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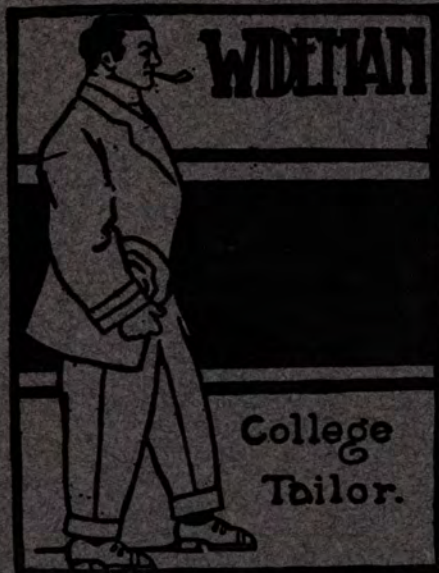
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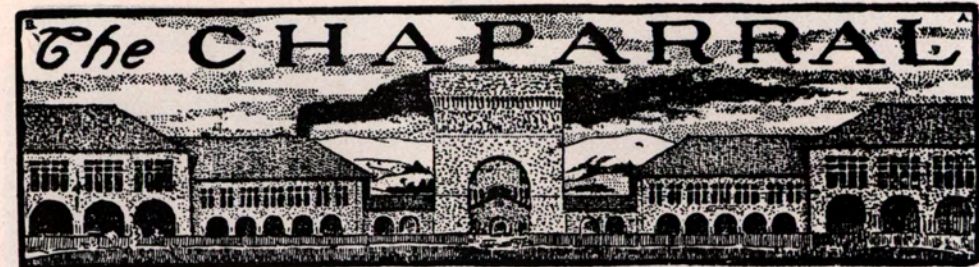
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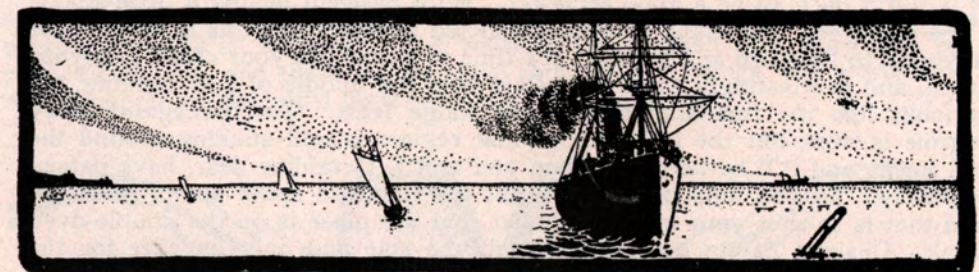
HYMN TO THE NEW YEAR.

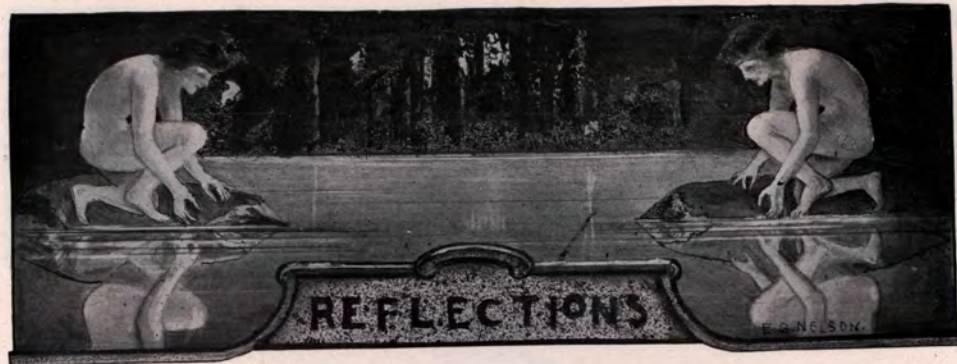
By F. E. H.

Hail, Year, new, as with the old wine unsteady!
For all the hidden gifts with which thou'rt ready;
Forced contributions, girls that make us heady,
Exes, sobs, laughs, that take us as an eddy,
Hail!

