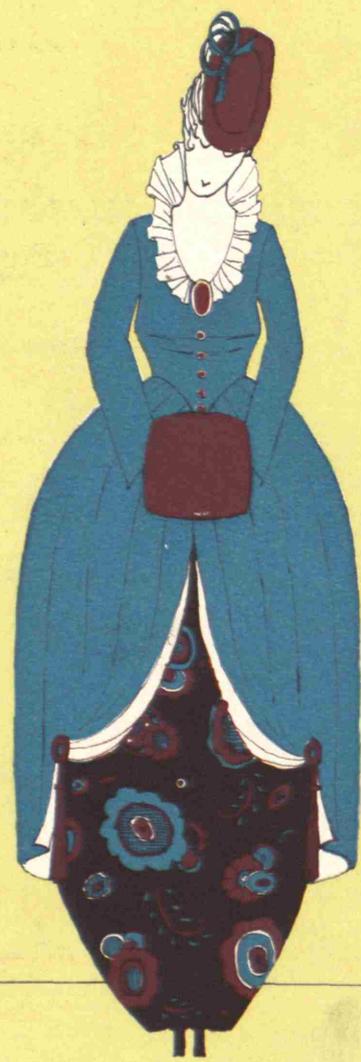
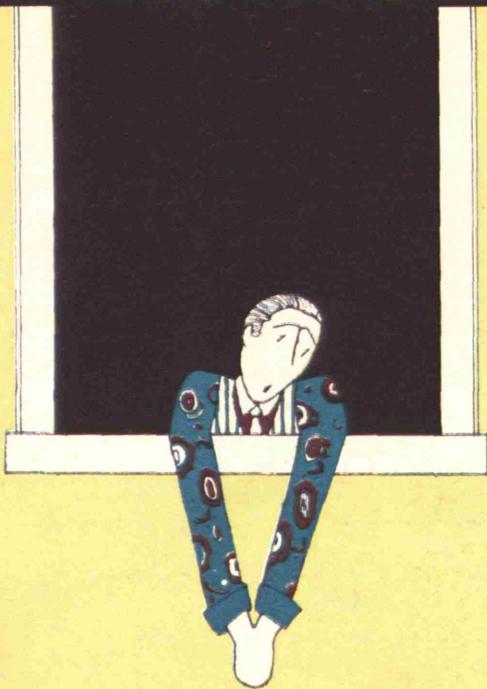


voo doo  
april, 1919.



"in the spring....."

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Massachusetts Institute  
of  
Technology  
Cambridge

RICHARD C. MACLAURIN, M. A., Sc. D., LL.D.  
President

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# THE VOO DOO

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APRIL, 1919

No. 2



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*Art School Student*—So do I. —Record.

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"I portered in de office of a gent'man what was a cap'n in de State militia, sah."

—Birmingham Age Herald.

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A Dreadful Passage—Irvin S. Cobb told in Philadelphia a story about a seasick war correspondent.

"This correspondent," he said, "was unexpectedly called from the French front to London. His wife was in London, but he had no time to wire her from Calais. Anyhow, it would do, he decided, if he wired her from Dover.

"He had a dreadful stormy passage across the channel, he was frightfully seasick, and he had to give up his berth to an old lady, the mother of a general. Finally, pale and haggard, he reached Dover and sent his telegram. Two hours later his wife received it. It ran:

"Expect me home at noon. Dreadful passage. Gave birth to an old lady on leaving Calais."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Pete, our janitor, is turning financier."

"What. That imbecile! What's he up to?"

"He banks his fires every Sunday."

—*Jester.*

1922: I saw a peach of a girl last night.

Ditto: Introduce me to her.

1922: I can't, I don't know her.

—*Record.*

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 those preparing to resume Civilian Life

Hubby—"Jusht been out to 'sh home of a shick  
 friend, m'dear."

Th' Missus—"John!"

Hubby—"Oh, we (hic) got 'im to bed, all right."

—*Jack O' Lantern.*

Retort Courteous—*He*—I was going to offer a  
 penny for your thoughts, but perhaps they're not  
 worth it.

*She*—They're not. I was thinking of you.

—*Baltimore American.*

"Was Maybelle a success at Palm Beach?"  
 "Oh, yes, she got along swimmingly. In fact,  
 she managed to outstrip all the other girls."

—*Widow.*

"He calls that hard looking babe the idol of his  
 life."

"Probably worships stone idols."

—*Jack O' Lantern.*

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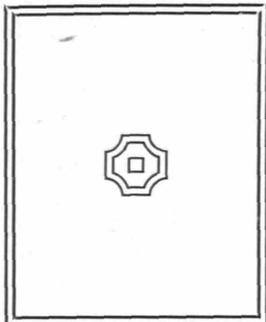
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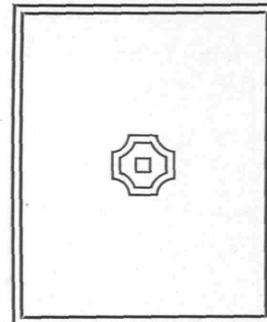
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TECHNOLOGY "BATTLE OF THE MARNE."



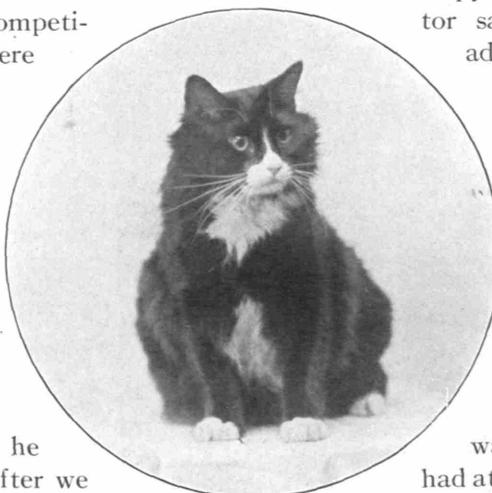
# VOO DOO



## INTRODUCING PHOSPHORUS.

Phosphorus, the Office Cat, first made his appearance on the afternoon of March 20. He was seen walking up the Walker steps about 2:55. At 3:01 the inmates of the VOO DOO office were sitting in conference (definition of conference from Webster: cigarettes and profanity) when they were aroused by a gentle tapping on the door. After the newest competitor had been forcibly restrained from rendering his favorite pome, *i. e.*, "The Raven," the second newest competitor opened the door and in walked our future boss. With stately mien and dignified swoop of plumage, *i. e.*, tail, Phosphorus entered and, after having gazed critically at the tout ensemble, sat down in the Corrected Copy basket and emitted a loud noise which the second newest but one competitor said was what cats do when they adopted.

As has been noted, our to have acquired a name. To was thrust upon him, as it were, following manner: the third with Phosphorus, thought it an be properly baptized into the the Publicity Manager strolled any letters from Wellesley, he tor with three doctors working ing cheerful, but rather bedrag-copy basket. During the course competitor, being Course V when he damn thing like Phosphorus." After we and were down at Charlie's trying to for-



latest acquisition seems already be sure, this is a misnomer. It the next day in somewhat the newest competitor, being alone excellent idea that Phosphorus mystic circle with a bath. When in an hour later to see if he had found the third newest competi-over him and Phosphorus, look-gled, purring contentedly in the of his delirium, the third newest wasn't VOO DOO, shouted, "Not a had attended his funeral several days later, get the sad occasion and the fact that we had lost a free verse foundry, the Circulation Manager mentioned the deceased one's last remarks. So we agreed, as usual, not to respect the competitors' wishes and named our hardy mascot "Phosphorus."

It would seem that this were a fitting place to inject a few explanatory remarks concerning Phosphorus, his lineage, his character, his preferences, etc. Needless to say, he is a cat of high degree. In fact, we are informed by no less a person than the worthy Phosphorus himself that his ancestors came over on the Mayflower and have resided since in the neighborhood of, if not actually on, Beacon Hill. At times Phosphorus walks with a slight limp which he incurred as the result of an encounter with an old shoe thrown by a former mayor of the city. This untoward accident occurred, owing to the mayor's inability to appreciate the honor done him one evening when Phosphorus serenaded him with an epic poem reciting the deed and virtues of his family. Naturally, all this information has been gathered from fragmentary remarks and hints which Phosphorus has left fall from time to time. For, like all genii (plural for genius), he is modest and retiring and all facts of his early history must be drawn out with great labor.

