

The
JACK-O-LANTERN

FOOTBALL NUMBER



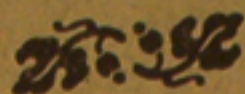
DARTMOUTH COMIC MONTHLY

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HEADQUARTERS FOR DARTMOUTH MEN

THE JACK-O' LANTERN

THE DARTMOUTH COMIC MONTHLY

VOLUME II.

NOVEMBER, 1909.

NUMBER 2



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MAJESTIC THEATRE BOSTON

TWO WEEKS BEGINNING MONDAY EVE, NOV. 1st

DARTMOUTH NIGHT SATURDAY
NOV. 13th

THERE WILL BE A BIG TIME AT THE BIG SHOW
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"A Hum, Upon Me Word!"

Prof. Kyes, in Fine Arts 5 (concluding a little lecture on the imagination in Greek mythology): "But of course we must put a grain of salt on such tales as these."



"And how does Harry like married life?"

"Say, it's effected a complete change in him."

"Hope it's for the better."

"Well, before he swore to love; now he loves to swear."



"Life is a hard race."

"Yes, and at the end we're all out of breath."



"I'm not stuck on these stairs!" cried Susan dramatically, as she landed in a heap on the bottom.



Why is a colt like a student? Because it doesn't work till it's broke.



A GOOD UNDERSTANDING.

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The Jamaica Press



Printing - Linotyping

Jamaica Plain, Mass.



Scandalous.

If a tennis ball should court a single net, wouldn't their marriage raise a racquet?



"I give you this bread for the dear Lord's sake," said old Parson Stimson's wife, benevolently.

"Well, for the Lord's sake, leddy, put some butter on it!" replied Wearie Willie.



"FIRST DOWN; TEN YARDS TO GO!"



Why can't the ladies flirt on the Atlantic steamers? Because the mails are all tied up in bags.



Soph.: "Where d'you come from, Freshie?"

Freshman: "Boston."

S.: "What does your father do?"

F.: "Mixes in the best society."

S.: "Come on! Don't get stout-headed, Freshie."

F.: "My father is John Harrigan, and he's bartender at the Adams House."
(Loud cheers.)



Little Willie in a childish pique
Tried to make the kitchen boiler lique;
Little Willie didn't dream,
Of the fast escaping steam;
Little Willie now feels pretty mique.



Jack: "My monitor is an awful snob."

Mac: "How's that?"

Jack: "He cut me twice in chapel."

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EXTRY! EXTRY!

ART vs. SCIENCE!

Great Gruelling Gridiron Grind of the Savants of the North!

Hanover was not a dead town on the 13th. The best sporting blood of the faculty gathered on the campus Saturday afternoon, and for two hours the Men of Letters waged the fiercest battle against the Scientists that has ever been recorded in these tranquil precincts. Besides three Rufus Choate students and two local dogs, the excited populace from Etna, Leb, Lyme, and Pompy, greatly agitated by twenty-four-hour notices from Skeet, had early thronged to the scene of the fray and bought the best seats along the side lines. The betting was fast and furious, with odds on the winners. On the side lines Eric did a rushing business in parchment rolls and hot dogs, while Louey Dow was right there with the French mustard.

The game opened promptly at 2:31, with short prayers by the chaplain, which lasted till 3:14. On the double stroke of the chapel bell, Capt. Skeet of the B. S.'s, All-American Registrar, kicked off to Fullback Harmony, of the B. A.'s, who was standing prone on the five-yard line. Harmony had a bat-on and fumbled. "You can't faze me!" shouted Cupid, as he fell on the leather with eclat. "Fay's ball!" called Referee Tony, running up, with his pack of hot dogs straining at their leashes. On the next play Ravin' Laycock, with noisy interference by Slicklider and Capt. Jim Raggerty, skillfully evaded a difficult question, crashed through the Science argument and fled grandiloquently down the map till he was finally tripped up by Skeet, the dog, who thought Ravin' was running away with a "case." At this point Toot of the Science team frantically called "Time!" and was seen trying to catch a large green Beetle crawling up his back.

