

THE *March 1907*
CHAPARRAL



STANFORD UNIVERSITY
JUNIOR DAY NUMBER

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April Jokes

Easter Toys and, as you know, all
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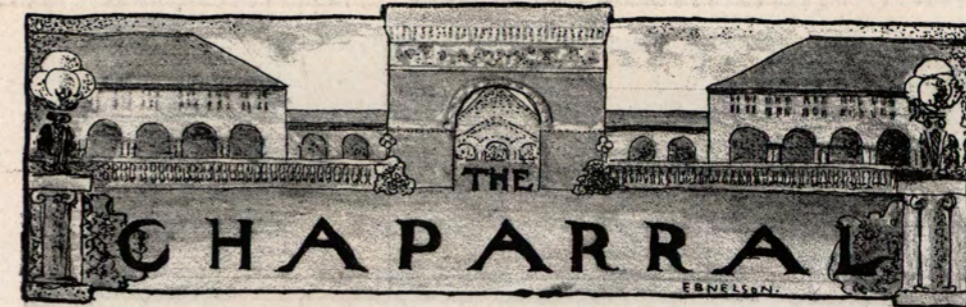
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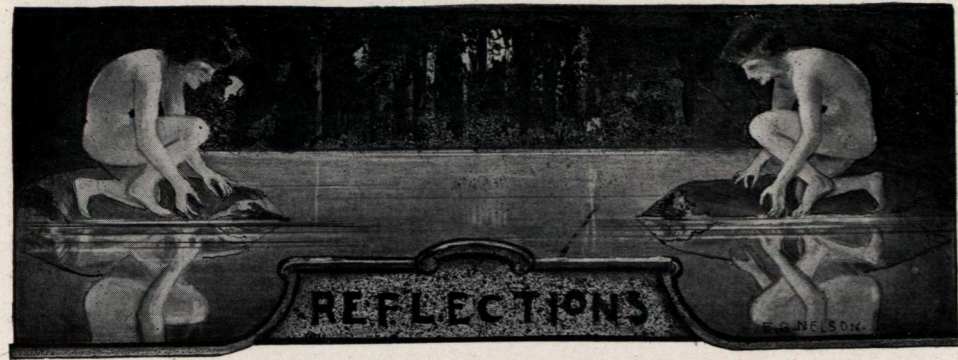
Palo Alto, Cal.



THAT'S WHY.

See 'er smile,
What a change!
Happy face—
Mighty strange.
Gen'rally
Sourball
Over noth-
Ing at all.
Joyous beams
In each eye,
Like the sun
In the sky,
Make her an-
Gelic face
Seem to be
Out of place.
Wonderful
Is the thing
Making sor-
Row take wing.
Can it be
At her beck,
Father's sent
Her a cheque?
Or perhaps,
Better still,
She's been left
In a will,
Fifty thou-
Sand or so,
By someone
She don't know?
O, nay, nay!
That's not it—
Nothin' do'n
Nary bit—
See her smile,
Foxy dear,
Just because
PROM TIME'S HERE.





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

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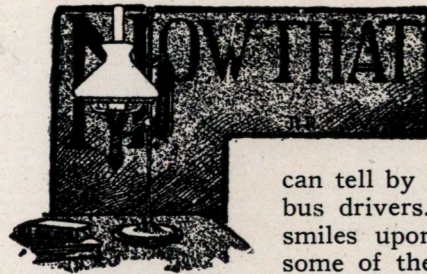
F. A. CURTIN

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the class of 1908 is about to fire off several sticks of dynamite and ring the cow bells and spend some of their daddies' hard-earned cash, Chappie feels called upon to say something about the glorious occasion. It is Junior Day again. Chappie can tell by the sad expressions on the mugs of the ruffian bus drivers. Yes, it is Junior Day. Look at the happy smiles upon the faces of the beautiful Junior queens—some of them. Look at the beaming countenances upon the florists, as they fill the heavy orders of the opulent studes. Look at that man with the funny picture hat coming out of the busy doorway. There are three round balls over the door. What can the man with the funny hat be doing there? Oh, yes, Chappie understands, it is Junior Day. The Juniors are going to have a frolicsome little time all by themselves. "La Serena" is a good play, and the Junior queens should like it. The Prom will be a good Prom, and the pickings afterwards will upset all traditions at the Inn. The Juniors are all going. What difference if daddy has to sweat a little harder to pay the bills? It isn't every daddy who can boast of a son who is a Junior. Not much! Daddy's only too glad you hung on long enough to go. So go; you may never have another chance.



action which the Woman's Conference took regarding carriages to the Prom was the best thing Chappie has heard of for many a day. The women have proved themselves heartily in accord with the men in their troubles with the Palo Alto liverymen, and deserve the sincerest appreciation for their attitude. The question of carriages to campus dances for campus students has been determined by a foolish tradition of late years. Chappie wants to say that a carriage on a good night is a downright looney proposition. The habit should have been corrected long ago, but it took exorbitant prices and a meeting of the Stanford women to determine what should be done. Such an action could only have come from the women, and Chappie is glad it did. The Palo Alto liverymen, who live on the dimes of the student body, will be made to forego the month's rent they expected to make on the night of the Prom. Chappie wants to see them driven out of business, and at the end of the semester these parasites should be denied the transfer of all university trunks.



the Bogie has made its appearance, and Chappie wants to say that he knows who did it. Of course Chappie means the monthly Bogie—that wild and gruesome sheet that masquerades under the name of Squalor. The man responsible for the thing is roaming around the campus at will, with the same silly, hackneyed smile upon his face. Guess there's something the matter with him in the spot where there shouldn't be anything the matter. The best evidence of this is the Squalor man's article on Encina politics. It reads like a phonograph record of the ravings of Bacchus. The statement that there are no representative men in Encina is a dirty affront to the men of Encina Hall. The claim that a political ring of "house mothers" ever contemplated firing a man from the Hall for political purposes is a direct misrepresentation. In fact, Chappie sees in the whole article only an effort to discredit politically as good a circle of men as Stanford can boast of, for reasons which will become evident to the college when the candidates in the forthcoming election announce themselves and begin their Bacchanal orgies.



