

6. 14

THE CHAPARRAL

May 1905



STANFORD UNIVERSITY
SENIOR NUMBER

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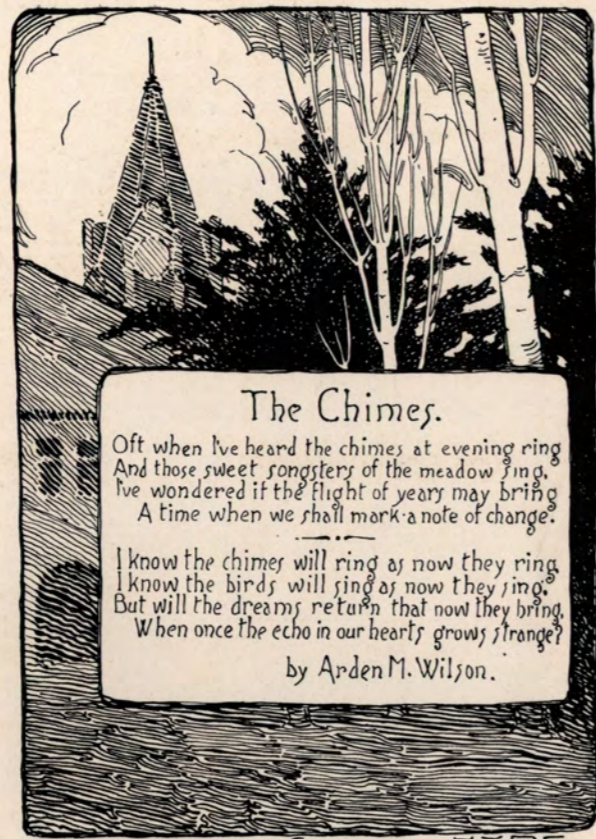
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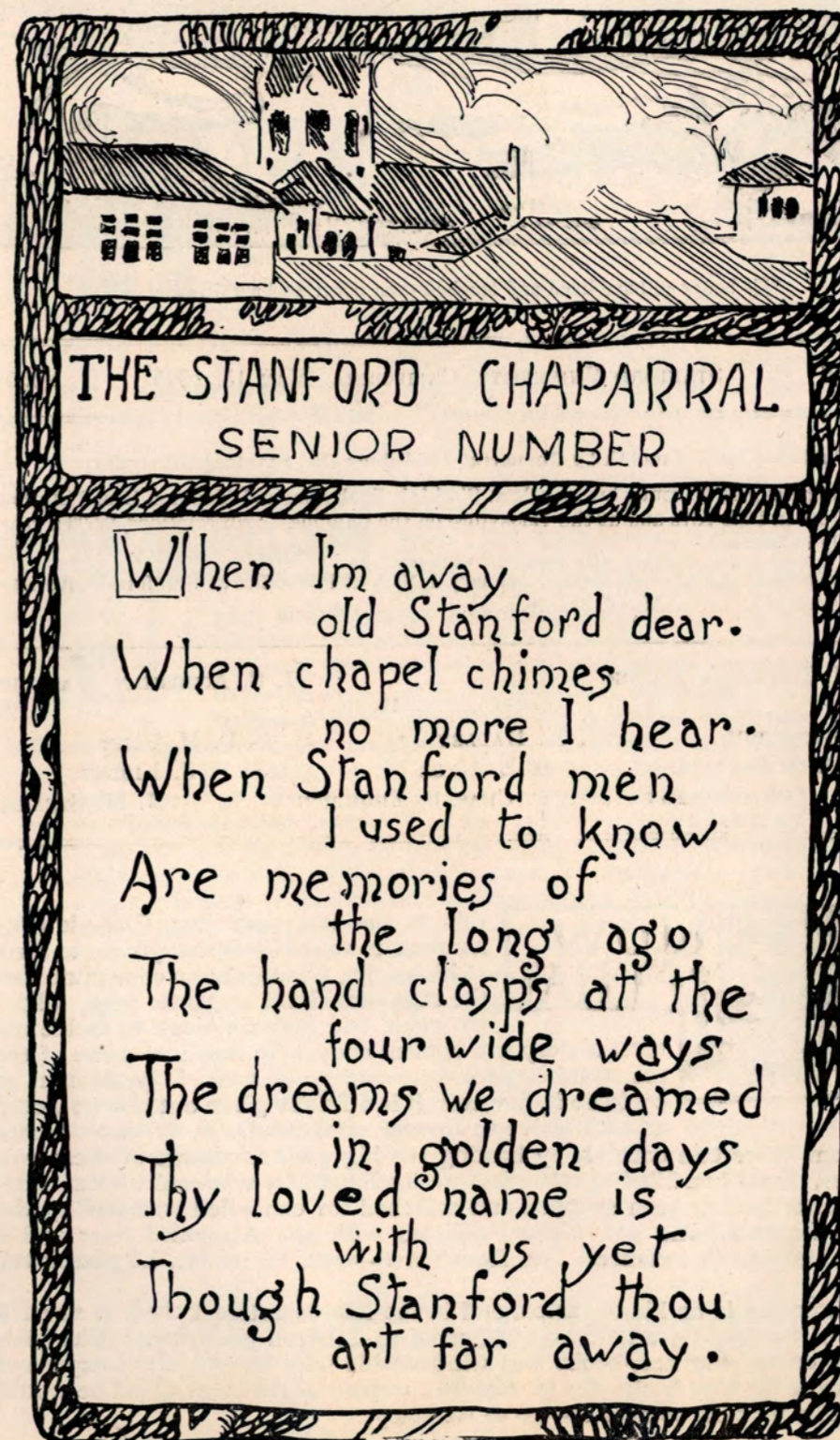


