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Clothing Manufacturers Furnishers



Announcement

Bullock & Jones Company Are Now Manufacturing San Francisco's Finest Ready-to-Wear Suits

In the Bullock & Jones Company Workshops, San Francisco

\$60 up

SAN FRANCISCO now has an establishment where, under modern conditions as to employment, and up-to-date thought and ethics as to materials, design and workmanship, fine Ready-to-Wear Men's Suits are constructed for California men who desire to dress in a *better* way.

Bullock & Jones Company design their fine Ready-to-Wear Suits for *Pacific Coast* conditions, and make them to most rigid specifications in the matter of materials and highest grade workmanship.

Bullock & Jones Company and good dressers know:

- that nothing but silk thread will do for the buttonholes of coat and waistcoat; and that the stitching must be done by hand;
- that the collars of coats must be stitched by hand and shaped as stitched, in order that the collar shall keep its shape;
- that coat fronts must be edged with shrunk linen tape, by hand, to prevent curling or buckling;
- that pocketings must be of good sturdy quality, well stitched in;
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You have known Bullock & Jones Company for many, many years as the finest Custom Tailors in the West; as the best shirt makers; as purveyors of the very best *Imported* Hats, Cravats, Collars, Hosiery, etc.; and as suppliers of extraordinarily good Ready-to-Wear Suits and Overcoats made elsewhere to their special order.

And Bullock & Jones are *actual makers* of the West's very finest Ready-to-Wear Suits—for men who desire to be *Better Dressed*.

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'tis said that styles for men are bred at college.
For many years, Stanford men have been clothed by

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KUPPENHEIMER GOOD CLOTHES

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915 Waverley St. Phone P. A. 711

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Dramatic Mezzo-Contralto with Metropolitan Grand Opera Co.

Voice Culture

Piano, String and Wind Instruments



"95ers!"

Sinn—You're always of a different opinion.
Fein—Not at all, not at all. Quite the contrary.—*Virginia Reel.*



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Kodak Album**

*The happiest record
of college days*

Our albums are durable
and will keep their good
looks through years of
use.

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We have many new departments added to our little shop since last year and invite you in to see all the pretty things, which you know are reasonably priced.

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Opposite Western Union

MISS BECKMAN
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Hello, Everybody!—

We're all glad to
see you back!

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Pally

Your Foto Friend

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A clean, cozy, unique cafe, specializing in Spanish Dishes and appetizing, well-prepared American foods. An a la carte and table d'hote dinner that you will like.

Spanish dishes packed to take home for an evening repast

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I think you will know what I mean.
I think you'll get me when I say:
The minds of women should be clean,
They change them forty times a day.
—Voo Doo.

The various currents of the North Sea are now being tracked by means of sealed bottles. So are the various raisins of North America. —Life.

TANGLED

I s'pose it's quite the "usual thing"
To "take one's pen in hand"—
Transcribe a lot of metaphors
No one can understand:

About

"We all return just once again
Through Stanford's yawning gates,"
And how

"Old Alma Mater
Holds forth her arms and waits,"
And how

"The gray-brown sandstone" is
"Rimmed with sunlit tiles."
And how

"The palms along the drive
Still march ahead in files."
And how

"The rolling foothills rise
To kiss the western skies."
And how

"The co-ed lies in wait
And lies and lies—and lies."
And how

"The freshman enters"
"To conquer fields anew."
And how

"The brawny hero plods
To down the Gold and Blue."

I'm sure that these trite phrases
Could go on for days and days,
Until the struggling poet would
Get tangled in the maze.

For

He's been away for long—long months—
Dropped academic thought—
Forgetting classroom topics—
Nearly all he has been taught.
His vocabulary's punctured,
And his brain has tossed and twirled.
What he's trying to say's that Stanford
Is the "best place in the world."

—A. H. '20



Says the snake unto this co-ed,
"You're a very pretty miss,
If the reader were not looking
I would surely steal a kiss!"



PANDEMONIUM

Oh, the dogfish barks and the catfish yowls,
And the shark is studying law;
Come weal, come woe, no man shall know
What the crawfish has in his craw.

The dumbell tolls, the engagement rings,
And the children's playground plays;
The hoot owl hoots, the baseball fouls,
And now the sleighbell slays.

The soupbone breaks, the steak mistakes,
The cider mill sides with me;
The rose bush rose, which only shows
That sugar don't rhyme with tea.

The moonshine moons, the hotdog growls,
The tree frog leaves with glee;
The cloudburst broke, the pinwheel spoke
To the cootie that turned to flee.

The bandstand stood as the dogwood would,
The oyster blew up in his shell;
The same clique clicks, the woodtick ticks
With the hellbox boxed in hell.

—T. I.



Harry—My new car is a wonder. It will take
me anywhere.

Mary—Yes; I noticed you in the ditch last
night.



Have you seen Ethel in her new role?
No, but she was swaying pretty bad last
night.



One on Him!

Old Gentleman—I can see by the way you talk,
my man, that your folks came from Ireland.

Pat—Yer mistaken, sir; they air still there.

MIGHT BE OLD CROW

“Looks as though some bird had run over
her.”

“Probably so. I saw crow's feet around her
eyes.”



Powell—What's this B. B. campaign mean?
Pacific—Be a Boozeter.



OH, THE VULGAR ENGINEER!

Oh, the Engineer, in brogans shod,
Upon the corner of the Quad
Does stand and slowly ruminates
The cud of soothing opiate.

“Now all these Janes may pass me by,
And turn from me with scornful eye.
They know me for a man that's free,
For none of them has strings on me.