After he had become accustomed to our new typewriter and our sumptuous suite of offices, it was discovered that Phosphorus would occasionally sit down at the machine and, if the fourth newest competitor would insert a sheet of yellow paper, pound out a few remarks. These will be published from time to time as the Editor-in-Chief sees fit.



First Student—"Have you a heavy schedule next term?"

Second Student—"Yes, I'm taking Musical Clubs, Tech Show, Swimming and General Studies. How about you?"

First Student—"Oh, I'm taking the same, but I'm busy in activities. Am out for Chem Lab, M22, and Physics."

#### SUGGESTIONS TO EMBRYO VOO DOO HUMORISTS.

Be natural—don't break anything to be humorous. Get a lot of style—the kind they harp on but never get down to brass tacks about.

Don't put too much food for thought in your literature—this isn't a thoughtful publication.

Above all be light and make your contributions easy to read—we're manfully striving to build up a clientele.

Our motto has always been and will continue to be until someone puts over something better: "No cost is too great for the end we seek."

Don't, above all things, write poetry unless your poetical nature absolutely refuses to express itself in bald prose.

#### R. S. V. P.

In a moment once of mental aberration,  
A Wellesley maiden, trusting all things fair,  
Sent her precious and expensive commutation  
To a youth from Tech to pay his railroad fare.

To the youth this proved a lucrative flirtation,  
For he took and kept the ticket then and there.  
But the maid did not approve this kleptomation,  
And his action did not seem to her quite fair.

Oh, we often would prefer an underration  
Of our acts of charity—however rare—  
And we hope the youth who owns the commutation  
Will respond to this insinuation bare.

—THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS  
Feb. 27, 1919.

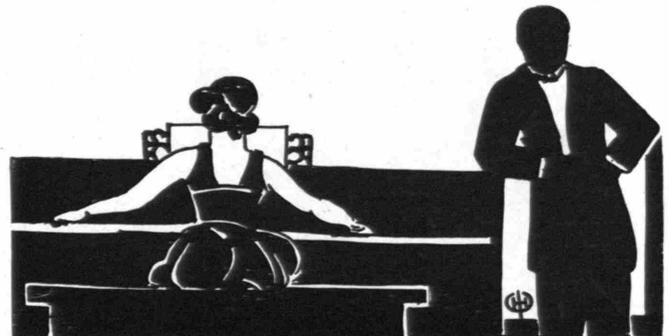
How sad the story of the commutation,  
Give sympathy to Wellesley maiden fair,  
To save all others from such indignation  
I'll lay the story of that ticket bare.

Turn back with me to one week-end vacation,  
We find our youth from Tech in grim despair,  
To visit Smith he's had an invitation,  
Alas—he cannot go, he's minus fare.

But suddenly there came an inspiration,  
They say in love and war all things are fair,  
And so he simply "hocked" the commutation,  
For it would never show the wear and tear.

Now Smith girls have no mental aberration,  
That's why he told her of the whole affair,  
'Tis very hard to picture her elation,  
At the ways and means of Wellesley to ensnare.

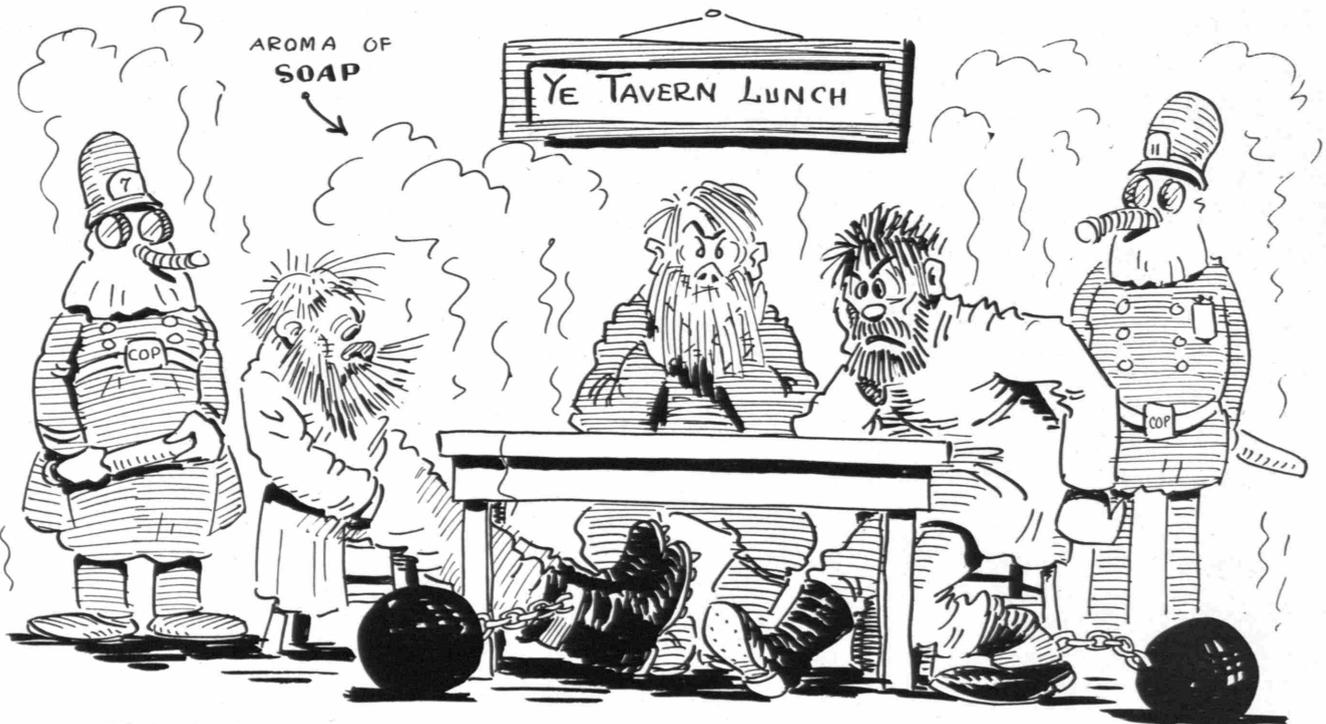
Then showing her real charitable inclination,  
You see of Wellesley needs she is aware,  
She gave him "cash" to get the commutation  
And free himself for aye from Wellesley's care.



She (who has reluctantly allowed herself to be persuaded to play): "And what shall I play?"

He (stifling a yawn): "Oh, anything."

He (a few minutes later): "You know, that reminds me of a line of Shakespeare's. 'If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly.'"



THAT SOAPY SMELL IN THE TAVERN MIGHT BE A SURE CURE FOR SOME O' THESE BATHLESS BOLSHEVICS



VAN ZELM

"MICH" BAWDEN SAYS THE EGGS AT THE TAVERN WOULD MAKE FINE SUBSTITUTES FOR RUBBER, BUT WE FEEL THAT'S STRETCHING IT A LITTLE TOO FAR

## FRENZIED JOURNALISM.

A certain newspaper uses a double banner head on its front page, the banners usually referring to different stories. The reason for the headline-writer's leaving town suddenly one day during the flu epidemic is fully explained by the appearance of these headlines, strung eight columns wide across the front page, one under the other: "Allies Drive Huns Back;" "Schools and Theaters closed as Remedy."

## CONJUGATION.

He sighed.  
She sighed  
They sighed  
—Outside.

## ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW.

Sweet Young Thing—"What's the difference between a commuter and other undergraduates?"  
Bored Senior (in his fifth year at the Institute)—  
"Well, a commuter sees the sunrise on his way to school, and the rest of us see it on our way to bed."

## HEARKEN, ALL YE FROSH!

And on a certain day it came to pass that a Frosh, Moses, was called up into the office of Almighty Phelan and given the following commandments:

I. Thou shalt do no other thing than lab work.  
II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any explosives or unstable compounds, nor the likeness of anything that has the formula  $C_{12}H_{14}O_4(NO_3)_6$  for the consequence shall be serious.

III. Thou shalt not take and waste chemicals in vain.

IV. Remember the lab period to use it wisely. Six hours a day shalt thou fool and sleep, but in the seventh thou shalt do nothing but the required experiments.