The Chimes.

Oft when I've heard the chimes at evening ring
And those sweet songsters of the meadow sing,
I've wondered if the flight of years may bring
A time when we shall mark a note of change.

I know the chimes will ring as now they ring,
I know the birds will sing as now they sing,
But will the dreams return that now they bring,
When once the echo in our hearts grows strange?

by Arden M. Wilson.



THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL SENIOR NUMBER

When I'm away
old Stanford dear.
When chapel chimes
no more I hear.
When Stanford men
I used to know
Are memories of
the long ago
The hand clasps at the
four wide ways
The dreams we dreamed
in golden days
Thy loved name is
with us yet
Though Stanford thou
art far away.



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

VOL. 6 STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA, MAY 15, 1905 No. 14

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NOW THAT

this is the last time that Chappie's '05 hammer is raised over the prostrate form of his victim, Chappie has a conviction that the raps should not be gentle ones. Chappie never had brains enough to tackle natural history nor egoism enough to butt into some of the unnatural courses which are given here. If he thought he could do it, however, it is officially given out that he would at once strive to forever establish O. A. Wilson's Honor

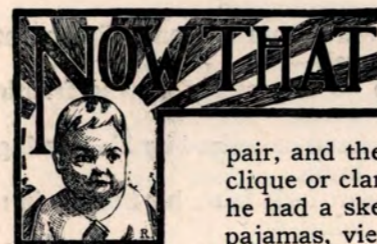
System, in certain courses, by beating the big guns in charge at their own games. Once in a Kindergarten there was a Keen Guy who took an Examination after having been stripped and searched for concealed weapons by the Main Squeeze, who was Herself afflicted with an Atrophied liver and a Chloroformed Conscience. The Result was—well, no matter, he passed the ex.

Stanford is no kindergarten, and in the law department there is never a hint of trouble, for affairs are conducted as between gentlemen. Chappie's views concerning note-books and window-sills have already been expressed and were his blue books due in the outer instead of the inner Quad he would carefully pick his courses or—go to Berkeley.



that that last now that is written, Chappie for the last time doffs his cap and bells, for the last time tucks his manuscript in his hip pocket, for the last time bums a cigarette from the nearest freshman and for the last time—but what's the use? The same old things have been said again and again and will be so long as Chappie's hammer passes down from one man to a better. It has been a good year—the best of four, and to those of us who are soon to take our last stroll around the Quad there come ringing

down the centuries with a new meaning the old words of the Roman gladiators—and to our Alma Mater: "Those who are about to die salute thee."



the new clothes season is at hand, a few words might be wasted on that freak of modern wear, the twin-ballon. Chappie has no grudge against the tailor, since there lies on his desk the sixth bill for his own attractive pair, and the tailor is therefore exonerated; nor is any class, clique or clan at fault. When Chopin wrote his great Marche he had a skeleton before him; so Chappie, sitting in his gay pajamas, views with contemptuous scorn his own particular trowsers which now hang like a mantel from three shabby

chairs. Such trowsers are not made to fit, then why have a tailor; they do not adorn, so why charge the old man for the extra cloth? Are they to distinguish the college man from the ordinary outsider, or to show that broadening the trowser narrows the mind? Away with them, for when they are abandoned, we can still be known by that swagger, sometimes untastefully called a walk, that is so delightfully characteristic of the college bred. Chappie holds that it is time to stop when Phi Beta Kappa faculty members take to the cursed habit—for imitation is not always flattery. Such flaggy-baggy trowsers are a travesty on the tailor's art, a reflection on the Art Ideal, remind us of bloomer days, and are a damn big expense. Let us back to the old familiar tights! Chappie offers a medal as bounty for every soul converted.

