

Jack-o' Lantern



600

Junior Prom.



White River Tavern

HARTFORD, VT.

One mile from Union Station
White River Junction

A City Hotel in the Country
A Short Drive from
Hanover

Dinner Parties Served on
Reasonable Notice

H. W. Field

Florist

Roses Carnations Violets

Opposite Academy of Music
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Excelsior Carriage Co.

White River Junction, Vt.

Best Equipped Garage
in Vermont.

Everything for a Horse but his Feed

Massasoit House

Springfield, Mass.

European Plan Rooms \$1.50 upwards
All Conveniences Garages Near
Advance Notice of Intended Arrival
Desirable.

W. H. CHAPIN,
Prop.

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 HANOVER INN

The Hanover Inn

Arthur P. Fairfield

Manager

HANOVER, - N. H.



Miller Auto Co.

Agents for

Pierce
Great Arrow
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Garage and Repair
Shop

White River Jct., Vt.

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STATIONERS

White River Junction, Vermont

The
Dartmouth Bookbindery

L. E. HARTSHORN, Prop'r

Books and Magazines of all descrip-
tions Bound and Repaired.

Let us bind your College] Periodicals
during Summer Vacation.

HANOVER, N. H.

Peterson
College Tailor

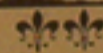
Solicits your inspection of a fine line
of Foreign and Domestic Woolens for
Men's Garments at reasonable prices.

Satisfaction and fit guaranteed or
no sale.

The Choicest Flowers in their Season

A. PARKS

Florist



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Mention "Jack O'Lantern" to Advertisers.

The Best Assortment of
Cigars, Cigarettes
and Confectionery
at

Perley & McNeill
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Lebanon, - - - - N. H.

Trade



Mark

OF THE
BARRELL OPTICAL CO.
WHITE RIVER JUNCTION

Dealers in high grade optical goods and
makers of accurate prescription lenses.
Call and inspect our grinding plant, the only
place where lens surfacing is done in
Vermont.

We are some Pumpkins,
too!!



Have a JOY RIDE with us
It will cost but a nickel
—UNLESS there are Two
—in which case, we
don't give figures . . .



**Boston, Revere Beach &
Lynn Railroad**

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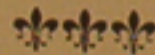


..Tabern Cafe..

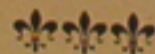
(a la carte)

and

Ice Cream Parlors



Plain and Fancy Ice
Cream and Sherberts



Private parties may reserve tables
for special occasions.



Help the Magazine Along.

Jack O'Lantern



Which !!

Polly's a sport and a good one at that,
And her sister, Frieda's a queen;
Elinor's dad has all kinds of rocks
And a peach of a limousine.
Beth is a cozy-corner girl
But she lives in Kalamazoo;
While May has friends on the faculty
And her board wouldn't cost me a sou.

Cathy can dance like a fairy fay
And would make a hit with the boys;
But the family'd be pleased if I asked Elaine,
Though she's not such an awful noise.
Which of them all shall be the one?
Blamed if I have the hunch;
If dad weren't so narrow he'd send me the
dough
To ask the whole damn bunch.



The Chaperone



Let's Go Fishing

Now Winter's gone,
And Spring has come,
And snow and ice
Are on the bum,
Let's sink our skiis,
Go cut a pole and
Sneak off fishing.

If Math. is irksome,
French goes wrong,
Grab hook and line
And come along.
Don't mind your work,
But take a cut,
And come a-fishing.

Not down Mink Brook,
Or places near,
But far a-field
Where none may hear,
Or see us dawdling
By the stream,
—But not a-fishing.

The Prom is near
With maids serene—
But don your rags,
Forget the Queen;
We'll have one glad,
Free, joyous fling,
And do some fishing.





Board! Right up front, lady. Plenty of room. Turn on the juice, Mr. Chiffonier. We're off! Seeing Hanover. The first, ladies and gentlemen, is the famous hill. Up, up, and still up. Turning to the right, the noble edifice on the corner is Precinct Hall. Note the magnificent proportions. Architecture uncassified. Next on the left we see the home of "Clothespins" Richardson, critic, author and gentleman. The animal upon the front steps is Geist—Architecture unclassified. Turning again to the left we pass the famous Howe Stables and the fire department. Observe the police force lolling in the doorway with its hat over its eyes.

We next turn into Main Street, made famous by Dudley's Emporium and Tony's dog cart. Proceeding, we pass College Hall. No, ladies and gentlemen, this is not a boot store. The shoes you see upon the parapet are full of feet and there are men behind them. Here is situated the commons. A pure food tag goes with each serving.

The Tuck Building. Desolate in appear-

ance owing to the absence of Eric Foster. We now pass College Church on the north of the campus, hallowed each Sabbath, by the presence of Chuck.

The Administration Building next. The handsome gentleman at the window is Skeet Tibbetts. Do not wave your handkerchiefs, ladies. Turning to the south, we pass Dartmouth Hall and Rough Neck Row—Wentworth, Thornton and Reed Halls.