Chappie has held his annual election he wants to say a word about it. Strange to say, the new members of the board are all artists. This means that the entire Chaparral has this year been practically written by men on the staff, and Chappie wants to tell you that providing the humor for the University is the hardest job he ever tackled. The premium placed on a Chappie position is one year of earnest, consistent effort, and the men whose names we add to the paper this year have earned their places by steady, clever work. Chappie takes the greatest pleasure in announcing that the Hammer next year will be wielded by Earl Hadley, '08. Claude Raymond, '08, will be the manager, with George Morrell, '09, as assistant. Chappie is also glad to welcome to the board of editors, Virgil Bellows, '08, Stewart MacDonald, '10, and J. M. Van Deursen, '10.



DILETTANTE

THE AFTERMATH.

"BILLY," said I to my roommate, "why don't you go to the Prom?"

"Can't get a girl, Bob."

"Nonsense," said I, "why, they're running around loose, waiting for some man to ask them."

Billy scuffed his feet against the table leg. He is a great, stolid sort of fellow, and he sits looking at you by the hour out of his big, inscrutable brown eyes. He took a fancy to Sylvia early in the year, and it seemed to hurt him when she favored me. I never supposed he cared much, though.

"You ought to go," I declared, and I jerked my head decisively.

"No use," he answered me, drawing on the briar, "there's nothing in it for me."

"Well, well—then I can take your dress suit, eh?" I said, off-hand like.

"Sure, help yourself, old man."

"And your new overcoat? Mine's getting shabby."

"Sure, Bob, take it."

And I did. It was darned good of him to offer me his things. He offered me his watch, too, for mine was in Frisco

—getting repaired, I might add—and when the Prom night came he brushed me off just before I left. Billy's a good sort of a fellow, though he isn't much with the ladies.

I remember the dance had all the charms of other years; there were big, glowing lanterns, and the ball room was all pink with soft color, and kind of fairy-like. Sylvia's voice lifted sweeter than the sweetest melody.

She looked beautiful there, in the half light of the ball room, and as I looked at her wide blue eyes and soft golden hair, I thought of Billy, upstairs in the room, and I wondered if he wasn't just a little homesick.

All evening long we danced and promenaded along the low, stone corridors, I in Billy's clothes, feeling like a usurper, and beside me the belle of the fairy ball. At last we went in for the "Home, Sweet Home" waltz, and when the last strains of the music had died out I helped Sylvia into her long opera cloak, and we went home.

"It has been a good Prom," I said, slowly.

"Indeed, it has been a fine Prom," Sylvia answered.

I told her good night in the doorway. Then she broke off a rose from its stem and said, "Take this to your roommate."

"Billy!" said I.

"Yes, it will make him feel sorry for not coming."

I laughed and took the rose. And when I climbed up the long, dark stairs of the Hall, and groped my way to the room it was early morning. I opened the door and called, "Bill!"

There was no answer.

"Oh, Bill, you sleepy mut, wake up! The Prom was great!"

Still no answer from the great, sleeping form in bed. Only his heavy breathing could be heard. I lit the end of a candle.

"Billy," I said, "here's a rose she sent you."

But Billy was far away, and I dropped the petals upon his pillow, that they might remind him in his dreams of enchanting ball rooms, and fairy women, and a faded rosebud sent by one.



Drawn by E. E. HOROWITZ

THE QUEEN OF THE PROM



THE DAY AFTER.

THEIR MEETING.

Place: The Quad.

HIS SIDE OF IT.

(Great Scott! here's that Miss Fisher. I see Prom shining in her eyes. Hope she passes me up. No such luck! She's going to speak; she—)

Good afternoon, Miss Fisher.

(She's going to talk Prom. I can't let her even get the word out of)—lovely afternoon, isn't it, Miss Fisher? In fact, the weather has been superb lately hasn't it?

(That ought to pull her away. Nope! Look at her lead up to it! She)—Oh, by the way, have you heard that Miss Smith has left college on account of her eyes?

(Now if that don't—Whoa, there!) You took in the Sophomore comedy, didn't you, Miss Fisher?

(Look at her flare up! She wants to go to that Prom mighty bad. Well, here's one fish she won't hook. She's getting too near dangerous ground again! Back up!)—I must be going, Miss Fisher. Good-day.

(Look at her glare! Mad as the mischief! Gee, what an escape! Congratulations, old man.)

Time: Three Weeks Ago.

HER SIDE OF IT.

(O here comes that horrible Junior Waddles. I suppose I HAVE to speak to him. Don't believe I've given him as much as a nod since last year's Prom, and he was very nice to me, too. I must speak. Nobody's asked me yet. I—)

How do you do, Mr. Waddles? And where have you been keeping yourself lately? I haven't seen you since,—let's see, um-a-well, I haven't seen you twice since last year's Pr—

What's that? Nice weather? Yes, isn't it lovely. I only hope it remains so till after the—

Yes, I stroll occasionally, ha, ha! Isn't the starlight divine? You Juniors should consider yourselves lucky if you have such a night for your Pr—

No? Did she? Too bad! You know she was going to the—

Certainly I took in the Sophomore comedy! But really, Mr. Waddles, that is ancient history. I suppose you and your best will attend the Pr—

Must be going? W-e-ell, good-bye! O, pshaw!