Chappie wishes to announce that the further "itorial policy" of the paper will be in the hands of Morris Oppenheim. Mr. Oppenheim has earned his election to the editorship through hard, consistent work, in fact, what success the paper may have achieved during the year is very largely due to his work, together with that, especially, of Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. O. E. Hyde and Mr. Altnow.





THE REAL TRAGEDY.

The loss of ships beneath the boiling foam,
The widow's feeble prayer, the captive's groan,
The death of monarchs great, the quick decline
Of empires thought stable for all time,
The roar of battle wild, the endless strife
Of neighbor Mooney scrapping with his wife,
The nerve-destroying street-car's warning bell,
The weird tamale-man's discordant yell—
Make no impression on the frantic swain,
'Tis passed unnoticed by his buzzing brain.
His heart feels faint, his head is in a whirl—
Some other fellow's walking with his girl!

R. S. H.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Giraffes oft resemble papers,
(Sermons never need new texts)
Insomuch their narratives
Are (Continued in our—)
neck'st!

"Now, Johnny," said Teacher,
"when you have calculated how much coal there is on this wagon,
you will have a great load off your mind."

"Is he a Stanford Alumnus?"
"No, he's Phi Beta Kappa."

"The mills of the gods may grind slowly but they don't grind all the time like we do." Extract from the diary of a Dig.



HER POSTSCRIPT.

A postscript she wrote
At the end of her letter,
'Twas but a short note,—
A postscript she wrote,
On her postscript I dote,
(Ten pages or better!)
A postscript she wrote
At the end of her letter!



THE SAD SENIOR.

The Senior wiped away a sob. His throat was full of choke, and his heart was an Inn biscuit. He felt bad. This was his commencement week! His own! His'n!

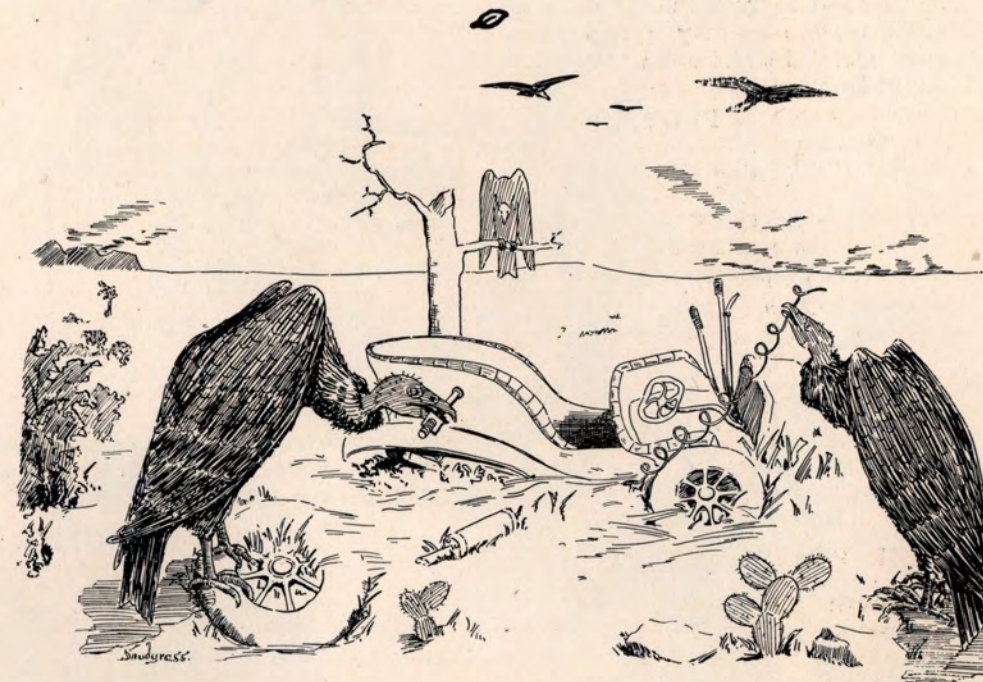
The farce, the prom, the ball—how could he consider these "festivities"? why wouldn't they let you just bum around the old Quad and Lagunita, so that the lastness would be lasting. Why did they want you to pull a society grin when you perjured yourself every time you gran.

