

WOODOO



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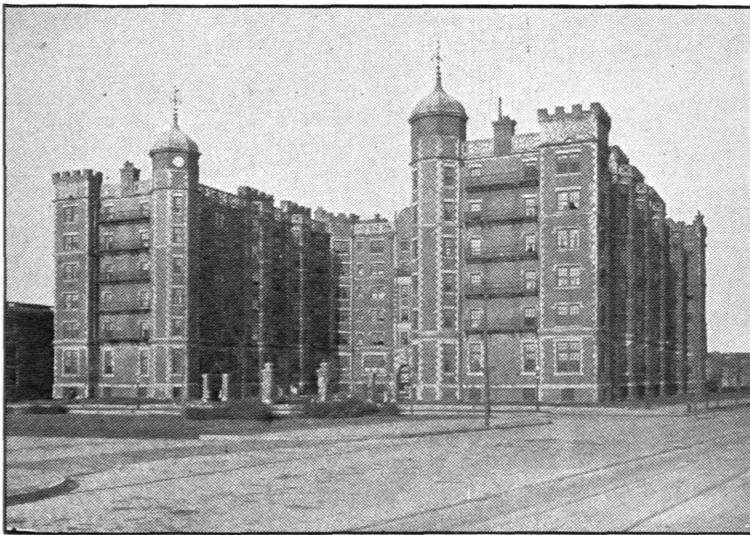
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She:—"Have you ever talked this way to any other girl?"
He:—"No, love; I'm at my best to-night."

—Punch Bowl

"She told me I couldn't kiss her any more."
"What did you say to that?"
"I said I didn't want any more of her lip."

—Purple Cow

Play Home, Sweet Home !

"Do you like to dance in this dark corner?"
"No; let's stop dancing."

—Jester

Spic:—"My fiancé insists that I obtain her a huge bouquet for the dance to-night. Is it being done?"

Span:—"No, you are."

—Tiger

She:—"Are you a Senior?"

He:—"No, I'm a Freshman too."

—Record

Too Funny For Words !

Ella:—"Jack's new moustache makes me laugh."

Della:—"Yes, it tickles me, too !"

—Drexer

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"His education is still in its infancy."

"Why?"

"Oh, it rests on a crib!"

—Record

"Accept my love!" the Freshman cried,

"Accept and marry me!

Like a fragile vine,

You need to twine

For support 'round a stalwart tree!"

"It cannot be," the maiden said.

"Though you are like a tree I've seen,

Oh, there's one, look!"

The Freshman shook,

It was an Evergreen.

—Burr

Ernest:—"Have you ever been kissed?"

Irene:—"Hardly."

Ernest:—"That wasn't what I asked you."

—Show Me

'Twas Bestus

There was a stage star named Celestus:

When she danced the applause was tempestuous;

She whirled and she tripped

'Til her shoulder-straps slipped —

And they had to ring down the asbestos.

—Lord Jeff



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She (sentimentally):—"Tom, why did you fall for me?"

He:—"Your line was just low enough to trip me!"

—Record

First College Widow:—"Have you the latest "Snappy Stories," Alice?"

Second College Widow:—"Let's see, have you heard the one about the traveling salesman?"

—Virginia Reel

He:—"Reggie would be a crackajack if he only knew what to do with his arms after making such a good start."

She:—"I've often thought of that."

—Record

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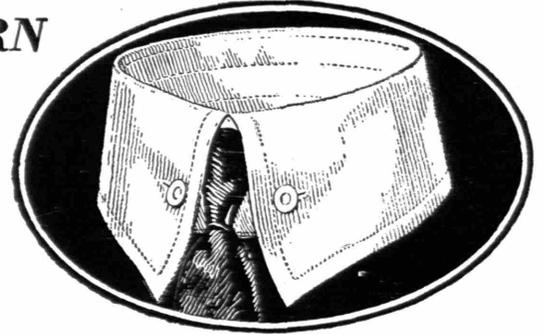
And they asked us how we did it,
And we gave 'em the Scripture text,
"You keep your light so shining
A little in front o' the next!"
They copied all they could follow,
But they couldn't copy our mind,
And we left 'em sweating and stealing,
A year and a half behind.

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Chocolates

The Chocolates that are Different



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Don't You Dare

"If you kiss me again, I'll call father."

"Where's father?"

"Down-town, and won't be home till midnight."

—Tiger

He:—"What did you think of the Turkish atrocities?"

He-he:—"I don't know; I never smoked them."

—Punch Bowl

She:—"I like your cigarette holder."

He:—"Why, I never use one."

She:—"Don't be so dense."

—Purple Cow

Failing

First Stude:—"What's the matter with the Dean's eyes?"

Second Stude:—"They're all right as far as I know. Why?"

First Stude:—"Well, I had to go and see him in his office yesterday afternoon, and he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

—Jester

Grad:—"Where can I put this suitcase?"

'21:—"I'm sorry old man, but the ice box is full."