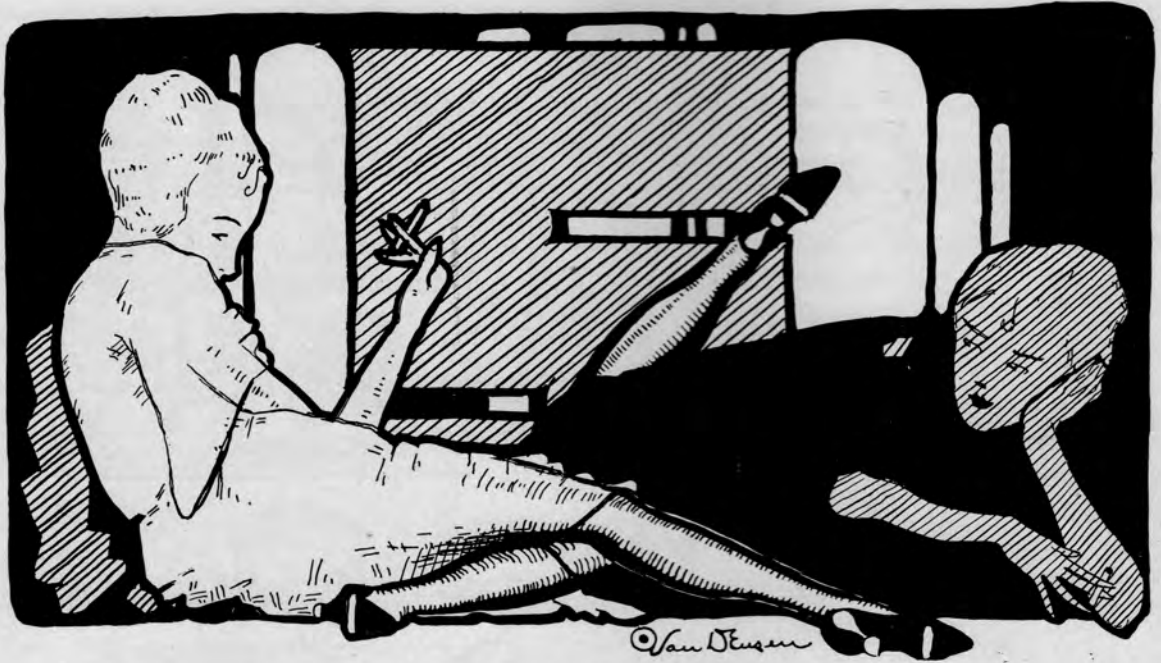
“Far better wear the quarter shirt,
The noble cords well caked with dirt,
Than pave your dome with bandoline
To please some fussy Campus Queen.

“The rustle of a skirt is death!
To me perfume's a viper's breath.
And a powder puff's a thing to fear,”
So spoke the vulgar Engineer.

—Mike.



Mello—Quick, Central! Give me the police.
Hello—Sorry, but the bootleggers just
bought the last one.



Flora—I wonder why poor Art jumped into the river?
 Dora—I think there was a woman at the bottom of it!

Five Hundred of 'Em!

Square—I see where a designer says that women should dress in keeping with their personality.

Round—It would bring down a storm of Blue Laws.

Square—Why?

Round—Just think of those who haven't any.

Hit—She certainly has nerve to wear a complexion like that.

Miss—Well, it pays to put on a bold front.

Warp—He makes up such awful yarns and fabrications.

Woof—You can't blame him. The family has a lot of heirlooms.

Fanny—Heavens! That jar of cosmetic has disappeared.

Danny—Shouldn't wonder. You asked the clerk for vanishing cream.

A Dry Remark!

Scoffer—Where will you find the upright citizen in your community?

Citizen—Looking for a drink most of the time.

Enough Is Too Much

Perhaps you've read or heard it said
 That cats possess nine lives:
 You kill one once or twice or thrice
 And yet the darned thing thrives;
 Now that may suit some poor galoot,
 But when I die I'm done.
 What silly dunce would die but once?
 —Thank God I've only one!

No doubt you've heard some learned bird
 Discuss, to earn his bread,
 Before his class, the silly ass,
 The snake with double head.
 My barber bills give me the thrills,
 They put me on the run.
 I've not the price two heads to slice
 —Thank God I've only one!

You've heard, my son, of Solomon,
 Who had a million wives,
 But ancient swells were there with bells
 In matrimonial drives;
 But as for me, I'd never be
 Hooked up with more than one;
 "500" bunch gives me a hunch,
 —Thank God that I have none.

—T. I.

A la Bordelaise?

Member of Class of '25 in a bone-head English composition: "In Scott's 'Ivanhoe' they wanted to burn Rebecca to a steak."



RUN 'EM IN

A travesty, a parody as it were, on Hunka Tin,
Gordon Gin and Gunga Din

(With apologies to the author of the initial and
the readers of the final.)

You can rant and you can rave
Of the cowardly and the brave,
You can praise the man you hold in high
esteem,

You can talk of fightin' preachers,
But come out upon the bleachers
And watch with me a while a Stanford Team.
They may be black and dusty,
And their togs be old and musty,
But the fight that keeps them going is my
theme,

For they battle every minute
For everything that's in it:
It's something to be on a Stanford Team.

"Oh, it's rah, rah, rah!
Get a sandheap in your craw—
Don't set and dream!"
We can hear the would-be teachers
A-fightin' from the bleachers,
A-fightin'—not a-helpin' Stanford Team!

Though you may be old and dizzy
And insist that you are busy,
There's a place out on the field to pick up
steam;

Don't stay in the stands a-dreamin',
Be out on the field a-screamin'—
Come out and be one of the Stanford Team.
This is trite and old—don't jeer it—
Stanford wins by Stanford Spirit,
For of athletes we don't get all the cream.
When we need a game, we take it,
For the boys go out and make it—
IT TAKES US ALL to make a Stanford
Team.

Now say "Rah, rah, rah!
Greatest bunch I ever saw,
They are supreme!"
If you're after education,
Get it through coöperation,
Come out and help us make a Stanford Team.
—T. I.

Signs of the Times

"Do you believe in signs?"

"That all depends."

"I dreamt I had a good drink of the real stuff.
What is that a sign of?"

"That's a sign you were dreaming."

What became of that miss in your engine?
The accelerator.

The First Step on the Gangplank.

The train slowed down and came to a stop. Up in the smoker the returning sophomore was applying the finishing touches to the process of putting his freshman friend on the boat.

"Yeah, this is Redwood, where we used to go on Saturday nights," explained the sage of '24. "Talk about your wild times! Say, just ask some of the other oldtimers."

'25 drank in the words of the worldly wise and murmured a humble "umhuh," meaning "I guess it must be so if you say it." His companion blew a few smoke rings in silence as the train continued down the peninsula.

"Bill, you're pretty lucky to have somebody to put you wise to the old traditions before you get down there," he finally remarked. "I had to learn it all by experience, and I got some pretty hard bumps while I was doing it. I'll introduce you to all the real guys when we get to the campus and put you in right from the start."

"And how about the girls, George?" ventured Bill. "Are they hard to get acquainted with?"

