

JACK-O-LANTERN



"GETTING AHEAD OF THE LAW."

DARTMOUTH 
COMIC MONTHLY

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A la Carte

Lombardy Inn

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HEADQUARTERS FOR DARTMOUTH MEN

THE JACK-O-LANTERN

THE DARTMOUTH COMIC MONTHLY

VOLUME II.

FEBRUARY, 1910.

NUMBER 5



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Published monthly from October to June, inclusive, by Sandberg and Raabe. Printed at the Jamaica Press, and entered as second-class matter October 26, 1909, at the post office at Hanover, New Hampshire. Under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

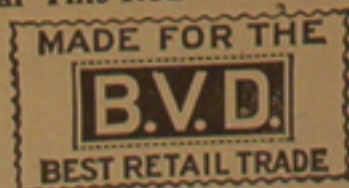
Subscription Yearly, \$1.00; single copies, 15 cents.

DUE TELL!

THE MANAGER sat in his den—disconsolately dreaming. He wished that every last dead-beat was down in Hades steaming. His mind then wandered far away to the time when his royal managerial soul should go winging to the azure sky, flitting blithely from scenes of mundane turmoil to the cerulean portals of St. Pete's Home for Tired Jokists. He thought how then he'd gaze across the great abysm, dark and drear, that will yawn between his happy soul and the abode of those who had swindled him here below. And when for water they would call and agonized they'd caper, he'd shout to them: "Just quench your thirst with the due that's on your paper!"



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Stude: "Excuse me, sir, but that's my pencil you've taken."

Stetson: "Pardon me, my mistake. You see it's like the one I have in my pocket."

Stude: "Yes. That's one you took last week."

+

Bob: "Here's a story I heard when I was in France."

Bill (heaving a book): "Get out of here with your far-fetched jokes!"

Adam: "I'm going out to pluck a suit, my dear."

Eve: "I don't care A—dam."

+

Senior: "I heard Eric say your History I. essay was worthy of Woodrow Wilson."

Soph: "Gad, that's tough luck."

Senior: "That's quite a compliment."

Soph: "Not much. It means he is on to me."

THAT AFTER DINNER CRAVING

can best be satiated by nibbling a few

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

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One Sunday Afternoon.

"I want to get something to eat the worst way!"
"Wait till the Commons opens."



Hanover Femina.

The pretty maid was walking fast,
And when she thru our midst had past,
We watched her longer than we ought.
Of one thing only had we thought,—
Excelsior!



Professor: "Jones, will you differentiate between the words 'discover' and 'invent.'"

Jones: "Well, er—Peary *discovered* the Pole and Cook *invented* it."



There was a young fellow named Paul,
Whose face was as blank as a wall;
When asked if he knew
What was two minus two,
He didn't say nothing at all.



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HOOD'S MILK

BECAUSE IT IS
PURE, CLEAN AND SAFE



(MA! MA!"

How the College Girl Gets Her Higher



Jack-o-Lantern

DARTMOUTH COMIC MONTHLY

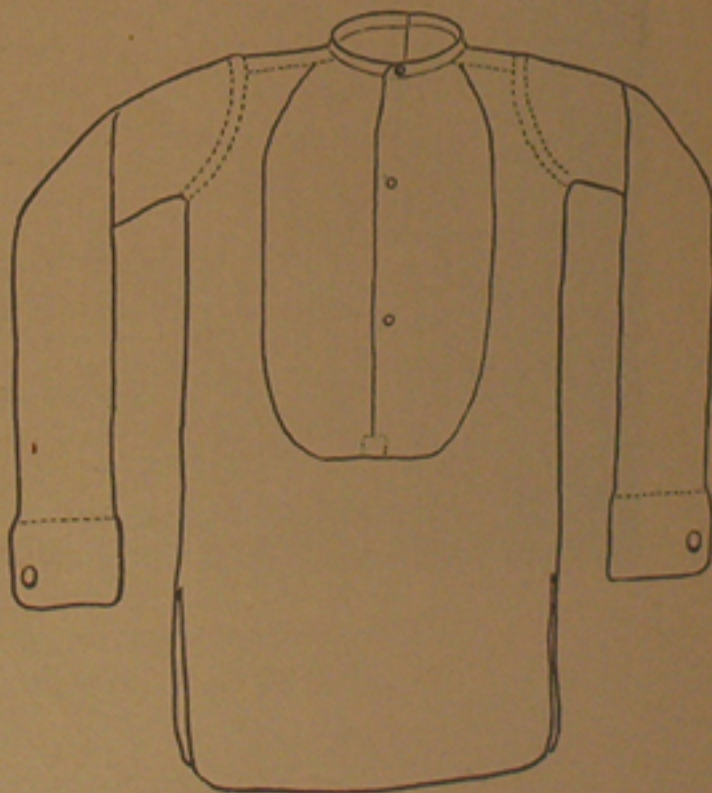
Essay on Cribs.

