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L. E. Hartshorn, Prop'r
Books and Magazines of all descriptions 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.
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Make OLD ones into NEW
And if perchance, you're in a rush,
We do it quickly, too.

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We have a few nice Pumpkins left, suitable for Jack O'Lanterns or pies such as mother used to make. Also all accessories for a "feed" such as fancy crackers, luncheon cheese of all kinds, sliced cold meats, Deviled Ham, Chicken Leaf, etc., etc.

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At Hanover Inn.

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"MEET US"

at

TAVERN CAFE

for a

CHICKEN PIE

every

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Gloves.

Fine Athletic Goods.

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Charles H. Dudley

Mention "Jack O'Lantern" to Advertisers.
THE PEERADER'S DREAM

Me.

Who's known as—since the world began—
The fastest man that ever ran,
Who never yet has got the "can?"
Then Nat says: "Sure, why I'm the man; That's me."

Who is the literary light,
That shows the College how to write,
Beats Willie Shakespeare out of sight?
Our Emmet, modest and polite,
Says: "Me."

Who runs the College every day
And rules it with a regal sway
And guides it in the one best way?
Hear Skeet step forth and boldly say:
"It's me."

Who is the college gentleman,
Can wield a cane, a glove, a fan,
Whose clothes are never 'neath the ban?
S. G. smiles modestly, our Stan:
"Why me."

It's Me, me, me, me,
Me, me, me.
Lebanon Maid: (to Sophomore who has followed her home) “Say, do you know where the Beehive is?”

Sophomore: “No, where?”

Lebanon Maid: (as she disappears thro’ the door) “That’s where you get stung.”
Symptoms

If your room grows stilling
Any afternoon,
And your mind goes wandering—
Blanker than the moon,
Don't blame the janitor
For extra superheated steam
But close your eyes and softly whisper,
"Why, it's Spring."

If your eyes feel leery
Any afternoon
And your bones are weary—
Joints all out of tune—
Buy some quinine of the druggist,
Steep yourself in lemonade,
For the Grippe has got you, honest,
It's the Spring.

If your heart feels tender
Any afternoon,
And you decide to send her
Word to marry soon
Let that project be forsaken,
Recollect you're under age,
And you cannot be mistaken.
It's the Spring.

If you feel poetic
Any afternoon,
Feelings grow pathetic
Unless recorded soon,
Muse and write of things esthetic—
Birds and buds or anything,
But mind, don't let the printer get it;
It's the Spring.

Frederic Kenyon Brown

"THE LAST LAP."
Many a student cannot appreciate the value of a Phi Beta Kappa average until the overcuts are posted.

It is a wise student that can distinguish a graft course from a drool.

What do deceased relatives furnish us? Legacies and excuses for cuts.

**Hanover Weather.**

**Morning** — Low shoes.

**Noon** — Overshoes.

**Night** — Snowshoes.

Prof. (arousing a Junior from a nap) "If you can’t stay awake you had better get out."

Junior: "Oh, I guess I can stand it a little longer, Professor."

"Notice the foot-note at the bottom of the page," laughed the court fool, as the royal attendant’s shoes emitted a squeak.

**Books that Might have been Written.**

Winds of the Deep,
by Belcher, '11.

Tale of a Student,
by Patch, '09.

Destiny,
by Coffin and Graves, '10.

The Incubator Baby,
by Hatch, '09. (?)

The Jollier Journal,
by Kidder, '10.

Restless Royalty,
by King, '09.

A Dollar a Throw,
by Ingersoll, '11.

More Con-men’s Confessions,
by Schell and Pease, '10.

On the Way to Hades,
by Stix, '11.

Life in Durham,
by Bull, '09.

Pigs in Clover,
by Root, '09.

The Dance Hall Girl,
by Hooker, '09.

"FULL JANITOR SERVICE."
"JACK O'LANTERN."

"College Activities"

STEINERT HALL
BOSTON
APRIL 16
REE CLUB
CONCERT

A BIG NIGHT IN BOSTON

MARCH 21, SPRING BEGINS

THE FACULTY: "TEN DOLLARS, PLEASE"

THE MONOLOGUE ARTIST

THAT ITEM IN THE "GAZETTE"
Jack O'Lantern Says

After reading a favorable review of itself in The Dartmouth, "Signs of intelligence, after all."
After reading a Dartmouth editorial, "Rave on!"
After reading The Magazine, Nothing.
After reading one of the Registrar's notices in The Dartmouth, "!!!!?!! †† † † †".

Would it be proper to speak of Mr. E. T. Colton as a "howling" success?