"Gosh, man!" exclaimed the hardened veteran, "I almost forgot to warn you about that. Keep away from the co-eds."

"Why?" inquired young '25. "What's the matter with 'em?"

"Absolutely the bunk," said George, with all his sophomore cynicism. "Not more than a dozen classy ones, and they'll hardly look at you unless you've got a million berries or it happens to be around time for Junior Week or the Prom. Even when you do get a date with one and blow your summer's earnings on her, she won't know you on the quad the next day."

"Pretty good dancers, though, aren't they?" put in Bill.

"Dancers?" repeated George, warming up to his subject. Oh, maybe two or three, but most of 'em don't know the first step and can't talk about anything but Phi Beta Kappa and brainy stuff. Yeah, and break a date on you when some guy comes along with a big machine. Take a tip from a bird that knows, and import. Most of the new fellows aren't wise to it."

The frosh looked downcast. His rosy dreams of college life were fleeting. "For the love of Pete," he said, "I didn't know it was as bad as all that. You must have been stung pretty bad before you got wise."

"Me? Oh, I never stepped out with any of 'em."

"Then how'd you learn all that stuff?"

"Why, er—that's what all the fellows say. Just ask some of the other oldtimers."



The Stanford Chaparral

VOL. XXIII

OCTOBER, 1921

NO. 1

The Chappies

TOM CARSKADON, '22

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Associate Editors

ED WELLS, '14

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GRINNY COWING, '22

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ESTABLISHED 1899
ORGANIZED 1906

IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



that the crowning virtue of a Frosh is humility.

Once a Frosh acquires that quality and shows that he is willing to learn, Chappie— and any one else—is willing to help him.

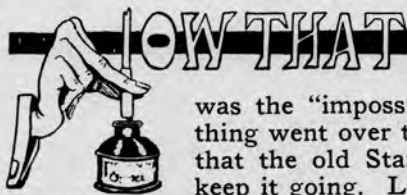
we are Off Again to another year at the biggest university in Palo Alto, Chappie gives a large look-around and allows a smile of satisfaction to mar his otherwise handsome countenance. Chappie fully agrees with the writers of every opening Editorial since the year One that "this is going to be the greatest year ever," and hopes that everyone will do all in his power (and some not in his power) to bring that about. The Old Boy further lays aside the hammer long enough to extend his hand in greeting to the newcomers in our midst. He trusts that the transfers will like their new home as well as the one they have just left, and hopes that the class of '25 will soon realize



a famous old trio known to the ancients as Wine, Women, and Song has been demobilized and placed on a peace footing by the (fancied) removal of Wine and the diversion of Women into other activities such as going to college, Chappie believes in conserving what's

left of the outfit and thus gives a thought to Song. As the Old Boy idly thumbs the pages of the local Directory of Organizations known as the Quad, he is surprised to find how many gangs are devoted to the making of melody.

There are the Ziegfeld—beg your pardon—the Shubert Club, the University Holiday Band, the Musick Klub, the Church Queer, and the Gloom Club, not to mention such outlets for re-hashes of popular tunes as the strictly amateur Junior Opera and its less virtuous companion, the darkly professional Ram's Head Show. Judging from all this layout, there must be a large interest in music running around loose on the campus, and it seems a shame that it can't be organized into more productive channels. Several people have suggested a Music School for Stanford, and Chappie thinks that the idea isn't half bad. Perhaps with such a school we could have something approaching the Music of the Spheres, to vary the monotony of the music of the cubes.



Stadium Fund campaign which was pulled off just before finals last June was about the encouragingest thing Chappie has seen in a whole flock of blue moons. Not only

was the "impossible" amount of ten thousand dollars garnered in, but the thing went over the top for four or five thousand more. All of which proves that the old Stanford Spirit still packs a mighty punch, and we want to keep it going. Let some of the husky gents who stand around prating about a "rich man's college" get on the inside of a red jersey, trot down to the football field, and gain a more intimate acquaintance with the real estate there. Let some of the listless Louies and Lillies who think that "full back" is a dressmaker's term get out with the Regular Students and support the team. We have a little argument with California coming up next month, and we want to win it. Let's go!



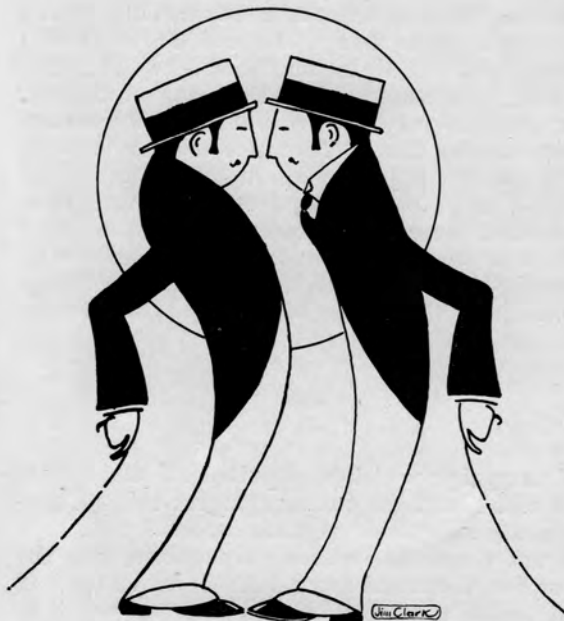
NOW THAT the Box scores of the annual Postoffice Rush will soon be out, Chappie wishes to make some comments touching upon and appertaining thereunto. Next to the cactus garden after nine p. m., Mr. Will H. Hays' little sub-agency is just about the most popular spot on the campus, and, as they say in the Econ Department, the demand always exceeds the supply. Each quarter there is a grand scramble for the privilege of adding "Box Umpty-Umph" to one's University address, and it is equally true that each quarter a large number of people get left. These people have the delightful privilege of being cussed out for blocking the doorway while they patiently get their feet tramped on and miss their nine o'clocks in order to wait in line for their mail.

From which mass of evidence even the Palo Alto Police Force might deduce the fact that our present Postoffice facilities are inadequate. Knowing what Government red tape is like, Chappie despairs of getting a larger building any time within the next ten years and offers this suggestion in its place. Other university communities, many of them smaller than ours, have free mail delivery. Why not an R. F. D. for the Farm?