We turn to the east again. The noble edifice on the right is New Hampshire Hall—Home Office of "Jack-O'-Lantern." Kindly do not throw bouquets as they litter the walks and make the over-worked janitors extra labor. Building on the left is Bartlett Hall, home of the Y. M. C. A. Hats off, please.

The next building is the new gym. Note the graceful lines of the architecture and the spacious proportions. Bowler fecit. The structure beyond is the Dartmouth Stadium, and on the right the garage. Auto stops here. All out. Don't forget the barker.

Letter of a Dartmouth Girl to
her Friend



DEAREST GRACE:

I have just got back from Dartmouth Prom and I had *such* a good time and I think Jack is just a perfect *love* to invite me. I do *so* wish you could have been there, too.

Ever your own,

EVELYN.

P. S. I must tell you all about the glorious time I had. Jack met me at the station and we drove up on the *quaintest* old stage coach drawn by four horses and the *dearest* driver. Jack called him Henry, and everyone seems to like him. And he drives *so* beautifully! I could just hug him. (Please burn this letter as soon as you have read it.) Well, we got to Hanover and all the boys I used to know in *dear* old High School came up and shook hands with me. All the rest of the girls were regular *frights* and the attention I received made them *awfully jealous*, altho they tried to hide it. I wore my new creme-de-menthe gown, with the white valenciennes flounce around the neck and a large directoire rosette for brush braid at the throat, and the skirt caught up with art burlap fichus. Jack said I looked beautiful—wasn't that just *too sweet* of him? But Jack is such a *dear* boy. Wednesday night I went to his frat dance, and next day to the Society Circus. It was *fine*. They had the *loveliest* animals, and Mr. Carroll talked *so* nice, and Mr. Alvord's side show was the *funniest* thing I have ever seen in *all my life*, and yet *so* artistically produced. I tried *all* the side shows, and hit one of the dolls which they called "Chuck." I must tell you about Chuck. He is the *cutest* old gentleman you can imagine and has the most lovely "*grand-paish*" ways. I met him one day with Mr. Lord—the boys call him "Georgie D." He is a very lively little man and teaches Greek.

One night the boys had a bon-fire and danced it in their nighties—it looked awfully sweet. It reminded me of those beautiful lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's:

"The sprites they danced in the firelight
And scooted about in the gloom.
They swirled and writhed and twisted,
And kicked up their heels toward the
moon."

It is so touching that it always makes me cry, so I shall have to stop writing.

As ever,

E.

P. P. S. I have a new ring.

P. P. P. S. Don't tell. It's a secret.

Lovingly,

E.

Any Old Place,

Shortly after Prom, 1909.



COACH (as visiting team knocks out a home run): "Hey, you, send somebody up for Professor Hull in a hurry. I don't know what's the matter with this battery."



Freshman Wayback:—"Gosh, is this Hanover?"

K



Junior Prom.

During

In The "Dartmouth" Office.

"More editorials to write," murmured the editor wearily. Then he reached over and pressed a button. One of the "Dartmouth" sleuths appeared.

"Editorial material," commented the editor briefly, and the sleuth disappeared. Soon there was a clatter of feet on the stairs and the news-gatherer came in breathless. "The faculty is going to remodel the cut system," he said.

The next morning an editorial on the cut system appeared with scare headlines, and the college spoke with bated breath of the influence of the official undergraduate organ.

After

There was an old man of Formosa,
 Whose business was that of a grosa,
 When asked if the fleas
 Made nests in his cheest
 He waggled his head and said, "Nosa."



JACK O' LANTERN.



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ROSWELL T. PEARL
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★★★

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HAROLD G. MOSIER
Assistant

Jack O' Lantern Says

Do we look like a co-ed institution ?

Pedagogues, Paenes, Prom Girls. Cosmopolitan Hanover.

Too bad the dear girls couldn't see the track meet.

Speaking of queens——

Broke, old man ? Well, same thing might happen to anybody.

Return that dress suit ? Why, er, the fact is Robbie has it. I forgot,
etc., etc., etc.

How about the faculty's wearing gowns as well as the Seniors ? Nota
bad idea, is it ?

The new cut system. Oh, well——

Don't take the turn down too seriously. Mittens come in handy at
Hanover.

“Lord have mercy on us” to the Nth—But when ye pray use not vain
repetition as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their
mnch speaking.—Matt. 6-7.

Welcome to Our City.

JACK O' LANTERN.



WV



To Her.

The sun is down, the woods are still—
Across the fading sky
A single night-hawk swiftly glides
With low and plaintive cry.

A gentle twilight lingers yet
To touch the mountain head,
And gild a lonely floating cloud
With brilliant gold and red.

The wind that sported through the trees
And rustled in the clover,
Has sunk into a lazy breeze
That lightly passes o'er.

Then come with me and wander o'er
The silent, sleeping plain
We'll sing a song of memory
And live the past again.

What They Think About Prom.

A *Jack O'Lantern* heeler spent the past week in interviewing a few of the famous men about college on their views of Prom Week.

