

The Chaparral



VOL. I.



OBESSE.—Dear Fragile, you will have to ask pa.
 FRAGILE.—Oh, he's all right; he's the one that
 put me onto you.

L.B.
B.A.

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The Chaparral

Vol. 1.

Stanford University, California, April 28, 1900.

No. 8.

PAINFUL LOCKJAWS. '01

(WITH SERVILE APOLOGIES TO
THE PRINCETON TIGER.)



COLLEGE GIRLS No. 9.—Smith's Girl.



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

Vol. 1.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL., APRIL 28, 1900.

No. 8.

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Now that marriages by telephone are becoming popular, the Stanford co-ed can marry a Los Angeles business man without the inconvenience of either party seeing the other. She can finish her college course and he can keep on tucking simoleons into his footwear without any interruption to their electric domesticity. But the poor preacher will have to take phoney dollars for his services, and the divorce courts will be full of phoney brides and bridegrooms, by phone, of course. Altogether it is very phonny.

Now that the student body elections are on, you can say what you please to whom you please about whom you please. If you know anything mean about a man or his ancestors, even to the

third and fourth generations, now is the time to bawl it out. The louder, the more, the better. There are no limits to what you can say or even do. If you know that a man spends all he has to keep up his appearances, and you are fairly certain that the clothes you see him wearing are better than the ones under them, tell it. It is a boomerang. It will hurt him. *Tres bien! par excellence!* Votes. Remember that you can talk about a man whether he is running for office or not. This is the slanderous season. Last Sunday was slanderous Sunday. Say it. Say it quick. Seethe!

Now that the intercollegiate field-day is over (board) and the dope tickets have been torn up, we have something to say, as usual. Here it is The "S" on a Stanford sweater evolved from a field day does not mean "show," from baseball it does not mean "slide," from football it does not mean "sore." Everywhere it means Stanford. The Stanford athlete of to-day has come to think too much of this "S"; as to its location on his chest—too high or too low, too large or too small. He does not think enough of winning—except the admiration of the gentler ones. Suppose we put a small "v" on the margin of the "S" to indicate membership in a winning team, the same as we put the "M's" on a dollar to prevent mistakes, the sweater-crazy ones would be immediately relegated to the athletic foolish house. Of course, we won't think of it, but the ones who made the remark, "got our sweaters anyhow," may pause and think. They do at other colleges. This heart-to-heart spiel is not exclusive. It has been published broadly, but not in print.—S.



"I'll leave my happy home" etc!

Ballade.

Upon the ledger crossed and lined,
Where Gabriel keeps the record writ
My name, some day, I hope to find
With red ink plus marks after it.
For lo! this night in gloom I sit
And study facts of wealth and wage,
Nor started, would I care to quit.—
And yet, this face upon the page!

Two hundred pages he assigned.
Oh, what a smile was seen to flit
Upon his features, siren-kind,
And how pleased was he with his wit!
Two hundred pages,—what of it?
“This state was known as vassalage,
Whereas,—” Wake up, my slumbering
wit!

Why grows this face upon the page?

This work is but a bitter grind!
Vain is my courage, vain my grit
Since one fair vision of the mind
Onto these dreary leaves alit.
The fellows say I am hard hit.
Maybe. Behold, I curse the sage
And quit. Make what you may of it—
I find her face on every page.

L'ENVOI

Man cannot render service fit
To two at once.—So the adage
I leave, nor am I conscience-smit,
While smiles that face from every page.

LARREY BOWMAN.



Harrowing.

“Waiter, do you see what’s in
that butter.”

“Certainly, sir, put ’em there
myself; one of our extras, them
Belgian hairs.”

A Recipe.

There once was a man who for hiccough
Tried all of the cures he could piccough,
But the best beyond doubt
At last he found oubt
Was hot water and salt in a ticcough.

Unpublished Correspondence of Reed to Reed.

REEDSES RANCH, April 15, 1899—I mean 1900.

