

JACK- JO'-LANTERN.



MARCH, 1909



D. C. Hart
LH
1
D. J. 3
v. 1-2
Mar. 1909 - Jan. 1910

...Star Garage...

Sheridan Avenue and Chapel Street
72507
ALBANY, N. Y.

New, Modern and Convenient

Situated in hotel and Theatre District. But three minutes' walk from Hotel Ten Eyck and New Kenmore Hotel. Two Blocks from Union Depot.

Taxi-Cab Service

Newest and Latest Equipments

Automobiles Rented

The Dartmouth Bookbindery

L. E. HARTSHORN, Prop'r

Books and Magazines of all descriptions Bound and Repaired.

Let us bind your School Periodicals during Summer Vacation.

HANOVER, N. H.

Peterson College Tailor

Solicits your inspection of a fine line of Foreign and Domestic Woolens for Men's Garments at reasonable prices.

Satisfaction and fit guaranteed or no sale.

When at White River Junction
visit

"Dreamland"

Moving Picture and Vaudeville Theatre.
Open every night. Afternoons go to

Greenough's Restaurant

and get a full meal or lunch Best of service.

F. M. GREENOUGH,
Prop.

Mention Jack O'Lantern to Advertisers.

WHITE RIVER PAPER CO.

...STATIONERS...

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION
VERMONT

Dr. James S. Blanchard

DENTIST..

N. E. Telephone

Gates Block, White River Junction
Vermont

Books, Sporting Goods, Sheet
Music,



Daily Papers and Magazines



Foster's Lebanon Book Store

Lebanon, N. H.

People of Taste

Drink Our Soda Because of
its Unexcelled Flavor and
Quality. Best Cigars and
Confectionery.

Dartmouth Pharmacy

L. B. Downing

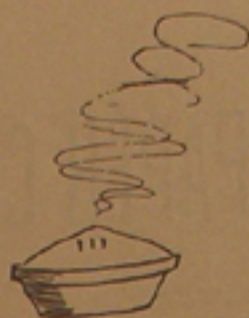
Hanover, . . . N. H.



Help the Magazine Along.



"MEET US"
 at
 TAVERN CAFE
 for a
 CHICKEN PIE
 every
 Wednesday and
 Saturday Night.



The Best Assortment of

Cigars, Cigarettes
 and Confectionery

at

Perley & McNeil
Pharmacists

Lebanon, - - - - N. H.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Amateur Work a Specialty.

OSGOOD STUDIO

Court Street, - - - - Lebanon, N. H.

CHARLES H. DUDLEY

The Dartmouth Outfitter in Athletic Goods and
 Athletic Team Equipment.

We Cater to the Highest Class Trade in

Custom Made Clothes, Furnishings, Footwear, Etc.

New Furnishings, in the Latest Styles, Are Received from
 New York and Boston Every Week.

CHARLES H. DUDLEY

Mention "Jack O'Lantern" to Advertisers.

Jack-O'-Lantern



Winter in Hanover

They say:

Ice and snow and the frosty air,
With the winter glitter and shine,
Till your blood goes tingling through your
veins

And racing along your spine.
How fine!

I think:

Wading the campus in dancing pumps,
Because of your lack of cash;
Rivers for paths with ice beneath,
Where your heels fly out like a flash.
Oh! Splash!

FIRST STUDENT—"I have sworn off using tobacco during Lent."

SECOND STUDENT—"Great, but I have made a better resolution."

FIRST STUDENT—"How's that?"

SECOND STUDENT—"I've sworn off buying tobacco."

1909—"Isaacstein has married an Irish waitress."

1910—"He always was fond of music but I didn't know he went in for Jews harps."

FIRST STUDENT—"Spring days will soon be here."

SECOND STUDENT—"I hope so, I need the long green."



"LOOK OUT FELLOWS, HERE'S 'JAKE'."

Financial.

The long-mooted question "Should a corporation ever be out of debt?" seems to have met with some solution in student circles, and appears to admit of but one answer. Adventurers in wee hour enterprises are astonishingly impressed by a discovery that debts unless rendered safe by sinking funds, if secured by Bond, necessitate summary settlement. And, though, they may be capital liabilities, these liabilities become too great for proper security, because of over-confidence. The interest becomes too great for the success of the promoter, and unless the Bond is retired before publicity exposes

the exact nature of the enterprise, the business is certain to go into the hands of a receiver.

Again the Lenten season comes
Those days of sacrifice.
I vow that I will not be bad,
I haven't got the price.

"Why is a 'big shipper' like a girl fishing?"
"Give it up."
"Each is eternally wanting a rebate
(rebat) and always ready to land a sucker."

The Fable of the Rustic Youth Who Went to College.

WITH APOLOGIES TO GEORGE ADE AND MR.
ÆSOP.

ONCE upon a Time in Punkville, Vermont, there was a tall, rangy Cuss, who was so wuthless that the Folks decided to send him to College. So they packed his Carpet Bag and greased his Boots, and Pa, and Ma, and Aunt Emily brought him down to Hanover.

When Hank blew into this joyous Burg, he wore his best celluloid Collar and the Suit Pa had when he was draughted. His Hat was of the Vintage of '62, and he looked pretty spruce, by Gum, when he told Skeet he wanted Room number Thirty Two, Hall-garten.

Hank wa'nt Much to look at, and he was so green that even the Freshmen rubbed It in, but he was husky and it would have done your Soul good to see him play Football. He wasn't a Shark, either, but he was a true Sport and learned how to play Poker and found it a durn Sight more interesting than Old Maid, by Heck.