Fanny said: "It is most appropriate that it should come in May. I remember how I used to enjoy the social life of it when I was an undergraduate. It gives me, too, an opportunity to study the latest styles of guimpe and tulle lace. Do you think a drop skirt should be cut on the bias? There is one objection to the Promenade, however. I am afraid that its tendency is to make the men neglect their studies just the least little bit, and of course, this is to be decried."

Nathaniel Howland could not be found but some of his friends say that he has taken in the Prom for the last three years. Perhaps that's enough said.



The editor-in-chief of *The Magazine* said "I thoroughly approve of the Prom," and the waiting college gave a sigh of relief.

Chuck was not very communicative. He only shook his head and looked sadly at the junior records on his desk.

John Roland Childs said: "Damn fine idea. Damn pretty girls. Damn good time. Damned if it isn't."

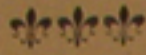
The Prom Show Management rubbed its hands and smiled. "It means money, lots of it. We like it. Got a cigarette?"

When Ced was approached, he flicked the ashes wearily from his Rameses. "Rather amusing I imagine, but gets tiresome. On the whole a damn bore."

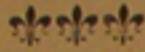
The last man interviewed was the sturdy football captain. The heeler was unable to get much satisfaction. Knuck said: "Now, go on! Ain't yer kiddin'."



Drad And Bunstreet's Trade Report



HANOVER, N. H., May: Hanover branch of Dr. John Bowler's brick business is having a bad spring. Little call for bricks; collections poor. Management hopes trade will pick up before June 30.

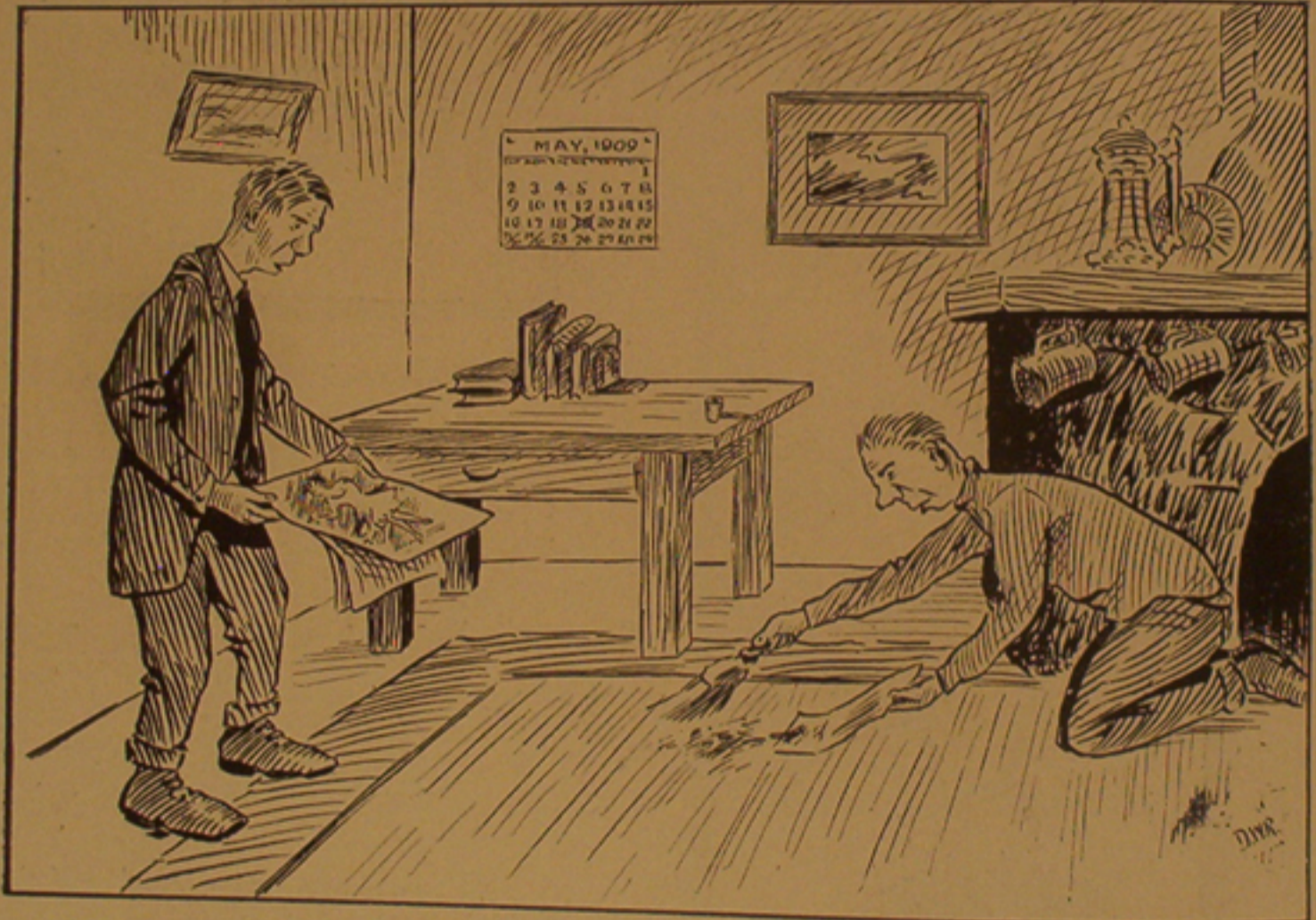


Little Proms at Wellesley
Concerts down at Smith
Make the mighty Student
From his studies drift.