Cribs is like wimmen. They are found in meny shapes and everybuddy youses um. Hosses youse cribs to ete with insted of nives like us, i asked Unkle Josh abowt cribs and he sed he youses one for his corn. Aint that funny. paw youses a old razer and lots of Kuss wurd. My big Brother gos to Dartmuth, he sez cribs is maid to sleep on but I youse an iun bed insted. He sez he yoused to lye on a crib and now he is re-lying on one. he sez cribs is all to the merry mustered which meens they is gosh rammed good and all stoodents youses um because Elyazer Wheelock's kids and his trusty donkey yoused cribs which is a Dartmuth Tradishun. All stoodents must be kids or jackasses.

WILLIE.



"GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS."



A SHIRT OF MALE.

JACK O' LANTERN



THE MAN WITH THE SLOE.

(Courtesy of Gene Franswa Millay.)

JACK O' LANTERN

The Man With the Sloe.

(Courtesy of Edwin Markham.)

Written after Seeing Broadway After Dark.

BOWED by a quart of sloe gin fizz he leans
Upon his cane and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of bottles in his face,
And on his hip the burden of more booze.
Who made him drink to tightness and excess?
A thing that cares not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stewed, a member of the bar;
Who loosened and unhooked this flip-flop collar?
Whose was the hand that battered in this hat?
Whose breath is stronger than within this bean?

WHAT gulfs between him and his happy home!
Slave of the god Martini; what to him
Are wifey and the swing of rolling-pins?
What the long reaches of those brown stone steps,
The dodging keyhole, door, and tell-tale clock,
'Pon this dread scene his maddening visions look;
Love's tragedy that baneful bun foretells;
'Pon this dread scene, sobriety, betrayed,
Dishevelled, broke, and madly pifflicated,
Cries protest to the goddess Creme de Menthe,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O PARTNERS, friends, and cronies at the club,
Is this the way your fellows start for
At 3 a. m., befuddled, yet unquenched?
How can you ever make it right with her,
His darling spouse, awaiting on the stairs,
"Take back this ring," she'll say, "by which I'm wed,
And never think that I'll put you to bed,
Tomorrow back to mother dear I'll go,
And leave you here, you brute, besot with sloe."

O PARTNERS, pals, companions, of the club,
How will the morrow reckon with this man?
Deserted by his consort in that hour
Of cold gray dawn when headaches jar the bean;
How will it be with comrades in that spree,
With those who soused him to the Thing he is—
When this scout doth the ancient proverb learn,
"Gaze not upon the booze when it is purple."

WELL, WELL, LET
SOMEONE TAKE
FIRST CRACK AT
IT !!

LOOK ER HERE, YOU,
HEAVE A SIGH, OUGHT
TO BE THE FIRST TO
HOP ON TO THIS JOB !
WE'VE NOT GOT THE REP.

SAY, FELLOWS, WE
MIGHT AS WELL
BEGIN THIS THING
NOW !!!

BETTER BE CARE-
FUL, BOYS! YOU
KNOW, CHINNING
SEASON IS AN OLD
TRADITION !!

NOW, GET
BUSY! ITS
GOT TO BE
DONE, SEE !!