Eric, well padded with outside readings, now replaced Harmony. He tried a forward pass through the Alps, but Jawge Ray Wicked with his Eminent Domain theory grabbed the pigskin (as is his wont on the dear old farm), without interference by Dixon, argued right and left through the Arts men, and gained 100 cm. "First down!" cried the referee, but the Scientists doubted. Gordon Ferris Ham produced a huge vernier calliper from his jeans, measured the distance, and found that the oval belonged to the Scientists. "The vernier calliper," he began, "was invented by A. Fizzi Cist in the 14th century, though—" Here he was interrupted by the "Play ball!" of the referee. "You villain!" muttered Bayse, as he glanced suspiciously at the callipers and rubbed the back of his head. "Nomenclature!" cried Cheerless, the B. S. quarter. "H₂O₂—PbO—dephlogisticated dough—HCl and H₂S—mixed together make a mess!" and he snapped the ball to Reeves, who found that it was not up to his standard, according to his ideas of the subject, and passed it with his usual nonchalant manner to Jawge Ray, who refused to take it, as it didn't have the National Consumers' League label. Here Slicklider broke through, snatched the ball, and was running down the chapel path when a fair dame from Queechee cried out ecstatically, "Oh, you kid!" This distracted Slick's attention and subtracted from his glory, for his conclusion was reduced to absurdity by Sheldon of the Sighcology department. Shortly after it was discovered that Slicklider was missing. He was replaced by the Mid-Semester Marks, which had just arrived from the Dean's office, but which proved to be too small and ineffective.

JACK O' LANTERN

The Men of Letters were gradually forced down the field by the superior weight of evidence of the Scientists. Even the New Cut System was sent in, but that did not work. Only once did the B. A.'s rally. By a mighty effort Ravin' Laycock once more dodged the facts of the Scientists and dashed up the field for a touchdown! Before the yelling multitude could reach him he had shinned up the goal post and did the Statue-of-Liberty act for the camera of the Dartmouth Semi Squeakly.

The Skeptical Scientists refused to ad-

mit the touchdown. "Where are your proofs?" they said. Chuck called for the Faculty Rules. "When I was training Pauline Batchelder," began Dr. Bowler, but was interrupted by Dixon, who began reading from the "Statistics of Decisions Among the Ancient Gladiators." "Cheese it!" shouted Cupid, as he saw Jake coming up on the run. Everybody escaped except Ravin', who was still up on the goal post. When he was last seen he was proceeding down Main street, tucked under Jake's right wing and shouting about the power of oratory.



FAST LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

JACK O' LANTERN



THE ELEMENTS OF HARMONY.



"How singular!" sadly remarked the Senior, as the waiter in the Commons flung before him one croquette with a lonesome pea perched on its summit.



Soph. 1: "What kind of times did you have on the cattle boat?"

Soph. 2: "Two; gorgeous and dis-gorgeous."



Giddap!

When a Latin student differs
From the other's sentiments,
You are often wise to think it
To be only his "horse" sense.



Pat was just coming out of the ether up in the hospital.

"Phwat 'ave they been doin' to me?" he whispered.

"Operation," replied the doctor.

"Indade!" murmured Pat.

"Yes, you've had appendicitis; your vermiform appendix has been removed."

Pat was speechless awhile, till then his awestruck eye lit on the pet monkey clambering up the window. "Hey!" he shouted delightedly, "come here, you little wormyform splendix! Sure, an' yer mither's a dom sick man!"

When "Harmony" Prevails.

Fresh: "Is music a difficult course?"

Soph.: "Not if you know the Morse system."



I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
I sent a poem, and then alack!
I very promptly got it back.



Toastmaster: "Can anyone tell me why Dartmouth football teams are like ten-penny nails?"

Hawvud Man: "Because, I should judge, they are rawther inclined to be rusty."

Princeton Man: "Because they are a wire-y lot."

Old Dartmouth grad.: "No, sir! Because the harder you pound them, the harder they hold."



Prof. Richardson: "Which do you think is more pleasing to the ear, assonance with ea or with o?"

Stude: "Yes."



THE SCRUB TEAM.



"By the way," said the friend, "your daughter married a farmer, did she not?"

"Sartinly," nodded the proud mother. "He's a good farmer, too. He took the farmacy course at the University of Maine."



'12: "Jolly bunch, those Medics."

'11: "Yes, they're cutting up all the time."



Sonnet.

Him, me and she
 Sat under the tree,
 And him was mad at me,
 As was I at he;
 For both of we loved she,
 Which couldn't always be.
 Him up and says to I,
 "One of we must die."
 I did not ask he why,
 But smote he in the eye,—
 Now under the tree doth he lie
 And happy is her and I.



Discovery.

Why
 Can't you and I
 Take a trip out New York way,
 And say:
 The other day
 Upon a skate,
 Out late,
 Fate,
 Upon our soul,
 Showed us the way to reach the Pole?
 Call Cook
 A crook,
 And say the very
 Same of Peary.
 And then we'll laugh
 And get ten dollars for each autograph.



