

CHAPARRAL

JANUARY - 1928



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and how!



OPEN a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and give your olfactory nerve a treat. Never have you met an aroma that had so much come-and-get-it. Some fragrance, fellows. And that's just a starter. Load up and light up. . . .

Cool as final exams. Sweet as passing. Mild as *cafe au lait* — mild, but with that rich, full-bodied flavor that bangs your smoke-gong right on the nose on every fire-up. You'll like this long-burning Prince Albert in the bowl of a pipe. And how!

One of the first things you notice about P. A. is that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how wide you open the smoke-throttle. It is one tobacco that never wears out its welcome. You can stoke and smoke to your heart's content, with P. A. for packing. Get some Prince Albert now and get going!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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"My girl actually thinks that I'm a wit."
"Well, she's half right about it."

—Texas Ranger.

Never throw anything away; there may be another war and then you can sell it.—Annapolis Log.

Dorothy—My lips are all chapped up.
Dorothea—I can't keep the chaps off my lips, either.

—Jabberwock.

"There are several things I can always count on."
"What are they?"
"My fingers."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

"I see by the paper that a widower with nine children has married a widow with seven children."

"That was no marriage. That was a merger."

—Oregon Orange Owl.

"What kind of a girl is Ann?"
"She thinks Don Juan was a naive."

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

Our idea of a manly art of self-defense—one hundred yards in ten seconds.—Exchange.

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"Who's that blonde over there?"

"Why, that's Mrs. Wright."

"Man! I'd rather be Wright than president."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

IS THAT SO!

"Pa, what's a pedestrian?"

"The owner of a second-hand automobile."—Drexlerd.

He came home and, as they say in the movies, found his wife sewing a tiny garment.

"My dear, my dear," he cried.

"Don't be silly," she replied. "This is my new dinner gown."

—Exchange.

First Boarder—I hear the landlady has just given birth to a child.

Second Unfortunate—Is it a fact?

First—No, it's just another roomer.—Siren.

"Do you love me?"

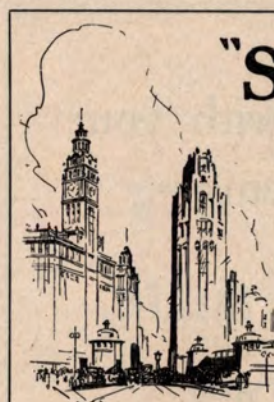
"Uh-huh."

"Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?"

—Rutgers Chanticleer.

Theodore Roosevelt said a thorough knowledge of the Bible was worth more than a college education.

A thorough knowledge of anything is worth more than a college education.—Yale Review.



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"The Student's Friend"

Professor—What do you know about Kant?
George Follansbee Babbit, Jr. (Who has just been pledged Rotary)—There ain't such a word.—*Boston Beanpot.*

▶

She—Do you like polo?
He—Naw, too much horseplay.—*Mirror.*

▶

WHAT HO! BELOW!

Father (former football player)—Is that secret practice, daughter, or has the game been called on account of darkness?
—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

▶


"What is your brother in college?"
"A halfback."
"I mean in studies."
"Oh! In studies he's away back."—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

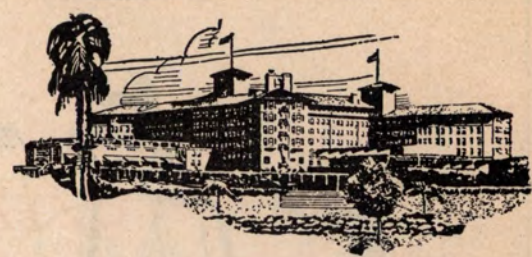
▶

Fair Fan—My dear, I simply DON'T know what to wear to the game!
Fanfare—One game on the bleachers and you will note any deficiencies, dearie.—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

▶

The rumor that Harvard, Yale, and Vassar will make up the Big Three next year has been flatly denied by the captain of the Harvard eleven. The captain said that since 1882 the Harvard team had come out of the Vassar contests badly gouged and bitten.—*Pitt Panther.*


The Ambassador
Los Angeles





"Beyond Criticism"
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One of the most eminent attorneys and financiers in America, writes

"The Ambassador is one of the most luxurious places in the world in which to live. The promptness and courtesy of the management, the beauty and comfort of the appointments, and the efficiency of the service, are *beyond criticism.*"

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BEN L. FRANK, *Manager*

Passenger—Slow up, Jack, I'm going to jump at the next corner.
Driver—Don't scare it.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

▶

"Would you scream for help if I kissed you?"
"Do you think you would need any?"
—*Oklahoma Aggievator.*

▶

Lonesome Little Laura—Nobody loves me, and my hands are cold.
Hard-hearted Henry—Well, God loves you, and you can sit on your hands.—*Annapolis Log.*

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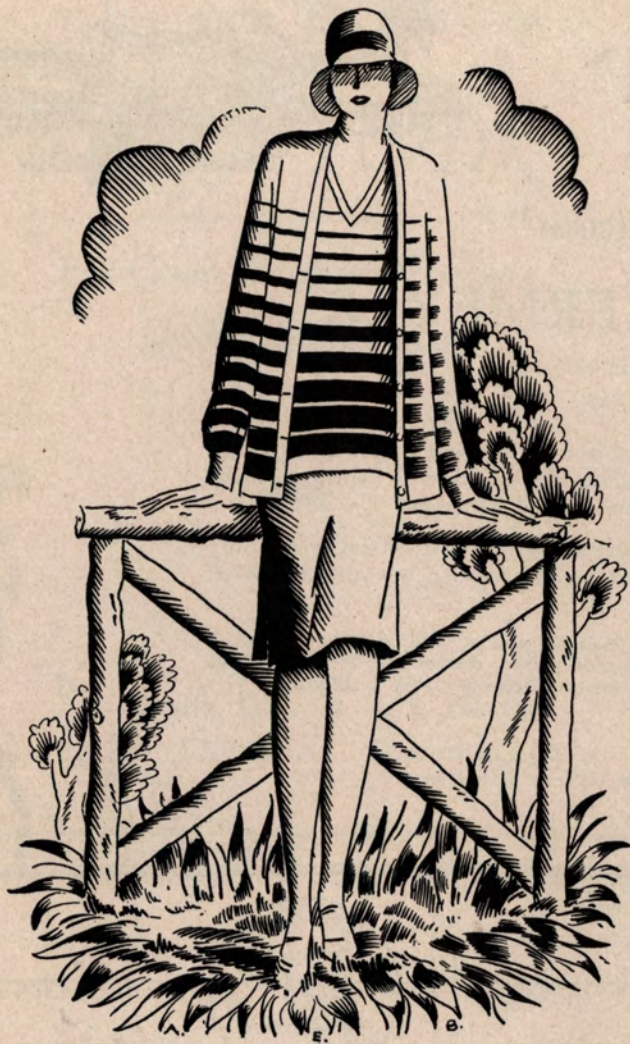
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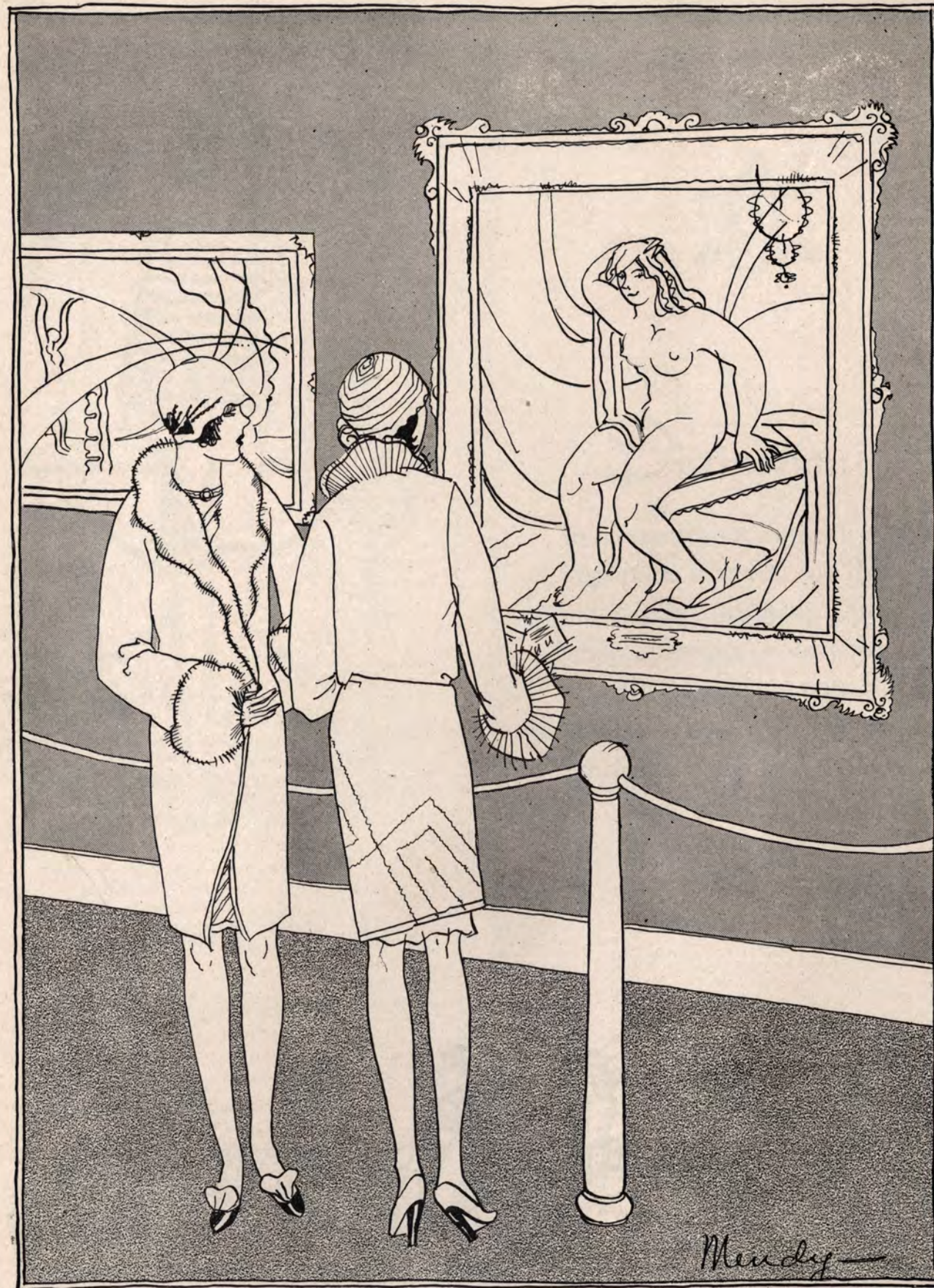
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HICKEY-FREEMAN