V. Honor the lab instructors that thy marks may be good when the days of the term are ended.

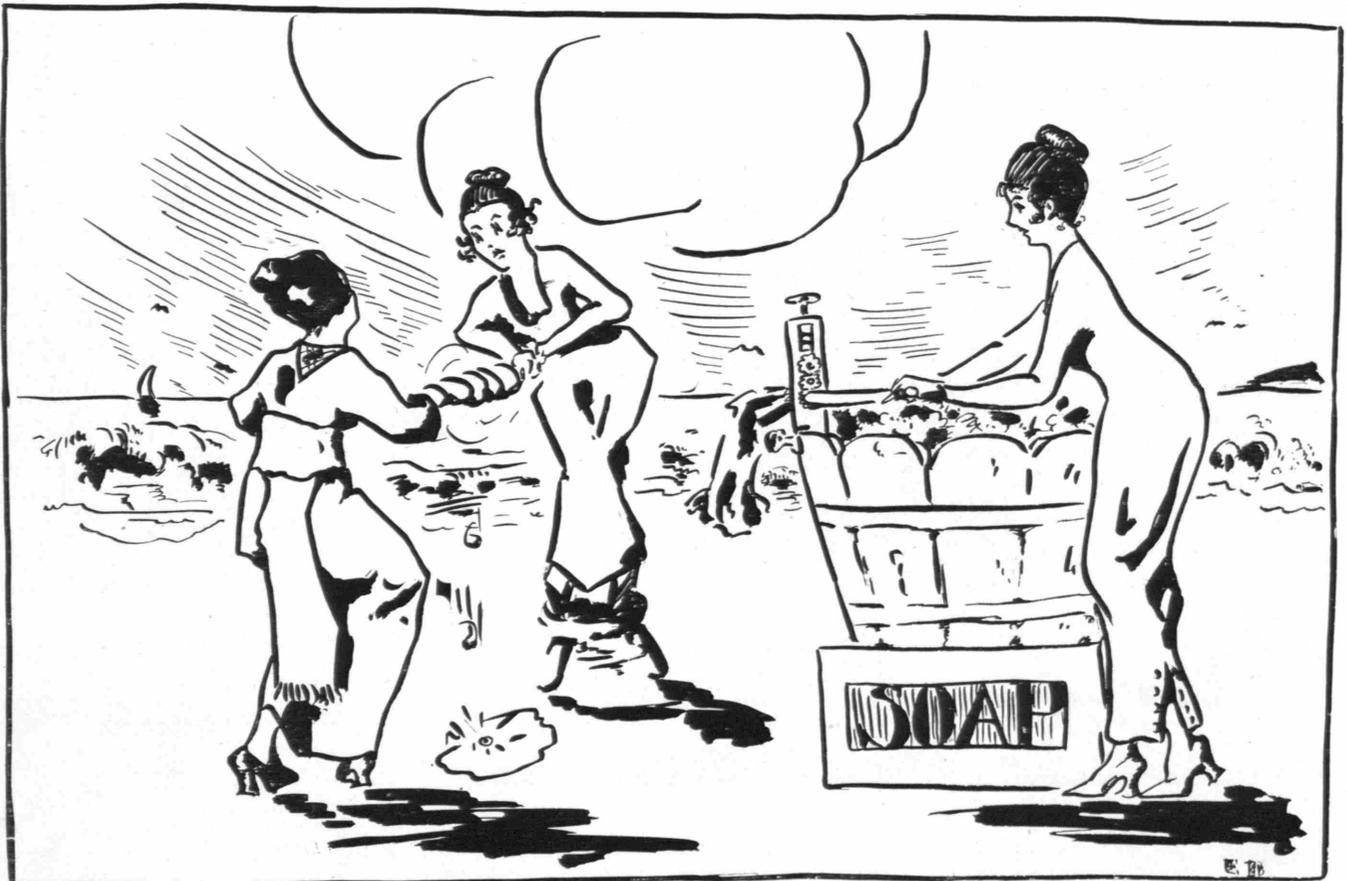
VI. Thou shalt not steal thy neighbors apparatus.

VII. Thou shalt not kill time.

VIII. Thou shalt not adulterate thy preparations with stuff from the supply room.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness of thy results in thy notebook.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy lab deposit for it is gone forever.



"RING OUT, YE WILD BELLS!"

## TRAFFIC IN SOULS.

In the city he had found her  
Alone, with not a friend.  
Her life was most a total wreck,  
In fact, 'twas near the end.

He snatched her from her former life  
And took her far away,  
Where no one knew her tainted name,  
That she might live and play.

Each day when all his work was done  
They'd set out from her home,  
For miles about the countryside  
Together they would roam.

Time passed; things started to go wrong,  
Just why it's hard to say,  
But he began to swear at her  
When she would not obey.

Then it became more serious,  
His wrath he could not quench,  
Till finally he hit her  
With a heavy monkey wrench.

'Twas then he gave up all his dreams  
And said in voice serene,  
"Never again will I buy another  
Second hand machine."



Wife: "John, there's a burglar in the house!  
Go right downstairs."

Hubby: "My dear, I'm not in the habit of  
associating with that class of people. Send a serv-  
ant."

S. O. L.



Country Judge: "Ten dollars."

Motorist: "Can you change a twenty dollar  
bill?"

Judge: "No, but I can change the fine. Twenty  
dollars."

Why course VI men have that hunted look.

Prof. "This transcendental equation is easily ex-  
pressed as a function of the logarithm of the prob-  
ability."

## THEY'RE ALL THE SAME.

She was a sweet and simple country maiden.  
He was a man of the city, auto, derby, cigarette, 'n  
everythin'. He, as wild men of the city are oft fain  
to do, did a terrible thing. One day as he drove  
down the road he espied her extracting honey from  
the honeysuckles by the wayside. And then he  
did it. He picked her up. They drove to a near-by  
inn and sat themselves down to dine.

"Have a little wine," quoth he.

"Nay," quoth she, "I never drink."

But she ate,—oh, yes, she ate. They danced  
and the shy young maiden gathered up enough  
courage to ask his name. And then he made his  
fatal blunder, he told her his true name, Joe Allan.  
Again they sat down at the table. He took out his  
cigarette case and offered her a cigarette.

"Nay," she replied, shaking her head, "I never  
smoke."

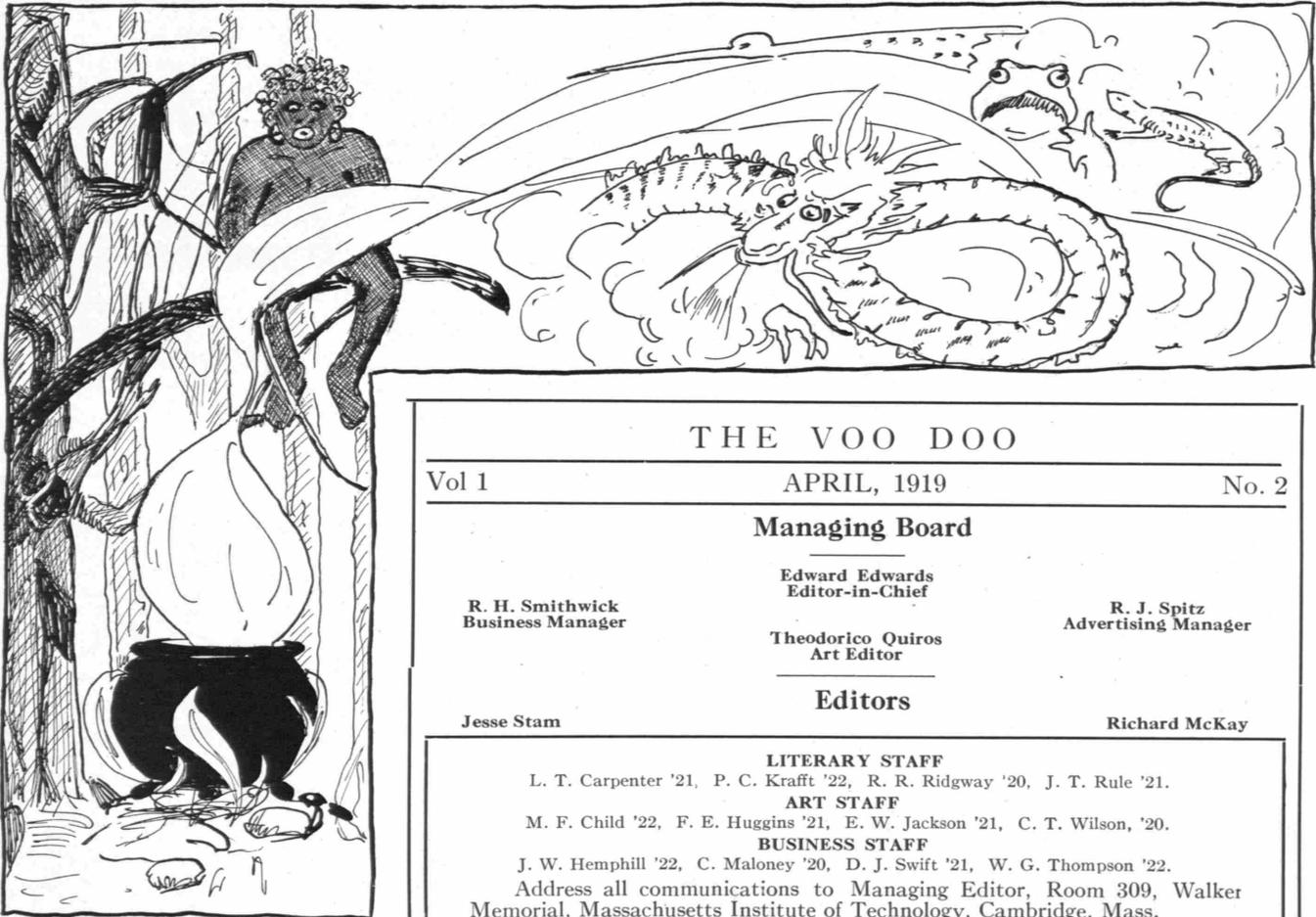
But the bold, bad hero had no scruples and  
proceeded to light up.

