

CHAPARRAL

WRONG
NUMBER



T. G. VAN DEUSEN

With acknowledgments to K. C. B.

It pays to make your meaning clear



AWAY BACK in
"THEM GOOD old days."
THE STORY goes.
THAT AN elderly female.
WHO WAS violently.
OPPOSED TO the hootch.
ENTERED A street-car.
IN WHICH there sat.
A MAN evidently ossified.
SHE CALLED the conductor.
AND CRIED indignantly.
"DO YOU allow.
DRUNKARDS IN this car?"
AND HE replied.
"JUST MOVE over, ma'am.
NEXT TO that other one.
AND NOBODY.
WILL EVER notice you."
NOW I suppose.
THERE ARE cigarettes.
THAT KINDA get.

LOST IN the shuffle.
AND NOBODY gives 'em.
ANY SPECIAL notice.
BUT NOT my brand.
NO, SIR.
FOR TASTE and aroma.
YOU CAN'T beat 'em.
AND THEY'RE mild—yes.
AND YOU'LL never.
MISTAKE THEM.
BECAUSE THE "Satisfy-blend."
CAN'T BE copied.

LET'S make this perfectly
clear. Chesterfield ciga-
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The Origin of Profanity
"Couldn't you love me,
Eve?"
"No, I'm afraid I don't
care, Adam."
—Goblin.
Little hops at college,
Cigarettes and wine,
Give the sweet young flapper
A very potent line.
—Lord Jeff.



True! True!
Frills—What's the matter?
I give you enough attention,
don't I?
Frills—Yes, but I can't eat
it and I can't wear a bunch
of it for a corsage.
—Frivol.

If it embarrasses a girl to
show her leg, she doesn't
show it.—Jade.
No girl wears any false
hair to speak of.—Jade.

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(Keep this near your Telephone)

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Justice Is Justice!

Emerson Waldo (aged five)—We have a new baby at our house, but I hope we shall be able to get rid of it.
Howard—For heaven's sake!
Emerson Waldo—Yes; it can not read or write; and I shall have it deported as an illiterate emigrant.—*Life*.

Perfectly Simple

Rub—What do you think causes the high cost of living?
Dub—Having to pay so much for things.—*Life*.

"What makes you think the ancient Greeks practiced disarmament?"

"Look how they made poor Venus.—*Punch Bowl*.

Casey—Didja go to the prize fight last night?

Murphy—Naw. D'you think I'm goin' to pay out money and then let somebody else have all the fun?—*American Legion Weekly*.

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WAR WILL FOLLOW

Microbe—Who are the new bugs that just came into our milk can?

Bacterium—Probably some more strained relations.

Thug—I know where we can lift about \$10,000 in swag if we get another guy with a machine.

Pug—How about the lawyer across the street? His sign says "Deeds and Conveyances."

Haig—In a minute.

Haig—Hurry up! We've missed the train already!

EXPLAIN YOURSELF

Yale—Lock the door before you go out.

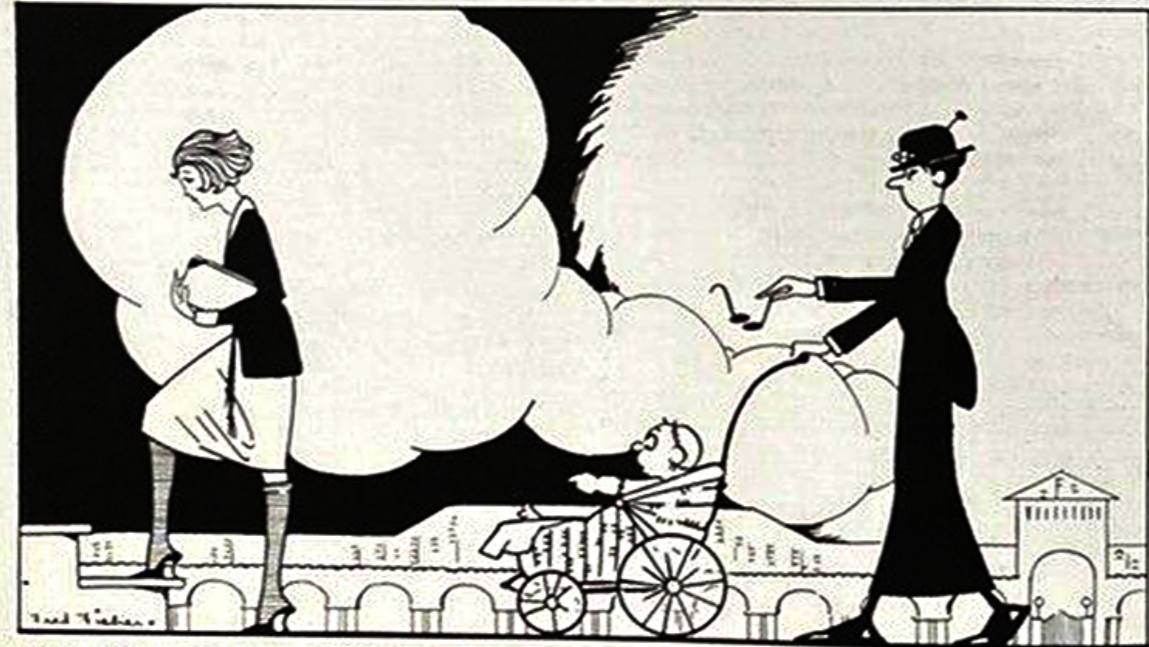
Stale—How'll I get out then?

Yale—Go in before you go out and unlock it from the outside, so we can get in if we're locked out.

TOO TRUE!

Prof—I'm afraid I'll have to flunk you.

Frosh—S'all right. I would have flunked anyway.



Baby—Glug, gooo-oo-o, ik-llg!

Mother—Yes, Adolphus, that is a co-ed. Look at the pretty sky or mamma must put papa's smoked glasses on you.