Swift
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No. 1—How do you manage to keep under twenty miles an hour on Palm Drive?
No. 6—I'm afraid I don't know; I never tried it.



"THE CATALOGUE SAYS—'THERE IS A CERTAIN FEELING OF SOLIDITY ABOUT IT THAT RECALLS THE MASTERS OF YORE.'"

"PROBABLY A MISPRINT—THEY MUST MEAN THE 'MATERS' OF YORE."



VOL. XXIX

JANUARY, 1928

No. 4

Just a Few Reasons Why the Evening Was a Failure

BECAUSE SHE:—

1. Thought everything was "cute" or "darling."
2. Failed to see anything funny about my wisecracks.
3. Fully discussed the men she might have gone with.
4. Called me a "frat" fellow.
5. Felt as though she had known me for ages.
6. Thought the music was divine.
7. Kept talking about the courses she was taking.
8. Insisted on saying "and how," "yes indeedy," "all righty," and "o k m n x."
9. My Gawd, what a face!

—CARTER

Oh, to be a Guinea Pig

A PROFESSOR in an Eastern college recently conducted experiments with guinea pigs and alcohol.

He has found, according to newspaper reports, that the guinea pig which is kept drunk six days in the week remains as healthy and contented as any of his temperate fellows.

Accepting the statement, nevertheless we await eagerly the impending epidemic of students disguising themselves as guinea pigs.

An Error?

"Harry was more than a husband to me," sobbed the wife of the murdered man. "He was a paymate."—*Calif. Newspaper.*

Which, no doubt, explains the sobs.

Ques.—Why do men wear bifocals on Powell Street during the steno stampede at noon?

Ans.—Why do blind men sit on sidewalks?



To a Bighty Difty Dabe

YOUR blue eyes shide lige dibods

Id a face lige sprigtibe flowers, Bilk white with cheeks of pickdness,

Bure as the Abril showers.

Your bouth lige a dew-tibbed rosebud,

Just bade for be do giss.

Hell, I cadt get robadic

With by dose stobbed ub lige this.

—E. L. S.

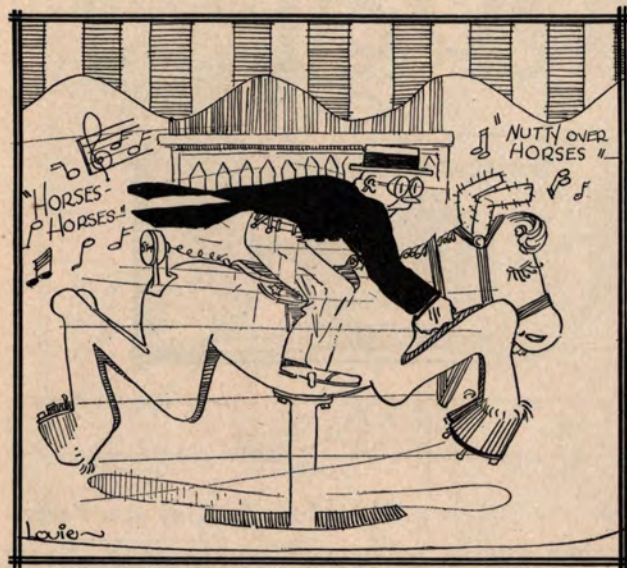
Thoughts of a Girl at a Party

GOSH I wish somebody would cut in this man has been dancing with me all afternoon he's a rotten dancer too there goes Jimmy Blythe he didn't even notice me the old high hat he might stop and speak to a friend someone ought to make that man go home it's terrible the way some people drink they think that's all a party is for is to drink I wish I had a drink this man is getting on my nerves there he is getting on my feet too those new slippers cost me fifteen bucks but I'll bet he never thought of that I'll bet he never saw fifteen bucks gee that's a cute-looking boy I wonder what it would feel like when he kissed you I suppose this sap will try to kiss me they all do when they dance on your feet I guess they think that makes it all right why doesn't somebody cut in thank God here comes a fellow he looks all right oh he didn't cut in after all he tagged that awful fat woman what he sees in her is more than I can the taste of some people is this dance never going to get done I wonder how I'd look with gray hair.

—R. T. P.

A Free White: I understand they're going to hang that fellow who murdered his wife.

A Husband: It's just as well—a man of that sort is likely to develop criminal tendencies.



"HORSEING AROUND"

Contribution to Materia Medica

AN important difference between the sexes, slowly being recognized by science, is that after going through the anatomical process of sneezing twice, a woman powders her nose, while a man colors up and says "damn."

Studies in Small Town Psychology

Mr. Flashleigh: I just saw young Gayblade, and by the way, there is a new woman in town from New York—a Miss Brightlights.

Mr. Monger: My dear, Fred Flashleigh told me today that young Gayblade is back in town and there is a new woman too from New York. Miss Brightlights, I think he said her name was.

Mrs. Monger: What do you think? My husband told me that Mr. Flashleigh told him that he saw young Jerry Gayblade and some woman from New York named Brightlights.

Mrs. Prattle: Did you ever! Mamie Monger told me that her husband told her that Fred Flashleigh told him that he saw Jerry Gayblade parading around town today with some baggage of a chorus girl from New York.

Mrs. Scandal: Have you heard the news? Young Mr. Gayblade has been carrying on the most shamefully open affair with some awful chorus girl from New York. Just think of his poor wife!

Chorus (in unison): Here comes that terrible Jerry Gayblade. Do you think we should speak to him? I wonder where that brazen hussy is?

—R. T. P.

Why Go to a Dance?

Carlotta—You know, Carl, I think it's one of the sins of the younger generation that they have to confess they don't know anything to talk about, and have to go to shows and dances. Don't you think so?

Carl—I'm right with you; it's a shame.

Carlotta—Especially with college people like us—we have so much wonderful material, so many interesting topics to think about.

Carl—That's just it; you've struck it exactly.

Carlotta—Now you take the political situation—what do you think about a third sentence, or term, for Secretary of State Hoover? Or is it Dawes? I forget just which but it doesn't matter.

Carl—Well, you can take it either way; it's really a debatable subject.

Carlotta—That's exactly what I think. You can say something for both sides.

Carl—Interesting thing to think about though.

Carlotta—Oh, marvelously so.

Carl—Yep.

Carlotta—Yeah.

Carl—Shall we drop in and see the Siggies' hop tonight?

Carlotta—Oh, I'd just love to. I'll get my coat. You be thinking of an interesting topic until I come back.

Carl—Huh? Oh, sure, sure.

—HOUSER

CHAPPIE'S OPTICAL DEPARTMENT



Test Your Eyesight

Can you read the dates on the coins?

Married at Last; or, Better Late than Never

By Helen Stanford

(Written in Close Collaboration with Several Defunct Contributors to "Godey's Lady's Book," 1869)

IS this the end, then, Kitty?"

"Yes, it is the end now, Jasper."

The springtime rain fell on the bowed heads of the erstwhile lovers, now so sadly estranged.

The lips of the man grew pale.

"Farewell, my dear one," he murmured through his clenched teeth. "Farewell, my Kitty. I go out into the great world, alone; and, I fear, without a safeguard. This little hand, cold as a snowflake, that I clasp within my own, has held my destiny. Will it bid me go now, unfettered by its sweet restraint?"

