

STANFORD
CHAPARRAL

Handwritten signature: *Handwritten C. Bickerton*



JUNE, 1924

Come West, Young Man!

THIRTY CENTS

ANAXAGORAS, which, of course, is the name of a B. C. Greek who did something worth while--look him up--didn't make his philosophy pay and decided to starve himself to death. He kept at it for about a week and then changed his mind. What bothered his old gray head was, the self-torture affected his brain and he couldn't think correctly. It was all right for his flesh to waste away, or for his blood to dry up and his bones get brittle, but when it came to his mentality being disturbed that was too much.

Turning to a friend he said, "Those who have occasion for a

lamp supply it with oil," and he began again to take nourishment. Later on when he had a spare moment to cogitate about his escapade he remarked, "My offense was not my own alone; it seemed I had made it an offense for all my loved ones and friends." Plutarch doesn't finish the incident, but the inference is that Anaxagoras reasoned that he should leave his family and friends a greater heritage than starvation. Many men live in opulence today and leave in penury tomorrow.

Life insurance provides its usual offering.



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Insurance Company of America
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*
Home Office, Newark, New Jersey

If every wife knew what every widow knows every husband would be insured



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- Golf Clothes
- Clothes for
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HOLLYWOOD





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	MRS. MARY CURRY TRESIDDER, '15, <i>Secretary</i> MRS. MARJORIE CURRY WILLIAMS, EX-'18, <i>Hostess</i>	



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Hart Schaffner & Marx have done brilliant things for us this spring; they've given the new clothes all the swagger style of the best English models.

Fine needlework and the best imported all-wool fabrics in the bargain.

FRIEDLANDER & NAUMAN
*The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes*

309 University Ave., Palo Alto

HE'S A JONAH

First She—My father says all men come from apes.
Second She—Mine didn't. He's from Wales.—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

"They won't make a bricklayer out of me," said the hen as she shoved the porcelain egg out of her nest.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

SPRING WILL TELL

"I just missed passing that exam by a point."
"Why, I thought that you only made seven out of a possible hundred."
"Oh, I mean a decimal point."—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

HE UNDERSTANDS

"Smith is wrapped up in his auto."
"When did the accident happen?"—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

"Jack's standard for measuring people is like his cigars. How's that?"
"One kind for himself and another for his friends."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

She (to fur salesman)—Will cologne hurt this skunk?
He—Madame, did you ever see ze skunk zat ze perfume would hurt?—*West Virginia Moonshine.*

"Tell me about that fire at the hotel. I hear you barely escaped."
"It's a lie. I had my pajamas on."—*Yale Record.*

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Headquarters for Wash Frocks

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Herbert
Tareyton
London Cigarettes

*A Quarter
Again*

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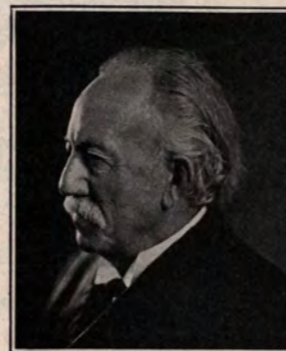
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126 University Ave.
Palo Alto



DAVID STARR JORDAN

She—Did you hear the Chimney Swallow?
Embarrassed Youth—That wasn't the chimney, Ethel, it was I.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

THE H—L THEY ARE

"Pop?"
"Well, son."
"The women who die and don't go to heaven—are they the one's the man meant when he said "hell's belles"?"—*West Virginia Moonshine.*

Census Taker—Er—are you a club woman?
The Mrs.—Oh, no! Spades is my strong suit. You know I've already buried three husbands.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Mendenhall Co.

DRY GOODS

University at Bryant
PALO ALTO

Leaders in
Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Notions
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Ready-to-Wear

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SAN FRANCISCO
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Corner Seventh and
Hope Streets

Custom-Tailoring

FINE tailoring that now more remarkably than ever is illustrative of the standards with which this institution has achieved a reputation that girdles the globe.

A new store, still better equipment and a superb selection of exclusive new wools from abroad.

DUMDEDEE

"He's the biggest dumb-bell I know of."
"How do you figure?"
"Why, he took a spoon and ate the water in his finger-bowl."
—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

"How's your secret engagement with John progressing?"
"Wonderful. Everyone knows of it now but the folks."
—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

He—Who was Diana?
She—Diana was the goddess of the chase.
He—I suppose that's why she always has her picture taken in a track suit.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Dumb—How many f's in finance?
Bell—Depends upon the enrollment.—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

Emily—He says he thinks I'm the cutest girl he ever saw. Wonder if I ought to give him a date?
Brute—Naw, let him keep on thinking so.—*Virginia Reel.*

Robin—That fellow is over a hundred years old.
Robinette—Must be leading a double life.—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

"I saw a man this morning in the saddest plight."
"Who?"
"My French teacher with his hands tied."—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

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Parisian Dyeing and Cleaning Works

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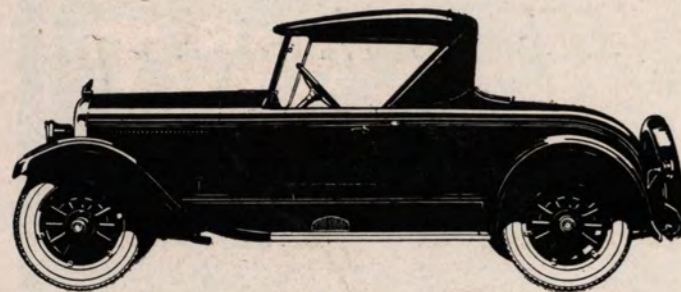
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Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



The velvety smoothness of its operation and the almost uncanny flexibility throughout the wide driving range of the

Chrysler Six

combined with its beauty, power, speed, economy and low cost and upkeep, present to the motor lover a solid phalanx of attributes irresistible in their charm

McCLATCHIE'S

525 HIGH STREET
PHONE 110W

"I take my sleepin' raw," said the cowboy to the tenderfoot who offered him a pair of pajamas.—*Missouri Showme.*

He—Let's sit out and have a tete-a-tete.
She—Oh really, I couldn't eat another thing.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

She—And you must resign from the senate because your salary is too small.

He—Yes, darling. You see I didn't take much stock in being a senator, anyway.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

The college office has been warning students against asking barbers to give them haircuts on thirty days' free trial.—*Harvard Lampoon.*



KNOX HATS

\$7.00

When you appreciate that a Knox Hat costs but seven dollars, you will appreciate that it is SENSIBLE ECONOMY to buy only the best

New Models
"University" and "Fifth Avenue"

Knox Agents

Fraser & Co

PALO ALTO

Phone 458-R



LO DADDY, DON'T FORGET TO BRING HOME SOME ICE CREAM TONIGHT AND MOTHER SAYS TO BE SURE IT'S NATIONAL 'CAUSE THATS THE BEST HERE!

National ICE CREAM
Pleasure in Every Taste

How the *Yale Record* treated a contemporary—

"How did you get that cold?"
"Drinking out of a damp glass."
—*Early Egyptian College Comic.*

And a few pages farther on—

"Why did Mr. Squiff sue his wife for divorce?"
"He claims she makes such rotten coffee."
"Gee, I didn't know coffee was grounds for divorce."

Ah, there, *Record*—and what color is the kettle?

SEALE ACADEMY

DEAR CHAPPIE:

As you know, we have a quiet, safe location, and a dependable school, so kindly send along as many of the desirable young boys of your acquaintance as possible.

Summer Session, June 16; Fall Term, September 16. Catalogues.

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offers for May and June

A most charming and well selected assortment of summer frocks, for sports, street and evening wear, as well as on your vacation.

Hats, Sweaters and Accessories.

All at surprisingly moderate prices, of which you will be convinced when you pay us a call.

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Neatly combed, well-kept hair is a business and social asset. STACOMB makes the hair stay combed in any style you like even after it has just been washed. STACOMB—the original—has been used for years

by stars of stage and screen—leaders of style. Write today for free trial tube. Insist on STACOMB—in the black, yellow and gold package. For sale at your druggist or wherever toilet goods are sold.

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Tubes—35c
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NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Omar—But I say I can drink and drive all right.
Omara—You can't drink and drive.
Omar (condescending)—Then you drive.—*Virginia Reel.*



Visitor at freak show, to bearded lady—Aren't you a bit sensitive about sitting here all day long?