Suddenly she had an inspiration and whispered  
softly, "May I see your cigarette a minute?" He  
passed it to her and a look of surprise spread over  
her countenance.

"You lied to me!" she cried, "And I don't like  
liars."

He gazed at her dumbly.

"You lied," she repeated, "You told me that  
your name was Joe Allan, and it says here Philip  
Morris."



## THE VOO DOO

Vol 1

APRIL, 1919

No. 2

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Address all communications to Managing Editor, Room 309, Walker Memorial, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.



Do you know what the League of Nations is? Do you know what Wilson's fourteen points are? Do you know which Senators and Congressmen are with Wilson and which are against him? Of course you can talk about those things with more or less intelligence. All Technology men seem to be able to talk about anything or everything at a moment's notice. But do you know what you are talking about? Can you come down to specific cases, and name names, and talk facts? Why worry about such things now? We've just finished exams. Now we've got to get a flying start on the new term. Then there are quizzes, weekly quizzes, monthly quizzes, mid-term quizzes. We haven't time to go looking up all the details of national and international affairs. Let Wilson do that. Let the nation's representatives in Congress do it. Exactly! Let George do it!

This is a government of, for, and by the people. Who are the people? You, and me, and the rest of the gang. Many Technology men are already voters. The rest will be in two or three years. How and why did you vote? How and why will you vote? Will you vote for this man because your father is a Republican? Will you vote for that one because you were in some of his son's classes? And will you vote against the other man because you rode in to school with his son? Then why will you vote?

Some day, Mr. Technology Man, you are going to be one of the leading business men and one of the foremost citizens of your town, God willing. When your Congressman comes to you for advice or for your sentiments on a certain bill, will you tell him to vote with the party, or will you give him a strictly personal opinion which you have thought out for yourself? Will you elect a Representative because he is a solid

man and loyal to the party, or because you believe that he is best fitted for the place? When you are sent to the State Legislature or to Congress, will you vote as the party leader instructs you to, or as you think wisest and best for the good of the community? Will you be able to think for yourself? Will you know what they are talking about when a certain clause in a certain treaty is brought up to prove a point? How about it?

All this information and these habits of thinking cannot be acquired on the spur of the moment. Now is the time to begin. It's remarkable how much incidental knowledge a man can store away in the recesses of his mind. Do you remember the family that used to live next door to you five years ago? Do you remember the time the big stables downtown burned down? Do you remember the movie in which you saw Theda Bara last year? These are all small points, interesting to recall, but useless except from a personal point of view. Let's begin to store away points of sectional and national interest and value. Would there be nearly as much arguing in Congress over that new post office for Tadpole, Arizona, or the dredging of Mill Creek if the Honorables and their constituents had begun to think earlier in national terms? Remember that "Big oaks from little acorns grow," but you can't grow oaks from hayseed.



**C**RITICISE! Crab! Knock! The world is full of people who make a practice of doing those three things and sometimes it seems as though Technology received more than its just share of them. . . . "This professor's a grouch . . . what's the use in going out for that, it's all graft . . . aw, who reads the Tech . . . yes, it was pretty good, but . . ." That is perhaps a bit exaggerated, but it is the kind of conversation which may be heard whenever Technology undergraduates gather. These sentiments are not, as a rule, their true feelings and opinions, but merely small talk for the occasion. That this is so, is well evinced by the fact that the enrollment this year is larger than ever. But conversations similar to the above make a bad impression on an outsider. And the fact still remains that this spirit of petty faultfinding and complaining is present. It is not our purpose to try to explain it, but merely to try to do away with it.

Honest criticism is a good thing, but this continual crabbing is a rotten thing. It is not deep-rooted, it is not a matter of life and death. But it is a strong surface current and dangerous to play with. Criticism, to be worthwhile, must be constructive, and this is destructive. It is in a class with the principles of the anarchists, the I. W. W.'s, the Bolsheviki. Its tendency is to undermine and decay. It is slow poison for college spirit. And college spirit is sadly lacking at Technology. Furthermore, it is a noticeable thing that those who employ it most are the ones who are not engaged in activities and who are making no effort to better the very things they criticise. They are bad, but worse yet is the man who has the talent and ability and, either from laziness or indifference, makes no effort to aid the object of his criticism.

Constructive criticism is needed. If you must criticise, make it do some good. Instead of merely objecting, suggest something. If it is an improvement, it will be used. If it isn't, try again. Your interest will be appreciated. Nothing is more discouraging for a man than to see others loaf around and hear them make disparaging remarks about his work. On the other hand, nothing is more encouraging than to have some one show a real interest and try to help in every way possible. The same thing applies in your studies. It applies in athletics. It applies everywhere. Give it a chance.

To repeat,—this habit is not the outgrowth of the true feelings of the majority of the men at the Institute. It has grown up, somehow, and has become quite popular with a certain type. We realize that a real interest often lies behind a remark which is apparently a knock. But show your interest in some other fashion. The humor at the Institute (present company included) is not so good that it can always be recognized at first sight. Take out your humor in some other way. Send it to us. We can stand it. But once and for all—DON'T CRAB.

We take great pleasure in announcing the election of E. W. Davis '21 as Circulation Manager and K. R. Sutherland as Publicity Manager of the VOO DOO.

## IF SO, WHY NOT?

## Cast of Characters.

Blanchette Deuxmondes, a wild woman.  
 Grisette Demimonde, a wilder woman.  
 Fuzzy-Wuzzy, a "first-class fightin' man" (apologies to Kipling) who is in love with Blanchette.  
 Beatreechie, Princess of Silesia.  
 A Capitalist, also in love with Blanchette.  
 An Anarchist, who pursues Beatreechie.  
 A Bearded Bullshevik, who pursues the Capitalist.  
 A Kleptomaniac.  
 A Hypochondriac.  
 A Misanthrope.

## SYNOPSIS.

## ACT I.

## First Spasm.

Scene: *The Plains of Afghanistan.*

Time: *Any Convenient Time, Say About Three in the Morning.*

(Enter Beatreechie, R. C., pursued by the Anarchist, D. T. The latter is armed with a red flag and a safety razor.)

Beatreechie: Help, help, so you have come again into my life, John Weston.

Anarchist: Check!

(Exit Beatreechie over the footlights still pursued by the Anarchist.)

## Second Spasm.

Scene: *Cleopatra's Palace on the Nile.*

Time: *Lots Of It.*

(Enter the Misanthrope, closely followed by the Hypochondriac.)

Misanthrope: Hist!

Hypochondriac: Hist!

Misanthrope: Are we alone?

Hypochondriac: No, we are together.

(At this moment their gaze falls upon the spirit of Mark Antony reclining in a niche.)

Hypochondriac: Hist!

Misanthrope: Hist!

(Exit both through the back-drop followed by the niche.)

## ACT TWO.

## First Spasm.

Scene: *Cafe Bayonette in Paris.*

Time: *December 23, 1342.*

(Enter the Capitalist in deep thought.)