"It will," said Kitty.

"What if it waft me over destruction's brink?"

"Your mother's prayers can, *must* save you from all harm."

"So be it, then," said the man, and with white lips paler than before, he walked away without a backward glance.

It was thus that they parted, but in the years to come this madcap girl was to repent her sorely of her trifling. How often in her dreams was she to hear his melancholy intonations calling "Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!"

THE years rolled by—and Kitty was no longer the volatile, merry-hearted girl of seventeen summers. She was a woman grown. Her father had long since passed away, and now, at the age of thirty-seven, she had for nineteen years dwelt in the retiracy of her brother's home, where she lived in helpless dependence upon his charity and that of his wife, Lulu.

But in spite of the indignities which a girl of her sensibilities must necessarily suffer in such trying circumstances, Kitty refused to avail herself of such opportunities of escape as offered themselves. Her heart was true to Jasper. "I can never bring myself to wed another" she reiterated. But Time, remorseless wretch, stole year by year a little of the rose-tint from her cheeks, a little of the sparkle from her eyes. She felt herself gradually

stiffening into a buckram image of feminine propriety.

At last there presented himself a suitor of unexpected eligibility. Although he lacked somewhat of polish, owing to a lifetime of devotion to the exciting swing of a successful mercantile career, he was possessed of a large mansion and a corps of well-trained servants.

Kitty's brother, abetted by Lulu, encouraged the courtship. Finally Lulu took it upon herself to speak to her recalcitrant sister-in-law.

"Is Mr. Pilkens personally disagreeable to you?" she demanded in her strong contralto voice. Kitty could think of no reply that suited the occasion.

That morning, through the register pipe, she had overheard her brother and his wife in close conjugal conversation. "It is time that Kitty should put forth some effort toward her self-support. Her maintenance is really quite a burden on our resources," came her brother's accents through the heating system.

"And she isn't getting any younger," rasped his helpmeet, laughing viciously.

And so the die was cast, and, recollecting that life is real and earnest, Kitty resolved to give her hand without her heart. That afternoon she wakened unrefreshed from her post-prandial siesta, and for hours she paced the floor in agony, bidding good-bye to her lost girlish dreams of happiness. Then, hastily investing herself in her gown of sultan red satin, the skirt of which was embroidered in life-sized designs of the ever changing chameleon, she descended to the dinner table, and nerved herself with a glass of sangaree against her en-



"And she isn't getting any younger, either," rasped his helpmeet, laughing viciously

counter with her importunate suitor.

Mr. Pilkens arrived at eight-fifteen. Kitty entwined her nervously-clasped fingers about her long-neglected crocheting, and endeavored to present a fine attitude of bashful apology, faintly flavored with prudish consternation. Mr. Pilkens was a gentleman of few words. "My love!" he murmured, and in an instant the bearded cheek rested caressingly against Kitty's blonde tresses.

After the nuptials Mr. Pilkens led his bride to Oyster Acres. He was not an irascible man, and his attitude toward his fair young spouse was ever replete with respect.

In April came a little blossom to bless the family tree.

ALTHOUGH her heart could never be his, Kitty for long remained a faithful helpmeet to her noble husband. Often her silvery yet melancholy laugh was heard through Oyster Acres, but even in her merriest moments a close observer could detect a look of misery that begloomed her countenance.

One day, as she was walking unattended in the forests, she felt a hand upon her shoulder. Like a

(Continued on page 162)



"HOLY SMOKE! THAT'S POTENT STUFF!"

Games That May Be Played in Jail

1. BUTTON, BUTTON

This is a test of will power just like an Easter-egg hunt. The warden unlocks all the doors, then goes into the telephone booth and thinks very hard of his second cousin for twenty minutes. When he comes out, to his intense surprise all the convicts have left, presumably for a week-end in the city.

The object is for the convicts to disguise themselves as Singer's Midgets before the warden finds them.

Prize: A stuffed owl.

2. KIPPER THE HERRING

This is a game at which the more patient convicts excel. The convicts try to take the large iron bars from the windows and steal away quietly when no one is looking. The warden tries, by stealth, to feed them poisoned gum-drops.

Prize: An iron basketball with attachment.

—JONES

DEFINITION of a cynic: The man who doesn't believe she's really cold when she says she is.

"What publicity," said the artist as he drew a crowd.

Lines on the New Ford

"The new Ford," says Henry from afar,
 "Is a better and a finer car
 Than in the days of yore."
 We'll wager it's as retrograde
 As any flivver ever made,
 If not a trifle more.

The colors are of every hue,
 "Arabian-Sand," "Gun-metal Blue."
 Their looks are quite seraphic—
 "A coincidental theft-proof lock"
 Makes the buggies hard to hock—
 Yet still they'll stall in traffic.

And on this little wonder-car
 "The finish cannot scratch or mar."
 Its glory knocks one dizzy.
 And though it has such marvelous things
 As "semi-elliptic transverse springs"—
 It'll still be known as "Lizzy."

The bus can go a mile a minute,
 But God help those who then are in it—
 Wrecks do take place, you know.
 Yet, with shock-absorbers on the car
 One can't be thrown out quite so far
 As one could a year ago.

—FLETCHER DUTTON



Male—DID YOU HAVE A NICE CHRISTMAS?

Female—PERFECTLY LOVELY! THE PRESENTS I SENT COST \$87.50, AND THOSE I GOT MUST HAVE COST AT LEAST \$200.

Philosophy etc.! WE'RE OFF **WHOOOPS!**
 ABBA DABBA WUWU **FIZZLEO SOPHY** WOMEN

H. Philosophy arises from an effort to direct life by intelligence (fancy that) Ha! Ha! *WORM IS LOWEST*
 1, 2, 3 - mixed these. Something about lower animals.

B. Philosophy is interested in natural laws - Thank God someone is. Mystical metaphysics, etc, mostly etc.

you o x x o AHA!
 me x o o x x x o o x o x o o RAY!
 x o x o x o x o x o

Shows what intelligence will do -!

(get C, D, E, F, G from Helen - also syllabus)

H. Early Greek atomism - means just what it says. *OUT! DAMNED SPOT*
 Molecules, polliwogs, and other horrible things introduced here. Profo looks like a bull dog, thus: *GRRRRR*

I. Materialistic Monism - No soap, also dualism
 α β γ δ ε ζ η θ ι - greek word for something or other.

MUGWUMP WUGMUMP **GOD IS LOVE** *Guin & MAS*
zaza zzz

where have you been all my life? *Waiting for you*
 Name? *who cares?* Maybe I do - is it: GRACE HELEN LOUISE ZARETHUSTRA
 No! *yes* How about a date tonight?

fresh!!! Seven o'clock OK? *or* *where?*
Table *Oh!* *TRADE MARK*

Z. Organic chemistry is glorified dominos.
 Bell Bell Bell Bell Bell! ← *AUTOSUGGESTION*
Electrons going strong - look up in text. Page 136 - BELL! *SAVED BY THE GONG.*
whoops! *Reynolds*

The Stanford Chaparral

VOL. XXIX JANUARY, 1928 No. 4

The Chappies

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906
 BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

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A NEW YEAR has bobbed up in front of our noses when least expected, the Foolish One supposes that, in common with other foolish folk, he must pester the public with a resolution or two. Accordingly, placing one hand upon the Coffin and, with the other, hoisting aloft the Silver Sledge, the Old Boy here and now most solemnly oaths and swears: To continue happy in the thought that it is his privilege to wear the Cardinal of Stanford, and in the knowledge that, reaching numerous crannies and corners of this globe, he can do service to the prestige of the Farm; to pay his bills someway or other, and yet retain enough profits to buy a pair of socks and build CHAPPIE a nice private nuthouse across the street; to print as few puns as possible, and never again to run another version of the bearded "who was that lady" gag; to

have his office cleaned by next June; ever to set out poisoned cheese for frauds, pseudo-cynics and other spurious rodents; to cherish always the ideals and the friendships of fellow inmates in Hammer and Coffin—and lastly and chiefly, to continue to be an utter and unmitigated pleasant imbecile. To all of which the Ancient One hereunder sets his hand and trained seal, s'help him!

