin—Wal, by cracky! the papers wuz right. The
gals in this show is dressed somethin' scand'lous.”
City Cousin—Shut up, Si. The curtain hasn't gone up yet;
all that you see are the ladies in the box parties.”
—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Explorer—I think if your wife would wash her face, it
would improve her appearance.
Eskimo—Ugh! You never seen her face.
—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

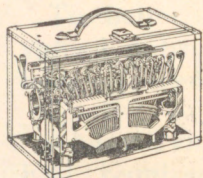
Twenty-one years' satisfactory service in
Palo Alto and vicinity

STUART, The Printer

Commercial and Society
PRINTING

Phone 535-R : 545 Emerson St.

VARIABLE SPACING MODEL:— with different
spacing between the letters along the line, is an
exclusive Hammond feature, making it possible to
write ordinary sized type
and spacing, — then change to small
type and narrow spacing for condensing type—
writing to 1/2 or 1/4 the usual space, for
executive's loose-leaf manuals and index cards.



SOLD cash or TERMS—Write for catalog

Hammond Typewriter Corp.

51 Second St. Phone Sutter 1521 San Francisco

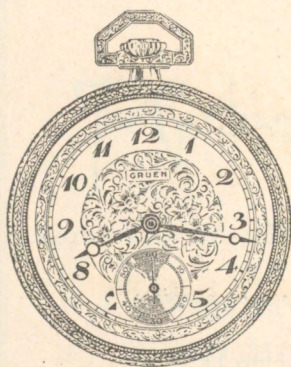
Complete stock of supplies, and slightly used type-
writers of all makes on hand

Watches and
Diamonds

At Lower than City Prices

NIELSEN
and
CULVER

PALO ALTO



GRUEN SemiThin



DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

DEPOT GARAGE

and MACHINE SHOP

W. WALTERS
Proprietor

Phone 946
439 Alma Street
Palo Alto



AUTUMN TIME! Frosty mornings! Brisk days! Slip into
a Bradley and out of doors! Slip into the knitwear that's warm
but not bulky—that's serviceable and yet smart! It's a complete
line of sweaters, sportcoats, and outerwear for men, women, and
children, that expresses the spirit of sport in finest worsted and
wool. See the latest Bradleys at dealers everywhere. Pictures
and prices in our style book, sent free on request.

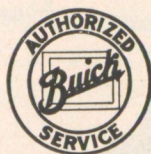
Write BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY, Delavan, Wisconsin

Slip into a
Bradley
KNIT WEAR
—and Out-of-Doors!

STANFORD AUTO COMPANY

Roger Roberts

Buick Sales Agency



Atwater Kent Radio Sets

Exide Battery Agency
Service and Repairs on All Batteries
Goodyear Tires

General Garage and Shop Service
511 Alma Street Phone PA 78

B. P. Lausten

Expert TAILORING with the finest of fabrics

109 Circle

Palo Alto

THE UNIVERSITY REALTY CO.

Inc. 1908

NORWOOD B. SMITH, President

Think of Palo Alto or Peninsula Property
Naturally you think of the Big Red "U", the sign of high standard in real estate.

We maintain a special department for renting and leasing, managed by unexcelled experts

250 Univ. Ave., Palo Alto

Phone PA 307

HANCOCK BROS.

Manufacturers of

TICKETS

BIG GAME TICKETS

are printed on our own protected safety ticket stock which makes counterfeiting impossible

25 JESSIE STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

**Flowers
For All Occasions**

Chas. C. Navlet Co., Inc.

Nurserymen—Seedmen—Florists

San Jose: 20-22 East San Fernando Street

San Francisco: 423-27 Market Street

Oakland: 917 Washington Street

One day an Irishman was seated in the waiting room of a station with an odorous pipe in his mouth. One of the attendants called his attention to the sign "No Smoking."

"Well," said Pat, "I'm not smokin'."

"But you have a pipe in your mouth!"

"Sure, an' Oi've got shoes on me feet an' Oi'm not walkin' either."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*



When she gets older she'll be just like her mother.

What's her mother like?

She's the kind who enjoys the minister's prayers because it gives her a chance to look the other women over.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*



Heeler—But are you sure you will be able to carry out my ideas?

Editor—Yes; there goes the waste-basket with them now.

—*Yale Record.*



Ball Player—I caught four flies yesterday.

Innocent Co-ed—Oh, are you helping fight typhoid, too?

