

COMIC MONTHLY

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Italian Wines
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HEADQUARTERS FOR DARTMOUTH MEN

THE JACK-O'LANTERN THE DARTMOUTH COMIC MONTHLY

VOLUME II.

JANUARY, 1910.

NUMBER 4



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JAMES LOWRY WILLARD, '11 DUDLEY WELLS REDFIELD, '12 HENRY LYMAN ARMES, '12

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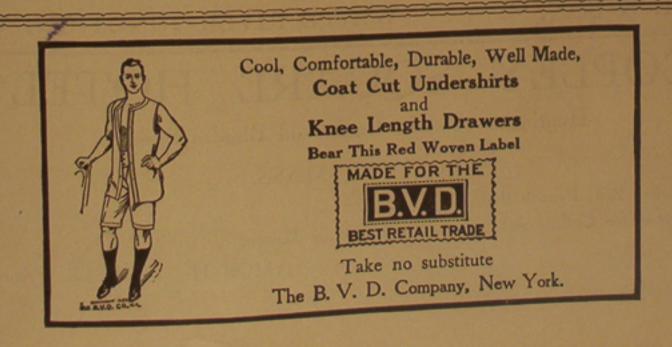
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FOREWORD

HE BOARD takes pleasure in announcing that it has added Brothers Snow, Allan and Armes to the Family. The present Manager has completed his college mind and will shortly hie him forth to grapple with the problems and jokes of the wide, wild world. Verily, he will get there! In his absence T. A. Snow, '11, will wield the keys to the Jack-o'Lantern Cigar Chest. H. E. Allan, '12 and H. L. Armes, '12, are jokists and henceforth their pens will skim over the paper more merrily than ever in pursuit of the Bright Idea.

A second Junior is to be elected before the end of February to be Circulation Manager. The lists are now open to Sophomores who wish to compete for assistant managerships. Thus next year there will be a Senior Business Manager, a Senior Circulation Manager and two Junior Assistants.

The Literary and Art Departments will be considerably enlarged by another election in May.



WHEN AT WHITE RIVER JUNCTION

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GREENOUGH'S RESTAURANT

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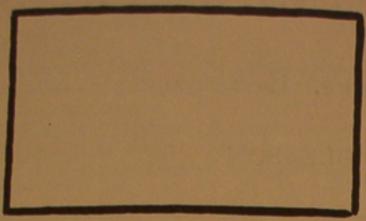
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AMOS H. WHIPPLE, Proprietor



SOCIAL LIFE IN HANOVER DURING THE WINTER.





COMING UP THE HILL AT 1 A.M. AFTER A PEERADE.



It isn't the cough That carries you off; It's the coffin They carry you off in.



He: "Kill the exam?"

Him: "No, I just went in and threw

a glance at it. Flunked it cold." He: "I see. A freezing glance."



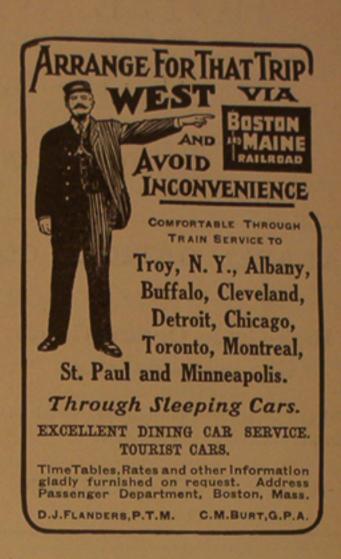
Is the report true that Doctaw Lipliker went around during the Xmas vacation carrying a bunch of mistletoe on a fishpole?

de

Ship me somewhere east of Webster, Where you find the best and worst,

Where they preach the ten commandments

To the man who has a thirst. For the chapel bells are calling, And it's there that I must be, In the front seat of the chapel, Dreaming, nodding peacefully.



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Lowest Prices

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The

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Place

To

Stop

When

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PER DAY

Headquarters for AUTOMOBILES
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CONNECTION

GIBBS & WHEELER

Proprietors

They All Made Good Resolutions For 1910.

Mr. Green-

Resolved: That I will become more attractive or dye in the attempt.

Prof. J. K. Lord-

Resolved: That in my opinion our chaplain is the greatest labor-saving device since the invention of the first Latin trot.

Prof. Worthen-

Resolved: That it is useless to blow my own horn when so many are tooting for me.

Cupid Fay-

Resolved: That I will do my utmost to look as cute as my name.