Bing (seeing crimson socks): "Hey,
 there! Shouting for Harvard?"
 Sting: "Nope. De-feat for Harvard."



Freshie I.: "Gad, I'm feeling bully!
 Had ox-tail soup for dinner."
 Freshie II.: "I thought you'd been eat-
 ing caper sauce, you're so lively."
 Freshie III.: "You saucy things!"



JACK O' LANTERN

The Peeraders.



First Soph.: "I had seventeen articles in the wash last week."

Second Soph.: "Great work, old man! Keep it up and you'll make the Wash Board."



Crib, and the class cribs with you;
Plug, and you plug alone.

Back again, back again,
Back to old Dartmouth,
Faces the palor of death,
Rode the Twelve Hundred.
"Overcuts if late!" the Dean said;
Crowd into waiting trains,
Oh, valiant Twelve Hundred!
"Get back for chapel prayers!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the bunch all knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do or sigh.
Over the rails they sped,
All the Twelve Hundred.
Dear ones to right of them,
Loved ones to left of them;
Worries in front of them,
Beckoned and thundered.
Farewelled by weeping belle,
Boldly they rode and well,
All that was left of them,
Left of Twelve Hundred.
When can their glory fade,
Oh, the wild charge thy made!
All Hanover wondered.
Honor the speed they made,
Honor the cuts they saved,
Sleepy Twelve Hundred!







A. C. Brown 1910

IZED FOR HOLDING."



Jack-o-Lantern

THE DARTMOUTH COMIC MONTHLY

Philosophy 4-11-44.

HAS the football season been a financial success? Well, just look at the quality of our "green backs!"

It has been a Dole-ful season though certainly not doleful.

Oh you Spuddy!

Pease has the real Sousa motion.

Get merry now, someone may step on your shine next week.

Overcut a man in the way he should be and when they grow more he will depart from us.

Smoke was made to dream over; dreams were made to smoke over.

Those who hide under a cloak of religion may feel more comfy in natural costume hereafter.

Chapel Belles--One on the arm is worth two in the gallery.

A glad hand is the straight flush in Dartmouth society.

Many a man, by taking a quill into his hand, has made a goose of himself.

Cigarettes--Twenty cents and the world puffs with you, five cents and you smoke alone.

A wise son toucheth a glad father.

A fool and his cuts are soon parted but a wiseman knoweth a horse docter and peerade.

One swallow maketh not a peerade.

Men may come and men may go but our chaplain goes on forever.

JACK O' LANTERN

Joy Riding.

There once was a reckless young scamp,
Who rode a la freight down to "Hamp."

He returned from the trip
With a tale on his lip,
And a beautiful shade on his lamp.