HIS PROGRAM.

1. AREN'T THE decorations lovely?
2. Isn't the music fine?
3. Isn't the floor good?
4. Aren't—isn't—isn't—aren't—
5. _____
6. " "
7. " , etc.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

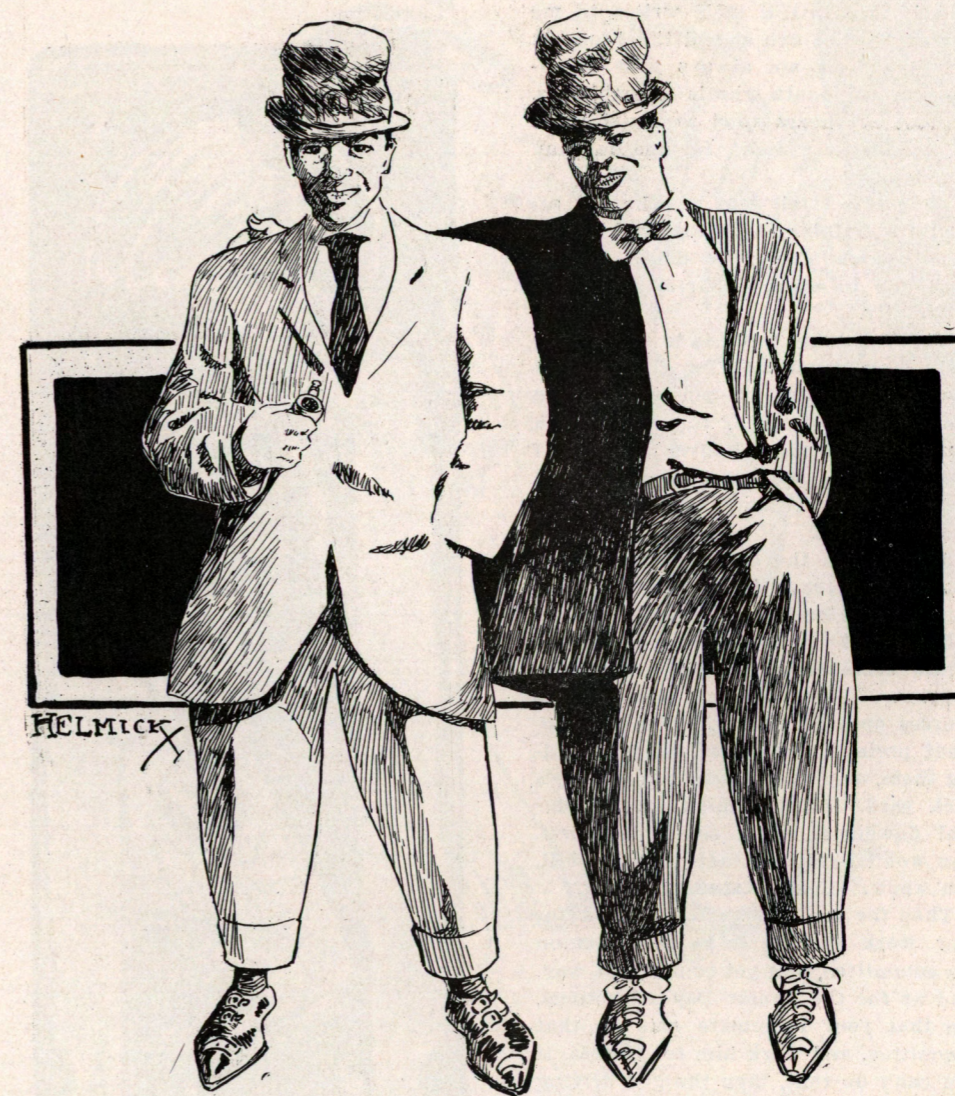
"Going to the Prom?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, I have a few girl friends, but I didn't feel that I am sufficiently intimate with any of them"—

"Oh, why didn't you tell me this sooner? I could have let you had the money."



"IS YOUR ROOM-MATE GOING TO THE PROM?"
 "I'M NOT SURE; HE HASN'T SAID SO. BUT OF LATE HE HASN'T BEEN WEARING HIS WATCH; VISITS THE LAMDA GAM HOUSE THREE TIMES A WEEK; TAKES MOONLIGHT STROLLS TO PALY; READS POETRY; CUTS CLASS REGULARLY; AND IS FRIENDLY WITH YOUNG SMITH WHO OWNS A DRESS SUIT AND DOESN'T DANCE. NO, HE HASN'T SAID HE WAS GOING."

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CHAPERONE TELLS:

How You May Go to the Prom on Nothing.

DEAR READER:

AN AMBITIOUS BOY writes to me asking how he can attend the Prom on fifty cents. I am always glad to encourage any youth who is so ambitious. It does my heart good to assist those of us who are less fortunate than others.

So gladly I tell him how he can attend for nothing, thus saving his fifty cents, which he has no doubt worked hard for in some department of the University.

The first thing to do is to select your girl. Now, to save \$5 for a ticket, you are to ask one of the young ladies on the Prom committee, for she gets a comp and will hand it over to you. If you prefer to take some other girl, you must not tell her until after she hands you the ticket.

