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# The Chaparral

Vol. 1. Stanford University, California, October 26, 1899. No. 2.

## Up to the King.



**His NIBS.**—Ah, slave, thou hast performed indeed well. I fill thy instrument with pieces of silver, for, by my halidome, thou hast rendered "Die Wacht am Rhein" as I have never heard it before.

**COURT MUSICIAN.**—Sire, thou wert so gracious as to be pleased with my cornet rendition of "Die Wacht am Rhein" yester-eve; but ah, Sire! thou shouldst hear me play it on the tuba. It is magnificent.

## Stanford Scored.

Berkeley's chief executive had just finished his lecture in the chapel anent rowing. He and Dr. Jordan were strolling about the Quad taking in the odors of the Zoo lab and other points of interest.

"Speaking of intercollegiate regattas, Ben, let's put the proposition plainly. Suppose your wife wanted to go down-town and was unable to walk, and a wheelbarrow was the only

available vehicle, what would you do?"

"Don't know, Dave," answered Berkeley's newly elected president, "give it up! What would you do?"

"Why Benjamin Ide Wheeler!"

## From the Trance Veil.

**OOM PAUL.**—So you think I'm a pretty keen blade, eh?

**CECIL RHODES.**—No, I think you are a smooth-Boer.

G.S.L.



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

Vol. I. STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL., OCTOBER 26, 1899. No. 2.

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Single copies of the CHAPARRAL are on sale at the Bookstore and at the "Cardinal Cat" on the Campus; at Simpkins', Merguires' and Hall's Drug Store in Palo Alto.

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

BRISTOW ADAMS, '00, Manager.

**Now that** CHAPPIE has surprised a few by actually appearing again, he will not hesitate to give some of the criticisms he received. The greatest fault, and he is grateful for the implied commendation—quality—was the lack of quantity. Some said he was good in spots. Professor Show—probably "The Greatest Show on Earth"—predicted a short life. The danger of becoming like *Josh* in one respect—defunct—does not stare CHAPPIE in the face; still there is a little formula we learned when we were new to the business—and that was many years ago:

"How dear to our hearts is the old silver dollar, when some kind subscriber presents it to view; the liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things that to us seem so new; the wide-spreading eagle, the arrows below it, the stars and the words, with the strange things they tell; the coin of our fathers, we're glad that we know it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well; the spread-eagle dollar, the star-spangled dollar, the old silver dollar that we all love so well."

**Now that** the *Squawler* has damned CHAPPIE with no mention at all while speaking of new Stanford publications, devoting some valuable space to the *Luminous*, it would seem a wise retaliatory measure not to increase the weakly's sales by mention in these columns. "But we ain't proud!" Of course it may be a loss to the CHAPARRAL, but what is the standing of a paper which says it may be well "not to lock our Thanksgiving flags away in the dust of the once-was memories." This reminds us of the figure used in a stump speech after the Maine disaster: "Are we going to allow Spain to trail our flag in defeat in the dust of the ocean?" And "memories" which "once was!" Oh, mama!

**Now that** was not at all kind of the dear rosy *Luminous* to say that CHAPPIE is a revival of the defunct *Josh*. And while very few persons will see the statement—in the *Luminous*—we may as well set it right. CHAPPIE is no believer in the transmigration of souls and is not the disinterred remnant of any deceased, defunct, demised, departed dead. And perhaps if the *Luminous* had a finer sense for fact it would more nearly deserve the *Squawler's* laudation.

### Geometrical.

"Didn't I hear the triangle?"

"Yes; let's get a 'square' while there's enough to go 'round."

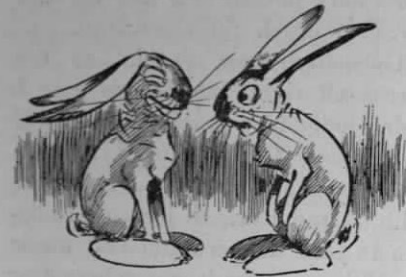
### Correspondents.