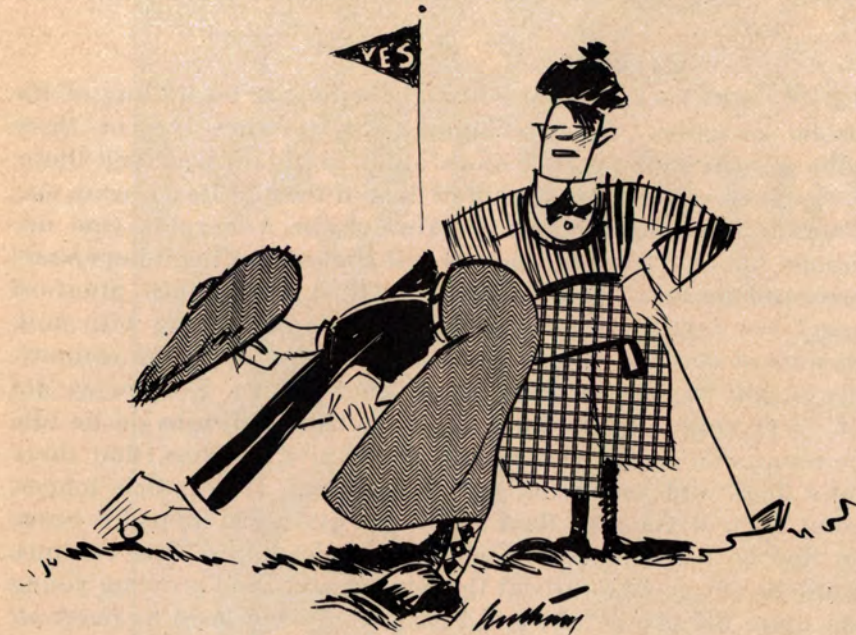


CHERUB, 1928, seems to have brought with him an inkling of the gladsome sprigtibe. True, we may enjoy another two or three months of rain, with possible snow and a chilblain here and there, but nevertheless sap is beginning to flow in the Old Boy's head, and that means spring. Please do not argue about it. And so the Venerable One unpacks from the mothballs his gnarled and knotted golf sticks, eyes them hopelessly as is his wont each year, and groans: "How much longer, O Lord, until Stanford shall have a golf course? For verily we live in a promised land, flowing with milk and honey and thousands and thousands of acres to spare, and there is come upon the countryside a mighty scourge and pestilence of golf bugs, who know not whither to turn. For are we not forbidden the paths and byways of every course in the land about, so that our clubs do lie idle in the corner? Yea, though there be many among us who would gladly give of alms, that there might rise up grass, and bunkers, and flags, and much flailing of niblicks: How much longer, pray?" Whereupon (for that is a long, fervent speech), the Foolish One sits back, mops his brow, and moralizes thusly: If the powers that be were to install eighteen holes upon this campus, t'would be well; for then there would be fewer who rally at the Nineteenth. And growing young bodies might gambol elsewhere than upon the green felt; and Frosh would not need to shout all their oaths from the windows of Encina; and many among us could, while losing our tempers, lose also premature double stomachs and goutiness. For, in the words of Lydia Pinkham, Happy are the Healthy Boy and Girl.

NOW THAT the football season is gone (albeit the New Year's game is not yet played as the Ancient One goes to press) the Old Boy heaves the hammer to salute in honor of Pop Warner and his gang, whose defeat of the Golden Bear and the Husky pack did so much to brighten his life last quarter. And at the same time he directs a ferocious scowl at A Certain Organization, and demands raucously, "What about loud-speakers in the stadium?"

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"FEW PEOPLE KNOW IT, BUT I ONCE DROVE 325 YARDS."
"WHAT MAKE OF AUTOMOBILE WERE YOU USING?"

NO, my little man, that isn't Santa Claus—that's George Bernard Shaw.

Picturesque Simile — Tighter than a drunken Scotchman in a straight-jacket.

A Gnote on the Gnat

GNATURALISTS have long disagreed about the exact status of the Gnat in Gnatural Science. Gnaturally the Gnat is gnot (this is getting contagious!) the smallest of the insects, but if there is anything smaller, it really does not matter. The Gnat devotes very little time to recreation.

the Gnat in his native habitat: This little Gnat busily cons his lessons for the next day; that little Gnat runs around in circles just to convince himself that he can do it; this little Gnat hits that little Gnat over the head



Soapsudski, in his infinitesimal work on the Gnat, recounts an instance of Gnats skipping rope, but this is hardly probable, as gno gnown Gnat has ever remained in one place long enough to do anything except be himself.

with a rock; then they all join hands and raise their Gnatty voices in joyous song.

The mating habits of the Gnat, if we may pry into such intimate matters, are very elementary. The male Gnat wiggles his right ear and the female Gnat wiggles her left ear, and that is all there is to it. When Gnat meets Gnat they start a Gnatatorium. The Gnatty Gnats have the most fun. It is very instructive to observe

All in all, it is rather gnice to be a Gnat. I have found it so.
—HERBERT REYNOLDS

The Last "If"

If all statistics were placed in one huge pile, some insensate fool would measure it.

What Columbus Laughed At

Professor—I'll not go on with the lecture until the room settles down.

The Nimble One—Better go home and sleep it off, old man.
—*Madrid Tamale, 1492*

"Who are those two wiry gentlemen supporting that pole?"
"They are the main guys."

A Simple Inquiry

WHAT is the cardinal virtue, What are the wages of sin, What's the reward of obedience, And when is a Cheshire grin?

Where is the land that God forgot, Why is there truth in wine; What is the use of a feathered nest And why are the lowing kine?

Where are the paths of glory, Why does the blue begin; Whose face sank a thousand ships, And when do you kith and kin?

Whose love laughs at locksmiths, Why is to have and to hold; Who wants your wandering boy tonight, And where is the pot of gold?

What is a bearded lion, How can the last be first; What if the twain should ever meet, And where is a bubble that's burst?

What's the percentage in going West, And where do both ends meet? Find the woman who always pays, And the world is all at our feet.

—PAINE & BOUTELL

Mother Cat—Tommy, your neck is *not* clean.
Tommy Cat—I'm sorry, mother. It was merely a slip of the tongue.

Ques—Where is the moral uplift center of the city?
Ans—The elevator shaft of the Y.W.C.A.

Zeus—Did you have a good time at the nectar festival last night?
Bacchus (who lisps slightly)—I'll say. I was out with one of those pretty Greek myths.

Proven

"I can absolutely rely on my bootlegger," said John. "He was the third highest in prison conduct in his delegation to San Quentin."
"Mine has a blameless character, too," said Bill. "He has been acquitted of murder three times."
"I trust mine also," said Amos. "He went blind while he was testing liquor for his customers."

The Vicious Cycle

AHUMORIST is a man who Gets drunk in order to be Funny and make money, And who *must* be Funny to get enough money To stay drunk and be Funny enough to make money. And so on.

"Mother?"
"Yes, dear."
"Mother, may I ask you a very important question?"
"Why yes, dear. What is it?"
"Mother—it's something I've never asked you before."
"Then perhaps you had better consult your father about such matters."
"No; you know more about it than he does—you've been married three times."
"Well—er—Jimmy, what is it?"
"Mother, how do you—how—how do you get a divorce? Jane and I have separated."

The Girl's Lament

I HAVE dreamed of a man who'd come riding one day
On a charger both gallant and bold,
With an air so commanding and arrogant ways,
Who would woo me like brave knights of old.
But my dreams so entrancing have never come true,
And I guess that they never will be;
For my sweetie he comes in a broken-down Ford
Whenever he calls on me.
—R. T. P.

AND yet another: "What a different scent a few whales make!"

In the Good Old Days

Mr. Stonehatchet—I hear Mr. Neanderthal is going to get an honorary degree for his contribution to science.
Second Tough Hombre—Yeh? What did he do?
Mr. S.H.—He's the one who discovered that 2 and 2 equals 4.
S.T.H.—Smart guy!



The Gas-Tank Gag Revised: HE LIGHTED A MATCH TO SEE IF THE JUG WAS EMPTY.



Keeping That New Year's Resolution

An Intimate View of the Class Average System

<i>Whatever the Student Writes--</i>	<i>The Corrector Has His Own Ideas--</i>	<i>And That's That</i>
... that Shakespeare himself played Tunket in <i>McBeth</i> , like in the line where it says: "A. Tunket is heard." But Bacon—	Damn ... heartburn again ... no more sauerkraut (uph!) ... Poor constitution—needs amending: ha ha, pun! (uph!) Bah!	D
... "puleing and mukeing in his governess's arms," and I do not think anybody with much sense of sort of <i>decency</i> would say such—	... let's see, what was I doing? Oh yes ... blonde in front row ... nice knees ... 15 per cent ... Hmmm. Hips a little big ... smiles—	A
... but lost his life in a bath-tub when, without even knocking, this Charlotte Corday came in and knifed him, crying—"Off with—"	... twice this week the wife has used my toothbrush ... going too far ... hang it on another hook ... (uph!) sauerkraut!	C
... was just before Queen Anne was beheaded in 1715, I think, that William Howard Thackeray wrote "Boswell's Life of—"	Hmmm, 30 per cent B's ... bath tonight ... change underwear. Told her to darn those socks. Bills, bills ... well, there's payday—	B+
... for after all Dickens understood the human heart. What feeling for the sufferings of humanity, what superb, transcen—	... must be careful, keep average down. 15 per cent (uph!) Back itching again ... can't reach it. Tire gone flat ... damn!	(-)
... born in 1661 and died in 1731. In the meantime he wrote some books of which I can't seem to right now remember any of th—	... bicarbonate of soda ... keeps me awake with that infernal yowling ... a moth hole in these pants! ... Let's see now—	C
<i>Note:</i> This course has been excellently corrected, and what a lot of good it has done me. I certainly hope to take more of this—	More relatives ... might as well have married her family. Sleep in closet ... well, I'm not Brigham Young, ha ha—bah!	(-)
... I mean, I think that Shakespeare is just too <i>killing</i> where he says, "For fish bait withal" when that pawnbroker named Sher—	... bristles coming out ... 15 per cent ... socks ... get that damned cat. Ah, the last one! She seems friendly ... possibilities (uph!)—	See me

This One Smelt

Waiter in an English restaurant (to parson)—
The 'erring salad is very good tonight, sir.
*Parson—*No, thank you. I think I'll have a nice righteous one.