Then, since the carriages have been cut out, you save \$6 there. The next expense will be the flowers. A unique thing would be to ask her to wear a yellow dress, so you can give her some popples. If she objects, there are two courses open to you. At the last moment pretend the florist delayed sending them, or pick a bunch in somebody's back yard. Or you might even order real flowers. If worst comes to worst, you won't have to actually pay the bill, you know. Lots of students don't.

Then for the farce. If you are a junior, work your wires so as to get on the committee, and get comps that way. And as for the Junior Day attractions, see that your roommate gets on that committee, and work him for tickets. If you can't do that, take the girl driving all day to avoid the doings. At least you don't have to pay the heavy bill. I take it for granted that you will borrow a dress suit. And the best part of this plan is that you will still have your watch.



THE LENT LADY.

He'll Be There.

SOPH: Do you intend to take in the next Junior Prom?

FRESHMAN: No, I can't dance.

SOPH: Is that so? Well, then I'll surely see you at the Enclina "At Home."

ANNOUNCEMENT: "The Gym Club will give an entertainment later on in the semester"—Hence the pyramids.

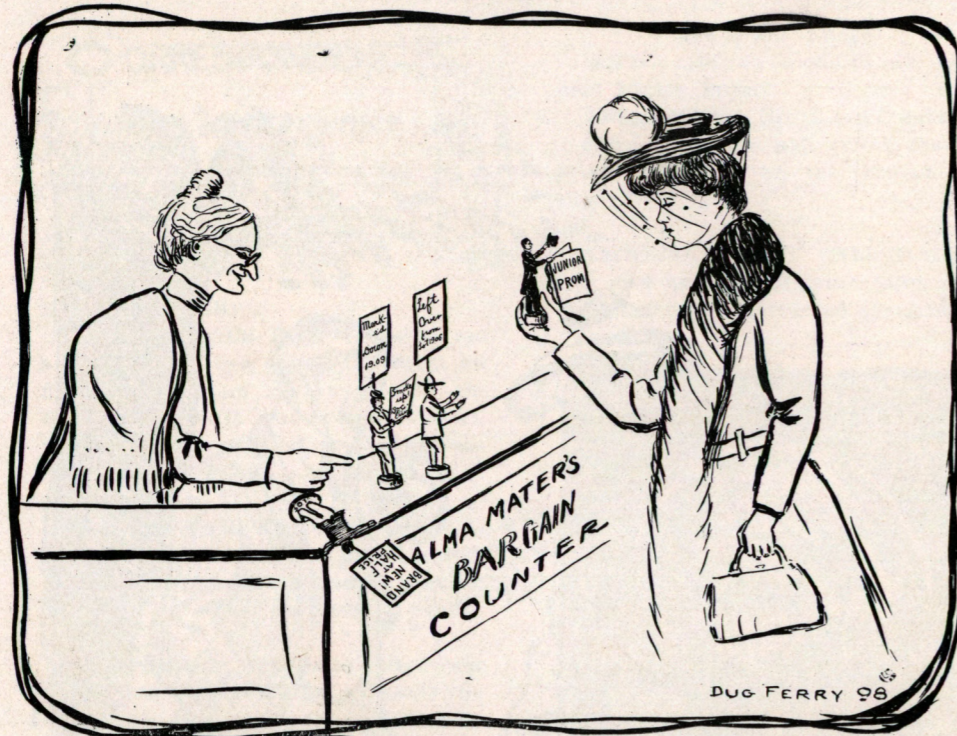


SHE: IS YOUR WATCH GOING?

HE: IT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW IT.

"WHAT TIME IS IT?"

"THREE MONTHS AT SIX PER CENT."



JUNIOR QUEEN: I THINK THIS WILL BE ALL FOR TODAY. I WILL PROBABLY NEED THE REST SOME OTHER TIME.

THE AUTHOR

"HE'S WRITING for the Century."
The would-be scorned reply;
But cast a look of envy
As the great man ambled by.
"Yes, writing for the Century,
The goal of all his hopes.
He's in the business office
And addressing envelopes."

THE JUNIOR DAY PROGRAM.

As She Sees It.

March 21—I tell all my girl friends about Junior Day.
Thursday Night—They all see me at the Farce with Jack.
Friday—They see me several times.
Friday Night—I make a hit at the Prom.
Saturday—I begin laying wires for the Senior ball.

As He Sees It.

March 1—I pawn my watch.
Thursday Night—\$2 gone.

Friday—Several more gone.
Friday Night—The Prom takes \$10. Gosh!!
Saturday A. M.—He asks his roommate for the time.
Monday—The bills come in!!!\$&&!!?

As Father Sees It.

Dear Son: When you come home for the vacation we will run over your items and see what can be done. Lovingly,
FATHER.

As the Florist Sees It.

"Them studes is easy money. They is so foolish they gets flowers for their gals. But let them alone, they is all right."

As the Busmen See It.

Thursday Night—No carriages.
Friday—No carriages.
Friday Night—No carriages!

HIS PROM GOWN.

The trousers he got from a neighbor named Jones,
Whose body consisted of skin and of bones;
While his own husky limbs, of a portly dimension,
Subjected the pants to a difficult tension.

The coat was a vesture belonging to Swart,
With the sleeves over-long, and the tails over-short;
His fingers, too stubby, were hidden from view,
And the back hit him up in the shoulder-blades, too,

The waist-coat was from an acquaintance named Lee,
And was double the size that it needed to be;
For truly, the garment so much had to spare,
It flapped several inches out into the air.

And the problem enveloped his evening in blight—
To decide whether he was too loose or too tight—
For the portions that struck him as snug, for example,
Were balanced by portions excessively ample.

