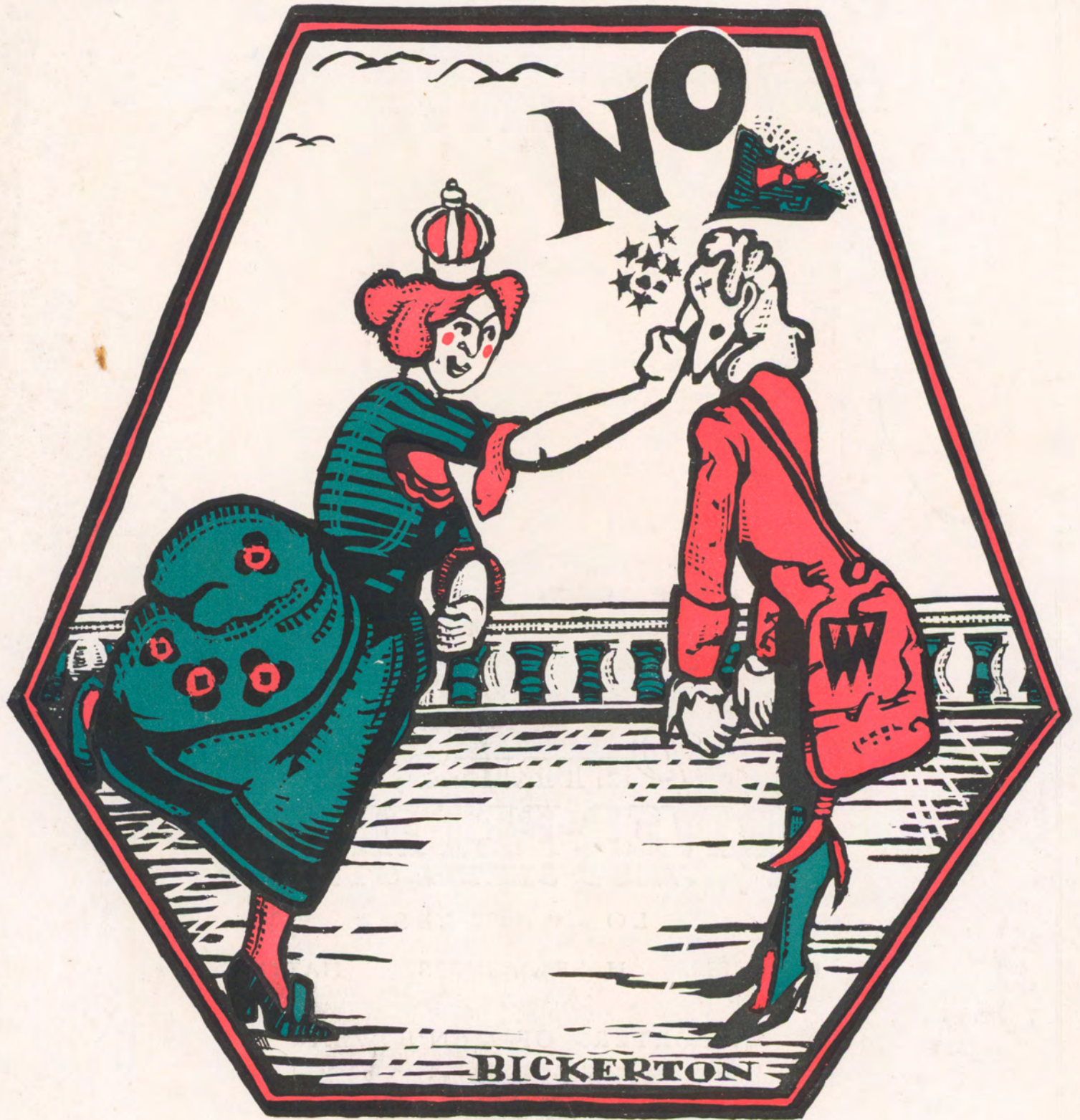


STANFORD CHIAPARRAL



"NO" Number

Annual Summer Sale Exclusive Men's Wear

*Begins Monday,
June Fifteenth*

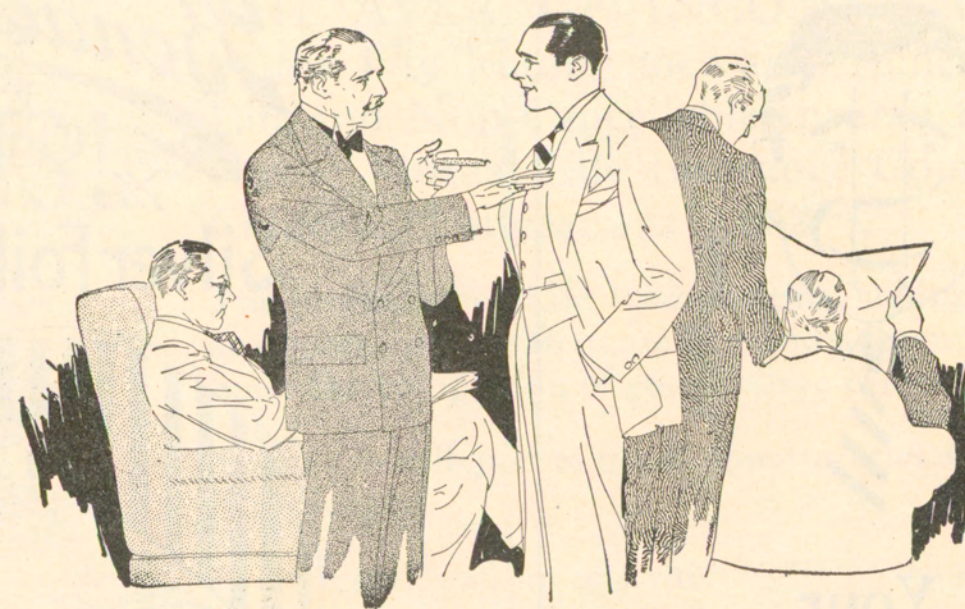
and will be in progress after the close of school. A timely event for the college man who may provide for his vacation wardrobe at substantial savings!

Come in and select from new summer attire and accessories of finest imported and domestic make. Apparel of faultless style and character for sport, general, or social occasions.

*P*ETRIE'S, INC.
DRIVER-BETTINGEN
324 WEST SIXTH STREET
LOS ANGELES

CLOTHIERS HABERDASHERS HATTERS

IMPORTERS OF MEN'S WEAR



ROOS SUITS

The habit of buying clothing at a Roos store is a good one to acquire in college—it's one that a man may well continue in the afterdays of business, club and social life!

Roos Bros.
INC.
Six-Store Buying Power





Your Million Dollar Face

THE high-priced faces aren't all in Hollywood. Would you take a million dollars for yours? Helen of Troy's face launched a thousand ships, but your countenance will launch 5,000 shaves in the next 14 years.

Until you start using Mennen Shaving Cream you won't be treating that face of yours in a manner befitting its value. It has taken ten years to perfect Mennen's, but your skin will know the difference in three minutes.

The razor blade will cut the whiskers as close as a Scotchman, and your face won't realize it's being shaved. That's because Mennen dermuration (absolute beard softening) takes all the fight out of whiskers.

Your valued visage feels like a million dollars afterwards, because a suave lotion (Boro-glycerine) is an ingredient of Mennen Shaving Cream.

If you're addicted to the rub-in habit, or a secret slave of hot towels, Mennen's will emancipate you. I have tried to find a brand of water that doesn't mix perfectly with Mennen's. I am still looking. The weather man can't produce heat or cold intense enough to affect Mennen's. If you don't make Mennen's a life-long friend after a week's use, the price of the tube is on me. 35 and 50 cents at druggists.



The perfect shave is topped off with Mennen Talcum for Men—a real man's talcum in scent and color. Blends with he-hide and doesn't show! 25c buys it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

Benaderet's English Cigarettes The Silver Foil Box



OUR NEW PRODUCT 20 for 25 cts.

For Sale Locally at Morey's, the Union, and throughout the country by all Exclusive Dealers.

SHORT STORIES

"Won't you have my seat?" said the student on a Detroit-bound bus to the lady.

"Oh, thank you, sir," she replied.

"That's all right," said the sorority chaperone, "you don't need to sign out. Probably after the dance you'll want to go for a little ride, and are not sure when you'll be home, anyway."

The man drove right by the traffic cop. He signalled "stop." The cop leaned up against his post, and burst into tears. "I was never so mortified in all my life," he wailed.

"This eight o'clock class will only be held when one-third or more of the class is present," the professor said with a smile.

—Michigan Gargoyle.

What men admire in a woman's clothes To me has never been disclosed. What can they see in silks and linen, Unless, by chance, it be the women?

—Cornell Widow.

GET THIS!



THE AVERAGE INCOME EARNED by the fifty leading men and women selling Life and Non-Cancellable Insurance for the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company in California last year was \$9,068.40.

The profession of Life Underwriting holds out to you an opportunity for an immediate and substantial income upon the completion of your college career.

There are still just as good opportunities with us for live salesmen.

If interested, call up or write.

DE LANCEY LEWIS, Manager
660 Market Street
San Francisco, Calif.
Douglas 7700

J. N. RUSSELL, Manager
322 Pacific Mutual Bldg.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Trinity 9501

IT'S NICE TO KNOW EVERYTHING

Hector (reading from his uncollected works):

"Wham: Who's that freak across the street?"

"Slam: That's my wife, you brute."

Well, have you ever seen that one before?

Maurice: Yes; Joe Miller's favorite jest. Why not try being original for once?

Hector: Why be so unconventional?

Maurice: You've been reading Oscar Wilde again!

Hector: As heaven is my witness—!

Maurice—That's Nick Carter you're quoting. You are a plagiarist!

Hector: You're a!!!!

Maurice: You seem to have enjoyed *What Price Glory* immensely. Hey, you take your hand off my throat—

Hector: Maybe you can spot *this*. It's from the *Murders in the Rue Morgue*.

In several ways it is

THE END —Yale Record.

"Is John very religious?"

"I don't know, but he frequently observes the Hangover."
—Columbia Jester.

She was wearing a bridge gown that evening, but I can't see why it was called a bridge gown, for in bridge you are only supposed to show your hand.—Harvard Lampoon.

"What started the explosion?"

"The powder on father's sleeve when he came home from the lodge meeting."—Goblin.

MOTORMATES



Wherever you go you hear motorists praise the economical performance of "MOTORMATES"—Associated Gasoline and Cyclo Motor Oil.

These two products link greater power with longer car life, as your most severe test will convince you.

Associated Oil Company

THE PRISONER

He spoke a strange lingo, and when he tried hard to make himself understood, no one, in the length and breadth of the island, could comprehend what he was trying to say.

Finally, I guess in desperation, they sent for me and I gazed down at the captive. He was a small, nervous youth in a low-cut vest, patent leather shoes, and narrow trousers.

I leaned over and touched him. "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" I tried as my first feeler.

"Wadj yameni aino joiman yapoorsap? Yareely wantaknow whatta am?" he replied.

"That senuf," I unconsciously replied, and turning to the chief, shouted:

"Release him at once. He comes from New York!"—Judge.



Down at McGill University where Liberty is still something besides the name of a magazine, the chapter houses of the various fraternities have more than their fair share of visitors from the American chapters of their fraternities. It is generally suspected that the Quebec liquor laws have something to do with this. To fit the situation, "The Star Spangled Banner" has been rewritten. In its revised version, as sung at McGill, it starts:

"O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light The American brothers are still pretty tight." —Goblin (Toronto).



We have nothing but admiration for the courteous first-nighter who withdrew to the cloakroom and booted quietly in a corner so as not to hurt the feelings of the author.—Punch.



She—My brother works on a farm.
He—I wish I could, but I have hay fever, thank God!—Cornell Widow.



Three miles of wire were recently removed from the telephone posts in Scotland. The first intimation of the robbery came from subscribers who complained that there seemed to be no improvement in the service.—Punch.



An American film actress says she intends to marry on a Wednesday. We know another who always marries on a Monday.—Punch.



"The only thing for you to do is to go around and ask her to forgive you."
"But I was in the right."

"Then you'd better bring some flowers and candy with you, too."—Tennessee Mugwump.



Teacher—Johnny, I'm only punishing you because I love you.

Johnny—I wish I was big enough to return your love.—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.



園和頤

Yee Wao Yuen

Dance Under Dragons and a thousand symbols

The lure of old China and the thrill of a modern pleasure palace are combined in the unique Mandarin Café, which has become the show place of San Francisco.

Dancing every night, 7 to 1. American and Chinese dishes.

Tea Dances 2:30 to 5
Dinner De Luxe \$1.25

MANDARIN CAFE

GRANT AVE & BUSH
GARFIELD 6464



DUDFIELD LUMBER COMPANY

PALO ALTO, CALIF.

Everything in the Building Line

FULL MILL BIDS A SPECIALTY

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\$35 to \$75

We have on display a large stock of the most artistic watches and jewelry ever shown in our city.

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190 South First St. San Jose, Cal.

Established 1875

John Tait's Coffee Shops

Open All Night

San Francisco, Oakland,

24 Ellis St. 412 12th St.
24 Turk St.
168 O'Farrell St.

Los Angeles

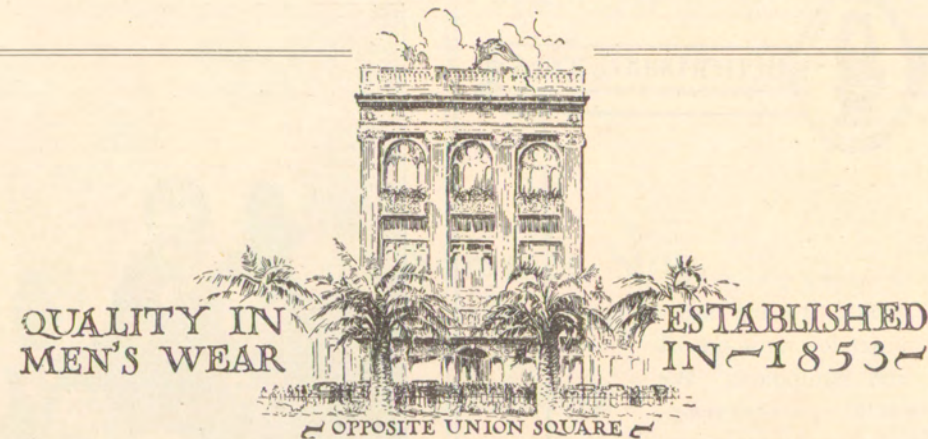
518 So. Broadway

Stockton, Calif.