A College Calendar



Registration.
Matriculation.
Dissipation.
Elimination.



Two artless young men of Mass. Hall,
At Prom had a much bedecked wall;
To their room came some dears
Who so loved souvenirs
That a dust cloth they left—that was all.



JACK O'LANTERN.

Bits of Manover Scenery,



Road to Cathedral Pines



Mink Brook



"Down thro' the Park."



High Water at Wilder

1910



His Dream Co



Comp True ♦

—GOW—

The Bells

(With Apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.)

Hear the noisy chapel bells,
 Noxious bells!
 What a day of fretful work their raucous
 clang foretells!
 How they jangle, jangle, jangle,
 In the early drowsy dawn,
 How provokingly they wrangle.
 Might some kindly power strangle
 These disturbers of the morn.
 Now there comes a double crash.
 Firmly shut, the great doors clash
 And there comes a peaceful respite of the
 jangling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells.
 Of those irritating, sleep-dispelling bells.
 See those swell-dressed Boston belles,
 Saucy belles!

What a world of dreariness their company
 dispels!
 Up and down old Tremont Row
 Tantalizingly they go
 With their gay, light-hearted way
 Inviting you.
 Ah! the charms that they display!
 Ah! the ripple of their laughter, as they say,
 "How d'you do?"
 From those hearts where frolic dwells
 What a gush of jollity voluminously wells!
 Now it swells!
 And dispels
 All our worries! How it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the teasing and the squeezing of the
 belles, belles, belles,
 Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,
 Belles, belles, belles.
 To the chatt'ring and the flatt'ring of the
 belles.



On to Leb.

Men Who Made Prom Week Grate

"To realize one's ambitions, one must specialize," said Lillian Allvoid, as he gave a jerk on his corset string, "And mesmerize," we timidly suggested. "Well, hardly," the coquettish "he-snake lady" replied. "You see my pets are no longer dangerous. They don't need to be mesmerized, for they are in a state of coma, into which they have been shocked by my awful faux pas. But you interrupted me. As I was saying, one must specialize. Now, I have specialized all my life. Heredity did worlds for me, but environment has helped. What? Helped me to see snakes all my life? Sir, I am a perfect lady, and only gentlemen see snakes. And besides—"

But here Madame A. was interrupted by Dave Johnson, who wanted to know how a snake could swallow it's own tail. We turned away with a sigh, "Oh, that we too, were only clever."

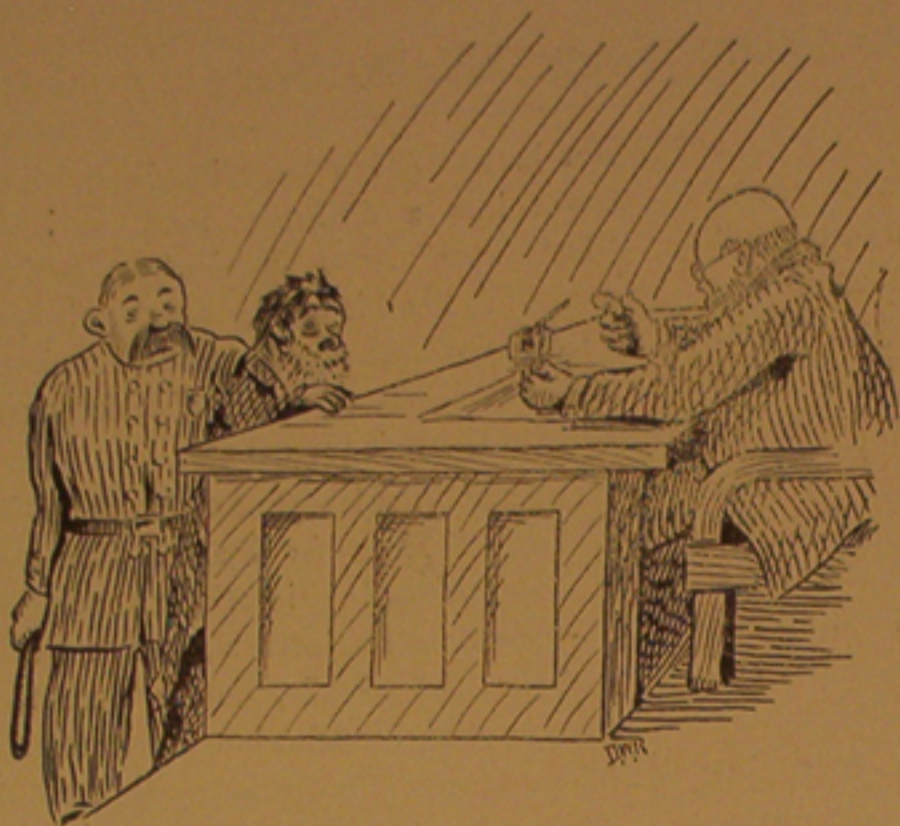
Shades of Noah! How it had rained! We feared there would be a washout on the line.