Now at the start, with winter sunshine shaking
Winds, frosts and rains away for the brief making
Of perfect skies, life seems for easy taking,
And we, in love or laughter, unawaking,
Sail.

Yet, though no slip of Knowledge we are boarding
Who revel now, grant thou, though slight our hoarding,
That with the heart's deep wishes well according,
Of course this year end not in this sharp wording—
FAIL!





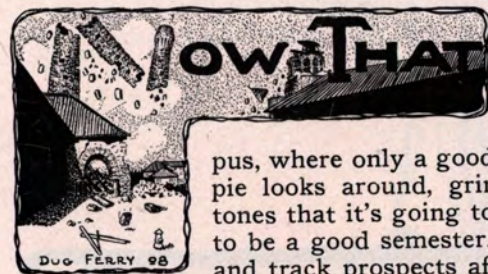
'Tis better to have lived and laughed than never to have lived at all.

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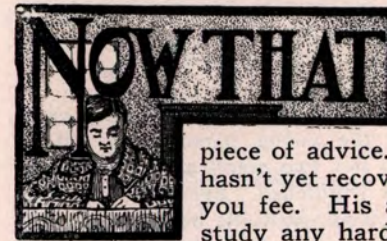
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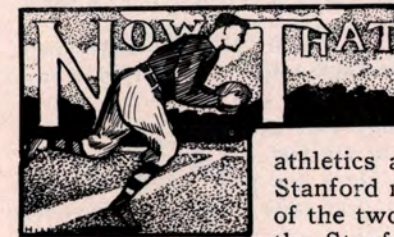
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|---|--|--------------------|
| BRUCE BLIVEN '11 <i>Editor-in-Chief.</i> | HENRY W. SWAFFORD '11, <i>Business Manager.</i> | |
| ASSOCIATE EDITORS. | | |
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| LES SUMMERFIELD '12 | AL KING '12 | E. M. ALBRIGHT '12 |
| PAUL LEVY '12 | JAMES DUFF '13 | |



we've all settled back into place after that chawming Christmas vacation, and are getting used, once more, to living on the dear old, streetless, lightless, gasless, sidewalkless campus, where only a good swimmer gets to class on time, Chappie looks around, grins broadly, and announces in clarion tones that it's going to be a good semester. Durn it, its got to be a good semester. With baseball feeling a little shaky, and track prospects afflicted with vertigo, this is no time for anybody to lie down and squeal. It's time to throw out your chest, grit your teeth, and everlastingly swat Dull Care into the middle of last summer, till it looks like the remnants of a Roble fudge feast. The Lanagan-Presley regime is over, but the influence of that regime is still sticking around the old Farm, and it'll be here yet when you and I, Geraldine dear, have passed far away. There's only one way to put the Stanford spirit out of business, and that is to shut your eyes and holler that the place is on the double-dyed blink. Chappie hereby appoints himself the sole and only knocker for the whole blame ranch. Everybody else will please get in and boost. "The situation—let's meet it," says the Daily. The Daily means well, but its hunch is of a punkness. Get around behind the situation, Dippy deah, and push. Then there won't be any.



the class of Nineteen Eleven has turned the corner into the home stretch, and can see the gray old world looming just the other side of Graduation, Chappie wants to reach into his thought works and slip the Seniors a piece of advice. Advice is cheap, or he couldn't do it, for he hasn't yet recovered from the last because-we-feel-able-to-soak-you fee. His advice is this: Don't study too hard. Don't study any harder than you have to so's to get your degree. Play fair with the faculty, but don't hurt yourself doing overtime work. Study is all right in its place, but the Class of 1911 has got by that place. If you aren't educated yet, another semester won't help you any; and if you are already educated, don't overtrain and go stale. There's a whole lot to be learned in college other than between 8:15 and 4:30. There are some pretty nifty hills back of the University; there are some winding roads and a few paths, and Mother Nature pulls off a class A sunset every once in awhile in the Spring. You'll forget all you learned in six months, anyway—but a paddle on the lake with a female personage among the pillows, and the stars winking overhead, will give you that happy feeling every time you think of it for the next hundred years. Every great man who ever lived either cut classes when he was in college, or never went there. Prove yourself a great man, and don't let your studies interfere with your college education.