When Hank came home he smoked Egyptian Cigarettes and made Fun of the Minister. People from Miles around flocked to see him, and wondered why his Ankles didn't get cold—until they saw his Socks—and said that Higher Education is a great Blessing.

When he talked real sassy about Chuck, all the Girls laughed and said he was the Real Stuff and all the Candy and the envious Youths scattered Poison around for him.

Pa said it was All Right, but Books seemed durned expensive.

After five years of skilful Bluffing and Flunk Exams, he was graduated and married a Banker's Daughter with Oodles of Cash whom he met at Junior Prom.

Later he fell into bad Habits and was sentenced to the United States Senate, where he became a famous Man and a Credit to his Parents.

MORAL: It pays to Educate.



Sit Out-doors.

Oh, get out in the Pine tree air!
There's where you get a whiff
Of air, that's really worth the sniff;
And you clean forget about your fret and
care!

When you get that logy feelin'
That the world ain't runnin' true;
That the birds ain't singin' like they us't;—
And the day is dull and blue;

Just you hyper down the cow path,
In among them 'air Pine trees;
And stand up like a sojer
With your nose to'ward the breeze!

And then'll start the creepin'
Of a feelin' three-X fine;
It'll start from down your boot soles,
An'll travel through your spine.

It'll stay till your head's all em'tid
Of that heavy, thuddin' pain;
And you'll feel like shoutin' "Doughnuts!"
'Cause the world swings true again!

Oh, get out in the Pine tree air!
There's where a fellow gets a whiff
Of air that's really worth the sniff;
'Cause it drives away his fret and care!

Frederic Kenyon Brown.

We have the pleasure and honor of being the first publishers of the following delightful lyric recently discovered at Stratford-on-Avon by the celebrated author-editor, E. Straw Hammer, while delving in the dusty archives of that ancient city.

Mary had a litte rat
She wore it in her hair,
Till one sad day, the thing fell out
And showed a bald spot there.

It chanced her lover came that way
And spied her shiny pate.
'Tis strange, but rats have borne e'er since
The brunt of Mary's hate.

Janitor.

JJANITOR! to whom our fate's entrusted—to whom we turn with hot interrogation when radiator balks or incandescent performs but sparingly its 'lotted service—to thee we offer humble supplication—to thee we come with offerings and incense.

Thou keeper of our homes and happinesses with fearful minds and digits all atremble, we pen to thee this prayer epistolary. We know thee for a human polyhedron—a many-sided being, proud, resentful of any form of mortal interference—and consequently crave thy kind indulgence, the while we put to thee our bold entreaty.

Bend down thine ear, assimilate our wishes. We do but ask a visit from thee daily, with such attentions to the couch of Lethe, that when the midnight oil has been exhausted and we in utter weariness have sought it, we may not be aroused from our slumber by frosty visitations on our pedes.

Another favor grant us—if when calling perchance you carry broom or feathr'y duster and wish for knowledge when and where to use it, we beg you 'tis the floor that most needs sweeping and not our minds of all the bits of gossip that street or campus bring with daily contact.

O sir! 'tis not your work of which we question, nor yet the scarcity nor plenty of it. But simple, prompt delivery withal, and full and ample service for our pennies, is all that we desire. Could we have it, accompanied betimes with sense judicious of when and where and how and whom to question, we would to thee our heartfelt praises render, and see to it that future generations should look to thee with boundless admiration for all thy many virtues.

FIRST DRUMMER—"I suppose you represent a successful firm?"

SECOND DRUMMER—"Well, I should say so. There is no other firm who has more people carrying its line of goods than mine."

FIRST DRUMMER—"And what is it you sell?"

SECOND DRUMMER—"Umbrellas."

The popular Marathon race has not yet struck Hanover. Can it be waiting for Hell-gate, the racial center, to open?

"JACK O' LANTERN."

College Activities.



FRESHMAN GYM



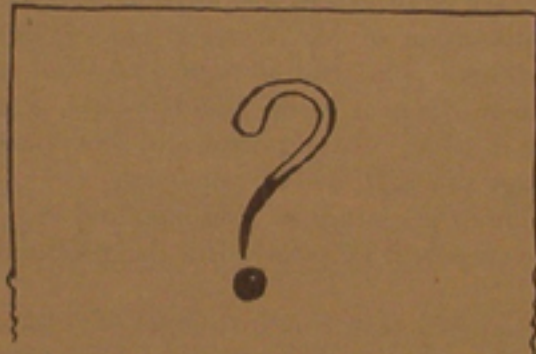
POPULAR SMOKE TALKS



TRACK SQUAD OUT



COSTUME FOR NEW BASKETBALL.



THE DARTMOUTH CONGRESS



DRAMATIC CLUB'S DEBUT



< contact >



BASEBALL PRACTICE

42

What "Jack O'Lantern" Says.



A new infant industry makes its bow upon the stage of Dartmouth literary activities and solicits your patronage and support.

It is the first periodical of its kind, we believe, that has ever been offered to the college, and we trust that it will fill a long-called-for want.

Our college has grown with great rapidity until it has become the largest college in the country, our athletic teams have come to be ranked among the teams of the great universities, our literary organs have, of late, improved greatly, it's up to you to make "Jack O'Lantern" rank with the "Harvard Lampoon," the Princeton "Tiger" and the Cornell "Widow."

"Jack O'Lantern" will be a monthly periodical, published during the college year, with special double numbers at Prom Week and Commencement. The cover design will be changed each issue, and the whole magazine will be bountifully illustrated—over one half of every issue being filled with the best pictures we can procure.