ALSO

LIKEWISE

OLD CHINNING



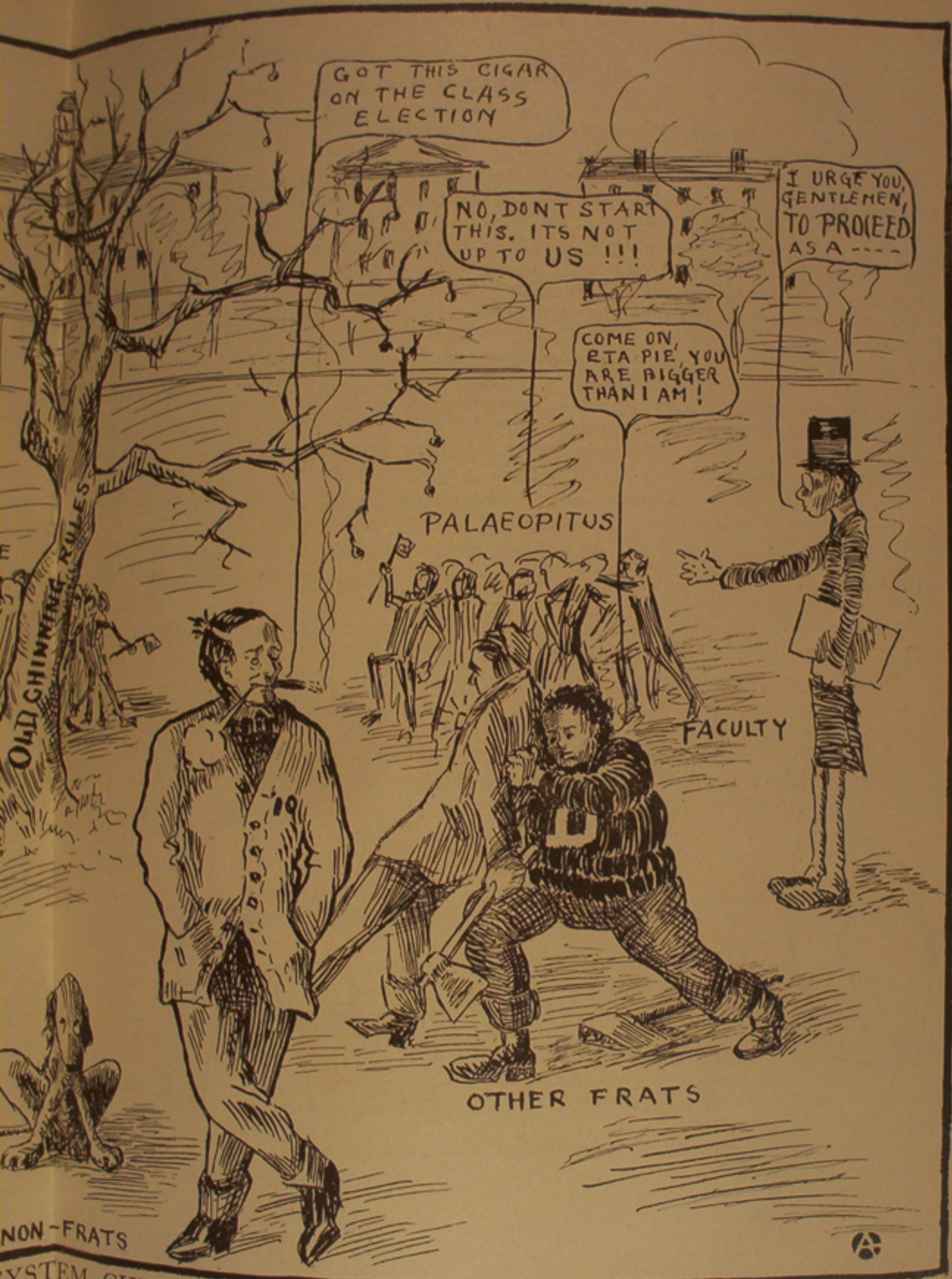
OLD GRADS



FRATERNITY

FACTION

NON-
THE CHINNING SYST
"LET JAWG



GOT THIS CIGAR ON THE CLASS ELECTION

NO, DONT START THIS. ITS NOT UP TO US !!!

COME ON, ETA PIE, YOU ARE BIGGER THAN I AM!

I URGE YOU, GENTLEMEN, TO PROCEED AS A ---

OLD CHINNING RULES

PALAEOPIBUS

FACULTY

OTHER FRATS

NON-FRATS

SYSTEM CHERRY TREE WGE DO IT!"



Betrothed.

By George Barr Chambers.