FAMOUS WRONGS

- _____ number
- _____ shoe
- _____ room
- _____ woman
- _____ dope
- _____ side of the bed
- _____ bottle
- Going _____
- Being _____
- Seeing _____
- Doing _____
- It's all _____

"I guess I wasn't hard-boiled," said Humpty Dumpty, as he pulled himself together after falling off the wall.

Excited lady.—Captain, it sounds as if the ship were sinking.

English captain.—Ave no fear, madam. It is only the crew taking their afternoon tea.

"Did you get a new job yet?"

"Yep."

"Different from the other one?"

"Nope."

"Well, what are you doing?"

"Nuthin'."

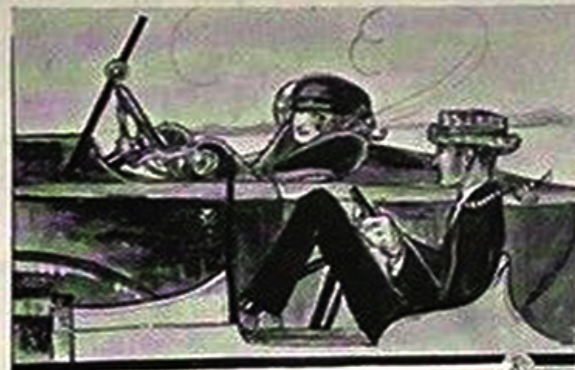


Chappie's Little Snappy Story

Once upon a time a New York vampire, after an unusually successful clean-up, decided to abandon business for a time and indulge in a vacation. It had been a particularly trying season. A couple of her victims had refused to be shaken off the hook, even after the shake-down, and a nasty attempt at suicide on the part of one of them had almost unnerved our Gwineth (for such she called herself). Hence the vacation. Slipping her mother (hired by the season) a thousand and settling her in a cozy cottage in Flatbush, our heroine entrained for San Francisco in search of some quiet diversion.

Once in the city by the Golden Gate she avoided the cheaper hotels and dwelt among the idle rich on Bush Street. It was here that she conceived the brilliant idea of perfecting herself in her "sweet young thing" role by attending a co-educational college while she was resting. Inquiring of an obliging taxi driver (who knew where to find anything from dancing partners to genuine Canadian Club) she was directed to a promising institution a few miles down the peninsula. Using all her native (and acquired) cleverness Gwineth arrayed herself as a beautiful, but ignorant, flapper from Kansas, and departed (via bus) for the Rah! Rah! estate.

Her coming was not altogether unheralded. It seems that some observant sophomore, who rode in the bus with her, liked the careless way she crossed her knees, and phoned his favorite sorority house that she was promising material. As a result she became a rushee. Long hours the Greek sisters labored with her, explaining the mysteries of their game—the approach, the come-on, the attack, and the let-down. Purposely she was a dull pupil, but in the privacy of her room she laughed long and loudly at the crude methods of the campus women. Faithfully they explained to her that she must never encourage men without means, no matter how interesting or persistent they might be. She might dance as naughty as she pleased at tea dances or house parties, but when alone with a man she must not let him kiss her more than once. And if he became serious and showed signs of violence she must deliver a crusher and turn in a general alarm. Of course any little trifles such as weekend trips to the city, flowers, taxis, and gifts were to be received graciously, for were they not her just due as a woman of the campus? In time Gwineth allowed herself to become an apt pupil of her faithful mentors, and she was forced to admit that as amateurs, some of her companions were forcing her to the limits of her professional ability to keep up.



Flapper.—Your car reminds me of an "A" student.

Flivver.—Why so?

Flapper.—Always being passed.

This joyous state of affairs continued for some time, Gwineth's path being marked by the fallen, the blasted-in-hopes, and the flunked. About this time young Bobby de Sous came to college to escape being bored to death. He had gone through one fortune and was on his second when it commenced to stick in his craw. He was known among the boys as a "fast worker," but rarely of late was he forced to extend himself. He did when he met Gwineth. Now, when two professionals, both in disguise, meet in a field of amateurs, some of the bystanders are going to get hurt in the mix-up, and this was no exception. From the start it was plain that Bobby and Gwineth were the champions of the opposing camps. The boys were backing Bobby to conquer and make off with the Queen Bee, as they called her, having all tried and failed themselves. The women of Gwineth's sorority relied upon her to gain fresh honors for the house by bull-dogging and bog-tying her victim in a whirlwind finish. The battle of cosmetics and the female substitute for brains versus money and a killing line waged for some time without a marked victory on either side, but it was plain to all that the pace could not last. It couldn't.

One morning the sisters found a note on Gwineth's bureau: "Dear Girls:—Thanks for all your kind advice. Am going back to the Big Show and Bobbie is coming along to sign the checks. —Gwia."

And Bobbie wired the boys: "Am taking our little playmate to Paree for a real time.—Bob."

And on the campus they are still trying to figure out who won—or lost.



Who was this wild and winsome coot
That made poor Adam pull the boot
And taste of that forbidden fruit?
A Flapper.

This Cleopatra maiden fair
For whom great Caesar tore his hair,
Who was this vamp so debonair?
A Flapper.

Who was this biddy called Salome
That robbed John Baptist of his dome,
The one that made mere man leave home?
A Flapper.

Who is it now that flashes by
With scanty clothes and drooping eye,
For whom some sap would gladly die?
A Flapper.

Who strokes the profs upon their nobbs,
And on their shoulders gently sobbs
While some swell mark from them she robs?
A Flapper.

Who is it spends your hard-earned kale
Who makes this plaint a woeful tale
Who is more deadly than the male?
A Flapper.



WRONG NUMBER

I held a lottery ticket
Expecting to gain wealth.
They gave the wheel a little spin,
And now I've lost my health.
Wrong number.

I called and asked my sweetie
To come back to her Fred.
Now I'm in an awful pickle;
I got my wife instead.
Wrong number.

I taxied down to a hotel;
I went upstairs to bed.
I'm doing well in ward thirteen,
With a deep gash in my head.
Wrong number.