But hark! A low rumbling is heard. It grows into a deafening roar. It is the "Dartmouth Prom Special." Engineer Shattuck's hand is on the throttle; his eye is fixed on the track ahead. She is running on schedule, despite the delay of taking on the King of U-Kan's private car.

Zounds! What is that on the track? A Red Light? Whistle for brakes. She stops. Bandit Graves climbs into the cab and presses a gun against Engineer Shattuck's Radash negligee. Meanwhile, Bandit Tucker, his teeth meeting through a bowie knife, searches the passengers. A few have only their seat checks left. These are passed by with scorn. All are treated alike, and everywhere are murmured compliments on the polite and polished manners of the predatory gentleman. After all, who could blame him. He must have been driven to it by the hard times. At last he has finished, and the "Special" is again under way. Is anybody sore? Never. Its all in the game.



The Quiz



English 2.

A PERIODIC SENTENCE

Judge:—"Here again, eh?
Ninety days more."



A Bye Face



Gamboling on the Green

In the Commons.

"I am undone," wailed the potato.
"Too bad," murmured the dropped eggs
consolingly.
"Stung!" said the student.

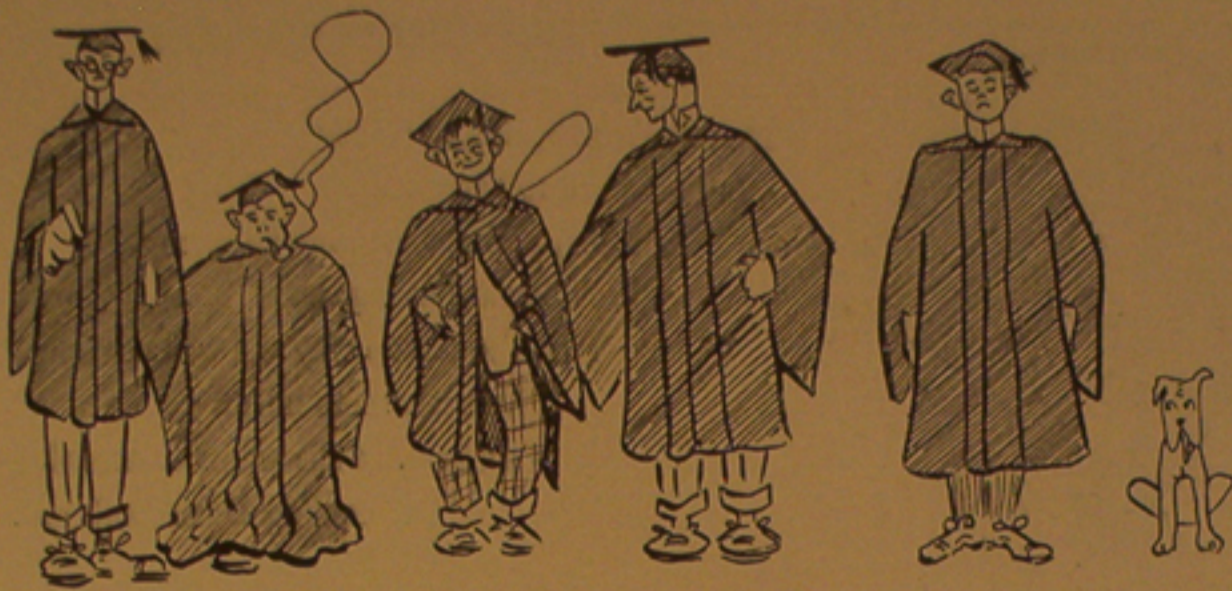
SENIOR (in the Commons): "Hey! Are
you working?"

WAITER: "No."

SENIOR: "All right. I only wanted an
ice cream."

WAITER: "O well! I'll get it for you.
My time's on."

JACK O' LANTERN.



THOSE SENIORS



A WAITER'S TIP



THE '12 PICTURE. Puzzle: Find the S. ph. —> Answer.

The Dartmouth Girl



They say that Spring in Hanover
Is backward to excess,
And tho, perhaps we may be wrong,
We'll hazard as a guess
That the reason why she waits so long
Her beauties to unfurl
Is because she wants to save them for
The coming Dartmouth girl.



And so it haps the Dartmouth girl
Comes ever with the May,
To wake us from our winter's sleep
And drive the blues away.

She may be light, she may be dark,
Or just between the two,
She always has a simple way
Of pleasing me and you.