HAMILTON.—I'm up against it.

MAPLES.—What's the matter?

HAM.—Since Dr. Jordan has gone into the *Examiner* business with bull fights and automobiles it's pretty poor picking for a hard-working man who has only genius behind him and his reputation not made yet. I tell you it's hard.

### Bunny's Bum Pun.



"I understand old Jack Rabbit inherited a million and is in clover. That's what I call luck."

"In clover is he? Well, that's nothing. Look at us, we're in the CHAPARRAL. The trouble with you is that you don't know when you are lucky—yes, thanks, I'll take poison-oak straight."

### Identified.

MAC TOWEL.—There's Benjamin Harrison and Funston —.

THE LADY.—Who's Funston?

MAC T.—Funston!—why he's a Phi Delta Theta.

### In Wonderland.

MARCH HARE.—What did Alice do when she heard Lewis Carol?

DORMOUSE.—Threw the Looking Glass. Come again.





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

The city, you have seen, was taken with the highest credit to the Roman arms. On the evening before action, Milo having ridden forward, such is his accustomed intrepidity, with only two companies of Nubian\* cavalry for a body guard, a solitary tree is found at the outskirts of the town. Here one has nailed the following document so that the world might read.

The consensus of opinion is that the enemy has posted a defiance in our path. Upon examination, however, the document is found to contain such a story for pathos that the rude Nubians, on hearing, were seen to weep.

Nor was the eagle eye of the illustrious Milo entirely dry.

#### THE DOCUMENT.

Our ship was the Maud Jones, a low-lyin' scow carryin' clothes-pins for the inhabitants of funder Spain. Down by Sardinia we runs in with Sirens, and that pretty nigh does for us.

"O Joave!" says Billy Mooney, me messmate. "Do ye hear 'em?"

Do ye see 'em wavin' their white arms, and cryin' to us not for to pass 'em by. By Herc'les," he says, "I'm a-comin' to you, my dears," and with that he jumps overboard, and that's the last we sees of him.

First thing you knows the helmsman gets to droolin'. A big wave hits us side on, and when it's gone by there ain't nobody left but me and Mr. Gubenbach, the supercargo.

Gubenbach was a-yellin' to the Sirens all right, but by his pose I didn't judge he was talking amor'us. Pretty soon I hears him say, "You flatted that high 'C,' you girl there with the red hair. If I've got to listen to your dunnerwetter bad music you'll have to get it somewhere near right!" And he pushes me away from the helm and steers circumspect through the foam. There was one real nice girl, that had her harp a little bit out of tune, an' every time she gives a real good swipe across the strings Mr. Gubenbach he—

(*This being an exciting point, the story is continued to our next issue.*)

\* Very famous organization of that time. Their battle cry is said to have been *Who's dat sed chicken!*

## THE ACCIDENT.

Vol. 37.

University of California, October 32, 1899.

No. 73.

The ACCIDENT is published quite often during the college year. Subscriptions, \$1.00 per year. Single copies 5 cents.

PRICES REDUCED TO CHINAMAN ONE-HALF.

RICHARD W. GULLY, '04, Editor-in-chief.

Associate Editors.

BLEWN GOOLD, '05, MISS UCIE KALIF, '06.

SEENYER FENCE, 5, MIS CALLIE FORNYAN, '07

Business Staff.

ROY E. DICKERING, '05, Manager.

Entered at Postoffice at Berkeley as a second-class paper.

#### EDITORIAL.

A MAN over at Stanford, we scorn to name him, has given vent, through the blatant medium of the *Sequoia*, which has the usual earmarks of that sickening self-sufficiency so long an even gloried possession of our genial friend at Palto Alto, that the unthinking reader might believe the feeble sophistries, if they were not so palapable, so *miserabile dictu\** a *fortiori*† his induction, reached through the particularity is puerile discovery, as such it seemEd to him, though if the learned gentleman (which we don't think) would let the calm lucidity of fact, which

\* Cicero. † Juvenal.

our scientist would have the the zealousness to confute, were the touchstones of this custom less frequent, more apparent. Steeped in in impenetrable arrogance, swathed in spleen he has launched upon Us the terrible weapon of his vituperation. His data are rotten. Let him go out and pick some fresh dates.