Hotel Stockton

BOX LUNCHES FOR PICNICS AND EVENING PARTIES

If you cannot visit our Coffee Shops for lunch try one of our Special Box Lunches. For sale most everywhere at 25c



QUALITY IN MEN'S WEAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1853

OPPOSITE UNION SQUARE

DISTINCTIVE

Smart clothes and haberdashery developed expressly for college men

Suits and Top Coats, \$50 to \$85

BULLOCK & JONES CO.

SAN FRANCISCO
Opposite Union Square
" on Post Street



LOS ANGELES
Corner Seventh and Hope Streets

His Neighbor—Why are ye wearin' so many coats on such a hot day?

Pat—Well, ye see, I'm goin' to paint me barn; and it says on the can, "To obtain the best results put on at least three coats."—Drexel Drexel.



Jones—Is your son home for his vacation?

Brown—I guess so. I can't find any of my shirts.

—Princeton Tiger.

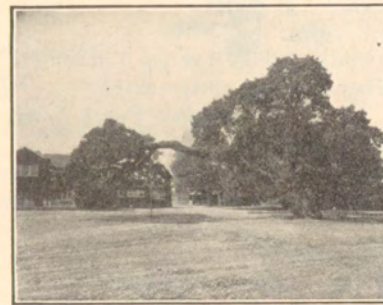
"I hear you have an addition to your family, Mrs. Cat; was it a boy or a girl?"

"Oh, just six of one and a half-dozen of the other, my dear." —Lehigh Burr.



"Father, who was Shylock?"

"For goodness' sake! You go to the finest school in the district, and don't know who Shylock was! Go and read your Bible, sir!"—Witt.



MENLO SCHOOL

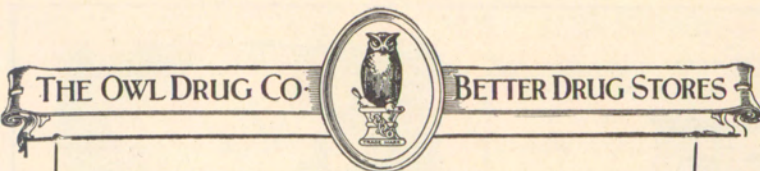
WILLIAM WARREN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA

Accredited College Preparatory and Elementary School for Boys near Stanford University. (Bulletin of information sent upon request.)

C. E. DENNIS, A.M. (Harvard) Headmaster.

MENLO SCHOOL SUMMER CAMP for Boys at Lake Tahoe with facilities for elementary and pre-college coaching. An integral and important department of the Menlo educational system, designed to meet a great educational and social need, education and healthful training in the use of leisure.



The Owl idea of service goes far beyond selling Kodaks. It is our pleasure to help you get the most out of your Kodak and equipment. We have experts in printing and developing in our Kodak Finishing Departments who bring out the best there is in your negatives.

Every Owl store is headquarters for Kodaks and Kodak Finishing.

The Owl Drug Co
A National Institution



In
College
and
After

the use
of

Old Hampshire Stationery

is a social and business asset. That is why college students insist on Old Hampshire Stationery for their correspondence.

Sold Plain and Die Stamped by



FINE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY SO. HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

Jammed between two burly commuters in the rear of the car stood an old woman laden with packages. A little gargoyle of a man signaled her to come and take his seat. As he arose, anticipating her struggling up the aisle, a hugely fat fellow slipped into the place he had vacated. The little man glared.

"You look as if you'd like to eat me," the fat fellow protested.

"I should, but I am a Jew and it is forbidden," the courteous one replied.—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

He (after being turned down)—Oh, well, women are just like street cars—there'll be another one along any minute.

She—But they don't run so often after twelve o'clock.

He—Yes, but those that do, go faster.—*Washington Dirge.*

"Cross-word puzzles are becoming quite a nuisance," announces a contemporary. Those published in our morning dailies are said to be causing our Government officials to spend many a sleepless day.—*Punch.*

He (trying out new radio)—I think I've got Pittsburgh! Roommate—Why? They cracking dirty jokes?

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Advertisers don't know the real danger line. It starts, "No, I've never been kissed." And more than four out of five have it.—*Texas Ranger.*

One—Say, your girl's pretty modest, isn't she?

Second—Yes. We were at a track meet the other day, and she yelled, "Oh, look! Those two men are 'a-chest' of each other."—*Penn State Froth.*

FOSTER & OREAR

Insist on Quality and Keep
the Standard High

*F & O Candy is
quality plus*

FOSTER & OREAR

137-39 Grant Avenue, Terry Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO

Q U A L I T Y F I R S T T H E N S E R V I C E

Men's Summer Suits of Distinction

\$45 and more



*One Button
Suit*

\$45.00 and more



*Double Breasted
Suit*

\$45.00 and more



*Two Button
Suit*

\$45.00 and more

Totally Different & Better
POLITZ & M^CDOWELL
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Have You
a Sun-Burn
Cream?



Elizabeth Arden
Satisfies!



Cor. University
and Waverley
Phone No. P. A. 2700

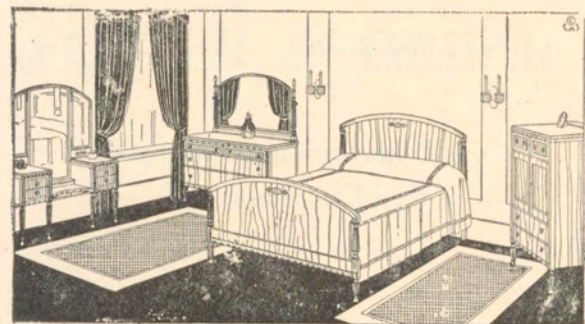
Everything

for the

Sportsman and Camper

Camping Equipment, Guns,
Fishing Tackle, Flashlights,
Etc.

Palo Alto Hardware Co.
The WINCHESTER Store



Buy Furniture of 1925 for 1975!

Young couples who choose their furniture wisely now will not have to choose again for years to come. It will be on duty when the golden anniversary arrives—a sincere celebrant of the good judgment that gave it a place in the home.

Palo Alto Furniture Co.
PHONE 12

VICTUS

Sing a song of men, O Muse,
Who do whatever they darn well choose.
Of lads who drag their butts at home
In spite of parents' labial foam.
Of boys who ride the prancing bones
In disregard of conjugal moans.
Of men of spirit at downtown clubs
Who never consult their fireside tubs.
Of brothers who use their own dress suits
And only lend them when not in use.
Of hoppers who hold their women well
And send the cutters-in to Hell.
Of every evader of everyday woe—
And am I one? Nay, not so!
—Harvard Lamphoon.



BLASÉ

The firelight flickers and glows and dies
And fashions itself to my dreaming,
While out of the shadows, with whispers and sighs
Of joy and sorrow, a myriad eyes
Are softly and tenderly gleaming.

And some of them sparkle and some of them cling,
And some of them flash in a warning.
But bitter and futile is memory's spring—
I'm getting too ancient for that sort of thing,
I'll be twenty-one in the morning.
—Columbia Jester.



"Ho' on dere, niggah. Ef yo' shoots dat duck so fur off,
you'se gwine to strain yo' gun."—Yale Record.

Established 1898



A SEPTEMBER RENDEZVOUS

A sincere and cordial welcome
awaits you here.

Appropriate apparel is inseparably
linked with university doings.

Correct designs, finest tailoring
and reasonable prices explain our
28 years' popularity with college
folks.

Campbell & Loewe Bros.

TAILORS AND IMPORTERS

DeYoung Building, Market and Kearny
San Francisco

A member of a theatrical company was boasting of his love
for the stage. He said:

"My father said to me one day: 'I will give you a hundred
thousand francs if you won't become an actor!'"

"Indeed!" said the comedian of the company. "What did
you do with all that money!"—*Sans Gêne, Paris.*



"I hate dumb women."

"Aha—a woman hater!"—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



"By making money on our board," said the chapter caterer,
"we'll soon have a new fraternity house."

"Yes," replied a thin brother, grimly, "we built the front
porch today at lunch."—*Penn State Froth.*



Swain—How about some tea, m'love?

Very Popular Damsel—Oh, lovely! Let's see. I can give you
4:30 to 4:45 two weeks from Wednesday.—*Brown Jug.*



Hellen—Have you fixed up your flat yet?

Helloise—Not quite. I haven't been able to find a folding
toothbrush.—*Carolina Buccaneer.*



"Treat me like a lady, Bill."

"Married or single?"—*Virginia Reel.*



They were discussing the absentmindedness of the acquaint-
ance who had just passed.

"That habit nearly cost him his life when he was on his holi-
day," remarked one.

"How was that?"

"He fell overboard and forgot that he knew how to swim."
—*Tit-Bits (London)*

No other Hotel in the
World Offers Such
Varied Attractions as

The **AMBASSADOR**
LOS ANGELES

THE GREAT HOTEL THAT SEEMS LIKE HOME

SEVENTY-SEVEN acre park & play grounds,
open-air plunges, tennis courts, miniature
golf course on grounds, motion picture
theatre & 35 smart shops. Famous Coconut Grove
for dancing. Riding, hunting and all sports. Varied
entertainment for guests every day and evening.
Ambassador Convention Auditorium seats Seven-thousand
All guests have the privilege of the Rancho Golf Club.
Tune in any night on KNX to hear the Coconut Grove
Orchestra or Sunday Concerts.

Write for Chef's Booklet of California Recipes and Information
BEN L. FRANK, Manager

THE AMBASSADOR HOTELS SYSTEM

The Ambassador, New York
The Ambassador, Atlantic City
The Ambassador, Los Angeles



Make a Resolution

That during 1925 and every
year thereafter you will ride
in a *Chrysler Six* or a *Good
Maxwell*—and you'll never
regret it.

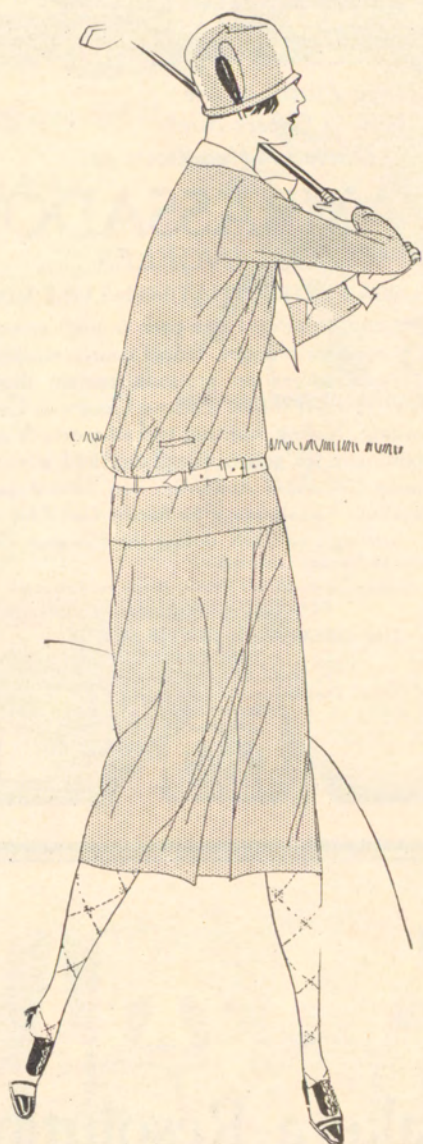


McCLATCHIE'S

Palo Alto

525 High St.

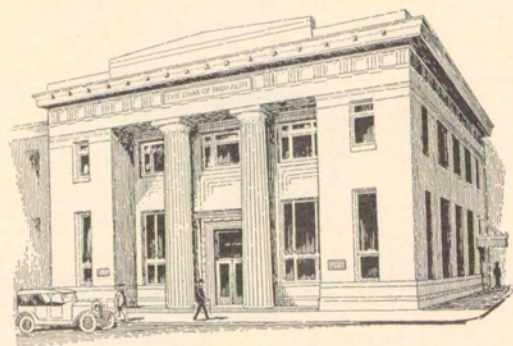
Phone 110-W



Smart Togs!

Vogue
COSTUMIERE

212 University Avenue
Palo Alto



For more than 30 years

—We've enjoyed the banking patronage of Stanford men and women. It's part of Stanford life to deposit one's income in the Bank of Palo Alto and pay one's accounts with Bank of Palo Alto checks.

BANK OF PALO ALTO

202 University Ave.

Campus office at the Bookstore

Est. 1892

Assets over \$3,000,000.00

They were talking about women friends.
"Do you see Emma often?" one inquired.
"Oh, yes, quite frequently," the other replied.
"Is she happily married?"
"Is she? I should say so. Why, that girl is so happily married that she has to go to the theatre for a good cry."
—*Indianapolis News.*

If a girl is really clever she can get so close to a man that when he tries to kiss her she can't get away.—*Judge.*

First Ghost—One side there, brother.
Second Ghost—Pipe down, Henry, or I'll knock you for a ghoul.—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.*

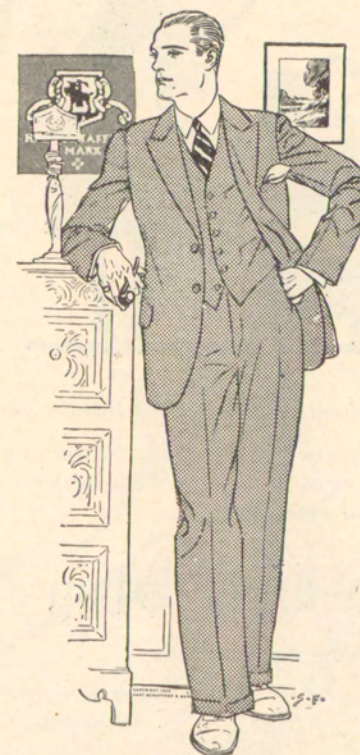
1—You ought to see him tickle the ivories.
2—Some pianist, I bet.
1—No; he's a dentist.—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

Lady (to tramp)—Now go away or I'll call my husband.
Tramp—Oh, 'im! I know 'im. 'E's the little feller who told me yesterday to go away or he'd call his wife!—*Goblin.*

First Convict—When I get out of this place, I'm going to have a hot time. Aren't you?
Second Ditto—I don't know. I'm in for life.
—*Chicago Phoenix.*

"I think," she said, as she came into the room, "that I will give that parrot away."
"Yes," replied the young man who was calling; "it would only be tit for tat. It has been doing as much for you."
—*Boston Transcript.*

Newly arrived Summer Suits



The last word in smart style---correctly tailored from fabrics of ideal weight for California weather. A wide variety of the newest and most popular colorings. Quality that you'd expect in a sixty dollar suit. The Pauson price is

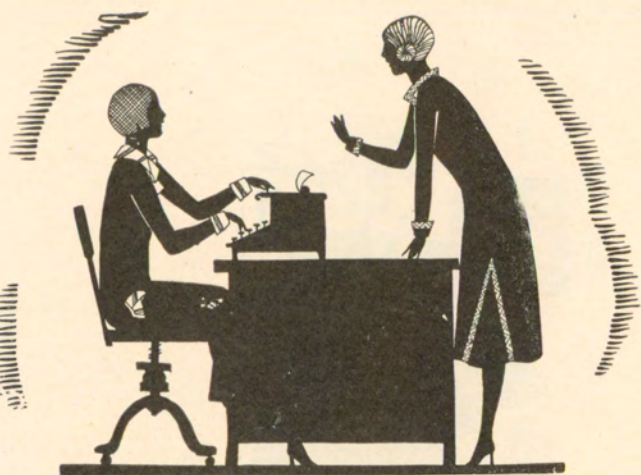
\$45

PAUSON & Co.