We wish to call attention to the double page illustration, of which we shall make a permanent feature. The series of card pictures will also be continued for several issues.

The well-known discrimination of Mr. Cowles, our art editor leaves no question as to the excellence of the illustrations. The reading matter we shall endeavor to keep up to the pictures. The fact that this department is in the hands of Mr. Pearl is ample guarantee of the high standard we shall set in this line. Brief poems and short humorous stories will be in order. Of the latter, none over a page in length will be admitted.

The joke columns will be in the hands of able men and any "grinds" that may from time to time appear in them, we trust will be received in the good-natured spirit in which they are written.

We are by no means satisfied with this first issue of "Jack O'Lantern." It in no way reaches the standard we have set for it. We promise a better magazine in every respect in the following numbers. And we want everybody to help us achieve our ideal. Send in your contributions. If you can write or draw but have no definite ideas as to a subject that would meet with our requirements, consult the editors. Show the true Dartmouth spirit and help "Jack O'Lantern" to take its place among—no, at the head of—all college magazines of its type, and uphold the honor of our Alma Mater in this new branch of college activity.

A further word to contributors may not be amiss. All drawings should be at least twice the size of the intended magazine cut; all stories and jokes must be of such length as not to fill more than one printed page. Write as legibly as possible, preference will be given to typewritten copy. The board of editors for next year will be chosen from those who have submitted the greatest amount of the best work. Send in your copy early. All communications should be addressed to WILLIAM T. ATWOOD, 41 New Hampshire Hall; all business matters to MR. J. HOWARD RANDERSON, Box 461.

There was once a young lady named Leigh
Who thought she would go on a spreigh;
She went out to dine
And had chicken and wine,
And then she came home in great gleigh.

There was a young man named McLush
Whose nose was adorned with a flush.
And 'tis said that each time
He could borrow a dime
He bought stuff that quite makes one blush.

PROF.—"Gene, what is the plural for spouse?"

GENE—"Spice, sir. 'Twould be a warm proposition for any man."

Has Shakespeare been in Hanover?

What would this imply?

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck, till thou applaud the deed."

And this?

"An a man were the porter of Hellgate he would have old turning the key."

Doesn't this affirm it?

"I go and it is done. The bell invites me — — — 'tis a knell that summons me to heaven, or to hell."

Chapel Bells.

Clang! Clang! 'Tis the chapel bell
Calling from sleep;
Of slumber deep,
Tolling the knell.
Clang! Clang!

Clang! Clang! 'Tis the chapel bell,
And I hear with a groan
Its hollow tone
And I curse its swell.
Clang! Clang!

But if I were in Wellesley,
In Wellesley town so gay,
The chapel belles might call to me,
Nor fill me with dismay.



"EXAMS ARE OVER"

Advice to Freshmen.

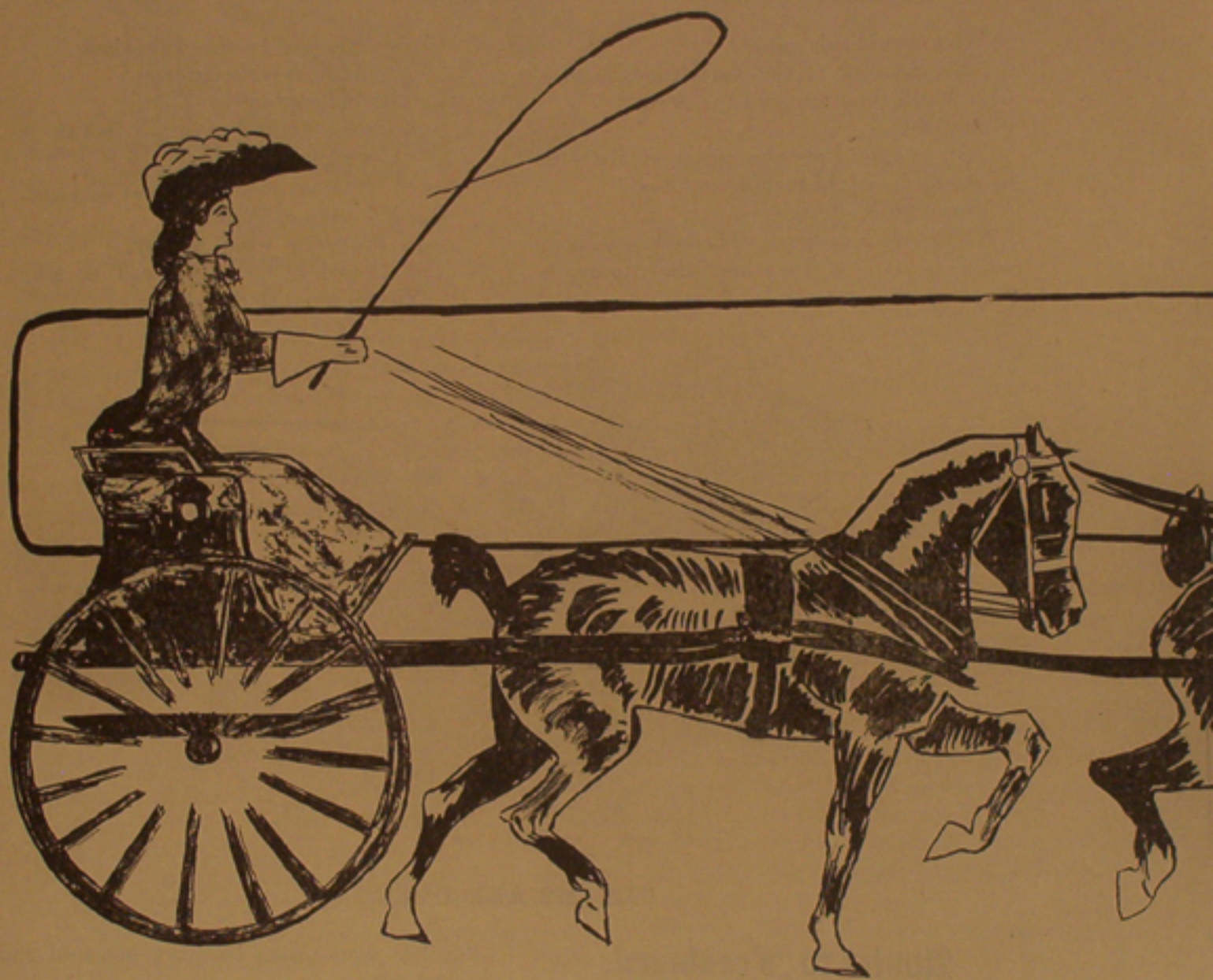
(How to treat your horse.)