CALIFORNIA is proud of her loyal sons. Not another college in the country sent three men to the war. California done this; naY, she sent four. An elegant monument, shortly to be erected to those to those who lost their memories in the struggle, will soon raise its proud shaft beyond the dreams of avarice. Just now we said four men. Be it known that a fifth victim has come to light. While California's fair sons fearlessly met and conquered the rude whiskey of an Alien people, Miss Milly Burke, great in peace, fed the swart hoards of æp̄ incomming volunteers. All day long she she craked doughnuts for the sons of Mars, baxed by the hauds of Fricso's fairest daughters. What cares she that she may never use her wrist agan. Any Berdeley student would do as much. Good boy, Milly!

#### PAST 'ELL.

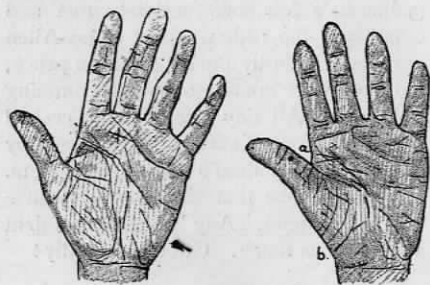
The cuckoo calleth to his mate  
And all the world is bright,  
Adown dewey path unto the gate  
Are strewn great chuncks of light;  
Awake my heart and take good cheer,  
For Ben is here—for Ben is here!

Well may the violet be gay  
And now with anger and despite  
Luckless forever, from this day—  
The sauerballed Stanfordite!  
What ho! let flow the good steam beer  
For Ben is here—for Ben is here!



### Kissing Bug.

The latest discovery of insectivorous osculation.



### Palms of Victory.

Observations made on the hands of representative Berkeley students:

Figure 1. Cross under second finger indicates impending calamity.

Figure 2. Life line—a-b—very short and broken. Can hardly survive the month of November.

### Intercepted!!!

[The subjoined report on the regular printed form of the Fire Department was found in Encina last night.]

#### REPORT OF OFFICER.

*Carl Hayden.*

DATE.

*October 25, 1899.*

TOUR OF BEAT.

*Encina Hall.*

LOCATION AND KIND OF GAMBLING CARRIED ON.

*Shell game in Beach's room.*

*Bean-bags in Boston's room.*

*Games of chance in Luck's room.*

*Poker in Card's room.*

*Draw poker in Bristow Adams', Larry Bowman's and Sterrett's rooms.*

*Guessing game in Riddell's room.*

*Bunco game in Swindell's room.*

*Baccarat in English's room.*

*Cinch in Ackerman's room.*

*Straight playing in Harry Weil's room.*

*Carl Hayden,*

Police Officer.

STATE WHAT KIND OF GAMBLING.  
[OVER.]

### Wanted.

Somebody who understands poker to run jokes on that subject for this paper.

Also wanted: Somebody to lend us five dollars to replace the plunks we lost last night trying to fit ourselves for the position.

### Bismillah!

THE ONE THOUSAND AND THIRTY-THIRD GUM ARABIAN NIGHT, BEING THE RELATION OF THE FEMALE MUFTIS AND THE RIDER OF THE ONE-HUMPED CAMEL.

In the reign of Haroun-al-Jordan, commander of the faithful, it came about that there dwelt within the walls a band of female muftis, and for the greater glory of their sisterhood and also that they might meet those new to the realm of the Haroun-al-Jordan, they gave Anatome and thereto they sent messages throughout the realm bidding the faithful arise, clothe themselves in robes of gladness, make ablution and go a pilgrimage to their shrine.

Now there was within the realm an unregenerate follower of the Prophet who possessed a one-humped camel, with whom he abode and whereon he rode up and down throughout the land in rare and curious garments. And he was an outcast and given to the riding of camels with but one hump; moreover, he did not go to the mosque and was a man of no social reputation.

