

## Six Hundred Dollars Worth

It seemed good to see him once again. "Emile Gaubernatch, I'm glad to see you, old chap!" and I thumped him on the back. "What brought you back to 'Frisco?"

"Weel, you see, the work, he give out en Montreal, and I think I come back to San Francis' while I steel have a leetle dough to pay my fare. Besides, I think, perhaps, Meester Smeeth, you can find one job for me."

"We'll see about that, Emile. I can't hire you now, as I have a full shift of men on; but I will put your name on my book and when anything turns up, I'll let you know."

"Alright, Meester Smeeth, and now I go. I am ver' glad to see you but your time, he mus' be ver' busy and I weel not bother you."

"I am sorry you must go so soon, Emile. Drop in soon again and I will see if I can give you work. Good-bye."

"Ver' well, Meester Smeeth, goo'-bye."

He turned on his heel and left abruptly, but it was some time before I turned my attention to business. My mind was busy with thoughts.

Seven years before—or more accurately—the year before the big fire, I was seated at my desk one morning, when my office-boy entered with a note, and also the intelligence that a big Frenchman had given it to him and was waiting outside. The note was from an old school chum of mine and was written to introduce Emile Gaubernatch as an expert typesetter in need of work. I had the Frenchman admitted, was favorably impressed, and hired him. He worked for me, steadily and satisfactorily, until the earthquake and fire came, and frightened him so, that he immediately took train for his birth-place, Montreal, Canada. So, when, after the exciting events had rolled by, Smith & Company, printers and bookbinders, found themselves in a new building, there was no Emile Gaubernatch on the payroll. Nor did I ever hear of him again, until the morning of the opening of this story.

But now I awoke from my reverie, and, dismissing the Frenchman from my mind, concentrated on the work before me.

I heard no more of him that day, but the next afternoon I was indignant to receive the following telephone call:

"Is this Mr. Smith?"—well, this is the Foreign Hospital. We have a patient—Emile Gaubernatch is the name he gave—he says you will make good any bill he contracts. The advance charges on his room will be forty dollars. Please get this to us as soon as possible. No, not very serious, just a skull laceration. Thank you. Good-bye."

And then before I could remonstrate and tell them I would **not** pay his bills, the party hung up.

Now, what kind of a proposition was this? The crazy Frenchman had evidently gone off and lacerated his skull, and thought, because I had promised him a job, that I would pay his bills. This wouldn't do at all—not one bit of it. So I donned my coat and hat and guided my trusty little Ford to the Foreign hospital. There, after no end of red tape and a few hours of waiting, I managed to secure a few seconds of the head physician's time, contriving to come immediately to the point after introducing myself.



"I received a telephone call, doctor, that I must pay the bills of one Emile Gaubernatch, who, I understand, is under your care. I do not care to do so."

He gesticulated wildly. "Oh, but Monsieur Smeeth, you must pay. He says he has no money and jes' one fren', and that one, you."

I relented grudgingly. "All right, I'll pay for one week, but see that you get him well in that time."

He quickly assured me, "He will be well en one week, sure," and he walked away with sixty dollars of mine.

I went upstairs to see Gaubernatch. He greeted me sheepishly. I questioned him, "How did this happen?"

"Weel, you see, one brick, he fall, and he land on my head, and when the stars, they go 'way, I am here."

"But why did you tell them I would pay your bills? Have you no money?"

"O, sure; I got one seex hundred dollar in my trunk at my room."

"Where's your room? I will go get your money and you can pay your own bills."

"No, no, you pay, and when I get weel, I get my money, and pay you back."

I argued with him, but to no avail. He would not tell me where he roomed and, finally, in desperation, I told him I had paid for one week, and would pay no more, and if he wasn't well in that length of time, he could expect no more aid from me. With that, I made the memorandum in my notebook, "Emile Gaubernatch, \$60," and left, dismissing him entirely from my mind.

Six weeks later, my office-boy invaded my sanctum, one afternoon with the information that "the big Frenchy was waiting to see me." And then I remembered, and wondered why he had not come before. He entered slowly,—a mere shadow of his former self; haggard, unkempt, a veritable skeleton, with a patch of skin glued over each bone.

I made haste to get him a chair. "Why, Emile, what has happened? You have lost flesh!"