By the way, the Christian Association sets an excellent example for the rest of the undergraduates when it secures an audience by an appeal to animal passions.

There is nothing like a fire to call out public spirit. We congratulate the college on the possession of such noble souls as Messrs. Chase, Duffie and others, whose constant appearance in the hotel windows facing the crowd gave ample proof of their contempt for danger and their exertions to save the property of others.

Further congratulation must be extended to our noble police force, which so intrepidly surrounded the rear door and kept at bay the vulgar crowd.

A Dartmouth concert in a Dartmouth town. Of course we're going to hear the Musical Clubs in Steinert Hall, Boston, April 16.

The cover design of our last issue was not intended to be allegorical, but there is a close parallel between the dog barking at the bells and the coughing in chapel.

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried." Perhaps this is the sentiment held by those who have charge of the magazine distribution in College Hall.
Spring in Hanover.

There's one certain thing
About Hanover spring,—
It's original all the way through,
And every year
It is sure to appear
With something entirely new.

Where else can you skate
In the middle of May?
Where else can you sweat
On a December day?
Where else can you snow-ball
From Christmas till June,
Or ski in July,
By the light of the moon?

Where else is the season
So fickle and gay?
When you're certain you have it
It slippeth away;
This spring that appears
At all times of the year,
To fill you with feelings
Quite novel and queer:
Perchance it may come
In the middle of Feb.,
Then you hitch up the bronco
And drive down to Leb.,
While again it don't come
In the springtime at all,
But keeps all its antics
Till late in the fall.

Be it therefore resolved,
That Miss Hanover Spring
Is a highly capricious
And changeable thing.

D. A. ’12.
A Meeting of the Ad. Com.

It was a dark and stormy night—fit night for conspiracies. They had chosen their time well. The Administration Building was but dimly visible through the darkness and the sheets of rain, a passer-by might have observed that which would have aroused his suspicions, but, alas! there was no passer-by to avert the calamity.

One by one, dark, cloaked figures, slouched hats pulled well down over their faces, prowled stealthily up the street and slipped through the outer door of the Administration Building, quickly closing it against all pursuit.

In the office on the left a dim light burned, carefully shaded from the street. All the shutters were close drawn. One by one the masked figures entered and took their places about a table. At last the roster was complete. Then the man at the head of the table arose.

"Fellow conspirators," he growled, "we meet tonight to advance the doctrines for which we stand. We do not believe that all men are created free and equal nor that all have the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The Trustees have delegated certain ones of humanity with awesome powers, and we deem it fitting that we, the favored ones, use those powers to torture, keep in subjection, and persecute without reason those beneath us. We believe in slavery, extortion, and taxation without representation. What measures come before the meeting to-night?"

"Mr. Chairman," from the bottom of the table, "I want to mention the present cut system. It is manifestly absurd. It puts the student of ability on an equal footing with the flunker. This is unjust discrimination. Should the good student have as much chance as the flunker? Certainly not. Therefore I move you that men getting over seventy per cent be allowed no cuts and that 100 per cent be taken off for each over cut. In this way the student would owe the College hours at graduation and we would not have to bother about diplomas."

This proposition was greeted with acclaim. Then another member arose.

"And about our watchman system," he said: "Of course under the present system we can find out practically whatever we want to know but it is a little bit awkward to find out things that never happened. Therefore I would suggest that we purchase and set up an Inquisition Chamber. By this means we could find out whatever we wanted to know, whether it were true or not. This would be a great advantage."

This was also passed unanimously. A third man jumped to his feet. "What most needs our attention are the Palaeopitus and The Dartmouth. Absurd as it may seem, the students at present can put before us to a slight extent their viewpoint. This is palpably ridiculous. We don't care what they think. We——"

But just then word came that five men had been discovered in Wheeler's playing Old Maids for a tooth-pick a point, and the meeting adjourned with shouts of fiendish glee.
What sounds from the choir arise
And rattle against the skies
At Vespers each week?
We've not far to seek;
They are Heavenly Harmony's.

Once Wordsworth walked on the hills;
How my heart with pity fills,
For but one we see,
While, think of it, he
Saw a host of Daffy Dills.

Senior (in Commons) "Where is the coffee I ordered?"

Waiter: "Sorry sir, it's exhausted."

Senior: "Not surprising, I've noticed is has been growing weaker."

The Palaeopitus yawned sleepily, stretched, and awoke with a start. "Hell, boys," it said, "let's do something." So it passed some resolutions and wrote a letter to The Dartmouth. Then it turned over and went to sleep again. How long this time?
"JACK O'LANTERN."

