

THE CHAPARRAL

8th 1907



Randal William Borough '04

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY NUMBER

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MAIN OFFICE

.. The Oak Barber Shop ..

PHONE BLACK 106 PALO ALTO, CAL.

FRANKLIN PHOTOGRAPHER

20c University Views, 20c
8 x 10 inches

ON THE CIRCLE

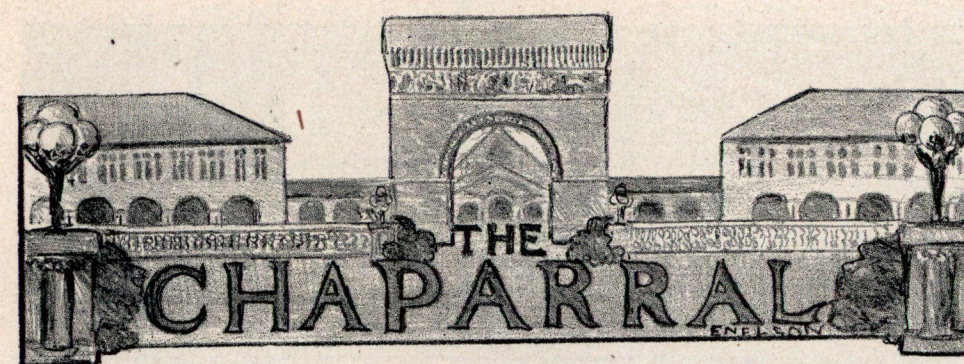
THOIT'S

Gym. Shoes Tennis

More Styles and More Grades
Than you can find elsewhere

Those Red Rubber Sole Tennis Shoes WEAR
We have them in both black and white tops this year

Take Your Watches to SEAMAN'S, Practical Jeweler



THE QUESTION

I OFTENTIMES wonder
Old sweetheart of
mine,
However the thing
Came to be:
In Cupid's election,
You stood at the box,
And voted, dear girlie,
For me.

I oftentimes wonder,
Old sweetheart of
mine,
And always will wonder,
At that:
When Cupid holds forth
At the balloting-box,
Will you always, dear
girlie,
Stand pat?

NUTTY FATHER

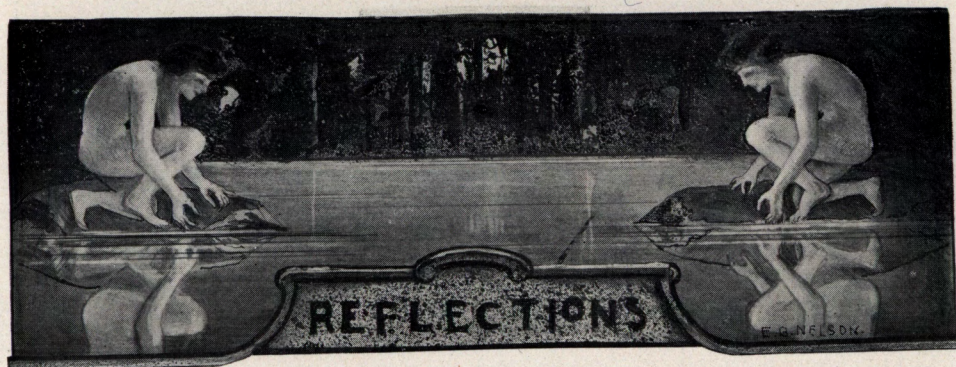
O KNOCK UPON the doctor's door with all your
might and main!
And call the Bug Commission out—for father's gone
insane.
The terrible calamity came on us without warning—
Pa never reads the Thaw case, in the papers, every
morning!!!

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

AT LAST, AFTER YEARS of adverse
newspaper criticism an editor has been
found who upholds the college class
rush. Says Orison S. Marden, in Suc-
cess Magazine: "It is a great thing
for hundreds of splendid young men

from all over the country to be
THROWN INTIMATELY TOGETHER
at the age of greatest expectancy, at an
age when youths are full of hope and
ambition, and feel strong and vigor-
ous."

Good for you, Orison, old man! And
as for the rest of what you say: it is
an age when youths are full of hope
and ambition—for class offices; also
full of hot air and beer. And they do
feel strong and vigorous—strong for
the booze, and vigorous enough to stand
it. Hit her again, Orrie!



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

Vol. 8 Stanford University, California, February 20, 1907. No 11.

Published twice a month during the college year by the Chaparral Publishing Company of Stanford University, under the auspices of Hammer and Coffin.

Single copies, 15 cents. Subscriptions, \$2.00 a year, strictly in advance.

On sale at Simkins' Stationery Store and Congdon & Crome's in Palo Alto, and at the Co-operative Book-store on the Campus.

Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1905, at Postoffice at Stanford University, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

All communications should be addressed to Box 32.