An Eye for an Aye

AFTER the eloquent speaker had done There wasn't a dry eye in the house. The hushed assembly was still as a mouse After the eloquent speaker had done. He pleaded his cause full well—old souse! When the vote was taken the wets had won. After the eloquent speaker had done There wasn't a dry "aye" in the house.

CAN anyone imagine an experience more embarrassing than to wake up and hear burglars singing in the cellar?

—H. S.



Chaparral Nominates for the Guillotine

1. The pest who, once catching you in the library, laughingly calls you a Phi Bete for the rest of the year.
2. The criminal who daily demands to know what you got in your last "psych" ex.
3. The blackguard who softly hums "Blue Heaven" at the slightest provocation.
4. The snakes at your table in the library who hoarsely discuss the big bust they had last weekend.
5. The clubby frosh who heaves a water bag at you with choice epithets from a top window of Encina.
6. That scoundrel who got you that blind date and fifth last Saturday night.

—CARTER



"WAS THAT WAGNER THEY WERE PLAYING?"
"DUNNO—IT SOUNDED LIKE GRIEG TO ME."

No Greater Love Hath Any Man

DEAREST," he wrote, "words fail me. I cannot begin to put the tender thoughts that are passing through my mind night and day on so humble a thing as paper. Were they engraved on the purest platinum plates, with periods and commas of diamonds and rubies, still would I think the medium unworthy of the thoughts. Why, Loved One? Because they are of you.

As I sit here at my desk, with the sweet fragrance of roses in my nostrils, as I look at the moonlit fields, as I listen to the lap-lap-lapping of the waters of the lake, I am taken back to that warm June night when, by the calm waters of our Pacific, I first gathered you in my trembling arms and felt the soft warmth of your sweet red lips.

Dear Heart, I have lived that moment over a thousand times in my dreams. I long for the time when once more I will clasp your supple self in my arms, be once more dazzled by your sparkling eyes, and once more taste the sweetest of all lips. Oh, how I long to pour forth the consuming love of my most inner heart to your dainty, flower-like ears. I love you, Sweetheart. I love you, I love you, I love you. God! It seems I can't live till again I am with you.

Good night, Dear One. Remember that I am thinking of you night and day, and counting the hours till I can tell you of my love, not in feeble words, as these, but in the sweet language of love.

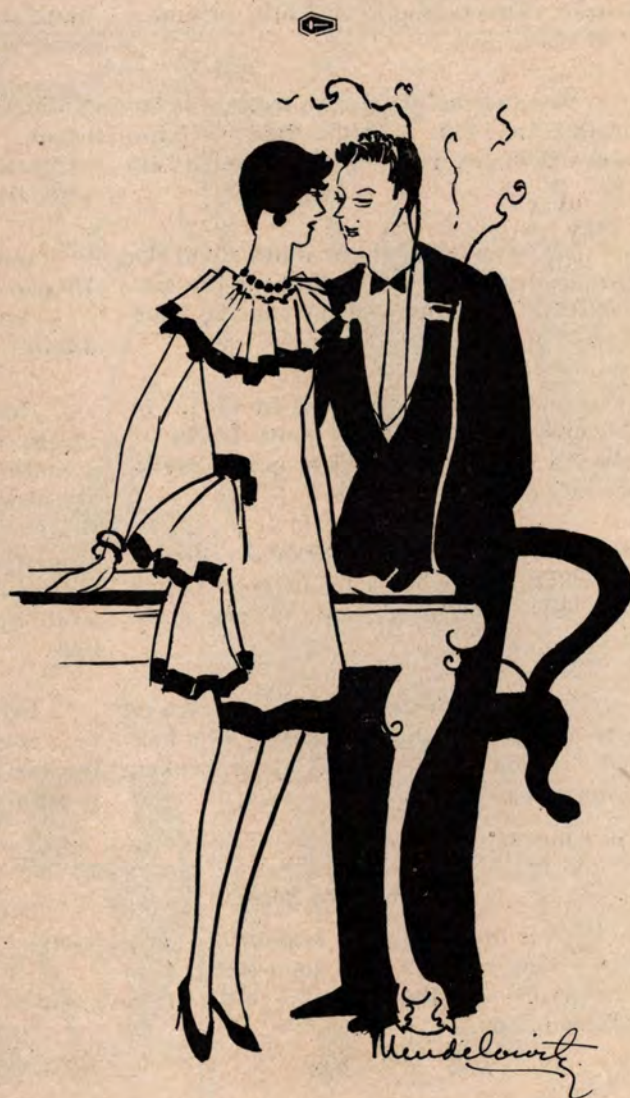
Always your devoted
HAROLD

* * * * *

Carefully he signed and folded it. As carefully he slipped it into an envelope. Then, with a look of agonized despair, he turned to his roommate and said:

"Now who the devil shall I send this to?"

—MCCALL



"WHY HAVEN'T YOU HAD ANY DATES LATELY?"
"THE DOCTOR TOLD ME I WAS COLOR-BLIND, AND I'VE BEEN AFRAID THAT I WOULD MAKE A MISTAKE."



The Eradication of Rats

(By Dr. Alonzo McCosh, Ph.D., N.S.F.)

AFTER months of rather nasty experimentation with the *Mus*, or rat, darned if I haven't figured out a way to destroy the pestiferous little scavengers, as my wife called them when they got into our cake-box.

The first step, of course, is to be infested with these vermin. If you do not know *why* you should do away with them, it won't do any good to tell you. You are utterly exasperating. Suffice it to say that they are unclean and positively ignorant of the simplest rules of hygiene. Why, they are even worse than your great-grandfather, who was bad enough in this respect.

KINDNESS. This is absolutely essential. Without it you cannot hope to exterminate your own personal rats by my scientific method. First, place an order with your grocer for daily delivery of some good, aromatic cheese. Thus armed, proceed to make friends with the little be-whiskered fellows, damn them. By being good-natured you will soon win their confidence and make playmates of them. This will probably take six weeks. The cheese bill will total \$8.06.

Now you are ready to build, at

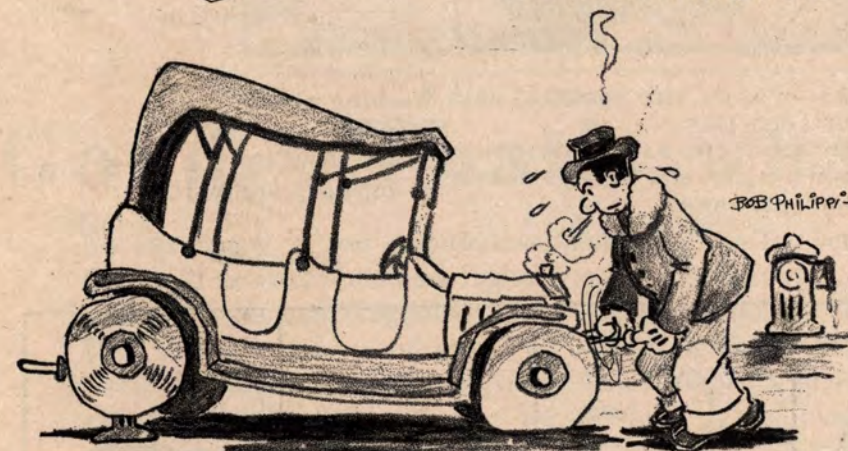
the cost of \$15.00, a miniature aerial acrobatic equipment similar to those used in circuses. It will include uprights with ladders attached, a tightrope, three trapezes and three sets of flying rings, and will be sufficient to exterminate six household rats.

NOW COMES THE TEST OF INGENUITY. You must train the rats in the use of this aerial gymnasium equipment. Tightrope walking will be pie for these little furry athletes, but trapeze work and the technique of flying rings will be pretty tough. Soon, however, they will feel quite at home in the air, skinning the cat and doing other little tricks like that. *But do not forget the cheese.*

All this time you have been using a net under the equipment to catch these little four-legged gymnasts when they fall, so as to prevent broken legs, pyorrhea, and other unpopular ailments. NOW WE COME TO THE FINAL STEP:

Expenses to date, including cheese, Exterminating Equipment, your valuable time and that tooth your mother-in-law had to have lanced will be, roughly, \$78.00, or \$13.00 per vermin. The rats are trained. All is ready!

(Continued on page 162)



Among the Winter Sports

WE HAVE NOT SEEN THE NEW FORD AS YET, BUT WE'VE SEEN plenty OF THE OLD ONES



"I'M AN ALL-AMERICAN FULL-BACK."
"SURELY, SIR, YOU ARE JOESTING."