Bearded Lady—H—1 no! Ye see, I've got a wife an' five kids to home, so I feels I'm sufferin' in a good cause.—*Harvard Lampoon.*



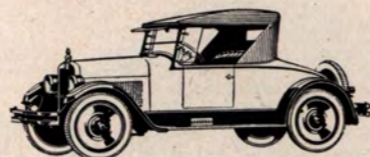
"I heard Blanche kissed Bill right in public."
"Did you ever!"
"No."—*Columbia Jester.*

Try the Drug Store First

Weinco Toilet Cream

Has no equal and fulfills every requirement for the protection of the skin and complexion.

WEINGARTNER & CO.
The REXALL Store
Palo Alto, California



THE OAKLAND AND THE OLDSMOBILE

Are on display in our salesroom with the latest models that have proven so popular among the Stanford men and the Grads who are now in the business world.

*They Are
Neat, Sporty and Serviceable*

Thompson and Harrison
158 Hamilton Avenue, Palo Alto

"Mabel, you grow more beautiful every day."
"Oh, Jack, you do exaggerate."
"Well, then, every other day."—*Columbia Jester.*



Teacher—How do you know this is nitric acid?
Kid—You drink a little an' then if it kills you you're sure it's nitric acid.—*Harvard Lampoon.*



"How do you like Palm Beach?"
"Wait until I get back to Topeka, Kansas—won't I knock this resort!"—*Virginia Reel.*



HOTEL SERVICE

Guest (examining silver)—Tudor?
Host—No, Statler.—*Cornell Widow.*

KEEP IN TOUCH

WITH
STANFORD and PALO ALTO

In the Years to Come by
Subscribing to the

Palo Alto TIMES

"Palo Alto's Only Newspaper"

ANNOUNCING

Tough, Handsome Brogues from Scotland

You'll like the appearance of these well-made imported shoes, and you'll like the long wear they will give you.



—of heavy leather, in shades of tan; not perforated; low-priced, too! Look them over, at

Ed Zwierlein's
WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP
171 University Avenue - Palo Alto



GET YOURSELF A JEWELER AND THEN STICK TO HIM

It's a good deal more difficult to buy a watch or a diamond than it is to buy a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes. By the time a fellow has bought clothes for a dozen years he knows something about them and can't be so easily fooled. But he may buy only one diamond in a lifetime and not so many watches. And he's mighty easy to fool.

Your protection is to pick an honest, reliable jewelry firm and then stick with it. There are plenty of them right here in San Francisco. You don't have to come to us, although of course we want you to do so, but for the love of Mike don't go to some snide joint just because they make glittering promises and low prices.

You'll get about what you pay for and one is no cheaper than another. There's merely a difference in the quality and value of goods handled. Pick a progressive jeweler with a busy store and you'll probably be well treated.

In addition to our stores in San Francisco, at 895 Market Street and 33 Kearny, we now have one in Oakland, at 1520 Broadway. You don't take much chance in these stores; we give a guarantee of satisfaction or money back at any time within thirty days.

Charge Accounts Invited



33 KEARNY - 895 MARKET
Also
1520 BROADWAY, OAKLAND

Now That Combine Idea was not such a bad one last year. A good many of you Alumni found that *Chappy* taken along with your *Illustrated* was a good antidote for the blues. Really it does its stuff like a brace of cocktails.

Clip the coupon and get both *Chappy* and the *Illustrated* for \$4.75. Send it to J. E. McDowell or *Illustrated Review*, Stanford University.

Dear Chappy:

I like your idea and am enclosing \$4.75 for a combined subscription to the *ILLUSTRATED REVIEW* and *CHAPARRAL*.

Name

Address

I. Magnin & Co.

Grant Ave. at Geary
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A Special Offering of
Summery Silk Dresses

\$27.85 and \$37.85

Regularly worth from \$45 to \$65

These dresses are the newest conceptions for summertime wear. Each is distinctive and worthy of the I. Magnin & Co. label. There are plain and printed crepes de Chine, flat crepes and Roshanara crepes. We see all-over tucked dresses, trimmed with self folds, buttons, dainty lace collars and cuffs, flange and jabot effects or pleated frills and tunic effects.

Second Floor

The event is successful if the
Caterer is

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caterer to particular people

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**DINNERS
DANCES
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Lirens, Silverware, Glassware, Chairs, Tables, Decorations, Etc.
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California

FURNITURE at ENDERSON'S

FOR REAL ECONOMY
You Don't Speculate

Why? *Because you know what you want*

RUGS and CHAIRS *No college man can enjoy his rooms unless they are furnished comfortably. All men know what it takes to fit a room up cosily, but still they speculate as to the economic advantage of four bare walls and crude plain floors.*

TABLES *ENDERSON offers to all college men and women simple suggestions in the FURNITURE line. Take advantage of them. We are at Hamilton and Ramona Streets and our shop is flexible for the needs of all.*



Perhaps it's all for the best.



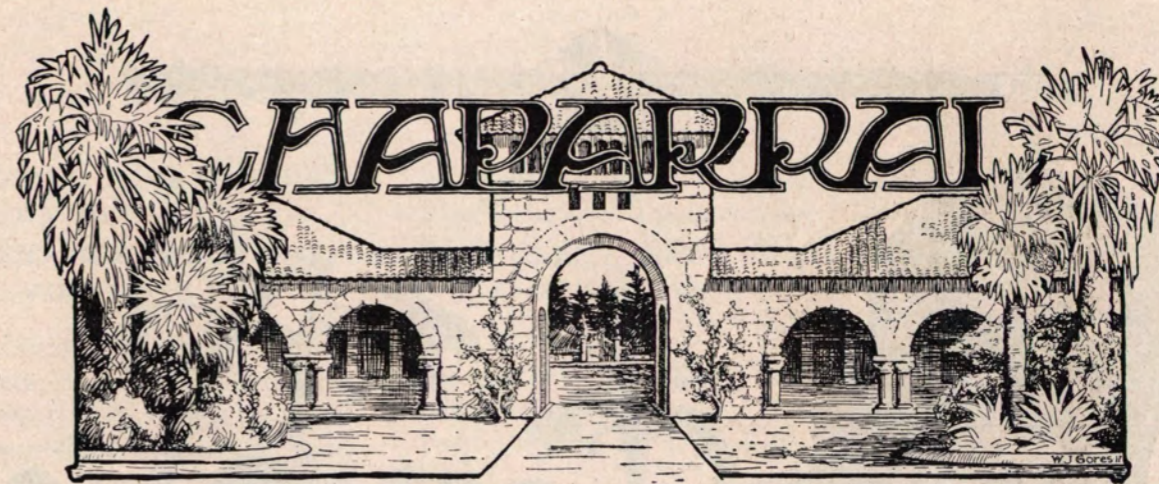
Apologies owed? Right here—by the load;
 We're exceedingly glad to extend 'em
 To an artist—may heaven befriend 'im
 The veritable kitten's galosh!

Gibson,
 C. Gibson,
 Charles Dana Gibson, by gosh!

And who is the dame? We don't know her name;
 We'd like to—but that's not the question;
 Nor is it her looks or digestion;
 The ARTIST'S the theme of this slosh—

Gibson,
 C. Gibson,
 Charles Dana Gibson, by gosh!

—N. E., '24



VOL. XXV

JUNE, 1924

No. 9

THE ESKIMO

A Field for Commercial Exploitation

Think about the Eskimo, reader. (Please note comma between "Eskimo" and "reader.") Think what a life he leads. What does he know of the comforts of civilization?

Think what an opportunity the chewing gum trust is letting slip, just because it won't educate the Eskimo out of his blubber-chewing habit. Personally I would be glad to give up any or all of my share of the world's chewing gum if I thought it would help a single Eskimo appreciate the succulent sweetness of licorice.

Then there is the washing-machine problem. I blush to say anything about the Eskimo's laundry habits, because away up there where the long nights give laundry so little chance to dry, I doubt if the Eskimo is bothered by the laundry problem at all. But just suppose there really is an Eskimo laundry problem: think of the poor Eskimo women scrubbing their kayaks and nya-nyas in ice water, when their Eskimo husbands would be only too glad to buy them washing machines, if they only knew what washing machines were.

Again, take the soft drink situation. What is the Eskimo consumption of Coca-Cola? Practically negligible. How can we congratulate ourselves on educating the heathen when we let chances like this slip?

What does the Eskimo know about B. V. D.'s, even with all our vaunted modern advertising? And electric fans?

Well, by this time it must be obvious that civilization should hang its head in shame over its failure to exploit the Eskimo. Just to drive the matter home, here is a fact or so that should make the tooth paste manufacturers gasp: The Eskimo's favorite dish is prepared by leaving a fish (dead, usually) on a pine board, out in the open, for six months. The fish is then thrown away and the pine board eaten.