DEAR JOHNNY:

I want yu to be both good and grate. If you cant be good be grate ennyhow. Grateness is next to godliness. Eunnybody can keep clene. We air well as common. Yore ma’s coff is a little wurse, but she is so as to be about. She caut me a drinkin by my breathe this mornin. She didn’t say nuthin, but I am too shamed to go in the house. I am a ritin of this in the hayloft on old Bill’s feed box. Yu got the best ma in the wurld. She has been so porely I had to git a hired gal to do the work. Say, Johnny, yu aut to see that gal. Yu aut allso to see the big lump I got on my head. I had to tell yore ma that I fell offen Bill. Air ye on? Aint I keen? I knode their wuz sumthin rong when yu ast for that extry 50 dollars. If yu can git that Justice of the Piece out sum dark nite, whale im. When yu git in trubble allus tell me. How air ye a doin on the team? If yu dont win that third game I dont send yu no more extry. If yu win, we will selebrate when I cum up to see yu gradueight. The dang preacher cant wach me up their.

Yore pa,

JOHN REED, SR.

P. S.—I am out uv sen sen and that’s the way yore ma got onto me. Send me some by return male. Here is 10 dollars.

Y. P., J. R., SR.



Politics and Policy.

ALFRED SORAN extracted a clean handkerchief from his upper left-hand pocket and wiped his brow. Ever since he had been a mere child Alfred had wished for power. In his Freshman year he had worked in the power-house, but it was no good. Now, on the eve of his Senior year, he desired the office of student body president, yea, coveted it, and the votes were not coming his way.

Circumstances keep some men under, but it was not that which filled Alfred's cup of fulfilment with unsatisfactory collar. Alfred was a dub, with the accent on the dub. He hadn't an enemy in the world.

Suddenly a large mellow sound is heard. Some one cries, "Fire alarm!" and another cries "Roble!" Immediately all the able-bodied politicians on the campus may be seen coursing like greyhounds to the west. Alfred joins in the chase. He makes the not original reflection that a vote saved is a vote earned. If he can save a girl from the flames she might even work for him. The present is full of possibilities, and he may be a hero and a winner yet. Now, there were eight or ten other candidates who were reflecting the same reflects. There were others who considered a rescue equivalent to an introduction. But these are extraneous matters. Besides, while we digress, the girls may be burning.

Roble is a mass of smoke. Alfred climbs the fire-escape, enters the room of pretty Laura Lyman, and, seizing her by the back of her shirt waist, he drags her forcibly through the window.

Alfred weighs a hundred and twenty pounds, and Laura, approximately, one hundred and sixty. Moreover, the lady fights desperately, and our hero has no easy thing of it. But see!! What man has done man shall do. If the lady acts strangely, it is doubtless due to excitement. How grateful the smell of smoke is to the nostrils! And the roar of the volunteer fire department. Magnificent!!

The ground is reached. He releases his precious burden and wipes the perspiration from his face.

"You wretched little idiot," cries Laura, who appears to be overcharged with emotion. "What do you mean by coming into my room?"

"Lie down on the green grass plot," says Alfred, "and you will feel better in a little bit."

"I wont. Leave me alone. And I only had a wrapper on, too!"

Alfred is modest. "I have just saved your life. Good-by. You may thank me by mail."

"Stay," cries the lady, and he cannot but obey. "There is some grass afire out in front of the Doc's, and the smoke may have deceived you. Knight Jordan found a cigar stump, and ——"

"And then Roble is not burning at all?"

"Nary a burn."

"A—er—well, it's this way. I ——"

"Yes, I see. But I promised to vote for Tommy Littleneck way last semester."



"A vote saved is a vote earned."

Ante Election Statements.

(Meant for but unpublished in the *Parlor Altar*.)

I.

Why did I nominate Him? A and B came to me, to say nothing of C, L, and S, and told me that I was the man to do it. They had a big lot of wool, which was carried by S, and which I have since learned that they pulled over my eyes. Some of the wool was red and some of it was green to match.

THE NOMINATOR.

II.

I did not nominate Him. I mean I did. But there was no wool. A and B did not come to me, for there are no such persons. I nominated Him because I loved Him, although I did not know Him. It was not a job but a joke. They are different things because they are not spelled alike. The first letters of the words, "jo," can't mean the same thing.

THE NOMINATOR.

III.

I am sorry for myself.

THE NOMINATOR.

Another High Liver.

CUSTOMER.—Gimme me a nickel's worth of liver.

BUTCHER.—A nickel's worth, my good sir, would be none.

CUSTOMER (desperately).—Then gimme a dime's worth. I'll live while I do live.



Jones, the temperance man, who tried to drown his field-day sorrows with lemonade and found he could only duck 'em.

The office boy dropped into poetry this morning. He fell in the waste-basket.

They say that man is like a flame—
That's what the poets shout;
The reason just now to me came
He sputters when put out.