He lowered his wasted form slowly into the chair. "Oui, oui, Meester Smeeth, my fat, he is depart. It is one long, sad story. After you come see me the doc, he bandage me up. Then, for one week I no see heem. Then he come back and say, 'Your week, he is up, and since you have no more mon, I guess you are weel.' I tell heem he is mistake, I have one seex hundred dollar at my room. Then his ears, they prick up and he say, 'Perhaps you are pretty seek yet. I guess you stay for about one month more and by the way, where is your room?' Then like one fool I tell him. Then he give me one drink and it make me feel ver' seek and I no get weel till yesterday when the doc he come in to see m and say, 'Weel, Gaubernatch, your head is all cure, and you go now. That seex hundred dollar got from your room, he will cover the bill. Goo'-bye.' So this morning I leave and come see Meester Smeeth for one job. But I am ver' weak." Then as an afterthought he added, "I guess your seexty dollar, he must wait to be paid."

I gave him the once-over. A thought had come to me. He was a good workman, a true friend. I was rich, and he, the innocent prey of a doctor's avarice—poor. Yes,—I would do it.



So I proceeded: "Emile, how would you like to be my partner in the firm of Gaubernatch, Smith & Company?"

The wasted form actually took on flesh: "Oh, Meester Smith, I would be delight!"

—F. E. B., '17.



## JAMES

### The Preparation of a Youth for the Descent Through High School

O, James had reached the age of ten and five,  
Was through with grammar schools, and still alive;  
And so a family consultation met  
Which thought that James was not full grown yet.  
Said father, "Though I think the thing all rot,  
Yet I will give James what I never got;  
An education of the best I can,  
Although I call myself a self-made man."  
Then James' mother said she thought her son,  
Of all his classmates was the brightest one.  
And James' sister, and the family pet,  
That young male infant in girl's dresses yet,  
All quite agreed. And James' grandma, too,  
Who said she'd try to help the family through.  
And so in this most solemn council met  
It was not decided. James was not through yet.  
Four more long years James saw before him spread.  
At first he almost wished that he were dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

But one still night, when James was fast asleep,  
A stirring dream aroused his slumber deep.  
A woman fair he saw against his wall,  
Her flowing train was rippling down the hall.  
An odor reminiscent of mince pie.  
Surrounded her. James thought that he knew why.  
The apparition bowed her pluming head  
Toward James, whose monstrous trembling shook the bed.  
"Young man, I've come to speak to you, young man,  
To say that you must study all you can,  
And make your brain a perfect index file,  
So maybe some day you will be worth while.  
Most diligently work, then work some more.  
I must be going, James, the clock strikes four."

\* \* \* \* \*

The anxious family were much surprised  
When of James' good resolve they were apprised,  
For to his heart had sunk the warning drear,  
Already was he planning to appear,  
And to do everything that could be done  
Of all the school to be the brightest one.

E. B., '17.



## When Lassen Went Mad

In the large uncarpeted room of the Lassen Tavern, foul with the smoke of tobacco, were congregated some twenty-five "cow-punchers" and cattle-owners of the immediate vicinity. It was in accordance with a long established custom that they were gathered there. When the snow had sufficiently cleared from the valley to make the roads more accessible and before the long warm days of summer had set in, cattlemen, seeking association, made the Tavern near Mt. Lassen their nightly rendezvous. Some were lounging in corners, talking and smoking; some were at small round tables playing cards, and smoking; some were standing behind the card-players, watching them play and smoking; others were over at the reading tables perusing ancient newspapers that chanced to have penetrated so far from civilization—and smoking.

Usually, every minute presented an unsuppressed hum in the room. But tonight, there were brief, yet very pronounced spells of silence—ominous silences. When one of the periods of silence arose, someone significantly passed it off with a remark or a laugh.

One of these spells brought louder the sound of the rain as it poured on the tavern roof and then gushed noisily to the puddles it had formed below.

"Taint no night to be out in," remarked Jim Bartlett, one of the card-players.

"I should say not," corroborated another. "But still, it is a common May—"

He was interrupted by a flash of lightning that tore the heavens to shreds and a mighty peal of thunder playing on Mt. Lassen seemed determined to pound the historical landmark to pieces.

"Storm," concluded the speaker a minute later.

"By the way, the old mountain has been rather quiet lately," spoke Mr. Bartlett, referring to Lassen.

"Yes. But the snow was almost all melted this mornin' an' that is always a sign of a comin' eruption."

"Old Tom Snyder claims he saw it smokin' this mornin'," asserted a third, stepping up.

"Tom Snyder's old and has bin seein' things, most likely."

"Well, an eruption ain't much, anyway. Nobody's lost their life in one yet. Guess we can stand another one, eh?" remarked Jim Bartlett, passing off a silence that was rising.