the Intercollegiate agreement may be all settled by the time this stuff, written last week, gets to you, Chappie don't want to prognosticate nothing. Nevertheless, he has a hunch. He has a hunch that while intercollegiate athletics are a good thing, keeping our self respect as Stanford men is a good thing, too, and he knows which of the two he had rather see bust up. He believes that the Stanford committee is reasonable in its demands, and he don't want to eat dirt because of anybody else's cerulean blue and saffron pigheadedness. If we quit, we lose the chance of licking Bukhly twelve times running, which Chappie knows we would do, but that chance may be purchased at too dear a cost. So here's hoping for the best.



bunch of old plays that the Literary Lights have corralled and are going to present on February third ought to be the real goods. There are three of them, and we understand that there will be long waits between the acts. Any show with long waits between the acts deserves to be patronized, because nowhere else does a man get a chance to queen one girl and feel the eyes of several hundred others riveted on the back of his neck, where that white tie is playing elevator all by itself. The waits in the English club show will be particularly long, and there will be angel choruses and things well worth seeing. Chappie thinks you'd better go.





DILETTANTE

Bellows 09

A happy crowd of Sophs tumbled off the car with me as I went up the Row for my regular Friday Night. They were whistling "Come, Join the Band," and as I heard their fresh young voices caracoling through the night, I felt suddenly Grown Up.

"Only five months more," I told Sylvia, as I hung my overcoat on the busy hall tree. "Do you realize that I am nearly a Has Went?"

Sylvia giggled her most irritatin' giggle—a combination of contented purring and the velvet gurgle of champagne in a glass.

"You won't get through on time," she consoled me, as she calmly pulled a second chair quite, quite close to the first before the fire. "You've spent too much time queening, Billy boy."

"I ain't a'caring," I maintained stoutly. "You're more education than Psych. 5a, anyhow."

Silence. Then—
"Billy——"

I looked. Sylvia was thoughtful, chin on fist, firelight flickering on her tip-tilted nose.

"Billy, were you ever in love?"

"Sylvia! Why else do I—"

"No—please! Your gallantry is comforting—and about as spontaneous as a

gas grate. But Love, Billy!—" She caught her breath—"Love ought to be like a forest fire, set by lightning." She looked at me, and I bowed my head.

"No," I said soberly.

"Oh!" The syllable was barely audible, as the young person was talking through her two small pink fists again.

I was frightened. Sylvia is not often pensive, and when she becomes silent it is as alarming as the sudden cessation of a phonograph. I looked at her, sidewise. Her big violet eyes were wide open. "Is you thinkin'?" I asked, with some timidity.

She turned on me suddenly. "Do you believe that some people exist in the world who are incapable of love—who never know the meaning of the word?"

"Yes, I do," I said steadily. "I believe that some people have the love-power left out of them."

She thought this over. "Yes, I guess you're right," she agreed.

"Anything more?" I questioned, cheerfully.

Sylvia hesitated. "No," she said, slowly. Then she stood up. "I'm sorry you have to go now," she said.

"I only just got here," I grumbled, rising to my feet.

"I'm sorry for you," she said. "But I don't—feel quite like make-believe, to-night."

After I had gone down the steps she left the porch light on for a long time—until I had turned the corner, instead of switching it off as a careful upper classman should. Was she, by any chance, standing by the switch—thinking?

Oh, well—I shall be out of here by May.

Oh!

A G. and M. a-courting went.

He coyly kissed her outstretched hand,

And swallowed ('twas by accident)

Her jeweled golden finger band.

But was she angry? No, not she.

This maiden fair was up to snuff

And softly laughed, as mockingly

Exclaimed, "A diamond in the rough."

Prosit.

"It might have been verse."

"Vot vas it?"

"Prose."

BALLADE TO THE "DOG."

By F. E. H.

When five simoleons plus ten
Have chalked the death of my finance,
And midnight drawing on again,
Wild pangs of hunger in me prance,
I search the pockets of my pants—
A nickel's there—that will command
The canine of the Frankfurt brand.