—Frivol

Mother (viewing daughter's new dress):—"It's all right, but the waist doesn't match the skirt very well in back."

Daughter:—"That isn't the waist, mother; that's me."

—Drexerd

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Voodoo

The Clown's Lament

Mine is a comic muse, but in my eye
Deep lies a gleaming hint of secret sorrow;
A weary, wistful, inarticulate cry
Against tomorrow.

Light though my poesy, and gay in tone,
My smile, for all of that, is ever tragic.
I cannot cure my sorrows, as I cure your own
By seeming magic.

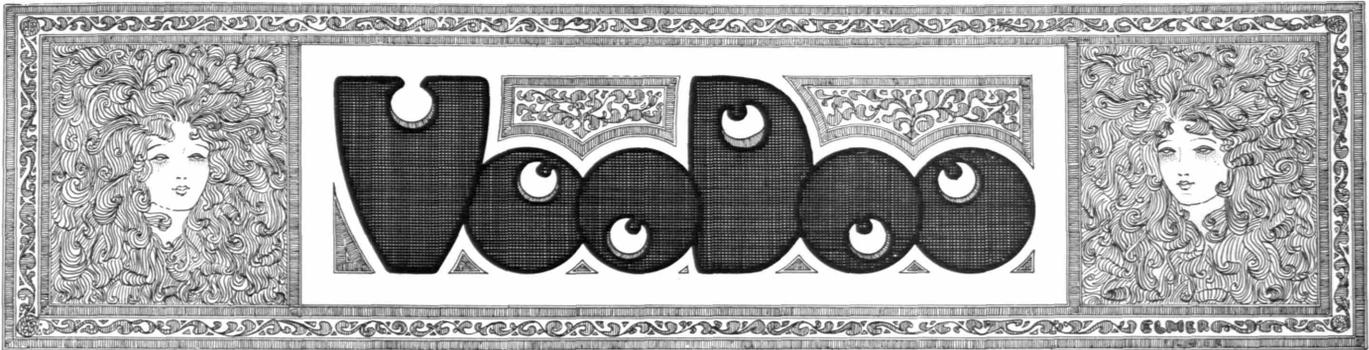
Oft is the jester such an one as this;
He stirs your lazy wits, provoking laughter;
But you who laugh, by laughing, see not, swiftly, his
Tears follow after.

Thus it with me, and do you ask me why
My smile, though constant, is so far from sunny?
'Twere never thus, gosh darn it, if you thought that I
Were really funny!



-KANE-

She has so little on they say
She needs reforming right away.
But it's plain to see
As you'll agree
That form will do most any day.



The Bandarillero

In sunny Spain and Mexico they have Bull Rings where people go on quiet Sunday matinée to see the bulls and fighters play. It is a scene of fray and gore: the darting, dodging Matadore, the bellow of the maddened beast which doesn't half enjoy the feast, and uses humans for a pillow. And there must be a Bandarillero who, brave of heart and courage full, pins darts and ribbons on the Bull.

Now in this land of law and culture where legislation, like a vulture, watches over recreation, ensuring moral elevation, we cannot see this playful fête where bulls and men conglomerate. But though we do not have these chances, we *can* see some apertinances of the game. In any session where, to well discuss a lesson just assigned and to be done without the help of anyone, a group of students congregates, it often happens when debates are done, and logical conclusion is well established by collusion, there will be one garrulous fellow who plays the part of Bandarillero, who, summing up results in full, just pins the ribbon on the Bull.

*And so, dear friends, there's this to learn:
Do not for foreign settings yearn;
We all may gain a helpful lesson
From each American Bull Session.*

Try This On Your Phonograph

We catch'em, we kiss'em, we bake'em,
We love'em, we hate'em, we make'em
But we cannot resist
Any girl that's been kissed
If she has learned how to take 'em

We seek'em, we solve'em, we sink'em,
We teach'em, we fool'em, we think'em
Oh, so very nice,—
But take our advice
Beware of the preacher who'll link 'em.

Can You Imagine

"Davy Dewey, if you pull my hair again I'll tell your mother."

"Now, Charlie Spofford, aren't you ashamed — do you want to tip this canoe over?"

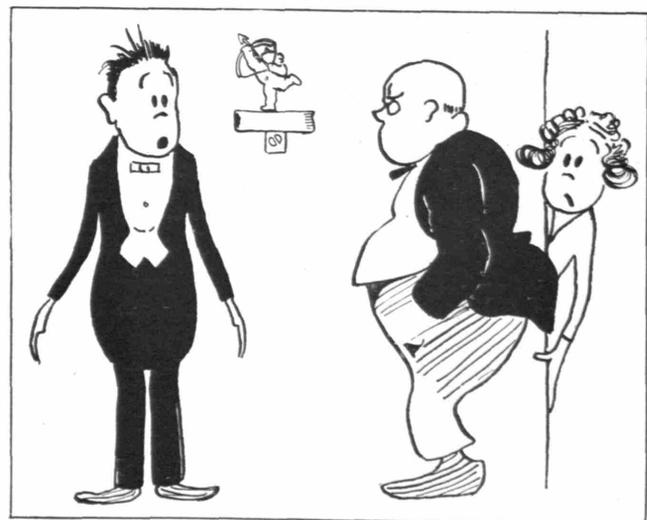
"You know me, Al. Gimme cobs Burt, like a good guy."