And so their conversation drifted on, but not as jocularly as usual. Something seemed to quell the typical western atmosphere that commonly pervaded the tavern.

Still the rain continued, the lightning flashed fitfully around the summit of the mountain and the thunder seemed to shake the earth as it crashed through the heavens.

Suddenly, above the din of the tempest, sounds of a panting horse being rapidly driven were heard. The men in the tavern, alert for any danger, started. The horesman drew up to the tavern and the men rushed to the door to se who th hurrying night-visitor was. They were greeted by a rain-soaked,



breathless horseman who shouted to them, "Lassen is erupting and a great mud-flow is coming down from the crater! Flee for your lives!"

For a second, everyone was held spellbound by the power of the statement. Then, with a common accord, they all glanced toward the mountain, expecting to see fire issuing from the crater. Nothing could be seen but blackness, for the thunder clouds had enveloped it.

The out doors had now caught the gleam of the light streaming through the tavern door.

"Snowin'," exclaimed one, catching sight of small white particles falling with the rain.

"Taint snow; it's ashes!" shouted another, examining the particles more closely.

What incredulence of the currier's warning might have been cultivated previously, was quickly swept aside by this last discovery. Full realization of the danger now seized them. They either must flee or perish on the spot, for out of that blackness—utter blackness—was descending upon them an unseen, unheard, stealthy terror—a terror that meant death for them—sure death, the currier told them, unless they fled.

The general notion was to mount their horses which were tied without in a shed nearby. Most of them thought of their own safety—to ride away from the mountain. Most of them, I say, for not all of them felt that way. Jim Bartlett thought of his wife and little girl whom he had left alone on his ranch about five miles away in the direction of Susanville while he idled away his time at the tavern. Therefore, in order to get to his home, he must needs ride nearer to the crater of a mountain that had gone mad that night.

Jim Bartlett knew that there was but one thing to do. So he set out at top speed on horseback over the road that led to his home. The cold rain beat in his face, but what was that? Ashes fell more thickly about him. After riding about two miles, a marked odor of sulphur filled the air. The horse that Bartlett was riding lessened its rate, snorted a little bit, and finally stopped entirely. So Jim dismounted and walked up the road about a hundred yards to see what the trouble was. Here he came to a mud flow that completely covered the road. The mud was flowing slowly forward in an irresistible stream. Obviously, he could not get home over this route. There was but one other way, a very roundabout road, to get to the ranch.

So he mounted his horse and retraced his steps. It had stopped raining now, but the night continued cloudy and dark. On and on he rode for three whole hours. Just as the clouds were breaking and the dawn was lighting the sky, Jim came in sight of the ranch. He had to force his horse to wade through the mud in order to get to what was left of his farm. His house and barns had been swept away in a single night. All that remained was a single shed on top of which stood his faithful dog, Jack, calling pitifully to his master. His cattle had been swept away, his horses killed, his ranch was ruined. All of his possessions were gone. But even so, his first thought was for his wife and child. He gazed across the barren stretch of gray mud; fertile land last night but a desert, now. In the foreground, half-buried in the mud was a scene that caused him, hardened man that he was, to wince and his hopes to fail him. He turned to his dog Jack, and with bowed head, and eyes filled with irresistible tears, he said, "Poor Jack!"



Jack understood. If ever a dog cried, it was then.

And there stood Lassen, spiteful Lassen, cruel Lassen, it seemed, defiant in the morning sun, standing in bold relief, calmly, as if nothing had happened, against the thunder clouds that stood behind it.

—G. D., '18.



### PATIENT GRISELDA TODAY

Patient little Griselda:—where are you today? Where have you fled? Are you still back in Sunny Italy, proving your obedience and love to your Lord. I'm afraid not. Nor have you come to America; independent America, where the woman is not tested, but tests. Yes, you have gone, and although you have left your spirit in a few individuals, you shall never come back again to rule this world. Never, for today Independence rules.

You were dutiful to your father (as every girl should be) and worked day after day for him, tending the sheep and spinning. Few girls would do it today. The modern girl lets "daddy" tend the sheep and cows, while she goes to the city in order to obtain an education. When the cattle and even her father are dead, she has something that can not die; passing on to her children, it lives forever.

Then when the Duke chose you as most fit to be his bride, he consulted, first your father, and then made to you this rare proposal:

"Are you ready inclined with good heart to all my pleasure,  
That I may freely cause you to laugh or to grieve as seems to me best,  
And that you never shall murmur against it day or night,  
And eke that when I say 'yea' you never say 'nay,'  
Neither by word nor frowning cheer?"

To all this you meekly consented.