Opening his pocketbook, he stared into vacancy.

And she expected—

When the owl begins to call,
Where the dry leaves thickly fall;
When the trees are black and tall,
And dark shadows line the wall
Of this dimly lighted hall—
I'm afraid of spooks—that's all.

He was the Campus milkman—
I know how queer it sounds
To say he used no ladder
Yet he daily went his rounds.



Mrs. Turkey Buzzard—It looks as if our race is done. Gizzards are out of date and "auto digestum" is not yet on the market.



Snapshots

Andrew Carnegie,
Sir:—Kindly remit at once all annuities which may ever become due me. Matrimonial prospects might look up.

PROF. bonnell.

(Telegram)

Andrew Carnegie:—
My name absent list worthy professors wherefore references special delivery.

CANNON.



of a Stanford man.



I ALWAYS HATE FOND OF QUICKEN
Some of Carnegie's Correspondence.

Mr. Carnegie, Sir:—

In response to request to put me on your list, beg to state that myself and assistants are still able to swing the axe with the same vigor as of yore, and look forward with pleasure to at least 20 years more of faithful service. Will notify you when we are ready.

GILBERT, GREEN & CO.,
Per E. Y. P.

Andrew Carnegie:

Dear Sir:—Note with pleasure your kind offer to faithful professors. It is good to be here. Please remit in advance.

BENJAMIN SIDE WHEELER.



in the development

Carnegie Old Pal:—

Keep my annuities on deposit. Compound interest on same. Am now teaching Music and Dramatic Art with great personal success.

ARTFUL WHOOPER.

Editorial Office, The Daily Doily.

Mr. A. Carnegie,

Sir:—Gimme mine in medals.

BIGBIE.



Some knotty problems for '06, being a modern application of old college yells.



ALL THE I MUST HAVE
SHELLED O' ABOUT 100000000
Spuds



THE EVOLUTION OF THE WAITER.

W. Gilmore Beymer.

"Gimmer some 'baccy," said Mick. The awe-struck Freshman produced from a secret drawer his private Cavendish at 55c per. Mick sniffed at it critically, and nodded with anticipation. "Ever smoke dried potato peelin's," he asked. "I did."

"It was when I was a Freshman and slung hash at the House of Moral Obligation. I asked for a job and the boss took one look at my face, then dropped his eyes on his book. That was my start in life, for with rare presence of mind I picked them up and handed them back, bowing. 'Aw! tanks,' sez he. 'It is nothing,' I sez, and tried not to look proud, but I knew I'd made a hit.

"Then he took another look, quick, and he sez kind o' musin'—'I wonder if they can stand it.' 'Stand what?' asks I. 'Your face,' sez he.

"There's them as can't lay it down,' sez I, flushin'.

He didn't pay no attention, but kept on mutterin'.

"There's a lot of them Freshmen has awful appetites just at this early season, and your face might—here,' sez he, kind o' quick, 'I'll hire you, but you got to have a tuxsedoo and two aprons—but you needn't wash them.'

"But I ain't got no aprons nor no tuxsedoo,' sez I. (You see I hadn't taken English 6 them days nor hadn't made the Squaller and my grammar was darned bad—but I've improved a lot since).

Well he thought a minute and then he sez, 'Well, if you'll eat only two meals a day for a month and don't break no dishes in washin' 'em, we'll get yo' the coat and things. But you'll have to work down cellar till you earn 'em, for we don't trust nobody at this hostelry.'

"Yer mighty good,' sez I, a lump of gratitude risin' in my throat near chokin' me.

"'All right,' sez he, 'and yo' can begin right now,' and he showed me down the cellar to a bin.

"There,' sez he, 'yo' peel them.'

"'How many?' asks I.

"'Why, all,' sez he, kind o' surprised, 'when they're done we'll get yo' some more.'