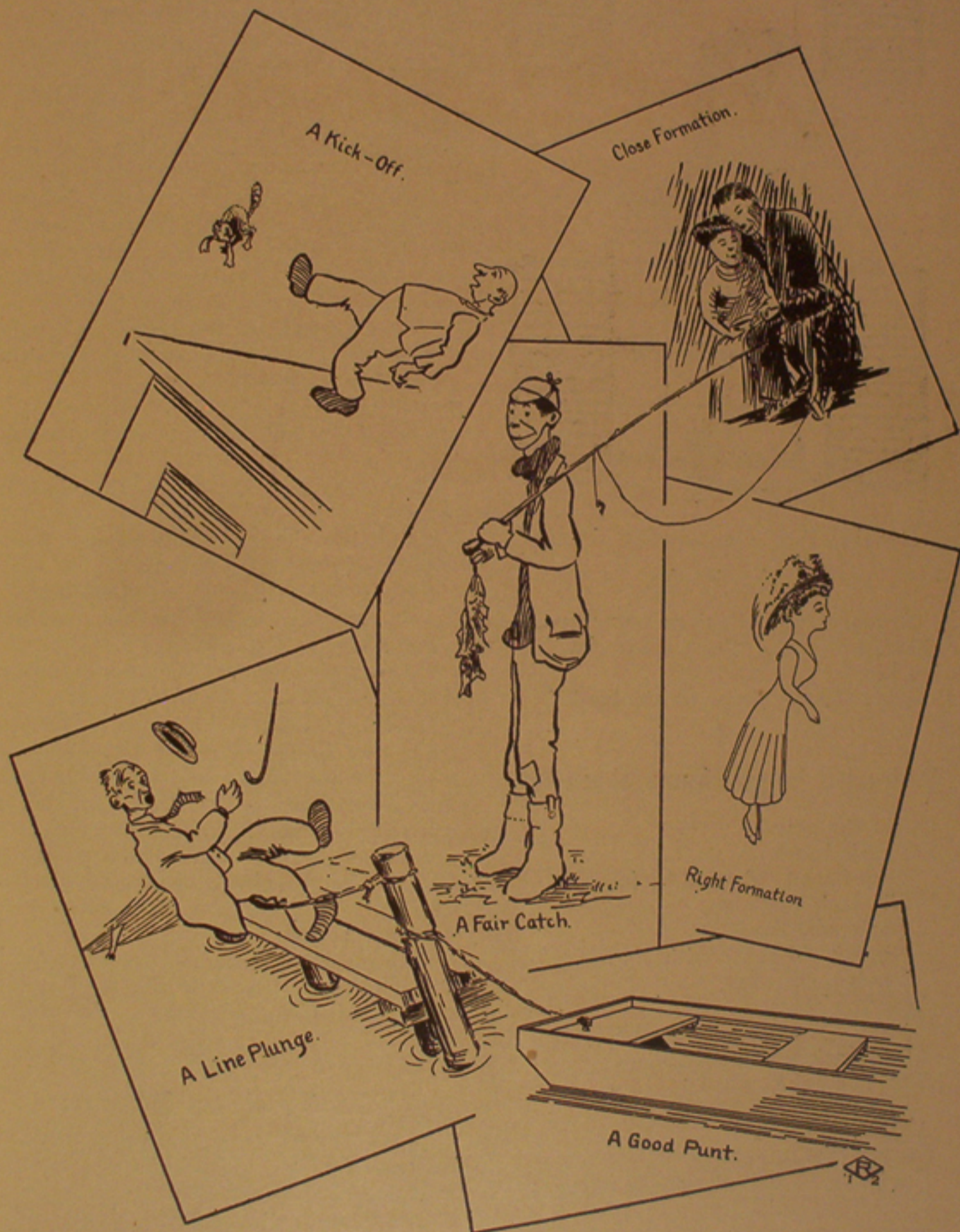
"Oh," murmured the ecstatic fair one,
"Ingersoll is going to keep time."

"Indeed," replied the facetious Junior.
"It's the first Ingersoll I ever knew that
would keep time."

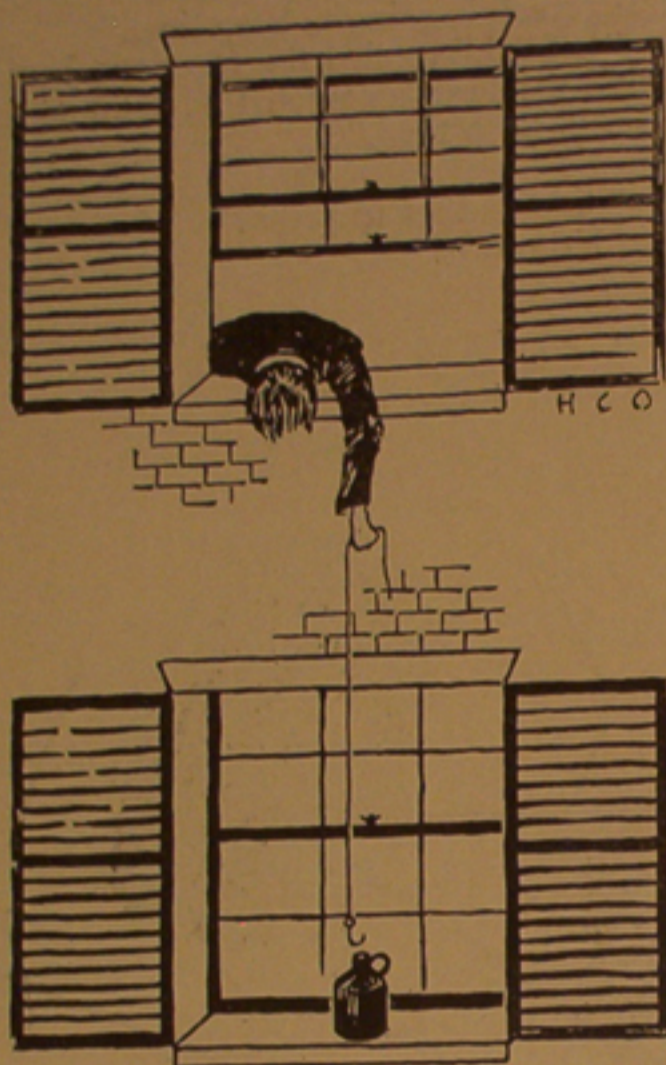


"Any clothes to press?"