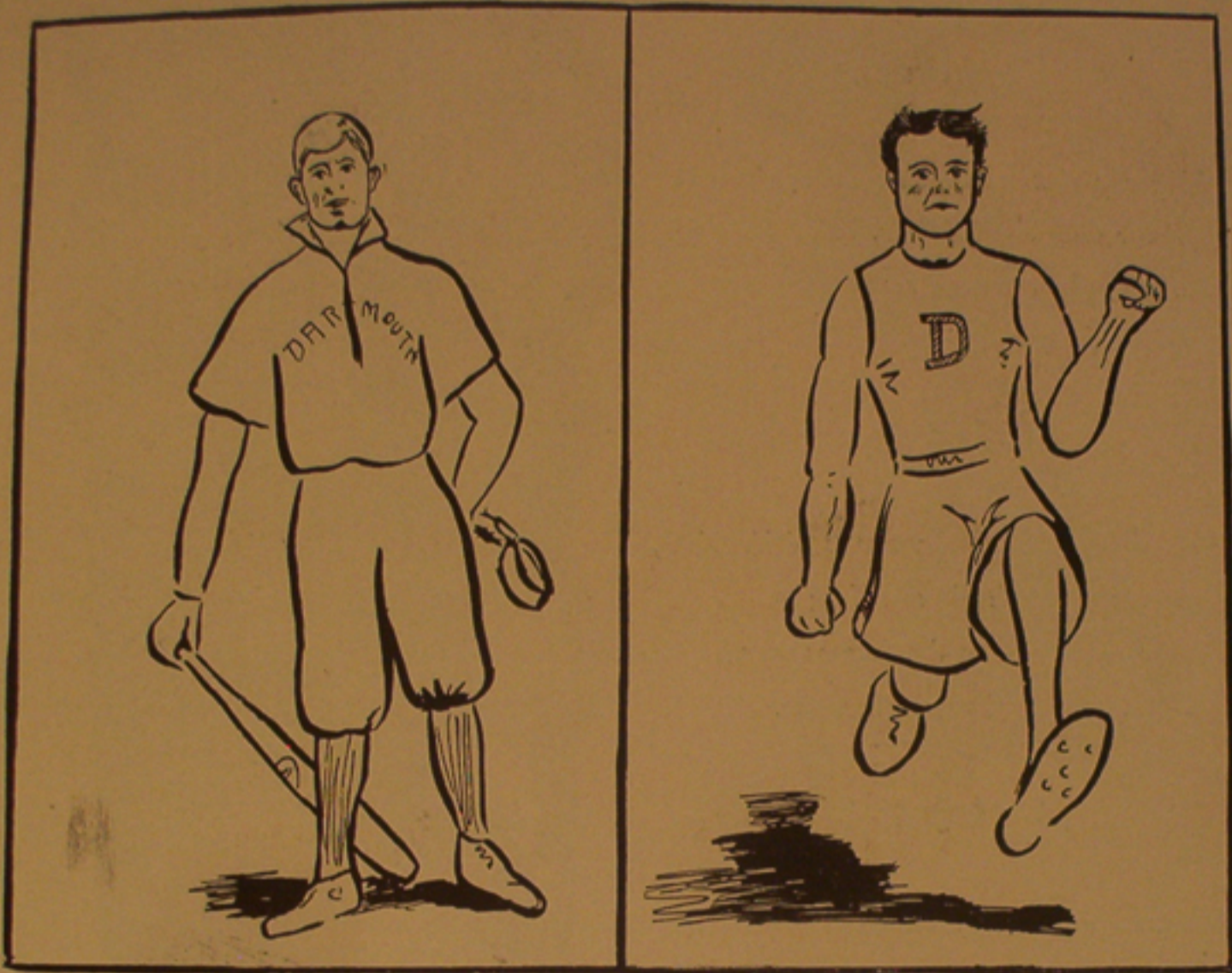


For be her eyes of liquid brown,
Or black or heavenly blue,
You'll find the Dartmouth spirit there,
That's sweet to me and you.

So wah-whoa-wah for the Dartmouth girl,
And make it loud and strong.
She's with us now, (and ——— the luck)
We cannot keep her long.



JACK O'LANTERN.



"Ball one," was the umpire's bawl when he
yelled,
"Safe," as home Dutch came.
Isn't it funny that Dutch can play
The great American game.

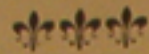
Half a mile, half a mile, half a mile onward
Away from the bunch ran he;
We knew him a Walker of great renown;
He's a runner as well, we see.

?

Mix together equal parts of authority and
smiles. Add several chuckles and a handful
of discrimination. Sprinkle liberally with
leniency, and place in a high position for
future use. This dish is a favorite, and is
recommended by twelve hundred students.



Cigarette Song.



*They say that a million hammers
Rattle with devilish glee,
Building of cigarettes we smoke
Coffins for you and me.*



*The dreamy smoke wreaths drift aloft,
An incense to the dreamy fair;
And many and sweet the dreams we see
Dim in the smoke wreaths there.*



*What are the worries of today
And vague regrets that fill with pain?
One cigarette can banish all
And bring the dreams again.*



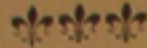
*So pass me another nail, pal;
And then another too,
Till I dream in the fragrant smoke a while,
My own little girl, of you.*



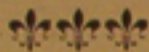
*And what care we for the hammers
That rattle with devilish glee,
Building of cigarettes we smoke
Coffins for you and me?*



To Patricia Don-i-van



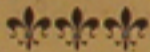
This is the classy
And clever young lassy
Who is just now considered the rage;
Our dainty Patricia—
We certainly wish her
Success on the vaudeville stage.