A final conclusion he couldn't produce,
(And being a party whose habits were loose)
He decided, as what was but proper and right,
To tackle the punch and get thoroughly tight.

"CALLING."

SAID BILLY: "I haven't my law;
Holding hands through the week's pretty raw."
When asked: "Who was the Queen?"
He said: "Was none," and looked mean,
"Three trays is the best I could draw."

IT'S A POOR dress suit that won't serve two masters.

A PROM TRAGEDY.

Told in a Visit and a Telegram

THE VISIT.

GEORGE: Your smile reassured me yesterday.

MABEL: I have been very busy lately.

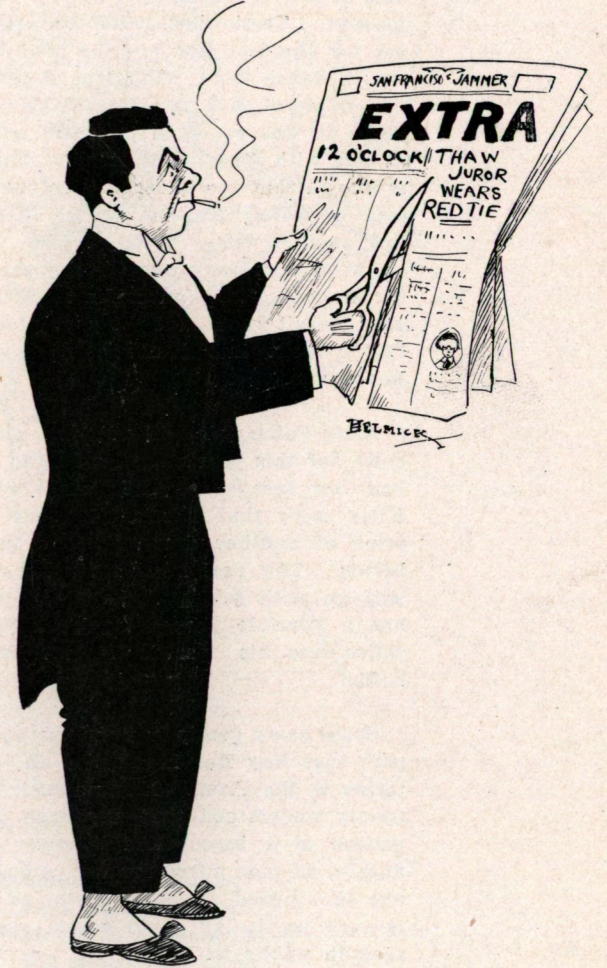
GEORGE: Well, I will call again.

MABEL: Do! I am always so happy to see you.

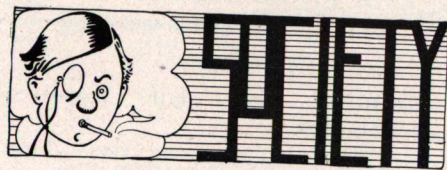
THE TELEGRAM.

MABEL: Ask your roommate if she will go with me to the Prom. You know her best. Will call to-night.

GEORGE.



SCANDAL!



BY LADY MEASLES.

WITH THE PROM in sight Society is a-flutter. Men, scandal and dresses are being discussed with equal avidity. Where such and such a fellow got enough coin together to take in the Prom seems to be the main topic.

A sensation was sprung the other day when the news leaked out that Tessie Van Hiflier would not be among those present. Tessie has ruled the smart set for the last few months, and that she, a dance fiend, should be deprived of her pleasure is the talk of the campus. It was expected that she would attend with Charley Poorleigh, but it is known that the latter will be the escort of Sarah Nuriche. And therein lies another tale. Society does not know of any reason why Charley should throw over Miss Van Hiflier. Society also doesn't know that the young lady's father went into bankruptcy a few weeks ago.

Kitty Fairmayde will not have a new gown for this year's function. She has had her last year affair made over. Kitty says that she can't raise the price of another dress, but we know better. The real reason is that she will go with young Auk. Ward, who has a horrible propensity for spilling coffee into his partner's lap. Wily Kitty!

Some nasty gossip has spread the report that May Bee hasn't had an invitation to the Prom. May wants it distinctly understood that any such intimation is a base falsification. Any number of men asked for her company, but she turned them all down, as she is very particular as to whom she is seen in public with.

NURSERY LAYS FOR JUNIOR DAYS.

SING a song of Junior day,
Pockets full of air,
All your good simoleons
Gone you don't know where.
When the blow-out's over
Creditors will sing.
Pleasure, money, girl and joy
All have taken wing.