"Edward Miller. A black eye!"

"Aw gee, ma, I couldn't help it, could I? Aw gee, don't. I won't do it again. Honest."

"Come on Dinty, whoop 'er up a bit. Another little shot'll never do us any harm."

"Horace, wash your ears!"



"But my love for your daughter is like a madly rushing mountain stream . . ."
"Oh, dam it!"



"Music hath charms."
"Gimme a knock-down, will you?"



Faith of Men

(With Apologies to Jack London)

Jack D'Arcy was a bachelor. He was also in love. There's a combination for you. Only a Minister could tie that. How did he know he was in love? Well, what a thing to ask. Consider — how does anybody know they're in love? That's it, now behave.

Well, to thicken the plot a bit, Jack was in love with two women. Now, on the face of it, that's more than one man's job, and Jack was beginning to realize he was only, in fact not quite, one man.

So late one afternoon, as he assumed the favorite posture of the conventional bachelor, namely in his study, before the open fire, with hands clasped behind him, and absorbed in thought, he soliloquized thus: "Young fellow, it's high time you decided. But how are you going about it?"

Suddenly he had an idea. Funny thing how an idea will hit a man. Doesn't hurt a bit once in a while. You can just be sitting down, lazylike when, like a bolt from the blue, or something like that, you'll catch yourself thinking of — But I'm telling you a story.

Well, Jack had an idea and he acted on it. He called up his two best pals and to one, whose name was Clarence and who sang bass, he said, "Old man, will you take Charlotte to the Country Club dance to-morrow evening," and Clarence said, "Well, I should hope to smoke I will."

To the other who wielded a mean hand in Bridge, if the cards were not glazed, "because glazed cards hurt his eyes," and whose name was Eugene, he said the same thing only he substituted "Betty" for "Charlotte."

Now, if you're clever you'll have guessed that Charlotte and Betty are the two females blessed by Jack's attentions. And like the blasé bachelor he was, he had decided to look the girls over from the point of view of the innocent bystander.

Ho-Hum. Well, let's get on. The next evening he jumped into his rakish Stutz and shoved off for the Country Club.

As he entered the ballroom the orchestra was playing a number indelibly written on Jack's cerebellum.

Charlotte was ravishing. Betty? She was er-er. Oh, she was, that's all. Jack gazed from one to the other enraptured, unable to make up his mind either way, now on the fence, then on this side, then on that.

The toddle-bout wore on to its clothes, pardon me, close. He danced with each, he talked with each, he had watched each until his brain was in a whirl. And now as he drove home, he was more at sea than ever.

He entered his study, still thinking. The fire in the grate sent a warm cheery glow over the luxuriously appointed room. He found amongst other correspondence, two telegrams. He opened one and it read, "Married Charlotte two hours ago. Congratulate me" — Clarence. The other said just about the same thing only the names involved were Betty and Eugene.

Ho - Hi - Hum.

Tom:—"What's the difference between betting and bluffing?"

Jack:—"A good deal."



One:—"Why did Bill go to all the Junior Week festivities?"
 Two:—"Because he's chicken-hearted, I s'pose."

Professor:—"Can you tell the class the name of the belt north of the equator?"

'24:—"Can't, sir."

Professor:—"Correct."

Stude:—"Goin' back to the 'stute to work this term?"

Junior Week Wreck:—"Nope, goin' back to rest up."

Fussy Old Lady:—"I want two good seats for this afternoon in the coolest part of the house."

Ticket Agent:—"All right, madam, here are two in Z row."

Jim:—"I'm getting quite popular with the faculty."

Jam:—"S'at so?"

Jim:—"Yep, the drawing prof invited me to his office twice last week."



(After the embarrassing silence that follows Father's unexpected call.)

BILLY:—"It looks like rain . . ."

FATHER:—"Yes, young man . . . , but it tastes like gin!"

How To Make a Tech Activity

1. Page Wellesley, Sargents, Simmons, but not Radcliffe for the best looking, most affectionate girl you can find.
2. Train her so that she'll follow you anywhere.
3. Pick out the desired activity and sign your name in capital letters for competition.
4. Don't do any work because if you do they'll think you easy and you'll have to do it all.
5. Hang around the office for a few minutes each day, assiduously cultivating the acquaintance of the "Powers that Be."
6. One day, when all the chief blowers are congregated in a bull session, drag around the fair damsel to show her the office, but by no means introduce her to anybody.
7. Next day tell those begging for an introduction that you'll think about it and let them know as soon as the competition is over.
8. Sleep until the day after elections, then move your excess pencils into your new desk and dictate a few letters to your new stenog.
9. Wait for some freshman to pull the same stunt on you next year.