Mr. Bayse-

Resolved: That I despise a slow life and yet although I'm tied down here in Hangover, I will not let my life be fastened.

Cheerless-

Resolved: That I will dress as Sunny Jim and wear a smile as wide as Clothespin's dog is long.

Doctaw Slicklider-

Resolved: That I am, she is, we are: but that nobody else is.

Bill: "Come over to the room tonight and have some cider."

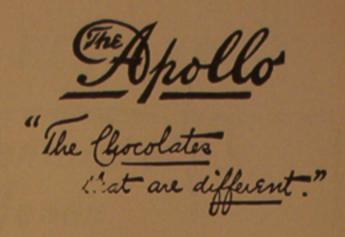
Will: "Nope, don't like it." Bill: "Well, come over and have a

Will: "Don't smoke, thanks." Bill: "Well, say! Come over any

Happy: "What smells the most in a drug store?"

Heinie: "Don't know, I'm sure. Perhaps a Roman nose."

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said, With a twinkle in her eye. "And so is mine," quoth the crafty lad When parting time drew nigh. With the lamp turned low, As he rose to go, Did they talk about the weather? Not a single word Nor a sound was heard As they put their wealth together.



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Let us be your Mother We mend your Sox Sew on Buttons

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C. D. WILLIAMS, Proprietor



"THOSE HORRID EXAMS!"

THE MYSTEROUS FEETSTEPS!

Another Adventure of Shylock Bones

By A. DON'T UNCOIL.

S I entered, Shylock Bones was sitting before the fire, musing. He did not notice my entrance, so absorbed was he in melancholy meditation. Even after I went over, as was my wont, and gently caressed his slippers, he maintained his ratiocinative taciturnity. But I never could understand that wonderful bean.

"Ah, Whatson," he murmured, "you have been drinking."

"Pardon, but you are mistaken," I

said reproachfully.

"No, you walk unsteadily; there is an unnatural lustre in your eyes. Besides your breath is redolent with the fumes of wine." I sat aghast at his penetra-

We sat in silence for three hours and eight minutes. Once when I wasn't looking he drew a hypodermic syringe from his pocket and injected paris green into his arm. "What, again, Shylock?" I faltered. "Mind your own business," "What, again, Shylock?" I said Shylock Bones in his usual pitiless, analytical style.

Gradually a dark frown gathered on his inscrutable forehead. At last the

spoke.

"Do you remember," he said, "when I found Why Pattrico Caruso Left His Wife, Who Killed Everlean Thaw, and Why Is A Rooster? My dear Whatson, these affairs dwindle into insignifi-

A step sounded without.

"Fe, fo, fum," I chanted, "I smell the blood-"

A tall, fat, frightened youth entered. Shylock Bones flicked the ash from his Fatima and smiled.

"I used to enjoy it myself, years ago," he said pleasantly.

"Enjoy what?" the youth ejaculated. "Sliding down bannisters," said Bones, and our visitor choked.

"How did you guess it?" he finally

managed to stammer.

"The peculiar manner in which your trousers are worn," said Bones didactically, "permits but two explanationshorses or bannisters. I tossed a coin and it came bannisters."

"Bannisters wins," confessed the visitor. "Look," and he produced the fol-

lowing clipping:

A HALLUCINATION?

A most unheard of and mystifying phenomenon has occurred in one of the dormitories the past few days. The other evening as A. Soph O'Moore was about to retire he heard heavy footsteps ascending the stairs to his floor, and thinking it was his roommate, went and opened the door. He was amazed to find the corridor empty. Last night he was awakened about 1 a. m. by the same steps. When the latter had reached the landing O'Moore sprang out of bed and rushed to the door! As before the hall was empty!

O'Moore lives in, etc., etc.

"That was the only solution I could think of," our visitor continued, "and so I tried it two or three times myself."

Bones raised the clipping to his sensi-tive nostrils. "Dartmouth Semi Weakly!" he shouted and leaped to his feet. "This is serious."

"I thought it was funny," I interposed, but stopped when I saw the look in Bones' eye.

"Have you pistols?" he asked in that tense, nervous manner of his. I nodded

JACK O'LANTERN

and we followed the youth to his dormitory. We climbed the stairs slowly and, after a brief examination of the top floor, entered our client's room.

Bones made a hurried survey of the apartment and then, turning abruptly, left the room. We waited fully three-quarters of an hour in perfect silence, which was broken once by the sound of

hammering somewhere below.