Now that we know the facts, can we longer neglect the Eskimos?

—N. E., '24

SCANDAL?

"All the petroleum in the world comes from the bodies of billions of tiny organisms called diatoms."
 —*Pawhuska Intelligencer Picayune.*

"How often must I tell you, dear,
 To stay about the house? Don't roam.
 Your actions do not lend, you hear,
 Refinement to a diatome.

"Your father is a Vaseline,
 The finest family in the Dome.
 Your mother comes of Gasoline—
 Yet you do not respect your home!

"You pain me when you do not cease
 To mingle with the Kerosene,
 The Asphalts—even Axel Grease—
 And others of a cruder mien.

"A scandal surely will ensue
 If you insist upon these boobs!
 In time, your fault I know you'll rue.
 You'll sell by gallons, not in tubes!!!

Reporter—Three-thirty. Guess I'll go down to the office and quit.

Advertising Solicitor—Why don't you get in my department? On this job a fellow gets a chance to make his snooze count. I don't have to quit until six.

Bill—Wasn't it Kipling who said something about being able to meet everybody worth while in the world if a person stood long enough at Charing Cross station, the banks of the Suez and some quay in India?

Rene—Yes, something to that effect.

Bill—Well, I suppose I ought to go.

Rene—Why?

Bill—It's not good form to keep Kipling waiting too long, you know.



"I heard the loveliest lecture today about Anatole France."
 "I understand the climate around Nice is better."

TOMBSTONE TIM TAKES IN THE BIG MEET

I was down visitin' my brother at the university last week, and he asts me if I would like to take in the Big Meet and I says sure I allus is fond of barbecues.

Well, it appears as the university track team was goin' to play somebody else's track team. Wellsir, I worked on a track team myself once before I took up cow-punchin', an' I tells my kid brother so whiles we was waitin'. He says this here is a team of picked men. I says poor fellers I got picked once an' it ruined the pick an' that's why I quit track work an' went to cow-punchin'. He says blaaah. He says we got a good coach. I says yeh? Person'ly I favors a good roomy box car, but maybe track teams has changed.

After wiles he got back to speakin' terms with me an' says we is goin' to win the hammer, an' I says what do they want with it? I used to get sick an' tired of the sight of 'em. He says the half is goin' to be pretty close. I says anybody what would work for less than a dollar a day is loco, an' he pulls the hat down over his eyes an' says nothin'.

There's the team! says my brother—an' some guys trots out with practic'ly nothin' on, an' I says what team? An' my brother says the track team! An' I says where is their tools? An' he says blaaah. Some guy hollers last call for the mile an' I says what is he advertisin', Chesterfields? an' my kid brother says no, they are goin' to race a mile. I asts where is their horses and he don't answer but says their spikes is too long. I says that's a pity because long spikes is somethin' terrible especially when the ties is hardwood. He don't say nothin'.

Well, the long's the short of it is, we won the meet, because the other guys wouldn't fight but turned an' ran an' our men chased 'em clear aroun' the track every time.

As we was leavin' I asts what the score is? An' my brother says a hundred to thirty-one an' I says that's pretty good—the Yanks only win ten to three yesterday, an' I had no idee these college kids is so good.

He says blaaah.

LOOKING BACK THROUGH THE OLD FILES OF CHAPPIE'S BOOK RE- VIEWS, WE FIND

"Christmas Carol, The," Chas. Dickens; 8 vo. 3 da.; quarto-pinto. A pretty fair attempt at melodrama, although we can all guess just how it's going to come out. The hero, you know, has a mean boss, and a sick waif, and it's Christmas, and all that. The only real bit of comedy is in the ghost scene, and there we feel sure it was wholly unintentional. As soon as Dickens gets over his court-reporting habit of putting down everything he hears, he will very likely rate in the hundred best sellers.

"Inferno," Dante Alighieri, Italia & Cie. A rip-snorting adventure in free verse that belongs with the best of our open-air, robust fiction. Dante has evidently travelled a h—l of a lot.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," J. W. Howe, publishers anonymous. The mystery stories are getting better and better all the time. Here is one that keeps you puzzling the whole evening what it's all about, until you suddenly come upon it in the last paragraph, when old Legree says "I feel sick." Miss Howe had better watch her style, however; several times the reader catches himself feeling sympathetic with some of the worst blackguards in the book.

"Don Quixote," Cervantes. Obviously written by a college student, this little handbook of outside-the-parlor jokes is invaluable for any traveling salesman. Nevertheless, it is quite all right to have around the house, as the children won't understand the best quips anyway.

"The Three Musketeers," Dumas Bros. The Zane Gray of France has broken out again. And we prayed for the measles instead.

—C. S. S., '24

AUTOISTS! When you are tired of riding around, patronize the JUNKET GARAGE (Aaron Sole, Prop.)

Air and water furnished at reasonable rates.

Repairing done by finished mechanics.

Pistons slapped.

Spark plugs fouled.

Gears stripped.
Cylinders specially scored.
Steering knuckles taped and massaged.

Commutators oiled and greased, and carburetors watered.

Tires blown out free of charge.
Special wrecking crew on duty day and night.

If your car won't run after we get done with it, you might as well give it to us.



"Hey! Come back here! I haven't washed that shirt yet!"

THE SUMMER ADVERTISING SEASON OPENS

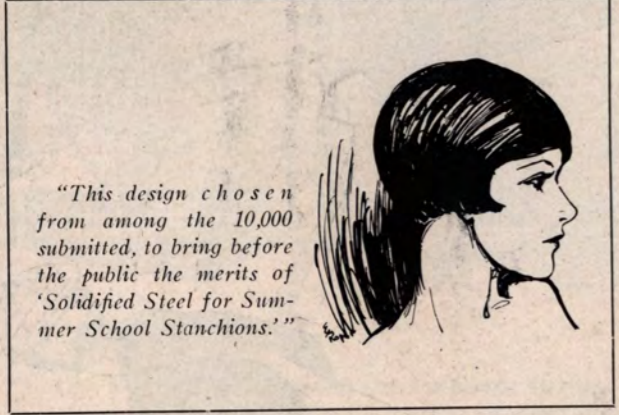
C. S. S. '24



"The Public Be Served' is our motto, as exemplified by this 'Sloganpicture,' drawn especially to order for the Amalgamated Cactuspine Phone-Needle Co., by Wilsonshire Livingston."



"The winning picture that tells the simple story of Fizz-Fizz Fire-Quench at a glance. 1. 'Put out that fire!' 2. 'Where is that fire?'"



"This design chosen from among the 10,000 submitted, to bring before the public the merits of 'Solidified Steel for Summer School Stanchions.'"



"The More and Better Drydocks Co., Ltd.' will be on the lips of every child following our national campaign-push of this perfect sales picture."

THE CLANNISHNESS OF THE CLAM

The Clam is a beast that has never had his due;
It seems that the least that our histories could do

Would be
To see

If all that is said of his clannishness is true.

The Clam is a creature that never says a word;
An excellent feature; not a one was ever heard

To recite
Or indite

A poem on Spring or the Gladsome Little Bird.

Let critics take heed of this virtue of the Clam;
The language has need just to copy, not to slam;

For he's right
Not to write;

For sentimental hogwash he doesn't give a damn.

OUR IDEAS ON WHO SHOULD HAVE WON THE PEACE PRIZE

1. Oswald Oshwish, who persuaded a telephone central to tell him the time.
2. Elihu Glurg, who refused to contribute to an endowment drive.
3. Zedediah Zong, who wore a flannel shirt to the Junior Prom.
4. Henry Humgish, who wrote "Deceased" on a bill and sent it back.

We wish to extend sympathies to:
The Ku Klux Klansmen who made the mistake of wearing woolen robes in the rain.

The executioner who remembered just too late that Louis XVI owed him five francs.

Santa Claus, on the occasion of his mistaking a water-works stand-pipe for a chimney.

The whale who told the other whales about swallowing Jonah.

The fraternity brother who pulled a check out of a letter in front of the house-manager.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE QUESTION SETTLED AT LAST

There has been too much dissension about this frosh-soph fight business. In order to be collegiate, every university must have some kind of an annual battle between the lower classes which the sophomores can always win. Tie-up, mud-battle, greased-pole, tug-of-war, poster-fight, and a hundred others have been tried, without success. Why not a few good suggestions for a change? Like:

1. *The Acid Test.* The two classes are lined up in two long rows, face to face, and two feet apart. Each student has an eye-dropped filled with hydrochloric acid. At the drop of the handkerchief, everybody begins to squirt vigorously, and the last man to quit is declared winner.