Today, Griselda, the maiden is first, and if the young man suits her idea of an ideal gentleman, he asks her father for her hand. Of course the father passes his opinion, but little difference does it make, for little Miss Maiden does just about as she pleases. Any way it is her future happiness and not her father's that concerns her.

And then when motherhood comes. Would the modern woman give her babies, with merely a last kiss, supposedly to their death as you did? Never. She would fight for her helpless babes as long as there was life in her body, and hate the man who took them from her, even if he were the husband of her early choice. She would not care what the world was thinking and talking about, her only thought would be to help those infants who could not help themselves—those infants whom she loved better than life infants.

Oh, Griselda! we call you a foolish, heartless woman, we laugh at your meekness, and chide you for being so dutiful, but would we have done better had we been in your place those many, many years ago? I doubt it. You were born and reared to be obedient, but the spirit of woman soon began to grow. For centuries and centuries it has grown until at last "Independence" has stepped forth to lead woman through future generations, and a day will



come, my dear, a day which you couldn't even imagine, and then "Independence" will reach his goal and woman her proper station in life. That station, Griselda, will not be yours, no, it will be the woman, the mother, who will be looked up to.

In all these millions of centuries that have past, the woman alone has not changed, but the man, alas! Today, the man does not ask the one he loves practically to be his slave, as your lord did, not differing with anything he says or does, not having a mind of her own. He asks her to enjoy with him average man does want to see in that woman is her love for her children. He average man does want to see in that woman is her love for her children. He loves her more for protecting them than for giving them up to their doom. Man loves the woman whom he himself must please, in order to possess, and to retain.

But was your simple life, Griselda, foolish as some do say, all lived in vain? Could it be possible that you, who was once the heroine, should be wholly cast aside by the more active, independent girl of today? If that were true, I would not be writing this today, and you would be forgotten forever and ever. If your life does nothing else, it helps us to see the great contrast between it and our own, and better appreciate our lot; it makes us see the changes that have come to the world in those many, many years, and realize those that are still to come.

—R. E. E., '17.







# CALENDAR — OF THE — YEAR

## SEPTEMBER

- 11—School opens for the 1916-17 term. Two hundred seventeen Freshmen enter S. H. S.
- 13—The 1916-17 Board of Student Control is organized.
- 14—Members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce hold their first meeting after the summer months.
- 15—The Class of '17 holds a meeting to elect officers for the ensuing term. Simpson Hornage is elected president.
- 18—Seventy-five Freshmen attend their initial class meeting of the new term.
- 19—The Junior class elects new officers for the year 1916-17. Ray Dunne, president.
- 20—The Sophomores hold an election. Vincent Dunne is made class president.
- 22—The Junior Chamber of Commerce holds a banquet at the Del Monte Cafe.
- 23—The first rugby contest of the 1916-17 season is a victory for the blue and white. S. H. S. vs. Alameda High, 6-4.
- 25—Eighty-nine students patronize the school cafeteria on its opening day.
- 28—Yell contest opens.
- 29—A boys' assembly is held in the gymnasium. The members of the Board of Student Control address the Student Body. The "Associated Girls of S. H. S." is organized.
- 30—S. H. S. second rugby team defeats Ripon, 27-0.

## OCTOBER

- 2—Night school opens with a registration of over five hundred.
- 3—The first music hour to be held in the new term is a great success.
- 6—The girl students give a reception to the Freshman girls.
- 7—The S. H. S. varsity defeats the Chico Normal ruggers.
- The Debating Club members elect officers. George Buck is re-elected president.
- The members of the Canoe Club celebrate with a "Phish Phry."
- 13—High School Night at the Lyric theater.
- 14—Stockton High defeats Stanford's third rugby team. The S. H. S. second team loses to Ripon ruggers, 6-0.
- 16—The "Circle S Society" is formed. The "S. H. S. Wireless Club" is organized.
- 20—The Freshmen and Sophomores engage in a lively football conflict.
- 21—The Faculty gives its annual reception to parents. S. H. S. athletes are defeated by the Woodland rugby team in a contest at the latter city.
- 26—The "S. H. S. Dramatic Club" is organized.
- 27—A school dance is held in the gymnasium.
- 28—San Jose rugby athletes are vanquished by S. H. S., 11-0.
- 30—Senior rugby stars defeat the Junior football representatives, 6-5.