"Our Dumb Animals," published by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, gives the following advice on the care of a horse, which all Freshmen would do well to heed:

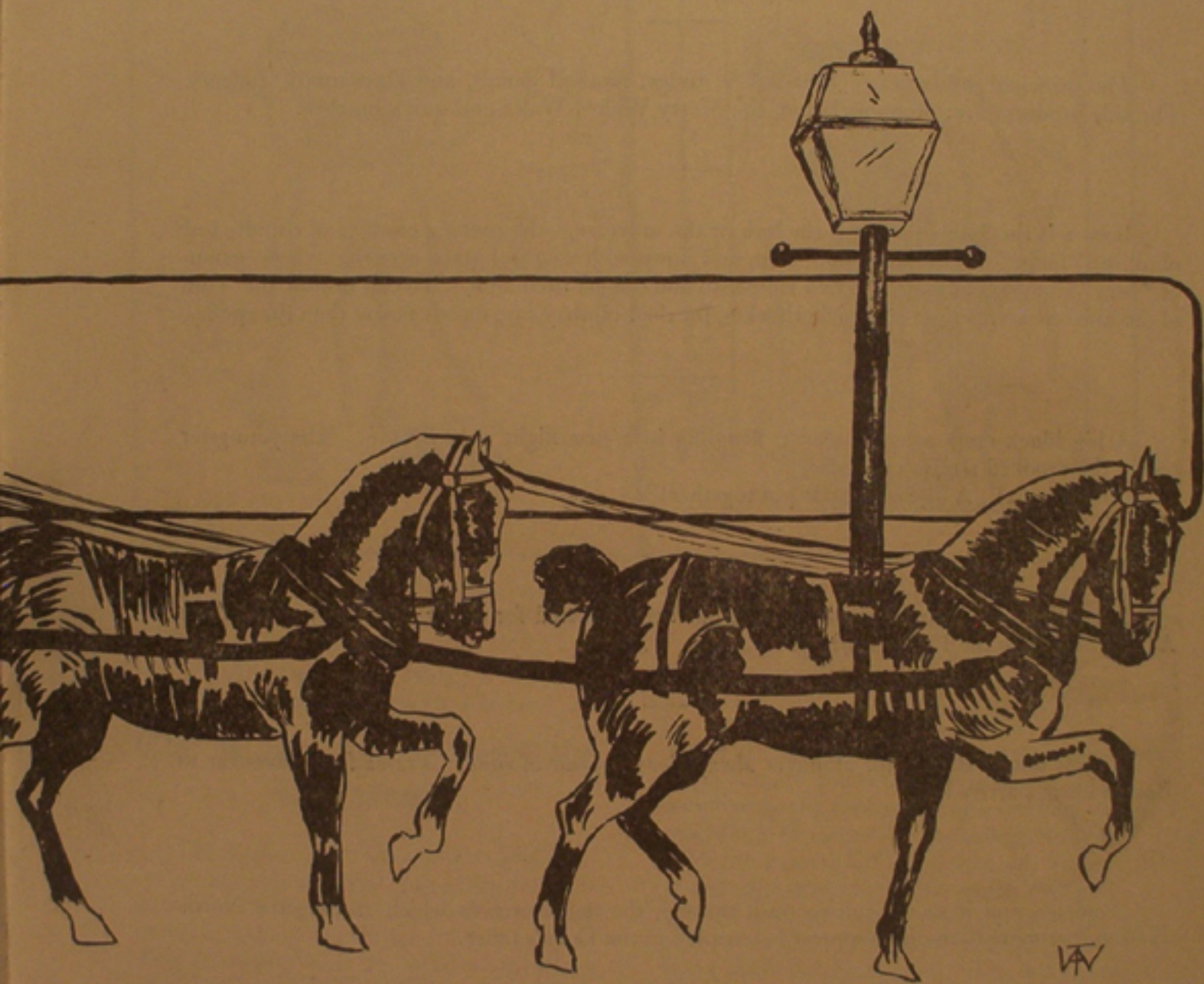
1. You gain nothing by overdriving your horse.
2. You gain nothing by buying a horse too light for your work. A horse too light

for his work soon becomes unsound and wears out.