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C. RAYMOND, Manager

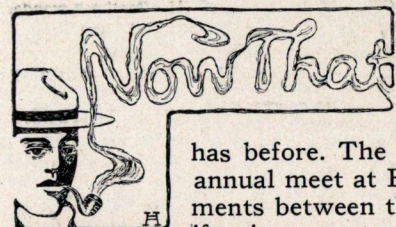
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E. J. HADLEY

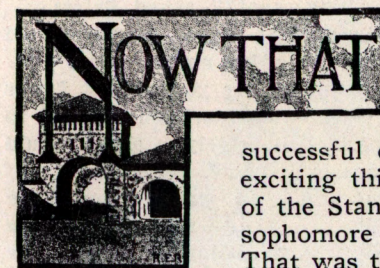
L. S. LEVY

DUG. FERRY

F. A. CURTIN



attitude which our friends, the enemy, across the briny bay have taken upon the question of this year's track meet has just about disgusted Chappie, and he wants to kick in with the old hammer as he never has before. The technical side of the argument argues for the annual meet at Berkeley, as, by the terms of the athletic agreements between the two universities, the contest comes to California every two years, and this year, in the ordinary course of events, is Berkeley's year. But the earthquake coming so as to prevent the meet last year leaves the next meet to Stanford. And now our friends, the enemy, pipe up with the demands that the contest be held at Berkeley. In the spirit of the agreement the Stanford representatives have everything in their favor. The California representatives, on the other hand, can only be said to have acted with a spirit prompted by the unmistakable motive of muckerism. Chappie has referred to the California men before as muckers, and in no jocular vein he now repeats the word. Whether we are to witness the annual meet this season is not the question. The Berkeley representatives have acted in a manner unbecoming the representatives of such a college as California purports to be, and the men who have Stanford's interests at heart will have the backing of every Stanford lover of true sport as it opposes the muckerism of our rival university.



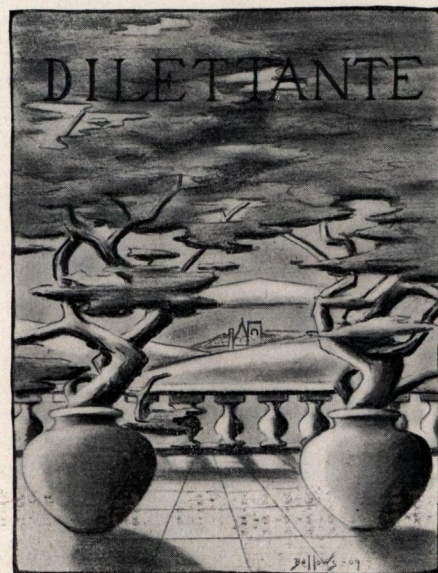
the dramatic sophomores have held their last election in the 1909 Quad fight, Chappie relaxes his muscles after all this tenseness and excitement and lifts, not the hammer, but the stein, brimming full, to the successful candidate. My, but it was a hot fight! Two exciting things happened. One was the promiscuousness of the Stanford Martyr, you know, the one who wore the sophomore hat on the last day and corralled all the girls. That was the most laughable affair of the contest. Chappie would like to hold up the mirror to Martyr Ben so he could see how it looks for upperclassmen to butt into lower class politics. And then the election fraud. Who was it carried the tale of marked ballots to the gullible editor of the Dilly Dally After? It looks to Chappie as if some one passed Johnnie a gold brick. Sand your tracks a little, Johnnie, your wheels are sliding bad. And next time, before you publicly accuse a set of fellows of fraud, look into the matter first. The fraud might be on you.



such a very long time has passed since Chappie read all about the coming great publication, the Interscholastic, in the columns of the Dilly Dally After, he is beginning to wonder what all the smoke was about. Was there really to be an Interscholastic? Or was that just another little hoax on the long suffering college public. It looks as though the joke was on us. It is too bad. We were so easy. If Chappie remembers rightly, the sheet was to have a German editor. Nicht wahr? But the German must have migrated back to der Vaterland und left der joke on us. Chappie only came back this semester to see the great Interscholastic. He had read such lurid accounts of it in the Dilly Dally After, that he became mislead. Won't some ambitious student wake der Sherman editor up und ask him if der joke was nicht on us? Mein Gott in Himmel! Wake up, Peter! Donnerwetter!



in a few weeks the naughty sophomores are to ambulate in the limelight once more, Chappie is going to be there a million. Wherever the sophomores hang out there seems to be something doing. If it isn't an election it's a farce, and Chappie must be there. Everybody should be there. "You Never Can Tell" promises hot things. The play, of course, as you may know, is a burlesque on the recent election. It's plot runs like this: The villain marks two ballots and submits them to the editor of the Dilly Dally. The editor looks them over, while the villain chuckles gruesomely in the corner. At last a bright light kindles the eyes of the editor, he rushes wildy across the stage, and dashes off an idiot-orial at white heat. Whereupon the villain gives a low, ghastly laugh, and exclaims to slow music, "You never can tell!" Don't miss the performance. It's the best thing in years.



IN WHICH WE SEMINAR.

THIS PLACE IS MOST conducive to study!" said Sylvia, and she faced me on the hill-top.

At which I nodded assent.

"Really, we couldn't find a nicer spot to seminar in this poetry course!"

At which I nodded more enthusiastically than ever and looked down into the valley. It was one of those irresistible February days, with the California sky clear and cloudless, and tinted with the softest of cerulean blues. The strong, fine smell of the woody hills exhilarated us with its hint of pungent balsam. Far below, like a green half-circle, lay the little sun-lit crescent of Half Moon Bay.