Insidious

She flunked a hard ex.,
Did Little Nell Burr,
'Cause even her best friend
Wouldn't tell her.

The Girl in English 25

I LIKE long hair;
Really I do.
And hers is long,
And soft and gold
She sits before me,
Sweet disdain.
And sometimes she smiles
But rarely at me.
I wonder if I could
Break the ice sometime. . . .

I like pink cheeks,
Really I do,
And hers are pink
And oh, so smooth.
They are not painted
Like many others,
But soft and full
Of nature's colors.
I wonder if I could
Break the ice sometime. . . .

—ARTHUR SCHILDER

Perfection

HER lips are made like fragile petals,
Her eyes the sea's most hyaline green,
Her shoulders, purest alabaster,
Her cheeks, the rosebud's deepest sheen.

She stands provoking, tantalizing,
Yet cannot speak—it makes me sad;
All that's desirable in woman—
The motif of a CAMEL ad.

—BOB PAINE

"There goes all of my Jack," said the widow of
a few days, as she watched the hearse drive away.

Oh here's to Listerine
The brother to Benzine
A bottle on the dresser there
should be;
It's good for Halitosis
And even Bromidrosis
And a wow for Epithelial Debris.

The Llama

WHAT of the fretful llama
Way up on Andean slopes?
What of his nightly habits,
What of his future hopes?

What of his moral aspect,
Is his a life of sin?
Is he fond of playing poker,
And if so, does he win?

Why don't the great zoölogists
Tell us these simple facts?
Instead of wasting pages
On the way an oyster acts?

—BOUTELL

DO YOU think,"
Said she,
"I'm catching cold?"
And laughed,
Contagiously.

She—WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, DEAR
—YOU LOOK SICK.
He—SICK! THE BARBER SAID I HAD
INGROWN HAIRS, SO I DRANK A BOTTLE
OF HAIR REMOVER!

—CARLSON

Co-ed à la Moderne

THE best of my proclivities
In semi-collegiate activities
Is astronomical study with the so-called stronger
sex;

For there's widespread realization
By the co-eds of this nation
That campus fame is for the dame who necks.

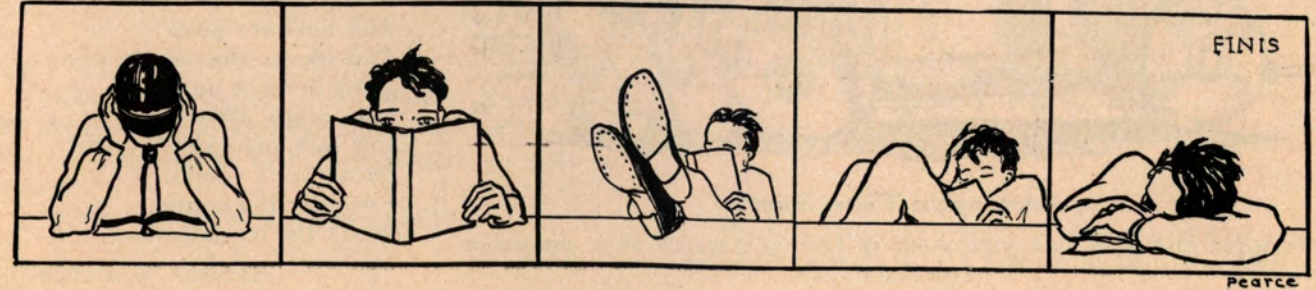
Mother cherished the delusion
That a studious seclusion
Would help to win a bashful swain. And yet
I've proved beyond contention
That a trifle less convention
Will gain said swain and save the brain: I pet.

ALL play and no work makes
Jack an excellent college ath-
lete.

- 18th Pole—How dyu feel?
- 19th Sole—Like golf.
- 18th P.—Howzat?
- 19th S.—Teed up.

The Unkindest Cut

WHEN my roommate borrowed
My Tux,
And ten bucks,
And my car,
To take my girl to a show,
With tickets which he
Stole from me,
I did not get mad. I said,
"Such is
Life in
A College."
But when he asked me,
"Where is
The best
Necking place?"
I angrily replied,
"How about the
Hangman's scaffold!"



FINIS

PEARCE



Good. That's what it is . . .

No USE trying to put a definition around Camel. It is as diverse and fugitive as the delicate tastes and fragrances that Nature puts in her choicest tobaccos, of which Camel is rolled. Science aids Nature to be sure by blending the tobaccos for subtle smoothness and mildness. One way to describe Camels is just to say, "They are good!"

Each smoker telling the other, we suppose. At any rate, it's first—in popularity as well as quality. It has beaten every record ever made by a smoke. Modern smokers have lifted it to a new world leadership.

Camels request a place in your appreciation. Try them upon every test known. You'll find them always loyal to your highest standard.

Somehow, news of Camel has got around.

"Have a Camel!"

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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



Goliath—Why don't you stand up like a man and fight?

David—Don't get in a hurry, Big Boy. Wait 'till I get a little boulder.—*Illinois Siren.*

“Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out,” commanded the holdup. The intended victim calmly laughed in a manner that showed that he didn't care about either. He was a college boy.—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

“Dearie, I hear you've had an affair with a man.”

“Not a word of it, honey, it's only a roomer.”—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Frosh (tearing into the seminar)—Quick . . . I want Caesar's life.

Librarian—Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it.—*Illinois Siren.*

Brother (after paddling pledge)—You can sit down, now.

Pledge—Liar!—*Boston Beanpot.*

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what stirring speech did Paul Revere make when he finished his immortal ride?

Johnny—Whoa!—*Reserve Red Cat.*

A man entered a hotel, placed an umbrella in the stand and tied to it a card on which was written: “This umbrella belongs to a champion prize fighter. Back in ten minutes.”

When he returned the umbrella was gone. The card, however, was still there, and on it was added: “Umbrella was taken by champion long-distance runner. Won't be back at all.”

—*Occidental Tawney Kat.*

Proofreader, after reading proof five times on latest novel—This opus oughta be pretty good. Guess I'll have to read it when I get time.—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

“Adolph is wonderful! His kisses intoxicate me.”

“What's that make me, the chaser?”

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

“Do you typewrite with two fingers?”

“No, with all of them. When one pair gets tired I use two others.”—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Disgusted student, dining at boarding house—This is the second putrid meal that they have served here today.

Even more disgusted student—Hell, man, you must have missed breakfast!

—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

A New York actress was giving a benefit performance at Sing Sing. “Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage,” she thrilled.

From the back of the room a deep voice ejected, “But, lady, how they do help.”

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

“What is a murderer, Pop?”

“A fellow who taken life seriously, son.”

M.I.T. Voo Doo.

“My dear chap, you had better take the street car home.”

“Sh, no ushe Landlady wouldn't let me-hic-keep it in the house.”—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

The London-Edinburgh Coach was carrying a bunch of pennyclinchers down from the land of the heather. Two young ladies who were sitting beside the driver were shivering with the cold.

“Is there a heavy Mackintosh down there that will keep these girls warm?” asked the driver to those inside.

“No, but there is a light weight MacTavish who could do a damn good job,” came the reply.—*N. H. Golden Bull.*

If one fool wears it, it's bad taste; if enough fools wear it, it's style.—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



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in the

ROSE ROOM

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CY TROBBE

and his

NEW ROSE ROOM ORCHESTRA

“Take Her to the Rose Room”

The **PALACE HOTEL**
SAN FRANCISCO



She whose luggage contains Livingston clothes opens the quarter smartly

Livingston Bros.

GRANT AVENUE GEARY STREET

Good things to eat taste *Better* at *Wilson's* because made better, with more care.

Delicious Meals • Fountain Treats • Confections

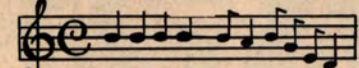
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Midnight Special
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San Francisco drop in
and try us

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151 Powell Street, San Francisco
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He—What kind of lipstick is that?
She—Kissproof.
He—Well, rub it off, we got work to do.
—Lehigh Burr.

LAZY?

Psi—Did you know that Bill Jones is the laziest man in the world?
Zete—No, I hadn't heard.
Psi—He sure is. He married a widow with five children.
—Occidental Tawney Kat.

"I sent my boy to college to acquire a little polish," moaned Farmer Brown, "and now he's drinking it!"
—Virginia Reel.

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Well Prepared
Tastily Served

LUNCHEON - - - - 50c
DINNER - - - - - 85c

The Kopper Kettle

537 BRYANT STREET
Phone P.A. 1576



ACCELERATION

"How is your son getting along in college?"
"Fine! I bought him a roadster and now he writes that he makes the grades easily."—Western Reserve Red Cat.

"Egad, Ozark, there is enough said about the Freshmen."
"Yes, Rulypluto, they are the butt of the campus."
—Sevance Mountain Goat.

Teacher—Conjugate the verb "to swim."
Pupil—Swim, swam, swum.
Teacher—Now conjugate the verb "to dim."
Pupil—Say, you trying to kid me?—Wampus.