MRS. SMITH (to her bloody son).
—Gohencumhurst Smith, didn't I tell you not to play with that Dooley boy?

SMITH (looking up from paper).
—Appearances seem to indicate that you should have told Dooley not to play with Gohencumhurst.



Evolution.

"That fellow's a bookworm."

"Yes, he will probably develop into a keen lizard."

Une Ballade du Printemps.

The fields with their flowers of white,
Or of yellow, or red, or of blue,
Or of pink, or of lavender light,
(Or of any other old hue —
That will make this rhyme just run true,
For I'm doing the best that I can,
And what more can a poor devil do) —
Now that the Spring has begun.

Just now it is hard to recite,
And all of us wish we were through
With theses that morning and night
Take time more than double their due —
When we have the Spring lassitude, too;
And want to rebel to a man;
And sarsaparilla's the cue, —
Now that the Spring has begun.

The swallows have come in their flight;
They will have homes not a few,
So the Arch will shortly be tight
With nests made of muddy old goo.
And likewise, a greasy old Jew
Fits into the general plan
With wire coat-hangers for you,
Now that the Spring has begun.

ENVOI

If there was a way that we knew
We would also put under the bar
The poet who's brought into view
Now that the Spring has begun.

CHEERVALL.—When my ship
comes in—

SAUERBALL.—That cussed ship
of yours is stranded on a rock-
bound coast.

CHEERVALL. I was just about
to remark that she would bring me
a cargo of rocks.

CUSTOMER.—What have you in
the shape of oranges?

STOREKEEPER.—Baseballs.

PHYSICS PROF.—What will hap-
pen when light strikes the water at
an angle of forty-five degrees?

EDWARDS.—It will go out.



"Yes, dead heats are very com-
mon in Egypt."

"So?"

"Sure, they fire their locomotives
with mummies."



“Chaparral” Intercollegiate Field Day.

JOHN RABBIT.—I’m against this immigration business. If things gits much worse the foreigners ’ll crowd us Americans out altogether.

COTTON TAIL.—What’s wrong now?

J. R.—I see by the *Sagebrush News* that a lot more of them Belgians come in yesterday.

WIFEY (joyfully).—See this lovely new spring bonnet! And just think, it only cost \$30!

HUSBANDY (angrily).—Confound it, Marie! What do you mean, Marie? I —

WIFEY (tearfully).—I didn’t mean to, but the best is always the cheapest in the long run.

HUSBANDY.—Yes, but I am no long distance man.

“What is that intercollegiate debater talking about?”

“The question, of course.”

“What question?”

“Don’t bother me. I’m trying to follow. Look at the program.”

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CHEMISTRY PROF.—What was the essence of your experiments with tartaric acid and carbonate of soda?

MEIKLEJOHN.—Effervescence!

Oscar Beaver fell off the bleachers last Saturday and hurt his head and arm. It is hoped that amputation will not be necessary.

MRS. BROWN (at field-day).—My dear, you've been drinking hard.

MR. BROWN.—Yesh, m' dear; so cold I was tryin' to get together 'nough swallows to make a summer day.

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MRS. D.—Phwy, Timmie Dooley, phwat do yez mane by batin' yer little baby sister like that?

TIM.—Didn't yez tell me to put him to sleep?

MR. STEINHEIM.—Dat's a crate poy of ours, Rachel.

MRS. S.—Vat's he say?

MR. S.—He wrides dot he is goin' in der fieldt-day for der kvarter and der halluf.

Mr. Moody is on the quad representing the *Land of Sunshine* magazine.—*Daily Parlor Altar*.

Knight of Kentucky is the local representative of the Land of Moonshine.

HI WEIGH.—I kinder like dose student guys. Deys somepin like we uns. Dey don't do nuthin' but sleep, eat and rest.

B. G. RHODE.—Yes, but deys one ting I can't reconcile in dem. Some er dem takes gym work and dat's agin dem as er class.

"YES," said the aeronaut, "I was once in the air seven days and —"

"Hol' on," put in the man who was whittling, "I can beat that. I was sent up once for thirty days.

NEW SCHOOLMA'AM.—Always set your mark high, my boy.

MY BOY.—Gowan wid ye; I can write me name as good as yer.

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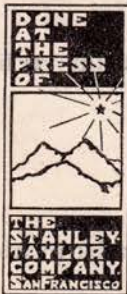
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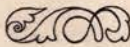
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