At last Bones returned and asked if he could examine the room across the hall. O'Moore procured the key from the janitor and then we all three filed into the room. It was empty save for a pile of postals on the floor beneath the mail-slot. Bones snatched up several with a cry of delight. They were all twenty-four-hour notices from the Registrar's office.

An hour later as we waited in O'Moore's room we heard the lower door bang and someone tramped up the stairs. Up came the steps, nearer and nearer, with such an appalling crescendo that my heart pounded. Once I started

for the door, but Bones' hand was upon me like a vise. The last landing was reached and now the final ascent began. O'Moore crouched in a corner and nibbled his nails. Bones was as alert as a pointer, nostrils dilated, eyes piercing the gloom like diamond points.

The footsteps ceased, there came a metallic click from the letter-slot opposite, a soft brushing sound, and a scream of pain. Bones flung the door wide and the three of us piled out. At the bottom of the stairs lay a man rolling in agony. Bones ran his finger along the bannister, and held it up stained with blood.

"I must have driven that nail through too far," he murmured apologetically— "but pshaw! it's only a scratch. Get up,

Skeet, old boy!"

Mamma: "Quick, quick! Pursue them! Evelyn is eloping with Harry Flighhye in his aeroplane."

Papa: "That's all right. Calm yourself. Higgins is following them with his

telescope.



JACK O'LANTERN



"Ah, your ideal was shattered." "No, broke."

The Pace That Kills.

do

"What book are you going to get for Soshy II.?"

"A trot."

"What? For Soshy?" "Sure, it's a race course." A lady wrenched her knee one day; I asked her how it was that night-She grinned a fetching little grin, And said 'twas out of sight.

They say clothes are like postage stamps because the male can't go without

them.

1913: "Say, I'm going to propose O. Mercival Heven for membership in our bunch."

1912: "That poor stick!"

1913: "Yep, want to see how it feels to black-ball a man."

They say clothes are like postagestamps because the male can't go without them.

-10

Studying.

Consideration, preparation, application, Concentration, disturbation, condemnation,

Continuation, perturbation, execration, Reconcentration, molestation, damnation!

Animation, perambulation, visitation, Conversation, fumigation, separation, Exhaustation, denudation, snoration.



A WINTER TRIP.



EXAM. DOIN'S.





TICKLING THE IVORIES.

Since Millman Came.

+

Father: "According to this monthly statement John's running expenses appear to be rather high."

Mother: "You must remember, father, that he is trying for the track

At the Commons.

(If Cæsar should tackle a Combo). "I came, I saw, I suffered."

Bug Note.

-1-



GRASS-GREEN ALGAE.



King: "Say, old man! What did you do without the old poker league during the holidays?"

Jack: "Cinch! Went over to the girl's house and played cold hands!"

"Ah," soliloquized the man on the desert isle, who had had nothing to eat for three days, "If I had some eggs, I'd have some ham and eggs, if I had some ham."

Lord, Haue Mercy On Us!

And the time was come for the sacred anthem, and the choir rose in their places. And there was music of organ-pipes, touched even to surpassing harmony by the chief musician. And when a few bars were past, the choir did open up their mouths and sing. And the sound of their singing was great, so that the roof of the Temple shook and trembled therewith. And all the multitude kept silence for it was a good beginning.

Now the song was five words: "Lord, Have Mercy Upon Us." There was a theme, with variations. And while that they who sang did keep to the theme, all was well. But when the variations were come, behold, some did keep to one note for whole seconds together, while that the others did skirmish about for harmanies, the which they were sore put to find.

And the multitude began to smile the smile of mild amusement, perceiving which, they of the choir whose minds were frivolous, did grin through their music. And the chief musician, which sat always at his organ, observed these grins, and was sore chagrined.

And about this time the voices did vary the breadth of a hair from the tune, so that the chief musician did rise in his place and swing his arms in the air, even as two flails. Whereupon the organ, being neglected, did merely sigh, so that the singers were constrained to proceed alone, even as sheep not having a shepherd. And the discord was great, so that the chief musician perspired with mortification.

And ever the voices pronounced the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us," until the sound thereof verged even unto monotony. There was scraping of feet, and coughing, and some among the multitude did even hum the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us."

And about this time it came to pass that the players upon stringed instruments did join in, so that the diversity of noises was multiplied. And the scraping of feet and sighing became as an accompaniment thereto.

But even as all things must end, so the anthem approached unto a climax. And the chief musician gesticulated as one who will make an impression. And the choir did strive nobly, and came again upon the key, so that the final chord was even as heaven after hell.