So it was that I nodded assent again, and fixed for Sylvia a cushion of pine needles, where we could overlook the sunny landscape stretched below.

Sylvia closed her pale green parasol, and sat beside me. Her eyes were as blue as ever, surpassing the tint of the sky, and her cheeks were flushed with the hue of wild roses.

"Let me see, Bobby," said she, and it was not hard to fancy that she was some woodland fairy, "what did we come all this way for?"

I thought a moment. I was quite puzzled for an answer.

"To study, I guess," said I at length.

"To study what?" asked Sylvia.

"I—I—really have forgotten," I confessed, somewhat embarrassed.

"How unthinking you are!" I was happy even to be reprimanded, and to have been deliberately scolded would have been to approach heaven.

"What do you know about the course?" she asked, a moment later, as her eyes trailed dreamily across the narrow valley to the sheeted sea beyond.

"Nothing," said I. I hoped for a scolding. Instead she laughed. It was worth ten scoldings. For such a laugh as it was! It rang low and sweet, like convent bells at dusk.

"Then what did we come here for?" demanded Sylvia.

I thought a moment. It would be easy to tell her the truth. Yet I hesitated. "I don't know why you came," said I, and my voice must have sounded dreamy, for I was not thinking of books or people—but of one out of a million. "But I know why I came."

"To seminar, Bobby?"

"No, not to seminar, Sylvia."

"What then? To show me King's?"

"No, not to show you King's. I am selfish, I guess."

"Why, Bobby! I never thought so! You have always been unselfish with me."

"And in being unselfish to you I have been selfish to myself. Do you think I could study on such a day as this, with the world at our feet and the restless ocean beyond—over there?"

"But we must seminar some. You said you wanted me to come along to seminar on that poetry course. Where are the books?"

"Home!" I answered. "I left them home. I never had any intention of studying. I wanted only—can you guess?"

"I haven't the least idea."

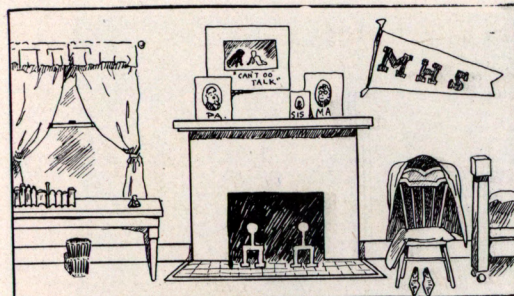
"Only to be with you," I finished.

I expected Sylvia to resent that, but strange to say she didn't at all. In fact it seemed to please her. All of which shows that you never can tell—where a woman is concerned.



(DRAWN BY VIRGIL BELLOW.)

A TURKISH TROPHY



A SAD LITTLE STORY —

LOVE LETTERS OF A CO-ED.

The Correspondents.

1. Evelyn Gay, the co-ed.
2. Her girl friend, Jane Razor.
3. Sid Eikenstein, the goat.

LETTER 10.

Evelyn Gay to Jane Razor.

Dear Jane: Well, it looks as if Sid is going to bite after all. I think he will be the easiest thing I have struck yet. His old man runs a jewelry store, so it looks to me like love at first sight. I didn't think Sid was very good looking last year, but since I have heard about the old man I think he is the swellest pippin that ever hit the pike. More next time. As ever, EVELYN.

LETTER 11.

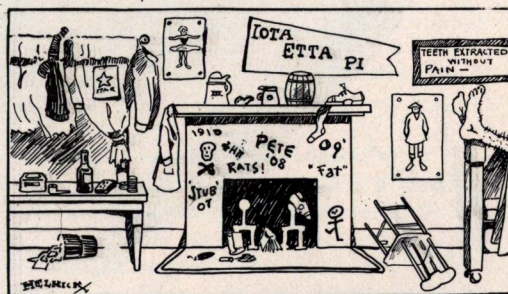
Evelyn to Sid.

Dear old Sox: Well, you dear old son of a jeweler, how are you? Why the deuce didn't you send me that diamond sunburst I suggested to you last week? You're too blooming slow for me. I don't trot in your class, that's a cinch. See! Now, if you would really like to buy in send two diamond sunbursts next time. Yours in a hurry, EVELYN.

LETTER 12.

Sid to Evelyn.

Dear old Kid: How the devil are you? By the way, if you want to write to me you've got to cut out the slang. Ma saw one of your letters the other day, and she says nothing doing. How about that Del Monte racket? Do you think we can work the Aunt for a bid this summer? Can you swim? Sent the sunbursts yesterday. Anything else? As ever, SID.



— WITHOUT WORDS.

LETTER 13.

Jane Razor to Evelyn.

Dear Evie: How is your case coming with the jeweler's son in New York? Do you think you can work the old goat for a bracelet for me? Try to; he seems easy enough. I remember, now that I hear about his rocks, that he was a darn nice looking fellow. He had a finely shaped head. Tell him to throw in a couple of diamond rings, too. Do you think he will come out to Del Monte? Let me know soon, and if he does we will pull his leg all summer. Love from JANE.

LETTER 14.

Evelyn to Sid.