Ah, glorious "dog!" Ah, when and when,
If thou shouldst fall—unhappy chance—
Would come thine equal unto men?
What twist of time and circumstance,
The gifts of mammas, papas, aunts,
Would fill thy loss in this, our land,
O canine of the Frankfurt brand?



The yearning "in'ards" that have been
Weary with lack, thou dost enhance,
"Rough" to his compass, "dry" to pen,
Return with thee for sustenance;
Poverty's blessing thou, the lance
Of those the noblest in our band,
O canine of the Frankfurt brand.

Envoy.

"Rough," see that thou be loyal, then—
Scorn thou all peanuts, crisps that dance
In sizzling butter—from thy den
For dogs alone shalt thou advance;
Mind not the vender, how he rants—
Silence his giddy lips, demand
The canine of the Frankfurt brand.



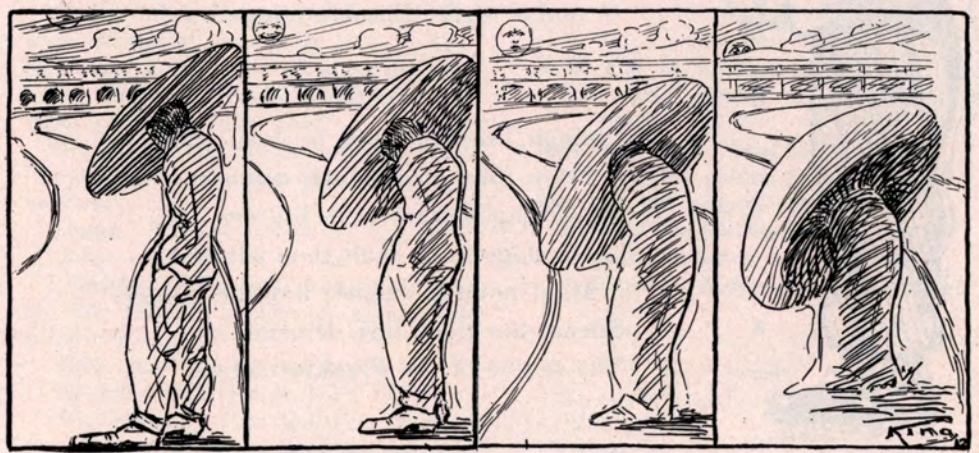
SOME NAUGHTY VERSES.

I.
There was once a raspy editor
Who didn't give a d—n
For any kind of poetry,
Except a dithy—m.
And when they brought him other kinds,
He said with acrid c—n,
'I'm a mighty dainty editor,
And that is what I —m.

II.
And there was eke, a poet
Who said, "You cannot t—l,
A rustic, rural pastoral
Might do you just as w—l."
At which up rose this editor
And on the poet f—l,
And spoke, "You take your pastoral
And emigrate to H—l!"

Bathsheba had just arrived at the castle gate.
"Sire," announced the chamberlain, "a beautiful lady, in a chariot drawn by a mighty steer, has just drawn up outside."
"Ah," murmured David, as he lit his perfecto at the gas jet, "have her tie the bull outside."
Whereupon the expression promptly became historic.

New Year's resolutions, like geniuses, die young.



HE STAYED ON THE CAMPUS OVER CHRISTMAS.

The Second Time Out.
'12—What happened to Bill?
'11—He's doing the Jeffries stunt.
'12—Prize fighting?
'11—No—just couldn't come back.

Get the Hook.
"Have you any double-pointed tacks?"
"No, sir, we don't carry them."
"Why, I thought they were a staple article."

Revised Wisdom.
Aggressiveness is the mother of contentment.
Half a loaf is better than no vacation.
It's a wise son that knows his own father when he's fixed up to go yachting.

They were strolling in the evening,
And the moon was shining free,
Down upon the happy couple—
He and she.

Came a cloud and cast its shadow
So neither moon nor stars could see
As they strolled about in darkness,
Headshe.

Of Course.
Gee—Which one of the crowd was the sickest on the boat?
Whizz—Oh, it was about a toss-up all around.



THE SONG OF THE PRACTICAL AVIATOR.