And there was a sigh among the pews, even as a man coming out of ether.

And the chief worshipper said, "Let us pray."

Fanarite Callege Dishes.

I.

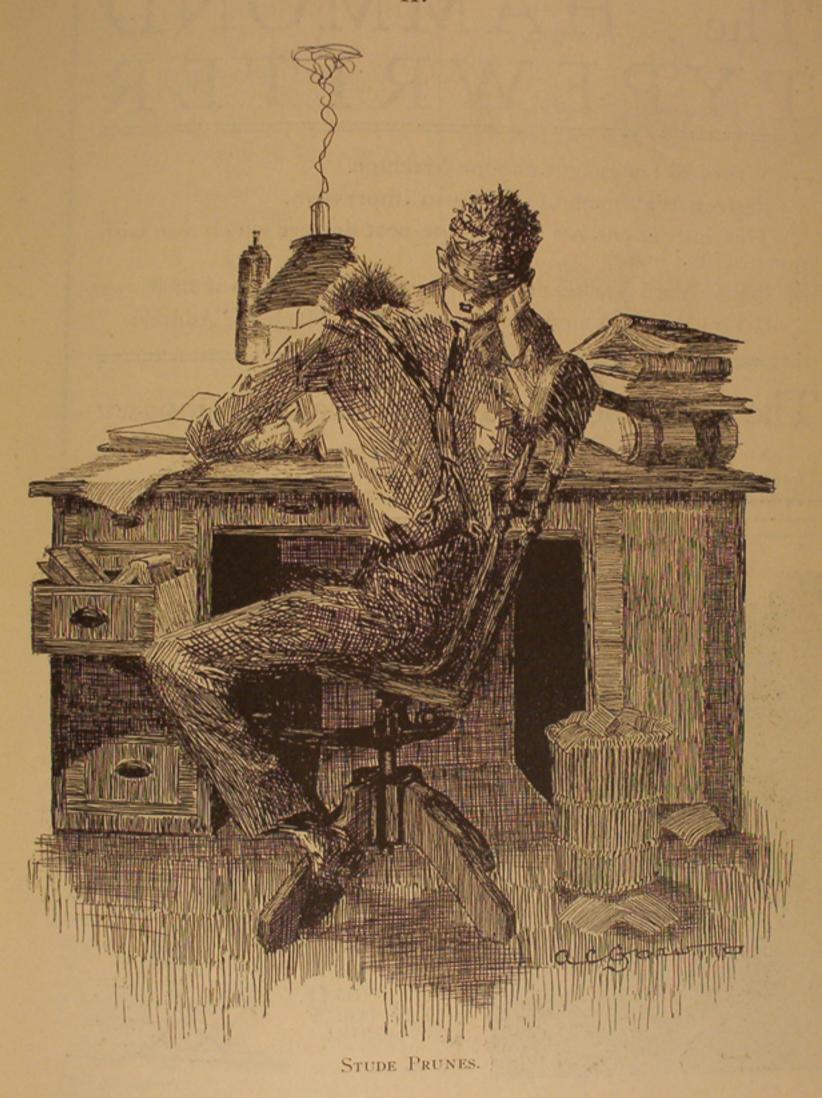


STEWED PEACHES.

THERE'S A REASON.

One dress-suit covereth a multitude of fraternity banqueters.

"Isn't it funny." remarked the bicycle, "that while I have no feet, yet I have pedal extremities." II.



He is a wise guy who knows what she really thinks of him.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: Math. over again!

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101 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.





Ode by a Benior.

Oh, I love my corduroys,
And I'll always love them, boys,
Sophomoric dear old relic
Of my fleeting rah-rah joys.
I have worn them clean and new,
And I'll always wear them, too,
Though they're battered, worn and spattered,

We will never part till they do.
Though they're scattered, torn and tattered.

Just as though it never mattered, We shall never, for forever, Never part until we have to.

+

Judge: "Doctor, what would you do in case you were bitten by a mad dog?"

Doctor: "Cauterize immediately, your

honor."

Judge: "Being in such a condition as was the defendant, what would you have done with regard to the beautiful young lady who owned the dog?"

Doctor: "I would have done the same thing, your honor. Caught her eyes im-

mediately."

-1-

Also a Shark in History.

Jonah (to his rescuer): "How are you in Math?"

Tutor: "Oh, I'm a whale."



Ohituary.