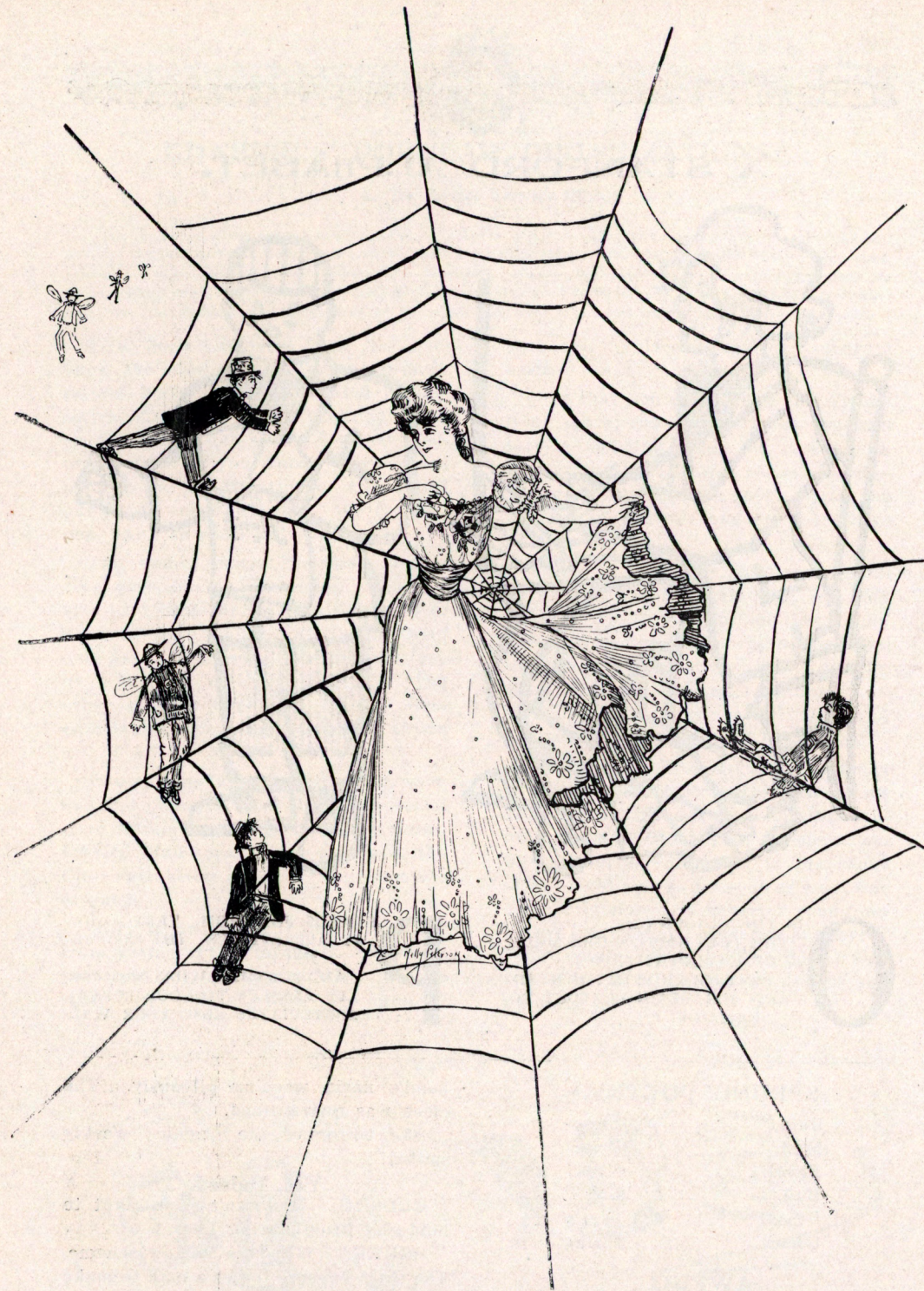
If ev'ry day was Junior day—
O pray spare us that fate!—
The girls would smile perpetu'ly
On men they really hate.
To Menlo, to Menlo—
(Enough has been said)
Home again, home again—
O, what a head!

(There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise)

There was a youth in our school,
And he was wiser still;
He had a girl who loved to dance,
But couldn't pay the bill.
His creditors were wiser yet,
And wouldn't give him tick,
So when the Prom time hove in sight
He suddenly took sick.



WHY DO THE GIRLS STAND SO FAR AWAY
FROM THE BLACKBOARD?
OH, DEAR, DON'T YOU KNOW? WELL, IT
IS TO LET THE MATH. PROFS. SEE THEIR
FIGURES.