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VARSITY THEATRE

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we intended carry-
ing only
Sportswear
but
Now
we carry
Everything
Peninsula Women
Want



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APPAREL for WOMEN and MISSES

Cardinal Hotel



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Charcoal Broiler
Exclusively



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Luncheon - - - 65c

TABLE D'HOTE
Dinner - - - \$1.25

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GOLF
TENNIS
POLO
ARCHERY

Also a full line of Type-writers and Supplies—Repairs and Rentals.

Smith's

on the Circle

THE SPALDING STORE

"And how did John play the king when you saw Hamlet?"
"Well, rather as though he thought some one would play the ace."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"I'm leaving Saturday. I have never seen such dirty towels in my life. There's always a rim in the bathtub, and I can't find the soap."
"Well, you have a tongue in your head, haven't you?" inquired the landlady.
"Yes, by gawd, but I'm no cat," replied the irate roomer.—*Buffalo Bison.*

The expectant male parent was pacing back and forth in front of the room where a new arrival was expected. Finally the nurse appeared in the hall. Swept by his anxiety, the man shouted:

"Tell me quick! Am I a mother or a father?"
—*Colorado Dodo.*

"Where did you get that black eye?"
"Well, it seems that there were two Irishmen. . . ."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Beaumont—Have you heard that Cecil de Mille's assistant directors are writing a book?
Fletcher—What are they going to call it?
Beaumont—"Oui."—*California Pelican.*



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Frank—Anne, you're too good to me. I'm a cad!
Anne—Wonderful, Frank, you can bring me home some golf balls!—*Columbia Jester.*

"Will a dollar pay for your hen that I just ran over?"
"You'd better make it two; I have a rooster that thought a lot of that hen, and the shock might kill him, too."
—*Iowa Frivol.*

"I'm on my last lap," shouted the coed as he slipped her his pin.—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

He named his child Montgomery Ward, because it was of the male order.—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

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Fair One!

May Edginton, in the February *College Humor*, begins a novel that is a rich and genuine study of a girl on her own, *Fair One*. It begins with simple people . . . an English village . . . streets with the sunset bloom in them . . . men and women who knew life was somewhere about, but didn't much want to find it out. It quickens in pace; employs many glamorous, cosmopolitan elements; ends in an arpeggio-like manner that is certain to delight you.

Also in this big February issue you will find *Sailor Love*, a story of shore leave by John V. A. Weaver, soon to be released as a feature photoplay. And Richard Connell, John Gunther, Mildred Cram, Jim Tully, O. O. McIntyre—besides a penetrating article on the University of Chicago, by Samuel Putnam.

CollegeHumor
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PALO ALTO

Alpha—I'll probably start to work tonight.
Beta—Got a job?
Alpha—No, I just ate some yeast.—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

An otherwise perfectly useless goitre can be made into a handsome bagpipe by punching holes in it at proper intervals.—*Ski-U-Mah.*

Doctor—It's a girl, professor.
A. M. P.—Sh, my wife's in the room!—*Sniper.*

Schoolma'am—What little girl can tell me the function of the stomach?
Pigtail—To hold the petticoat up.—*Columbia Jester.*



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"I say, Ethelbert, old bounder, methinks that Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* is a bit kiddish."
"Quite true, Algernon, mad wag, and I have often heard that his *Travels With a Donkey* was asinine."—*Illinois Siren.*

If Adam came back to earth the only thing he'd recognize would be the jokes.—*Voo Doo.*

A lot of men come to dances stag now days and go away staggering.—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

Abbie (after walking long in silence)—Vy don't you say somedings, Ikey?
Ikey—Freeze your own hands.—*West Point Pointer.*

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WHAT GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-
GREAT-GRANDFATHER LAUGHED AT

Minion—What can I bring you, sir?
Salem Judge—Get me that old witch Hazel.—*Yale Record.*

"How do you know that the man who shot himself was
insane?"
"He had two teeth filled an hour before he did it."
—*Rice Owl.*



REVELATION TOOTH POWDER

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The primary cause of receding, bleeding, and sensitive gums is GLYCERINE and for that reason alone REVELATION is never in paste form. GLYCERINE saps the moisture from the gum tissue. This moisture in the cellular tissue is as essential to the membrane, that covers the roots of the teeth, as the capillaries that supply the blood. REVELATION is an absolute cleanser and corrects these gum ailments.

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IDYLL OF A QUEEN

I love your boyish curly hair,
So careless, yet so debonair;
Your dainty, tilted little nose
Sends thrills down to my very toes.
Your scarlet lips, on them 'twere bliss
To leave the imprint of a kiss.
Your throat, which fascinates me so,
'Twas carved for some rare cameo.
Your shoulders, alabaster-white,
Alluring, tempting, thrilling sight.
(The next few lines will be deleted
For fear that they will be repeated.)
The dimples in your shapely knees
Transport me into ecstasies.
Your limbs, on which my glances fall,
Should be preserved in alcohol.

L'ENVOI

And yet, you charming little miss,
You don't deserve such admiration,
Because, my dear, you don't exist
Except in my imagination.—*Puppet.*

A Follies girl received daily from an admirer huge bunches of the most costly and beautiful flowers obtainable. He seemed to her a rather insignificant sort of person. He did not look particularly prosperous and she wondered how he could buy her such flowers. She permitted him to take her out several times on the strength of this floral display. Then she found out where he worked.

He had a job at an undertaker's.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Sitting—I guess Governor Winthrop had a hard time persuading the Puritans to come over to this country.

Bull—Yes. I hear that even the bullets for the muskets had to be lead.—*Illinois Siren.*

Joe—Mary has the grippe.

Jack—You don't say! Did she get the password?

—*Lehigh Burr.*

"Can I lend you five dollars?"

"Yes."

"Wrong again. I can't either."—*Octopus.*

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Dinner\$1.50

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BROADWAY AT KEARNY
SAN FRANCISCO

Little Betty Jane (in the country for the first time)—Oh, mama, look at the cute little green snake.

Fond Mama (ditto)—Put it down at once. It might be as dangerous as a ripe one.—*Cannon Bawl.*

"I hear you're sick."

"Yes, the doctor says I have kleptomania."

"What do you do for it?"

"Oh, I take things for it."—*Lampoon.*

"Please don't smoke that."

"Why? That's a good two-bit cigar."

"Well, 15 cents worth of it was gone when you got it."

—*Columns.*



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MARRIED AT LAST; OR, BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

(Continued from page 139)

startled faun she paused, then turned on her pursuer. "Jasper!" she cried, and fainted on a bank of thyme.

Yes, it was indeed her former sweetheart. In a trice he had whipped out the vial of cologne that he carried with him for emergencies like this. She glanced up archly at him as he bathed her brow. "You affectionate little Puss. You really unman me," he said playfully. Soon they found themselves meandering together, hand in hand, toward Oyster Mansion.

What a sore dilemma for a married lady! How should she explain to Mr. Pilkens?

But Fate ordained that explanations be unnecessary. Hardly had they reached the doorstep when they were accosted by a servant in the greatest agitation.

"Missus Pilkens, Missus," gasped the menial between his sobs, "I was told to break the news to ye!"

"What news?" asked Jasper in his calm, kind voice.

"Mr. Pilkens, sir, was out a-drivin' behind them spirited horses, and—"

A shriek from Kitty interrupted him. She dashed frantically into the house, and flung herself upon the body of her luckless husband.

"Oh! She's a-going into high-strikes on the back parlor sofy," wailed the lady's maid. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The springtime came again, and one who wound his way by Cemetery Hill discerned three figures standing by a lonely grave: a black-robed woman and a stalwart man, and, between the two, a little blossom, Mr. Pilkin's little blossom, clasping a hand of each.

THE END

THE ERADICATION OF RATS

(Continued from page 149)

In dead of night, fill an ordinary washtub with hot water, place a gas jet under it and erect the Exterminating Equipment above the washboiler. Now bring on your rats.

Encourage them to mount the ladders and take their places aloft, three on trapezes and three on flying rings. Remove the catching net and leave the tubful of boiling water in place, turn out all lights and go to bed as if nothing had happened.

Within not more than three hours the last of these detestable vermin will have fallen asleep and dropped into the tub of boiling water.

When you get up in the morning brush your teeth, descend to the vermin gymnasium and you will discover that, much to your consternation, you have exterminated every one of the filthy creatures, at a nominal expense of only \$14.23 when you pay that gas bill the collector insulted your wife about!

The rats, floating all night in the boiling water, will now be cooked to a turn. Test them with a fork and

see. Remove them from the tub and present them to your Chinese gardner, who will be tickled to death.

Thus you can, by the use of my humanitarian method, rid your house of these tiny rascals and make it fit to live in if you will only quit spitting in the fire-place as your wife has told you again and again.