We spurn the earth, our mother,
We scorn the keel-worn sea.
We call the wind our brother,
Than eagles not less free.
(You understand, of course, I mean
Till we run out of gasoline.)

Below, fools plod earth's byways,
Aloft, we seek and dare
The vast and viewless highways
The dizzy lanes of air.
(This but applies, you understood,
While the ignition's working good.)

We mount on unseen stairways,
We pierce the clouds on high,
We sail through chartless fairways,
Where shoals of stars swim by.
(But still, if very high one goes,
He finds his carburetor's froze.)
—W. S. Wood.

A Track Joke.
"Aha!" quoth the dippy rooster. "At last, fowl egg, I have tracked thee to thy layer." Thus saying, he took another peck at the hen.

Sometimes!
That settles it.
What?
Pepsin.

Yes, Indeed!
Mills—That was a rash act of Smyth's.
Pills—What did he do?
Mills—Went and caught the scarlet fever.

"It doesn't seem Wright to hold these aviation meets, does it?"
"No; the deaths are simply a-Paulhan."

AWFUL!
Painfully he toiled o'er the dreary marsh. At every step he slipped back two, till a happy idea striking him, he faced about and headed toward the spot whence he had come. By this ingenious turn of mind and feet he managed to reach a small stone hut. Exhausted, he struggled over the threshold. His right hand flew to his pocket. "Seven two's and a one," he gasped in muddled tones, as he cast fifteen cents in the stamp window.



DARK HORSE.



Thy beauty, Nanette, is to me
Like rare aroma from the wines.
It sends a riot through the veins
And reason to the wind consigns.

The glamour of your wondrous hair,
The witchery of your changing eyes,
A flash of magic in your smile—
From lands of mystery you arise.

Precaution.

Gym Instructor—You must be extremely careful in arranging the boxing tournament.

Chairman—Yes, the affair will be handled with gloves.

TRAGEDY!

The hero dropped without a cry,
Felled by the villain's blow;
The heroine, who was standing by,
Wept for her fallen beau—
Wept and raved, and tore her hair,
Yet screamed not a single scream,
But stabbed the villain smiling there.
Brr! See her dagger's gleam!
The villain fell in a pool of gore,
Fell without a moan,
And writhed and twisted on the floor,
Yet groaned not a single groan.

* * *
"Deaf and dumb?" you ask; oh, no;
This was a moving picture show!

Maybe They Didn't.

Frosh (taking gym test)—I got a ringing in my ears after that last exercise.

Prof.—That's funny—it couldn't have been the dumb bells; maybe the Indian clubs gave a whoop.

Help!

Bilk—The Redwood Dairy claims its cows give the richest milk.

Silk—Sort of a cream puff, hey?

Even English.

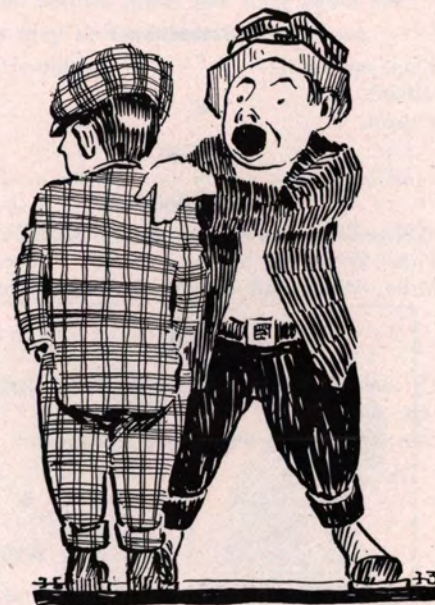
Frosh—Do you teach Chinese here?
Registrar—Sure, we teach anybody.

The lady was going down for the third time.

"Madam, your hand!" thundered the life-saver, leaning over the edge of his skiff.

"Oh, this is so sudden, sir!" she blushed.

And, sighing, he let her drown.



Thump.

Ding—I thought you said she was a distant relative. Now you say she's your aunt.

Dong—What if I did? She lives in Japan.

ENDURANCE CONTEST.