Now it came about in the many messages that the female muftis cast over the realm, the Nit received one and great was his wonder, and thus he spake: "Oh, Allah, how is this? I, who am a Nit and ride a one-humped camel am looked upon by female muftis? By the Piccadilly-weepers of the Prophet, it must be Josh!"

Therefore he went unto one of the female muftis and spake unto her thusly: "Oh, Flower of the Oasis! Oh, Night Blooming Serious and

Day Blooming Comic! I have received a message from your mighty sisterhood bidding me arise, put on the robes of gladness, make ablution, and repair to your shrine. Now, I am aware of my nitness and the spotless blackness of my reputation. Wherefore tell me, I pray you, is this Josh?"

Whereat the female mufti made reply: "Verily, I know not if it be Josh; but what is your excuse for living?"

And she returned unto the abode of the female muftis and thus addressed them: "Lo, who has bidden this rider of one-humped camels to our bun-struggle? Suffer him not to come among us, O my sisters, lest it come to the ears of Sos-i-Etee and we be condemned." Thereupon they held council and sent a message unto the rider of the one-humped camel, and this was the message:

Oh, Nit!

Thou hast been bidden to our coffee-clutch. But it is all an awful mistake. Send back the missive at once that we may send it to a female with a name not in the least like thine. We don't want to play with you. Go 'way, you horrid man.

And thereat the rider of the one-humped camel was exceeding charmed—aye, even snake-charmed, and made outcry unto Allah: "Verily, I know somewhat of the breeding of one-humped camels, but this—what it is?"

(And here rings the alarm clock!)

### Hard.

SOPH.—Say, it's hard on that tortoise in front of the museum.

FRESH.—What?

SOPH.—The shell.

## Constitution.

[THE CHAPARRAL has been able to secure the only authentic copy of the Freshman Constitution. We give as many extracts from it as our space will permit.]

THE CONSTITUTION OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY, ADOPTED BY THE FRESHMAN CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE.

Chapter I., Section I., Part I., Paragraph I., Clause I. The style of this organization is and hereby shall be forever known as *the* Freshman Class of Stanford University, the same to be located in the County of Santa Clara, in the State of California.

Section III. All persons desiring to graduate in 1903 may become members of this organization by making application in writing to the proper authorities. No communications will be considered unless return postage is enclosed.

Section IV., Article VII. Honorary members—In token of our respect by and for the persons herein named, we, the Class of '03, do and hereby declare aforesaid as herein mentioned and set forth that said persons shall be and hereby are granted the honor of honorary membership in our body, namely, to wit: Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, Mr. David Starr Jordan, Mr. Charles G. Lathrop (not the Prof.), and all trustees of the University, their wives and immediate families. Said honorary members shall, except in cases of great stress, be exempt from payment of dues, and in no case shall they have a vote at any of the meetings of the Class.

Article IX. Officers shall be elected annually on the first Monday after the first Tuesday in October, and their duties shall be such as usually attain to the respected officers.

Chapter V. There shall also be elected each year four members to the Student Body Executive Committee.

Section XI. No member of any fraternity or secret society, nor any person in any way connected with any musical, dramatic or debating organization shall be entitled to hold office or to vote at any election.

### BY-LAWS.

[For lack of space we give only a very few.—ED.]

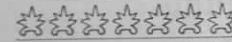
1. The Class shall give functions at stated intervals.
2. No person shall be admitted to any function in a dress suit.
3. Any members of fraternities who have intruded into any class reception or dance shall wait their turn for refreshments until regular members of the Class are served and satisfied.
4. This Constitution may be mended at any time by a two-thirds vote of regular members.

### "A Little Wit—"

MR. EDITOR:—I am a Freshman but I heard a joke the other day. I don't know if it is good enough for your paper. This is it: What term is going to supersede "rubberneck?" The answer is "peninsulate." The reason is because a peninsula is a little neck running out to sea.

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

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