October Contributors

A. Tyler, '21	F. Fisher, '24
A. Binns, '22	H. Kennedy, '24
H. Chevalier, '22	H. Rorke, '24
W. Koehler, '23	C. Shoup, '24
R. Lampson, '23	T. Van Deusen, '24
R. Law, '23	C. Young, '24



Pork—Why did you name your child Montgomery Ward?
Beans—Beacuse he's of the male order.



Policeman—Were you looking for something, lady?
Woman—Yes; my husband's viol.
Policeman—Dirty thing! Why don't you get a divorce?



Temperance Lecturer—If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he choose to drink?
Soak—The water.
T. L.—Yes, and why?
Soak—Because he's an ass."



1st Burglar—How did you get that window open when the other guys couldn't budge it?
2d Burglar—I used my prior right.



What makes her look so faded?
Must be mirage.



Little Willie tumbled through—
Fell into a pot of glue.
Mother reached him with a bound—
Now little Willie sticks around!

THE FAVORITE YELL
Of the University of Siam.

(Read this aloud to a friend.)

Wah Tah Nah!
Wah Tah Nah!
Wah Tah Nah
Siam!

Wah Tah Nah!
Wah Tah Nah!
Wah Tah Nah
Siam!



Bad Egg—What you doing these days?
Bad Yegg—Nobody.



Overtaxed!

Blackeye—When that big stiff tried to collect the war tax I told him the war was over.
Close Friend—And then what?
Blackeye—I found out that it wasn't.



"I'm afraid that you have, at some time or other, taught that parrot to swear."
"No, he learned that when I told him what he ought not to say."



Fee: What made you so small, Wee?
Wee: I was raised on condensed milk.

He's Got Our Number!

DEAR ABDUL:

For the present I am sojourning in the Province of California, located on the shores of San Francisco Bay.

Knowing that it will be of entertainment to you, I will describe at some length the natives of this place, as they differ from the people of our own Bengal Province in many amusing ways.

They are rough and barbarous, yet hospitable to strangers. At the command of a high chieftain, Volstead, they are forbidden the use of strong liquors. For all that, they are hopeful people, and make merry on a native drink called Home Brew.

Neither are they indifferent to the benefits of education. At the Royal University of Stanford, where I had the pleasure of visiting, it is no uncommon thing to see the crude young men of the hill tribes and the Northern Provinces making the long journey to the Royal University in search of learning, for which, among other things, they have a great thirst.

It is interesting to note, in keeping with their unwritten caste system, that these young barbarians may remain at the University for four years, or even longer, yet never advance in the refinement of personal appearance, still continuing to have the utmost of wildness in garb and behavior. The few who are exceptions to this custom are given the names of various wild animals, such as House Serpents, Tea Tigers, and Lounge Leopards, and even quainter names in private.

There is no more astonishing proof of the primitive and disorganized state of civilization here than that women are still allowed to attend the Royal University. Their numbers are, however, limited, and there is talk among the more progressive of the men to have them excluded altogether—as will no doubt be done with the gradual growth of civilization and culture.

Yet I am forced, against my will, to admit that the women who attend the Royal University are a source of

some little interest to me. I was greatly puzzled to learn that all of them, at least 500 in number, claimed to be Queens—and a few of them not without some reason. At least, I had thought them all to be the daughters of chieftains, though later I learned that this was not at all the case. Some, who made the greatest claim to being Queens, were the daughters of such low caste men as Soil Tillers, Ice Mongers, and Conveyors of the Hod.

In contrast to the rude simplicity of garb among the men, these so-called Queens dressed most elaborately, and in bad taste. It was not in the least thought extraordinary to see them attend a class in as simple and dignified a study as Economics, arrayed after the manner of one of our own Princesses on a day of high festivity.

Before closing, I must needs tell you of the music of this rude people. Yet I am at a loss to describe it, as I have heard nothing like it in all my travels, unless, perchance, in the back streets of Saigon. The orchestras of these students are made up mainly of loud and inharmonious drums, and the instruments which are hung about the necks of cattle to prevent their straying unheeded. There are also wooden instruments which are banged against any solid object which may be in reach of the musician.

I would tell you more, but fear that you have already laughed as much as is good for you at the antics of these quaint people. Yet do not think that I make little of them.

I have thought not a little of attending the Royal University in order to add to my experiences among Barbarians.

Indeed, I would do this thing if it were not that out of my Celestial income, I can not afford to pay the high Registration Fee demanded by the Royal University.

Your devoted Kinsman,

ALBULL GUNGA.

WHAT'S HIS ADDRESS?

Mr. King—You don't seem to worry much about your debts.

Mr. Jack—No, I always borrow from a pessimist who don't expect to get it back.



Sister—Do you think his life is an open book?

Brother (who has been to college in years past)—Yes, but during the time he went to college he tore out a few pages.



College President—So you want a job as a professor. Did you ever earn any money in your business?

Applicant—No, not to any marked degree.

Prexie—Very well, you will be given a position in our economics department.



Mrs. Aging—Dear me! My hair is turning white!

Mr. Aging—Shh! Keep it dark!



Riff—Why are they called blind pigs?

Raff—Because their place of business changes so often they are siteless.



He—You look almost sweet enough to kiss.
She (shyly)—I intended to look better than almost.



“Did you see her new skt?”
 “What do you mean by skt?”
 “They are all the style—abbreviated skirts!”

WOULD WILL?—WILL WOULD

Will U. Philpotts was a gentleman, a scholar and a good judge of homebrew. He admitted it. It paid him to admit it. People were inclined to engage the services of any scholastic gentleman whose palate possessed the faculty of discerning superior inebriating qualities in beverages in question, *i. e.* questionable beverages. In other words, Will U. Philpotts had an eye for eye-openers, in consequence of which he carried a portable caplifter and corkscrew as a bottle-opener.

Will possessed a weak right eye as a result of various and sundry winks whose potent significance resulted in something that made the other eye equally weak. The waning strength of his eyes, however, imparted to his breath a large portion of their virility and added somewhat to Will's scholarly appearance. (Note marked increase in consumption of Life Savers, etc., since 1919.)

(*i. e.* officially registered L.S.J.U.)

Will isn't with us any more (Pipe Edict 707, Official Sanctum via Men's Countsil et cetera, ad infinitum). Will, as you have probably guessed, is not one of the old school. Will, you might say, is a misanthrope arising from the instigation of prohibition. The samples of the old school lived a long and safe life. Today his path is beset by dangers on every hand. Will is a young man, fast growing old, a scientist devoting his youthful years to research and investigation, extensive, intensive—but exhaustive. His lot is hard—as

his liquor. His life will be of three stages—blockhead (wood); denatured alki (wood); overcoat (wood). Would you, if you had a chance? You know you would.