Dear Sox: Did you get my telegram regarding the rings for Jane Razor? It's a wonder you wouldn't loosen up once in a while. I have a little surprise for you. My Aunt will come out and spend the summer at Del Monte and chaperone me, if you will come and pay the bills. This will give you the opportunity to see me that you have long desired. I have just about decided to grant you this favor. So I will expect you about the first of June. Save all your money for our good times. Good-bye this time. From EVELYN.

P. S. Isn't it about time you were sending some more jewelry? E.

LETTER 15.

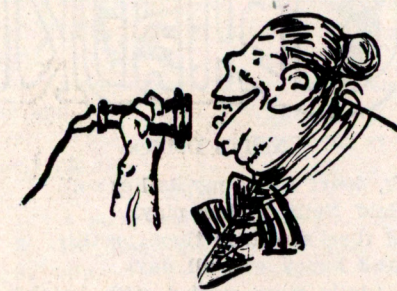
Evelyn to Jane Razor.

Dear Kiddo: Just married Sid, after helping him spend a million this summer. He has several more. I have promised to help him get rid of it all. Poor dear Sid, I love him. Yours until he is broke,

MRS. EIKENSTEIN.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BRIDGET?

(Apologies to "Life.")



THE OPERA HAT OF PROFESSOR McSWAT.

PROFESSOR McDONALD McDuffy McSwat

Provided himself with an opera hat,
And being, though willing, however, unwed,

He ventured to Paly to see a co-ed.
She had a young brother, a troublesome youth—

A real little devil, he was, for a truth—

Who was prowling around and encountered the hat

Of Professor McDonald McDuffy McSwat.

"A bum one," he said in a tone of disdain,

On fishing it out with a crooked-necked cane,

He took it outside and to back his complaint,

Began to improve it: he started to paint;

He painted a pipe, and then over the pate,

In flowers and foliage, "Stanford, '08,"

A full-house of cards, and especially clear,

A pack of Bull Durham, a schooner of beer.

And after his efforts, returning the hat
To Professor McDonald McDuffy McSwat,

He said that the latter was but a cheap mug,

"To not never use no expense on his Plug."



CHAPPIE'S LITTLE CONTEST.

DO YOU KNOW what is the matter with Bridget? Can you tell from the expression on the lady's face what she is hearing over the telephone? If so, write out in good English what you think is the matter. Then address your solution to the "Bridget Contest Editor" before March 1st. The first prize will be \$1000 in gold coin. We are sorry that we cannot make the other prize as inviting as this one. However, the second prize will be a copy of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Poems of Passion." So get your solutions in early, and then watch for the two prize-winning solutions in our next number.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Nelly's Dollies.

"Oh, dear! I love my dollies so,"
Said Nelly in her play.
And then she fixed them prettily,
And happy was all day.
The dolls were stuffed with breakfast
food,
Their hair was from a horse,
Yet Nelly loved them, oh! so much!
Which natural was, of course!

BRAVE HAROLD.

AUNT MARY," said thoughtful
little Harold one day in the nur-
sery, "was George Washington a
great hero?"

Aunt Mary looked up
at the dear little lad. He
was only four, and had
such pretty golden hair,
which was tied on top
with a piece of lavender
ribbon.

"Yes, dear," answered
Aunt Mary, "Washington
was a great hero, and
maybe Harold will be
the same some day.
Won't you, Harold?"

"Ess," lisped Harold,
and he ran out to play.
Aunt Mary sighed, "God
help the brave little fel-
low. He is getting more
like his poor, dead father
every day."

Harold was a very
brave boy, who never hes-
itated in the face of dan-
ger. That very afternoon
he found a cow on the
track, and, true to the in-
stinct of his fathers, he
flagged the train with a

piece of his red tie. The engineer saw
—but too late!

When the scraps of Harold's little
body had been gathered together they
were taken to Aunt Mary. She be-
came prostrated at the sight. When
she caught sight of the red tie she ex-
claimed, "Doesn't he look natural!"
and swooned in a deadly faint.

Harold was buried a month later, and
lies peacefully sleeping in the village
cemetery. Now, little boys and girls,
would you have had the stout heart that
Harold had if you had been called upon
to save a trainload of people? Would
you have had the courage of your con-
victions?

PRIMER LESSONS.

The Election.

Is this a Kindergarten?
No, it is not a Kindergar-
ten. Is it an Entertain-
ment for Children? You
are Wrong Again. Then
what can it be? Oh, can't
you tell, dear Child?
Well, it is only the Dra-
matic Sophomore class
pulling off an Election.
Do not play with these
bad Little Tots, dear
Child.

The Nasty Smell.

What a Nasty Smell
there is in the House.
What can it be? Do you
Suppose they are Clean-
ing the Sewer? Oh, no;
it comes from that Paper
the Postman has just
left. From the Odor I
think it must be the
Squalor. Take it up
With the Tongs and
Throw it in the

THE BUG-A-BOO



Look out for the wild Bug-a-boo!
He's a hid-e-ous monster to view!
Fer-o-cious, bi-zarre,
He's the dread-ful-est foe,
And he's out with his Ax for You!

RIDDLES.

1. WHAT IS IT, dear child, that
works all night and is worked all day?
2. What happened to George Wash-
ington after he cut down the cherry
tree?
3. I am something wicked. Behead
me and I am all in. What am I?
4. What kind of a tree does every-
one look at?