## NOVEMBER

- 2—Miss Irma Henderson wins first prize in the poster contest offered by St. John's Guild.
- 4—S. H. S. pig skin champions defeat the Oakland All-Stars. The Modesto varsity defeats Stockton's second rugby team.
- 6—Students make campaign speeches for the presidential election. Members of the Public Speaking Class address the Student Body concerning the prohibition amendments.
- 7—Woodrow Wilson is re-elected President of the United States by the Student Body of the Stockton High School.
- 8—The Class of 1917 enjoys the noon hour effacing numerous "17s" with which the school premises were mysteriously decorated during the night.
- 9—Freshmen gridiron terrors larrup the Senior rugby artists.
- 11—Seven schools participate in the regatta held on Lake Yosemite.
- 15—The S. H. S. Dramatic Club holds its first meeting.
- 17—The Seniors hold a meeting to discuss methods of revenge for the horrible bouncing administered by the Freshmen ruggers.
- 18—Sacramento High and S. H. S. swimming teams contend, dividing the points at 50-50.
- 24—School closes for the Thanksgiving vacation.
- 30—Stockton rugby players defeat the Stanford Freshmen. S. H. S. team re-elects Ray Dunne captain in football.

## DECEMBER

- 2—Stockton High loses to Berkeley in the state championship rugby contest.



- 4—School re-opens.
- 7—New members are appointed on the "Guard and Tackle" staff. The popularity contest opens.
- 8—Names of students chosen to make the Honolulu trip are announced at a rally held in the gymnasium.
- 14—First prize in the short story contest is won by Marion Moffatt.
- 15—The "Big Nine" leaves San Francisco for Hawaii. School closes for Christmas holidays.
- 21—Stockton athletes arrive in Hilo, Hawaii.

#### JANUARY

- 1—School re-opens after two weeks' vacation.
- 3—Professor F. M. Leavitt addresses the students on the subject of vocational guidance.
- 6—The S. H. S. five defeats the Esparto basket ball players, 53-11.
- 10—The Public Speaking Class banquets at the school cafeteria.
- 13—The U. C. Glee Club presents a program at the High School auditorium. The S. H. S. team defeats Woodland basket ball players, 29-28.
- 15-16-17—Mr. J. Adams Puffer lectures on vocational guidance.
- 18—The Fatmen-Thinmen basket ball contest closes.
- 20—The S. H. S. varsity basketball team defeats Sacramento High, 55-14.
- 25—The Guard and Tackle editor and manager resign their positions for one week. The Hawaiian talks are concluded.
- 26—The C. C. P. A. convention is held in Oakland. The A. G. S. holds its second candy sale of the term.
- 27—The Lodi Comets defeat Stockton's 130-pound basket ball team, 33-20.
- 29—The S. H. S. Glee Club is organized.
- 31—The S. H. S. Glee Club members hold their first regular meeting.

#### FEBRUARY

- 1—The S. H. S. Guard and Tackle "Amazon Annual" is produced entirely by girl-students.
- 2—S. H. S. basket ball teams defeat the Stockton Athletic Club players.
- 3—The S. H. S. varsity five defeats Lodi High, 25-19.
- 5—Ninety-four mid-year Freshmen arrive on the first day of the new semester.
- 6—The Inter-class Johnson trophy swimming meet is held at the Olympic Baths.
- 7—The Bangs Society is organized.
- 8—Mr. Ballyseus presents his vocal classes and orchestra in a concert at the high school.
- 9—The Senior Class wins the inter-class swimming meet. The Yosemite Canoe Club holds a water carnival. Lodi players win from Stockton High in a basket ball contest.
- 10—The S. H. S. five is defeated by the Turlock quintet, 31-37.
- 12—Dr. Elliott addresses the upper classmen on "Pulmonary Diseases."
- 13—The Sophomores hold a class spirit revival meeting.
- 16—The Associated Girl Students entertain the Freshman girls.
- 22—A "Skool Party" is held in the gymnasium. Members of the Public Speaking Class pay tribute to the memory of George Washington.
- 23—The G. and T. staff organize the "News Club."
- 24—The S. H. S. basket ball team is defeated by Berkeley players.
- 26—The Glee Club, the Public Speaking Class and the Senate and Congress give an interesting program.
- 27—Eighteen boys are presented with Circle "S's."
- 28—The Dramatic Club elects officers.