TO A BUSTED BOTTLE

Palidity supplants thy fiery flush.
 Ne'er more thy glassy countenance shall blush
 To any thrill. Alas, how broken—dead.
 A hapless thing, thy virgin vigor spent
 And fled—thy soul; your spirit went
 To join the other quart of Dago Red.

—H. R.

The Parting
 (95 of 'em.)

A bolt of pain shot through my breast,
 I stifled back a groan,
 The face of her whom I loved best
 Was gone—I was alone.

And for her picture did I pine;
 That face I most adore
 Was on a dollar—once 'twas mine,
 But it is mine no more. —C. L. M.

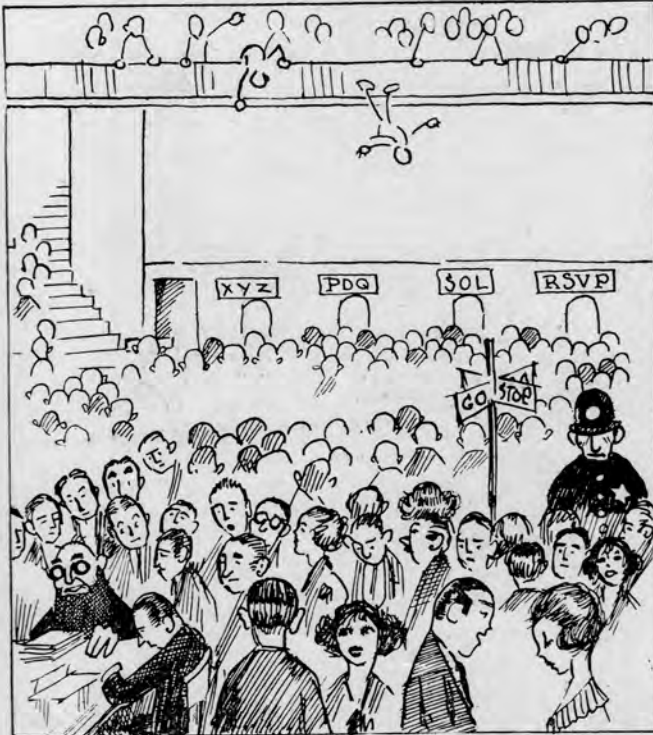


He:—Well, I'll betcha two million, a trillion, a quadrillion, a-a-aw! I'll betcha a nickle!



WITH THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER THE "FATTED CALF" IS LED OUT!

Music by Fred Fisher



A stranger would think that this mob scene
was meant
For a movie six-reeler entitled "Repent";
But the pros and the frosh and the rest of
the gang
Are just getting started, politeness go hang!



"This business of finding your trunk,
Is certainly getting the bunk,"
Remarks the young frosh, quite bewildered.
"By gosh,
Please, mister, unravel this junk!"



"R-r-right this way—the Chaparral,
The Illustrated just off the press!
Pictorial, here gents—well, well, well,
Subscribe for the Cardinal—it costs less.



You'll notice that my sweater
Is unadorned by "S,"
But I'm a hero till the game—
And then I'm something less!

Words by Carl Shoup



There's something wrong with all these books
That tell about the different courses;
They never mark the pipes at all—
Oh, send for plumber's forces!



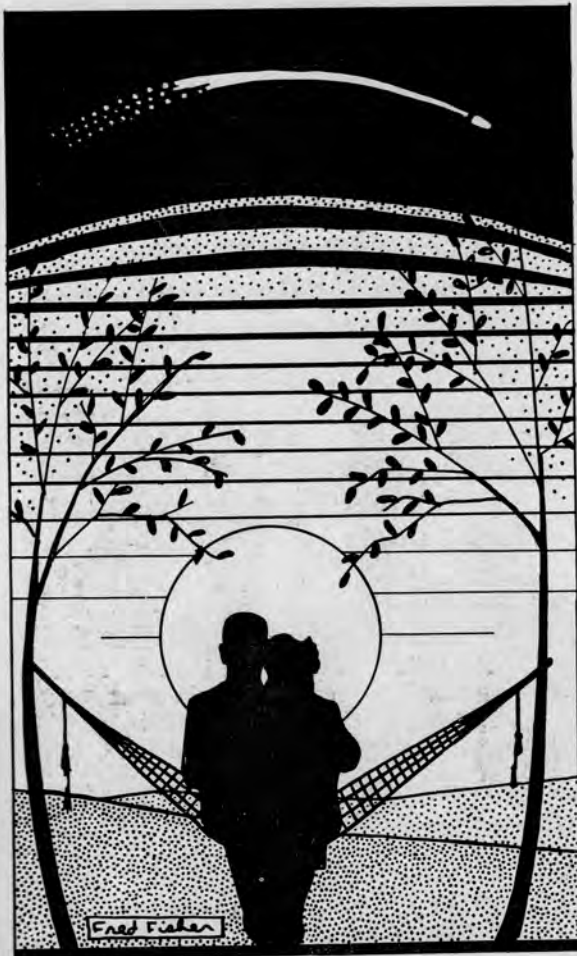
Now Oswald may not look quite bright—
Nor have much sense in store,
But when his bank account is low
He telegraphs for more!



Now that the summer's over,
And my nose is Bolshevik,
I think I'll never drink again,
At least not for a week!



Now why does he appear detached
With Stanford co-eds near his reach?
He's thinking of Theda Pickford
Whom he met down at the beach!



She—Don't you love shooting stars?
He—I never shot any.

AGED ALUMNUS ADDRESSES SON OF STANFORD RED

"Oh, Pa-pa, see the large struc-ture. What can it be?"
"That is the Stan-ford Stad-i-um, my son."
"The Stan-ford Stad-i-um has lots of seats in it, has-n't it, Pa-pa?"
"Yes, my son, we shall sit there to watch Stan-ford win."
"How large the field is, Pa-pa!"
"The bet-ter to beat Cal-i-for-nia in, my son."
"But, oh, Pa-pa, how large the score-board is!"
"The better to mark our large score on, gen-tle off-spring."
"And how dusty the Stad-i-um is, Pa-pa!"
"The bet-ter to blind the Gold and Blue in, sweet ur-chin."
"Oh, Pa-pa, look at the man-y, man-y steps around the Stad-i-um. Oh, dear, what can they be for?"
"The bet-ter to car-ry them off the field, Os-car. Stan-ford is go-ing to kick the Gold-en Bear in the Snoot. Os-car, listen! The Gold-en Bear is be-gin-ning to howl al-read-y. He smells the Stan-ford stad-i-um."
"O-o-o-h, I feel sor-ry for the poor Bear."