3. Be careful how you trust your horse with boys. Horses may very soon be ruined by boys driving them.
4. Do not let your horse stand two or three days without exercise.
5. Never buy old horses. It encourages men to sell them.
6. Give your horse one day in the week to rest in. Don't work him all the week and then drive him for pleasure on Sunday, making the poor, tired horse, who needs the day to rest in, work for your pleasure.



"A FEY



WV

PONIES"

Boston.

DARTMOUTHLY CONSIDERED.

Boston is an inclusive name. It stands for Lynn, Beverly, Mt. Holyoke, the suburbs of Worcester and every railroad crossing within a radius of a hundred miles, sea or land.

The principal industries of Boston are: fudge, football games, and Dartmouth Students. The side products are: pronunciation, the Merry Widow Waltz and quick lunches.

Boston is the apex of culture, the hub or the universe,—the rocking cradle and trundle bed of all the "isms." Boston can hop, skip, and jump with youthful grace over the whole gamut of "isms" from revolutionism to Old Homeism and not get tired a bit. To call Boston the Hub of the universe seems right to Knickerbockes, for the hub they say, moves slower than the spokes.

A big black crow accompanied a fledgling in a first flight over Boston. The youngster seeing the crooked streets cried out,
"See, mama! A jig-saw puzzle put together!"

More than one staunch prohibitionist has been arrested for drunkenness in walking from Adams Square to the Public Library.

Trains out of Boston for Hanover always leave ahead of time. Trains from Hanover to Boston always arrive late.

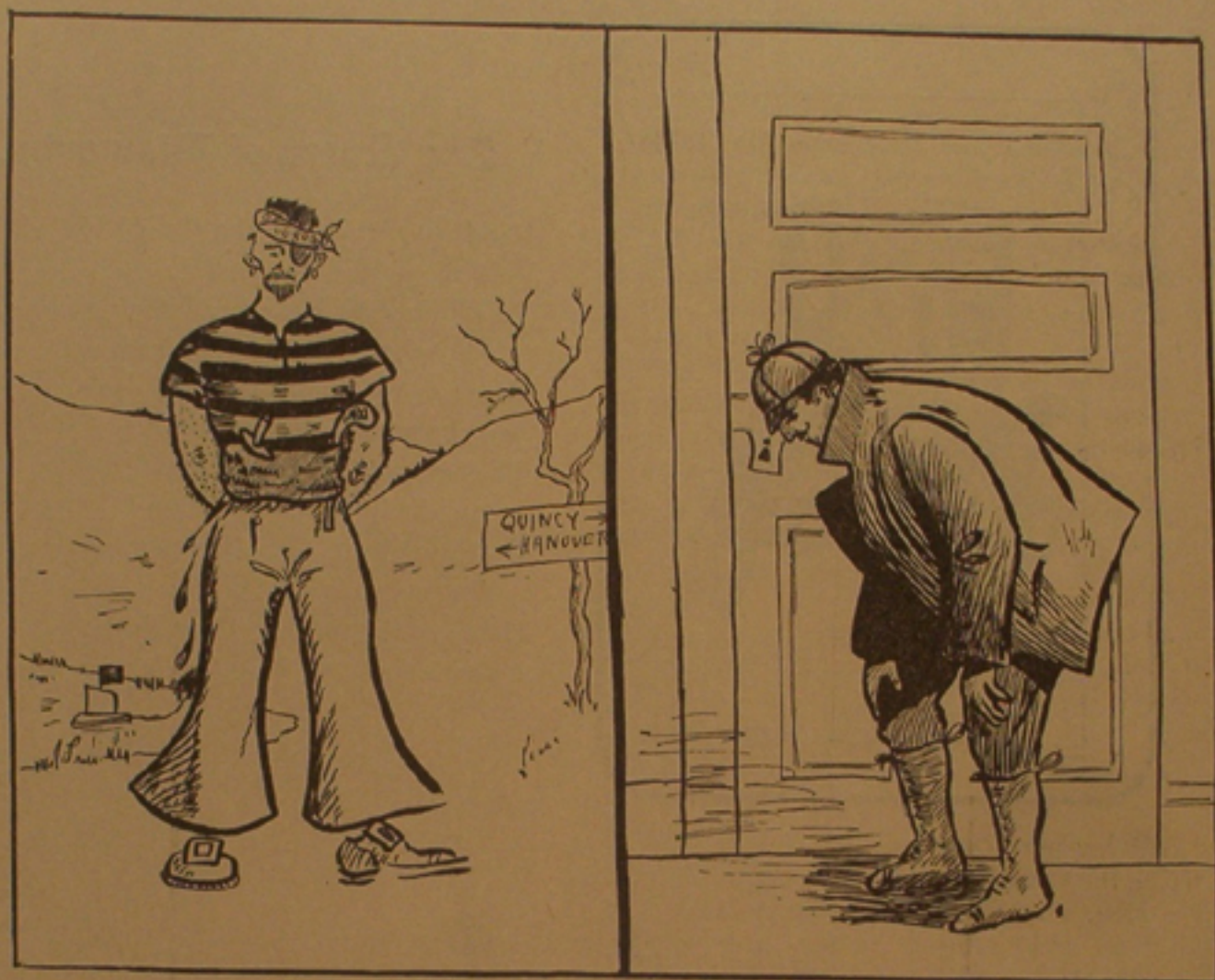
Students find it so difficult to push through the dense crowds which throng the North Station that more than one stop-over is recorded in the Dean's office.

The college office assures us that aunts and grandmothers are more liable to die about Thanksgiving time than any other season of the year.

Dr. K—s—rd informs us that the principal accidents of Boston are: Broken eye-glasses and toothaches.