—*Texas Ranger.*



"Rachel," said Isadore, "I will meet you at Tremont and Boylston streets at five o'clock. If I get there foist I will put a chalk mark on the lamp post. If you get there foist, you will rub the chalk mark out."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*



"Wait until I get my clothes on," cried a voice frantically. The young man looked around and saw an old colored woman boarding a street car with a basket of clothes.—*Carnegie Puppet.*



The Latest Books

If not in stock we can obtain on short notice

Try Our Service

Sequoia Book Shop

525 Emerson Street

Palo Alto

Let us help you with your financial problems---

MANY LITTLE BANKING ADVANTAGES YOU ARE NOT NOW ENJOYING ARE OFFERED TO DEPOSITORS IN

The First National Bank

OF PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

"The Student's Friend"

"You women are certainly like the French language?"

"Why?"

"Can't decline men."—*West Virginia Moonshine.*



Mrs.—Have you swept under the davenport?

Maid—Yes, mum, everything.—*Purple Parrot.*



Mother (who has had to correct Betty many times)—Betty, I should think you would get tired of hearing me talk to you so much.

Betty (decidedly)—Yes, mother, I do.—*Toronto Goblin.*



"But, Irene, on what grounds does your father object to me?"

"On any grounds within a mile of our house."

—*Yellow Jacket.*



THE CENTER OF THE MASS

Rush—What's your idea of a piker?

Hour—A fellow who travels in the subway to get his clothes pressed.—*Life.*



HOPELESS TASK

Ed (attempting to explain to matron why a certain co-ed was late in getting in)—But we were only at church and came straight home.

Matron—But Mr. Smith, this isn't Sunday and churches aren't open.

Ed—Oh, 'sno use trying to argue with a woman."

—*West Virginia Moonshine.*

**N O W
Great Value**

IN MEN'S
GOOD STYLE

GOOD SUITS

\$35

Tailored by Society Brand and other first-class makers

Other Suits and Coats, \$45



28 East San Fernando St. San Jose
where Society Brand Clothes For Men are sold

The Profit Returned to Students

By this Co-operative Store

Because this store is purely coöperative the profits which accrue during the year are returned as rebates.

During the past three years these have averaged ten per cent—a saving worth while.

The Bookstore is owned by eighteen stockholders (chiefly faculty members) none of whom has ever realized a penny in dividends from his original one dollar investment.

When it's to buy, remember "The Bookstore" where you pocket the profit.

the Bookstore

CO-OPERATIVE

Stanford University

WATINELL is the matter with you college fellows?

We Are Selling
Up-to-the-Minute

TUXEDOS AS LOW AS **\$25**

Due to Our Direct
Factory Buying
Power

Get Yours Now

BLUM'S

1114 Market San Francisco

Rentals can be had at
Wideman & Son,
Palo Alto Agents

Rental Department
in Connection
Wholesale—Retail

Direct from Producer
to Consumer

Try **HALLA'S** Delicious Coffee

Phone, San Jose 796

75 S. SECOND STREET
San Jose, California

"GAGE"

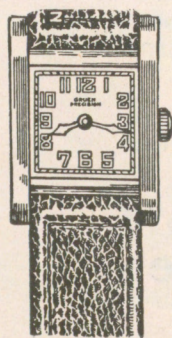
HATTERS PLUSH HATS

Correct for Fall, 1924

Scotfield's

MILLINERY

170 South First Street San Jose, California



BUY YOUR GIFTS AND
GET YOUR REPAIRING
DONE

AT

JARRET the Jeweler

160 UNIVERSITY AVE.

MONEY SAVED AND COURTESY ALWAYS

HE FINDS IT CREASES

"I guess I might as well double my income," said the newsboy as he folded his dollar bill.—*Yellow Jacket*.



WHAM!

Prof. (in Physiology class)—Describe your spinal column. Wise Willy—It's a bone that runs up and down my back. My brain sits on one end and I sit on the other.—*Shadows*.



Waitress—Order, please!
Stew—Whazzamatter—I ain't makin' any noise.
—*Pitt Panther*.



Spouse—You've been drinking again.
Souse—I can't eat all the time.—*Pitt Panther*.



"That relative that left Tom a million dollars was quite distant, wasn't he?"
"Well, he couldn't have been very close."
—*Wisconsin Octopus*.



Good impressions are made by the typewriter, but it's the adding machine that counts.—*Shadows*.