The Queen of Spades.

She was a bonny and lissome lass,
When she danced at Tipperary;
She used to be the Queen of Hearts;
Now Queen of Spades is Mary;
All the young fellows ran after her;
O'Donnells and McSweeneyys;
Now she washes their linen so lads may make
A hit with the other queenies.

The Queen of Hearts.

The lamp in the hallway burning low,
A dusky nook on the stair,
Deep eyes with the light of love aglow,
And a 'wildering maze of hair,
The breathing murmur of voices low,
And all alluring arts,
June night and music and Love and so
Here's to the Queen of Hearts.
"KEEPING THE LID ON."

Tightening-up Club.

James Haggerty.
(The above pledged last week.)

Soph. (taking Music 2): "Wellman reminds me of a dose of chloroform."
Junior: "You dislike him, then."
Soph.: "No, indeed—he is a great composer."

$10.00

Lives of students all remind us
We may flunk out any time,
And, departing, leave behind us
Dollars on the room we sign.

At the Morgue:—A body thought to be the Dartmouth Congress.
Lobbyists please call and identify.

"No," said Mr. Mulcahey, rising wrathfully and shaking his fist under the nose of the startled book-agent, "No, Oi'll not buy yer domned atlas. Will ye moind, ye wake-kneed, blitherin' ijit, thot the pooblishers hov insulted Oireland? Will yez take notice, thot the bloody skunks hov painted the Emerald Isle ORANGE?"
The Handicapped.

Oh! see the man. It is a college man. The man is a reader. What is the reader doing? The reader is going to Boston. Is Boston a big city? Gosh, yes, Boston is a very big city. Why does the reader go to Boston? He says his grand-ma has croaked. Does Chuck believe that dole? No, Chuck does not believe it—the reader has lost six grandmas already. What will the reader do in Boston? He will get drunk and see the sights. What a naughty man! What are the sights of Boston? The sights of Boston are the Public Library and the Old Howard. What has the reader in his suitcase? He has a flask, and a toothbrush, and his room-mate's dress-suit. He is going to Wellesley, too. Will the reader see his sister at Wellesley? No, but he will see someone else's sister and that will do just as well. Dear children, what has the reader on? My room-mate thinks he has a bun on. He has one of Mr. Dudley's suits on, too. He is wearing it to cut a dash at Wellesley. He is a pretty smooth guy. Oh! see his collar! It is a high collar. He got that at Dudley's, too. Isn't Mr. Dudley a nice man. He has on a necktie the Wellesley girl gave him. It is a noisy tie. Is it pretty? That depends on your taste. Would you like to be a reader? You bet I would like to be a reader.

The Freshman Class.

When first intact
IT comes to life
Enthusiasm kindles.
But soon it quails
Before exams,
And DWINDLES,
Dwindles,
dwindles.

John was defenseless before the hostile band. But was he at a loss for protection? By no means. John took a war-whoop which fell upon his ears, made a bow, strung it with a line of strong language, pulled off several pointed remarks, and quickly intimidated his foes. So John was saved.

Who soaks us a nickel a second to play,
Who doubles the tax every time?
'Tis Jimmy, the pool-room autocrat
Who maketh each penny a dime.

Stevens: "Why don't you study harder and get ahead like me?"
Ced: "Not much. If I had a head like yours, I'd wrap a wet towel around it."
The Hanover Inn

Arthur P. Fairfield
Manager

Hanover, N.H.

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...THE...

Dartmouth Cafe
P. M. CAMP, Prop.

Rear of Storr's Bookstore,

Hanover, N.H.

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Well just try having it caught and framed by
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★★

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The Pleasantest Dining Room in New Hampshire

Lebanon, N. H.

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Fine Watch Repairing
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Experts in
Trucking of All Kinds
Will move your Trunks and Furniture at Right Prices.
Hanover, N. H.

D. L. Fifield
Successor to Fifield & Ball
City Hall Livery and Feed Stables
Lebanon, N. H.

What three words can mean so much
To any Dartmouth dresser,
When he has any clothes to press,
As that of
"Price the Presser"

Mention Jack O’Lantern to Advertisers.
The H. T. Howe
Coach, Livery and Transfer Co.

Makes all trains to and from Hanover, day and night.
All train orders must be at stable office forty minutes before trains are due at station.
Hacks on order any time day or night.
All kinds of light and heavy teams with or without drivers.
Coach and Carriage service for the Hanover Inn at short notice.
Easy carriage and careful drivers always in readiness for the Mary Hitchcock Hospital.

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