Chappie's Phoolograph. Number the First.

Tanlac V. Compound snapped his suspenders angrily. He was displeased. Not because he didn't have a belt, but because his uncle, A. P. Anthropoid, famous marriage license agent, had kicked the old oaken bucket and left him a million dollars. Tanlac thought he was worth two dollars more. He had intended to pay an overdue gas bill with the ten and invest the million in roller skate sharpeners. Now he was foiled—fenced in. The gas man couldn't change the million and the sharp-ener company wouldn't accept the change.

Ah ha! He had it! Tanlac would buy the gas company out and cheat himself out of the bill. He did. He then doubled the rate and collected twenty off himself, which left him ten for chewing gum stretchers for movie flappers. He, however, invested it in a platinum shaving mug for his mother-in-law's parrot, who immediately recovered her lost speech and cursed the preacher and made him feel at home.

Having vindicated himself in the eyes of his family and established a reputation for financial acumen, Tanlac sold out the gas emporium at a sacrifice to raise first payment on shoestrings for his aquarium's pet angleworm.

At this point, his mother-in-law was stricken with the bucolic plague, and Tanlac bribed a quack with a goose and two ducks to entertain her with the latest text on attractive tombstones. The old lady was so delighted with the engravings that she immediately recovered and ate ten dollars worth of pretzels and drank nine quarts of beer at a single sitting, while Tanlac was calcimining the chicken-coop with talcum powder. Learning of the hopeless news, Tanlac rushed forth in an agony of despair and bent his watch spring and false teeth trying to butt his brains out on a plate-glass window in the county jail.

After serving a nineteen-day sentence for winking openly at his neighbor's fresh cow, Tanlac retired from business and sold shoe horns and potato mashers for a living until a cop ran him in the second time for eating round steak with a square-faced soup strainer.

Despondent and heartbroken, Tanlac sought refuge in a garlic cellar, where he might end his days in peace. A Belgian coalheaver in search of a night's rest entered immediately afterward and struck Tanlac from the rear with a dime's worth of Brussels sprouts, in consequence of which the brave Compound died in a delirious fever, chewing sadly on a decayed mushroom, softly murmuring, "Flapjacks."

Moral: Anybody that makes two dates on the same night hasn't any business smelling the preacher's breath.

Reporter—What'll I say about the prisoner's appearance?

City Ed.—Oh, just say that his face had a pinched look.

Hard-boiled Gent in Beanery—Waiter, bring me a hard-boiled egg and a cocoanut. They're the only things the cook can't get his hands in.

Nai—Why is Algy so sunburned? Didn't know he went out for athletics.

Eve—Doesn't; his bed is on the sunny side of the porch.

Back on the job again
 Off with a bang!
 Down with the weepy-eyed—
 Let 'em go hang!
 We're not afraid to face
 Anything, anyplace;
 Who's goin' to set the pace?
 Snap to it, gang!

There goes the Stanford red—
 Blazing the trail;
 Its place is out ahead—
 Power to the "hail"!
 Everyone on the boat;
 Dead ones are hard to float;
 Off with the hat and coat;
 Drop the word "fail"!

We're all in the STANFORD CLUB—
 Let's pay our dues.
 The Old Boy can't favor
 Those "Home Again" blues.
 We'll give the pros a run;
 Also we'll have some fun:
 Sorrow and grief are done—
 On with the cruise!



Proto—Give me the right key and I'll sing in any flat.

Plasm—Well, I can play foot notes on a shoe horn, old bug.



Matty—What's the coolest spot in a theater?
 Nay—Z row, of course, old dear!

Eversharp—Eve was about the same as modern women.

Waterman—How do you know?

Eversharp—She didn't think about putting on her heavy clothes till after the fall.

"Funny how a fat woman always feels bigger than she looks."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I danced with one last night."

Tried—What did old man Binks get thrown out of that restaurant for?

True—Well, you see, it was a table d'hote dinner, and the menu had a notice at the bottom saying "Extra charge for Deviation." When the old boy saw that, his face lit up with joy and he said he had never tried any of the stuff but they could bring him a quart.



Anti-Prohib.—Ray! Father's going to give me his wine cellar!
 Prohib.—In that case, you ought to have a lot of kick coming.

Boo—What time ish it?
 Zee—Thurshday.
 Boo—Great Scott, I must get off here.—*College Mercury.*

Fair Customer (to salesman displaying modern bathing suit)—And you're sure this bathing suit won't shrink?
 Salesman—No, miss; it has nowhere to shrink to.—*Life.*

A lady and a gentleman who were walking with their little nephew were much entertained with his original way of expressing himself. Among other great truths he declared: "When Daddy says 'No,' and Mother says 'Yes,' yes is the name of it."—*Life.*

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
 Biting his nails 'mid the flowers;
 He'd presented his gal to his former best pal,
 And both had been missing for hours.—*Tiger.*

Mary had a little calf,
 She was ashamed to show it.
 And Mary hoped with all her might
 Her beau would never know it.
 She always took the greatest care
 To keep it under cover;
 But a mouse ran in the room—
 Now Mary's lost her lover.—*Burr.*

"Help, help, queek!"
 "What's wrong?"
 "Tony, he stuck in da mud."
 "How far in?"
 "Up to da knees."
 "Aw, let him walk out."
 "No, no. He no can walk; he wronga end up."—*Tiger.*

She has a beau with lots of dough,
 He is her steady beau—but
 He's stupid, dense, lacks common sense,
 So she calls him her dough-nut.—*Burr.*

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist, "I bathed in the spring of '83."—*Burr.*

Sim—Shay, whasha matta wid Bob? I just shtuck my head in his door and said "Hello," and he wouldn't ansher me!
 Pul—Wush he in his room?
 Sim—I didn't see him anywhere.—*Purple Cow.*

Reporter—What'll I say about the prisoner's appearance.
 City Ed.—Oh; just say that this face had a pinched look.—*Gargoyle.*

* She (talking of pure thought)—Now, really, don't you think girls have cleaner minds than men?
 He—Yes, I suppose so. But they ought to; look how often they change them.—*Tiger.*

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
 To get her young daughter a dress,
 But all that was there was some silk one yard square:
 The girl made a hit, you can guess.—*Tiger.*

"A fine bunch of hogs you've got there."
 "Yep; they're razorbacks, but they're not mean and dangerous like razorbacks usually are."
 "Ah, I see. Sort of a safety razor, eh?"—*Gargoyle.*

It—Why didn't you say that your father would come out and start trouble if I kissed you last night?
 Her—I told you the result of that kiss would be apparent.—*Purple Cow.*

Are You an Ugly Duckling?