The big responsibilities of marriage are the little ones.

The Architects' Number

We hate to get in a furor over anything but this Architects' number has got us going. For why, we ask, should an architect have a number? In search of the answer to this puzzling enigma we have investigated all of the well-established numerals used by the most conservative of Mathematics Profs and find that although there are quite a number of them which Phosphorus may print without being severely censored by those who understand, none seem to have a genealogy at all traceable to an architect or architecture.

In the course of our study we had almost decided upon 3.1416 as the proper solution to the problem when our old friend phosphorus, in a raucous mood wrapped his tail deftly around our left ear and whispered therein that possibly four would be a better choice since "for" and "fore" and "Four" may be taken to mean most anything and so long as it could mean anything people could take it to mean what they wanted it to mean and would thereby give us a lot of credit for being so clever. After pondering on this for some four hours it suddenly dawned on me that most anything else could mean most anything also, say seven or twenty-three or some of those that everybody makes jokes about and anyway, either three or seven is a safe staid number beyond the pale of nosey critics.

Thus filled with thoughts of numerics of all sorts we came to the conclusion that we would settle it the way the faculty settles all vote tens (might use ten at that). So we flipped a coin and it said 1912 so 1912 it is and if any Architect thinks that this is an injustice to his trade or art or whatever it is let him come around and suggest a better one.

Sally doesn't tell me I'm the
Cleverest man in the world.
Neither does she look at me
With that
"Get-away-closer" expression
In her eyes.
Sally has a brain.
She doesn't paint her face up
Like a Siberian Sunset.
She doesn't wear outrageous clothes.
Sally's a darn nice girl . . .

I took Claire to Junior Week.



Annette

Helen is neat,
 And Cora is sweet,
 And Clarice is a piece of all right.
 Peggy is pretty,
 And Betty is witty,
But Annette can forget overnight.

The Tail of a Lamb

Bold Lycidas would stroll a day
 Among the lambs that gayly play
 At hide and seek within the growth
 Of fern and hedge, and oft' was loath
 To trace his heavy step. Anon
 The sword enhanced and danced upon
 By such a blithesome bit of life
 Would represent his world of strife
 And jealousy. This one more fleet
 Would run and then exultant bleat
 A challenge to his plodding foe.
 Then down the slope they both would go
 Until exhausted by the run
 They lost their enmity in fun.
 Another, vain, too proud to flee
 Would toss his points most haughtily
 Until a less decorous mate
 Would butt him back to humble state.
 Then out upon the field so fair
 A great commotion filled the air.
 A lamb came bleating back to fold
 And sadly his adventure told.
 "Alas," said Lycidas, "Alas!
 So blithesome! Now so humble! He
 Just sat upon a bumble bee. Alas!"

Too Much for Her

An elderly lady of very prim and severe aspect was seated next a young couple who were discussing the merits of their motor cars. She began to "listen in" to the talk at the point where the young man asked of the girl: "What color is your body?"

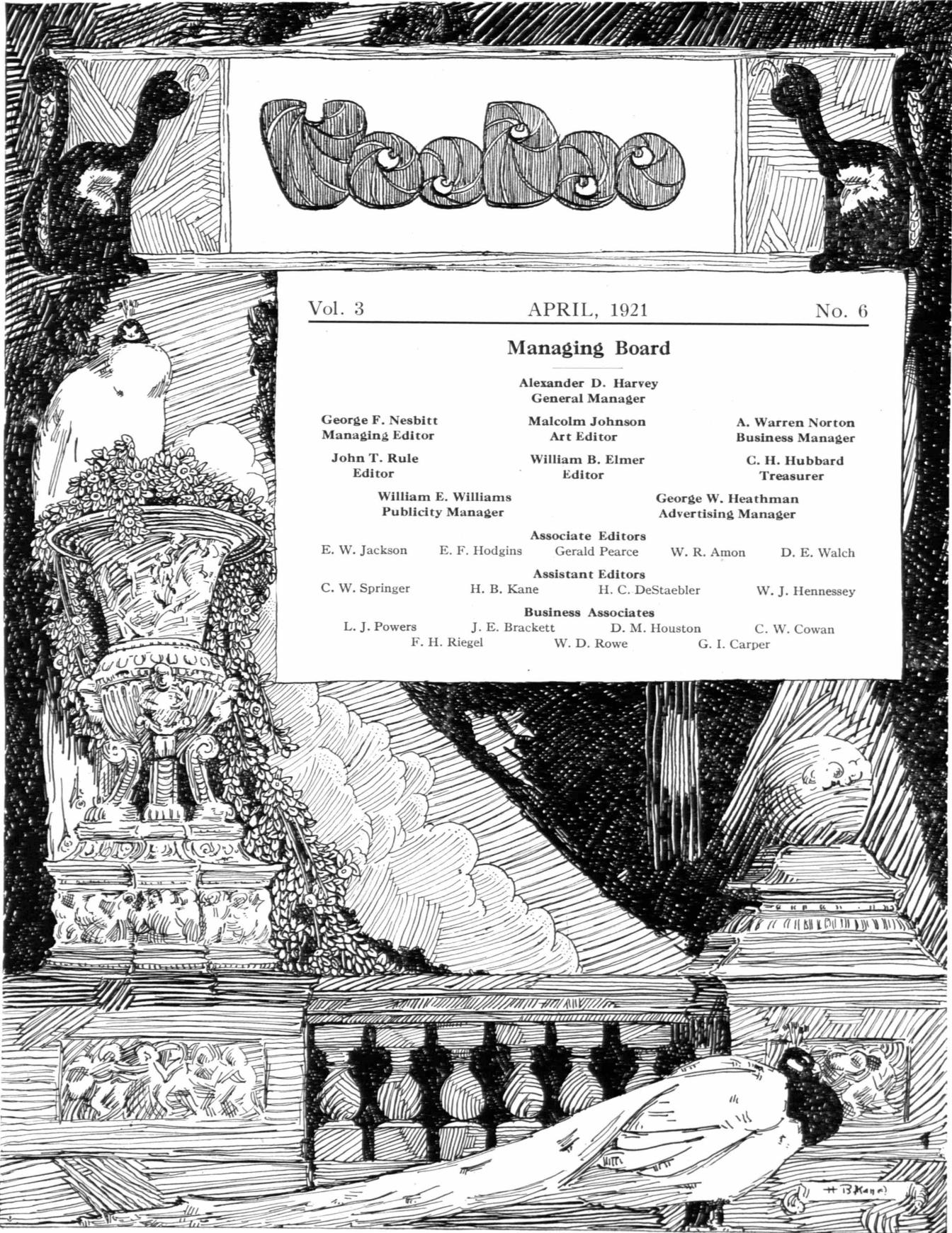
"Oh, mine is pink. What is yours?"