2. *Underclass Match Contest.* The two classes are seated in a large dining hall. At a given signal there is placed before each student a box of safety matches. At another given signal all fall to and begin to swallow as many matches as possible, chewing vigorously. At the end of fifteen minutes, the signal to quit is given. The second course, a cup full of kerosene apiece, is then passed round. At the blowing of the hospital siren each contestant gulps his drink, and the class showing the most fire should certainly be declared winner.

3. *The Ice Fight.* Each class chooses five men to represent it. Ten cakes of ice, four feet square, are nailed to the platform, and the contestants are seated on their respective cakes and roped fast, at a given signal, of course. The one who melts through and reaches the platform below first, is declared winner, provided he can whistle.

—C. S. S., '24

"I. Q."

Willie was the pride of teacher,
Willie was his parents' joy—
Every schoolmate in the bleacher
Owned that Will was quite the boy.

Binet tests and charts predicted
Intellectuality
Was by little Chet restricted,
But would blossom by and by.

Chester, now, was just a plugger,
Modest, diffident, and fine,
While the rest were playing rigger
Chet perused the printed line.

Now the boys have graduated;
Chester can't afford a car—
But Willie has accumulated
A million dollars, tending bar.



She—Shall we go to the movies?
He—Sorry—I've got a crack in my glass eye.

The Stanford Chaparral

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The Chappies

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 H. L. NOLAND, '25
 FRED MUHS, '25
 ART DUNCOMBE, '25

Honorary

JANICE DUNKER,
 DELLA TAYLOR,
 ELIZABETH ROPER.

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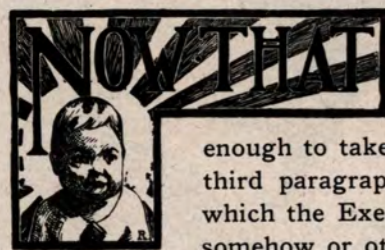
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

REFLECTIONS



Student Body election offered an unsavory spectacle. The results were in doubt. Dean Kirkwood of the Law School was asked to give an opinion. He did, in a five-paragraph letter to the President of the Student Body, in which he was kind enough to take up in detail every point in controversy. It happened that the third paragraph declared the whole election invalid because held on a date which the Executive Committee had set in violation of the constitution. Well, somehow or other that paragraph got lost on the way to the Daily Palo Alto, with the result that the good old Dippy printed the half truth, the whole half truth, and nothing but the half truth, s'help it. Gawd knows Chappie wants no more elections than are thrust on us, and the elision saved a deal of scurrying around among the circles of those interested in politics and peanuts. Nevertheless, whoever had the crust to distort Dean Kirkwood's statement and retain his signature was guilty of bad ethics, and the Dippy which published it in knowledge of what had been done was guilty of poor journalism—for the first, and if Allah is merciful, the last, time this year.

NOW THAT the California Pelican Chapter of Hammer and Coffin has been installed, Chappie extends benedictions on the new Hammer and congratulations to Pelly. No matter how red in the face Chappie gets around Big Meet time, Pelly is always one feature of the University of California for whom the Old Boy can give a resounding huzzah.



Carl Shoup has been awarded Judge's Literary Cup, Chappie wishes to extend its congratulations to Judge. They have just discovered something that Chappie has known for the four years that the Gunner has been the chief source of joy to Chappie editors dwelling in a tearful, copyless world. The Old Boy raises the Silver-Girdled Hammer high in salute. If literary achievements rated with athletic in publicity value, Shoup would have a half-page in the Police Gazette. As it is, Judge and Chappie must sound the clarion call.

NOW THAT list of Chappies across the page is cluttered up with angleworms. Neophytes—Chappie blushes to admit it—have crossed the sacred threshold. Bill Irwin, '24, Herb Hoover, '25, Art Duncombe, '25, Phil Biddison, '25, Harry Noland, '25, Fred Muhs, '25—what could be worse? The sheet's reservations in hell are practically assured.



another year has oozed by, Chappie pauses for reflection. It has been a good year. When that is said, thought automatically turns back to April 26, and lingers there a while with a little mouth-watering, and then turns forward to a certain Saturday in November which is as pleasant in contemplation as is the fourth Saturday of April in memory. But, come to think of it, this has been a good year all around. For one thing, the Honor System has taken another year's quota of hurdles in form that should make it a dangerous competitor at the Olympic Games. For another, a little of the old Hall-Row bitterness has worn down—not much, but a little. Again, the students have learned to look on Prexy with some of the friendliness which he offers them, and to return a few yawns for the melancholy yodeling of a generation of Alumni who have handed down to us a china egg of Prexy-Student hostility for us to hatch. It's been a good year in activities. The Dippy has been good. So has Spec. So has the Illustrated. So has the Bowl-Out. Paul Davis rates a cheer in the Graduate Manager's office. The Ex Committee would have been better if it had not been forced to meet every week, but it's been a pretty good sort of an Ex Committee after all. The Old Boy hates to get lit up on good cheer like this, but, it HAS been a good year.



is all. Those four words have clattered out into Chappie's pages twenty-five times now, and the writing of them is no more pleasant for this editor than it was for the first. About this time every year an aged and bent figure looks around the office with a mournful eye, sheds a saline tear or so on himself, and gathering around himself the tatters that the Business Manager has left him, totters out into the storm. Well, if that's what has to be done, all right; but while there's still strength to whirl the Hammer, let there be a resounding hooray for Jim Bullock, the best manager, Chappie ever had; for the Chappies, bless their lazy hearts; and, with one loud last explosion, for Hammer and Coffin—drink 'er down, if you think you can!

Well, what about crew?

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

- Literary**
- Miss Hope Cox Gene Colgan, '23 Walt Campbell, '26 Gregory Williamson, '27
 Oz Osborne, '23 Pete Owens, '26 Vic Greiser, '27
- Art**
- Miss Elizabeth Williams Dave Meiklejohn, '26 Tom Breeze, '27
 Miss Doris Bailey M. Reiss, '26 H. C. Bickerton, '27
- BUSINESS STAFF**
- Bob Bolman, '27 Dan Hastings, '27 Jim Watson, '27 Frank Conroy, '27
 Jack De Fries, '27 Bob Gandie, '27 Harry Bennett, '27



"I think that man was a brute to defeat you."
"Yes, that's what I told him after I knocked him down."

DECISIONS I WOULD HAVE HANDED DOWN IF I HAD BEEN ON THE SUPREME COURT BENCH:

Case of Hook vs. Gow.
I don't see what the plaintiff is so excited about. Suppose the defendant did hit him on the nose? I would have, too, if he had told me qui facit per alium. facit per se. I don't see what the idea of a demurrer is, but if the defendant really wants one, I guess it is all right.
Case of Tit. v. Tat.
This is a case about a patent, as

near as I can figure out. All right, suppose it is? The patent looks all right to me. There is a big red seal down in one corner of it, and there are a couple of blue prints, and, all in all, I never saw a better patent in my life, to tell you the truth. I think maybe there should be a new trial. It looks as though I might have missed a few points, and if there is a new trial I think maybe I can figure this thing out a little better.

THE VIOLET

The hungry poet roams around
And seeks a subject for to sing;
A violet upon the ground—
Oho, my lads! It's just the thing!

Oh, noble little violet—
Ah, modest, frugal, striving plant!
A doggerel or triolet
In praise to you I'm going to grant.

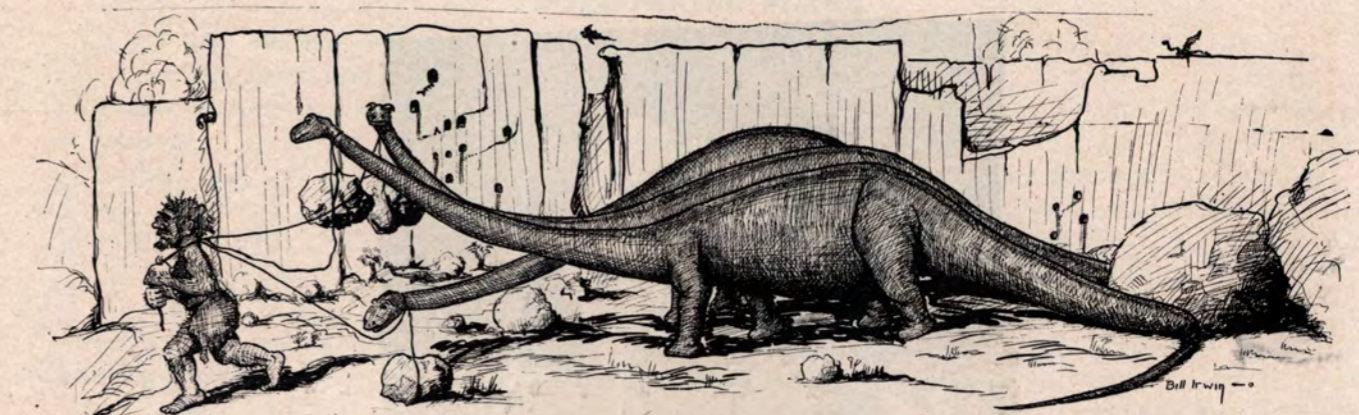
You grow in most outrageous spots;
You thrive where water ain't, nor dirt,
And punctuate with polka dots
A filthy marshland—just as pert.