Sutter and Kearny

(Founded 1875)

THE HOME OF HART SCHAFFNER & MARX GOOD CLOTHES



Have you heard about the new Co-Ed Beauty Shop?

Yes, indeed! I always go there when I want to look my best. They are experts in marcelling, water waving, shampooing, and manicuring.

Co-Ed Hair Shop

Evening Appointments

529 Emerson Street
Palo Alto, Calif.

Phone P. A. 2371

The PALO ALTO THEATRES CORPORATION

THE NEW STANFORD

THEATRE IS NOW
NEARING COMPLETION

WATCH for Opening Date

UNDER DIRECTION OF
ELLIS J. ARKUSH

Entertainment

Varsity Theatre Stanford Theatre

SUNDAY NIGHT LUNCH AT OUR EATING CLUB

Ping, pong, pang, pung!
 "Come on, gang, last bell; let's eat."
 "Sit down, don't wait fer us; the meal'll git cold."
 "Don't be so damn sarcastic, and pass the salad."
 "BOLOGNY! Say, where's the steward?"
 "Down to the Green Lantern as usual."
 "Hard-tack, please."
 "Sure, long-reach, help yourself; don't be bashful."
 "Hi-i-i-ic! 'Scuse me, damn that salad."
 "Hey, waiter, git me a bowl willya? Thanks; bread and milk fer mine."
 "Good thought!—Waiter, bring in some more bowls and the milk can."
 "How's the sauce tonight?"
 "S'awful good, cherries floatin' in pineapple juice."
 "Gawd, tastes like a half-baked cocktail."
 "Aw-w-w-wk! 'Scuse me, damn that salad."
 "S-s-sp. Ouch! Damn! that cocoa's hottern hell! Pass the cream."
 "Try'n do it."
 "Wherethehell's the cream?"
 "Humph! Laugh that off, cream on Sunday night!"
 "Aw, don't be so hard to git along with."
 (In perfect unison with much gusto)—"M-m-m-Ba-a-ahh!"
 'Scuse me. DAMN THE STEWARD! !—*Cornell Widow.*

Student (who has nerved himself to ask a father's consent)
 —Professor de Jones, I have just returned from a dance with Margaret . . . and finding you here alone—
 Professor—That's all right, my boy. Broke, eh? Well, here's five; her mother used to clean me out the same way.
 —*Illinois Siren.*

The event is successful if the
Caterer is

Huber and Vivian

caterer to particular people

SPECIALIZING ON

DINNERS
DANCES
BANQUETS

Linens, Silverware, Glassware, Chairs, Tables, Decorations, etc.
furnished without catering services at reasonable charge

WE FURNISH EVERYTHING BUT THE GUESTS

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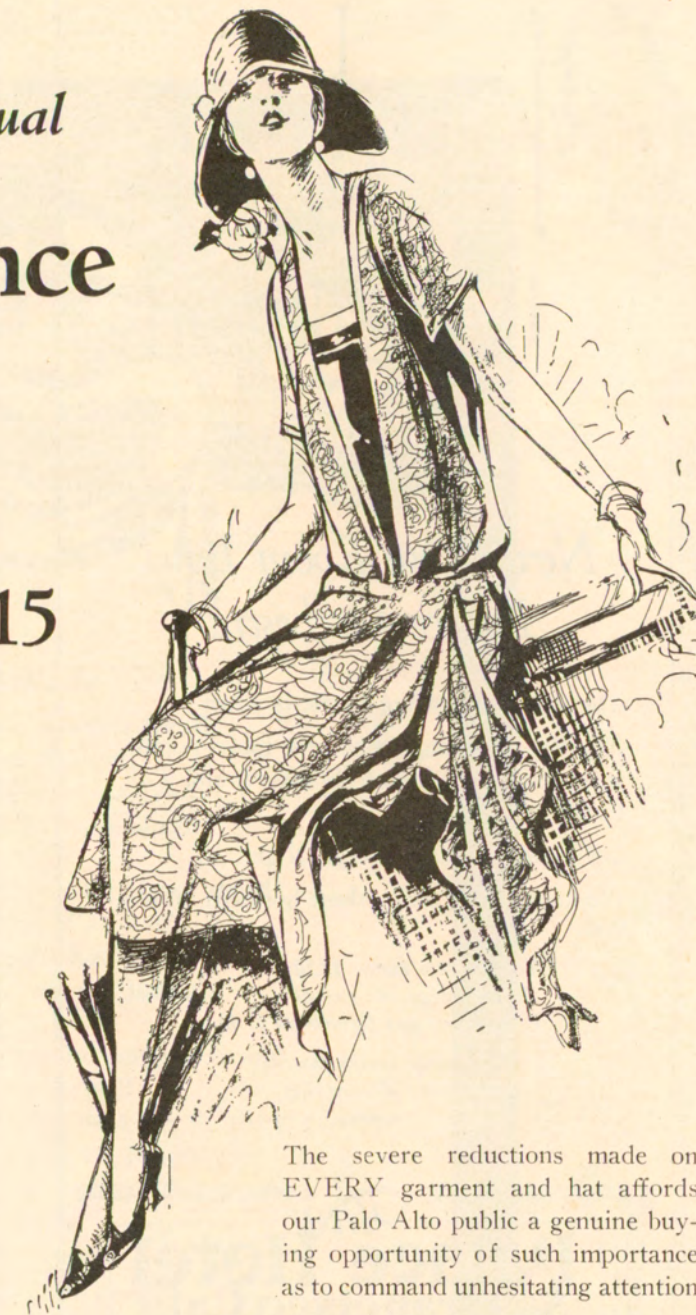
SAN JOSE
California

Our Greatest Semi-Annual Stock Clearance Sale

COMMENCES

Monday, June 15

We have only two sales each year



The severe reductions made on EVERY garment and hat affords our Palo Alto public a genuine buying opportunity of such importance as to command unhesitating attention



The Gotham Shop

Upper Floor
533 Ramona St.
Palo Alto

On the Balcony
Levy Bros.
Burlingame

Four hours of recreation

GENE JAMES

and his

*New Rose Room Bowl
Dance Orchestra*

The most captivating music in town.

Nightly becoming more and more popular with students of both Stanford and California.

Let's make Friday College Night.

We know you'll enjoy these hours of recreation.

*Table d'hote dinner \$2.50
Cover charge 50c except
Wednesday and Saturdays \$1.00*

*Special entertainment
every Wednesday
evening.*



I. MAGNIN & CO.

*Retailers and Importers
of
Exclusive Apparel
and Accessories for
Women and Misses.*

In SAN FRANCISCO
GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY

In HOLLYWOOD
6340 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

In LOS ANGELES
THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL

In PASADENA
HOTEL MARYLAND,
CORNER LOS ROBLES & COLORADO

In SANTA BARBARA
ARLINGTON HOTEL GROUNDS

In CORONADO
HOTEL DEL CORONADO

In DEL MONTE
HOTEL DEL MONTE



Ballade

Across the stage with solemn tread
Goes Tragedy. Give him the gaff!
We want no tears; a joke instead.
The wise man's he who loves a laugh.

Away with digs and grinds; those dead
Who clutter up our halls. We chaff,
And jest until the night has sped.
The wise man's he who loves a laugh!

Some fools there are, who have a dread
Of honest mirth. In their behalf
We've moiled and toiled that joy might spread.
The wise man's he who loves a laugh.

L'Envoi

Prince, work is done. The year has fled,
And left us with a thirst. We quaff
A toast, and let it thus be said,
"The wise man's he who loves a laugh."

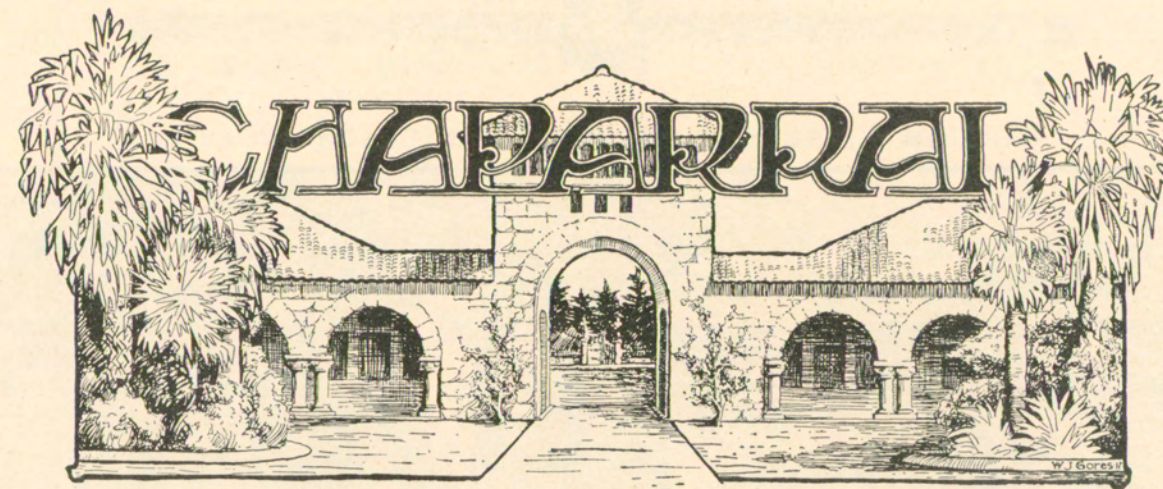
S. L., '27

W. WATERMAN



TO THE LADY WITH THE GOD-KNOWS-
WHEN CHEST

Alone she sits beside the chest.
No hope—
Less maiden, she. Her mind's at rest.
No hope
Chest lovelier could ever be,
No? Hope
You to be the lucky he?
No hope!



ACCORDING TO THE modern idea, a gentleman of the old school is anybody who doesn't eat with his knife.

Bobera Fritchie

"Who touches a hair on yon grey head,
Dies like a dog," swore old Grandad.
"It may be grey, but it once was red.
You're ancient, Pa—bob on," Ma said.

He—We're having a party tonight, won't you come along?

She—Oh, I can't. I haven't a thing to wear.
He—That's all right; this is a blind date.

SAID BEN JONSON some few centuries back: "They say princes learn no art truly but the art of horsemanship. The reason is the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a prince as soon as his groom." And that is the very first joke about the Prince of Wales.

Full many a jam has made a brow serene
Grow furrowed with an earnest wish to swear;
Full many a flour is bread to burn unseen
And waste its fragrance on the kitchen air.

"Don't you think 'The Valley of Silent Men' is a wonderful book?"

"Yeah, but 'The Valley of Silent Women' would be a lot more wonderful."

I know, dear aunt, that you do think
My clothes are far too scanty;
But nowadays you'll find good clothes
Cost many a penny ante.

IF A MAN SAYS that all women are good, he knows very little about them; if he says that all women are bad, he knows nothing at all about them.

Warden (to condemned man)—Have you anything to say before we spring the trap?

"Well, sir, if it's just the same to you I'd like to have a mattress under them gallows. If that rope busts, I'm likely to get hurt."

NATURE REFLECTIONS

"Fish don't perspire."—Famous Song

In equatorial sort of heat do flying fish perspire?
Or by the sweat of brow do smelt to higher things aspire?

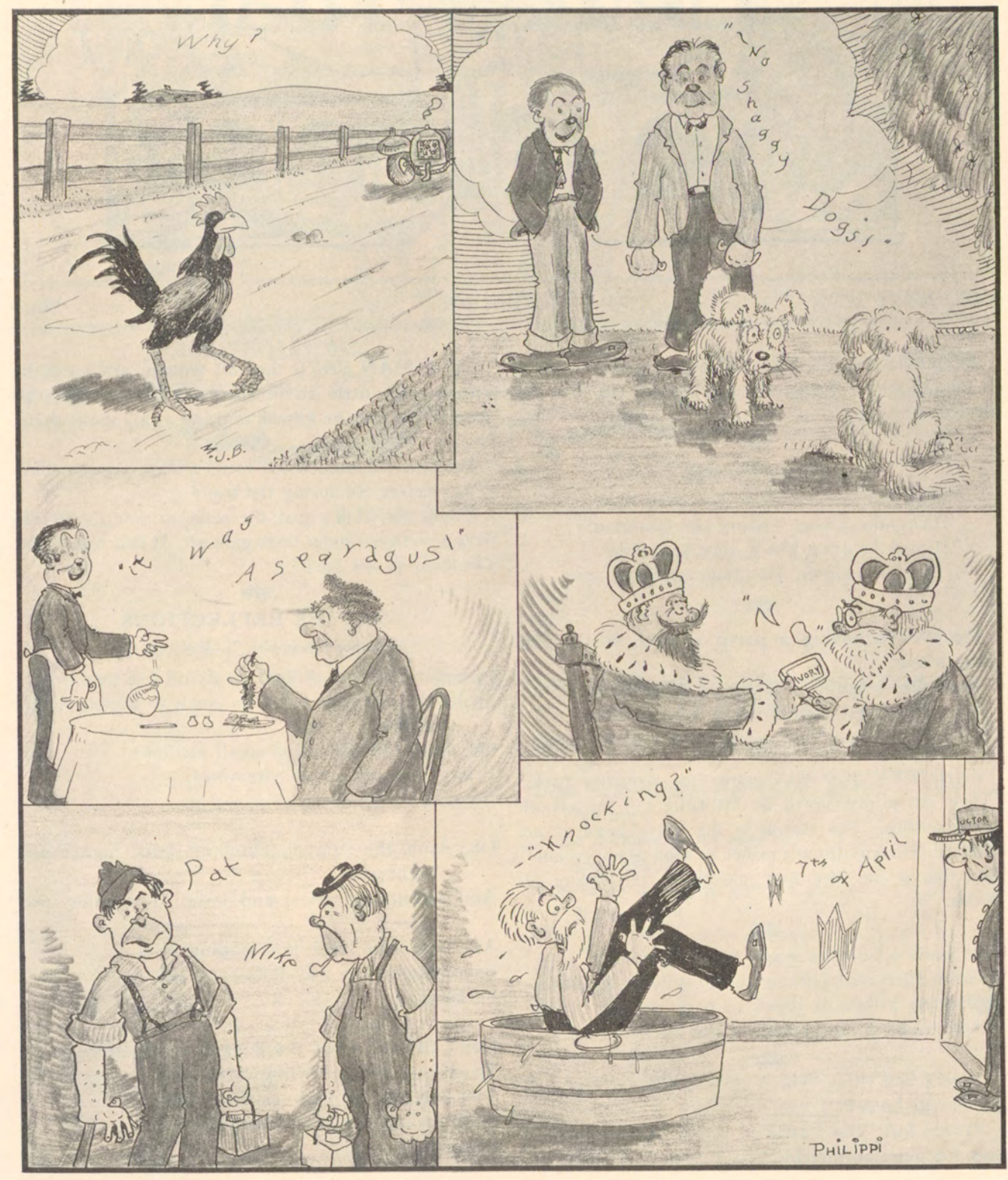
Oh, don't the schools of small sardines,
While learning about vitamins,
Perspire?