They were standing by the open window, where the gorgeous moonlight streamed through in parti-colored carambas, barring her subtle body almost to diaphaneity, so perfectly exquisite in its wealth of amber fichus, that he could but stifle an ear-splitting gasp as he realized the ghastly imprudence of their forbidden love. With his strong left arm he held her tightly spellbound. . . . while in the mammoth hollow of his right hand he nimbly caught her copious hot tears of repentance, as they clattered noisily down her shrimp-pink cheeks. O, limpid pearls of sorrow! And naught else was heard, save far below the dull whining of the impatient hens straining at their leashes, and now and then a coarse bark from the towering apple tree, as the maudlin bats darted hither and yon in the gloaming. In his arms, her own arms ready to fire, she raised her negligee Nile-green eyes, and her childish blood bounded through her as a greyhound in leap-year. How deliciously divine was their frenzied folly!

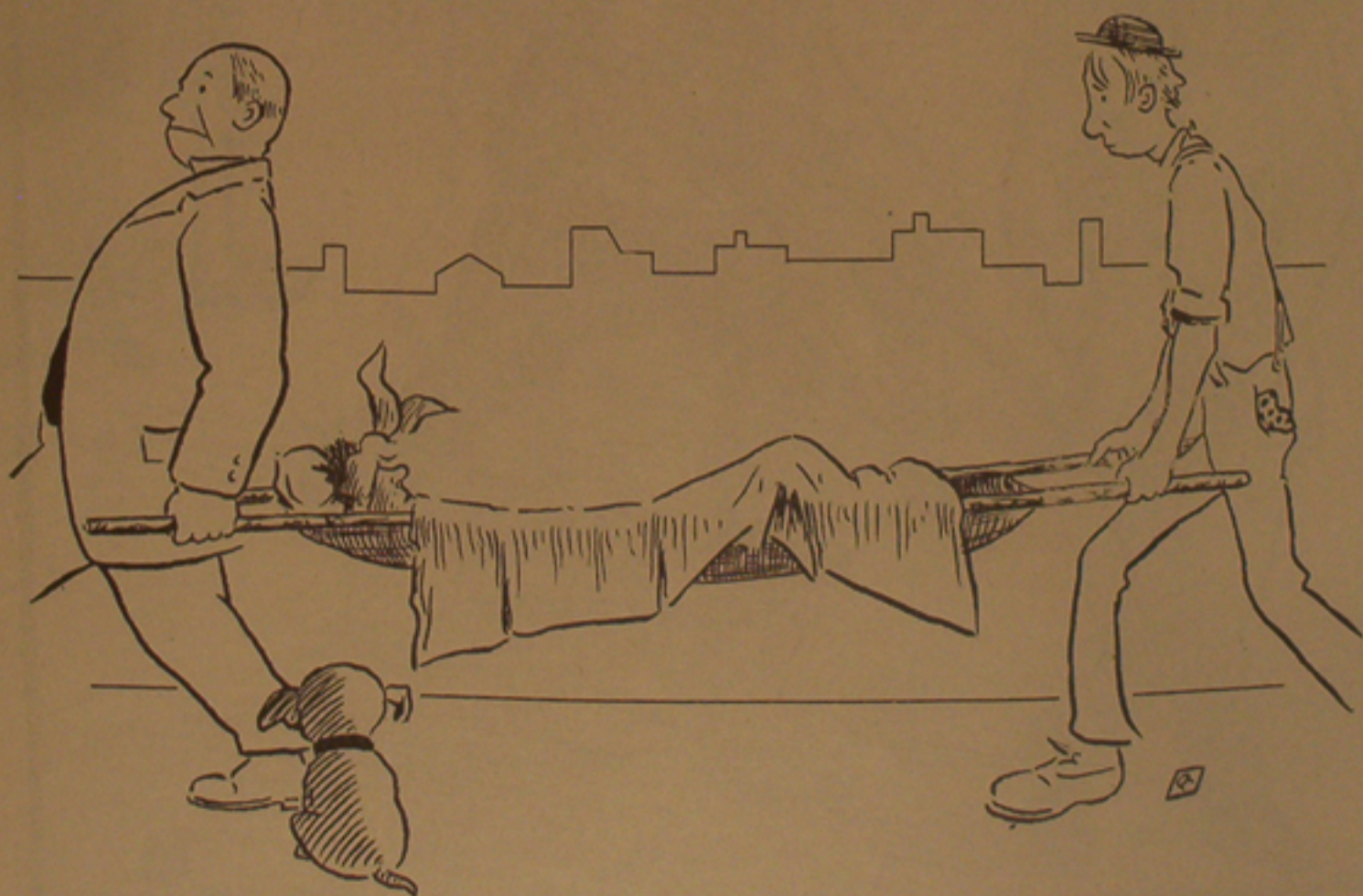
"Then you do love meh, Somerville?" she chirped plaintively.