* * * * *
This posy grows in poverty
Where sturdy wooden trees would croak.
But speaking of longevity,
What poet's plucked a blooming oak?

"Times are changing," said the aviator as he set his watch ahead an hour after the first thousand miles.



"Just to look at her, how old would you say she was?"
"Well, if figures don't lie, 36."



Mr. Flinhatchet off to drown the new litter of dinosauri.

Visitor—What a pity you can't find some use for your stadium when football is over.
Young Upstart—Drop around some evening, mister.

Bom—How did you make out in your singing act?
Bo—Great. After the first verse they yelled "Fine!" After the second they yelled "Imprisonment!"

First Convict—There's only one thing that can break out of this darn jail.
Second Resident—Howzat?
First Convict—Smallpox.

In the bootlegging game a cache in the hills is as good as money in the bank.
"How is she as a smoker?"
"Matchless."

A sock in the shoe is worth two in the eye.

"Ever do any writing for the magazines?"
"Yes, I wrote for Judge once, but I forgot to enclose my check and they didn't send it."

Don't cry over spilt milk—perhaps the cow had the hoof and mouth disease.



"Say, why didn't your brother come down to work today?"
"He's laid up in bed. Diphtheria got him."
"Well, I hope you give the wop what's coming to him for mauling the kid."

Bank President—I advertised for an expert accountant. Have you had any experience keeping books?
Applicant—Yes, sir.
Bank President—Where?
Applicant—The Kentucky Derby.

"What's the matter with your face?"
"I ate some water-cress salad."
"Well?"
"The water-cress was poison oak."

"I didn't know he was from Los Angeles till I saw him in the showers."
"How was that?"
"He had a dent in his stomach from carrying cafeteria trays."



Hamlet—These * * * * raisins hurt my teeth.
Ophelia—It must be the * * * * iron in them.



Dutch treat.

WELL, IF YOU MUST OUTLINE HISTORY—

Horatius

Horatius
Was one who got a lot of credit.
Good gracious!
The loafer never should have
had it.

He guarded
The Main Street bridge at Rome,
and so he
Retarded
Porsena's force of thugs so
showy.

He slept
Like all good watchmen do on
duty—

They crept
Upon him, seeking Roman
booty.

His snore—
Reverberating and terrific,—
Woke more
Who killed Porsena, scientific.

The Call to Arms

The Navy tried to use
The Army's bugle calls—
And why they wouldn't work
Is History that Enthralls.

It was the Call to Arms
That stormed the sailors' port,
Because the average "gob"
Has arms in every port.

The Jackies milled around
And all jumped overboard;
Some swam to Port au Prince
And back to Swenson's Fjord.

The Call to Arms was so
Ambiguous, that they
Just yelled, "All hands on deck!"
And threw the horn away.

Robin Hood

Sing a song of Robin Hood,
Pious, wicked, bad, and good—
Not a single virtue lacking,
All he needed was the backing.

Robin's cloak was always natty,
But his cranium was batty—
All the truck he stole away
He passed on again, next day.

If he stole a Baptist steeple
It would go to Jewish people;
Swords he got from men in
swimmin'
He would send to peasant
women.

Hood was just the first fore-
runner
Of a plaguy, modern stunner—
Everything he could, he mixed
Those are now post-office tricks.

W. W., '25

NOTE-TAKING BLANK

For the busy student—Arrange
your note-taking scientifically. Fill
in the space allotted under the vari-
ous headings.

- 1. Weather.....
- 2. The girl in front.....

- 3. The girls on each side.....
- 4. What time is it?.....
- 5. Wonder where the prof. was last
night?
- 6. Dates for the coming week-end.....

- 7. What time is it?.....
- 8. What the prof. has been saying.....
- 9. What time is it?.....
- 10. Summary.....

Even a blotter has an
absorbing life.

Many a person has re-
ceived a cold shoulder
from the butcher.

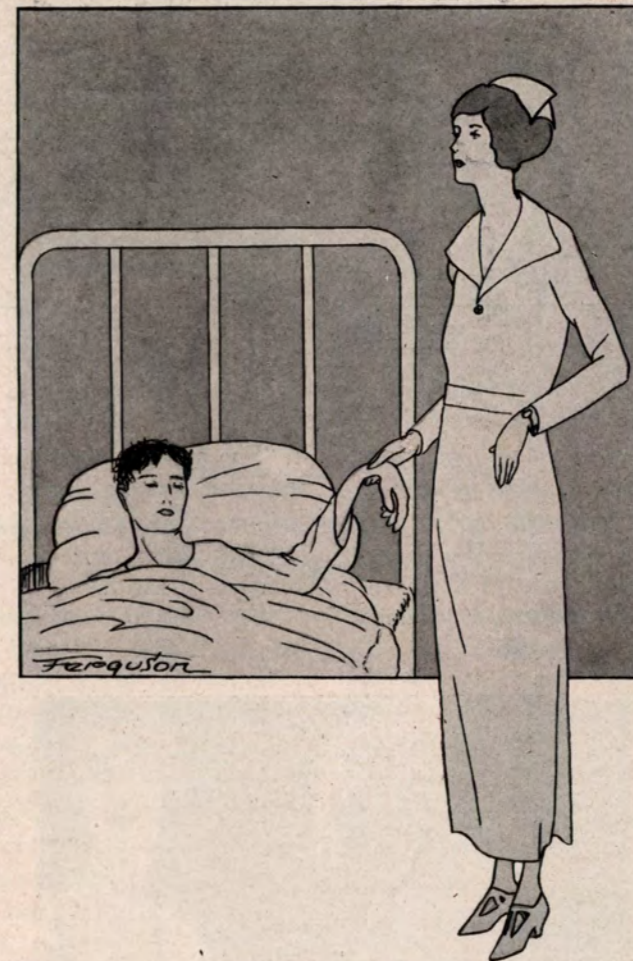
I know a girl who's
Pure and sweet;
She blushes if you
Mention feet.

And if you chance to
Touch her hand,
She jerks away to
Beat the band.

She won't view paint-
ings in the nude;
I thought she was a
Little prude

Until one day I
Saw sweet Jen
Reading La Vie Pa-
Risienne.

She may be pure, that
Dainty wench,—
Hanged if I know,—I
Can't read French.



A wrist watch.

WON BY DEFAULT

Young Michael Moriarity was square up against it.
He remembered his father saying: "Michael, me lad,
if you're ever in a hole, just dig in, and you'll soon
get out." But that didn't help much.

As he tramped down the road, he contemplated what
was really a ruinous situation. All morning he had
fished patiently, and not a catfish had he caught. And
he had used only the choicest catnip for bait. It was
discouraging.

The battle was to have been that very afternoon.
Michael's catfish was to have met the waterdog owned

by Kike Johnson, who lived next door. Ten rounds,
to a decision. Two slingshots and a ball-bearing top
were wagered on the outcome.

A figure approached. "Hey, Mike," it said, "we can't
have the fight!" It was Kike, his hated rival.

"Why not?"

"Well, y' see, I put Herman in the goldfish bowl
yesterday, and last night Pop came home and threw
the bowl down cellar as soon as he saw it. He told me
never to drink anything I hadn't brewed myself. How
do you brew milk?"

—P. N., '24

American—So this is
Paris.

Guide—Yes, sir.

American—But where
are the parasites?

Clarence—So you've
given me the gate?

Della—Yes, that's it
exactly.

Clarence—All right,
I'll send the furniture
man around for it in the
morning.

Junebug—A fool and
his money are soon
parted.

Humbug—Yes, but
how did the fool and the
money get together in the
first place?

Joe—A woman is only
a woman, but a good
cigar is a smoke.

Jobert—Them days is
past. Many's the woman
I've seen smoke.



Business is rushing.

Clara—He says he thinks I am the nicest girl on the campus. Shall I let him call?
 Sarah—No, let him keep on thinking so.