Oh, don't the salmon, climbing falls, higher and higher,
And swimming miles, and miles, and miles, perspire?

And don't the large and leaping tuna
Cavorting to the wavelet's tune—ah—
Perspire?

Don't catfish, when the dogfish cruel conspire
To chase them, growling, menacing, perspire?
And don't the sawfish, as they saw,
With rolling eye, and crunching jaw,
Perspire?

Oh, why don't trout and devilfish perspire?
And why don't pike and porpoises perspire?
I'm sure that if I tried to be
A fish, I would most certainly
Perspire.



AMONG THE IMMORTALS

A PAGE FROM THE TOONERVILLE RIVER ANTHOLOGY

(with apologies to the originator)

JOHN BENSON
I went to the gallows for killing my wife:
She was a good woman, a true wife, and worked hard
Until she was of no more use. She fell down stairs, poor thing, And broke her leg,
So I shot her.

HAROLD GREENE
I clerked in old Hoffmann's grocery for twelve years
At twelve dollars a week; I pandered to wealthy customers,
Cheated the scales, proffered substitutes, and simpered
Till my heart was yellow-green with hate.
I sickened at Hoffmann's jokes—
He said Si Cornwell asked him who the lady with him was,
And he answered it wasn't a lady, It was his wife.
I laughed violently,
Bursting a blood-vessel in my brain.

AN AMBIDEXTEROUS person is one who can trim the nails on his right hand.

Mike—Did you know that Ed talks in his sleep?
Ike—Zat so?
Mike—Yeah, he recited in class this morning.

"Why don't you come down and run some more?" queried the dog.
"You've got ME stumped," was the squirrel's snappy rejoinder.

JOSIAH BREK
In all Toonerville River cemetery
There is but one appropriate epitaph: it is mine.
It is written in the words of the Lord, who saith,
"Blessed are they who feed the hungry, they shall not want."
Yea, verily shall I enter the realms of the blessed,
For my life was one with the Scripture;
I was a cook.

CONNELL McCARTY
I was the town drunkard, a ne'er-do-well;
The pious Christians of the temperance club
Drove me from pillar to post
Until I eased my pain in poppy smoke.
Once, for the sake of a memory,
I cried,
"Get thee behind me, Satan!"
He did, but took advantage
And pushed.



He-sez—You didn't know who I was at the game yesterday, did you?
She-sez—No; who were you?

ADOLPH KENT
Every holiday, when people through the countryside,
My wife comes to my grave
And waters it with her tears.
The pitying rustics say
A beautiful flower will spring from the hallowed soil.
Bah!—These widow's tears
But grow fungus on my bones.

LANCELOT Q. TULLUS, Ph.D.
I was a learned man, a philosopher, poet,
Versed in the mysteries of ancient lore,
And an erudite scholar of the living sciences.
I had everything to live for—
Fame, a loving wife, obedient children,
But Anna, good woman, insisted upon reading aloud
The Ladies' Home Journal.
Suicide brought me here.

Prof.—If all men are created equal—
Jones—Then twins are isocetes!

Vocabulosis
"Ain't he so extinguished lookin'?"
"Yeh, and I'm all put out about him."

She—Who was the girl I saw you with last night?
Editor—Really, I can't tell you; we printed that last month.



NOW LAUGH!

BIG FEET MAY be defined as those articles which cause a young man who is calling on his best girl to back up to the door in order to ring the bell.

THE SCIENTIFIC LOVER

Alas! he was a scientist, with cold, observing glance;
 And she—she was a maiden whom he met one day by chance.
 Alas—her beauty stunned him, and it set his soul aflame,
 And so he wrote this letter, his emotion to proclaim:
 Dear Miss,
 When first I met you, I was strangely moved to feel
 High pressure palpitations in my pericardiceole.
 I am aware my pulse-beats had their amplitude increased,
 Their frequency was speeded, and my respiration ceased.
 Ah me! the rays of light that were reflected to my eye;
 The beauty of their pattern I'll remember till I die.
 And when you caused, by vocal cords vibrating in the air,
 A periodic sending out of waves, compressed and rare,
 The rhythmic oscillations of those waves upon my drum
 Produced the sense-nerve stimuli called melody, by some.
 Your eyes are copper sulfate, your lips, alizarin,
 Your hair like polished graphite, and your smiles are saccharine.
 Ah, dearest! I will feel for you, while skies are up above,
 That singular emotion which is spoken of as love!

WOMEN'S SENTIMENT

She is either a fool, or else
 Has fatty degeneration of the heart, because:
 Last night the arcades of the quad
 Were yellow with pale, soft lights akin
 To ancient castle corridors; the stars
 Outdid themselves with twinkling, and in the chapel court
 Shrouded palms rose from the violet gloom.
 Imagining,
 I fancied the flashing of dark eyes
 Peeping around dim cornices, the rustling swish
 Of Spanish silks, the throb of plaintive guitars,
 And the low, responsive laugh to whispered secrets
 From the amorous lips of lover-ghosts,
 Non-committally, I turned
 To her of the fatty heart, saying softly,
 "Beautiful night, isn't it?"
 "Uh-huh," she answered,
 "I can sleep so much better these cool evenings."
 Kipling was right!



Benevolent Guy—Little girl, have you ever been psychoanalyzed?
Carrie the Cash Girl—Naw, I never touch it, but Pa used to come home hell-roarin'.

THE LADY FAIR

Oh, my girl she is a beauty,
 And she's fair enough for two.
 Sometimes we ride a trolley
 When we've nothing else to do,
 And I haven't got a nickel.
 You wonder what I do
 As we pass the big conductor
 In his coat of navy blue?

My little lady smiles at him
 And he has to let us through,
 For my girl she is a beauty
 And she's fare enough for two.

THERE'S A man so stingy that when he came to die he refused to give up the ghost.

Native (showing sights to tourists)—This here is the oldest house in New Jersey.

Tourist—And I suppose George Washington slept here.

Nate—No, sir; he spent the night chasing rats.



SAX APPEAL

FAMOUS LAST Words: I could get along with less studying.

"Why weren't you in class yesterday, young man?"

"Had spring fever and I hadda quarantine myself."

Kay—They tell me Dempsey is going to take up dancing.
Oe—Going to give somebody the Grand Right and Left, eh?

NOW PET!

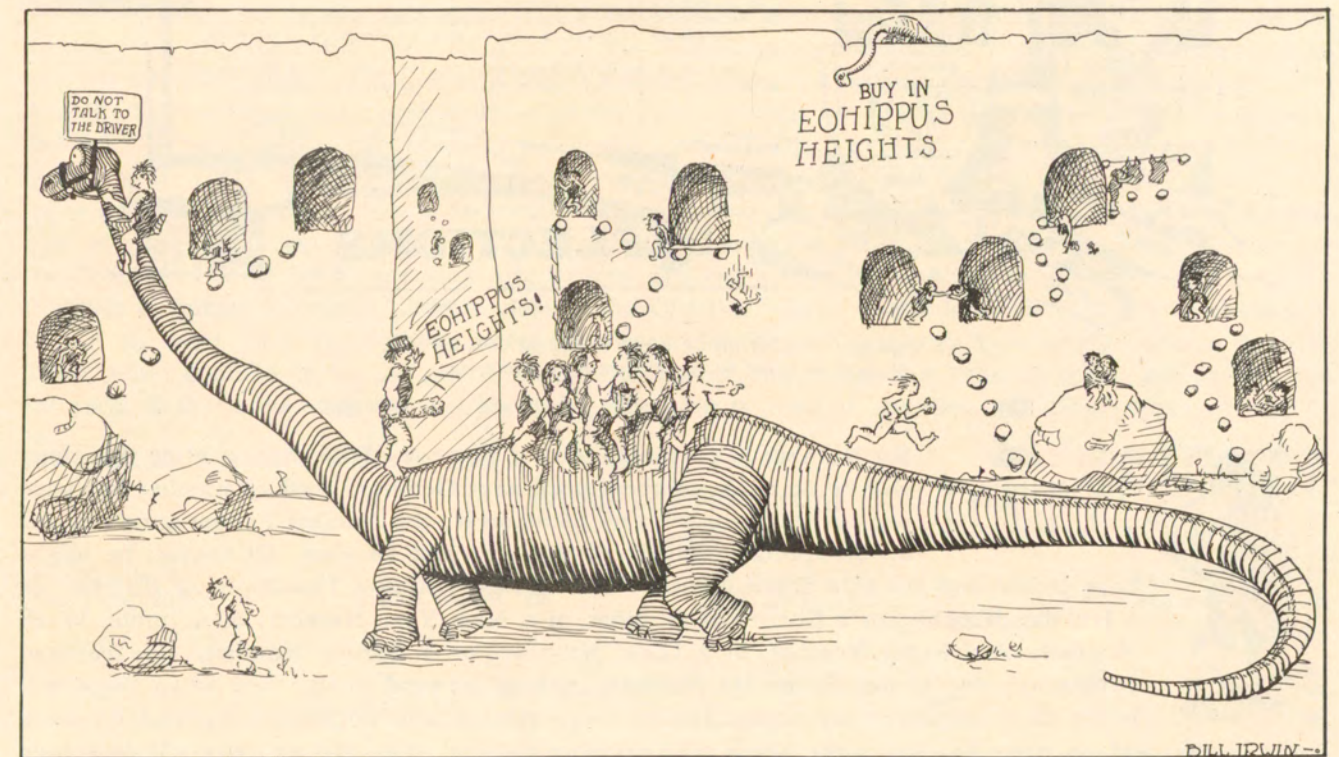
My girl makes me think of a flower,
 Reminds me of one constantly;
 Her name even smacks of the garden;
 In short, it's Thyme Marjoram Lee.

Whenever I walk in the garden,
 Thyme Marjoram goes by my side.

(I mentioned the "smacks of the garden";
 Might to kisses the term be applied?)

It's true that I kiss her. "But *necking* is vulgar, and pure waste of time,"

As *she* says, but I confess I don't just see why I *shouldn't* waist Thyme.



CALLING THEIR BLUFF

The Stanford Chaparral

VOL. XXVI JUNE, 1925 No. 9

The Chappies

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ESTABLISHED 1899
 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906
 THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS
 R. N. WENZEL 1916

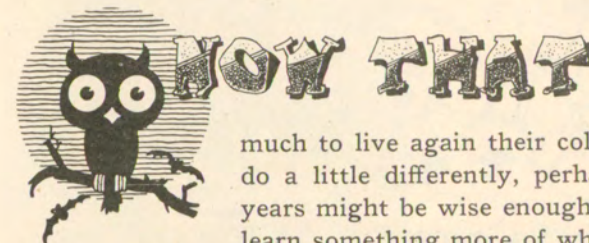
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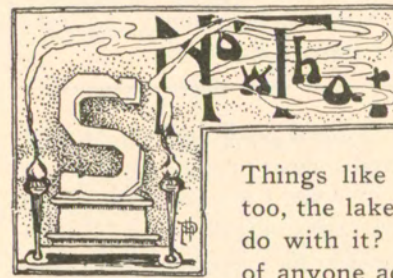
No Number is presented with a purpose. F'r instance, after this there will be no more numbers until next October. And no number has been put out this year with no name on it; the Ancient Fellow is no end fed up on special numbers of one sort and another. Of course, he might have picked any one of a dozen numbers that he hasn't run—a Thanksgiving Number, or a Holiday Number, or a Christmas Number, or a New Year Number, or a Junior Week Number, or a Prom Number, or a Girls' Number, or a Spring Number. He resisted temptation, and turned to the No Number, looking forward to the time when there will be no more copyless copy hooks, and no more classes, and no more exes, and no more alarm clocks, and no more Sunday night beans, and no more rushing rules, and no more vile meanings found in perfectly innocuous jokes, and no more of any pestilential things. Meanwhile, there is no money, and darned little hope, and No Number. That's sensible, isn't it? No?



convention of high school journalists (the Old Boy doesn't remember the highfalutin' name the tong sports, but that will serve) was all to the good, and Norris James and his highbinders are to be whacked approvingly between the shoulder blades. Journalists should be caught young; and Sigma Delta Chi by its activities in the high schools is doing excellent service to the newspaper business as well as to Stanford University. In the Ancient One's opinion, there are too doggone many conventions and such in this over-organized world; but occasionally one proves of true value. Of whom this of the high school scribblers is among which, if you know what's meant. Selah.



Chappie is about to pack the Hammer in moth balls for the summer, he is impelled to ruminate on those who will be back in these diggings next year. The gates are closing on a group of seniors, many of whom would give much to live again their college lives. If this were possible, some few of them would do a little differently, perhaps. Those who have learned anything from their four years might be wise enough to take this comic opera world a little less seriously; to learn something more of what the library contains, to spend more time in sitting and talking and less in being active, to loaf and invite their souls rather than dash about acquiring pins. Some seniors believe that work and conversation—and rumination—are about all that college has to offer. That may or may not be true; at any rate, none but seniors will believe it.