—Just because you need a new frock

Let Jane Roland be your Fairy Godmother when next the clothes question comes up. A card will bring you an assortment of smart frocks, suits or apparel accessories for your approval.

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What's wrong? This great family magazine believes the fault lies with the cellar, not with the bire. In a word—poor advertising!

Live advertising means everything, as Nero said when Rome burned. Did you ever hear of Alexander the Great? If you did, it's because he advertised himself. If you didn't, it's your own fault. And where would Hiram Johnson be now if he hadn't advertised who he was? (Send your answers to this question to our puzzle department—awards announced in next issue.)

In order to liven things up, Chappie will conduct a free course in advertising.

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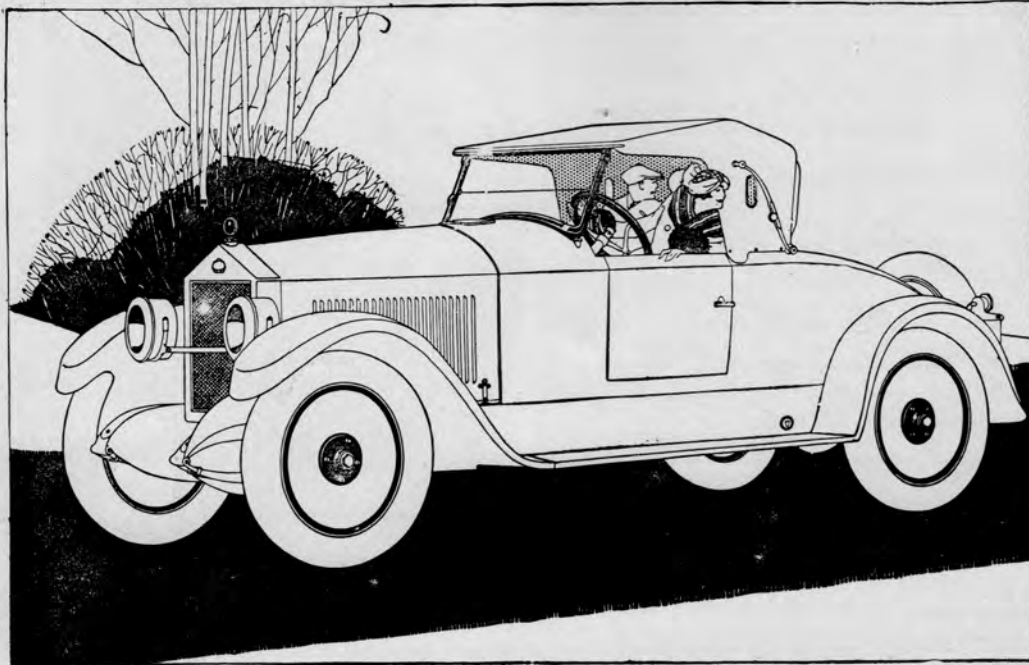


*The Livingston Dress Shop
Welcomes Autumn with
Fascinating Dance Frocks*

Some are quite simple (with the simplicity which conceals art) while others are glittering, clinging robes of sequins (quite vampish). There are ruffles, there are ribbons, there are exotic embroideries. There are girlish frocks for the demure type, and sophisticated frocks for the wicked (you'll love these)!

The materials are brocaded velvets, chiffons, sequins, colored laces, taffetas, metal cloth, and gres de Londre, delightfully vivid in colors of fuchsia, poppy, Egypt blue, tangerine, rose, jade, agate and black.

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The reason:—Not one or two, but every feature, has been created, tested and proved by specialists of wide experience and exact knowledge. The skill of the world has been selected and scientifically combined in this car by Moon engineers. They have infused it with the same proven quality which for sixteen years has marked the record of Moon cars.

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Along with the horn we send you a leather strap and the following complete saxophone library: "How to Play the Saxophone in Six Parts"; "Why I Play the Saxophone," by Jack Dempsey; "How the Scrapiron Six Was Evolved," by Oscar W. Scrapiron. pres., Scrapiron Mfg. Co.; "What's a Saxophone Good For?", by Philip Sousa; and "What the Bible Says of the Saxophone," by Wu Foo Lou (Ex-Emperor Imperial of Korea).

You send no money—merely inclose check or money-order for \$25.00 to pay freight, and we send you the horn for your approval. If you're not satisfied, tell us so. We won't care. Send us roc a week for forty-five years and nine months, and the horn is then yours, with interest.

(next lesson next month)

Swift

Palace Hotel Building
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You wouldn't think of dressing in a mere fig leaf, YET---

Often you try to make \$1—and here wear a PRICE TAG. you get 100c worth Roos Bros. always of Value for every make the price the dollar — look for Measure of Value— Worth and not the One hundred pennies TAG—

SUITS
\$35.00 — \$60.00

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ROOS BROS.

125-131 University Ave., Palo Alto



As an alumnus was strolling down the street
Toward the Pearly Gates.
He heard the noise of a thousand feet,
And the wails of a thousand brates.*
"What ho!" said he to gray-haired Pete,
"Of the noise below pray tell.
Does the Devil roast the sinners' meat?
Are all those wails from Hell?"
"Ho, ho," laughed Pete in a gleeful way,
"Your memory does not survive!
Below it is tuition day
For the infant class of twenty-five!"

*NOTE: Poet's license applied for!

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by EATING at

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She—I beg your pardon. I didn't know you were a
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In times of greatest joy;
But now they swathe it round with silk
And show it off; oh boy!

—Pelican.

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The clock struck nine, I looked at her,

Her lips were rosy red.

"At quarter after nine, I mean

To steal a kiss," I said.