It's a pretty safe bet
We will never forget
Her—the dainty and slender of limb,
Would you ever have known
By her acting alone
That she wasn't a her, but a him?



Cedric Beware



"Don't egg me on," hissed the villain,
between closed teeth. The audience took
the hint and egged him off instead.

Overheard

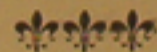


SHE: "See that long line of men with their
hands in their pockets going into that build-
ing. Why do they look so sad?"

HE: "That building, Marion, is the bank.
Those men are Juniors. Junior Prom. is
over. No more needs to be said."

PATIENT JUNIOR: "No, Marion, a 'beef-
ers league' is not an eating club. It is a
gathering of fellows who get together and
tell how the baseball team ought to be run."

Office Hours



The high-browed prof sits in his swivel chair,
The research spirit fills the learned air,
His desk o'erflows—(with manuscripts and
plans?)

Oh no! 'tis full of old tobacco cans,
And with a friend he smokes his smelly
pipe,
Discussing various ways of shooting snipe.



A Dartmouth Man?



They sat in a dark shadow on the steps of Webster Hall. She was very pretty and he was very good-looking, and he was a freshman and she was a wise, wise sophomore.

After a long silence her little hand somehow wandered into his by accident. He clasped it tenderly and after some more minutes of speaking, quite, timidly touched it to his lips.

"*Fingers* weren't made to kiss," she admonished.

"I didn't mean to be rude," he answered abashed.

She moved closer to him. "I'm cold. Don't you think it's chilly?" she asked anxiously.

"I hadn't noticed," he said and, picking up a sweater, carefully put it about her shoulders.

She blushed in the darkness, then after a pause, she said, "I wonder if you know the color of my eyes. You can't guess. No, I won't let you see them," and she tipped up her face to his, her dark, large eyes and lips very near his own.

"Aha! but I do see," he laughed with nervous eagerness. "They are blue," and he turned his head away in triumph.

Then he turned toward her again.

"May I not kiss you just once, Blanche?"

"I'm surprised at you, Archie," with feigned anger.

"But I thought you wouldn't care just once," dejectedly.

She sighed hopelessly and whispered to herself, "If it were only leap year."

YEN: "So you ban workin' in Hanover, Ole. How long you work dere?"

OLE: "Oh, mos' all winter, 'bout 'lam moonts."



It Happened in Hanover

PROF: (French 18) "What is the Tuesday before Easter called?"

SLEEPY STUDE: "Good Friday."



An emigrant coming from China
Fell over the stern of a lina;
The propelling screw
Caught hold of his cue
And gave him a hell of a shina.



1912: "What did you think of the meet?"

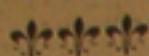
1909: "I didn't have a combination one so I really couldn't say."



SHE: "What is a registrar?"

HE: "A registrar is one who gets all the blame for the underhand doings of the faculty. He takes the place of the office boy in the collegiate business world."

Our Alma Mater



The Old Grad, bashfully sidling up to the jaunty Sophomore, and timidly asked for information concerning the changes in his Alma Mater from which he had long been absent. With patronizing generosity, the undergraduate answered his questions.

"How is it," inquired the older man, "that I see all the Seniors wearing gowns? They didn't do that when I was in college."

"Oh," replied the Soph, gracefully blowing a cloud of perfumed cigarette smoke into the questioner's face, "You see they do that at Harvard and Smith. This is a gentleman's college now."

"I note," continued the gray-bearded alumnus, "that one sees the fellows better dressed than in my time, what"—

"Why," answered the youth in the glad raiment, "All the fellows at Harvard dress well, and Dartmouth surely can't take a second place to the Johnnies." We are seriously considering wearing dress suits to dinner—six o'clock by the way—and frock coats to Chapel."



"How is it that I hear so little profanity?" asked the seventy-niner.

"Jove! How can you ask such a question?" continued the Soph. "Gentlemen never swear except in story books. It's fearfully rude, don't you know. The Harvard bunch frowns upon it."

The old gentleman was silent for awhile, at last he said, "I don't seem to see the old democratic spirit any more. Where has it gone?"