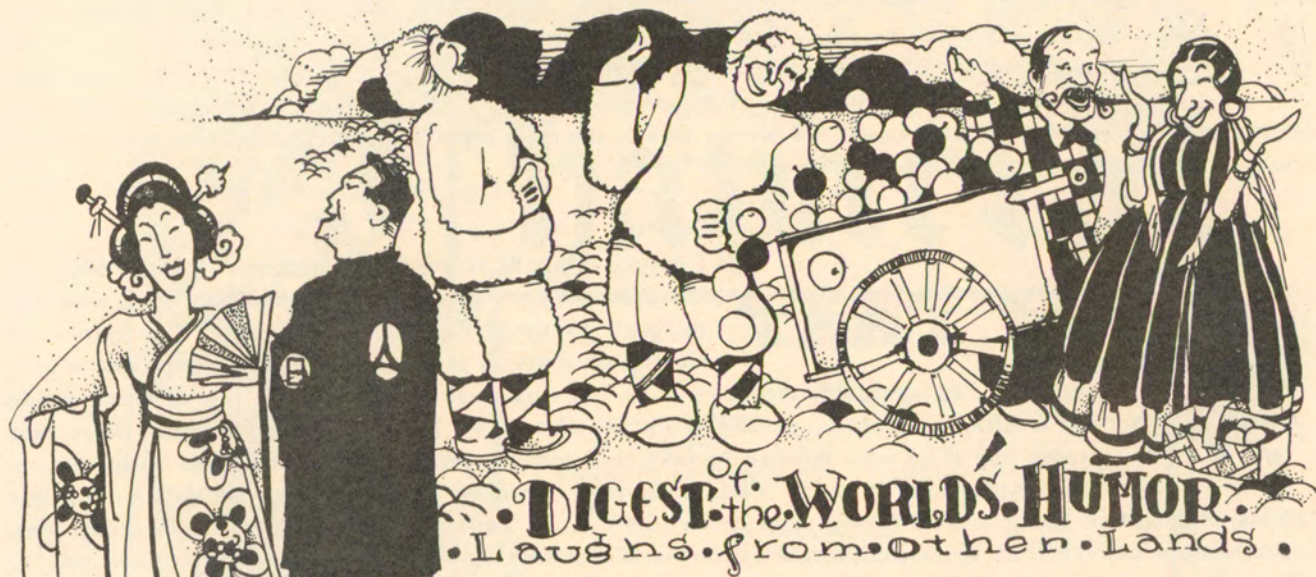
brings us to the end of the trail, with the Ancient One getting ready to dab at the eyes with one mitt while he flaps the other in amiable farewell. It has been a nice year. It has been a great year for Stanford; football, baseball, and track are the first things the Old Boy thinks of, but there must have been other things to make life bigger and better. Things like "Macbeth" and "Ace High" and the Junior Prom, for instance. Then, too, the lake had water in it. There were other things in the water, but what's that to do with it? Despite the yowling about the dining hall food, the Old Boy hasn't heard of anyone actually starving to death, or getting real sick; and he's inclined to be the least mite suspicious of all the clatter. Of course, where there's smoke there must be fire, but a mighty little fire can make a hell of a lot of smoke. All those things are all right, then. The Ancient Fellow reserves his own opinion of the rushing rules, but no one paid a lot of attention to them, anyway. So he asserts without fear of successful contradiction that it has been a great year for Stanford. Q. E. D. It was a nice year for the college comics, too. Mr. Listerine helped out ever so much, and there was the joke about "thatwasn'tnoladythatwasmy so and so" still perfectly good, and lots of other nice original quips just waiting for us humorists. And, to get really personal, it has been a great year for Chappie. People have been very nice to him, and the iron in his soul has been quite rusted away by the milk of human kindness. And in closing, the Old Boy wishes to thank his contributors from the bottom of his heart; he'd like nothing better than to use all the stuff that they have been so kind as to write. Then, a last good-by to the old guard brothers of Sledge and Corpsebox, most of whom are passing out for good, if that's the way you feel about it. And that is more or less that. So long, people.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

Literary
 Dick Smith, '23
 John Levi, '26
 R. R. Hastings, '26
 Pete Owens, '26
 "Chub"
 Hal Blazier, '27
 E. C. Luster, '27
 Sennoms
 Neal Sooy, '28
 Kenneth Dow, '28

Art
 Jack Allen, '27
 R. L. Philippi, '28

OFFICE ASSISTANTS
 George Ellsworth '28
 Frederick Lee, '28
 R. P. Ranney, '28
 Harold Woolf, '28



DIGEST OF THE WORLD'S HUMOR
Laughs from other lands.

FIRST PRIZE

Ora—Why do they call a ship she?
Dora—Because it shows best in a high wind.
—Tararara Boomdeay.

Mike—Why do they call a ship she?
Ike—Because it's like a hen.
Mike—Huh?
Ike—Well, a ship can lay too.
—Hard (Wash.) Times.

The late Chauncey M. Depew was fond of telling the following story at his own expense:
A Swede and an Irishman met on the wharf at Vladivostok. Said the former, "Didn't I once meet you at Monte Carlo?"
"No," said Pat, "I never have been to Singapore."
"Well, I think it's because it takes a man to run her."
—Whatsit Tuyu.

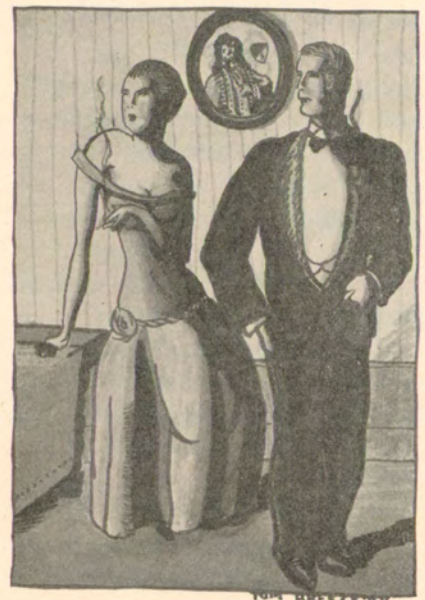
It was a sunny morning in April as the late Robert W. Scullion, first vice-president of the Cunard Steamship line, swung gaily down the wharf at the company docks, his lunch pail under his arm. Midway of the wharf he espied a worried young man

equipped with balloon trousers and a sheaf of copy paper.
"O sir, I am a college humorist," the young man said. "Prithee, answer me a question; for I know that you are connected with the sea, the mighty sea, on which the great ships come and go."
Not unflattered by the young man's modest mien and classy clothing, Scullion answered lightly, "Say on."
"Tell me, sir, the true answer to the question, 'Why do they call a ship she?'"
Scullion thought for a moment. Then: "I will tell you, my boy. You know, us great steamship owners is always very wealthy. Well, that's why they call a ship she."
A puzzled frown crossed the youth's frank and open countenance. "Shipowners are wealthy, yes. So you call a ship she? I'm afraid. . ."
Bending toward the lad, the great Scullion whispered, "Because the woman always pays!"
He got the job.
—Swiss Navy Gazette.

Teda—Tell me, why do they call a ship she?
Veda—Well, unless it's well anchored it isn't safe to leave it alone a minute.
—Col. Henry's Fizzpop.

Barney—Why is it they call a ship she?
Jiggs—That wasn't no ship, that was my wife.—Docman (Okla.) Outer.

Pat—Begorra, Mike, sure an' can ye tell me why they call a ship she?
Mike—Ach, mein boy, such an easy one you ask it. Because the rigging costs more than the hull!—Whatanah (Siam).



"Love will find a way."
"A way to what?"
"To divorce."

MY HABITAT

(With apologies to certain modern poets.)
O Stars! I see you shining
In the far-off dim ethereal blue of heaven
Far far away, and cold within your hearts
And silent.

As for me, I grovel.
I get down in the mud,
The sweet, warm, comforting mud.
I wade in it.
I get down on all fours and creep about in it.
I press it to my face
And to my aching heart.

O Stars!
I do not envy you
Your place in heaven's blue dome.
Your home in that cold glittering sky
From which the rose and gold of sunset has departed,
Is not for me.
I love the mud,
The dear enveloping mud.
Mud.

Hostess (pointing to books)—
They are not many, but they are all dear old friends.
Poet (picking up his own slender little volume)—Ah, I'm so glad to see that you don't cut your friends!

Fan—Y' know, I got my radio for a song.
Fanned—Same here, and all I can get on the thing is sermons.

Missus—Has the Professor had his breakfast?
Maid—I don't know, mum.
Missus—Well, ask him!
Maid—I did, mum, and he don't know either.

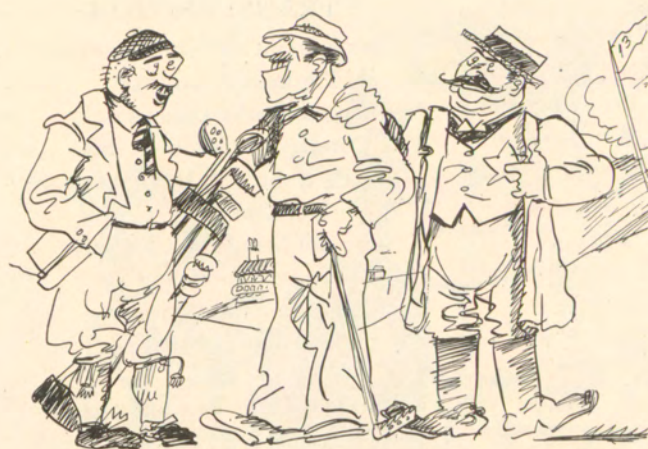
TRANSPOSITION
Think about the Caucasus—
Much too far away;
Then about the Caucuses
Congress holds each day;
Here's a thought that causes us
Pleasure, in a way:
Why not bring the Caucasus
Over here to stay—
Trade it for the Caucuses—
Save Congressional pay!

Butterfly—Do you like t'neck?
Sailor Boy—Oh, dear me, no! I much prefer the drumstick.

GOOSEFLESH DOES not always mean zero weather. It is a synonym for the hides of lots of people we know.



NO SOAP



Golfer—I shot 75 this morning, including an eagle!

Sleuth—Aha! yer pinched,—the limit's 25, and eagles is prohibited!

“For She's Mine, Mine, Mine. . .”

“She is too good to be true,”

I thought, as she first passed me by
(The merriest glint in her eye)—

“She is too good to be true.”

Ah, she was a lallapaloo—

Pretty and clever and neat,
The darlinest thing; and so sweet. . .

Ah, the time and the money I blew
To learn what I already knew—
(One would not do, nor would two)
She *was* too good to be true.

STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!

Father Time of Number X, Eternity Street, was injured in a brawl last Friday (the thirteenth). He was rushed to the hospital, where it was discovered that he had a nasty cut on his forehead. Dr. Psmythe, who had not had a patient for years, was called upon to operate. He stitched up the wound in short order—in fact, used only one stitch. Upon recovering, Mr. Time was so grateful to Dr. Psmythe that he insisted upon rewarding him liberally. “And now,” sobbed Dr. Psmythe when interviewed, “my poor starving motherless kiddies can eat again. Yes, there are nine of them.” Quite a coincidence, eh what?

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Queeners and the Queeners depart—
Still downstairs stands the sacrifice;
Chaperones? No, davenport.

Our cups have no handles at all;
You may think they smashed in a fall;
But you'll see, if you look,
That by hook or by crook
You can't hang them up on the wall.

Some people like mustard and rice;
I don't so much care for the spice,—
Still, I used to eat beans
With boiled salmon and greens.
I was told that it wasn't quite nice.

I think that my lady is true.
She's stuck to me, tighter than glue.
Well, if you don't agree,
That's nothing to me.
It's me she is true to, not you.



One He—Been horseback riding?
The She—No, I slipped on the cellar steps.

TREATMENT FOR CONSCIENCES

There's only one thing to do for a conscience after it reaches a certain stage, and that's to have it cut out. It's just like adenoids, tonsils, appendices, bunions, and spots on the tablecloth. You have to cut 'em out or they grow worse.

Once knew a man who neglected to have his conscience attended to—just let it grow on him, and grow on him, until finally he couldn't even steal a ride on a streetcar without having a stroke. Laid him up for days, too. He used to keep the postmaster of his town in cigars with the money he sent to the conscience fund—all because of some letters he should have written and hadn't gotten around to.

Then there was the man who used to live next door. Poor fellow! He's a pedestrian now, and never speaks to any one because his feet hurt. His conscience did for him. Used to own a nice machine—Pierce-Arrow, or Ford, or something—and one day he found he was speeding. Well, sir, he arrested himself, and turned himself over to the authorities, and then he preferred charges against himself for impersonating an officer. They had to confiscate his machine, because he wanted to give it to his grandmother for her birthday.

Of course, if you catch consciences early, just when they're beginning to give you little twinges, you can save them—if you really care that much about the things. But it's a rough treatment. My friend Brownjohn has a system he recommends, both because of its cheapness and the effect it has upon the conscience. He said there wasn't even a squeak out of his when the treatment was over—not even when he stole his employer's stationery to write sarcastic letters to his wife.

First thing Brownjohn did was to grease the cellar stairs for his Aunt Roberta. Then when his conscience

arrived, all out of breath—it was on a vacation, you see, and had to hurry to get there at all—he poked it severely with a safety pin, remarking the while: “Now will you be good? Now will you be good?”

That was a good start. The conscience, giving him a last reproving glance, went off to rub ointment on the safety-pin wounds. But matters didn't rest there. Next time Brownjohn gave himself a shampoo he ate the soap, the last cake in the house, and when his wife came home and wanted to wash his yesterday's dishes she had to do it with sand he had put in her tea.

That time his conscience *was*

mad. It came up in a big heat, all blobby and oozing rage—and started to fight. Brownjohn was ready for it, though. It was his conscience, you see, and he knew its ways. So he clubbed it over the head with a loaf of French bread, tweaked the big blob that served as a nose, and gave it a double dose of castor oil.

After that Brownjohn's conscience never gave him any trouble. He can rob banks, steal his cat's liver right out from under her nose, and put lead nickels in any phone booth in the land—except his own—and his conscience won't even notice it.



“Do you believe in love at first sight?”
“'Tain't possible. Everybody knows love is blind.”



"If yeast raises dough, has Fleischmann made a mint?"

"No, but Wrigley has."

ROBINSON CRUSOE gazed thoughtfully into the embers of the dying fire. Turning suddenly to Friday, he spoke:

"We have a Maltese cat, likewise a Maltese goat: now where on this island can we get a Maltese cow to give us malted milk?"