ANSWERS.

1. A poor professor.
2. He died—many years later.
3. Sin.
4. Rubber!

A SHAMEFUL TENDENCY.

A little girl writes us that her father
reads all the news of the Thaw trial
every night, and she is worried to death
about it. It is indeed too bad that mod-
ern fathers will persist in reading such
reports. We sincerely sympathize with
the innocent child.

Garbage Barrel, and then Run Quickly
and put an old Shoe and a Pair of Rub-
bers on the Fire. Then Telephone the
Board of Health.

A Sacred Subject.

Who are those Benign Looking Men?
They are—oh, dear me, they are the
Men of the Flunk-out Committee.
Turn the Page Quickly. There are
some Subjects too Sacred to Look At.

The Funny Man.

Oh, see, dear child, doesn't that man
act Funny. He is Walking in the Fun-
niest Way! Can it be that He is Nat-
urally Awkward? Where do You sug-
gest He has been? He cannot see very
well, and he is calling every one his
Friend. Do you suppose he Means it?
Smell his Breath and you will soon
Find out.



The Little Tots at Play

WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Hic Jacet.

LITTLE FREDDY was a scamp,
He put some benzine in the lamp.
Now a sweet magnolia bed
Blossoms over what was left of Fred.

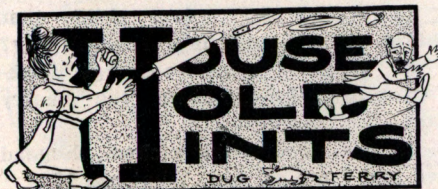
The Dreadful Truth.

A FOND MOTHER was trying to in-
fuse morals into her little son. "Now,
if mother met a big policeman, and he
tried to kiss mother, do you know what

mother ought to say?" asked the lov-
ing parent. "You ought to say stop, but
you probably wouldn't," promptly an-
swered the wise little fellow.

Fancy That.

Little Mabel's hair was curly;
Little Freddy woke up early;
While Mabel slept, Fred, just in fun
Pulled every hair out, one by one!



CONDUCTED BY AUNT LULU

MRS. R.—My baby has swallowed a box of Rough on Rats. What shall I do?

Get an undertaker.

SYLVIA—I am to be married next month, and I want to know if it will be proper to allow the best man to kiss me.

Certainly, my dear. Take all the kissing you can get. Remember you will be a long time married.

E. G. A.—How much 36-inch material shall I get for a ball gown?

A yard and a half will be plenty.

M. P. R.—Of late the muse has stirred me, and I feel that I could write poetry. Are there any rules to follow? Is it fashionable?

There are no set rules, but remember the editor. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Yes, it is fashionable. It ought to be a state's prison offense.

VICTOR.—I am in love with a girl, and although I have opened my heart to her, she spurns me. What shall I do now?

Never mind your heart. Try your purse.

HOUSEHOLD—How can I rid my house of flies?

The following remedy has always been found satisfactory: Remove all valuables. Carefully saturate the carpets, curtains, and furniture with coal oil, and apply a match. After possibly an hour it will be found that the flies are entirely destroyed. There are other methods, but I know of none quite as simple and inexpensive as this.

YE RURAL SOPHOMORE

Before.

I'M A SOPH from Cupertino, and I don't know anyone,
And I never spoke to anyone upon the Quad before;
But of late they've heaped upon me kind attentions by the ton,
Those who never used to know me from the knob upon a door.