Capitalist: Alone at last!

(Alarums and trumpets without. Enter the Bearded Bullshevik talking violently to himself.)

Capitalist: What ho! What dost thou here, varlet?

Whence coms't thy evil figure to disturb me in my solitude?

Bearded Bullshevik: I would a word with thee, fair sir.

Capitalist: What ho! The guard!

(More alarums without, no trumpets. Enter the Old Guard attired in their robes of glory. They seize

the Bearded Bullshevik and tie his hands behind his back. Robbed of his means of speech, the B. B. slowly strangles to death, the Capitalist looking on with a bored air.)

Chorus by the Old Guard; "Fair Harvard."

## Second Spasm.

Scene: *Pretty, isn't it?*

Time: *Very little, if any.*

(Enter Fuzzy-Wuzzy and sixty-three little compatriots.)

Song by Fuzzy-Wuzzy and compatriots: "He loved her, but she moved away."

My life is not worth living,  
 I think I ought to die,  
 Something has just happened to me,  
 That's made me cry and cry.  
 Not long ago I had a girl,  
 And everything was fine  
 Until fate separated us apart,  
 No longer is she mine.

## CHORUS

She was such an innocent girl,  
 Pure as the skies of blue  
 And I did love her oh, so much,  
 Yes I did love her true,  
 But now how sad, all that is o'er,  
 No more can I be gay  
 Because, you see, I loved her,  
 And now she's moved away.

(Exit Fuzzy-Wuzzy and compatriots through premature functioning of a trapdoor, supposed to be used only in the last act.)

## THIRD ACT.

## First Spasm.

Scene: *The Steppes of Siberia.*

Time: *The Morning After.*

(Enter Beatreechie through French window still pursued by the Anarchist.)

Beatreechie: Poor Pauline!

Anarchist: Oh, say, can you see—

(At this moment the Kleptomaniac enters followed by his pet submarine. Seeing the Anarchist raising the safety razor to kill Beatreechie, he snatches it and dashes madly off-stage followed by the despairing cries of the sub.)

Song by the Anarchist: "It's all gone, there ain't no more."

(After finishing this ditty, the Anarchist commits suicide by holding his breath until he chokes to death.)

Beatreechie: Oh, what a man!

(Exit Beatreechie in her gondola.)

(Enter twenty-seven Boston policemen, lockstep. They discover the body and wind around it chanting a dirge.)

Chorus by Boston policemen: "All we do is punch the time-clock."

(Continued on page 20.)

SNATCHES FROM THE CONCERT



INSTRUCTOR CARNIVORUS

Like a red and bloody dragon  
 He sits within his den;  
 Upon his desk a well of ink,  
 And in his hand a pen.

The ink is vivid scarlet  
 Like a pool of bloody gore.  
 He gloats o'er it, and sighs a bit,  
 And wishes for some more.

The pen, a claw, whose blunted point  
 Makes a gruesome crimson stain,  
 He wields awhile with flourishing style,  
 And dips it in again.

A stack of papers pure and white  
 He mutilates with glee.  
 The papers are the lab reports  
 That belong to you and me.



He: "Have you read "Freckles?"  
 She (quickly): "Oh, no, that is only my veil."

First Coed—"Did you know that Jack and Lucille aren't speaking now?"

Second Coed—"No, what happened?"

F. C.—"When Lucille thanked him for saving her life, he replied, 'Oh, that's nothing.'"

Envious Stude—"That fellow is a millionaire."

Cohort in Crime—"Where'd he make his money?"

"Selling Sen Sen and cloves at the Spring Concert."

#### PARA - AMINOTRIPHENYLMETHYLSULPHO-BENZOATE

There was a fellow Sylvester  
 Who started out making an ester.  
 His yield it was great,  
 But sad to relate,  
 It wasn't ester when Sylvester did tester.

A chemist with the name of Green  
 Commenced making nitrobenzene.  
 It boiled nice as you please,  
 'Till two hundred degrees,  
 But since then no Green has been seen.

There once was a student named Morehid  
 Who made some acetyl chlorid.  
 But then like a boob  
 He looked down the tube,  
 And got it all over his forehead.

Son—"What becomes of the stars when the sun comes up?"

Wise Parent—"Most of them go home to bed."

#### GERTIE STEIN'S LATEST EFFUSION.

In there,  
 Well naturally,  
 In there,  
 Well naturally,  
 We had fish and Serbs and pleasure.  
 Well naturally.

To Gertie  
 In there,  
 Well naturally,  
 In there,  
 Well naturally,  
 We had fish and Serbs and pleasure.  
 I?  
 Well hardly.

"...The concert will begin promptly at eight-thirty and will last till nine-thirty. There will be no intermissions in the music. From nine-thirty till ten Loew's ten-piece orchestra will furnish music for dancing. During the intermission in dancing refreshments will be served..."

—Our inspired contemporary, The Tech, in speaking of the Winter Concert.



"I hear Helen has divorced her husband."  
 "Yes. She thought she was marrying a 'Woman's Home Companion,' but she got a 'Cosmopolitan.'"

ADVICE FROM PEGASUS

You may talk of knowing motors,  
 Be they fixed or be they rotors,  
 Or any other type that has been flown.  
 They're all the same in theory—  
 But they're apt to make you leary  
 When you're flying on 'cross-country all alone.

You're able to design them,  
 And even to refine them,  
 As your graduation ticket might denote;  
 But she cuts-out and she stutters,  
 And she misses and she flutters—  
 And, by the Lord! she will no longer "mote."

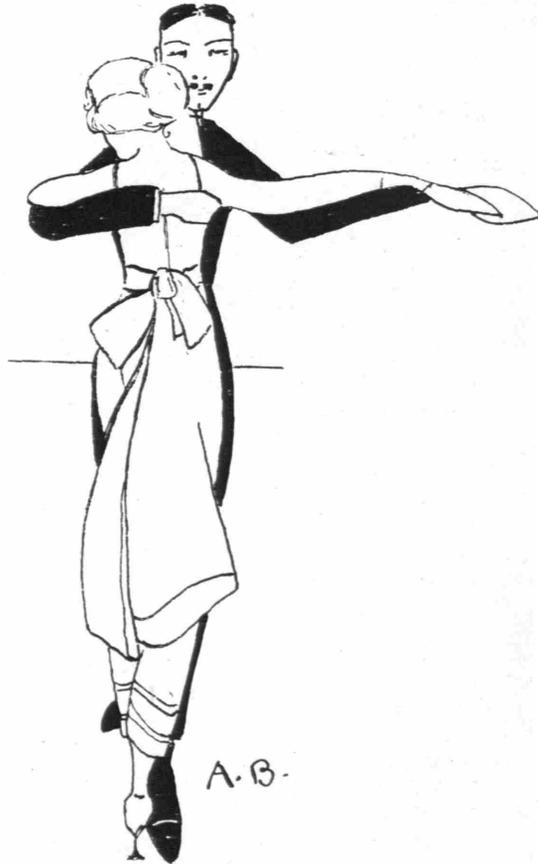
You'll be a little worried,  
 (You're a fool if you get flurried  
 Although your altitude's not what it's been.)  
 There's a landing field beyond  
 But you'll have to cross that pond,  
 So stretch your glide—and don't fall in a spin.

Well, I'm glad you landed safe  
 And you have no cause to chafe—  
 My boy, you had an angel on your wing;  
 Coming down you cut your gun;  
 That's a damn fool trick, old son—  
 Hispano plugs won't stand for such a thing.

If you handle her with care,  
 Why, she'll take you anywhere,  
 If she only gets her water, gas and oil.  
 But if YOU don't treat her right  
 All your theory's so much blight—  
 And you'll get you bunk beneath the Texas soil.

(Note:—We hate to crab any stuff from the  
 Technique Grinds Editor, but this joke has been  
 turned in so often that we are publishing it to satisfy  
 the apparently universal demand. We might add in  
 passing that, having made its annual appearance, it  
 will now be laid away in moth-balls until next year.)  
 Prof. Talbot:—"What is a vacuum?"  
 Stude:—"I have it in my mind, sir, but can't seem  
 to express it."

Busy Editor (to applicant for job)—"Ever read  
 proof?"  
 Applicant (just out of college)—"Yes, sir. That was  
 one of the required books in our course."