"Ah, Yolette, as of the automobile, 'Cela va sans dire,'" he breathed. "Did you for a moment dream that I cared for that shallow Anisette de Cocoa?"

"Ches, but nevermore will I eat cologne-scented sugar! Eau de Cologne! By St. Colgate, what ecstasy!" She made as if to feint, but he sidestepped and caught her going under.

He took from the mantle a silver ice-pitcher, his trophy of the chase the day before. "Wear it, Yolette, for my sake," he cried, in a low tone.

"While I live," she murmured, under her breath.



THE PUP: "HUH! ONLY ONE IN THAT LITTER."

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 The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—Wallie Ross.
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 It Can Never Happen Again—Another False Alarm.
 The Port of Missing Men—Chapel.
 Innocents Abroad—D. C. A. meeting at Leb.



Deutsch as she is:

Auf der weiter Wasserflache des Schwarzen Meeres war nichts zu erkennen als der grunliche Schaum, etc.

And as she is translated:

In the wide water-bottle of dark beer there was nothing to recognize as a green scum.



"You must go now, Itskuk,—father will be here anon."

"Hang father—the seat of my jeans is frozen like unto a board."



A certain young lady of Lynn
 Wrote a book on Society Sin;
 'Twas a regular heller,
 And proved a good seller,
 From the things that she almost put in.

A Parable.

The Kingdom of Knowledge is like unto a certain professor, who prepared a feast and spent on it all that he had, giving thereto the first fruits of his thought and the red wine of his enthusiasm, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the feast: and they would not come.

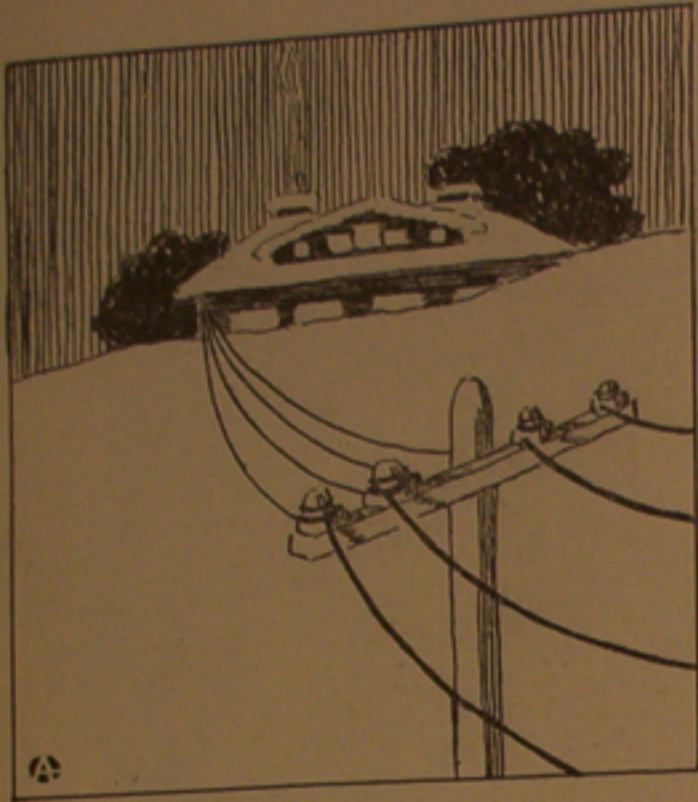
Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner, and all things are ready: come unto the feast."

But they made light of it, and went their ways. One professor said, "Pray excuse me, I have a new book which I should read; another, "I have gathered

me a lot of data, which must be arranged"; and a third, "Verily this fellow is a crank," and he threw his invitation into the fire.