"That bin was as big as a cow barn, an' piled to the roof. But I went at 'em; at first it was pretty ard'ous and I kept cutting meself, getting blood on the potaters; but he said it wouldn't make no difference 'cause it wouldn't show when they was browned and had gravy on 'em. Then I began to realize the possibilities of them parin's. I dried a few and they smoked bully. After that it was



easy graftin', for I knew every three taters made a pipe full, and, all told, I shelled about a million spuds.

How well I remember my first day when I began to wait on the table—a real waiter at last! I was gettin' famous even then and my envious contemporaries was malignin' me. Some said 'Mick Irwin could do better, when they seen me doin' it.

My first day I was out on the porch just before dinner. An old guy came amblin' up.

"'Young man,' sez he, 'is this the Inn?'

I bowed, kind o' proud.

"'Here, feller, do you know I'm your Uncle Charlie?'

"'The deuce you are,' sez I, 'I only deal at one uncle's and his name's Ike.'

"'Do you sell anything in there to eat?' asks he.

"'If yo' can pay for it,' sez I, 'anyway, everything you eat here is a sell.'

We went in together.

"'What'll you have?' I asks him.

"'What have yo'?' asks he.

"'Ham, ram, sheep, goat, horse or butt-in,' I tells him.

"'I'll take a little of both,' sez he.

I brought it.

"'Young man,' sez he, 'I won't insult you by offerin' you money.'

"'Oh, you won't,' sez I, but he went on quick, 'Here's a seegar; I know you can't afford to smoke that kind.'

He dropped a spoon, and while he was gettin' it—in them days I stopped for nobody—I smelled it.

"'No,' sez I, 'you're dead right, I can't afford to smoke this kind. I'm a orphing, but there's them's would mourn for me.' Then I went out to get his dessert.

It was my first day on the floor and some Freshmen laughed, but I cared no whit,—for Uncle Charlie and me was friends."

Johnny was a highland lad
Who lived 'mid Scittish thistle;
And when he played his shepherd's
fife

He always wet his whistle.

"Jack said that his highest purpose in life would be to teach the young idea how to shoot."

"Yes."

"Poor fellow, he's dead now."



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EVERY MAN IN
his Humor.
1906

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Honorable the CHAPPIES his servants

"O Raw Ben Jonson"

Imprinted at Stanfords for Chappie and are to
be sold at his shop in Ment o.
1905

The Delayed Palsied Altar.

Commencement Number.

VOL. I. X. L.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, MAY 18, 1905.

CELL NO. 53,407

The Delayed Palsied Altar

Published by the Class of 1906.

W. H. B. Foulter, Chief Idiot.

Associates,

William Foulter Begbie Foulter

Assistants,

Hervey Foulter Wm. Foulter Jr.

William Henery Foulter

Published a week after events occur and delivered a week after that.

Delivered by carrier as the mails refuse to handle it.

EDITORIAL.

Well, begorra, tomorrow the whole staff will take a lay-off. The semester has at last come to a standstill. Before dropping our blue pencil we want to some up are editorial policy for the year. First, about the Musical Dubs. The Dubs this year have bin simply rotten; yes, absolutely rotten (as harsh as the wurd is). Then, about that swill pile near the Encina back fence. That was indecent, and we were glad to see it eaten up by the stray dogs around the campus. And now about the staff. All idiots praise there staff when they quit the sheet. But as we go out we can only say that our assistants have bin the laziest, most disagreeable bunch of pencil pushers that ever lived. It's a disgrace to the sheet. Why, just look at there names. Ain't that enuff to queer them. Next year we would advise a better system of selec-

TRIES TO RUN UNIVERSITY.

President of '06 Declares a Holiday and Finds it Only an Idle Dream.

I am still President of this University. As there is some existing doubt, I am hastening to elucidate matters.

D. S. JORDAN.

A new light certainly breaks in upon the community with the above announcement. The public was surprised yesterday to learn that the junior class president is not in power any longer, but it was not surprised to learn that '06 had blundered again. First, the fez and a perpetual queer, two points in the class track meet, and now—a sudden awakening. It is indeed pitiful. So incompetent is the junior cuass that when a meeting was called to proclaim a holiday, the whole college, realizing the weakness of the class, endeavored to assist the men of the plugs. But it was no go. Doctor Jordan is still President. When the Prom. was being arranged for, God stepped in and prohibited another bungling mess. And now—well, the junior president has come out of his dream.

tion than by drawing lots. We had hoped this year to see a tiddly-winks team organized and a better needle-work coarse established, but we have been disappointed. So with the university world in this precariou condition we throw our pencil and pass the job over to the forthcoming idiot. May he be as good a idiot as we was.