TWELVE of the trumps were out, but the cobbler held the last.

Olden plea: You'll have to ask papa's consent first, Mr. Perkins.

Nowadays: Step on the gas, George! The old man is gaining!



"Who is that haughty thing?"

"That's Elyse Valise, the radio girl."

"Humph, that's nothing. I'm an incubator baby."

"Why don't that Chinese actor say something?"

"Guess he musta forgot his cue."

He—How do you keep your youth?

She—I don't let him near the freshman women.

CHAPPIE'S kid sister believes, "If you don't succeed at first, cry, cry again."

Well, what about crew?

THE ADVANTAGE THAT a woman has over a man is, that he frankly admits that she puzzles him, and tries to solve the puzzle, while she lets him puzzle her, and merely looks wise and says nothing.



All of Us: "Next!"

Dainty fingers still delight in Samplers!



Formerly it was the quaint cross-stitch sampler which attracted so much attention and comment. Nowadays it's Whitman's Sampler which preserves the fine old atmosphere and tradition and is so much prized for the quality and unique variety of its sweets.

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- Lewin's Park-Presidio Pharmacy, 8th and Clement, San Francisco
- Wentz Pharmacy, Gilroy, California
- Palo Alto Dairy, 314 University Avenue, Palo Alto, Calif.

SPRING SONG

'Tis Spring. . .
Its joys the birdlets tell;
'Tis Spring. . .
The farmers work like
Hush!
(I blush)
Ah—hear the thrush.
A frog is croaked
(Not croaking)
In the well.

Silly—Every restaurant
should have a ball player.
Billy—Why a ball
player?
Silly—So that the flies
could be caught and put
out!

“Oh, lordy! I wish I
hadn't eaten that stuff.”
“Dyspepsia?”
“No, pâté de foie gras.”

SHE ISN'T exactly a
gold digger; but she's
always looking for the
silver lining.

HOW TO AVOID BEING ARRESTED

In case you have violated the traffic rules in San
Francisco by running over someone, or knocking
down a lamp post, etc., simply follow the directions
as laid down in this dialogue, and we guarantee that
you can successfully placate the fiercest traffic cop
in San Francisco. Commit your part to memory.
The cop will know his:

Cop: Didn'tju see the signal to stop? Whatju
—hurry?

You (in honeyed humble tones): Oh, officer, I
wasn't in a hurry. You see, I'm just a simple coun-
try lad from the Farm.

Cop: Well, why don'tju use your head once in
awhile?

You (in more honeyed humbler tones): Oh,
officer, if I used my head I would be a fine big
traffic cop just like you, instead of only from the
Farm.

Cop: Go on! [Take his advice.]



I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT ART
BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE

Some paintings just hang on a wall
And never Get Around at all.
Rudolfo is not one of these;
He strolls about with perfect ease
And when his pep begins to fail
He rests on some convenient nail.
His upper part is Renaissance;
Below it seems to be plain pants.
Though not a judge, at all, of Art
I vote for Rud with all my heart.

OWES DUES?

“Chas-Short-for-Charles,” said Dol-Short-for-Dolores
“Do you want to learn how to count in French?” - -
“Un-huh,” murmured Chas-Short-for-Charles sweetly
“I certainly deux - - - - -
And if you'll teach me I'll trois - - - - -
Awfully hard to learn—if the quatre turns - - - - -
Soon enough” (although I really can't see what - - -
That has to do with it, can you?) - - - - -
At any rate, at these startling words - - - - -
Dol-Short-for-Dolores cinq - - - - -
To her knees. . . . “Six; six,” said she - - - - -
“Or I shall sept my heart against you.” . . . “Tweet huit”
Said Chas-Short-for-Charles, “Neuf of Dix” - - - - -
Which was quite true.

“I've got it,” said Cornelius Sard, (Geol. 87-23)
as he absently dropped the envelope from the Registrar
in the ash-can.” A five-letter word ending in K, mean-
ing to expire or pass out.”

ONCE MORE

Mary had a little lamb.
Its hooves and horns
made glue;
All the wool went into
yarn,
While the mutton made a
stew.

“I want to introduce
you to John.”
“Oh, I can't stand him,
and I know he hates me.”
“Why, I didn't know he
knew you!”

He (to druggist's clerk)
—I want Dr. West's tooth-
brush.

Clerk—What do you
think this is, a second-
hand shop?

SPEAKING of dry
subjects, how about the
annual report of the
W. C. T. U.?

SHE WAS AS cold as
a painting done in water
colors on marble.

MULLEN & BLUETT



... Fifty Dollars ...

Mullen and Bluett place particu-
lar emphasis on their assemblage
of suits at Fifty Dollars.

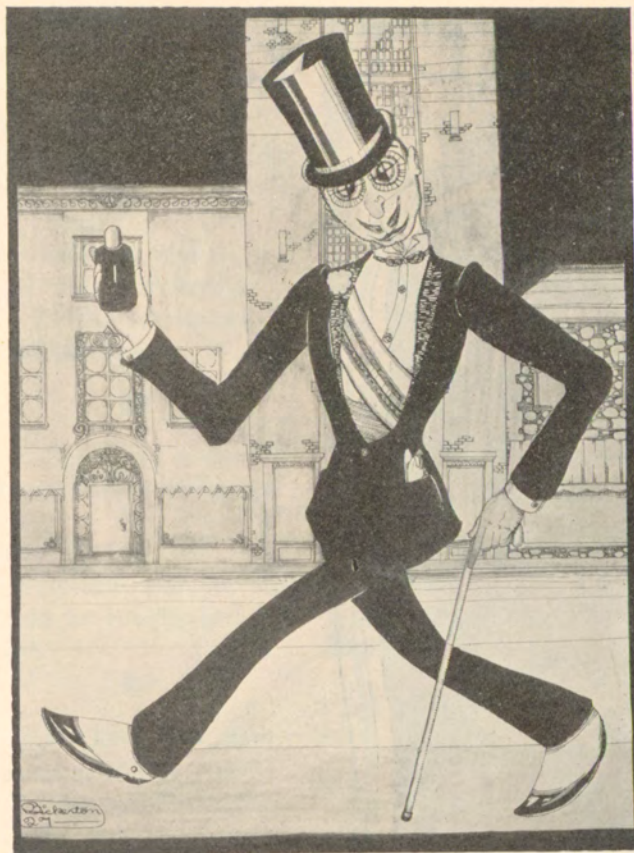
A review of the offerings at this
sensible price level will show a
breadth of choice in fabric—
color—design—and style which
is appreciated by the man of ex-
acting tastes.

Inspection and comparison is
invited.

LOS ANGELES
On Broadway at Sixth



HOLLYWOOD
On Hollywood Blvd. at Vine



Look at Waldo in his soup and fish!
Pop-eyed poppa, he's a red-hot dish!
Lamps hang out a linear foot;
Whee! Inside of him he has put

Drop by drop,—

Pop
P
e
r
i
o
d

ABOUT FOOD

The orator eats tongue, we hear;
The Sultan, turkey lunch.
The undertaker drinks his bier;
The prize fighter his punch.
The acrobats spring water drink;
The toastmaster eats toast;
Surveyors eat their stakes, we think,
And Editors, a roast.
Shoemakers have filet of sole;
The printer, pi and sweets;
The hungry actor eats his rôle;
While policemen munch their beats.

THE MISFORTUNES OF KUBLA KHAN

(Oh, yes! Mr. Coleridge)

In Kanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

A great place for a pleasure dome—
(Whate'er a pleasure dome may be—
I think it means a country home;)
Where one, if so inclined, could roam
Through caverns to the sea.

Kubla got architects from France,
To build it like an old chateau—
Great, stately halls where one could dance.
It surely was the oyster's pants,
For Kubla had it planned just so.

The architects worked for a year;
The cornerstone was finally laid.
But then the works went out of gear—
The carpenters all struck for beer,
The masons struck: "We're underpaid."

So poor old Kubla pulled up stakes,
He took his children and his spouse.
He cried that architects were fakes,
That carpenters were drunks and rakes,
And moved to an apartment house.

A certain wise man had a certain amount of money set aside on his budget for the purpose of subscribing to a good college humor magazine. He very carefully looked over the list of publications, and finally picked out one he thought had a promising title. He sent in his subscription.

The poor man was frightfully cut up to find that there are nothing but knitting directions in the "Columbia Book of Yarns."

A man came from Czechoslovakia
Who said to his sweetheart, "I lakia,
But chust speak vun verb
(Or vun noun) to zat Serb
I swan, lady dear, I will sackia."

Egbert—Papa, what's a good example of a faux pas?
Papa—A faux pas, my boy, is serving a man scrambled eggs for breakfast the morning after a bachelor dinner.



**The apple that
rocked the earth**

"I wonder why?"

In Isaac Newton's mind that question clamored for an answer. Many men had seen apples fall, but this man with the question mark mind found out why they fall—and his answer has helped us to understand the workings of a universe.

Would that we all could get a bite of that apple if it would inspire us too with the "I wonder why" attitude!

Intellectual curiosity is a great and moving force. It mobilizes reluctant facts. It is the stern drill-master which whips into shape that most invincible of armies—sure knowledge.

Curiosity, with the will to sweat out the answer, is the greatest asset you can acquire in your college course. This attribute is needed by industry today more than ever before.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment.

OUR FOOLISH FRIENDS

"Sit down; you're rocking the boat!"
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Jane—Marriage is a great institution.
Janet—So is a penitentiary.
—*Goblin (Toronto).*

She—Marry you, George, of course not, you're too much of an ass.

He—But then everyone said we'd make such a wonderful pair.—*Illinois Siren.*

It is remarkable how many doubtful meanings an alleged pure-minded person can find in an entirely respectable joke.

—*Cornell Widow.*

Mother—Son, I see by the speedometer that you didn't get far last night.

Sonny—Well, I am not complaining any.
—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

Wife—Do you know what day it is? It's twenty-five years ago today since we became engaged!"

Absentminded Professor—Twenty-five years! Why didn't you remind me before! It's high time we got married!
—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Speaking of cigarettes—Let the rest of the world go buy.—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

Who'll tan the hide of the hide tanner's daughter when the hide tanner's busy tanning hides?—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

The old maids who so persistently lace themselves before dinner must prefer "grace before meat."—*Brown Jug.*

"Did you know that the fraternities had driven all the bootleggers out of town?"
"Yeh? Clean-up campaign?"
"No. Competition."—*Penn State Froth.*

OH!

There was a young lady from Banker,
Went to sleep while the ship was at anchor.
She woke in dismay when she heard the mate say—

"Hoist up the main sheet and spank'er."
—*Hogan's Alley.*

She—Dad doesn't like me to use the couch.
He—Why not?
She—He doesn't like me hanging around low dives.—*William Purple Cow.*

"So you don't believe in vaccination, Mrs. Agronomy?"

"No, indeed, Bella. Three weeks after little Yokel was vaccinated he fell out of the window and broke his neck."—*Brown Jug.*

From the data which we have at hand we are led to believe that the Alpha of Portland Cement is a very solid fraternity, and one of long standing.—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

Excited citizen—Help! Help! A man's drowning in the reservoir!
Visitor from next county—I don't care; I don't drink the water.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Herman—You say your father is 84 and you are 18 years old.

Vermin—Why yes!
Herman—Ah, monkey business!
—*Williams Purple Cow.*

He—I just heard a risqué joke.
She (clasping hands over her eyes)—I don't want to hear it.—*Yale Record.*

INSPIRATION

Stenographer—What's the matter with the boss this morning?

Office Manager—Oh, he has a new motto on his desk.—*Life.*

"Half the good men at our House busted."
"Tough luck. The other fellow will be pretty lonesome, won't he?"—*Cornell Widow.*

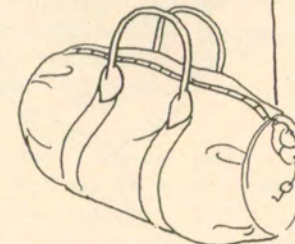
"Is it a golf neighborhood?"
"Well, every Sunday the churches have prayers for rain."—*Life.*



Since it is the time for travel the Livingston Shop announces the opening of a new luggage section devoted to bags in the newest and smartest shapes and leathers. Luggage can be just as individual as gloves, hat, or any part of one's costume.



Traveling bags—14- and 16-inch traveling boxes of Cobra or Monte Carlo cowhide. \$25.00.



Fitted suit cases—black cowhide cases with separate traveling box. \$29.50.

Little journey bags—very soft leather bags with the new Zip fastening. \$19.75.

Hat boxes banded in light leather, \$12.50 to \$29.50.

Livingston Bros.

GRANT AVENUE GEARY STREET

San Francisco



Men no longer wear clothes merely for protection. A man must now be not only dressed, but he must be well dressed. The well-dressed man expects the niceties of design and tailoring always associated with Hickey-Freeman Clothes.

Suits Fifty Dollars and up

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Clothing
Hats

Swift

PALACE HOTEL BUILDING
San Francisco

Old proverb:

"Let's Go to Wilson's"

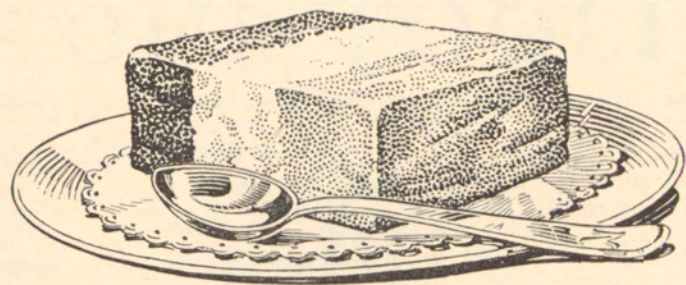
Wilson's Confectaurants

PALO ALTO, SAN JOSE, FRESNO,
STOCKTON, SACRAMENTO,
SAN FRANCISCO

WILSONETTES—delicious little taste teasers—5c package.



It's too long a wait between one box of WILSON'S and the next.



National Chocolate Ice Cream

*of delicious aroma and
exquisite taste*

National's own recipe for a chocolate flavor—so satisfying—so luxurious—so different! If you haven't tasted National Chocolate Ice Cream, you should, and you'll understand why this superb cream—made as National makes it—is so wonderfully popular.

It's a chocolate such as you've hoped some time, somewhere, some ice cream lover would make for you.

Don't say "ice cream"—say NATIONAL ICE CREAM—it means so much more.