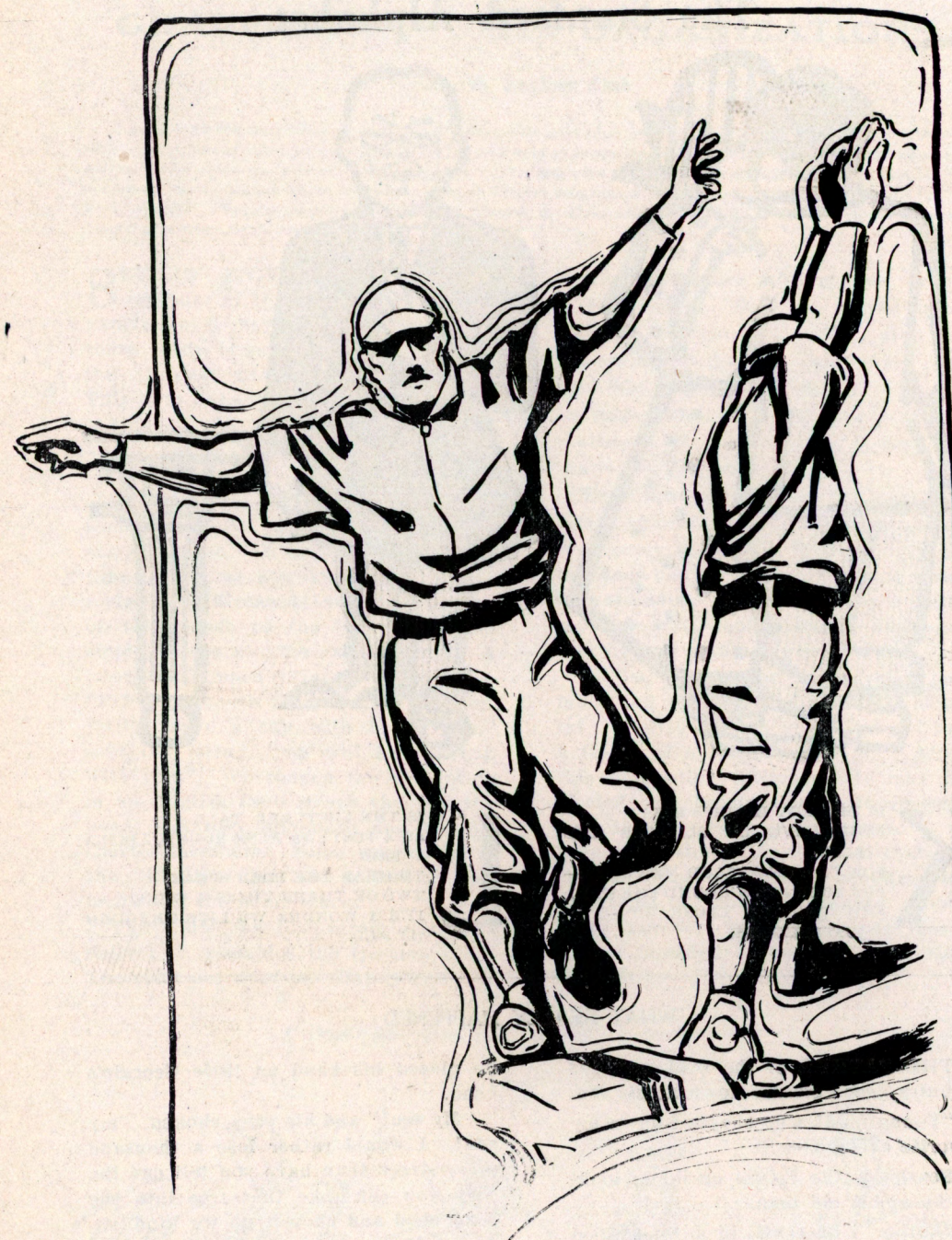
After.

I AM STILL from Cupertino, and I don't know anyone,
I am just as isolated as I used to be before,
For there are no more attentions heaped upon me by the ton,
And they never even know me from the knob upon a door.



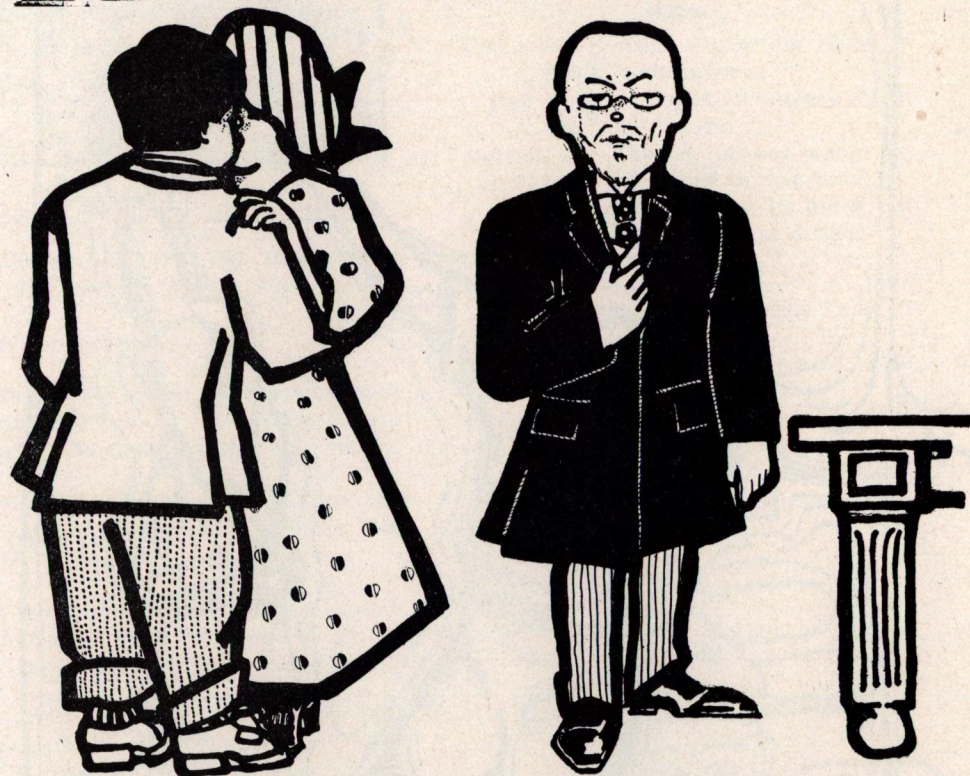
THE SENIOR.

UP IN THE HALL where the student lamp burns,
The Senior is working from seven 'till three,
But its dollars to doughnuts that he'll get it in the neck after all.



OUT ON FIRST

The Stanford Alphabet



K IS THE KOY KO-ED'S KISS
PRODUCTIVE OF BLISTERS AND
BLISS.
FOR THE UNSKILLED MAN'S AID—
PUT YOUR ARMS 'ROUND THE MAID,
AND QUICKLY CLOSE UP—
JUST LIKE THIS.