BOYS AND GIRLS GRADUATE

Exciting Scene When '05 Comes to Bat.—Many Disappointed.

A lively scene took place yesterday when several hundred of Stanford's industrious ones went out into the cold world. Two boys fainted when told that they had flunked Bible 5. Two others died outright when they discovered that they could take back their diploma fees. Yes, it was all very sad.

Sequoia Out Today.

The Sequoia appeared today. It is the best issue of the year. W. Jasper Digaway contributes a touching story entitled, "The Mistaken Maid; or Who Shaved with Father's Razor Last."

Makes Phi Beta Cabbage.

We forgot to mention in our number last night that C. Benjamin Plugger made Phi Beta Cabbage. Plugger has earned the honor. He has been on the football team three years, has pitched for the varsity two successful seasons, won the track meet for the cardinal this year, and carried off the Carnot medal. We are glad to see Plugger recognized in the society.

Announcements.

Blue Books—Hand in Wednesday.—C. H. Gatlinggun.

Withdrawal—I hereby withdraw as a candidate for chief of the fire department. M. K. McPudden.

Meeting—Class of '06 meets at Mulligan's hall tomorrow at 1:15. Purpose, to talk over idea of purchasing the University. President.

Notice—Class in Voice Culture learn "Mary Had a Little Lamb" for Sunday.



The Prom Girl.

THE STANFORD ALUMNUTS.

The Official Issue of Archibald Rice's Personal Memoirs.

Vol. II.

Published at My Home in 'Frisco.

A FEW MORE STATISTICS.

I believe that I think I am in a position where I can judge what I see in its statistical aspect. Last month I related what I thought about matters in Encina Hall. You no doubt remember that I referred to Mr. Adderclaws as "a polar bear on ice." As yet I have heard no round of applause for that subtle point which my newspaper training has taught me was well taken. I am disappointed. What is to become eventually of our great body of alumni when they fail to respond? Wake up, I say, wake up! This month I have investigated more thoroughly than ever the present tendencies about the campus. I am in a position to know. I know I am. I am certain that I know that I am. Yes, I am damn certain. My recent investigations have developed the following indisputable facts:

Mike Yamhill, who coached the illustrious '95 team, lost three front teeth when he was six years old. His wisdom tooth made its first appearance in June of 1891. Mike is now captain of the Columbia tiddily-wink team.

Last month the Inn used 777 fresh (?) loaves of bread, 16 cases of canned beef and 21 bull terrier pups. The pound man has begun suit.

Leary Kilpatrick carried the water for the '95 team. Leary is now raking corn in Montana. In March Leary raked 439 times. This is a gain of 56 times more than in March of last year. Keep us notified of further gains, Leary!

Owing to the fact that capital i's have run out, small i's will be used.)

i yesterday received something which i appreciate. This comprises three new subscriptions to my Alumnuts. i can see that the alumni are waking up. One man back in indiana subscribed for ten years. He is like the '95 man back in iowa who writes that he is running an insane asylum.

(The small i's have run out; Y's will have to be used.)

Y fynd that why so many students flunk these days ys because of the lyquor traffyc yn Menlo. Why Y am certain of yt. Last month Y fynd that three hundred schooners crossed the bar and sayled down three hundred ways. Y think at thys rate thyngs are comyng to a pretty pass. Now, what am Y to do yn the matter? The Alumnuts must edytoryally denounce the custom. Y wyll—

X wxshes to announce that because thxs xs the last Y X cannot contxnue hxs memoxrs. Therefore the xssue xs called off.

Prxnter's Note.—Xt xs probably off anyhow!

"The maid said that the way the children threw things all over the floor made her sick."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, but she's picking up now."

"This is my first attempt at verse," said Centipede, "and I find I've got fifty feet in a line."

"What's the next thing a fellow must take after he has had Economics I?"

"Transportation."

"Yes," said the Chronic Sufferer, as he bought the tenth bottle of Blood Tonic, "I have put a great deal of money into circulation."



She comes thys waye,
I'll aske her to saye, "Yes."
How bright & gaye
She comes thys waye!
Now,—hum!—good-daye!
(To-morrow'll do, I guesse!)

* * * * *
She comes thys waye,
I'll aske her to saye, "Yes!"



MY FRIEND.