"No-o-o-o!"



The Modern Inquisition.



GETTING THE "DARTMOUTH SPIRIT."



Granger: "What's them numerous high chimneys on the Trust Company building fer?"

Kid: "Large drafts on the bank."



And what do you know about that?

Up in the stand,
 Sat Elsie Rand,
 Who hoped '13 would win.
 While Jack, her man,
 A Soph'more fan,
 For '12 did cheer with vim.
 "A fudge, my miss,
 Against a kiss,
 That '12 comes out ahead."
 'Twas Jack who spoke,
 And as a joke,
 "I'll take you," Elsie said.
 A Senior nigh
 Caught Elsie's eye
 And softly sighed, "Great snakes!
 The bet is good,
 Now if you would
 Just let me hold the stakes."

The timid Freshman stepped with fear and trepidation into the hallowed sanctuary of the mighty Skeet, who had just finished counting a huge roll of two-spots, and was stowing them away in his left-hand safe deposit box.

"Well, what's your trouble?" said the Ad. Com. office boy, quickly springing from a line of famous ancestors.

"I have come to make a slight change in my schedule," meekly replied the Freshman, the while catching with one hand a cynical glance flung at him by Beathell, who crouched over the far end of the counter, shuffling monitor slips.

"Have you received the permission of the instructor?" returned the ever-ready Skeet, with pen poised ready to strike.

"I have," bravely answered the youth.

"Where is your certificate from the Dean?"

"Right here, sir."

"Have you paid all outstanding college bills?"

"Last month. Here is the treasurer's receipt."

"And has the President passed favorably upon your application?"

"Yesterday. Here is his signature."

"But has the administration committee approved of the change?"

"Yes, sir. Here are the minutes of the last meeting."

"Well, I guess I shall have to let you make the change this time, but you want to see the authorities and get full permission after this, so that there will be no irregularities about it. Give me that card and two dollars. Your section recites at 4 p. m. The morning divisions are already too full. I hope you have your mind made up at last."

The smoke cleared away, and the youth emerged, a survivor of the terrible onslaught of Tibbetts' charge. And night fell.



At Freshman Practice.

Joe: "What do you mean by appearing on the field with such a torn and tattered pair of pants?"

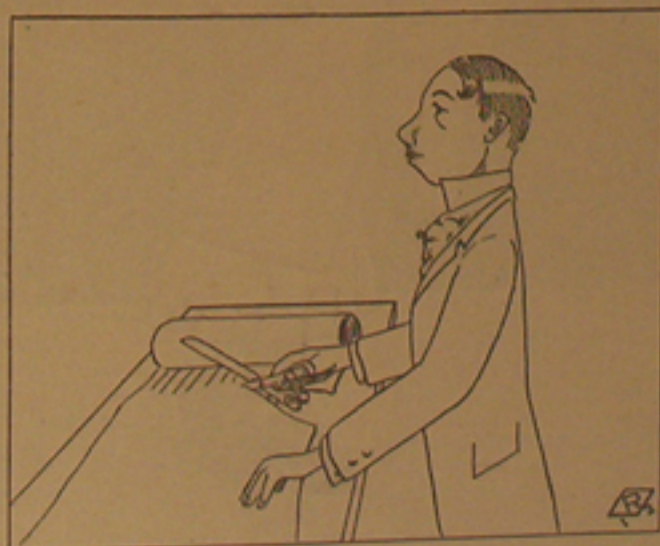
Candidate (with injured air): "They may be torn and tattered, but they cover a warm and honest heart."

Hamlet at the Stadium.

To have or not to have ; that is the question ;
 A girl at the game who can understand
 The rules and rows of the gruelling gridiron sport,
 Or to take in arms one who tells her troubles,
 And knows not Crimson from the Green. To die : to sleep ;
 No more ; and by a sleep to say we take
 A queen, who has both beauty and fair knowledge
 Of a forward pass, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To have, to hold ;
 To hold ; perchance to fuss ; ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that chance we take what may result,
 When we have shuffled off to "Hamp," or else to Wellesley.
 Must give us pause : there's the respect
 That mayhap makes calamity of the peerade ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of one
 We've jilted ; not having given her the preference ;
 And but receive the pangs of despised love,
 The insolence of jealousy, and the spurns
 Of later bids to functions not so stately,
 When he himself might save his shirt and rep,
 By going alone. And who would take the other girl,
 To stand and ask those fierce and foolish questions,
 That rob us of enjoyment of the game,
 But that the dread of something afterward,
 Might queer us in the sight of both fair dames,
 And make us rather wish we'd gone ahead,
 And picked one out by lot, and told them so.
 Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all ;
 And then the native hue of resolution,
 Bids us cast aside for once th' eternal question ;
 To make a ten-strike with the folks at home ! Soft you now !
 The grand old man ! Why not take him ?
 Old scout, in thy orisons
 Be all my debts remembered.