"Mine," replied the man, "is brown with wide yellow stripes."

Isn't nature wonderful? She gives us all faces, but we can pick our own teeth.



When you've paid your check at the Plaza
 And subways have ceased to run,
 And your girl lives out in Arlington Heights,
 Gee . . . Ain't there no justice?



Walden

Vol. 3

APRIL, 1921

No. 6

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BY this number, Phosphorus dedicates himself to the Architects. They are a royal good crew, these Bohemians out of Rogers, for all their tendencies towards unbuckled galoshes, and hirsute golf stockings. Theirs is a liberality of spirit, and a grace of manner not always so frequently observed this side of the Charles. Slide rules are for them, as for us — yes, and Entropy Tables, but neither of these instruments can wholly dull their appreciation for finer things. It is well. Too often here, the grim pursuit of knowledge to be gleaned from texts, blinds the student to the fact that he lives in a world where other things count for something, too. Art and Science meet, and complement each other, at too few places in this institution, but that they do at one place, let us give thanks. Our embryo Architects show glimmers of the result, and Phosphorus looks forward to the day when plans fulfill themselves, and the Architects will cross the Charles to join us, their brothers, and, mingling with us, bring to our entropied midst some of that exotic quality, which among other things, heaven knows we need.



“**I**N the Spring a young man’s fancy——.” How many times every day we see this thought applied as the month of April begins to rain. And what conventions crop out again and are once more brought into play to curb these fancies, or at least make them acceptable to society. Every year and all the year it is the same story. One must not do this, and one must not do that. Why not? Because this artificial being, convention, rules that these things are not to be done. Are our modern morals and practices such as place us in a position superior to people of former days? Ancient Rome and Greece had no such codes of right and wrong. Are we better than they? Very probably we are not, when it comes to a question of what the world calls culture and refinement. It seems at times as though our social structure is being shaken, not by the trend of a young man’s fancy, but by the superficial, laissez-faire method of sanctioning our modern customs.

Ethics have grown to be not the product of reason, but the outgrowth of a longstanding system which few dare to even question. Take for example the attitude of the modern matron. A young man seen by her indulging in a quiet, tho perhaps not exactly Platonic, tête-à-tête in her conservatory is henceforth an outcast from her select circle,—sometimes. And yet there are many things obviously more reprehensible which she smiles serenely on because they are conventional. The tête-à-tête is frowned on because it is crude and natural. Yet the same two persons may go to dinner together, and engage in and enjoy the crudest and most natural of all practices, the satisfying of the sensuous appetites through the absorbing of food and drink. We do not wish to condemn eating, or much less drinking, but the basis of sanctioning is obviously unreasoning and absurd. When authorities for approving or censuring are given, which is seldom, they fall through from a point of logic when the lightest tests are made. We are not frank. We do not think. Most of our social sovereigns are apparently either incapable of thought, or shudder at the suggestion that convention be tempered with intelligence. The present furore about the modern dance is not in itself a crisis, but merely a suggestion that something is wrong somewhere. Our senses of values are wrong, and our decisions are too often based on the absurd and too seldom on the wise.