Prof. (shaking pupil)—I believe the devil has got hold of you.
Pupil (panting)—I know he has, sir.—*Shadows*.



Bystander—Say, brother, you've got a blowout.
Driver—Yes, I know it—and if you mention Kelley-Ding-fields I'll knock you for a row! —*Pitt Panther*.

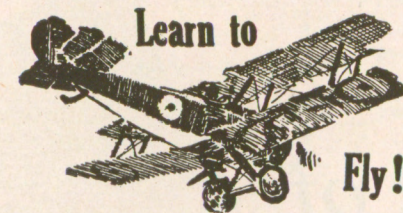
For the Miss

*Exquisite Blouses Fine Lingerie
Butterfly Hosiery*

FROCKS FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

KENT-WATSON

on University Avenue
Number 318



Learn to

Fly!

Our New Payment Plan
Only \$50 Down

Your flying instructions
start immediately upon
receipt of first payment

Pilots License F. A. I. Guaranteed

Write for particulars at once

WALTER T. VARNEY

Est. 1916

Airport
San Mateo

Office
1512 Pine St.
San Francisco

TRUE, NO DOUBT

Prof. (to class in surgery)—The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now what would you do in a case like that?
Bright student—Limp, too.—*Yellow Jacket*.



Policeman, with prisoner—Your Honor, this man was caught picking pockets at the circus.

Judge—Ten dollars fine.
Policeman—Your Honor, he has only five.
Judge—Then turn him loose until he gets the rest.
—*Yellow Jacket*.



HE DIDN'T KNOW

"How is your car running?" asked one motorist of the other.
"That's what puzzles me," replied the other.—*Yellow Jacket*.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

DENTISTS

Dr. Thos. P. Hammond..Bank of P. A. Bldg., P. A. 23
Dr. Geo. B. Little.....156 University, P. A. 419-J
Dr. L. M. Place.....Wilson Bldg., P. A. 94

DENTAL LABORATORY

A. Jackson.....Bank of P. A. Bldg., P. A. 1538

OPTOMETRIST

Dr. L. H. Gowell.....130 Univ. Ave., P. A. 1566-W

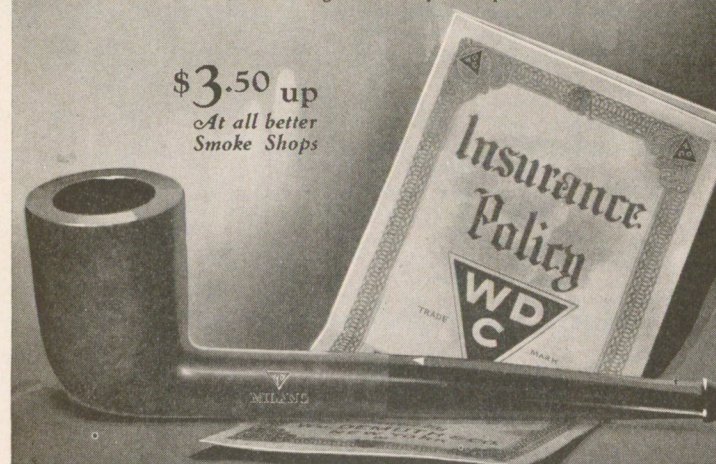
MILANO

The Insured Pipe

A Pipe of Briar so rare
that we Insure it for you

WM. DEMUTH & CO.,
230 Fifth Avenue, New York
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

\$3.50 up
At all better
Smoke Shops



Now that college is open again and the
old gang is assembling you will
find the familiar faces at

Mahany's

We carry a full line of
CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO
PIPES AND SMOKER'S ARTICLES

At the fountain our famous
Choc Malts

Billiards Snooker Card Tables

Watch our scoreboard for the
FOOTBALL RESULTS

MAHANY & KREBS

183 University
P. A. 252

219 University
P. A. 460-J

A Part of Stanford Life for 32 Years

We have enjoyed the patronage and friendship of Stanford men and women for thirty-two years. It has become a part of Stanford life to deposit one's income in a Bank of Palo Alto Checking Account and pay one's bills with Bank of Palo Alto Checks.

We welcome students' accounts and cannot too strongly urge the advisability of handling one's funds through a checking account. It's simple. It's accurate. It's wonderfully satisfactory.



THE BANK OF PALO ALTO

202 University Avenue

Established 1892

Assets over \$3,500,000.00

Representative at Stanford Book Store from 11:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.