"AN ILLEGAL PASS."



"CUTTING THROUGH FOR A YARD."

Discursions by the Cider Man.

DETH.

The 'end of man is deth. No man kan escape deth, be he king or pheasant. Sum say oh fearful deth kum not near me; stay thy hand! But he kums along with his si and moze them down. Most men fear deth becuz they don't no what kums next and they don't want to no. But the best way is when you're dying to sing cheerfully I don't no where I'm going but I'm on my way.

RATS.

Rats are a kind of large mouse and they live in holes and cavities and Thornton Hall, and they are blak. If a rat eats rough on rats he dies seeking the open air but if he dies naturally you have to dig him out. Rat terriers are the opposite of plain rats. Once I caught eight rats in a trap and I drowned them and then I was sorry, but now I am not, because rats ain't pretty, and they steal eggs, so let them die.

A Physics J. Experiment.

I took my girl to Wilder Hall, I took her to room D,

I took her 'round behind the desk, a something for to see;

Now there around behind the desk is hid a little key,

Controlled by which a drum there is that makes the curtains gee;

This little key I moved a space, as quick as quick may be,

The drum flew 'round, the curtains dropt, and in the dark were we.

"Oh, oh!" she cried. "Smack!" I replied, "Smack!" one; "Smack!" two; "Smack!" three.

The place to do experiments is Wilder Hall, room D.



There was a young fellow named Bleak,
Whose ways were so gentle and meek,
That his girl at Podunk
Thought he must be a monk,
When he wrote her and said, "I'm a Deke."



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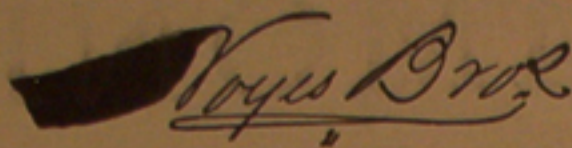
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AND REMEMBER THE PLACE

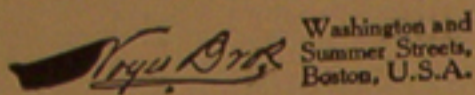
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"You are concealing something from me!" hissed the villain.

"Certainly, I am," replied the leading lady. "I ain't no Salome!"



A little inside information: The alimentary canal is forty feet long.



"He was my constant shadow."

"Yes, it was the other girl who eclipsed you."



Soph.: "Yes, I was carrying eighteen hours, but I tripped up over a quiz and dropped three."



High Finance.

Jim: "That's a peach of a suit you've got on. What did you have to fork up?"

Bill: "Not a bone."

Jim: "Why, how was that, Bill?"

Bill: "Oh, when I was in Boston a little while ago I ordered a suit. The other day, when I was down again, I went to the tailor's and tried it on, and told him I was very sorry, but I couldn't pay that day, but would the next time I came in. He told me: 'That isn't our way of doing business; but I'll let you take the suit if you'll get someone to go your security.' So I doffed the suit and left the store. Here's where little Willie began to do some bean-work. I called at the printery in the next block and ordered two hundred visiting cards. The printer said he would have them for me by 6 o'clock that evening. I returned to the tailor and said, 'Are you acquainted with the printer in the block below?' The tailor said, 'Yes, indeed!' 'Well, if I can get him to go my security, I suppose it will be all right?' 'Yes, certainly.' So I put on the suit again and we went down to the printery. I opened the door and yelled into the next room to the printer, 'How about the two hundred—did you say I'd get it at six?' 'Right on the minute,' he assured me. 'Well, just give this gentleman thirty, will you?' The printer said, 'I certainly will,' and then I beat it for the station."

The convicted thief and the habitual loafer are in the same class—they both “do” time.



When
“’Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved and won.”



Hobbled.

Patron: “Have you pigs’ feet?”
Waiter: “No, sir. It’s a bunion that makes me walk this way.”



Ask Yourself!

How much good would the good Chuck chuck if the good Chuck should chuck me?



Wandering Algernon was given ten cents by a philanthropic lady, who said, as she handed him the money:

“I’m not giving you this because you begged, but for my own pleasure.”

“Oh, ma’am,” replied the tramp, “make it a quarter and thoroughly enjoy yourself.”