Missionary—And you know nothing whatever of religion?
 Cannibal—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary came.

“She appears to be an engaging young woman.”
 “Yes, three times already this season.”

Moe—Why do they call the dental office a parlor?
 Lar—That’s just another name for drawing room.

“Do you ever allow a man to kiss you when you are out motoring with him?”
 “No. If a man can drive safely while kissing me, he’s not giving the kiss the attention it deserves.”

She—I just had my hair shingled.
 He (cruelly)—They generally do wooden tops.

Nipp—She’s rather susceptible to flattery, isn’t she?

Tuck—Rather. I once told her she was as sweet as honey, and the very next day she had the hives.



“I’m glad none of your fraternity brothers came to our dance drunk.”
 “The drunk ones didn’t get this far.”

“I was talking to your girl today.”
 “Are you sure you were doing the talking?”
 “Yes.”
 “Then it wasn’t my girl.”

Watt—Some of the boys have quite an edge tonight, haven’t they?
 Ho—Yes; I saw several of them outside sharpening themselves.

Old Mr. Alligator—My, what a bright lad! What are you going to be when you grow up?
 Willie Alligator—A traveling bag.

The Ku Klux Klan choir will now sing “Bomb of Gilead.”

“Isn’t Art a tall boy?”
 “Yes; he’s so tall he doesn’t have to put pomade on his hair.”

“What will happen when Luther Burbank dies?”
 “They’ll plant him.”

Boston—What makes you think he’s from the West?

Philly—He dresses in the Vanity Fair style.

“No, Edgar, Lord Dunhill was not England’s greatest plumber.”



A merchant of Venice, Calif.

The stage is set for a cat fight—

Cat 1—Is this to the death, Tom?

Cat 2—Well, how about the best three lives out of five?

Customer—I’d like to try on that hat, please.

Saleslady—I’m sorry, miss, that’s a lamp-shade.

Teacher—As we walk out into the cold winter night what do we see on every hand?

Willie—Gloves.

“No, Ernestine, the scandal story was not written by the make-up man.”

BRIEF CHATS WITH UNKNOWN NOTABLES

The Fizz-Remover King

The moment I walked into Elmer Hoskins’ parlor, I realized that here, in this crowded agricultural district, was a man of real simplicity, a true representative of the American people. When I first saw the great man he was attempting a task which showed his great persistence and revealed the intellect which brought him to his place in the United States senate; he was trying to pull on his trousers over a pair of heavy brogans, the while displaying a brand of eloquence that would have shamed both Daniel and Noah Webster had they been within earshot.

Hoskins succeeded, as the Hoskins code demanded he should; and while his wife was sewing up the gaping rents in his right and left trouser legs he granted me the privilege of a deeper insight into his simple personality. He sat in a huge overstuffed rocking chair, and rocked back and forth while his helpmate sat on the floor and sewed up his trousers with the deft touches that showed me that she was used to such things by this time.

Hoskins, as you well know, is the founder and first citizen of the town of Bridal Veil. In fact, he named it, and his great invention for removing the fizz from soda water—which every one admits is a great boon to the soda-drinking public—was a direct result of his happy thought on first sighting the beautiful falls which

he named. However, there’s nothing you can do about it, as the falls aren’t running any more since Hoskins went into the dairy business.

You see, it happened right after Hoskins’ marriage. The great man thought it a noble idea to be married under the Bridal Veil falls, and thus saved a little money on the trousseau for the trip to Niagara. After the ceremony, when he was buying his wife an ice cream soda—the old-fashioned kind, that used to fizz back up your nose if you didn’t watch out—well, as he was standing in front of the counter he happened to get in a draft from the electric fan, and being soaked anyway—he had just been married under a waterfall, you understand—he sneezed. Violently. Right into his wife’s ice cream soda.

When the soda water man had mopped up the counter with his best towel, wrung it out, and given the same ice cream soda back to Mrs. Hoskins in a fresh glass—behold! there was no more fizz. The towel had done the trick, combined with the sneeze, and the marble counter.

As Hoskins himself said, it was the simplicity of the thing that appealed to him. He would have told me lots more, but I rose to go and he had to stay because his wife had sewed him to the overstuffed rocking chair.

—P. N., '24

"Why did they have chivalry in the early times?"

"Because there were so many dark knights."

Waiter—What are you looking for?

Stewed (on hands and knees)—I lost a twenty-dollar gold piece on Market street.

Waiter—Why look for it here?

Stewed—The light ish better.

"I say, old man, you had my girl out last night!"

"Tut, tut, don't mention it. You can do me a favor some time."

Judge—Guilty or not guilty?

Prison—Not guilty.

Judge—But you admit you shot the deceased?

Prisoner—He was already half-shot, your honor.



"Don't you think the air is heavenly today, Parson?"

"H—l, woman, that ain't heaven—that's a tannery."



"Which would you rather do—get married or go to college?"

"Well, there are lots of colleges."

A RAILWAY TRAIN

A railway train will always make me think
Of straight-laced folks—
It skates around its hide-bound,
changeless rink
Like they—the jokes!

Originality is quite submerged:
Monotony
Would make life hideous, so be it
dirged
And shunned by me.

It runs so sweetly while it's on the
track—
Efficiently—
That people sleep, and never note
the lack
Of scenery.

But have you ever noticed that,
when one
Hits something strange,
It's wrecked, and straight-laced
folks are likewise done,
When off their range.



"It makes me sick at heart to see you smoking."

"Well, it seems to affect me more elsewhere."

"Did you hear about the terrible murder?"

"What!"

"Tim hung his frat pin Saturday night."

"Why don't you drop that course?"

"I would, but the men are so good looking."

"Why do they call these union matches?"

"They will strike anywhere."

She—I'm afraid I can't go.

He (would-be steady)—Oh, so I'm playing second fiddle?

She—Oh, no. Third.

CHIPS FROM THE HICKORY TREE

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| 1. Hickory dickory dock—
My overcoat's in hock;
An early spring will be the thing—
Hickory dickory dock | 3. Hickory dickory dock—
Let's run around the block;
With waltercamps we'll
down the cramps—
Hickory dickory dock. | 5. Hickory dickory dock—
I want a larger lock,
When using keys half over-
seas—
Hickory dickory dock. |
| 2. Hickory dickory dock—
Subscribe to stadium stock;
And spend your days in a
hasher's maze—
Hickory dickory dock. | 4. Hickory dickory dock—
The motorcycles mock;
The rhyme for cop is always
stop —
Hickory dickory dock. | 6. Hickory dickory dock—
The garter's left the sock;
We cure the lack with a car-
pet tack—
Hickory dickory dock. |
| 7. Hickory dickory dock—
The chapel holds its flock;
They hoof with ease the
mouth disease—
Hickory dickory dock. | 8. Hickory dickory dock—
I know she's just a crock;
But all the same she ain't
YOUR dame—
Hickory dickory dock! | |

—C. S. S., '24

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR THE COLLEGIAN

Yesterday this day's lesson did prepare,
And saved me from a picking; did I dare
To ditch, and spend the afternoon in sleep,
Tomorrow, unprepared, I'd get the air.

The moving pictures call, and so you phone
A lady whom you hope to find alone.
That's fine! She'll go! And presently you call
And learn that Auntie goes as chaperon.

Yed Ah! Thad Sprig should bother by boor ndose!
With subber udderwear I'be dearly froze;
And ib you asg me about the winds ob Sprig
I'll zay the bloobig wind ain'd all thad blows.

Ay, but my computations, professors say
Have driven them to tearful drinking? Nay—
'Tis folks like me who cannot multiply
Who've made the slide-rule what it is today.

A book on Agency beneath the bough,
Some headache drops, an ice-pack on my brow—
A notebook lined and underlined in red—
I wonder if it's hard to learn to plow?

Ah, love, some one has left a twisted wire
Upon the road, and worthy of its hire
This Tux must be, if in it I shall dance:
Excuse me while I fix this — — tire.

Up through engineering I did go
And sat in Calculus (the second row)
And automobile engines took apart—
But never did find out what makes them go.

We are no other than a moving row
Who wait to learn what we already know;
"The mail is not yet in"—for you or me;
It's been delayed at Yuma by the snow.

—N. E., '24



The Inebriate—I don't know this guy, but I'm going to ask him to phone my wife.

Mazie, cracking gum—No, I don't dance with strange men.

Greek—My error. I supposed those strange things that I have seen you dancing with were human.

TO SATISFY THE PUBLIC'S CRAVING FOR DIRT—

We Present GUTTER STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Find a Clean Meaning and Win Five Dollars

1. "Papa, do you know that lady over there?"
"No."