I have an awful fever,
Doc says I'm not so well.
I prayed to go to heaven
But instead I went to—
Wrong number.

News item: Babe Ruth is to go into vaudeville.
Chappie would suggest that he have the orchestra leader give him the pitch and that he have the blondined women in the audience form a bleacher section. It might also be well to state that for breakfast every morning he eats batter cakes.

TRY THIS

Prof (lecturing on Passive Hedonism)—
Now, how are we to separate ourselves from
the unpleasant things in life?
Soph—Divorce.

This Year's Version
(Rather better than usual)

I was enjoying a BROWN JUG of LEMON PUNCH with that SIREN, the WIDOW, when her son looked in; you should have seen her SUN DODGER. I told Virginia but she said, "AGWAN, you LYRE, you'll have to SHOW-ME."

The PUNCH BOWL had some ORANGE PEEL in it and carried a PUNCH which I should JUDGE to be the spice of LIFE. JESTER and I were there alone so we had another drink or two and it left a RECORD, for I saw a PURPLE COW and a PURPLE PARROT, while she saw LORD JEFF and his TIGER. I said that we had better go and see OLD DOC GAGS but she said that he was a HUMBUGH.

At last we started home singing a DIRGE like a couple of SOUR OWLS and I had to be some JUGGLER, because you should have seen VIRGINIA REEL.

THINGS TO LOSE SLEEP OVER

Why doesn't Burbank cross an egg plant and a bread fruit tree and grow egg sandwiches?

FAMOUS REDS

Russian _____
Blood _____
_____ head.
Henna _____
Dago _____ and
Cardinal _____

Ever Try It?

He¹—What is the unkindest cut of all?
He²—Cutting class to queen the instructor's wife.

The STANFORD Chaparral

VOL. XXIII DECEMBER, 1921 NO. 3

The Chappies

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL. REFLECTIONS



the express purpose of this number is to air the wrongs which exist on the campus. Chappie reaches up for the old Hammer with the gleeful look of a professor about to select the flunks. The figure of the professor is well chosen, for the Old Boy's peeve just now concerns final examinations. Of course nothing could please Chappie better than to have those dear little formalities dispensed with entirely, but as long as we have them we may as well make the best of them.

A three-day examination period is not making the best of them, by gum! When a man has two hard examinations in one day he is in no condition for another the next morning, yet he stands an even chance of running into just that situation. Finals are too crowded to be a fair test of a student's ability, either absolute or comparative, and Chappie is all for a longer period.



Big Game which was pulled off here a while back was as much a credit to Stanford as anything that ever happened, with the possible exception of the class of '95. The team shoved over the first touchdown in that great new stadium and the throttle on Chappie's heart opens up about six notches every time he thinks about it. Sixty thousand people and empty acres of cars were handled without loss of life or limb, though one lady did report a demolished hair net. Those who could find room to stay on the campus were regaled by a Football Show which the Old Boy himself provided, and those who had to go to the city had a Fairmont dinner-dance all fixed up for them. We opened the greatest stadium west of the Atlantic seaboard, put up a game fight against the greatest football team in the United States, and staged the biggest athletic spectacle ever seen on the Pacific Coast. Chappie calls that a real day's work.

NOW THAT basketball is the next sport on the calendar, and a new pavilion is coming up in which to play it, Chappie would like to see a great turnout for the king of indoor sports. The more men trying to cage the ball, the greater our chances of caging the Bear.



bunch of new names that appears over there among the Chappies is the greatest wrong of the whole Wrong Number. Chappie was wrong, all wrong, in ever letting any of them into the sacred brotherhood of Hammer and Coffin, and he hangs his head in shame as he examines the sorry mess. There's Archie Binns, for instance, who once was editor of the Cardinal, of all magazines, and whose jokes are even freer of point than his verse is free of meter. Another freak is George Thompson, who does impressionistic art work, though the only impression the Old Boy ever got from it was a desire to run. Mike Ely suffers from a delusion that his jokes are funny, while Phil Newill is forever crabbing about people stealing his ideas, completely forgetting that ideas have to exist before they can be stolen. Carl Shoup writes atrocious verse and mediocre jokes, while Hal Rorke supplies inspiration to artists—just look at him and you think of something funny. Fred Fisher sends in so much "art" work that Postmaster Hayes requested us to take him in to keep from clogging the mails. Warily Chappie extends to them the customary congratulations and wonders what's going to become of the magazine.

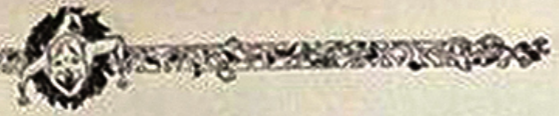
NOW THAT exes are upon us, Christmas will be next in the order of events. Which shows that life has its ups as well as its downs, and gives Chappie a chance to wish everyone a very merry set of holidays.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

- | | |
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WHY ANTHONY WENT WRONG

Fortissimus Marcus Antony, before the Anno Domini, Had conquered armies, navies, on every foreign sea. Amicus, he as he should be, of Julius, Imperator; Great Cicero acclaimed him a gifted Orator. But then he met—Misericorde—Queen Cleopatra not yet forty; And in the land of Nile and Sphinx, He took to women, song, and drinx, Deserted Rome for Cleo's Tong—Who blames poor Mark for going wrong? D. W. E., '20.

I'm a reformer. Yeh, I fit corsets.

Daughter, doesn't that young man know how to say good night? Oh, Daddy; I'll say he does!

Chappie's Ideal Study List

Table with 6 columns: Subject, Page/Time, and other details. Rows include Econ. 711, English 1p, French 0, Physics 12, Phys. Tr. 1.10, Pecuniary amassment, The silent drama, Current literature, The velocity of matter, Terpsichore, Bones, Sennett, La Vie, Stutz, Whitmer, MWF 11, MTWTh 7:30, TTh 11, MTWThFS hrs. by ar. 6, FS 9.