But when the professor heard thereof, he was wroth and he said, Of what use now are all these dainties. The highways and byways are filled with people, but how can the blind see what I have done, or the halt climb the steps to Wisdom's banquet hall? Verily, I will put my dainties in cold storage in a book, and there keep them until it come to pass that my friends shall have grown hungry and shall be willing to dine at my table.

JACK O' LANTERN



"CONNECTED WITH THE BEST FAMILIES."



The Eagul.

The eagul is our nationel burd, and eny one who has seen the lordli bird sail about the azure ski knows whi. Eaguls build their nests on hi klifs whither no human kan klime. A yung eagul looks like a chicken ready to kook. I heard of a eagul that lifted a baby, but if you want my opinion it's a ly.



"Wish they'd quit—hic—shining the dam light in my eyesh—hic."



"TAKING BUG IV."



Why Angeline!

When Angeline Jane
Went out in the rain,
To attend to her afternoon shopping,
She observed with surprise,
That dozens of eyes
Were upon her, and people were stop-
ping.

At first it amused her,
And then it confused her;
She thought, "There is something amiss,
My ankles are neat.
But they're hardly a treat
For people to stare at like this!"

And then she looked down
To the hem of her gown,
And shrieked for a cab in dismay,—
Alas and alack,
One stocking was black,
And the other was openwork gray!

H i s t !

"Ha—a—a, at last you are in my power, girl!" hissed the villain, the whites of his eyes flashing fiercely from beneath bushy black brows. He seized her by the arm.

"Say you will marry me, or this is your last day on earth!"

The heroine fixed her dark lustrous eyes full upon him, a scathing scorn playing around the corners of her matchless mouth, and in a vibrant voice full of fine feeling said slowly, "Shut up."

The intense irony of the reply, together with her scornful gaze of utter indifference, overawed the sinister sleuth. He released his hold, and she continued, in a hard, even voice,

"Alfred Egg, have you fallen so low? Have you forgotten the time when my father found you, a mere infant, beneath three feet of snow, where you had been lying for fourteen hours with nothing on; how he filled you full of beef tea, revived you, and adopted you even as one of his own? Good Lord, man, have you no gratitude?"

"Girl," answered the villain, "I am as immovable as a wart. Will you be mine, or must I heave you over the edge of yonder precipice?"

The girl raised her beautiful features into the air, clutched her fair fists till the fingernails punctured the palms, and said,

"Alfred Egg, my love for you is a minus quantity. There is nothing doing," and she pulsed with emotion.

"S' death!" he cried, and dragged her to the verge.

A shot rang out, and the villain subsided, pierced by a 38-40.

It was the hero, who had come in the nick of time, as we have seen. He rushed toward the heroine, who awaited him with arms outstretched. But he was a bit impetuous, and they both went over the cliff, and died from the fall.

Do not weep, dear reader, perhaps it was better so.

Why Did He Die!

"Alas!" cried the wicked king, "the royal ceiling has fallen."

"Procure some court-plaster," suggested Daniel.



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attention

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Rambles on a Bluff!

Whither can we flee from thy presence?
If one dineth in the Commons, thou art
there.
If one delve into the Grill, or ascend to
the top of Bartlett Hall, behold
thou art there!
In the hallowed halls of recitation;
In the sacred precincts of the Office;
There shalt thou be found!
If we take the wings of the mail, and fly
to the uttermost parts of Boston,
Even there in epistolary scribbles doth
thy spirit haunt us!
Behold, thy line is gone out through all
generations;
There is no speech nor language in which
thy voice is not heard!
Thou takest us up from out the miry clay
and establishest our feet on solid
ground. Selah!



At the Dramatic Club Rehearsal.

Hero: "Want a cigarette?"
Heroine: "No, thanks, old sport, I'm
chewin'."
✦
Pop: "They say you can see all sorts
and shapes of microbes with a strong
glass."
Fizz: "That's nothing to what you can
see with six or eight strong glasses."

And Then She Woke Up.

Facetious husband (dressing): "Mary,
I am becoming involved in a suit."
Wife (half asleep): "What kind of a
suit?"
Husband: "Union-suit."
Wife: "Where?"
Husband: "Underwear."