Frederic Kenyon Brown.

"JACK O' LANTERN."



He will speak of his linousine car,
Whenever, wherever, you are;
And mention his yacht
And tell how he bro't
The schooner safe over the bar.

Who tucks us all safely in bed
And hears that our prayers are all said
And keeps us from harm
Through the hours of calm?
———cty———! Enuuff said!

The Magazine Reviews the Dartmouth.

"The Friday issue of our esteemed contemporary appeared late last Monday afternoon and The Magazine takes great pleasure in being able to review its ! * * * ! pages. THE DARTMOUTH is the only strictly news organ of the college and Dartmouth men should see to it that the semi-weekly is worthy of their splendid alma mater. We know of no better method of attaining this end than by contributing some real news to its pages occasionally.

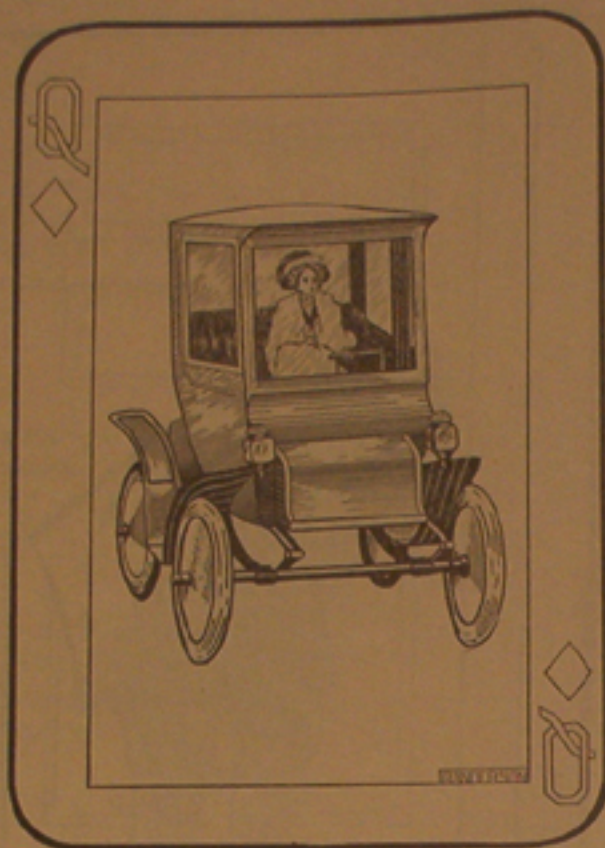
"The leading article of our bellicose little Home Journal is a review of the current number of The Magazine. We cannot but stand amazed at the calm assurance with

which our esteemed contemporary, a sheet of no literary pretensions whatsoever (and considering the limitations of its editors, we consider it fortunate for the college that this is so) we cannot but stand amazed, we say, at the calm assurance with which this publication presumes to set literary standards.

"In editorials THE DARTMOUTH has something much better to offer. The editor, on this page, has nothing to say and he says it extremely well.

"One turns with a sense of relief to the really worthy pages of the advertisements. Simple English that says something! That is the keynote of these pages and we would end this critique by strongly urging upon our contemporary that newspaper text.

—THE EDITOR, *The Dartmouth Magazine.*



The Queen of Diamonds.

Here's to the daddy, the sly old fox,
Of the girl I'd like to wed,
Who'll have his houses and lands and rocks,
When the good old boy is dead;
Here's to the auto that I will drive
And the millions for cigarettes,
The rare old vintage of forty-five,
And the heavy poker debts;
Here's to the life for a Dartmouth grad
Who ever loved the green;
Here's to the fun I will have had,
And here's to—Why, here's to the Queen.



The Queen of Clubs.

Here's to the Queen of Clubs, the dear!
Isn't the girlie shy?
Many her virtues and one, I fear,
That she holds more wine than I;
She is the queen to banish care
When the blundering world goes wrong,
(How timid her kisses on brow and hair!)
With her ever-ready song;
May she ever my comforter be
And make my life complete.
But may never the girl who marries me
And the little darling meet!



Hoskins' Proposal.

Of course it was manifestly improper. But girls will be girls. It was the more appalling because it all happened in the evening. Think of it! It really was quite dark. But if chaperones will have headaches, we can't ——. Oh, dear, can't you see it was the only chance she would have to see his room, for she was going away next day, and in the morning there were all those horrid trunks to pack. And Edith must see Frank's college room.

Now Frank Hoskins was a foolish, sentimental sort of a fellow who looked not before he leaped, and he decided to make the most of this occasion and broach a matter which had been upon his mind for some time. In fact, he had decided to propose. That he had no money nor prospects of getting any is a matter of no concern here.

The room had been duly admired. Conversation lagged. It was now or never.

"Edith," he began, "you must know that for a long time ——"

A loud scuffling of feet emanating from a "crowd without" interrupted him.

"Lynch the Freshman. Put him in shower. Make him sing a song. Song, Freshie, song, song, song. Get busy. Hurry up. Aw, yes, you do know a song, too. Wipe that smile off. Come on, put him thro' the 'third degree.'"

"Oh, goodness," cried Edith, "What are they doing? They'll kill the poor fellow. Frank, do go out and make them stop."

"Don't worry," soothed Frank, "they won't hurt him. As I was saying, if you can only wait a year or tw——"

"Wow, yowwww. Four aces! Your two pair don't amount to ——" This thro' the thin partition.

"What was that?" exclaimed the startled damsel.

Frank informed her that it was simply Dan Jones and his friends having a quiet hand or two of poker.