Some Chicken

It was the first time this colored 'parson' had preached in many a moon, and he wouldn't have been preaching now but for the regrettable hastiness of a sheriff two hundred miles east. Praise be for those two hundred miles.

The congregation was small, but looked prosperous, as the preacher gazed thoughtfully into the upturned faces of his flock. But for all that, he reflected that the bearer of the collection plate looked a mite too familiar. Memories of a harmless little chicken-raid and a cold jail and an irate colored farmer came surging up unpleasantly, and with them the certainty that this colored gent in question had been an irritating participant in the consequences.

Clearing his throat and fixing his eye on that of the suspected one, the parson bent far over the pulpit—almost as though he meant to shake hands with the cause of his uneasiness, and in a voice full of understanding, announced his text. "Bredder'n an' sistern, Ah takes my text this mawnin' fum Isaiah: 'If you knows me, say nuthin'; I sees you lateh.'"

First Inebriate—Why did that waiter throw the soup at you?

Second also—I winked and asked him if the pork chops listed on the menu were off a blind pig.

Try Reno

I've always dreamed Of an ideal girl, With eyes like deep forest pools, And hair the color of the Autumn woods. Divinely tall, With the grace of a queen, And lips that open only To call me sweet, silly names, And pucker only To receive my kiss. Hell! I'll never find her, I married the little freckle-faced girl Across the alley.

Speaking of the Peninsular Railway—I don't like their line.

THE SILOLOQUY OF SAILOR BILL

Copyright, MCXLIIVXLIXVL, in all foreign languages, including early Polish.

(Ed. Note—The author having been dead for some time, it is now safe to print this masterpiece of English poetry. The author's real name was not Bill, but William.)

The brave Insomnia builded was, The safest ship afloat. And tar my mizzenmast! my lads, If she was not SOME boat.

From out the port her way she took— Deep sea-skunks! what a sight! The ocean r-r-rocked and the waves r-r-rolled high As she rounded the harbor light.

The night came down, and the passengers, too, On that rough and wintry sea; For everybody (except myself) Were as sick as they well could be.

But a sudden crash—(WHAM!)—then turmoil wild— Sweet mama! it wasn't nice; "My gawd! my gawd!" the captain yelled, "We've hit a hunk of ice !!!!"

"Lower the life-boats!" "What's the use? They're full of holes, I'll bet." "To the life-belts, then." "Please don't!" he begged, "They'll shrink if you get 'em wet."

No time to think—just time to act; The ship was sinking fast. "It's either the ice or a watery grave!" And I jumped from the mizzenmast.

I lit on the iceberg safe and sound And yelled to the others to come. 'Twas a thrilling sight to see 'em jump, But they did it—every one!

A silver moon on a golden sea— But many fathoms deep Lay the stately ship, with all of her crew On top of an iceberg heap.

'Twas b-bitter c-cold; the night wind raved, And froze our gizzards stiff. But morning came, and our iceberg then Southward began to drift.

Farther and farther south we went, Till the sun, so G— (awful) hot, Melted our iceberg bit by bit, Which troubled our minds a lot.

The fate of our ice-ship soon was sealed By the sun's bright, piercing rays, But before it melted completely—a boat!!! Burst through the mist and haze.

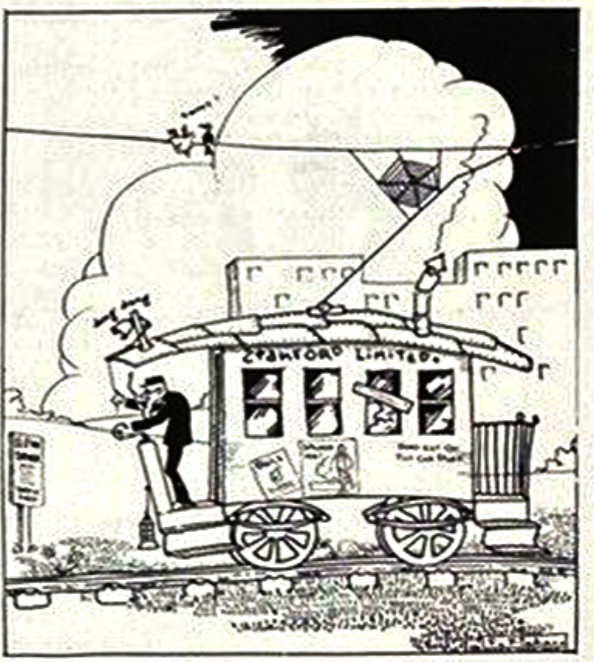
And it carried us home O. K., but say! Never will I forget The goshawful plight we were in that night, When our noble bark got wet! (Yes, this is the END) —C. S. S.

Hey, Rube!

Y'see, Jim and I wanted the farm life. So we got a good start by rakin' together enough coin to buy a horse. But there we had a horse and no hay to feed him with. We got it fixed up alright, though. We knew a guy that had some spare hay. We traded him our horse for his hay. But gosh-durn it, there we had some hay but no horse to eat it. We were lucky, though. The guy that had our horse was kind-hearted. He loaned us the horse for a couple of hours so we could get our hay eaten up.