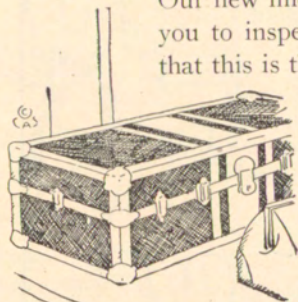
NATIONAL Ice Cream

Vacation Luggage

TRUNKS
SUITCASES
AND BAGS

Just the kind you will want for your trip, whether it be on rail, auto, or steamer.

Our new line has just arrived, and we invite you to inspect them now, and be convinced that this is the place to get all kinds of traveling necessities that will stand the hard use they are put thru.



*Monograms put on
in gold or colors.
Ask about this.*

Mendenhall Co.

DRY GOODS

ANOTHER MAYFLOWER JOKE!!

I call my car Mayflower, because it hit a Plymouth Rock.
—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

She—You've acted like a fool all evening.
He—Well, imitation is the sincerest flattery.

—Penn State Froth.

"Sblood, Polonius, but you are highbrow. You still patronize the legitimate shows, and shun the movies."

"Sgore, Gladiolus, one cannot well take a roll of film out for a midnight party."—Penn State Froth.

"They say that a fellow was very much shocked because they tried to sell him a 'Widow' at Cornell."

"That's nothing. I went up to Williams and they tried to sell me a 'Purple Cow.'"—Cornell Widow.

The problem as to what is to be done with parents who disobey their children will soon become one for serious consideration.—Judge.

"When I was in China I saw a woman hanging from a tree."

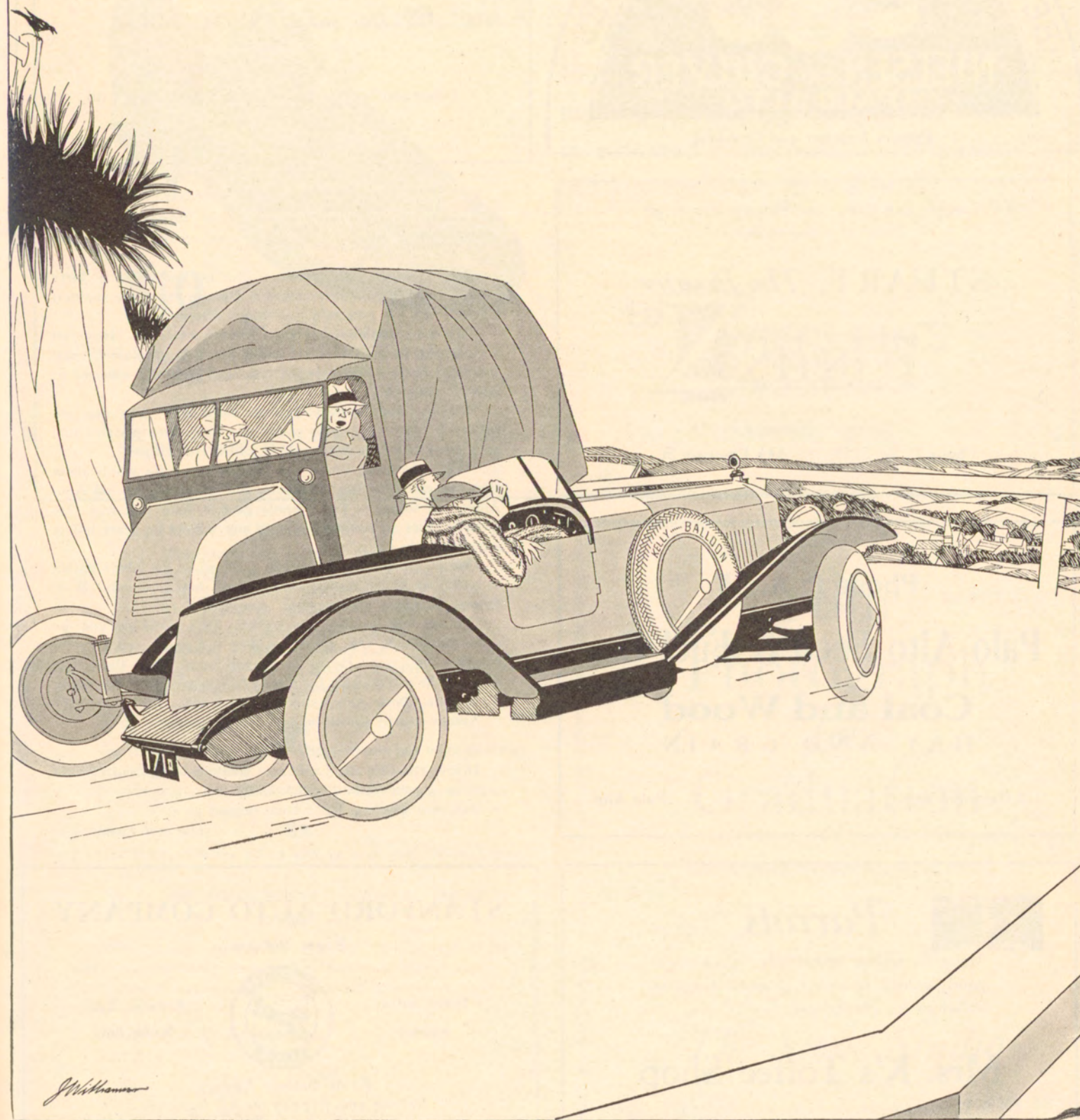
"Shanghai?"

"Oh, about six feet."—Amherst Lord Jeff.

Editor-in-Chief (loudly)—Do you expect even a jackass to laugh at this?

Dejected Candidate—I—I—er—thought you might.

—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.



"Great Scott! Bob, watch it! Even Kelly Balloons aren't going to hold us up if you go through that fence."

BETTER THAN CITY PRICES

INTEGRITY

NIELSEN AND CULVER
PALO ALTO

Pioneer Jewelers and Opticians

The House of Odorless Cleaning

CITY OF PARIS
DYEING and CLEANING WORKS

Office and Works: 625 Ramona Street, Palo Alto
Phone 1525

Twenty-one years' satisfactory service in
Palo Alto and vicinity

STUART, The Printer

Commercial and Society
PRINTING

Phone P. A. 2220 : 545 Emerson St.

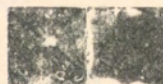
Phone P. A. 35

Palo Alto Feed & Fuel Co.

Coal and Wood
HAY AND GRAIN

116 Hamilton Ave.

Palo Alto



Parrots

Made of wood, beautifully enameled in
gaudy colors, mounted in metal rings or
on sticks for garden use.

Mrs. K's Toffee Shop

On S. F. Highway, Menlo Park, near Palo Alto Bridge

"Where the Parrot Swings"

STANFORD AUTO COMPANY

Roger Roberts

Buick Sales
Agency



Atwater Kent
Radio Sets

Exide Battery Agency
Service and Repairs on All Batteries
Goodyear Tires

General Garage and Shop Service
511 Alma Street Phone PA 78

SWEETEST LIL HUSBANDS

(Several youngish matrons have been playing bridge. The final rubber is over and the third round of Orange Blossoms has been served and consumed.)

"That was *certainly* a corker. But do you know if Jerry ever thought or even suspected that I told a story, the slightest bit off color, I'm sure he'd just simply disown me."

"My dear, that's *exactly* what Seward would do. He's just a great, big, clean-minded kid and it would be absolutely tragic for me if he ever heard me tell one. I'm positively ashamed of myself sometimes."

"I know, and Davis is just the same way. You may not believe it, but he has never once since we've been married told me a story or a joke that could be called even risqué."

"Well, of course, Lindsay is just too funny for words about such matters. I've laughed at him and called him an old Aunt Annie, but somehow I'm honestly glad he feels that way. He actually takes an *instant* dislike to any woman he hears telling a questionable story."

One of the members strangles a bit, while the others hasten to testify as to the mental sweetness of their husbands. More Orange Blossoms are absorbed. And then—

"I'll say that last one was wicked. Two-thirds gin and the other third—GIN. OH, MY DEARS, here is a peach, and I nearly forgot to tell you. Have any of you heard about the fellow who said he was waiting for a train? You HAVEN'T? My dears, it's a whiz. Now *please* stop me if it's old. . ."

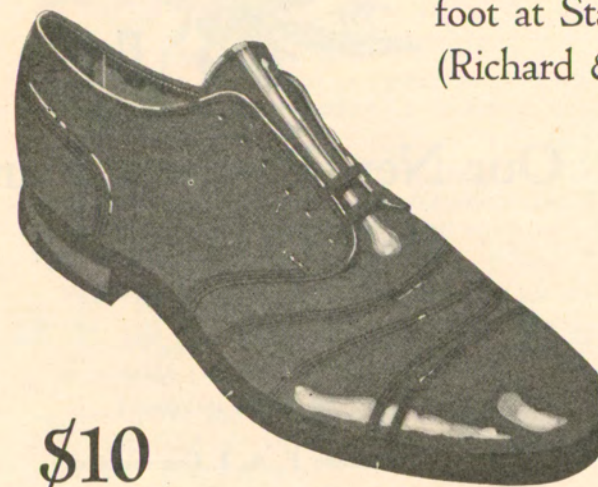
And eventually comes twilight.—*New Yorker*.

Heinie (passing the Limberger cheese)—Ach, I pett youse never ate any of dis in der olt country.

Pat—No, begorra, but I have stepped in it.

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

They're Here! Good news to every male foot at Stanford. An extremely smart line of shoes (Richard & Brennan) has come to Paly.



\$10

Pictured is the "Craftsman." Original toe and vamp—suggesting the ultimate in ease and refinement. Soft pliable calfskin—mello tan or seal black.



171 University Avenue

TRIOLET

These were the fools of yesterday;
As finished as the newer school?
A fool of drink, a fool of play:
These were the fools of yesterday;
And are they safely stowed away,
Replaced by fools of neither rule?
These were the fools of yesterday;
As finished as the newer school?

—*Yale Record*.

She (noticing some ashes)—Oh, someone has been smoking in this beautiful building.

He—Be quiet, dear. This is the crematorium.

—*California Pelican*.

"He thinks I'm the nicest girl he ever met. Shall I give him a date?"

"No. Let him keep on thinking it."—*Rutgers Chanticleer*.

"What would you say, my little boy, if your father came home after drinking three or four bottles of horrid gin?"

"I'd say it was wonderful!"—*Harvard Lampoon*.

College Man—Would you object if I kissed you?
And the Co-Ed—(No answer).

C. M.—Would you care if I kissed you?

Co-Ed—(No answer).

C. M.—Would you mind if I kissed you?

Co-Ed—(No answer).

C. M.—Say, are you deaf?

Co-Ed—No, are you dumb?—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

Your
Photograph
for
Graduation

The opportunity will not occur again

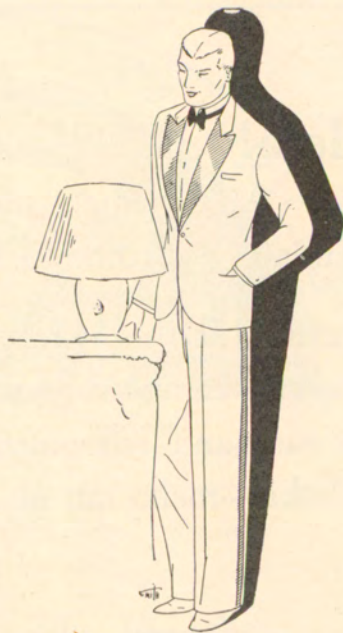
My Portraits are made to sustain a reputation
for fine work

The Stone Studio

106 The Circle

Palo Alto

The Ability to Wear Evening Clothes



The "Beaumont" * TUXEDOS at Evening Clothes Headquarters \$35 to \$60

with ease, rests somewhat upon the individual—but—more upon the clothes selected.

Selix Evening Clothes—recognized as correct, smart and in perfect taste—put you instantly at ease. You know that you are faultlessly dressed.

The Selix Standard of Tailoring and Quality of Materials gives smartness and style to every garment. Selix Volume makes possible the very moderate prices.

Charge Accounts Rental Accommodations

SELIX

"Everything for Evening Wear" CORNER EDDY & MASON STS.

San Francisco Oakland Store, 1228 Broadway (near 13th)

FULLER & CO. Grocers

If it's good—we have it

162 University Avenue PHONES 751-752



Learn to Fly! Our New Payment Plan Only \$50 Down

Your flying instructions start immediately upon receipt of first payment

Pilot's License F. A. I. Guaranteed

Write for particulars at once

WALTER T. VARNEY

Est. 1916

Airport San Mateo

Office 1645 California St. San Francisco

PASS THE BANANA OIL, PLEASE

(Lines now in vogue)

"But I'm not that kind of a fellow. Really, Kath—I mean Edith,—I do love you, honest. Perhaps I have told this to other girls, but I never meant it the way I do now. Come on, Edith, what's a kiss any . . ."

"I'm sorry, sir, but Mr. Smith is in conference just now. He says he'll be busy for several hours yet. Won't you call some . . ."

"I'll take the check waiter. Oh, no! this is on me. Really, Jack—well, if you ins . . ."

"We've spent a very enjoyable evening, indeed. You really must pay us a visit some . . ."—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Mrs. Bibbles. "Over to John Jagsby's house," said Mr. Bibbles. "He has just sent to ask if I could lend him a corkscrew, so I'm taking it over myself."

"Couldn't you send it?" queried the good lady.

"Mrs. Bibbles," said Mr. Bibbles, in cutting tones, "the question you ask me shows why most women are unfit to lead armies and make quick decisions in business deals involving millions. When the psychological moment arrives they don't know what to do with it."—Hotel Reporter.

An Englishman returned to London and was telling of an American college prom. He concluded saying:

"And dontcher know, old thing, they weren't even married." —Hogan's Alley.

Sincerity Messages To Be Enjoyed

A really good advertisement is something more than simply a description and price list. For it has interest and individuality—*personality*, one might well say.

It personifies the Company, it breathes the human element of the Store, it talks interestingly of personal needs, not boastfully but confidently and sincerely.

You, friend reader, find a certain individuality in our advertisements. They are plain, simple, straightforward, believable. A price named is a worth stated.

Discounting and speculating is never necessary when you read our advertisements. Read them regularly! Get the habit!



322 University Ave. Palo Alto

Speaker—And we want home rule for Ireland.
Smart Aleck—And home rule for Hell.
Speaker—That's right, everybody speak up for his own country.—Harvard Lampoon.