"Ooooo. Do they gamble in this dormitory? I bet you are as bad as they are, Frank Hoskins. I can see by the way you talk you are familiar with the game."

Frank, as a matter of fact, didn't know a full house from the kitty, but he was well aware of the futility of arguing with a

woman, so he held his peace.

When the excitement had subsided, he resumed. "We've known each other so many years, Edith——"

The door opened a little way, and a short gentleman, thrusting his head thro' the crack, suavely inquired, "Got any old clothes you vant to sell?"

"No," replied Frank icily, casting upon the intruder a look which conveyed more clearly than words, his willingness for and in consideration of the sum of one cent, to him paid by person or persons unknown, to mutilate the aquiline facial adornment which heralded the short gentleman's Hebraic lineage.

The short gentleman retired.

"Edith," began the long-suffering Hoskins again, "we shall not see each other for some time and before you go ——"

"Any clooothes to press?" demanded a new voice.

"No, no," replied Frank sharply, "Do you remember my asking you once dea——"

"San'wiches, macaroons, choc'late eclairs"

"Get out," roared the desperate lover. "Edith, with all these interruptions, I hardly know how to speak what is in my heart, but ——"

A small form, bearing a huge basket, appeared in the doorway. "Hullo," it greeted them, "Want to buy any candy?"

"Oh, what a dear little boy. Yes, I'm sure Mr. Hoskins wants to buy some. Do sit down and talk to us."

"Yes, do, Johnny," urged Frank, looking anything but hospitable. Johnny sat down.

"Hello, Hos, got any money to pay your 'Dartmouth' subscription? Hell, man, I can't wait ——. Oh, beg pardon."

And the red headed collector was gone.

Johnny followed him.

"Dear girl, don't you understand what ——"

Crash, crash, crash, and the sound of falling glass. A distant rumble of profanity. Then some more crashes. Frank closed and locked the door.

"Mercy, what's that," exclaimed Edith, showing symptoms of alarm.

"Only Boozer Watkins breaking beer-bot—that is ginger ale bottles, on the door knobs.

"Bang, bang, bang, bang. Open up

"JACK O' LANTERN."

there, damn it. Open up, I say. Where's that five dollars I loaned you? Open up."

"One of his little jokes," murmured Hoskins.

Boozer's friends led him away.

"Edith, _____"

"Hey, Hos," drawled a heavy voice out side.

"Got a match?" added the voice as its corpulent possessor entered the room. "Oh, beg pardon. Didn't know you had a visitor."

Nevertheless he sat down comfortably.

"I haven't met the lady," he suggested.

"Miss Mills, Mr. Ledden," said Hoskins.

"Delighted, I'm sure," said the fat man.

"Hos been telling you about some of his escapades? Oh he's a wild one." ponderously nudging the blushing youth.

"Mr. Hoskins, will you see me to the hotel," said Miss Mills, "Good night, Mr. Ledden."

"Damn," said Frank—under his breath.

A
wise
student
thinketh
as
he
is
told.



But
the
original
youth
loseth
many
hours.

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

NOTICE!

The Best Barber in Hanover is

E. MISHO

Bridgeman Block

Razors Honed. Call Once—Call Always.

"Afraid of Your Shadow"

Well just try having it caught
and framed by

LANGILL

and you will never be troubled
in that way again.

The Hanover Inn

ARTHUR P. FAIRFIELD

Manager

HANOVER, - N. H.

Meerschaum and Briar PIPES

A Fine Assortment

At

Wilson Bros.
Druggists and Newsdealers
WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

We Are Students

of the human eye and its needs. We aim by most approved methods to correct all errors of its refraction.

WE STUDY THE STYLES

Endeavoring to keep up to date in the newest and best mountings for eye-glasses and frames for spectacles. We grind new lenses and make other repairs the same day orders are received.

BOGLE BROTHERS
White River Junction, Vt.

DR. W. H. POOLE

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS

8.30 A. M. to 12 M., 1.30 P. M. to 6 P. M.

TONTINE BLOCK, HANOVER, N. H.

THAT AFTER DINNER CRAVING

can best be satiated by nibbling a few

Dartmouth Chocolates

Costs no more than a good cigar—creamy and cool, daintily satisfying. Every chocolate a nugget of pure worth.

The Best After-Dinner Compliment. Dartmouth Chocolates are very generally sold in Northern New England, and there are none better at the price.

MADE ONLY BY

SMITH & SON. White River Junction, Vt.



Banyea's Restaurant

(facing the Common)

Lebanon, N. H.

10

The Pleasantest Dining Room in
New Hampshire

George W. Rand & Son

Student Furniture
Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases

Hanover, N. H.

N. E. Telephone

CROSS ABBOTT CO.,

Wholesale Grocers,

White River Junction, Vt.

R. F. Deeb, Mgr.

JONES & SARGENT

Groceries and Meats
Cigars and Confectionery

Hanover, N. H.

Put Your Duds in Our Suds

You Can Get Them
When You Want Them

WILLIAMS'
Dartmouth Laundry

What three words can mean so much
To any Dartmouth dresser,
When he has any clothes to press,
As that of "PRICE THE PRESSER."

Mention Jack O'Lantern to Advertisers.

Tasty Spring Patterns

LATEST STYLES IN

Suits

Top-coats

AND

Cravenettes

EARL NELSON

Edward M. Carter

DEALER IN

Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Dartmouth
Souvenir Spoons, Pins and Pennants

Fine Watch Repairing

HANOVER, - - N. H.