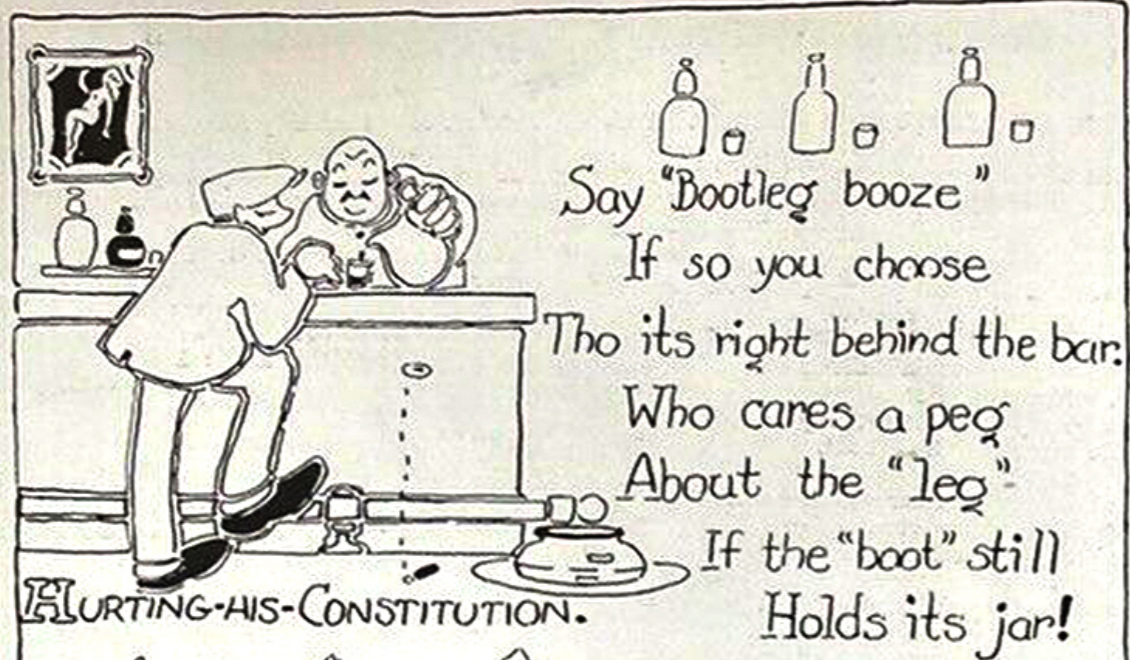
DRIVE ON

"All my remarks ought to have a point to them," said he, blushing modestly with his nose, "they are made on the spur of the moment."



NOTHING WRONG HERE

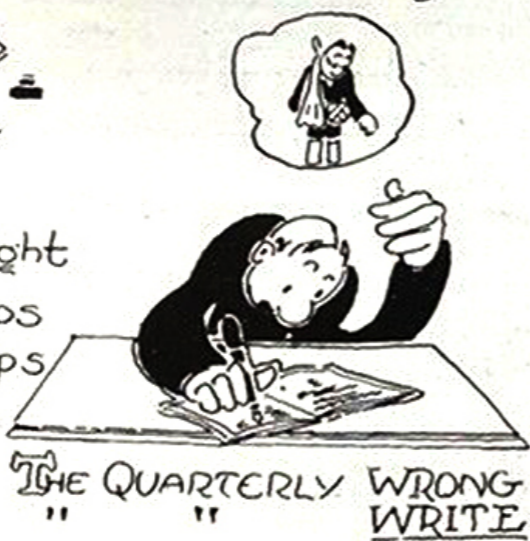
SOME WRONGS THAT ARE ALL RIGHT



Say "Bootleg booze"
If so you choose
Tho its right behind the bar.
Who cares a peg
About the "leg"
If the "boot" still
Holds its jar!

THE LURTING-HIS-CONSTITUTION.

'Monst things that vex
The Final Ex
Gets placed without a fight
Here's two dim lamps
And writer's cramps
From the wrong that is
ALL WRITE



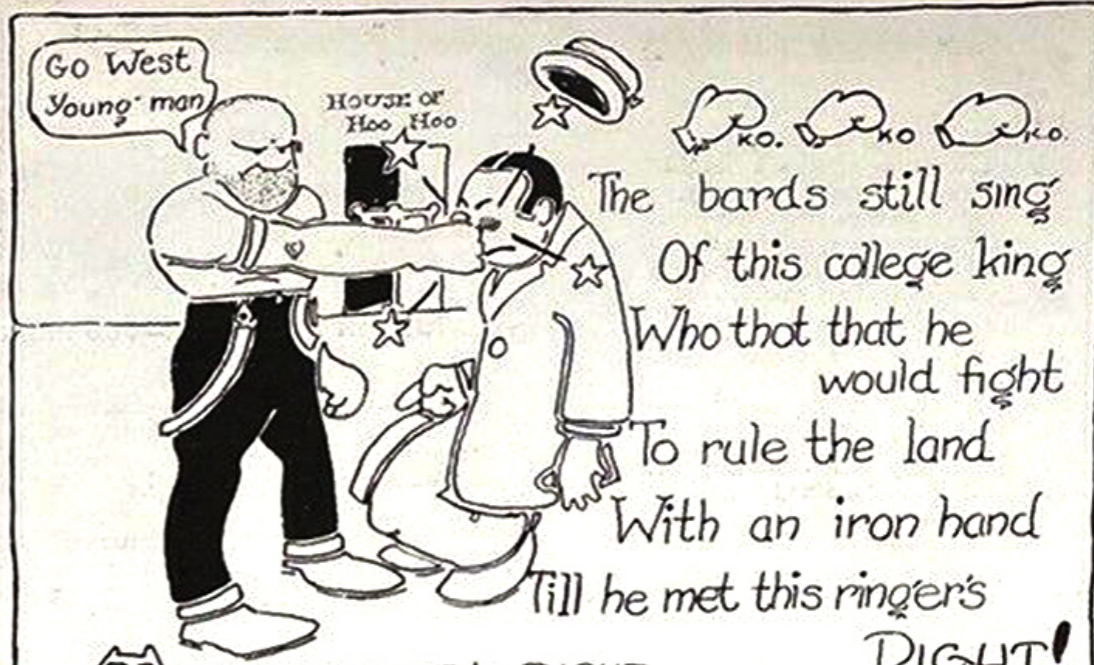
THE QUARTERLY WRONG WRITE



"Please, John, one more
Forget the door
How nice it is tonight."
She's headed for a
lockout, but—
One must admit she's
RIGAT!!

MAKING AN ANGEL WEEP.