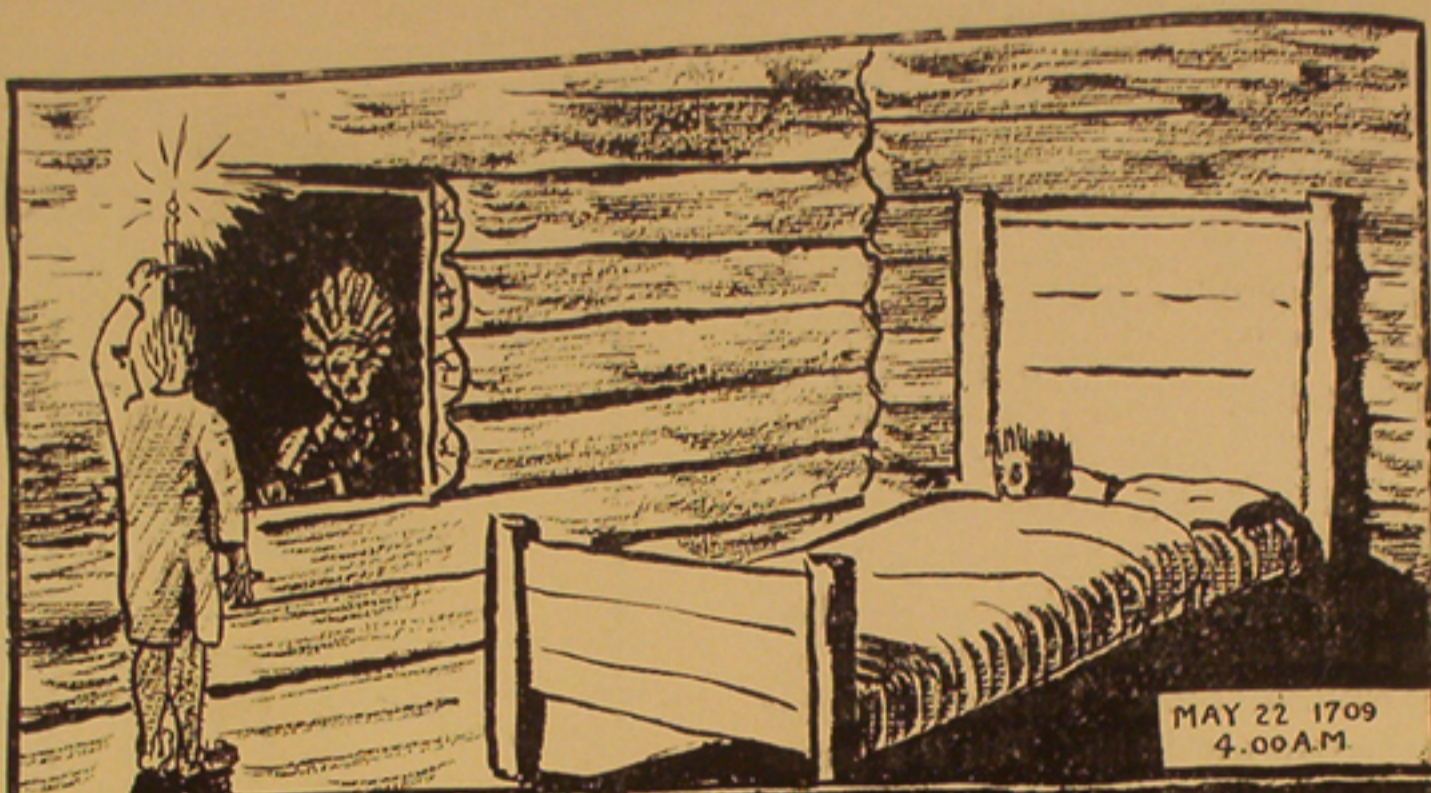
"Great heavens, man," exclaimed the astounded member of 1911, "You don't expect us to chum in with every farmer that comes to college, do you? Absurd! Why, they wouldn't think of it at Harvard."

The alumnus leaned heavily against the Senior fence. "No profanity, no democracy, no comfortable clothes, all artificiality and copied gentility. Oh! Dartmouth, Dartmouth, where are your traditions. Harvard has corrupted you."

He dodged Phil Chase's auto as it swerved into the side walk and mowed down a great elm. A smile crossed his face.

"Well, the faculty will probably institute her-night now, anyway."

JACK O' LANTERN.



The Paene Primer

THE PROM GIRL.

Who is the swell dame? That, chil-dren, is the Prom-Girl. She has come to Han-over with six trunks and three suit-cases. She has seventy-'leven dresses and three sofa-pil-lows. They are for the fellow who invited her. I mean the sofa-pil-lows are for him. She also brought a chap-er-one,—and a poo-dle. We don't see the poo-dle in the pic-ture because the art-ist can't draw poodles. Be-sides the poo-dle is lead-ing the chap-er-one around the Campus. What is a chap-er-one? A chap-er-one is a plump young la-day of for-ty-nine sum-mers who pat-rols the path of love and as-cer-tains whether the youth has mon-ey.

What will the Prom-Girl do? She will go to dances and take long drives (when she can shake the chap-er-one) and take canoe trips. She will also see the ball-games and the so-ciety cir-cus. How shock-ing!

She will also get some sou-venirs—at Per-ci-val's ex-pense. What a luck-y girl!

After prom-week she will go home and tell the girls what a swell time she had in Han-over. Where will the fel-low go? He will visit his uncle.



"She tempted me and I did eat."

JACK O'LANTERN.



The End

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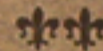
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