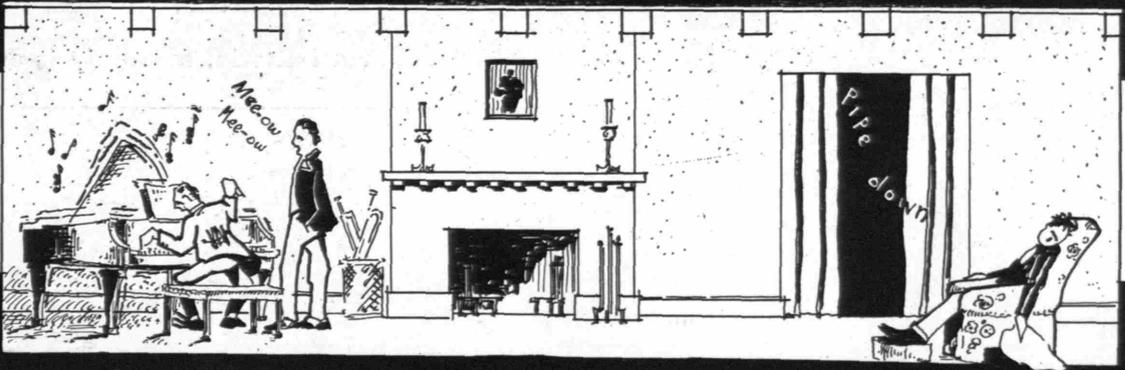
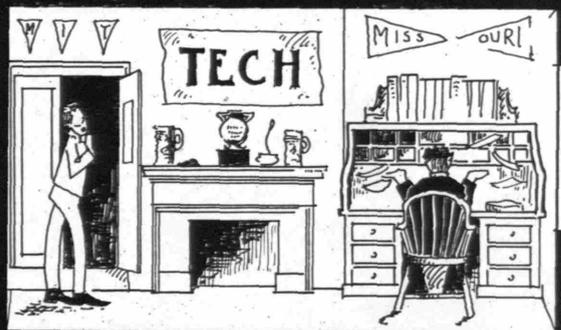
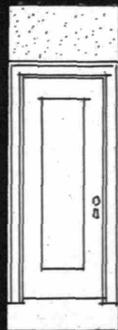
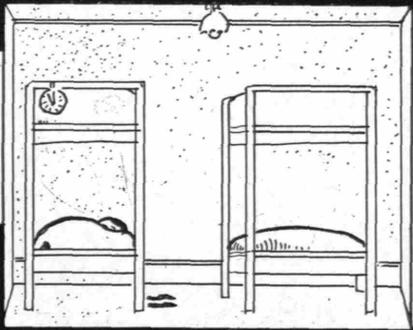
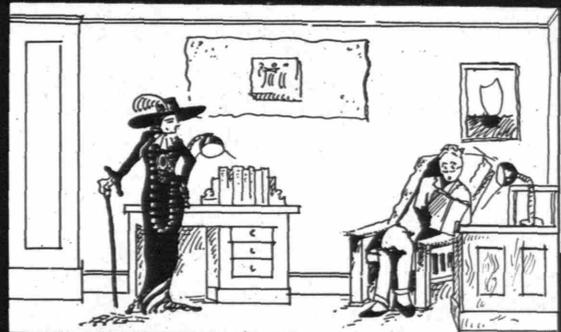
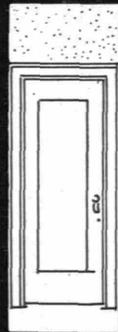
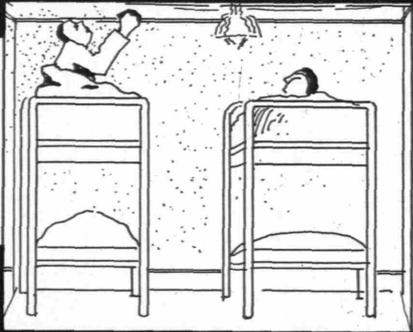
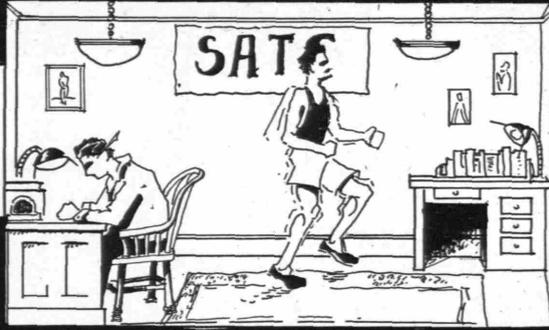


Proud Grad—"Yes, I got my M. E. degree at Tech.  
 I specialized in bridge work."  
 Sweet Sixteen—"I didn't know you were a dentist."

When a man butts in, somebody is apt to get  
 his goat.

INTEREST VARIES INVERSELY AS THE SQUARE OF THE DISTANCE.



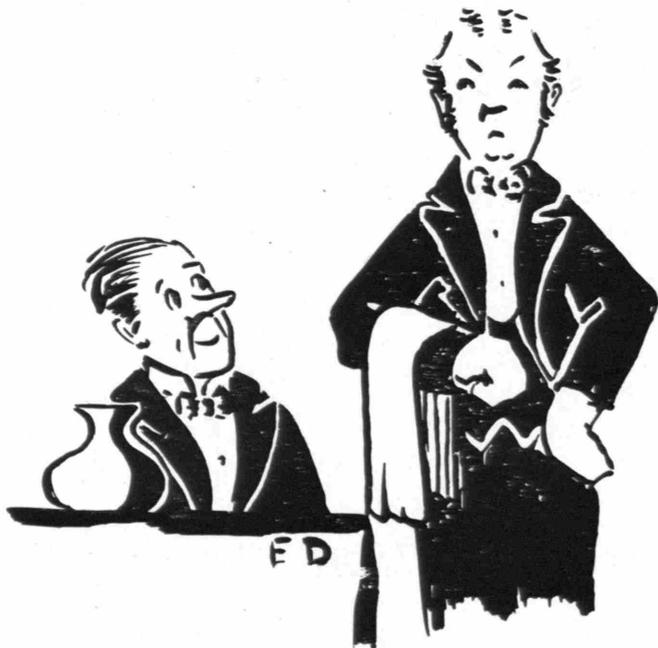


Mee-ow  
Mee-ow  
Mee-ow

TECH LIFE AS SHE IS LIVED.

I may not be a poet,  
 I may write lots of bunk,  
 I may not have a choice of words,  
 My stuff may all be junk.

But of one thing I am certain,  
 It can't be so much worse,  
 Than what they serve in English  
 In the form of "Browning's Verse?"



Waiter: "Will you have a fifteen-cent cigar, sir?"  
 Guest (at New York hotel): "Yes, if it doesn't cost more than a quarter."

Some people have nerve enough to try to cash a hat-check.

WHY SPEAK OF LOVE?

After the long day's labor,  
 When the toil and the moil is done,  
 When I slave no more  
 'Midst the din and the roar  
 Of the place where the engines run;  
 The passionate soul of the Steinway yearns  
 To take me away from the sham;  
 And oh! how I'd love to give heed to its call,  
 But there's just one thing that prevents it all,  
 For I can't play worth a damn.

"Your past is like an open book?"  
 "Yeh" — a regular Martin M. Lomasney affirmation.  
 "Only it's written in the deaf and dumb language."



Proud Freshman (Pointing to Rogers Building)—  
 "This building goes back to the first president of the Institute."  
 Doting Mama—"Wasn't it satisfactory?"

The millenium—when a friend pulls out a box of his own as you are about to offer him your last cigarette.

GOOD!