The Stetson Shoe

Buy Your Shoes at

GOODHUE'S

HANOVER, - N. H.

The Best Values for Your Money

East Wilder Home Laundry
C. W. C. TITUS, Prop.

Shirt, with cuffs.....	5
Negligee Shirt.....	5
Flannel Shirt.....	5
Soft Shirts.....	5
Neckties.....	2.5
Bedspreads.....	5
Sweaters.....	10
Pajamas, each piece.....	2.5
Night Shirts.....	2.5
Undershirts.....	2.5
Drawers.....	2.5
Union Suit, as two pieces.....	5
Half Hose, per piece.....	2.5
Handkerchiefs, silk.....	2.5
Towels.....	2.5
Sheets.....	2.5
Pillow Slips.....	2.5
R. Pants.....	2.5
R. Jackets.....	2.5

Mending done free of Charge if time permits.
All claims for losses must be made known accompanied by this list. within eight days.
Not responsible for losses in case of fire.
All work guaranteed satisfactory.

Big Mem. Books

and

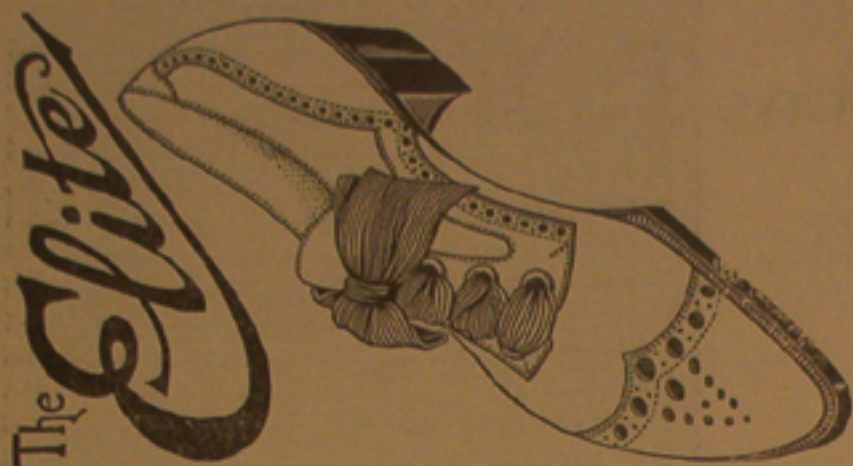
Little Mem. Books



STORR'S BOOKSTORE

HANOVER, N. H.

Help the Magazine Along.



College Oxfords
at
Medium Prices

TRY US

J. C. SMITH
LEBANON, N. H.

Hanover Fruit Company

DEALERS IN

Fruit, Canned Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Soft
Drinks and Confectionery.

HANOVER, - - N. H.

C. W. Waterman. Livery, Sale and Feed Stable.

Single and Double Rigs.

FIRST CLASS SERVICE AT RIGHT
PRICES.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

Lebanon St. Hanover, N. H.

Dartmouth Men

Always find the best there is for "feeds"
at

Guyer's Grocery

also

Fine Confectionery, Cigars, Cigarettes
and Ginger Ale

A. W. GUYER

Second door from the Inn

HANOVER, N. H.

For nigh three years with one said PRICE

WE pressed your clothes with all our might

If NOW you want your clothes pressed NICE,

See Thomas or Holmes, who'll press them RIGHT.

Thomas, '10 and Holmes, '10
15 Press Building

Help the Magazine Along

The H. T. Howe

Coach, Livery and Transfer Co.

Makes all trains to and from Hanover, day and night.

All train orders must be at stable office forty minutes before trains are due at station.

Hacks on order any time day or night.

All kinds of light and heavy teams with or without drivers.

Coach and Carriage service for the Hanover Inn at short notice.

Easy carriage and careful drivers always in readiness for the Mary Hitchcock Hospital.



HOTEL CUMBERLAND

NEW YORK

S. W. CORNER BROADWAY AT 54th STREET

Near 50th St. Subway Station and 53rd St. Elevated

KEPT BY A COLLEGE MAN

HEADQUARTERS FOR COLLEGE MEN

SPECIAL RATES FOR COLLEGE TEAMS

Ideal Location, Near Theatres, Shops, Central Park.

NEW, MODERN AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Most attractive hotel in New York. Transient Rates \$2.50 with bath, and up. All outside rooms.

HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial

R. J. BINGHAM, Formerly with Hotel Woodward

Send for Booklet

10 MINUTES WALK TO 20 THEATRES

HEADQUARTERS FOR DARTMOUTH MEN

Help the Magazine Along.

"The Gateway to Vermont"

Junction House, White River Junction, Vt.

Located in the beautiful Connecticut valley, midway between Springfield, Mass., and the White Mountains. 200 rooms.

During the past season an addition of 25 rooms with bath has been added on the quiet side.
Rates—\$2.50 to \$3.00 per day.

HEADQUARTERS FOR AUTOMOBILES.

GOOD LIVERY IN CONNECTION.

GIBBS & WHEELER,

Proprietors.

Jack O' Lantern

on sale at

WILSON BROS.,

White River Junction.

FOSTER'S BOOK STORE,

Lebanon.

THE RED CROSS PHARMACY

West Lebanon.

also in

HANOVER and MONTPELIER

OTHER AGENCIES WILL BE ESTABLISHED BEFORE THE

NEXT ISSUE.

The Capital City Press

Montpelier, Vermont.

The Opinion Press

Bradford, Vermont.

Leading University and College Printers
of New England.

Under the Management of

H. E. Parker.