She cast a roguish glance at me,

And then she whispered low,

With quite her sweetest little smile,

"The clock's like you—it's slow."

—Whizz Bang.



"Some people say that lipsticks are bad taste."

"Oh, I think they're delicious."—Virginia Reel.



"Mother said I shouldn't wear this one-piece bathing suit."

"You should obey your mother."—Jack-o-Lantern.

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Whenever one goes to a show
 They play up the "Triangle" so!
 It seems hardly fair
 To the circle and square,
 And the poor dear old rhomboid, you know!
 —*Life.*

They sat on the porch at mid-night,
 And their lips were tightly pressed;
 The old man gave the signal,
 And the bulldog did the rest.
 —*Virginia Reel.*

Palesteena—The more undressed a girl is, the better
 her partner can shimmy.
 Marimba—Yes; the bare idea makes him shudder.
 —*Purple Cow.*

"The Queen of Spain should start wearing a bathing
 suit like that."
 "Why so?"
 "I was reading the other day where her subjects
 were a little dissatisfied because they didn't see more
 of her."—*Gargoyle.*

Artist—How do you like my picture of an Arabian
 donkey?
 Admirer—Marvelous! You have put so much of
 yourself into it.—*Virginia Reel.*

The Galloping Dominoes

Seven: If I won a penny shooting craps, could
 I be arrested?
 'Leven: Sure, for gambling.
 Seven: Well, I'd be in a cent.

Battle—McKnutts' gone down some in the auto line.
 Wobble—Uh huh.
 Battle—Yeh, he used to drive a Cole car and now he
 drives a Nash car.—*Utah Hum Bug.*

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(What think you of the answer I sent back?)—*Phoenix*.

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A strain of music far away
A breeze to stir your hair,
A touch of sentiment, and then—
Remove a single chair.

—Pelican.



He—I had a drink last night. Did I do wrong?
She—Don't you remember?—*Phoenix.*



Wagner '22

"They say the best solo dancers chew Spearmint just before an exhibition."

"Spearmint?"

"Sure—it makes 'em Wrigley."—*Utah Hunn Bug.*



Father—When I was in college I used to get along on just one-third of your allowance.

Son—That may be so. But in your time you could buy Scotch for two dollars a quart.

—Pelican.



The rattle that warned folk from stepping on snakes now stops them from buying second-hand flivvers.—*Life.*



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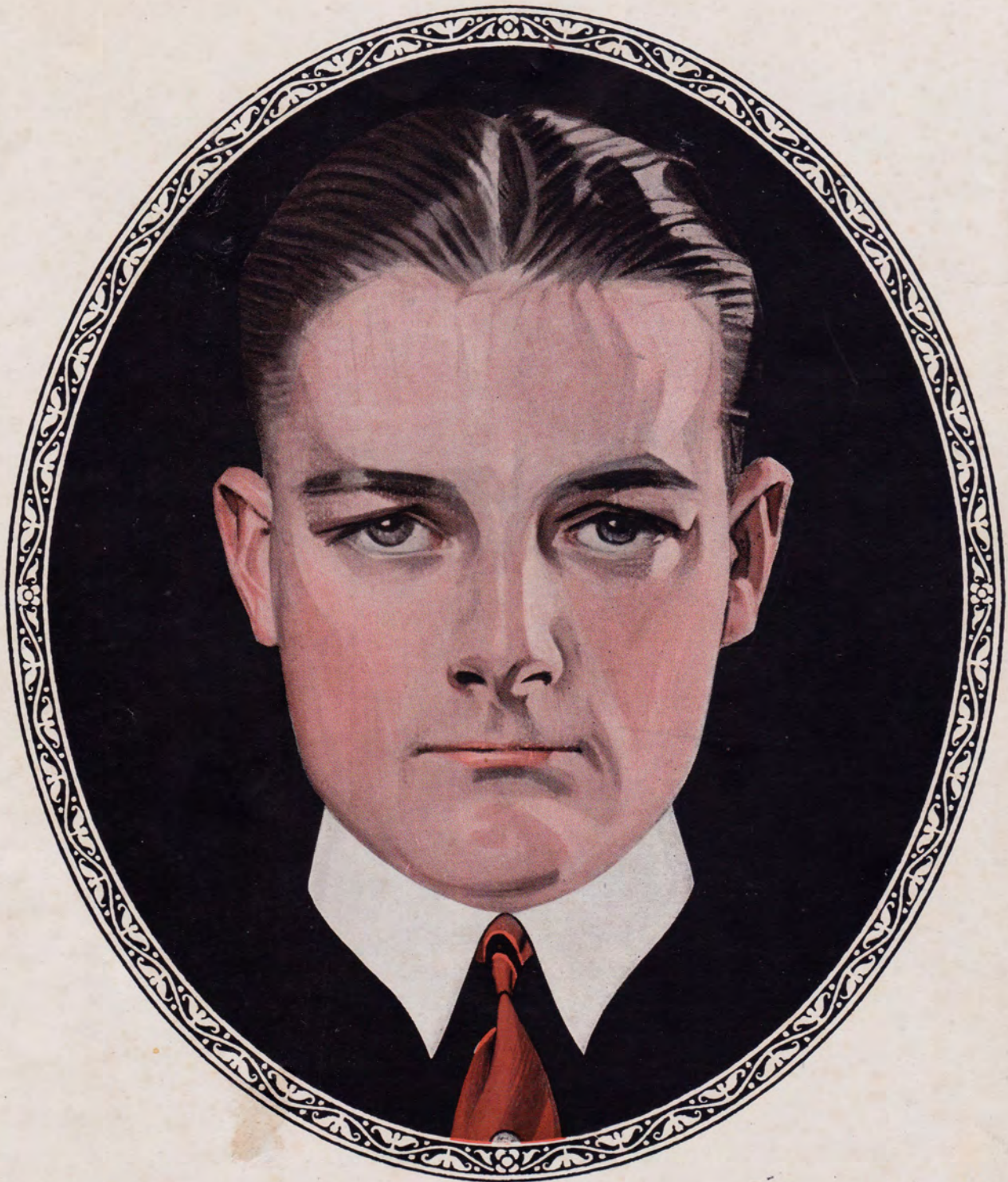
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Through this gate messages and representatives from a score of other factories and over fifty branch offices come and go every hour—an endless chain of coordinated activities carrying on and enlarging the scope of over a quarter century's work for the betterment of mankind.

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