2. Gent (carrying coal sack)—
What time is it?
Policeman—Search me!

3. Three women were walking along the street on the Fourth of July. Suddenly one of them stopped suddenly, and pointed across the street. "Say, girls," she said, "do you know who that fellow across the street is?" "No," they answered in chorus. "Well," she giggled, "it's my husband." "My goodness!" burst forth one of the crowd, before she could check herself.

4. Willie—I'll bet my father can lick your father.
Nillie—What's that got to do with the Ruhr situation?

5. Hickory dickory dock
I wish I had a clock
When summer comes it brings the bums;
Hickory dickory dock.



6. It is often related on Chief Justice Taft that when but a small boy he had a bad habit of licking postage stamps on the wrong side. One day when there was company present, his mother reproved him sharply. "But, mother," William Howard piped up, "sister does it, and she never gets stuck."
—C. S. S., '24

STARTED IN 1842

Whitman's Sampler

CONTAINING

"Fussy" Chocolates
Honey White Mougat
Chocolate Covered Mint Marshmallows
Chocolate Covered Caramels
Chocolate Covered Liquid Cherries
Chocolate Covered Brazil Nuts
"1842" Bitter Sweets
Jordan Almonds
Chocolate Cream Mints
Chocolate Covered Almonds

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

- | | |
|---|---|
| Medal Pharmacy, Cor. Mason and Geary, San Francisco | Conradi's Pharmacy, 1398 California St., San Francisco |
| Royal Pharmacy, 700 Sutter St., San Francisco | Baker St. Pharmacy, 1799 McAllister, San Francisco |
| Polk Drug Co., 1201 Sutter St., San Francisco | Allen's Pharmacy, 23rd and Clement Sts., San Francisco |
| Lloyd Drug Co., 1467 Hyde, San Francisco | Lewin Drug Co., Cor. Mason and Eddy Sts., San Francisco |
| Theo Drug Co., 686 Golden Gate, San Francisco | Wentz Pharmacy, Gilroy |
| | University Drug Co., 50 E. Santa Clara, San Jose |

OUR FOOLISH FRIENDS

M'sieu Bon Ami, greatest billiard sensation in years. Bon Ami has never scratched yet.—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*

"This restaurant sure is cheap."

"How's that?"

"Why I got coffee, doughnuts and an overcoat for fifteen cents."—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*

Little Girl—Mother what did you do when a man first kissed you?

Mother—Never mind.

Little Girl (later)—I did the same thing, mother.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

ON THE NEWS STANDS

The seeker after knowledge paused in front of the large bookstore. Perhaps he could find it here. He entered and accosted the proprietor.

"Have you a copy of the Mexican Constitution?" he asked, politely.

"Na," the other replied, "we don't keep periodicals here."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Papa, vot is a cynic?"

"A cynic, my son, is vot your momma washes the dishes in."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Brick—In the old days did women hide their ages as much as they do now?

Batt—Oh, yes. They lived longer then.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

"What a sad looking store."

"Why? Because it has panes in the window?"

"No, the books are in tiers."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*



Sitting Bull on a Vacation

Pity poor Ireland! Ever since St. Patrick drove the "snakes" out, there hasn't been a well-dressed man in the land.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Sweet Young Thing—What makes the boat jump about so?

Another S. Y. T.—Bob says the poor thing is on a tack.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The composer of "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face" must have had Memorial Hall clock in mind.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"I call my sweetie Vitamine."

"How come?"

"Last night was the first time I could isolate her."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

The other day I wanted to purchase a ticket to Alaska and return. Since I was making the round trip I naturally expected some discount. When I counted the change the agent handed me, my hopes proved to be false.

"Say, boy, don't I get a rate on this?" I asked him.

His only reply was to point to a sign behind him. I turned and looked. These were the words

"DON'T EXPECTORATE."

—*Michigan Gargoyle*



The artist didn't know my name's Co-Edna. And that explains this horrid old cigar; But I don't smoke, I just eat Wilson's candy.—A nicer habit for a girl, by far. Wilson's.

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The Candy With a College Education



Livingston Bros.

GRANT AVENUE GEARY STREET



Quad Queries!

"What's smartest for college these days?"

"Sport frocks, by all means, candy striped flannels, slinky silk crepes and giddy linens, just to give a dash to the class room."

"What's best to wear up to the city for short trips?"

"A suit, a straight tailored boyish one, with a costume blouse and bright scarf to wear with it."

"What should one get for vacation?"

"Soft wool sweaters and a flannel or wool crepe skirt for golf, tennis, and long tramps."

"Where does one shop for the cleverest clothes?"

"Livingston's!"



Swift

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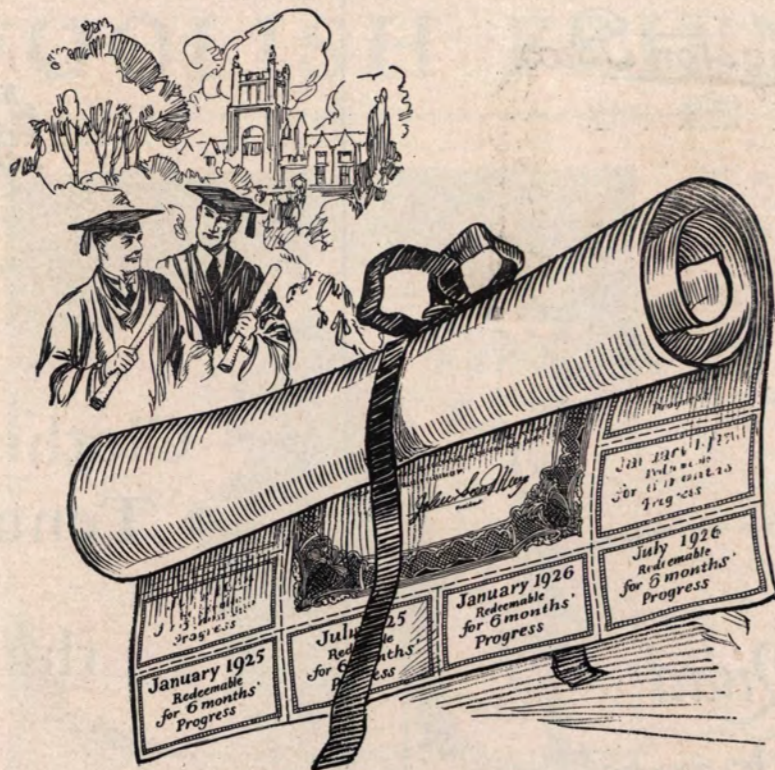
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To you capitalists — the class of '24

Your college training is in truth a capital. Its value is not fixed, but depends on the way you invest it.

Some men demand a quick return — a high percentage of profit. Others look more to the solidity of the investment.

The man of speculative mind may stake all on the lure of a high starting salary, without a thought to the company which gives it or where this may lead him in ten years. True, his opportunism may reap exceptional profit; or else a loss.

The man who knows that great things develop slowly will be content with six months' progress in six months' time — provided he is investing that time in a company which offers him a future.

You who are about to invest, satisfy yourself that the security you are getting is gilt-edged.

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"If there's one thing I am vs.
"It is writing stupid vs."—Columbia Jester.

American Tourist, to French Waiter—Say, fella, I'm from de Yoonited States, Noo Yawk. Speak English?
Waiter—A leettle, and you?—Columbia Jester.

Arnold—Why do they put handles on both sides of a bouillon cup?

Bennett—Sap! Don't you suppose they have to provide for the left-handed guests, too?—Virginia Reel.

HE DIDN'T BELIEVE

"What religion are you?"
"I'm an atheist, thank God."—West Virginia Moonshine.

OH, LISTERINE

"You took my breath away."
"Don't worry. I wouldn't keep it for the world."—Michigan Gargoyle.

Warden—That murderer is the most conscientious man I ever saw. Why, do you know after he hung his wife, he went and hung—

Lady reporter—Yes, yes. He hung himself?
Warden—No, his head.—Michigan Gargoyle.

CAUGHT

Prof.—Wise men hesitate. Only fools are certain.
Stude—Are you sure of that?
Prof.—Positively.
Stude—Oh!—Carnegie Puppet.