Mr. Wax N. Taper died of a burning fever at 11.30 p. m. yesterday at his summer home, Candle - Abre-on - the-Shelf. He early evinced signs of a brilliant career and lived to be shining light in his community. Public opinion marked him as a wicked man but his only vices were smoking, taking snuff and going out late nights. He was a standing member of the Baptist Church and was dipped in this town at an early age. In life he was fat, warm-hearted and a trifle hot-headed, but he quickly wasted away under the ravages of the burning fever.

His last words, when informed by his physician that his end was near, were, "I'll be blowed!" He is survived by one sun who will carry on his business.

WHEN VISITING DARTMOUTH

TAKE A RUN OUT TO THE

White River Tavern

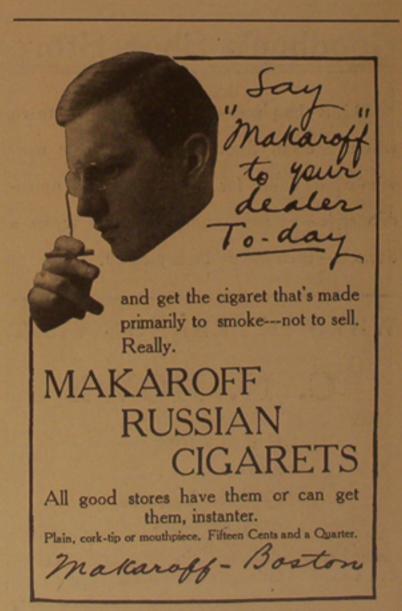
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DELIGHTFUL : COSY : ATTRACTIVE





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C. N. HOWE

Restaurant
AND
Quick Lunch
Counter

Ice Cream, Hot and Cold Sodas, Cigars
Cigarettes and Confectionery

The Strong Arm Play.

Mallone: "Do you mind if I put my arm about you?"

Salome: "Well, if you put it that way-"-Four Leaf Clover.

+

Stale at Last.

"He's a college bred man."

"Yes, a four years' loaf."

—Four Leaf Clover.

+

"There is a motion before the house," quoth Herod, as Salome unwound the filmy draperies."—The Purple Cow.

+

Necrological.

A colored friend of mine was dead;
The funeral train was hurrying,
"Why do you carry pails?" I said.
"Because we are black burying."
—The Gargoyle.

+

On Shipboard.

He: "Well, how are you this morning?"

She: "Oh, I'm holding my own."
—Four Leaf Clover.

-1-

Truly Spoke.

"I'm chafing under restraint," restraint," remarked the fair maiden trying to stir the fudge as her Romeo embraced her.—Gargoyle.

+

"Society is a funny thing."

"Why?"

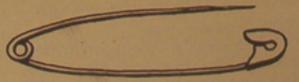
"After a coming out you are all in."
—Lampoon.

of-

You can always tell a gentleman by his shoes.

Yes, all's swell that ends swell."

—Lampoon.



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Outfitter to Dartmouth Teams in

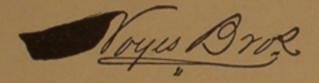
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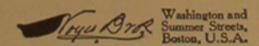
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Perfect Fitting. No Chafing. Exceptional Durability.

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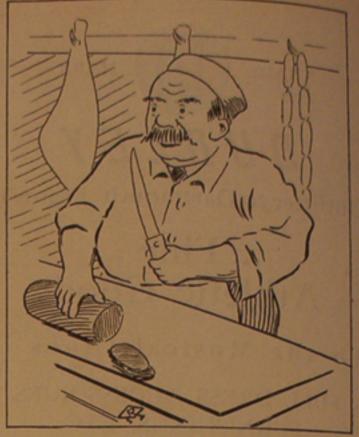
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New Flap and the only one that thoroughly

English Necks. Always same size.
All Grades at Popular Prices.
This precise combination is found only in Yale or Holmes Unions.

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"CUTS OFF!"



Great Feat.

Joker: "Hear how they captured that Western train-robber?"

Poker: "I thought he escaped."

Joker: "No, he stole a pair of shoes and they pinched him."

-Four Leaf Clover.



"Where is Bill these days?"

"Fired."

"Oh, yes. I believe I did hear the report."—Lampoon.



The girl who says "Looks don't count" wouldn't amount to much if they did. -Yale Record.



"Why is it Bill has so few friends?" "Probably because he is always asking everyone to let him a loan."-Record.



She: "Isadore Duncan dances with her whole soul."

He: "Yes, that's about all."

-Wisconsin Sphinx.



Student: "Want my hair cut." Barber: "Any special way?"

Studeit: "Yes, off."

-Williams Purple Cow.

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