#### MARCH

- 3—S. H. S. 130 pound defeat the Lodi Comets.
- 6—The S. H. S. girls' basket ball team plays the Jefferson School girls.
- 8—The Senate and Congress Literary Societies elect officers. The Sophomores' nine defeats the Freshman basket ball team, 9-4.
- 10—The members of the Dramatic Club present "Kathleen ni Hoolihan" and "Pot O' Broth."
- 13—Over twenty-five students petition the Executive Committee with an anti-frat amendment.
- 16—Hello Day. The Seniors win the inter-class track meet. The S. H. S. basket ball team loses to Fremont High. A "Big S" dance is held in the gymnasium.
- 17—The S. H. S. 120 pound basket ball team loses to Fresno, 32-82.
- 19—Miss Alberta Wilkes and Miss Helen Lee win prizes in the home industry and fashion show contests.
- 20—The Senior play cast is announced.
- 22—The Sophomores win the interclass swimming meet. The Senior Congress stages a mock trial. The Senate Literary Society presents a program.
- 23—The Sophomore track men defeat the class of '20 representatives.
- 27—The Student Body adopts the anti-frat amendment by a nearly two to one vote.
- 30—The S. H. S. United States history and civic classes visit the state capitol. St. Helena basket ball players are beaten by S. H. S. School closes for the spring vacation.



## APRIL

- 9—School opens.
- 13—The Sophomore class holds a candy sale.
- 19—Pigtail Day. Sophomore baseball men are defeated by the Junior diamond wonders.
- 20—A patriotic assembly is held in the gymnasium under the auspices of the Public Speaking Class.
- 25—The Henry Hewlett Hough Memorial Dental Clinic is opened.

## MAY

- 1—The girl students hold a meeting in the assembly hall to discuss Red Cross work.
- 4—The night school term closes.
- 5—The girls of the physical education department hold a May Day festival in honor of the girls of the graduating class.
- 12—The Seniors hold a picnic in the hills above Camanche.
- 14—Stockton High School loses one of its most brilliant students in the passing away of Jordan Williams, a member of the Senior Class of '17.
- 23—The S. H. S. industrial arts exhibit opens.
- 24—The S. H. S. boat crews participate in the water carnival on Lake Yosemite, on Recreation Day.
- 26—The Seniors present "Brown of Harvard" at the Yosemite theater.