"The sweetest pipe in the world"



The Milano is made in 26 smart shapes in smooth finish, from \$3.50 up; rustic finish, \$4.00 up—all insured for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

MILANO

The Insured Pipe



Wm. Demuth & Co. World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes 230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

This snappy style is No. 1780

"Hi, keed, can you spell 'weather'?"
"W-E-O-A-T-H-E-R'. Howzat?"
"Terrible. That's the worst spell of weather we've had in a long while."—Brown Jug.

A. B. PETERSON, PRESIDENT

CARDINAL HOTEL

O. L. STEPHENSON, JR., MANAGING DIRECTOR

Palo Alto, California

Stanford men make the Cardinal their headquarters whether they are wearing the Corduroys or the Tuxedo.

Beautiful Furnishings

Writing Rooms

The new musical comedy came to town. The billboards read: "50 Beautiful Girls; 45 Gorgeous Costumes."

Ten students were killed and several dozen horribly mangled in the rush at the opening performance.—Virginia Reel.

First Flapper—Poor Peter!
Second Flapper—Why, what's the matter with him?
"Two years ago he took a course in mind reading, and he hasn't stopped blushing since."—Judge.

MARTIN'S MUSIC SHOP

Musical Instruments Sheet Music

OUTSTANDING HITS
BRUNSWICK { 2827 I've Named My Pillow After You } Nick Lucas
 { 2859 Twilight Stars and You }
COLUMBIA { 307 When You and I Were Seventeen—Leo Reisman }
 { 319 Yearning—Clover Blossom }

Phone 425-J

Baldwin Pianos

273 University Ave., Palo Alto

Dependability
in
Printing

Times Print Shop

ED. L. WARNER, Prop.
220 Hamilton Ave. Phone 1931

Multigraphing--Mimeographing

Birthday Cakes
Wedding Cakes
Party Pastries



A business built on unsurpassed products

356 University Avenue
Palo Alto 1609

THE
MINTON
COMPANY

Building
Material
Merchants

"The most complete
building material
concern on the
Peninsula"

130 University Avenue
PALO ALTO
Phone P. A. 1705

HOTEL
VENDOME

SAN JOSE

Headquarters for
Stanford Students

Special Attention Given to Dinner
Parties and Dances

Make Reservations for Week Ends

Tennis Courts . . . Plunge
Radio
9 Hole Putting Green

Rates on Application

FRED W. TEGELER, Prop.

"Say, pretty girl you had last night, what's her name?"

"Why, her name's Jane."

"You don't say! I once knew a jane in Chicago.—*Penn State Froth.*

Hi—I sent a dollar to a firm for a cure for my horse that slobbers.

Si—What did you get?

Hi—A slip of paper on which was written: "Teach Him to Spit."

—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

Distracted Mother—John, will you speak to these boys?"

Father—Good evening, children.—*Judge.*

The Cambridge boat is to be 3 feet 4 inches longer than that of Oxford. The idea appears to be that the extra metre will assist the rhythm.—*Punch.*

"What is the modern girl coming to?" commented Mrs. Oldwed.

"Slowly, but surely," replied Mr. Oldwed, "to that period of life when she will ask that very same question."—*Judge.*

"How was Vera dressed at the party last night?"

"I forget, but I do remember that her dress was checked."

"Say, what kind of a dance was that?"

—*Lehigh Burr.*

The
Cameron & Getchell
Hairdressing
Shop

Fully equipped to serve a Particular
Clientèle, especially in

Marcel Waving Water Waving
Paper Curling Shampooing
Hair Cutting

Water Softened by the Bromide System
Is Used Entirely in Our Shop

Our expert operators are competent in
every field of Dermatology

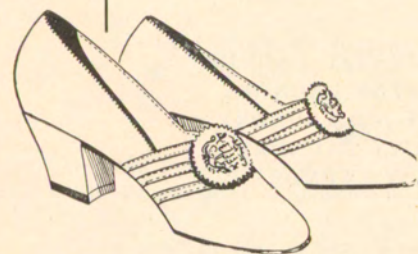
360 University Avenue
Just above Waverley

Phone Palo Alto 389

Sailing over a Summer's Sea ---
all in white



A sight most beautiful. And just as beautiful are these white gored pumps illustrated here. So easy to slip on—so certain to set trim and true around the ankle—so cool and comfortable to wear, yet so modest in price that they permit the pleasure of luxury without extravagance—\$10



Thoirs

White Hosiery Also

"ROSE MARIE!"

(As one hears it sung in the three-a-day)
Rows Muh-ree, I loveyuh,
I malwuz thin kinofyuh,
No mat tuhwhat I do I can't fuh getchuh,
A-a-a times I wished tha-a I had nevuh metchuh,
And yet if I shudloseyuh,
Twould me-e-ean my very life tuh me-e-e,
Uh vall the queens that evuh live di choose yuh,
Tuh rule me, Rows Muh-ree.—*Brown Jug.*

REPORTER'S INSTINCT

Caller at newspaper office—I'm trying to find my son. He's been missing three weeks. He disappeared and I don't know where he is.

Reporter—Lost, eh?—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

Hard—There was a big fire at the postoffice last night.

Boiled—My girl down at Smith College must have sent me another letter.—*Washington Dirge.*

"Wonder why the Mediterranean is so blue!"

"You'd be blue if you had to wash the shores of Italy."—*Brown Jug.*

Automobile manufacturers soon will announce a radical change in the construction of cars. They're going to put the back seat in front so Ma can drive better.—*Life.*

Lady Jane—Have you given the goldfish fresh water, Janet?
Janet—No, mum, they ain't finished the water I gave them yesterday, yet.—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.*



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INSPIRATION

For many years the Poet had starved in his garret, emaciated and pale, but producing the sheer, shimmering visions that had won him Fame at last. Now he had arrived! He had been asked to appear before the Ladies' Guild. "Speak to us," they had written, "speak on inspiration!"

"Whence comes inspiration?" he asked as he mounted the platform. "Whence come these spots of color that dance before my eyes? Whence the color of the rose, the breath of the orchid, the sheer svelt of the pansy? Ah, whence indeed? Inspiration," he sighed, "comes from within."

"But isn't he homely, though!" whispered the ladies. "His face is blotched, his eyes are yellow and jaundiced, and his complexion is distinctly unpleasant. We won't ask him again."

"It was indeed my sorry complexion," concluded the Poet when they did not applaud. "I shall go to a doctor and he shall make me beautiful."

So he went to a doctor, who examined him and told him that his liver had been out of order. And he gave him some pills to improve his complexion.

Six months later the doctor met the Poet on the street. He was delivering butter and eggs.

"Well, did I cure your liver?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," sighed the Poet, "and now I can't write any more poems."—*New Yorker*.

AESOP'S FABLES NO. 999

Once upon a time a blind drag turned out to be a knockout.
—*Virginia Reel*.

Male—Is the pleasure of this next dance to be mine?
Female—Yes—all yours.—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*.

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Before they were married he whispered to her:
"Were I drowning in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean—go-
ing down for the third time—you would be the last person I'd
think of."

It made her feel very happy.

After they had been married several years he made the same
speech.

It didn't seem to have the same meaning then. Besides, she
didn't like the way he said it.

So she hit him with a plate.—*Judge*.

We offer the prophecy prize to Judge for the following:
"There's one good thing about prohibition."

"What is it?"

"They won't be able to pan off old motion pictures on us
now. The drinking scenes will give them away."

—(*Judge*, 1918) *Yale Record*.

"I understand Jean's some necker."

"She ought to be. She won the loving cup last year."

—*Alabama Rammer-Jammer*.

"They used to carry him in. Now they're carrying him
out," wept the disconsolate widow sadly.—*Boston Beanpot*.

Ed—Do you know, Aunt Charlotte's new suit cost her \$60?
Ned (absently)—Two pair of pants?—*Goblin*.

"Say, little one, is my face good for a pack of cigarettes?"
"No, but it might do for a tobacco pouch."—*Columbia Jester*.

"Surveying a little?"

"No, a lot!"—*Boston Beanpot*.

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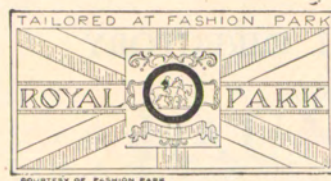
—William Halla

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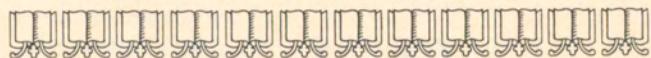
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MEMORIES

Little Boy—Papa what is a prom?
Papa—A prom, mine boy, is a big holiday like yomkippur.
L. B.—Like yomkippur, papa? And do we eat?
Papa—Oh, yes! We eat—but the college boys don't.
—Boston Beanpot.

Scep—What is an optimist?
Tick—A man who is satisfied with the way the football team is coached.—Carolina Buccaneer.

"Janet was not like other girls," remarked her brother as he buried the bearded lady.—Brown Jug.

"I read 'To a Skylark' this afternoon."
"How did you get the pesky thing to listen?"
—Bucknell Belle Hop.

"Where did you come from?"
"The Lord made me."
"No wonder there are so many atheists."
—W. Va. Moonshine.

A Scotchman gave a waiter a tip. The horse lost.
—Columbia Jester.

"And you say you guarantee these canaries?"
"Guarantee them? Why, madam, I raised them from canary seed!"—Brown Jug.

"I am told you went in for speculation; tell me, were you a 'bull' or a 'bear'?"
"Neither. I was an ass!"—Goblin.

"Columbus was right. He sighted dry land."
—Buffalo Bison.

A prisoner who had served seven years of his service, and who recently escaped from gaol, has now been captured. He pleads that he merely went out to see if it was still raining.—Punch.

Frosh—What did you get for passing your exams?
Soph—Have you seen those new sport model Cadillac roadsters?
"Yes! yes!"
"Well, I got five bucks."—Goblin.

She—Now, John, if you tell people we were just married I'll never forgive you."

(Later)
Clerk (at hotel)—Room for yourself and wife?
John—Well, er—we are not—YES!—Virginia Reel.

Rowing Coach—You want to come out for the crew, huh? Ever rowed before?
Candidate—Only a horse, sir.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

"Women are wearing their stockings in sausage fashion now."
"Below knees."—Penn Punch Bowl.

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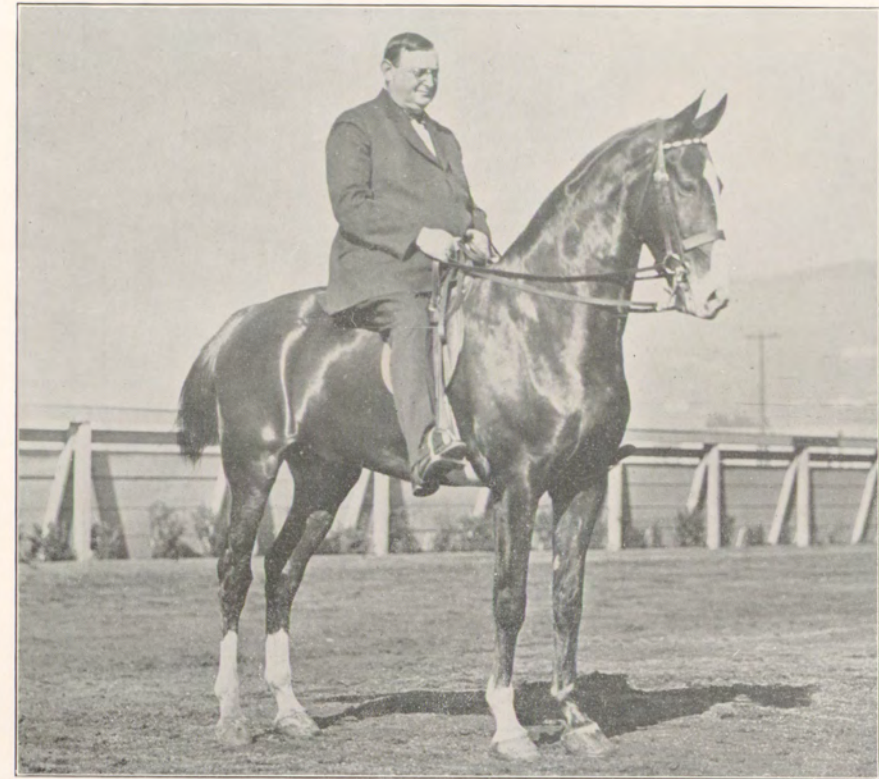
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LARGEST STOCK OF SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES IN THE WEST



Marco H. Hellman, President of the Hellman Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, and Vice-President of the Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles, is one of the West's greatest horsemen, being president of the Southern California Riding and Driving Club, under whose auspices the annual horse shows in Los Angeles are given, and the Los Angeles Riding Club, which has had such a large bearing on the development of equestrian sports in Southern California. Mr. Hellman is a former student of Stanford University and is deeply interested in its activities.

ALL over Southern California there is a growing interest in equestrian sports. This interest, in fact, has become so widespread that many collegians and former collegians are taking it up with great enthusiasm. The development of the sport has been made possible because of the construction of convenient bridle paths through the foothill sections of Los Angeles and vicinity and the organization also of a number of equestrian clubs whose membership includes the best known horse enthusiasts in Southern California.

The club which has perhaps influenced the development of riding activities more than any other is the Los Angeles Riding Club, of which Marco H. Hellman, prominent Los Angeles banker, is president. Mr. Hellman is a former Stanford student and has never diminished his keen interest in Stanford activities. While he is known particularly as president of the great Hellman Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, and vice-president of the Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles, he is a man of very broad club, civic, and fraternal interests. He is also president of the Southern California Riding and Driving Club, under whose auspices the annual Los Angeles horse shows are given.

It was at his suggestion some years ago that Los Angeles be made the center of Southern California's equestrian activities, and he has drawn great numbers of

influential men and women around him to give substance to the state's equestrian and bridle path development.

The Los Angeles Riding Club, which Mr. Hellman organized two years ago, maintains an equestrian establishment at Pruess Road and Second Street, Los Angeles, which has become widely known as the finest of its kind in the West. The club owns a property of seven acres, and its equipment includes modern stables accommodating 150 horses, a large enclosed riding ring, and a driving ring for harness horses. This club has become the active center of daily riding activities, and among those who are included in its membership are some of the most prominent equestrian devotees of Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, and vicinity.

In Mr. Hellman's personal stables are a number of the finest show horses ever bred in America, one of them being Easter Star, winner of the National five-gaited championship of the National Horse Show in New York, 1922, and the \$10,000 five-gaited championship stake at the Kentucky State Fair in 1922.

Mr. Hellman, who is a member of the pioneer Hellman family of California, is known throughout the country as a man who has been of the greatest possible service in connection with the revival of equestrian activities.

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