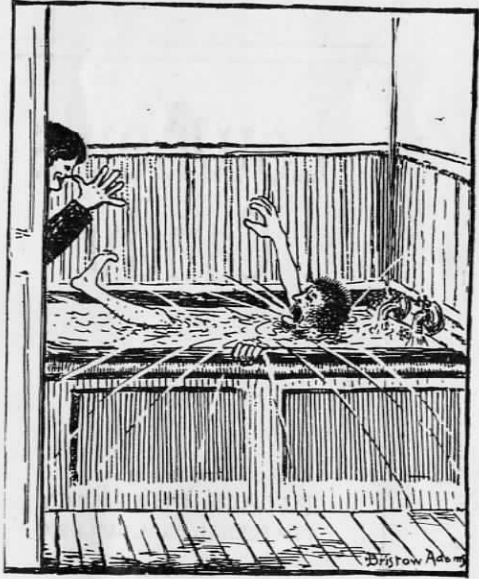


The Chaparral

STANDARD

VOL I



"There was a roomer afloat in Encina last night."

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'Neath summer sun my lady stood,
The summer's blossoms in her hands.
With rash resolve, I cried aloud:
"I'll kiss her, where she stands!"

Then soft my Alter Ego spoke:
"Worship the ground on which she
walks,
But bear in mind the time-worn joke
And kiss her where she talks."—M. H.

AMROTLIAO
YHARLU ITATZ



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

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Application has been made for entry as second-class mail matter in the Postoffice at Stanford University.

LARREY BOWMAN, '01.

BRISTOW ADAMS, '00.

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.

Now that the *Weakly Squawler* has blossomed out as the only reliable funny illustrated college paper it would at first sight seem futile for the CHAPARRAL to enter the field. But let us look beneath the *Squawler's* mask of levity and try to find just what weekly humorous material there is to be found between its nightmare covers. The management declares it doesn't run the "single column" for the reader, but for the advertiser—so it can sell more space next to reading matter. Perhaps the advertisers will read it.

Now that the name CHAPARRAL has been decided on it may be of interest, especially to those who do not understand or favor the name, to know just why CHAPARRAL and no other was decided on. It may be assured that everything possible was thought of: "Josh," "Bogie," "Ishmaelite," "Yellow Dog," and others, including "Eucalyptus." But the "Yellow Dog" would naturally have it in for the "Cardinal Cat"—which wouldn't do at all. And "Josh," so Mr. Hulme said, was "vulgar." A vegetarian name was finally fixed on to follow the illustrious example of the *Sequoia*, *Palo Alto*, *Live Oak*, *Shooting Star* and others of that kind. So "Eucalyptus" was first favored for several reasons given in a late issue of last year's *Sequoia*. But "Eucalyptus" is a medicinal, and is bad to take—and we want everybody to take to the CHAPARRAL. The name "Poison Oak" was likewise thought of and discarded for the same reason—that some people won't take it and are proud of the fact, while others will not take it if they can avoid it. To summarize—if you don't want the management to get lost in the CHAPARRAL, now is the time to subscribe.



Poetry vs. Prose.

I heard a poet say to-day,
 "I wish I wasn't what I am;
 I'd like to gambol on the green,
 And frisk around just like a lamb."
 The man's a fool. I ought to know,
 Thanks to the little slot machine,—
 It ain't a single bit of fun
 To gamble on the green.

L. MACF. B.

Touting Him Wise.

PROF. ROSS—Are you in Economics 10?
 RUYTER—Y-yes.
 PROF. R.—Well, you ain't in it to any considerable degree.



"Hello, old man ; you're a corker ! Just the man we want for the team." "Shure, an' it's not Terence O'Flam that's a frish-man affther a har-rud day"



"For general appearance I think you must be a Freshman ; what's your class?" "k on thim new buildin's beyant ; but arrah ! 'tis a class he's in be himself whin he is frish !"



CLARISSA JONES was an awfully sweet girl. She had been twenty for several years, and was just getting ready for her nineteenth birthday. But Clarissa was not happy. Surrounded with wealth, luxury and lovers, there was yet something lacking in her life—she had never met the man to whom she could say, "I love you with my whole heart."

Clarissa's papa gave a ball. Miss June Smith was there in pink taffeta, with lavender insertions; Miss Robinson was sweet in a bodice of white corduroy, pearl buttons—skirt of pale yellow brocade; Beatrice de Harrigan had that old green silk of hers made over, and looked a fright, of course. There were others, too. All at once Clarissa gave a gasp. A tall, distinguished looking man, with the order for a bath on his shirt front, stalked across the floor to the reception booth, and asked in deadbroken English to be introduced to the host's fair daughter. Mrs. St. John Wilkins performed the service.

"Aw, ah, you know," said Lord Groatless (for it was he), "do you like peanuts?"

"Alas, no!" said she, softly, "why did you ask?"

"Because, aw, I, aw, couldn't think of anything else to say."

An awkward silence came upon them.

"Really, my lord," said the young lady presently, her face suffused with blushes, "I didn't think it of you."

His lordship gave her an inquiring look. "Why, your arm has been about my waist for the last ten minutes." Lord Groatless looked down, and sure enough it was.

"Shall we go out to the conservatory?" said Clarissa, in a scarcely audible whisper. "You were saying," she said, when they were seated, "you were saying——"

"But I wasn't, y'know," he replied, in some embarrassment.

Clarissa knew what was coming and she bent her head, and pensively burnt holes in the carpet with a poker.

My lord cleared his throat, and shifted his seat uneasily. "Doosid fine evening," he said, at length; he appeared to be under the influence of tremendous passion.

* * * * *

Clarissa smiled at him through her tears. "It isn't that I don't love you," she said, "but there is my life work. If I were to marry you, what would become of it?—and then, and then, there is Ted Van Dyke."

"What of him?" cried Lord Groatless, in a terrible voice.

Ah, what indeed!

(To be continued—nit.)

After the Lecture.

SHE—Isn't he just too eloquent! He speaks in golden sentences.

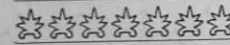
HE—I'd give more for a silver ten cents than a golden sentence.

"Shall I say 'au revoir' but not good-by?" he said, as he stood on the steps of Madrono.

"I hardly know; your French is pretty rank, but then——"

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