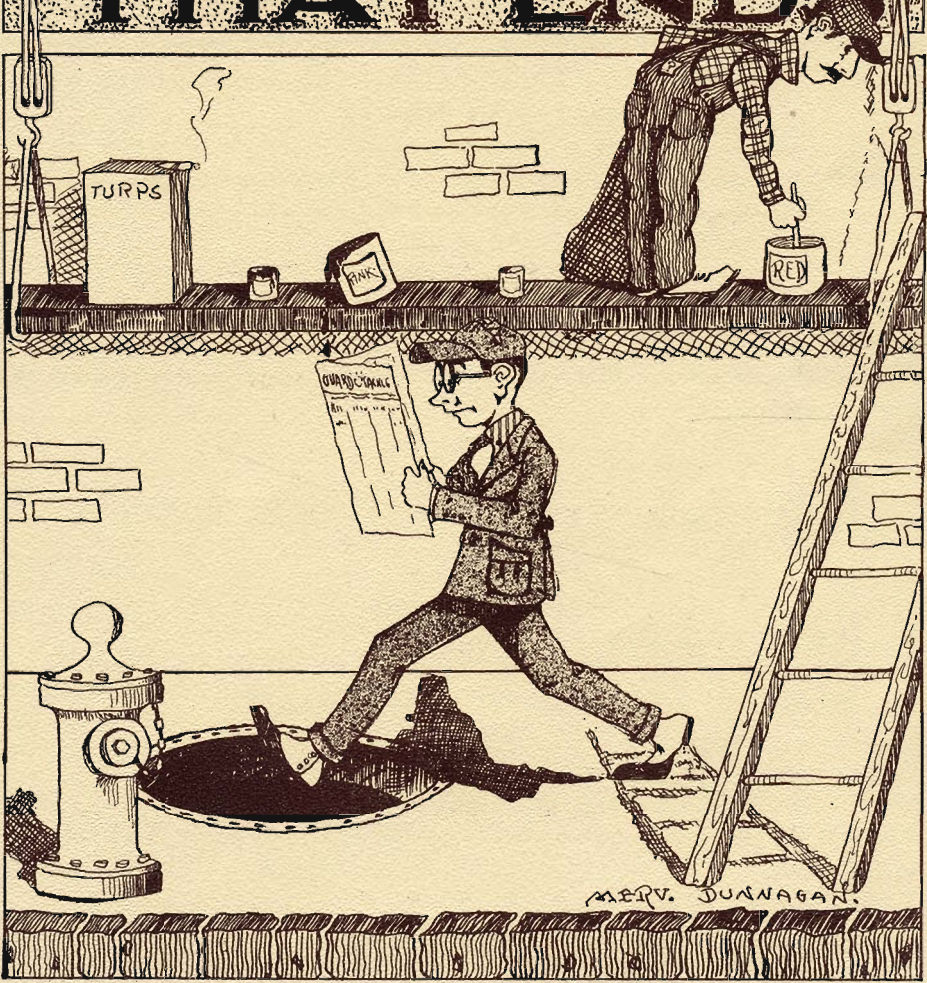
## JUNE

- 1—The music department gives its closing concert for the term.
- 6—The last current events talk of the term is given.
- 19—Recitations close.
- 20—Class Day.
- 21—Commencement exercises are held at the Auditorium.
- 22—Alumni reception and reunion.





ALL'S WELL  
THAT ENDS



FUNNY!!!



### Try It

Ros. C.—Did you look in one of those convex mirrors?

St. N.—Yes. I never felt so small in all my life.

\* \* \* \*

### Battle Smokes

Berlin, we understand, uses ready-made cigarettes, but Vienna rolls (her own).

\* \* \* \*

### A Long Drink

Extract from a sentimental letter: "Last night I sat in a gondola on Venice's Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."

\* \* \* \*

### Trenching On Preserves

First Landlady—I manage to keep my boarders longer than you do.

Second landlady—Oh, I don't know. You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are.

\* \* \* \*

### A Spendthrift

Old Lady—Here is a penny, my poor man. How did you become so destitute?

Beggar—I was always like you, mum, a-givin' away vast sums ter the poor an' needy.

\* \* \* \*

### Cautious

Miss Kenniston—How old would a person be who was born in 1883?

Frosh—Was it a man or a woman?

\* \* \* \*

### Limit Of Laziness

Pat—I threw a kiss at Grace today.

Harold P.—What did she say?

Pat—She said I was the laziest fellow she ever saw.

\* \* \* \*

### Memorized

Mr. Elliott—Ecklund, name the bones of the skull.

Dan—Well, sir, I've got them all in my head, but I can't think of their names just now.

\* \* \* \*

### Yes!

Fresh Senior—Can February March?

Freshman—No, but April May.

Senior (with a sickly grin)—That's all I wanted to know.

\* \* \* \*

### The Best Way

In order to get a girl out of your head, repose in front of a steam roller. This also extends your knowledge.

\* \* \* \*

### Settled

"Your brother used to be a gay old boy."

"He's given up drinking and all his bad habits and settled down in a



quiet little place in the suburbs."

"Where?"

"In the cemetery."

\* \* \* \*

#### Off!

Student—Want my hair cut.

Barber—Any special way?

Student—Yes, off.

\* \* \* \*

#### Suspicious

Merv. D.—No, sir, I've never written for a comic paper before!

Tom L.—Then how'd you get that ugly scar on your face?

\* \* \* \*

#### A Real Rero

Little Willie—Gee, you're awful proud of your grandpop, ain't you?

Bobbie—You betcha! Why, he used to lick pop reg'lar.

\* \* \* \*

#### Charged

"That's a fine suit you have there. What is it?"

"A dynamo suit."

"How's that?"

"It's charged."

\* \* \* \*

#### A Second Look

Cynthia—These bathing suits make some people look shorter, don't they?

Tom—Yes, and others look longer.

\* \* \* \*

#### Injustice

"The speller-book's all wrong, mama! It don't look right for a little thing like a kitten to have six letters and a big cat to only have three."

\* \* \* \*

#### Where?

Stan. M.—I have a friend that suffers terribly from the heat.

Dick W.—Where does he live?

Stan. W.—He is not living.

\* \* \* \*

#### Humane Suggestion

Jesse C.—Got any dry codfish?

Grocer—Certainly.

Jesse C.—Then give it a drink.

\* \* \* \*

#### Never Ask For This

Bismethylaminotetraminoarsenobenzenehydrochloride contains 26.5 per cent of arsenic.

\* \* \* \*

#### Made a Great Hit

Fresh—I thought you took algebra last year?

Soph—I did, but the faculty encored me.



## R. S. V. P.

These jokes are old,  
We will admit,  
But did you do  
Your "little" bit?  
\* \* \* \*

### Splitting Hairs

Boston Mother—Do you know Willie Bump?  
Little Son—Sure, I soaked that bone-headed shrimp on the beezer the last time I seen him.

Boston Mother—What awful language! You should say, "I soaked that bone-headed shrimp on the beezer the last time I saw him."