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DATES FIGGED

She broke a date
With me, one night,
And later explained
She had spent
The night
With friend Isabella.
Now what could I do,
For I had spent
The whole same evening
With Isabella,
Myself. *U. S. M. A. Pointer.*

"Dot, that pitcher who's warming up has wonderful form."
"He is cute, but I think he's too slender."—*Texas Ranger.*

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"Watcha' do last hour?"
"Took part in a guessing contest."
"But I thought you had an exam in math."
"I did."—*Brown Jug.*

APROPOS

Sunday School Teacher—Now each pupil will quote a Bible verse as he drops in his pennies.
Junior (after some desperate thinking)—A fool and his money are soon parted.—*Judge.*

TOO SEVERE

North—Here's where a movie actor got two years in jail.
West—Well, really, I don't think it is quite that much of an offense.—*Judge.*



"Oh, Jerry, why did you buy those cheap spark plugs when you were so particular to get Kelly-Springfield tires?"

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IN BIOLOGY LAB

When you've come to the end of a perfect worm,
 And you're wiping the blood from your knife,
 And you're certain the creature has squirmed his last squirm,
 For you've taken his lowly life,
 When you've drawn out its crop and its gizzard, too,
 All its queer insides and such—
 And the lunch-bell merrily rings for you,
 Are you ready to eat? Not much!
 —Brown Jug.

"Do I understand you to say that Jack is your very best friend just because he is so damned stingy?"
 "Oh, no, I didn't say that he is my best friend; I said he is one of my closest friends."
 —Yale Record.

Two Microbes sat on a pantry shelf
 And watched with expressions pained,
 The milkman's stunts, and both said at once:
 "Our relations are getting strained."
 —Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

Once there was a little joke,
 It started a career.
 It now has whiskers long and gray,
 And you will find it here.
 —Iowa Frivol.



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 Stop in at our place the next time you need a Tuxedo or Dress Suit and we'll show you the latest creation. Commence at once and you'll continue. Selix Evening Clothes sold and rented. Corner Eddy and Mason Sts., San Francisco.

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518 So. Broadway

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 Food of Highest Quality
 Our Coffee Has No Peer

THE HABIT CLINGS

Employer—Mr. Jones, did you find out what the freight rate is on a carload of overshoes? Jones (who is a recent graduate)—Unprepared, sir.—*Washington Dirge.*

"You know that new grapefruit shade?"
 "Yes, it is so striking to the eye."—*Lord Jeff.*

"Darling, when you are away, I have your picture in my mind."
 "Oh, Eddie—how small you make me feel."
 —*Brown Jug.*

He—I've an awful cold in my head.
 She—Well, that's something.—*Mercury.*

I'd hate to be a horse-fly,
 And with the horse-flies buzz;
 The picking for the horse-fly
 Ain't what it used to was.
 —*Lehigh Burr.*

HELL, YES!

Lady Customer—I would like a pound of sulphur, please. How much is it?
 Clerk—Fifteen cents.

Lady Customer—I can get it across the street for ten cents.

Clerk (politely)—Yes, and I can tell you of another place where you can get it for nothing.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

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THE OLD CHAPTER HOUSE

Nearsighted Visitor—What a pretty fountain in your living room.

Member—Lord, sir, that isn't a fountain—that's the overflow from the shower-room.—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

"Say you'll marry me, Flo, and we'll go to the jewelers tomorrow morning."

"Fine, Tom; at last your love has the true ring in it."—*Brown Jug.*

"I don't think I'd like to be an agriculturist."

"Why?"

"Too many harrowing details."—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

In sending the Praxiteles Hermes to this country Greece plans to prove to us that she once cut a great figure.—*Life.*

Attendant—It's wonderful, ain't it, the way they can listen to radio—even the most serious cases?

Visitor—Yes, indeed, poor chap; what brought him here?

Attendant—Radio.—*Judge.*

Mike—Well, I answered a question in class today.

Rube—What answer did you give?

Mike—Present.—*Texas Ranger.*

Big Game Hunter—And then with the charging lion only fifty yards away I found myself in a trap! What would you have done under the circumstances, gentleman?

Drowsy Golfer (plus seven highballs)—Used muh niblick—hic.—*Judge.*



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With extra trousers

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All of the new two-button and three-button English models. Loosely draped coat, full cut trousers, blunt vest. A variety of Spring colorings and fabrics.

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Mrs. Brown (to new maid)—Well, Nora,
I hope we shall get along very nicely. I'm not
at all hard to please.

Nora—No, mum. That's just what I thought
the very minute I set eyes on the master.—
Wittenberg Witt.

"Hist, what's he doing?"

"He's wandering in his mind. Shall we shut
him up?"

"No, he can't go far."—*Boston Bean Pot.*

Talk of parent's search for names!

Here's a problem worse by far:

What name should be chosen for

The railroad's brand new Pullman car?

—*Lord Jeff*

Professor—Will you young gentlemen kind-
ly place your examinations on the desk before
you pass out?—*Yale Record.*

A COMMON FAILING

Filius—I can't marry Julie, Guv'ner.

Pater—Why not, son?

Filius—Oh, she's rawtha dumb. She thinks
that supper money is made in after dinner
m'nts.—*Washington Dirge.*

"That's carrying a good thing too far," said
the pallbearers as they dropped the bishop into
his grave.—*Yale Record.*



HOW DID THE GROOM LOOK?

A question which needs no answer if he wore
a Selix Dress Suit. We only rent and sell the
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central location, highest
degree of comfort and
moderate rates.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Bell—I call my girl "Hinges."

Button—That's odd. Why?

Bell—Why, she's something to adore.—
Pointer.

Paul—At the masquerade I thought your
costume was ripping.

Pauline—Well, if you were a gentleman you
would have told me so.—*Pointer.*

He—A man's footmarks on the roadway are
called footprints, aren't they?

She—Yes.

He—Well, what would you call the marks
of a motor car's tires?

She—Oh, autographs, of course.—*Pointer.*

"Snap into it," cried the irate lady as she
fumbled with the hook of her dress.—*Yale
Record.*

"I'm sorry, pop, but I can't get your point
about going to work, at all. But while you're
here, would you mind emptying my ash tray?"
—*Judge.*

The Light that Lies in a Co-ed's Eyes.
And lies and lies and lies,
Has flunked the biggest college full
Of easy love-lorn guys.
—*Wittenberg Witt.*

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well groomed man has a right to
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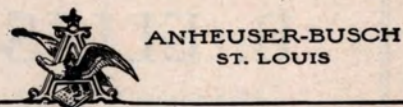
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PROPAGANDA PROOF

Phil—I suppose you've read Boswell's life of Johnson?
Bill—Not me. I'm a Coolidge man—first, last, and always.
—Judge.

NAKED TRUTH

Missus (at the revue)—Those horrid dancers! They should have the law on them!
Mister—Well, I suppose that might help a little.—Judge.

DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING

Someone—That fellow ought not to be so grouchy now. He had his teeth taken out today.
Kid—Don't you believe it! Aunt's jest as grouchy as ever, an' she takes hers out every night.—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

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Prospecting Picks for the
Summer Geology Trip

SEASIDE STUFF

She—This ring looks vaguely familiar.
He—Why—since you've mentioned it—you do, too!—Judge.

“Is this a speedy plane?”
“Speedy? Say, if you'd climb in this plane at 12 o'clock tonight you'd be in Hoboken by four in the morning.”
“But what the h—I would I do in Hoboken at 4 o'clock in the morning?”—West Virginia Moonshine.

“Laura doesn't take any chances, does she?”
“Not many—she wouldn't accompany me on the piano without a chaperon!”—Brown Jug.

“Whither away?”
“No, I got thin to music.”—Amherst Lord Jeff.

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“There is nothing to this fighting business,” declared an old timer the other day. “It's hard on the clothes and doesn't do a feller any particular good.” Sure thing. And yet if you had paid cash for something and the man to whom you paid it came around and “dunned” you for it a few weeks later, and you frankly told him you had already paid it, and he should get hot and call you a liar and a few other pet names, you would begin to warm up a little and feel like wading into him, wouldn't you? Well, why not avoid it all by having an account at this bank and paying by check? The cancelled check is all you need. It's easier on the face than fighting.

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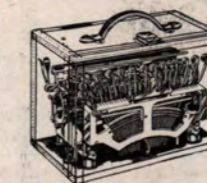
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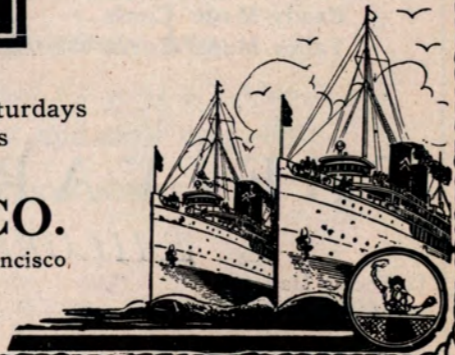
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