It is not our idea to offer a solution for this situation, for no cure-all will do. We wish rather to present the question. If the solution cannot be found among college students, it is probable that the question will remain open.



"I once knew a man who stayed home with his wife every night for thirty years."
 "Ah, that was true love!"
 "No, that was paralysis."

The Brown Blues

There seems to be
 A lot of drivell
 About the women
 Going to where business has been
 For the last six months.
 There was an especial
 Lot of talk at Brown
 About low morals
 And what not—
 Corsetless girls
 And potent garters
 At and after
 Dances.
 But I can't seem to notice
 That either the boys
 Or the girls
 Of this generation
 Are so bad.
 But all the same
 In case I'm mistaken
 Next week end
 I'd like to be invited
 To Providence.

Spring Has Come

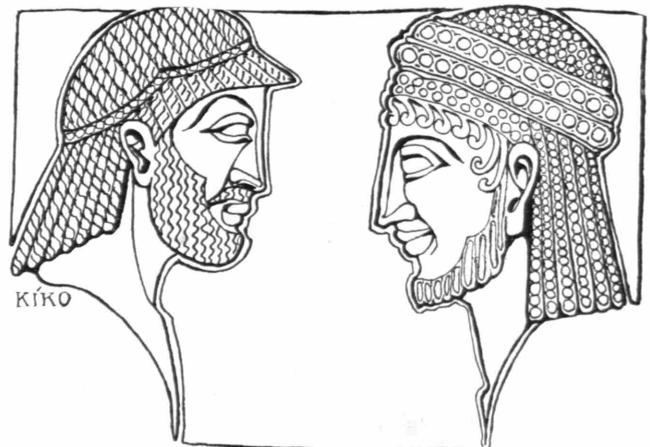
If there could be mixed together,
 All the hues that make the North Lights,
 All the flames that seethe and flicker,
 All the tints and colors there;
 If they could be mixed together,
 And then splashed upon a canvas,
 They would seem so drab and dull, dear
 When placed beside your hair.

If some vagrant, wand'ring zephyr,
 Loaded down with scents of fragrance,
 Of the bloss'ning trees, and nectar
 That the regal queen bee sips;
 Was to wander softly, idly,
 And yet linger to caress me,
 It could not be more fragrant,
 Or more lovely, than your lips.

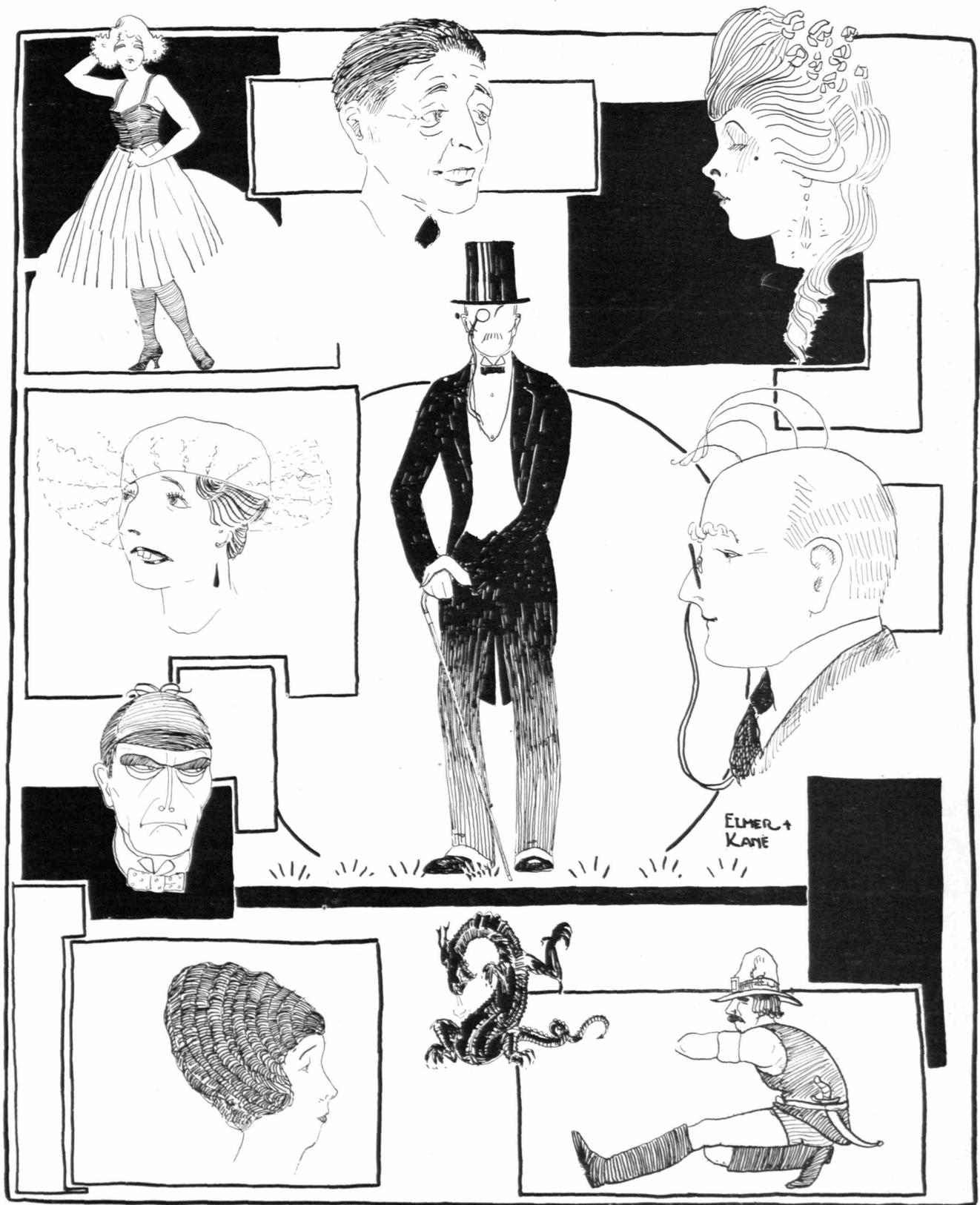
If the turquoise of the heavens,
 And the blue of coral seas,
 Were then mixed with bits of azure,
 From a rainbow in the skies;
 And there was a speck of violet,
 Which was stirred into the others,
 Then the whole would be less brilliant,
 And less splendid, than your eyes.