L IS THE LECTURER, TALL
AS A POST; OR ELSE ROUND, LIKE A
BALL.
TO HEAR THE BORE SPEAK
TWO OR THREE TIMES A WEEK!!!—
IT'S A WONDER WE LIVE THROUGH
IT ALL.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

THE FATHER of the Father of his Country gazed sternly down at his son.

"Young man! who chopped down my favorite cherry-tree?"

Fearlessly the future president looked up at his old man.

"Father!" he cried, in a voice filled with passionate emotion and oratory; "Father! I cannot tell a lie. It was I who chopped down your favorite cherry-tree."

Tears filled Washington, Sr.'s eyes as

he placed his hand on little Georgie's head.

"My son!" and his voice choked; "my son! I would rather lose a thousand cherry-trees than have you tell one lie. Now you can take that tree into the wood-shed and chop it up for kindling. And don't leave the yard till you do it!"

George looked at the retreating figure of his father; then at the tree; then at the fellows going down to the river.

"D—n it!" he cried. "What's the use?"

CHAPPIE'S POPULAR ORGANIZATIONS

2. The English Club

As we expected, our proposed exposures of popular organizations have met with universal approval. CHAPPIE'S office has been flooded with letters thanking us for our good work in presenting to the world the underlying facts about the German Club. Of course, however, we expected that. "It is hell when the souls of men must be subjected to such baleful influences," writes Ella Wheeler Wheelbarrow. Lincoln Stuffs telegraphed this message: "Pretty work, CHAPPIE; paste 'em all!" Thus encouraged, CHAPPIE now proceeds to tell you what the English Club always proposes to do and what it hasn't done for the last six months.

BEFORE ENTERING into a detailed account of the mistakes of this organization, it may be well to state that there really is such an organization as the "English Club" here at Stanford. This is in order that any student entering during the more recent years may know that it is not a figment of our imagination.

The Club was unhappily organized some years ago. Its early struggles are absorbing. It happened that at one time a leading English major (now fortunately deceased) was reading one of the novels of the "Duchess" and sipping cocoa at the same time. A friend dropped into his room. "Prithee," quoth the English major, "willst have a cup with I?" "Yes," said the friend, "me will have a cup with you." Whereupon the conception of an English Club struck them in the head, and they organized and became charter members. Some wag called it the "English Club" in a jocular moment, and the name stuck.

The Club has few ideals. In this respect it resembles the German Club. The main object of the Club is to speak

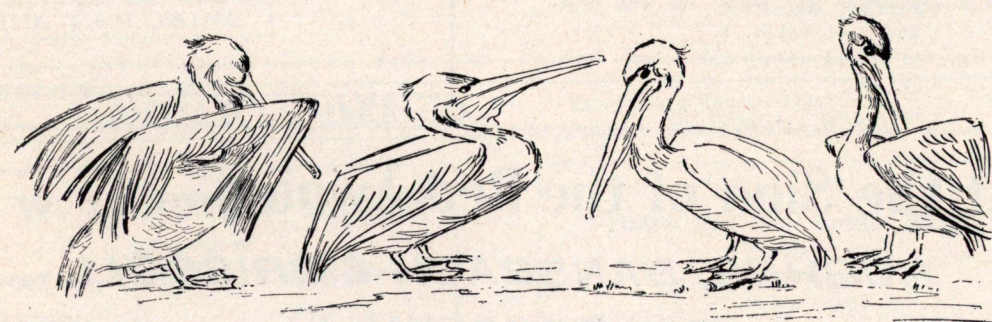
a simple sentence without four grammatical errors. Said one of the members a short time ago: "That ain't all. I been an member a year now. The Club has to surely succeeded." Today its main object is to tell in the unsuspecting D. P. A. what book it isn't going to publish next.

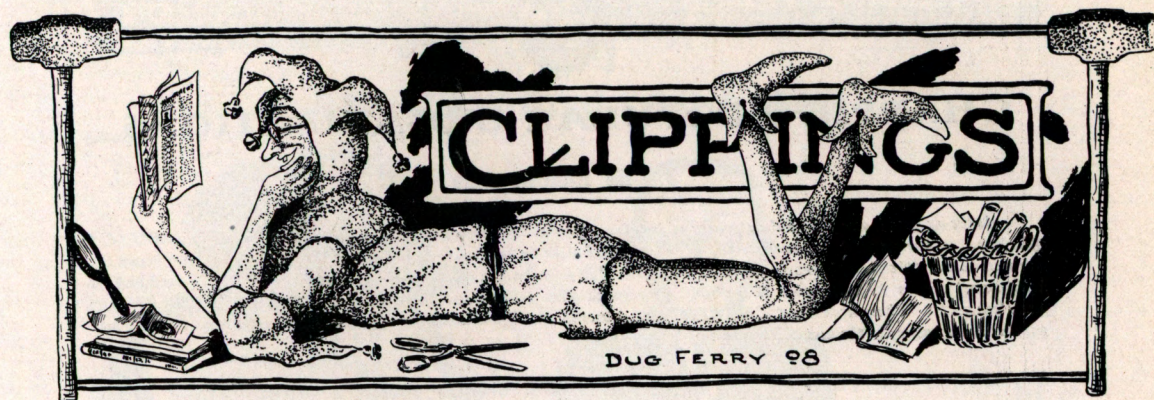
The Club has one hundred members. Ten members pledge themselves to attend every meeting. This year the attendance has averaged ten. Once a visitor attended. When asked by a Daily reporter what took place he answered that he had nothing to say.