Sunday School Teacher: “Now can anyone tell me how we can show our love for one another?”

Little Robert: “Marry ’um.”



The most noise comes from empty barrels. See?

FOUNTAIN PENS

that are satisfactory

at

Storrs' Book Store

DO YOU KNOW

that you cannot always earn a dollar by climbing a flight of stairs. Do not fail to see my line of

SUITINGS, \$15 to \$45
IT WILL SAVE YOU DOLLARS

“NOHOLE” HOSIERY
Pure Silk Lisle-thread Guaranteed

Tailor Made Underwear, \$1.50 to \$7.00

EARL NELSON, Tailor

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Bookbinding

Plain and Artistic in All Varieties
COLOR AND LEATHER

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BE SURE AND PURCHASE

YALE or HOLMES UNION UNDERWEAR

They are designed by Men for the Comfort of Men
Perfect Fitting. No Chafing. Exceptional Durability.
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English Necks. Always same size.
All Grades at Popular Prices.
This precise combination is found *only* in Yale or Holmes Unions.

FOR SALE BY

Davison & Ward, Hanover, N. H.

Remember

That more ground is won by a straight game than by trick plays—you cannot afford to sacrifice the good-will and respect of your opponents.

FINALLY—No matter what the odds against you—DON'T FORGET that going or coming between Home and College. See that your ticket reads via



D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M.

C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

Sanborn's Billiard Hall

BRIDGMAN BLOCK

C. W. CHUBB & CO.

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Furniture at Right Prices

HANOVER - - N. H.

... W. C. BOWMAN ...

Hair-Cutting, . Shaving, . Shampooing

RAZORS HONED

AT HANOVER INN

Question of Apparel.

"I see no good reason why a city is referred to as 'she.'"

"Well, wouldn't it look fine if men wore outskirts!"



A sea captain's wife in Maine was reporting a recent illness to a friend.

"Yes," she said, "my husband he came from sea with an absence under his arm. The doctor he launched it, but it turned into an ulster."

The same woman's eldest daughter was married with great eclat. The proud mother wished to impress a friend with the splendor of the event.

"Yes," she said, "we had all the scum of society there."



"For the Lord Cast Out One of Them."

Willie: "Ma!"

Ma: "Well, Willie?"

Willie: "Ma, if angel food fell, would it be devil cake?"



Association of Ideas.

The bulletin board of a church at the "Junc" bore this notice recently:

"The annual O. M. C. U. supper prepared by the young ladies of the parish will be held in the vestry Saturday evening at 6:30. Subject for Sunday, 'The Night of Agony.'"



The most exciting runaway of the year occurred not long ago in a crowded New York street, just before the metropolitan papers went to press. A reporter on one of the papers hustled the story to the city editor. The latter marked the copy when it went to the composing room with directions to return proofs so that he could make certain there were no errors. This is the way the article came out in the evening editions:

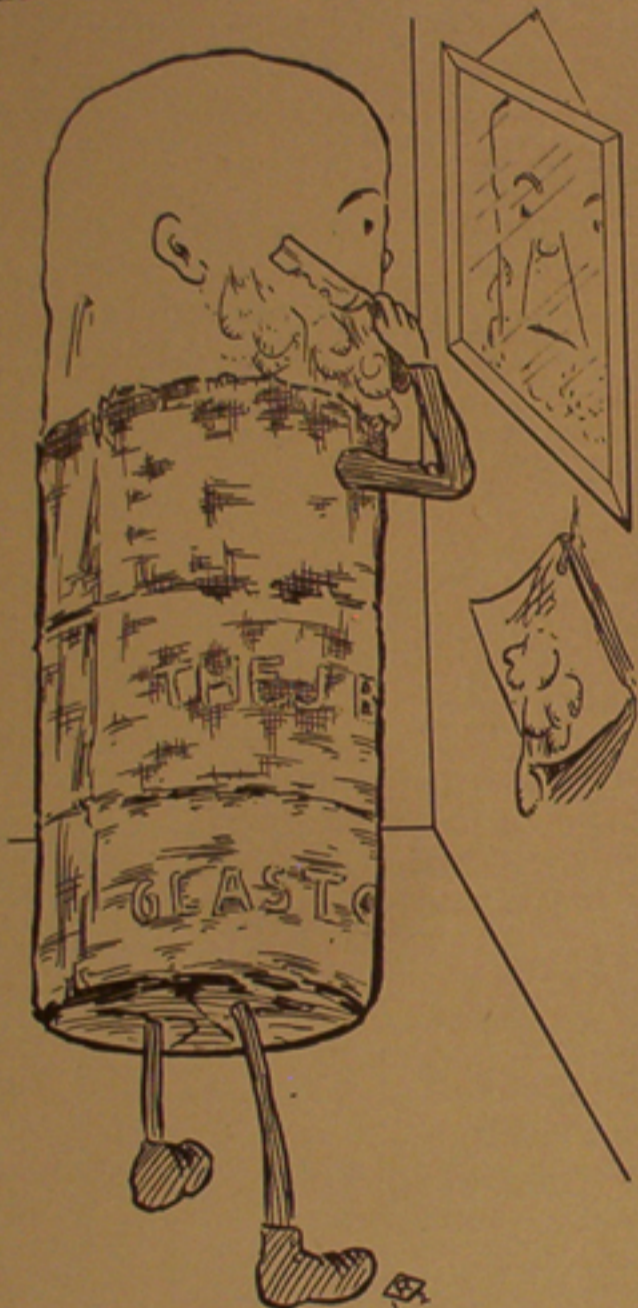
"The terrified young woman stood dazed in the street, apparently unable to move, and then, as she saw the maddened horses bearing down upon her, with wild eyes she screamed, "RUSH PROOFS TO WALKER!"