"I shall love you, dear," he whispered,

"While tides shall run in the bay,
Till the light of the stars be faded

While dark shall follow the day.
Till the new gymnasium's builded

While warmth shall be in the sun,
While the bird-cage looks on the oval

Till the church is finished and done.
Till they start a bar in Encina

Till the statue of Faith is art,
I will give you the love and devotion

Of my mind and soul and heart."

At Newport.

Weary Wiggles—Hully Gee, man! De rich Mrs. New Style lives here.

Weary Waggle—Yes, but der's a fierce dog.

Weary Wiggles—Dat's O. K. De dog wears a hobble skoit.

A TERSE VERSE.

Bill Jones had a thirst and a purse
Just bulging with money—and worse.

He took out his machine,
And got stewed to the bean—

! x * ! x * ! x * ! x '
Bill took his next ride in a hearse.

Awakened Householder—"What are you up to?"

"At your service, sir," replied the burglar, as he made away with the family plate.

NOTHING.

Nothing is an invisible something that isn't. It is the cause of most of our troubles and worries, but should be the source of endless joys. It is what we were, what we will be, and is what most of us are now. It is what the very poor eat and what the very rich can keep forever. It is all that the ministers really know of what they are talking about and is all the good that those who won't listen to them will do. It is the fifteenth letter of the alphabet, and it is the difference between a pickpocket and a financier.

Nothing is man's favorite occupation. As a matter of fact he slaves the best part of his life in order that he may do it some day. It is what some people do while in college, what all would like to do in college, and is what some people are expelled from college for. It is the foundation on which the earth rests and was the material of which Eve's hobble skirt was made. It is the chief constituent of the central part of a doughnut, and is what the Sphinx has been yelling about for the last twenty centuries.

Nothing is our chief topic of conversation, and is what most people think about. It is a good thing for one to stub his toe against, but it is not a good thing to sit on. It is the easiest thing in the world to borrow, and is what we buy when we go out for a good time.



'14½—Why do they call it the "Business Office?"

'11—On account of the number of cash registers.

RING OFF!

I love to view your rounded form,
O watcher of my dreams profound.
When on my couch, so soft and warm
I lie and see you move around.

I love your hands, your very rings,
(Which in no case are second-hand),
Your prompt obedience, which springs
To meet my most minute demand.

Your very constancy, that rhyme
Cannot depict, and words but scoff,
Until with morn comes rising time,
And then your darned alarm goes off!

"Far out on the wind-swept ocean, a hundred miles from any land, and without a sail in sight, the good ship 'Nancy' gave a groan and plunged to a watery grave!"

"Ah, then, the poor he-ro was drowned?"

"Not so, Bedelia! Picking his way through the rubbish and wreckage he started to tramp to the nearest continent murmuring with joy: 'Blessed be the training given muh while eating at the Inn!'"

In Encina.

J. Unior—Have you met Mr. 14½?
Soph O. More—No—just a bare acquaintanceship is all.



You are only a thing of paper and ink,
And maybe it's better so;
For I'd queen you, dear, if I had you here,
And I really haven't the dough.

She—Do you love me with all your heart and soul, in a tingling ecstasy of emotion that can find no words to express itself?

He—Sure,—just like that!

Visitor—You turn out some good athletes here, I understand?

Sourballed Stude—Yes, nearly all of them.

THE MYSTERY.

Bill Brown, a Senior, met Miss Coye,
A charming Freshman maid, and knew
At once she was a thing of joy.
She liked Bill, too.

The first week Bill called once to see
Miss Coye; the second week, 'twas
twice;

The third week, growing bolder, he
Called on her thrice.

Then things began, as such things will,
To thicken. Time pursued his flight;
And ere a month was over Bill
Called every night.

Next Bill took every afternoon,
And still their friendship closer grew,
Till Bill began to see her soon
Some mornings, too.

But disappointments ever lurk
Behind such happy, happy days.
Bill lost his whole semester's work.
She got five A's.

Envoi.

Perhaps, dear friends, you have been
through it.
Can you explain how the girls do it?

HOT SHOT INDEED.

The starter's gun had a loaded shell
in it.