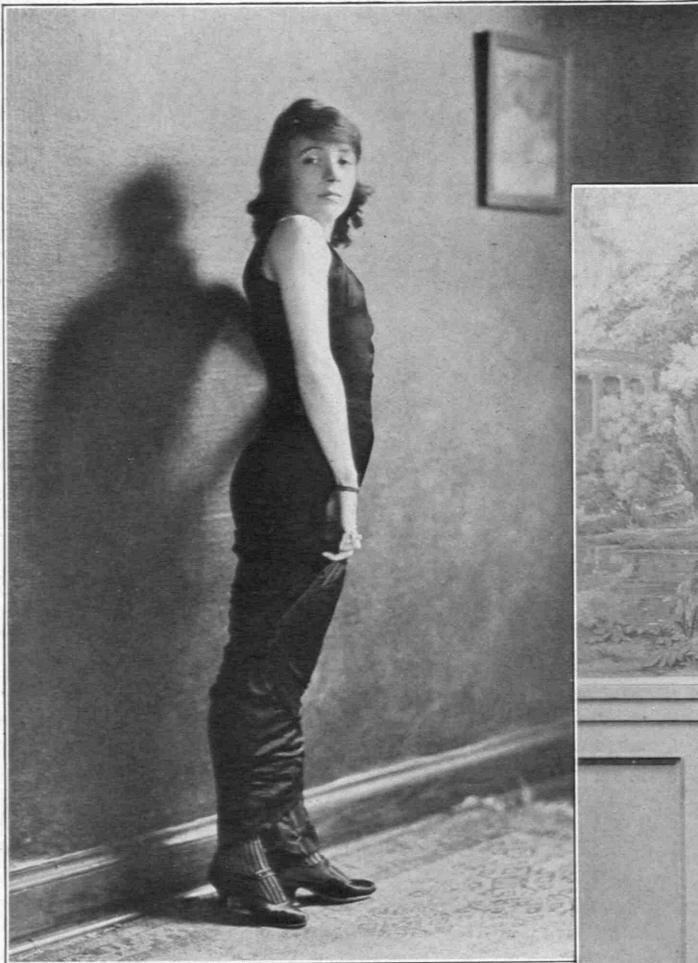
The boy stood on the burning deck  
 The flames were ev'rywhere,  
 But what else could he do but stand,  
 He did not have a chair.

Woodman, woodman, spare that tree,  
 Fireman save my child,  
 The boy stood on the burning deck,  
 And the multitude went wild.

After a careful perusal of the registration figures at Technology, showing an entering class numbering approximately 700, I rise to remark that the w. k. saying that there's one born every minute, is a bit exaggerated. About two a day would be a closer estimate.



"Beware of those suicide blondes."  
 "Whad'ye mean, suicide blondes?"  
 "One of those dyed by her own hand."



*On your left may be seen Lenora Novasio who sings, dances and vamps. How would you like to be her victim?*



*Above we have Beth Lydy. As usual, she takes the leading role with great success.*

*And now on your left are eighteen of the reasons for not staying at home. If you don't believe it, count 'em. Oh, yes, we can count. Try again.*

**WE HAVE WITH US**  
*Some Reasons For Not Spending A Quiet Evening By The Fire.*

## WHAT'S GOING ON?

Once upon a time—good old fairy tale beginning—now, you'll expect to hear about Fred Stone, Helen Falconer, the Six Brown Brothers, and all the rest in "Jack O' Lantern." But you've all seen it at least once, we've seen it four times and we "ain't got weary yet," so there's nothing further to be said about it, except—if you haven't seen it,—go to it. No, this is no fairy tale, and it didn't happen so long ago, either. We were engaged in one of those frivo-serious conversations with a sweet young thing of our acquaintance and, in the course of the conversation, she described herself as a mollusc. What would you do under the circumstances? We looked as intelligent as possible and agreed, but hurriedly turned the conversation into less zoölogical channels. First chance we had we looked up the blooming thing in the dictionary. To our further bewilderment we found "Mollusc, *n.* Animal belonging to the Mollusca, sub-kingdom of soft-bodied and usually hard-shelled animals." Not such a lot of help, these dictionaries, after all. Then along came George Arliss and made it all clear and lucid. A mollusc is—well, a mollusc is—is—a mollusc. If you don't believe it, go and see the play.

Aside from learning a lot of more or less worthwhile information regarding zoölogy and human nature, you'll see a good play and spend a very pleasant evening. George Arliss at his best is always well worth seeing and hearing. In "The Mollusc"



George Arliss in "The Mollusc."

he is at his best and the supporting cast is equally good. No, we won't tell you what it is all about. Of course there's a heroine, or a leading lady, which ever you prefer, and a couple of other characters. The latter are not nearly as incidental as they sound. We just put them that way, because for us, George Arliss was the beginning and end of the performance. Maybe you'll think otherwise when you see it. But don't forget to see it. Then we mustn't neglect the other half of the double bill, "A Well-Remembered Voice" by Barrie. Barrie has been lauded by so many more eloquent tongues than ours that we will remain silent on the merits of the piece. It is quite up to his usual style and admirably staged and acted.



The Dolly Sisters in "Oh, Look."

If you want to see something lighter and musical, there are some excellent reasons on the opposite page for seeing "The Rainbow Girl." This play has been in Boston before, but you'd hardly know it for the same thing. Its been touched up, worked over, all the rough spots smoothed down, and the low spots filled up. But Beth Lydy is the same old Beth, which is comment enough. And the Dolly Sisters are in again. Music and dancing n' everythin' in "Oh, Look!" Pay your money and take your choice. Only if you don't like it, don't blame us. Maybe your views don't happen to coincide with ours.

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(Continued from page 12)

Second Spasm.

Scene: *The Pass of Thermopylae.*

Time: *The Night Before.*

(Enter a chorus of eight Chicago scrub-women singing the "Siren's Song.")

(Enter the marble stairs. Enter Archimedes, trippingly, down the marble stairs clad in a bathtub. The eight scrub-women promptly faint away in a corner of the pass, leaving the song suspended on a convenient clothesline.)

Archimedes: Eureka! Eureka!

(Exit Archimedes and the bathtub over a near-by mountain. The scrub-women revive, remove the song

from the line and finish it.)

Third Spasm.

Scene: *Certainly.*

Time: *Midnight.*

(Enter Fuzzy-wuzzy and Blanchette.)

Fuzzy-Wuzzy: I love you.

Blanchette: My, what a funny valentine!

Fuzzy-Wuzzy: I love you!

(He kisses her)

I love you!!

(He kisses her)

I love you!!!

(He kisses her and then she dies.)

FINIS.



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Husband (who has just made a big success in business): Well, Mary, now we can have an automobile, and you can have some decent clothes.

Mary: Oh, Henry, why can't I dress like other women? —*Record.*

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY

When first he came to see her  
He showed a timid heart,  
And when the lights were low  
They sat this far apart.

But when this love grew warmer  
And they learned the joy of a kiss,  
They knocked out all the spaces  
ANDSATUPCLOSELIKETHIS. —*Record.*

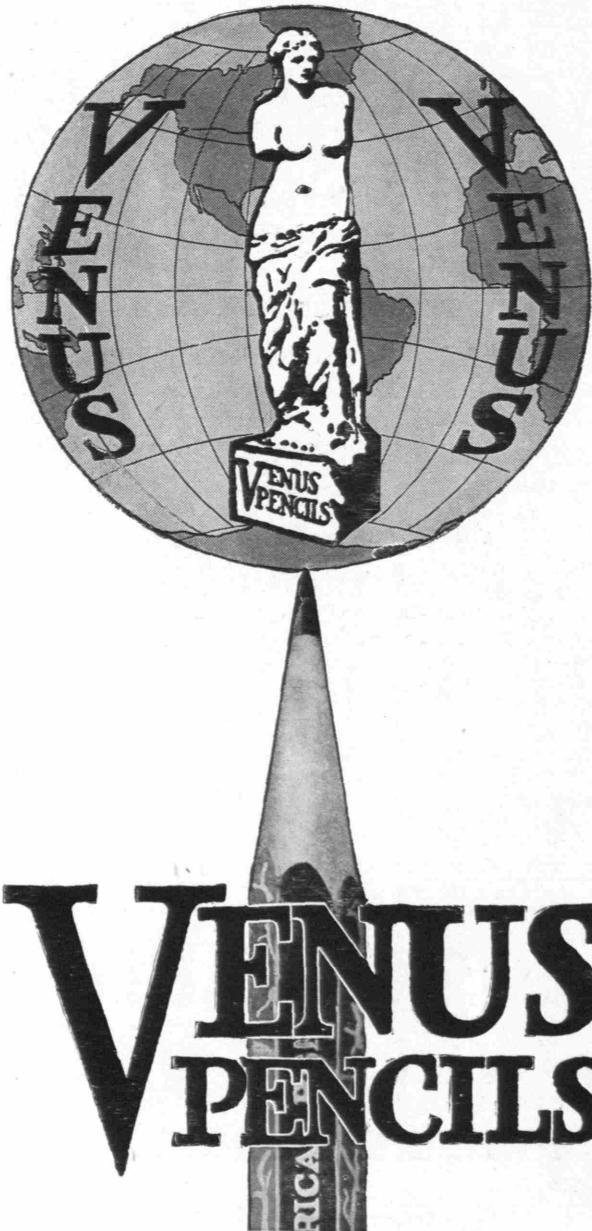
Ouch!—Ella—Haven't I seen you in that gown before?