Oh, For a Match!

"There's a dangerous combination in my office now," remarked the proprietor of the Hardscrabble Sun.

"Something new?" asked the Leading Citizen.

"Yes, a female compositor that's half powder and a tramp printer that's half shot."



SHAVING SOAP.



Prof. S—— spent a few weeks the past summer in a little White Mountain hamlet. One day, as he was sauntering past a neighbor's he happened upon the good Mrs. Jones playing with her little flock under the old crab-apple tree.

"Why, Mrs. Jones," he remarked pleasantly, "I was not aware that you had such a large, happy family. This lad must be your eldest."

"Yes," replied guileless Mrs. Jones, proudly, flattered by his cordiality, "he is my first-born, my maiden effort, Professor."

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College Barber

... BRIDGMAN BLOCK

Williams'

Dartmouth

Laundry

25 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Let us be your Mother

We mend your Sox

Sew on Buttons

ASK ABOUT OUR
STUDENTS' DISCOUNT

C. D. WILLIAMS, Proprietor



SALTINES

Said a chap up in Dartmouth,
 "I'm thin,
 You can see all my bones thru
 my skin,
 What I need is a ride
 To the salty seaside,
 'Tis more than a while since
 I've been."

Thereupon to his view swung
 a sign,
 "Take a Trip on the Yard-
 Wide Line,"
 But a nickel to Revere,
 And many *places* near,
 "Hi! Jack-O'Lantern for
 mine!"

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President

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Superintendent

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Cigars, Cigarettes
 and Confectionery

at

PERLEY & McNEILL

Pharmacists

LEBANON,

N. H.

Noted Anarchist (in midst of violent harangue): "We come to dis country to better our conditions und vat do dey offer us de very first ding? Vat, I say?"
 Voice (in rear of hall): "Soap."



Two salesmen, friendly representatives for different commodities, happened once to call at the same office at the same time. Unfortunately the proprietor was out and the door locked.

"We could leave our cards in the crack of the door," suggested the younger of the salesmen.

"Never again!" exclaimed the other. "I did it once to a good customer. Shortly after I left a rival salesman happened along, saw the card, and wrote over my name:

"Looking for you all morning. Now you can go to h—ll!"



An elderly woman made a trip from Bartlett, N. H., to North Conway. A visit to Diana's Baths and a sight of Mr. Bryce, the English ambassador, were the features of supreme interest.

When she returned to her home she reported: "I went to Diantha's Bath and saw the British Embarrasser."



"Anything new this morning, Joshua?" asked the Smart Young Business Man benevolently, as he leaned back against the fence to rest his vertebral column. "Nothing much," said the old farmer, "except that fresh paint you're leaning against."



Pigeon (doing the incubator act to a baseball): "Maybe I'll hatch out a homer."



A reporter away from home for several weeks received the following telegram from the wife of his bosom:

"Twins arrived early this morning. More by mail."

From the hotel office he wired as follows: "I leave this morning for home. If more arrive by mail send to dead-letter office."

WILL YOU RALLY?

For 1.75 we send you a Ribbon Fob with Sterling Silver Mounts and Charm with Dartmouth Seal, worth 2.50. You will like it. Order now.

BENT & BUSH CO.

15 SCHOOL STREET

BOSTON

WHEN VISITING DARTMOUTH

TAKE A RUN OUT TO THE

White River Tavern

HARTFORD, VT.

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