Before the Prom:—"Shoot four bucks."
After the Prom:—"Match a cent."



Can you imagine birds like this telling shady stories in Latin?



IMPRESSIONS OF TECH SHOW 1921

THE COURTSHIP OF A COURSE II MAN

The Girl was seated in a deep-cushioned chair intent on her book. She was very fair, in fact so beautiful that none could look upon her adiabatically for she was built like a super-heater. Not once did she take her eyes from her reading until a quick step sounded on the porch when she glanced up sharply to find her lover rushing to her side. Entering the room he deposited his brown bag on the floor and tripped over the protuberant T-square as he crossed the chamber.



"Darling," he cried as he caught her in his arms. She turned her face up to his and he kissed her. He could not help wondering at the compressibility and ductility of her lips. Their elasticity could not be expressed by a mere "E." He wondered if Eddie Wayward was cognizant of the physical properties of ALL materials. Then he unclasped her and stood a little apart, gazing at her with eyes of worship—estimating that the I of her forearm averaged about 7.15^4 ins.

"Jack," she said, "I have been reading that book you gave me. This part is much more interesting than Volume I. Please tell me here on page 254" (and she showed him the book) "where will the maximum bending moment occur?"

Our hero gravely and reverently gazed upon the autographed copy of Applied Mechanics he had given his sweetheart and answered the question unhesitatingly if not veraciously.

"Oh! Jack," the girl went on vivaciously, "of all the books you have given me I love that book by Weary on the Temperature-Entropy Diagram the best. I find I can go to sleep so quickly if I just get to wondering what entropy really is. You know when we are married we shall have so much in common because I am reading the books you are so interested in."

They sat down on the sofa and Jack softly imprisoned her hand. They sat in rapturous silence. He gave her hand a little loving pressure. The plasticity of her hand made him wonder what the crystalline structure could be. Surely large crystals typical of softness must be the formation, he thought. Then the mechanism of the thing caught his attention and he imagined grim professors diagramming on a blackboard in Building 3 the linkage and connections which made the white fingers so nimble and so quick. What a pity they cannot study such a mechanism in 200! He sighed.

"Jack," the girl spoke, breaking a long and blissful stillness such as all lovers know and treasure, "when you finish studying all the Heat courses, don't you think you will be able to tell the furnace man how to work the damper on the heater in the cellar?"

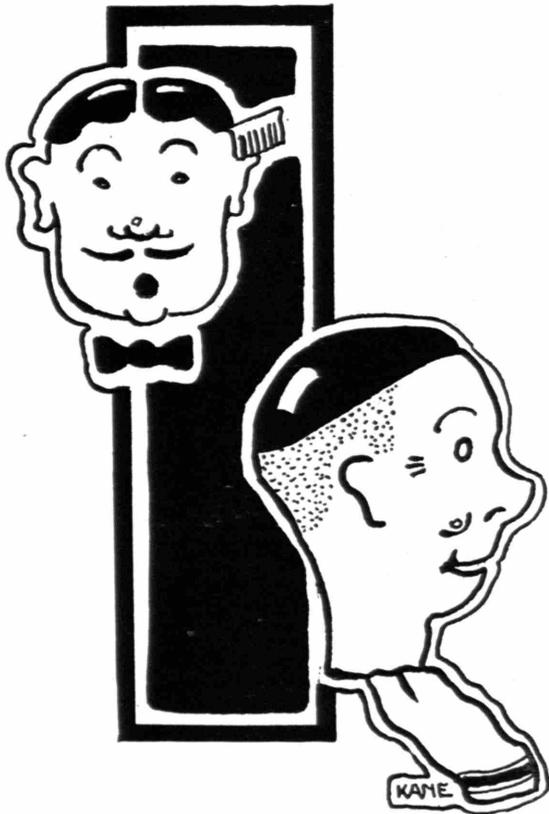
His brows knit in perplexity; his mind was a perfect vacuum. But the lingua incognita of 242 came fluently to his lips and he too wandered around the T-theta plane, saying, "It is very simple. The binary working substance is hot air. This is compressed and allowed to flow expansively through an orifice isothermally. There is nothing difficult about that."