To be eligible for membership one must find the President and say slowly: "I wish to join your Club. I am a friend of a friend of yours." After this proceeding the candidate may be elected and he may not. It depends upon the friendship of the friend.

In conclusion it may be said that the English Club will shortly announce its intentions to publish another book. This, however, is only a clever ruse, and is intended to make the public think it could if it wanted to.

("Press Club: Usual time and place" in our next issue.)





LAMPY'S LITTLE LAMPOONLETS. Wallace Irwin.

There were, of old, three kinds of authors, poets, prose writers, and humorists. And there was Wallace Irwin, who was none of these. Therefore, he quoth, quoth he, "Go to, I shall be all of them." And it was even so. He became a poetic, prosaic humorist. And great was the royalty thereof. And these be the things whereby he earned his meagre pittance.

1. Passionate Love Poem.

Oh, green was the grass as I knelt down beside her,
And white as the snow were the ducks that I wore,
And green was the gown that she had on outside her,
And white were her hands—she had washed them before.

We sat in the shade, and I ventured to kiss her,
She blushed, and I trembled for fear that I'd rue it,
The first kiss was bliss, but the second was blisser.
I wondered that I had face e'er to do it.

We rose from the grass, for the dew had now wet it.
I wanted to eat—she did also, perchance.

And I must relate now before I forget it
The green from the grass had come off on my pants.
(Courtesy of Wurst's Cussed-on American.)

2. The Shame of the Colleges.

At Smith they p—t. At Wellesley they use r—e.
At Vassar they smoke c—s. At Bryn Mawr they chew g—m.
At Wells they play b—e w—t. At Mt. Holyoke they s—r.
At Radcliffe they do any d—n thing. What's the difference?
Space rates are all the same.
(By permission of the Ladies' Bum Journal.)

3. Infantile Verse.

I never was a plaid giraffe,
I never want to be 'em.
But I can say—you needn't laff—
That when I'm tight I see 'em.

*"Tell her not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
The Queen's Club hangs out at Wilson's,
Treat her to some good ice cream."
Yours truly,
E. Wilson.*

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And lives on ice, hot dogs, and yeast.
(Reprinted from Mother Juice.)
—Harvard Lampoon.

"Don't you think she carries herself
as straight as a mast?"
"Yes, with stays to keep her up."
"That new minister's a bird."
"Yes, a bird of pray." —Tiger.

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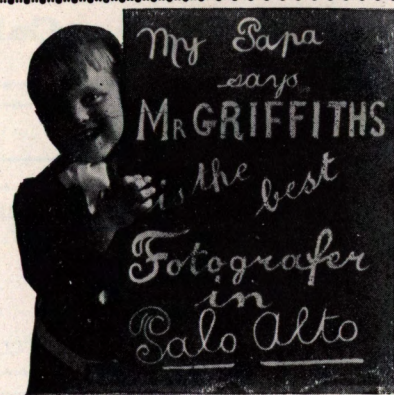
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Overheard.
 Venus de Milo: Did you make any
 New Year's resolutions?
 Opollo Belvidere: Some—I turned
 over a new leaf.
 —Tiger.

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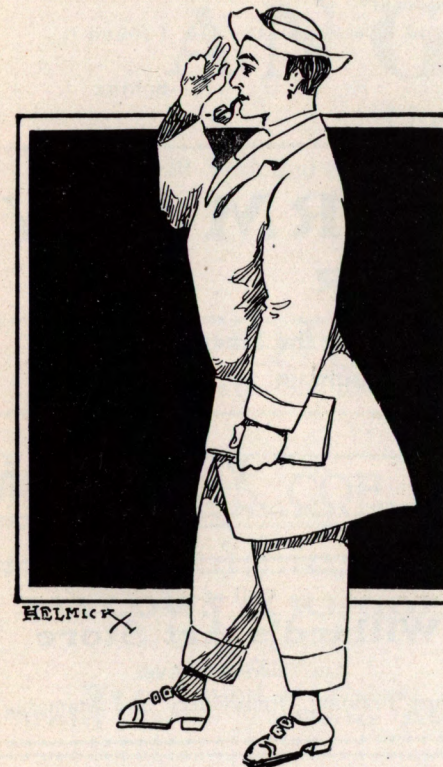
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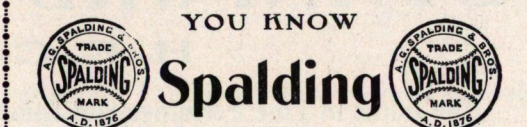
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—Widow.

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Second Law Student: Yes, I found it guilty.

—Sphinx.

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"Because the bald-headed men get
the seats first."

—Ex.

The Short One: Ethel bet me a box
of chocolates that I couldn't carry her
upstairs.

The Tall One: What did you do?
"Took her up."

—Tiger.

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