EXPERIENCED

Prof.—What happened in 1854?
Stude—I don't know, sir.
Prof.—Well, where should you go when you want to find a date?
Stude—To the library.—*Purple Parrot.*

Dickery, dickery, dock!
If you crave a neat little shock,
Just enter a door
Without knocking before,
Dickery, dickery, dock!
—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*

1—I just passed by the ex-Kaiser's home and heard him singing.
2—What was he singing?
1—Ain't gonna reign no mo'!
—*Texas Ranger.*

"What are you buying?"
"A thermometer."
"Why? You won't need a thermometer until summer."
"They're always lower in winter."—*Phoenix.*

Belle—Shall we tango?
Hoppe—It's all the same to me.
Belle—Yes. I noticed that.—*Tiger.*

Doctor—Why are you in such a hurry to have me cure your cold?
Pat—Because I've lost my handkerchief.
—*Cornell Widow.*

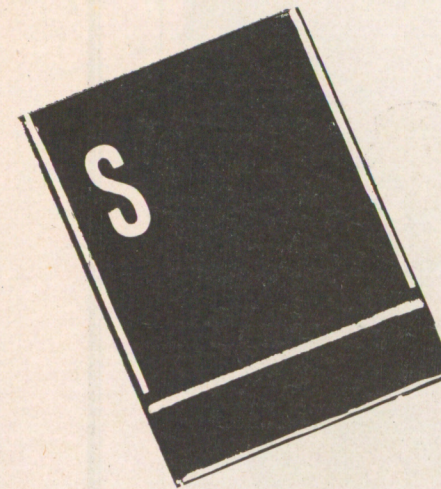
Bow—There's a fellow I'd like to see in the City Hospital.
Ree—Why don't you go up to see him?
Bow—He's not there yet!
—*Washington Dirge.*

Fussy Passenger (on board steamship)—Doesn't this boat tip a lot, steward?
Steward—Yes, she's setting a good example to the passengers. Thank you, sir.
—*Jack o' Lantern.*

GOING, GOING, GONE!
An ancient car chugged painfully up to the gate at the races. The gate-keeper, demanding the usual fee for automobiles, called:
"A dollar for the car."
The owner looked up with a pathetic smile of relief and said:
"Sold."—*Bison.*

Girls, when you spill powder on your friend's tux and he smiles, don't think he's an optimist. He has undoubtedly rented the monkey suit.—*Bowdoin Bear Skin.*

"Funny it never repeats itself to me," said the puzzled student over his history examination.—*Washington Dirge.*



Match Boxes

With the Stanford "S" or
Your Own Initials

The latest smart Smoking Accessory

The
Ramona Studios

533 Ramona Street

—pride

Take pride in your personal appearance. The better dressed man gets the quicker hearing in every walk of life. Our patronage is largely composed of men who were successful because they realized this early.

New Fall Goods
in Smart Patterns
\$55

B. ELLIS

MERCHANT TAILOR

16 E. San Antonio St., San Jose

"Exclusive but not expensive"



YEE WOO YUEN

(The Forbidden Palace)

Will be open to you on the night of September 25th. Here you may dance or dine under the soft light of mammoth Chinese lanterns—overhead, a vaulted canopy of shimmering pale blue and gold. A duplication of Peking's mysterious "Forbidden Palace" is San Francisco's newest smart dinner-dance café and tea gardens—full of Oriental lure. Delectable Chinese and American Dishes.

Music by Rex Glissman's
MANDARIN ORCHESTRA
from Seven 'till One

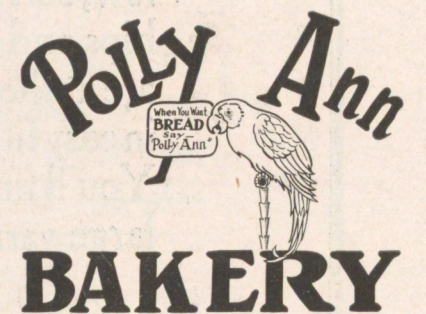
The MANDARIN

Grant Avenue and Bush St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Birthday Cakes

Wedding Cakes

Party Pastries



BAKERY

A business built on unsurpassed products

356 University Avenue
Palo Alto 1609

Society Brand
Clothes



The styles for fall will be easy fitting

The new coats hang straighter with broad shoulders and low, soft rolling lapels. Trousers hang straight from the hips and are somewhat wider. Society Brand Clothes are at their best in these new styles, because especially in easy fitting, straight line clothes it's the cut that counts. You'll find here, the very best in this new style, and in a large variety of fabrics. **\$40 to \$75**