SOME RIGHTS THAT ARE ALL WRONG



The bards still sing
Of this college king
Who thot that he
would fight
To rule the land
With an iron hand
Till he met this ringer's

THE-GANGSTER'S-RIGHT. RIGHT!



In hopeless plight
The neophyte,
This RITE with vim
decries
The candidate needs bandages
But not about his eyes.

THE-FRATERNAL-RITES



Hooray! at last
The hour is passed
There goes the final gong
--But still he talks
Despite the clocks.
And that's a **RIGHT** that's
WRONG.

THE RIGHT : TOO FREE SPEECH.

Home Brewing
 My heart stands still as I behold
 Two stars before me in the sky,
 They move like dots of molten gold!
 They start, then so quietly lie!
 And backward thoughts float quickly by—
 Rank substitute for rock and rye!

Upperclass—Frosh, get me a left-handed monkey wrench.
Frosh—Oh, are you left-handed.

Prof—How many pints make a quart?
Bootlegger's son—One and a half.
Prof—That's wrong.
Bootlegger's son—I know it, but we do it.

Colored band leader to new face in ranks with cornet—Niggah, what you all doin' here.
Answer—I'se substi-tootin' for m' brother.



Payne—Do you think she was wrong in re-marrying?
Jayne—Oh, I don't know. They say two wrongs make a right.



A STUDY IN EVOLUTION—OLD BEAN

"Percy Verance"

Little Formalda, age 1.0864 years, was taken vehemently ill and lay nigh unto death. Her poor mamma was in a most dispassionate frenzy, trying to be of asset to her yearling. She wrung her hands, a towel, and the doorbell that stood near the bed. Finally after much beseechment, dissuaded her husband, Mr. Hyde, father of little Formalda, to hie himself thither to yon goodly neighbors, and bespeak himself by word of mouth through the telephone, for a doctor.

So old Hyde, who was younger than old, slipped on his knapsack, placed his Swiss yodler in his mouth, stepped into the vestibule and was then swallowed up in the utter moonlight of a balmy summer evening.

Mr. Hyde's daughter's mother waited long into moderate sized hours of the evening for the return of Formalda's papa.

"Formy, my child, forsoothe, I know not what detains the louse; he should have returned with great haste for he had a skate on when he left."

Many years have flown and little Formalda has blossomed forth into unstinted womanhood. She, like her mother before her, is married. It is the anniversary of the memorable evening upon which her father had disappeared. Quite coincidental, she, too, has a snall infant, Formalda by name, who like herself many years previous, lies at present in the throes of death. Her husband is pleading with her to allow him to fetch a veterinary, but poor distracted Formalda is afraid that he might meet with the same fate as her father.

While they are thus engaged in conversation, a wrap is hung on the door and a man stuped with age, hiding behind a luxuriant verdure of untrampled whiskers, leaps into the room.

"Why, hello, grandpa!" cries baby Formalda, for, of course, she is the first to recognize him, "what kept you so long?"

"My child," says old Hyde, with shaken countenance and crestfallen voice, "I have failed, I have been waiting for central, and she gave me the Wrong Number."

REVERSE ENGLISH

Stude—How do you turn off this light?
Prune—Turn on the switch.



A Stronghold

I always have been unlucky,
 Misfortune has come my way,
 For better or worse,
 My blessing's a curse
 And my aces won't beat a tray;
 I've lost, and been a good loser,
 For mine is a wind that's ill,
 While I held a job in a coal bin,
 Reuben held his in a mill.

I've played considerable poker,
 And I've dealt out many a hand,
 But deal as I will,
 I never can fill,
 Or make a good three-carder stand;
 That was the way with Reuben,
 The memory comes with a rush,
 For I held a four big aces,
 And he held a royal flush.

The gods of misfortune pursued me,
 My luck was always the same,
 The devils of chance
 Took a lien on my pants,
 And the bank went ahead of the game,
 But now all my trouble is over,
 And Dame Misfortune is done,
 I held Rube's wife upon my lap,
 And he held a gatlin' gun.

Old Roble Stands

May—We had a wonderful bridge party last night.
June—Yes, how many guests were present?
May—Oh, only he and I.

Wrong Numbers

(for me) Three and two,
 (for him) Seven and eleven.