Bella—I think not! I've worn it only at fashionable affairs! —*Cartoons.*

A HIGH FLYER.

Marie—Have you met the ace from Seattle?  
Henri—The ace?

Marie—Yes, she brought down five machines with her. —*Stanford Chaparral.*



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For clean fine lines  
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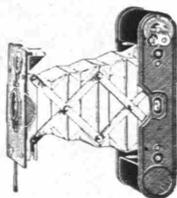
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57-61 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

Louis: Turn your face this way.

Louise: You'll kiss me if I do.

Louis: No, I won't.

Louise: Then what's the use?

—Punch Bowl.

Joys of Movie Acting—"Now in this scene you hug those bathing girls on the beach. Naturally, their escort punches you."

"But those are genuine bathing girls. They are not employed by any movie concern."

"Precisely. And so, when their escort punches you, we ought to get some very realistic effects."

—Kansas City Journal.

### HARDLY THE THING.

"Bridget, make some noodle soup for lunch."

"How do you make it?"

"Don't you know how to make noodle soup? Use your head."

—Judge.

Sympathetic Parson: Oh! Wounded in the leg?  
Satiric Sammie: Naw! In the head! The bandage slipped down.

—Jester.

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                  { 2936 }

Futile Idealism—Two political candidates were discussing a coming local election.

"What did the audience say when you told them you had never paid a dollar for a vote?" queried one.

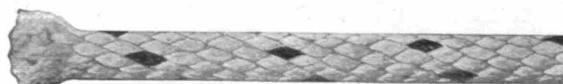
"A few cheered, but the majority seemed to lose interest," returned the other.—*Truth Seeker.*

"Pardon me," he said, "I bought this shirt here yesterday. However, I don't like it and I wondered if I could change it at this counter?"

"Oh, dear no!" she answered, "You'd better go in a private room."

—*Record.*

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The Faculty and upper classmen will recognize workmen whom they visited when Tech was in Boston.

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Clerk—I really cannot read this letter, sir; the writing is so bad.

Boss (impatiently)—Nonsense! The writing is good enough—any ass could read it. Hand it to me!  
—*Awgwan.*

1st Roommate (reading Bacon): The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a crossness or forwardness, or aptness to oppose or difficilness, or——”

2nd Ditto: Why don't you get a trot?

—*Record.*

Co-Edna—I got a letter from Frank—the hateful old thing; he's in Florida.

Co-Edith—What makes you think he's so hateful?

Co-Edna—He says he shot a seven-foot alligator, and as soon as he shoots another like it he'll have a pair of slippers made for me.

—*Punch Bowl.*

### SHE FELL FOR THE WINGS.

Young lady to Colonel—Oh! I see you are an aviator, lieutenant.

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

It was a hot sultry day. Not a breath of air was stirring. Suddenly there was a movement in the forest. It seemed that the edge of the forest was moving straight forward from its former boundary. Another look—it was not the black outline of the forest, but a black line of humanity that was moving. A great closely packed mob of native women and warriors in their fierce war paints.

It was to be a jubilee day on that small island in the South Pacific. A white man, washed ashore from a wreck, was to furnish the amusement. There he was walking in the midst of the bloodthirsty cannibals unafraid. He gazed out upon the calm blue waters of the Pacific Ocean and then back to the crowd of shouting black men and muttered to himself with a grin, "Pacific!"

Slowly they approached the spot where he was to meet his death and yet as he looked at the boiling sulphur spring and realized that if his last card failed him he would be made to walk down into the gradually deepening waters until they met over his head, he seemed unworried. He still had confidence in his last card.

The natives stopped and the chief of the tribe stepped forward to start him down between the lane of warriors into the boiling inferno.

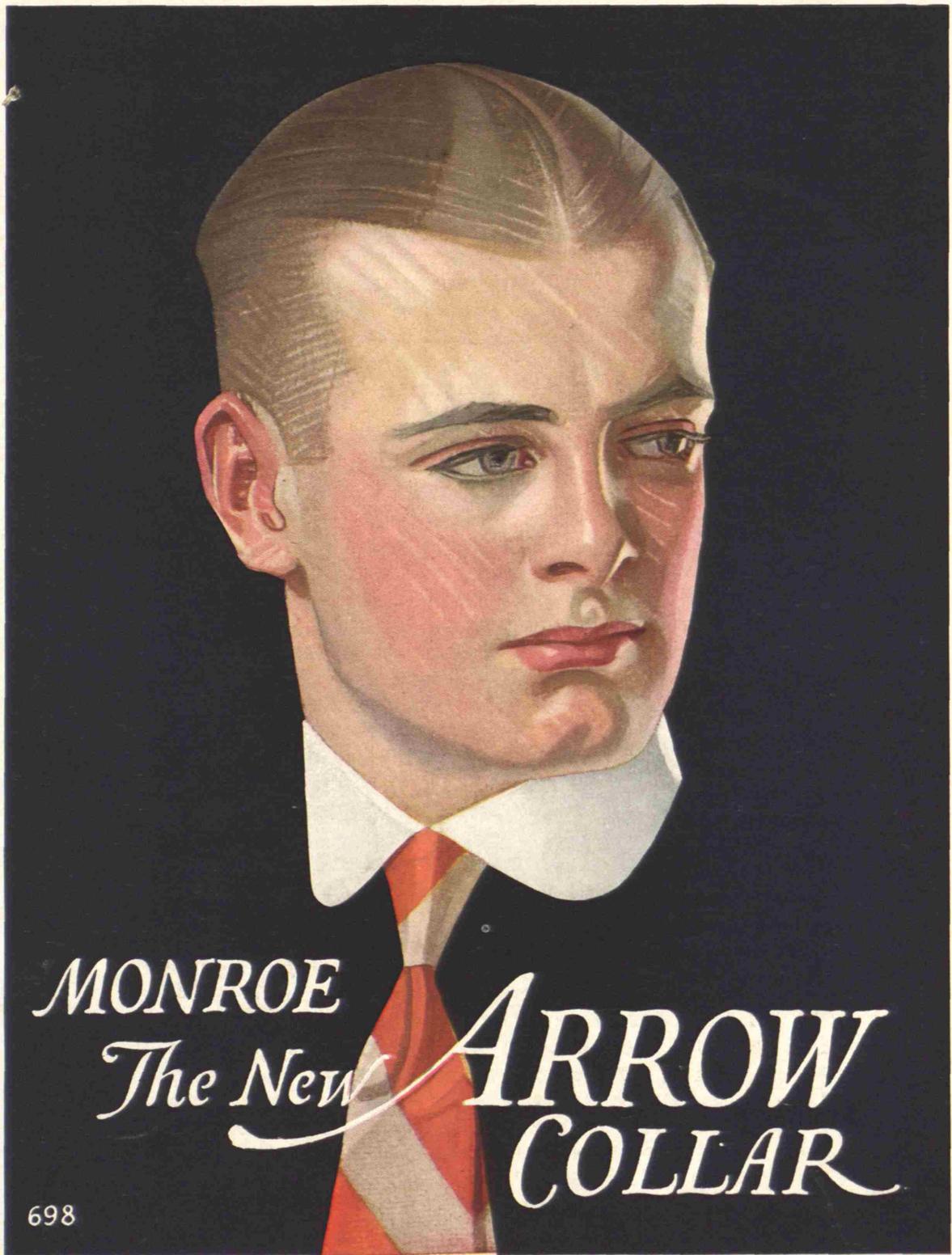
Suddenly the man pulled from under his blouse a thin rectangular object and presented it to the astonished chief. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. After a hurried look at the object the chief grabbed the prisoner by the arm and started leading him back to the village.

Great was their dismay when the chief shouted over his shoulder to them, "Nibius quilliem Sum," which is to say, "No killing to-day."

The crowd followed the chief and his new friend back to the village at a safe distance and later were to be found peeping through his windows.

The mystery was too great for them. On looking through the windows they beheld their ferocious chief rolling on the floor weeping with laughter. Clutched in one hand was the rectangular shaped object that had saved the white man's life. On it they saw the one word *Voodoo*.

The moral of this little tale is, don't buy *Voodoo* and you will surely be a "dead one."



MONROE

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