*Largest Stock of Society Brand Clothes
in the West*

Hastings

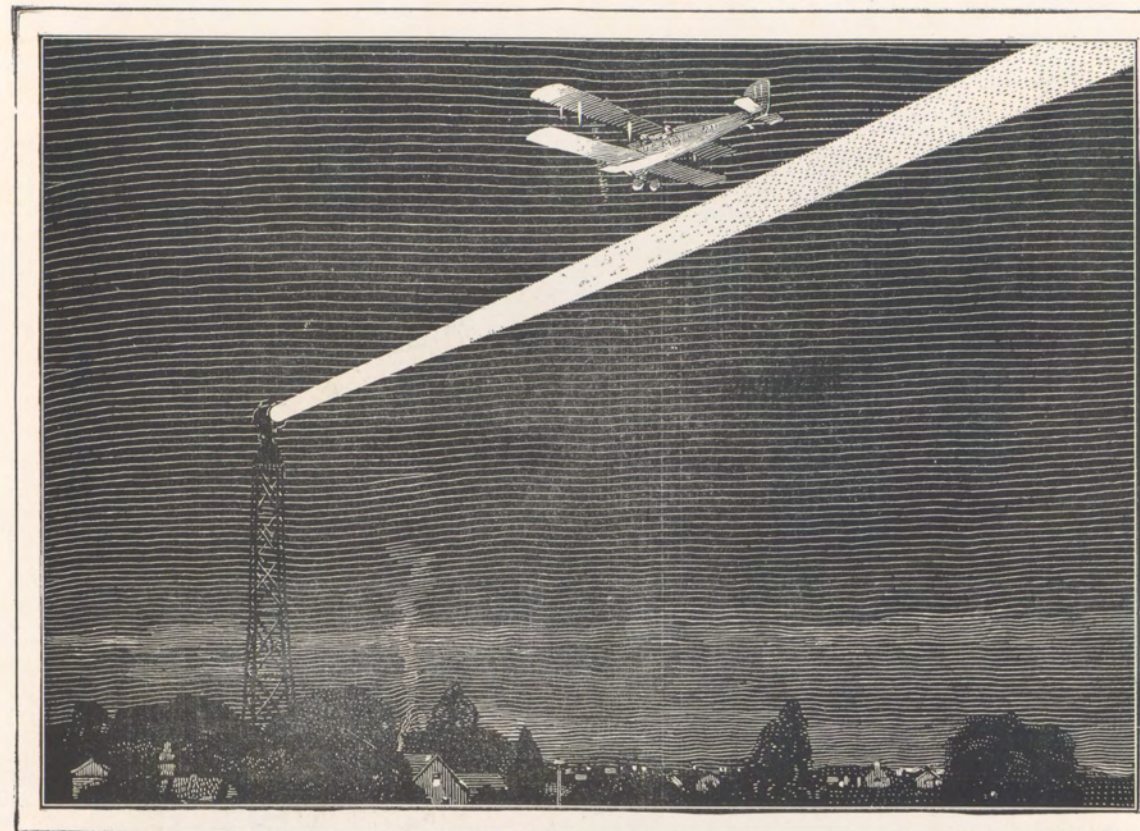
Established 1854

Post at Kearny

San Francisco

KNAPP - FELT
HATS

HURLEY
SHOES



Beacons of the sky

Between Cleveland and Rock Springs, Wyo., along the night route of the air mail service, tall beacons have been placed every twenty-five miles.



This achievement has been made possible by engineers of the Illuminating Engineering Laboratories of the General Electric Company, working with officials of the Post Office Department. A startling achievement now will be a commonplace of life in the new America which you will inherit.

If you are interested to learn more about what electricity is doing, write for Reprint No. AR391 containing a complete set of these advertisements.

Revolving on great steel towers, General Electric searchlights, totaling 1,992,000,000 candle-power, blaze a path of light for the airplane pilot.

What the lighthouse is to the ocean navigator, these beacons are to the conquerors of the air.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK



GORDON *an* ARROWSHIRT

A SHIRT that is tailored for service. It is made of a specially woven permanently white Oxford, cut to allow for shrinkage. *And—*

When you get a GORDON Shirt you get a collar from the hands of the expert Arrow Collar makers, a collar that sits and fits unusually well.



CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers*, TROY, N.Y.