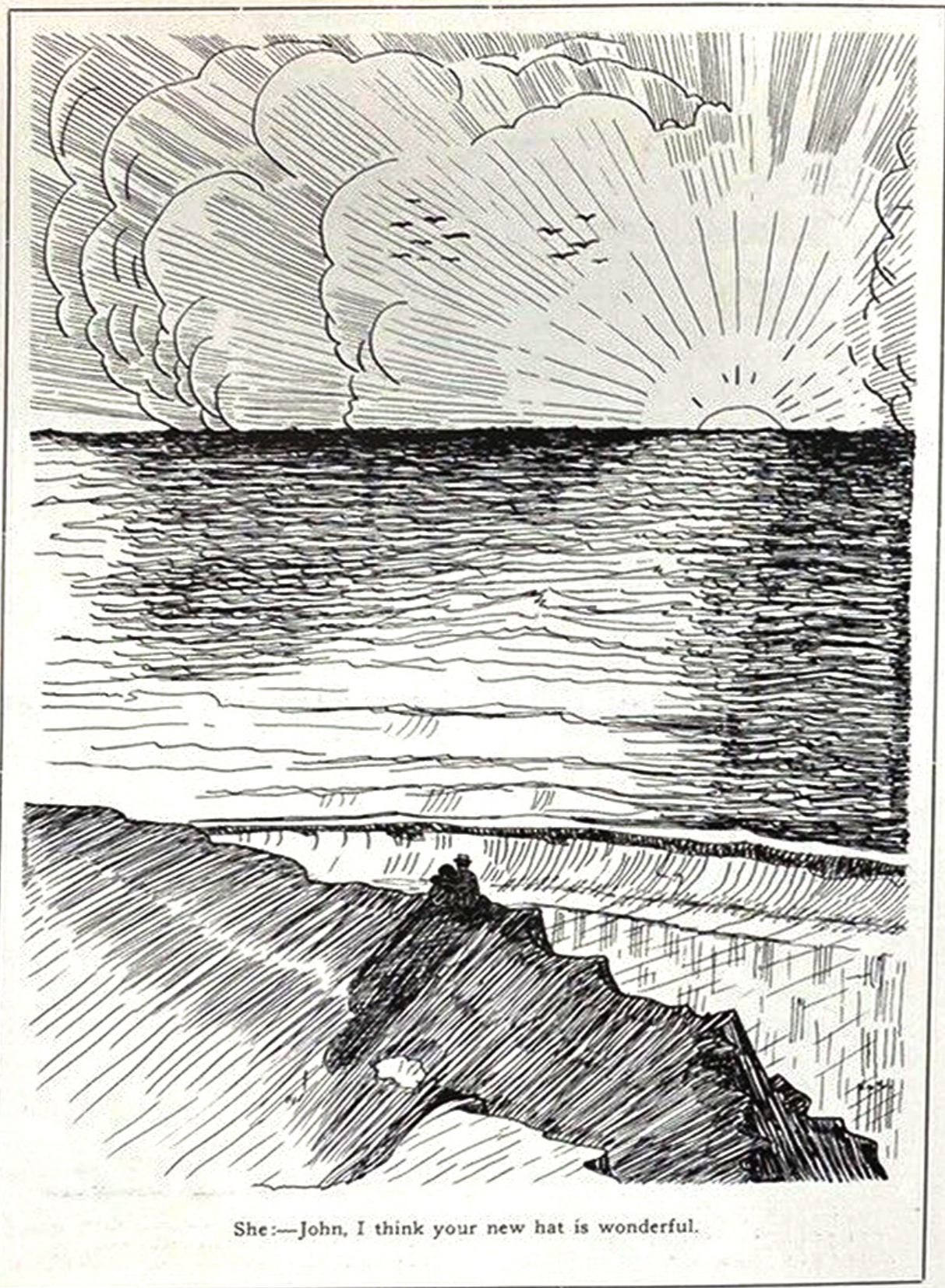
OUR ENGINEERS (ACCORDING TO CO-EDNA)

The mining engineer is interested in shafts, the electrical engineer in receiving shocks, the mechanical engineer is interested in elastic suspension, but the civil engineers go to other universities because there aren't any civil engineers at Stanford.

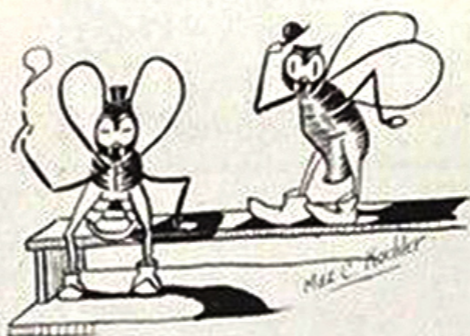
My honey always sticks to me, said the bee as he worked away in the hive.

LET'S DON'T LETTER

He called her "Dear Mable," enveloped her, touched her to her lips, addressed her, and stamped upon her—all in the first half of the dance. And still she complains of the slowness of the males.



She:—John, I think your new hat is wonderful.



Horsefly—I say old man, who made that touch-down?
Housefly—I don't know. I can't see without my spec's.

The buyer of junk came down the street,
And loudly called for his wares,
When a red-nosed youth he soon did meet,
All loaded with scholarly cares.

"Any old clothes or rags for me?"
"Look at my cords and shirt;
Use your eyes and you're sure to see,
That the holes are hidden by dirt.

"I'll stay with these duds until they are lint,
I'm a student." He proudly did swell,
The Junky perked up at that little hint:
"Any old bottles to sell?"

Pinker—I think that Reginald is a four-flusher.

Tunn—Well, I know that he's a second-story man.

Pinker—You don't say so!

Tunn—Yes; he has never told an original one.

SO IS OURS

Lilly—Is your dentist a painless one?

Valley—I'll say so! He has no feelings whatsoever.

A MAXIMUM SILENCER

Young lady (displaying a brilliantly checked mackinaw)—What would you suggest to go with this as a Christmas present?

Clerk—A muffler.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF THE SON

"Some people are born fools and others are characters in the movies."

A WRONG MOVEMENT IN "WILLIAM TELL"

Debutante worm in apple (as she gives Bill's preliminaries to the celebrated feat the once over)—Rotten; Beastly rotten! I've chosen to come out right at the wrong time.

Wagner—What impression did you get from the opera?

Verdi—After seeing some of the prima donnas I came to the conclusion that an operatic personality varies in direct proportion to the bust measure.

A POET GONE WRONG

When Eve plucked the apple
From the famous apple tree,
She was wrong, muchly wrong,
If you can rightly see.