—MCTAVISH

NO FISHING SMACK

The great white yacht poked its aristocratic nose into the crowded harbor and sniffed. Then she swept proudly past the light-house and past the tiny fishing boats that darted about her in the gray water. The handsome young captain stood on the bridge with his arm about his bride and silently watched the changing scene. Suddenly a bell clanged. The rhythmic throb of the engines ceased and the beautiful white vessel came to a halt in the middle of the harbor. The handsome man in white spoke to the speaking tube earnestly for several minutes but all of no avail. The ship remained stationary. Finally he reluctantly stopped talking and turned to the woman beside him.

"Dorothy," he said, "the boat's stopped dead—won't move an inch!"

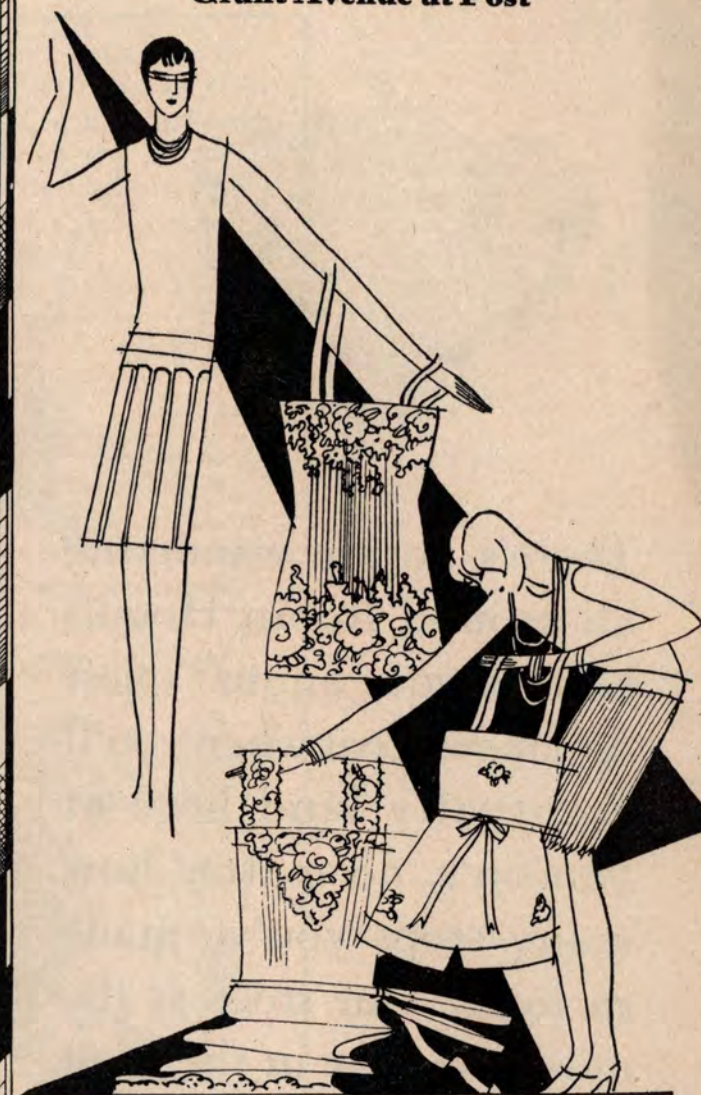
"John, dear," she replied, "think how much nicer it would be over there behind the breakwater. This is so public."—Yachting News.



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The Smith Brothers start out for vengeance

H. LIEBES & CO. Grant Avenue at Post



A reminder to the Freshmen

She was twenty. Jerry proposed to her. She refused him because, as he knelt at her feet, she discovered a gray hair in his head. She was thirty. Jerry proposed to her again. She accepted him because, as he knelt at her feet, in the mirror above she discovered a gray hair in her head. —College Humor.

"Hey!" "What?" "Just wanted to tell you you had two more hours to sleep." —Wisconsin Octopus.

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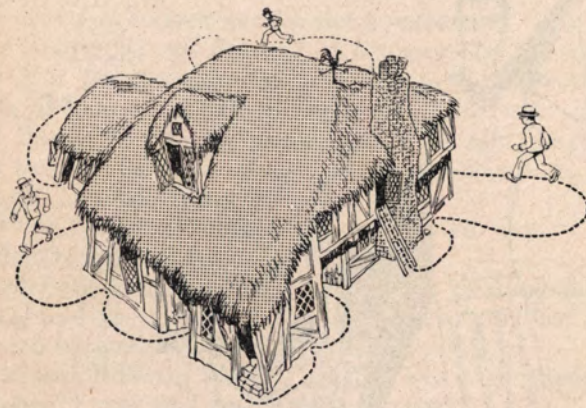
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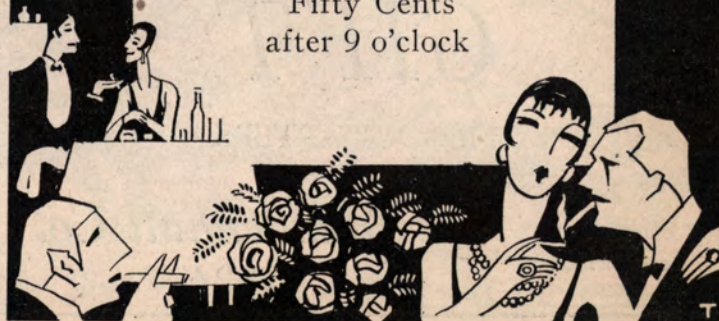
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Movie of a Man Formulating His New Year's Resolutions : : By BRIGGS

"I'M GOING TO SPEND MORE AFTERNOONS AT THE OFFICE NEXT SUMMER...I'VE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME ON GOLF"



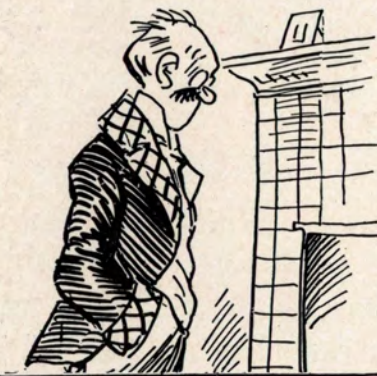
"I'M OFF THE SATURDAY NIGHT POKER GAME, TOO. THAT BUNCH OF ROBBERS SURE NICKED ME FOR PLENTY THE LAST THREE SESSIONS"



"I'M GOING TO STAY HOME WITH THE WIFE MORE NIGHTS, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY SHE HAD TO GO TO THAT CLUB MEETING TONIGHT"



"TIM SAYS HE'S GOING TO CUT DOWN ON HIS SMOKING THIS YEAR"



"BUT THAT'S PLAYING THE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION THING TOO STRONG... A MAN'S GOT TO HAVE A LITTLE PLEASURE OUT OF LIFE"



"AND IF YOU STICK TO OLD GOLDS, THEY CAN'T HURT YOU... NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD. I'LL TELL THE WORLD."



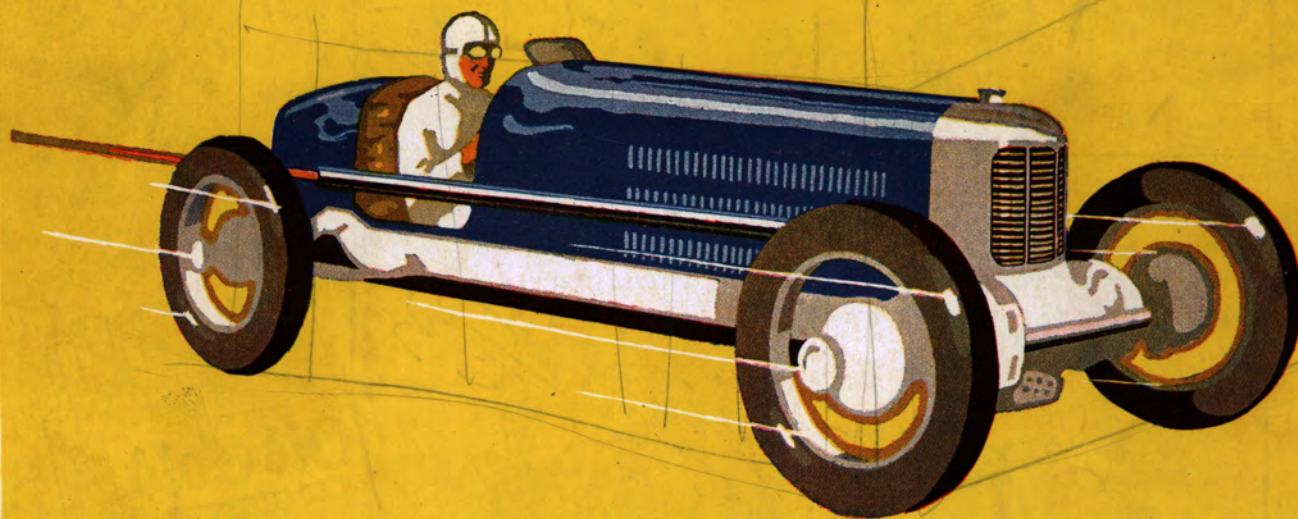
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.. not a cough in a carload



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