"Dearest, will you be mine, will you
marry me?"
"I can't, it's Lent."
"Well, when you get it back, will you?"



Self-Support.

A young fellow once earned his bread
In a cremation plant. When they said,
"What chance is it giving
Of earning a living?"
He answered, "By urning the dead."
—*Princeton Tiger*.



Roscoe: "Is kissing proper?"
Gwen: "Let's put our heads together
and consider it."—*Tiger*.



"Fortune favors the brave," said the
heiress as she chose the general for her
partner in the cotillion.—*Purple Cow*.



No man is a hero to his own alarm
clock.—*Lampoon*.

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Slamming.

Jones (reading from joke magazine):
"Gee this joke is old."

Smith: "Yes, lots of dead jokes come
to Life."—*Gargoyle*.



One Too Many.

Murphy: "I see your friend Dr.
Cook—"

Schultz: "I accept. Name your
weapons."—*Gargoyle*.



Well Meant.

"I see that fellow's Finish," remarked
the professor as he eyed the student's
examination in Scandinavian.

—*Michigan Gargoyle*.



Just as a sort of test some night about
that time try to say, "Is State Street a
straight street?"—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.



"What's to prevent my kissing you?"
he demanded.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the girl.
But it didn't."—*Washington Herald*.

FOWNES GLOVES

means right glove —
so buy FOWNES and save
trouble.

WHEN VISITING DARTMOUTH

TAKE A RUN OUT TO THE

White River Tavern

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FOR RECREATION

DELIGHTFUL : COSY : ATTRACTIVE



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whole story of

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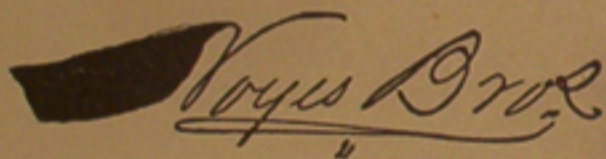
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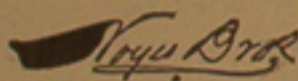
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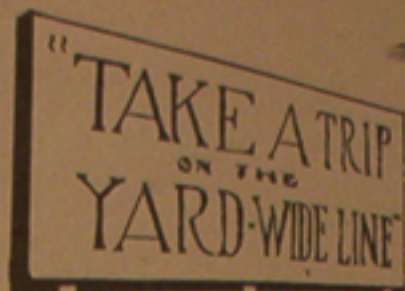
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TWO DOORS SOUTH OF THE INN



UNNEEDAS.

Said a chap up in Dartmouth,
"I'm thin,
You can see all my bones thru
my skin."

SALTINES.

What I need is a ride
To the salty seaside,
'Tis more than a while since
I've been."

EDUCATORS.

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

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A Touchy Steed.

"Can your horse jump?"
"I don't know. I never asked him."
"Really! Why not?"
"I'm afraid he might take a fence."
—Lampoon.

✦

They played at chess. His fiancee
Won out and Willie started,
"Our plighted troth I must break off—
I see I am miss-mated."—*Yale Record*.

✦

There was a poor Master of Hounds,
Whose wife weighed some three hun-
dred pounds.

When asked why he'd wed
Such a mammoth, he said:
I married her lbs, not her lbs.
—*Cornell Widow*.

✦

"He was shot in a gambling den."
"Yes, that was his last resort."
—*Stanford Chaparral*.

✦

"Great, eh?" inquired the fresh as he
banged out the last bar of "Love Me and
the World is Mine."

"It certainly does," roared the Senior;
"cut it!"—*Widow*.

✦

"Why do they call their campus the
yard?"

"Well, it's generally associated with
de-feat."—*Yale Record*.

✦

"Times have changed," remarked the
athlete, as he broke his second record."
—*Tiger*.

✦

In the Garden of Eden.

"When Adam delved, and Eve span,
who was then the suffragette?"

"Eve, of course,—didn't she raise
Cain?"—*Lampoon*.

✦

Proverbs: Revised version.

Always put off tonight what you are
going to put on in the morning.—*Tiger*.

✦

Napoleon had accidently seated him-
self upon a hot stove. "What wonderful
courage!" remarked one of the min-
isters. "The general is burning his
breeches behind him."

—*Williams' Purple Cow*.

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