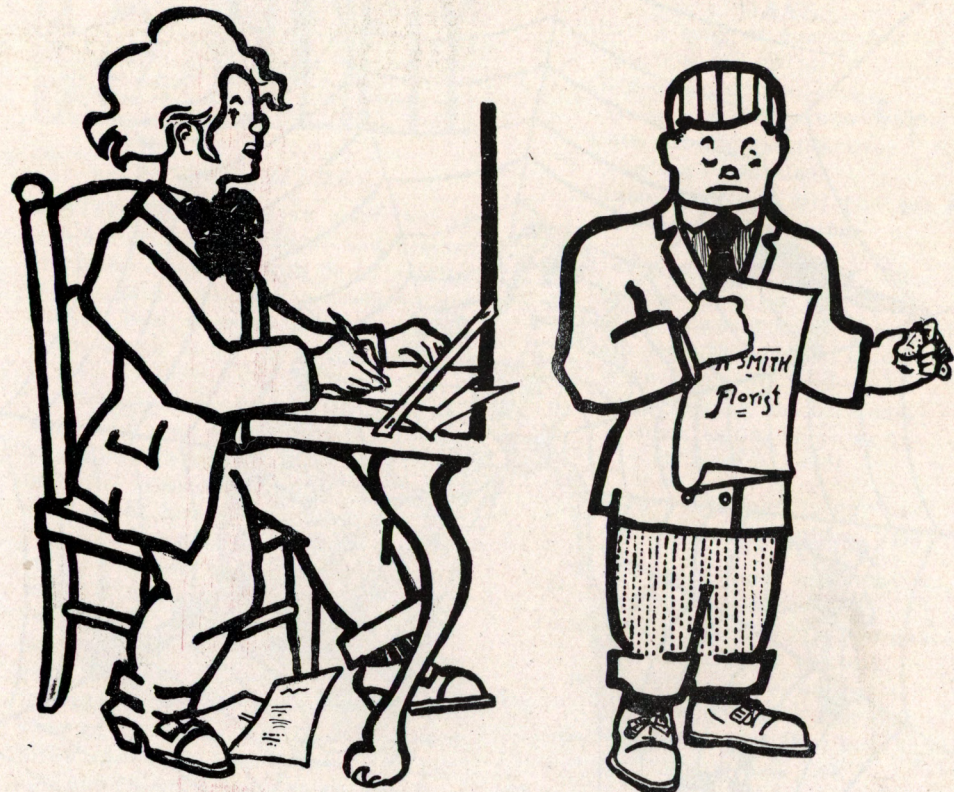


THE SONG OF THE VICTIM

O fairest unfair captor,
I've paid you Cupid's fee;
Have mercy for the moment,
And listen to my plea:
Pray tell now what you're thinking of—
THE PROM
or me?

O fairest unfair captor,
I ask not to be free;
Such cruelty of yours I know
Will always have to be:
But tell now what you're thinking of—
THE PROM
or me?

A STANFORD ALPHABET.



O IS THE ODIUS ODE,
THE POET'S MELODIOUS MODE
OF HAVING IT SAID
THAT HE'S HOT IN THE HEAD,
AND HIS BRAIN IS ABOUT TO
EXPLODE.

P STANDS FOR PROM., VERY ODD—
IT ABBREVIATES THE PROME-
NADE:
AND FURTHER, WHAT'S WORSE,
IN RESPECT TO YOUR PURSE—
ABBREVIATES ALSO YOUR WAD.

SPRUNG POETRY.

Rain,	House-
Mud.	Clean.
Flow'rs	Birds
Bud.	Sing.
Grass	That's
Green.	Spring.

AWFUL.

THE EDITOR of the comic weekly
smiled.

Immediately the entire office force
sprang for their weapons. The police
were sent for. The lunacy commission
was called out. The stricken man's
wife arrived and fell upon her hus-

band's neck, weeping piteously. The
office was quarantined.

The editor of the comic weekly
smiled!

Yes, Indeed.

CEDSHE: It doesn't seem right to
hold the Prom during Lent.

SEDHE: Why it's a fine scheme.
The extra expense forces a man to make
many self-sacrifices and denials during
the Holy Season.

Bughouse!

'07: I believe the fellow's a bit
moon-struck.

'08: I shouldn't wonder. You
know he took astronomy.

CHAPPIE'S POPULAR ORGANIZATIONS.

4. The Social Service Club.

For fear some ill-meaning person might accuse Chappie of ulterior motives in laying before the world the basic truths upon which the Social Service Club rests, he wants to tell you right away that he is a devout Social Service slave, and has done considerable slumming. Slumming is great sport. Many a time Chappie has saved a good cigar from the gutter, when it might otherwise have perished. He isn't ashamed of it. The Social Service Club saves thousands of cigars every year. So Chappie is glad to tell you of this grand, uplifting work, which marches steadfastly on year after year.

THE Social Service Club is, per-
haps, the most popular of the organi-
zations which we have treated in this
series of exposures. It often gives us
an Assembly, thus killing some dry lec-
ture. But do you know what causes
lead to its organization? Ah, duped
public, do you know that? We thought
not. Ah, we shall tell you.

The name "Social Service" had a
very questionable beginning. The ser-
vice part came first. Two followers of
Socrates were walking along the Quad
one day. Said one, "No one can see
us. Suppose we hide it here." The
other gurgled fiendishly, "Ah!" open-
ed a laundry bag and disclosed a stolen
set of silver service.

Two months later it was dug up, sold,
and the proceeds gave the two a social
good time. So the germ of the Social
Service Club sprang into existence, the
Club part being added to complete the
disguise.

Later it was thought best to change
from silver service to cigars. So there
you have it. An organization to save
cigar butts. Other clubs have material

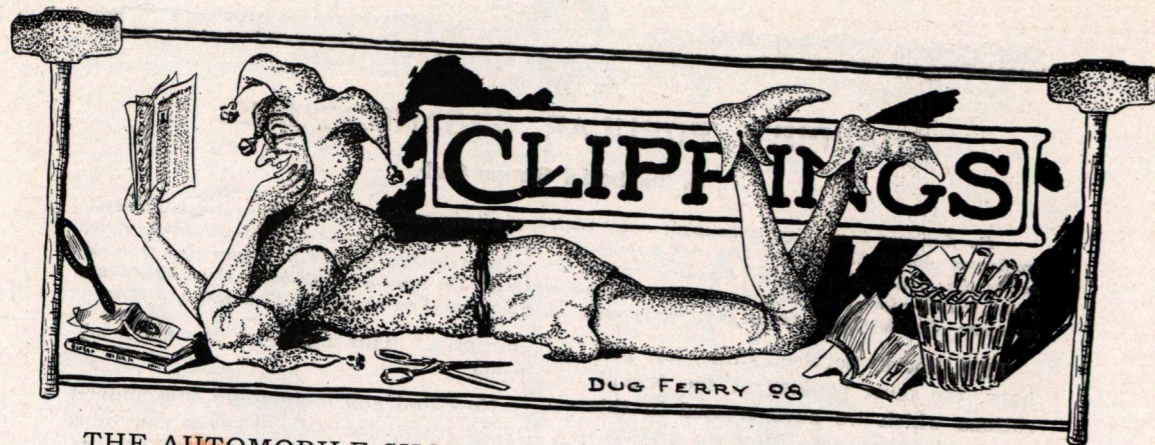
purposes. This one has a spiritual
basis.