My friend? He says he is. The kind That crawls up snake-like from behind, And forced perchance to meet your face Assumes such unctious, kindly grace That you o'erlook the shifting eyes— Those orbs that flash a thousand lies, Yet not one word. For when your name He speaks—there surges in your frame A shudd'ring, cold uncanny chill And you must hold your anger still Till he departs. Then mutter low, "My friend? Thank God—it is not so."

My friend? Ah, yes, Election day He met me on the Quad to say, "Gee but I'm glad to see you, Jack— When in thunder did you get back?" He then brought out his oily paw— . . . It seemed a grinning devil's claw— And softly droped some tasteful bait, Nor left unspoke his candidate. (These living lies—when will they see We're onto their hypocrisy.) And thus he'll bow and scrape and fawn, My friend? He is—until he's gone! G. G. A.

Science Major: "You know something about Literature; tell me, what's the "School for Scandal." Engineering Student: "Why, it's Berkeley, I guess."

"Pa." "What is it, my son?" "Does a knocker always have a striking personality?"

Chappie wonders how many Queeners have noticed that here are four hearts carved in the capitol of every other pillar on the Quad?

"She is very much sought after in high society circles." "She is not at all prepossessing." "I know, but she is a servant girl."

A vein of humor is usually found to be a pay streak.



VIA MUNDI.

Jerome was a student precocious and prudent— Sing Phi Beta Kappa, and A's and A-plusses! He drained all the knowledge on tap at this college— Mercy! some fellows are promising cusses!

Existing conditions warped Williams ambitions— Sing Flunk-Out Committee, and D and D-Minus! With all he could borrow he drowned his deep sorrow— Ah, me! what a lachrymose finis!

Suppose ten years vanished, the present time banished— Sing Phi Beta Kappa, the clan of the nifty! Jerome, a prim fossil of learning colossal, Is shaping the young mind at sixty-two-fifty.

But what of the other—the frail, flunksome brother? Sing any old thing, and the Flunk-Out Committee! Aye, shake your head sadly. Poor Bill turned out badly: Just has a mere million, and runs a mere city. Julien Josephson.

She really was no artist, Nor yet a living saint; But still we saw with sorrow She had the cheek to paint.

It is better to have been one of the majority than never to have been drunk at all.

TOO MANY FOR THE SOCIETY LEADER.

The staff correspondent of the New York Hullabaloo and Worst Syndicate was ushered into the drawing room. Mrs. A. Malga-Mated, society leader, rose and bent with a bow, hitherto reserved for nobility. The butler backed out of the room on his toe tips.

"Well, Mrs. M.," said the correspondent, seating himself, "this'll never do, you know, this'll never do."

"Wh-what, Mr. Correspondent?" "Why, you see, we must have scandal. We're not getting it. What's the reason?"

Mrs. A. Malga-Mated blanched, but she said hastily, "Really, Mr. Correspondent, I don't know what is the matter with society. I'll look right into it."

"No," replied the correspondent, "we can't wait. Need it for this evenin's issue. So I guess you'll just have to do somethin' yourself."

"Sir,—that is—a—" "Course, you naturally sort o' hang back like, but then the interests of the public's got to be respected."

And seeing his face commence to fall into a frown, Mrs. A. Malga-Mated hustled up her assent.

"All right, then," said the correspondent rising, "We'll have a little front-page red-ink stunt for this afternoon's issue."

Mrs. A. Malga-Mated broke the nobility bow limit as the correspondent was shown out.



"He can down a good deal."
 "No doubt. If Uncle Sam were to tax his capacity he'd have to pay an enormous revenue."

"Jack, what is a clever joke, anyway?"
 "It's one you laugh at when you know absolutely that there's nothing to it."

The old saying that money talks fairly illustrates the tendency of human nature to put the blame somewhere else.

"Shakespeare was no musician."
 "That's true, still—he played on words a great deal."

Broke! Broke! Broke!
 Of my cold gray bones, O Gee!
 An' I would zat my toungh could uzzer
 Ze thoughtsh zat arish in me (hic).

They say wit is contagious.
 Well then, you'll never need to be vaccinated.

Bad dreams usually signify that a man has been ill-feted.



THE END

GEO. R. PARKINSON, President

C. S. DOWNING, Cashier

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"GOOD" SOCIETY.

Who were you with at the opera last night?

Two pasts, one checkered career and a sudden rise in the stock market.

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