\* \* \* \*

### FOREWORD

We do not claim that these jokes are all original, nor have we designated any with the distinguishable "X," for we have gathered them from such sources as the humorous weekly, "Death" down to the "Roughwoman." A couple are original, but they can easily be recognized owing to their discernible characteristics.

### Quite Right

"I never stooped to theft," said Bill,  
"For it has been my lot  
To be a second story man,  
And climb for all I got."

### Mundane

Del. S.—And what changed your mind about committing suicide? Was it some spiritual message?

Carroll W.—Naw, I'd a had to put another quarter in the gas meter.

### Poor Horatius

Em. M.—Do you remember Horatius at the bridge?

Myra—I don't think I met him. You know, we invite so few men to our parties.

### Not So Far Off

Elmer C.—You ought to rename that scale you've got in your butcher shop the "Ambuscade brand."

Bill E.—Why should I rename it the "Ambuscade brand?"

Elmer C.—Because it says in the dictionary that ambuscade means "to lie in wait."

### Interesting

Scrub—Father, what is a vacuum?

Scrubber—Vacuum? Why, ain't you never learnt that? It's where the Pope lives.

For he was too green to burn.

### Verse Libre

A shot rang our  
From the pantry  
And 'neath the door  
Oozed blood galore.



I summoned courage  
Which had fled  
Along with me  
And there did see  
The victim on the floor—  
A broken bottle of loganberries.

#### Finis

A goat at all our other jokes,  
And then began to run,  
"I cannot stop," he softly said,  
"I am so full of fun!"

#### Architecture

Frاند D.—Do you like bow legs?

Lilly S.—Yes, they give a man such an arch look.

#### The Best Kind

Chat C.—What's an optimist?

#### Quite True

A nickel's all right to have, of course,  
But it's dimes we want today;  
For a nickel is only a nickel,  
But—a dime is a photoplay.

#### Short and Sweet

Pat—"I hear you and the boys struck for shorter hours. Did you get 'em?"

Mike—"Sure. We're not working at all now."

#### Emerald

A scrub stood on the burning deck,  
But as far as we could learn,  
He was in perfect safety,

#### CHASCARRILLOS

#### Entre Marido e Mujer

Dime, Juan, de donde vienes con esa cara tan triste?

De asistir al pobre Carlos en sus ultimos momentos.

Ha muerto el pobrecillo?

No; acaba de casarse.

#### Chiste

Un mendigo pide limosna, declarando que a no ser por su perro se habria muerto de hambre desde hace mucho tiempo.

Camo sin su perro? le pregunta un alma compasiva.

Se, senor; lo he vendido ya tres veces; pero siempre ha vuelto a casa.

#### I Guess So

Caballero, no saldra usted de esta fonda hasta que pague la cuenta!

Oh! que suerta la mia! Por fin he encontrado lo que hasta la fecha he buscado inutilmente! Un asilo sequopara toda mi vida.

#### Read This One

Abogando por los derechos temeninos decia una senora.

Donde estaria el hombre si no fuese por la mujer.

Yo lo se—le contesta uno.

Donde.

En el Paraiso.



## An Historical Episode on the G. & T.

I'll tell a story of our G. and T.—  
Oh, please stop! Don't run, but listen to me,  
You're tired of hearing it, I do not doubt,  
Why not do something to change things about!  
And so I'll tell it in another way,  
Just read it or leave it, that's all I say.  
One morn in March, a morn yet far from fair,  
The G. and T. rose with a doubtful air,  
(Yet once so stout, it now had grown so lean,  
In spots, I'm sorry, nothing could be seen.)  
It tottered down the straight majestic hall,  
With pride pierced through, and forgotten by all.  
Then rolling down some stairs, and then some more,  
At last, much worn, it reached the great front door;  
And there it stood quite pale, yet stanch and still,  
Determined once more to get its whole fill,  
There must not be a white spot on its face,  
Wise words must cover every single space.  
Just as Diagonies with lamp in hand,  
Sought for an honest man in every land,  
The Guard and Tackle did its trial bewail,  
With ink tears streaming, but to no avail.  
Each person came and passed with head held high,  
Some frowned, some kicked and sneered as they went by,  
But none did stretch toward it a helping hand  
Or try to place it on its former stand.  
Ah! fickle people—once you scarce could wait  
Till Thursday came along—how changed of late.  
But stay, for surely some one comes our way,  
The Staff—we thank them for they've saved the day,  
Again the G. and T. is looking fine  
But still no offers will they yet decline.  
Just hand them one and then you'll quickly see  
How full of joy their little hearts will be.

—R. E. E., '17.





...Finis...