Now that you understand this under-
lying truth, can we not press you into
service? Think what it means! A
worker in this glorious cause. A sup-
porter of all that is good. Join the
phalanx of workers and do your share
of slumming!

Think of the poor, half-smoked ci-
gars lying in the gutters of our city
streets. Think of them out there, shel-
terless from the winter rains, homeless,
leading lives of strife and torment.
Have you no feelings, Stanford stu-
dents, no pity, no sympathy? Think of
yourselves; then think of the cigars!

Over one hundred workers are today
saving these butts from the gutter. One
more is wanted. The slumming can-
not go on without your co-operation.
Every man should enlist in the ranks
of the righteous and rescue at least one
cigar. Suppose a member of your fam-
ily lay starving and homeless out there?
What would you do? The Social Ser-
vice Club is calling to you. Will you
heed its call?





THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW.

(From our special correspondent.)

The automobile show this year has been a colossal success. The car exciting the most interest was the 1907 model Fierce Great Harrow, while the 250 horsepower Dope Torpedo was a close second. Among the most popular bumpabouts were the Studentshaker and the Gambler, while among electric cars the Pain and Waverer were the leaders. With the new storage batteries it is claimed that they will run from Madison Square to the Grand Central without recharging.

Perhaps, however, the skill and inventive genius of American mechanics has been best shown in the various clever little devices which make motoring so interesting and enjoyable. The most ingenious of these is the Thanometer, a sensitive little instrument connected with the front wheels in such a manner as to register upon a dial each person struck. I had an opportunity recently of inspecting it while in use upon Mr. John D. Vandergilt's big machine during a several miles run on Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Its precision was beautiful—even a two-year old child, adroitly singled out by the chauffeur from between its parents, was accurately registered. The device is sure to add much to the interest of

motoring, while the chauffeur is relieved of the responsibility of keeping score.—Tiger.

Breathes there a stude with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As clock chimed out 7 A. M.,
"I do not care a D. A. M."
—Widow.

Bald-headed Party: No, I can't go to the masquerade to-night, I've no costume.

Warm Friend: That's all right, just stick a black patch on your pate and go as the cue ball.—Record.

"How's work, Casey?"
"Rotten. I've been tryin' to get me wife a job for three weeks, an' can't do it. I'll starve soon."—Widow.

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"Cheer up, Mary."—Widow.

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"You have designs upon me!" cried
his victim, as the professional tautooer
finished his job.—Tiger.

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 If you neglect your Ps and Qs
 And think only of your Es,
 You'll learn too late you were not Ys—
 'Twas a sort of brain D Zs.

A Definition.
JOHNNY: PAW, WHAT'S meant by
 "the rule of three"?
PAW: That, my son, is a term ap-
 plied to the combined work of the
 mother-in-law, the ice-man, and the
 cook.

"DO YOU THINK he is in condi-
 tion?"
 "Condition? Why, condition doesn't
 express it. He is in fine flunk."

Those who are five minutes late do
 more to upset the order of the world
 than all the anarchists.

TO PREACH is human; to do, divine.

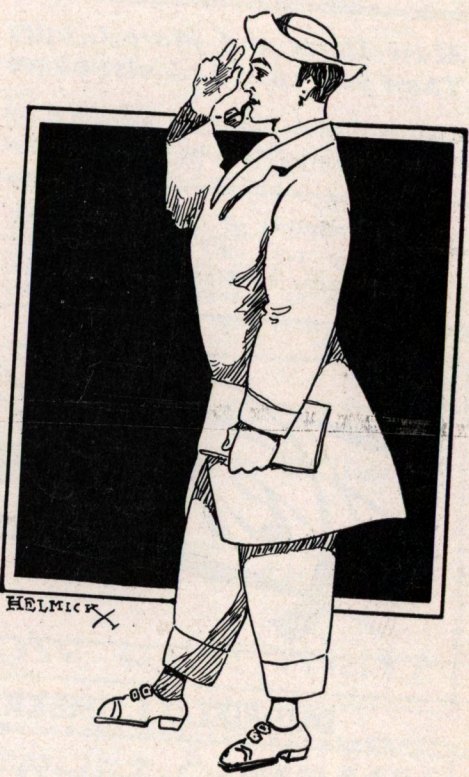
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 "Well, I don't like to dance in Lent.
 Why don't you go?"
 "Well, I don't like to dance in bor-
 rowed."

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"Oh, broil me a live Hard-shell Baptist," answered the dusky chorus lady.
—Widow.

WILLIE: Mary, will you marry me?
MARY: Are you a Princeton man?
WILLIE (sadly): Yes.
MARY: Then it's all off. "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."
—The Princeton Tiger.

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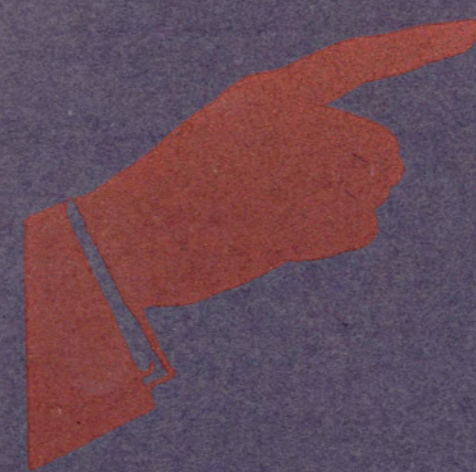
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Crude.
 "Mother, may I go out to skee?"
 "Yes, my darling daughter,
 But be careful that the men-folk see
 Only what they ought ter."
 —Widow.

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