What happened?
The bullet struck a man's watch.
Why didn't he watch out?
The race was attractking his attention.
Was it a stop-watch?
Afterwards.

It must have been.
Before, too, or it wouldn't have
stopped it.

Undoubtedly. They found the bullet
in his pocket and a big dent in the
watch.

That so? Well, I guess it kinder
stopped in the nick of time, eh?

THAT EDITORIAL.

Wild shrieks of laughter greeted my ears as I made my way to the Dippy office to stop my paper. As I entered a scene of confusion greeted my eyes. The reporters were writing their stories, only pausing now and then to emit the screams of mirth that I had heard faintly in Encina. The editor was rolling on the floor gasping for breath. The linotype operator was still at work, a ghastly smile on his face, and his teeth meeting through the flesh of his lower lip.

I waited. At length by gnawing on an office file, the editor in some degree regained his composure. I was about to make known my errand when the linotype operator touched the editor humbly on the shoulder. "It's no use," he said in a despairing voice. "I can't set that one up." "What's the matter, Cap?" he said, kindly. "Can't you get a ten point joke in eight point type?" The unhappy man only writhed in hopeless agony. "Try it in black-face," continued the editor. "It's a sort of black-face type of a joke, anyhow." At this Cap bounded for the door and fled into the storm. The editor turned to me. "I'll have it set up by hand on the composing stone. That will fix it," he said, with an air of finality. "Why don't you set 'em up at Wilson's?" inquired one of the frosh reporters.

At this point I followed Cap. That night I wrote a postal card to the manager of the D. P. A.

Some men are born great, some write their own Senior honor cards and some men queen to a football rally.

THESE DAYS.

My overcoat drips on the back of a chair, on the steam pipe are roosting my shoes. The umbrella I stole don't begin to compare with the one that I happened to lose. It has rained for a week with never a break in the dismal and lachrymose sky, and I'm sure that not even the courses I take could be out in this storm and keep dry.

I notice the queens have lost much of the hair with which they were formerly crowned. Though perhaps my conclusions are false and unfair. I suspect that their rats have been drowned. Yet on deeper reflection it would not appear that they could have met watery graves when they gaily disport for the rest of the year in the depths of the great Marcel waves.

The men out for baseball and tennis and track are all in the gloomiest moods. They fear if the skies are persistently black they are likely to turn into studes, but the Frosh who came out of their tubbings alive go happily paddling around. They are used to the water, and are sure to survive, and they pray that the sophomores get

drowned.

"There are our new training quarters," remarked the wise one and he pointed to the freshmen 440 men.

The Greeks had just entered Troy in their hollow wooden steed.

"This," said Aeneas, mournfully, "is indeed a horse on us."

Picking up his father, he moved out of town.



ON THE BOAT





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In the Cozy Corner.

She (archly)—What do you like best about me?

He—My arm. (Tableau.)—Tiger.

George—You know I asked Miss de Gould to let me see her home.

Milroy—What did she say?
George—She said, "Certainly; come around in the daytime, and have a good look at it."—Columbia Jester.

George—Yes, dear; anything you say goes.

Marguerite (bored to death)—George!—Columbia Jester.

Assistance.

Agent—I'm trying to sell some books to make a living. Won't you help me out?

Lady of House—I will, if you won't get out any other way.—Columbia Jester.

She (as she finishes a rhapsody)—You didn't know I played the piano, did you?

He—No; do you?—Columbia Jester.

After Twelve.

She—And would you really put yourself off for my sake?

He—Indeed I would.

She—Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy.—Purple Cow.

Homesick Farmer in New York—Say, Mister, what is that building?

New Yorker—It is the Singer Building.
Farmer—Gee, I'd like to hear it sing "Home, Sweet Home."—Harvard Lampoon.

He—Everwear Hoisery at this counter?
She—None of your business.—Widow.

He—I am crazy to kiss you.
She—Well, if you think so, you needn't.—Harvard Lampoon.

He—We don't see as much of you as we used to, Mrs. Farleigh.

She—No; my husband objects to low-cut dinner gowns.—Punch Bowl.

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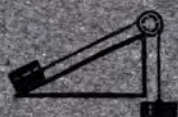
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