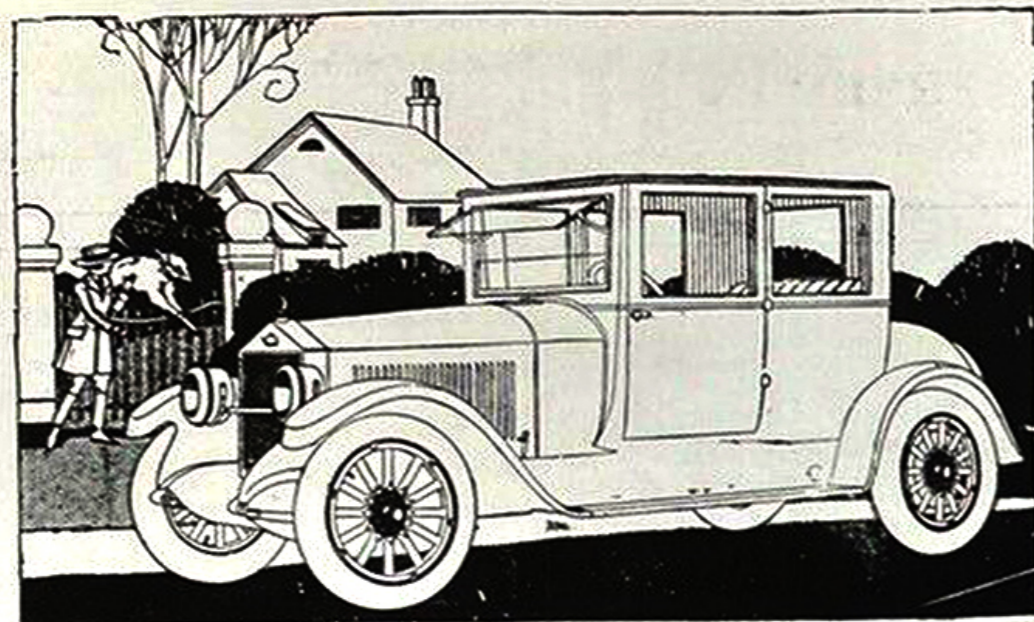
When Nero lit the famous fire
That he watched in wicked glee
He was wrong, and is reproached,
That bird, quite rightfully.

When I read these two verses,
The waves of the distant sea
Say: You are wrong in writing stuff
Like that. You deserve no sympathy.



Cabba:—Who's that man over there arguing with? There's no one near him.

Ray:—He ate something that didn't agree with him.



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Hot Stuff
Shine—Who was dat good lookin' chicken wid you las' nite?
Ola—Nigger! Dat's my gal.
Shine—I means she's a reg'lar Vesuvius.—*Virginia Reel.*

Second Hand
Hold-up Man—Here, stick 'em up and hand over your watch.
Pestered One—There's no use taking that, it won't go.
Hold-up Man—Well, it's going now.—*Phoenix.*

She—Oh! Jesse, are you not afraid? Here comes a ferocious bull.
He—Have no fear, light of my life. I can throw the bull.—*Phoenix.*

"They say he plays a mouth organ."
"My, what a queer taste for music."—*Burr.*

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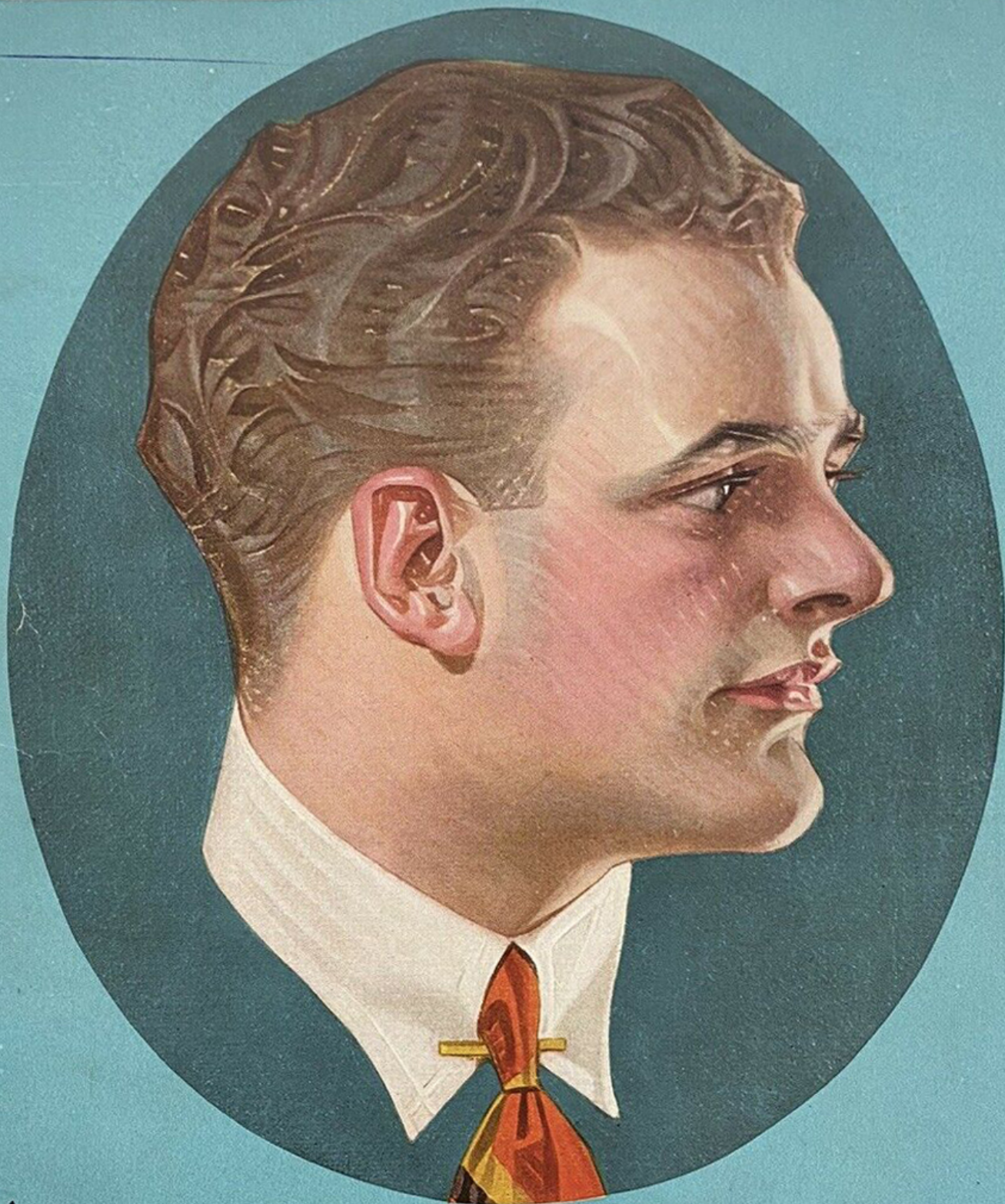
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