He kissed her a half dozen times isodynamically. Then, picking up his book, he performed with his lungs the following H. E. events: admission, cut-off, and release. Allowing the exhaust air to vibrate properly his larynx, he began reading to his dear one an enchanting recital of the attainment of cylinder efficiency.

"The greater the number of cylinders the smaller the loss," he read. Turning from his book he exclaimed, "Even Thermodynamics demonstrates the economy gained by compounding, and proves that two can live more cheaply than one! Oh, Aniline, my darling, marry me today!"

"Yes, Jack," she cried happily as they embraced like a pair of elements (see paragraph 28, Mechanism).

And on the morrow Jack sneaked out of 243 when the pump pictures were darkest, to be welded to his pride by the usual irreversible frictionless process.



"A little hair tonic, sir?"
 "Yes, I'll take a glass."

Actions vs. Words

Have you ever
 After an evening
 Of anticipation
 Finally arrived
 At the crucial
 Moment
 And with a
 Deep breath
 Taken the.....
 Initial step
 Aeons later
 A small voice
 Some where is
 Heard to say
 "Don't"
 While two arms
 About one's neck
 Refute the argument.

Mince

I dreamed a dream the other night,
 It was a terrible one,
 The Institute played a major part,
 And strange to say 'twas fun.

Dean Burton smoked a cigarette,
 While walking down the aisles,
 And Walter Humphry's face was wreathed
 In captivating smiles.

Prof. Derr was there with Bursar Ford,
 I saw them shooting craps,
 Louie was hot, he passed eight times,
 With thundering finger snaps.

No slip sticks, brown bags, votes, or work,
 A heaven on earth it seemed.
 The halls were filled with keen co-eds,
 (That's when I knew I dreamed.)

Blest be the stude that grinds.



Pastor:—"I hea' we got a diamond pin in de
 collection plate this mornin', sah."

Treasurer:—"You are mistaken, sah. It was a
 dime and pin."

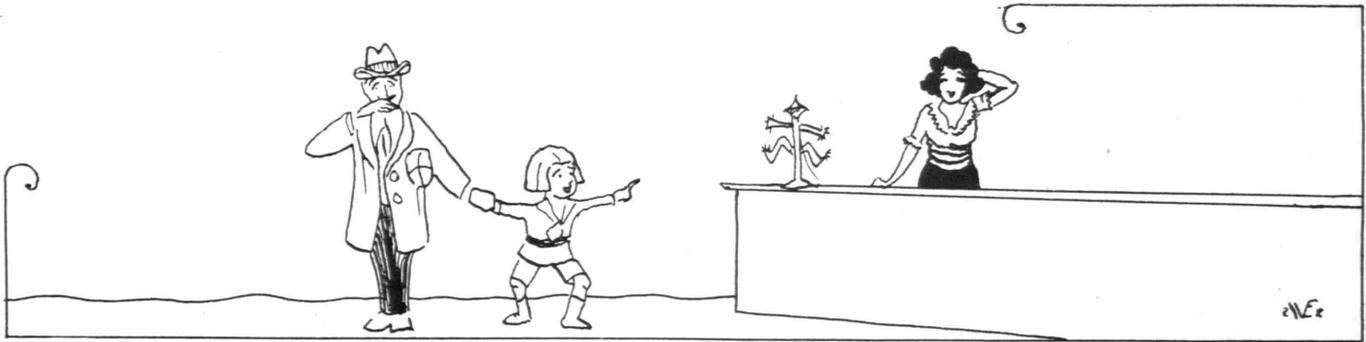
You may speak of funny noises,
 Pray, children, do not hoot;
 But while walking 'cross the bridge,
 I heard the Institute!



Phosphorus in Action



"Dot's hair is so long she can sit on it."
"Yes . . . when she takes it off."



“Poppa, buy me one of those.”

Ain't Love Grand

Dearest girlie
 No one knows
 Just how bright
 The sunshine glows.
 Since I met you
 All my days
 Have been made
 To fit your ways.
 Come now, care
 A bit for me,
 I'm all right
 And can't you see
 That my love
 Is true and big,
 I'm not just
 A slushy prig.
 There, don't pout
 I'd rather die
 Than hurt you with
 A silly lie.
 That was no pout?
 You want a kiss?

 Oh, Boy, she's mine,
 Eternal bliss.

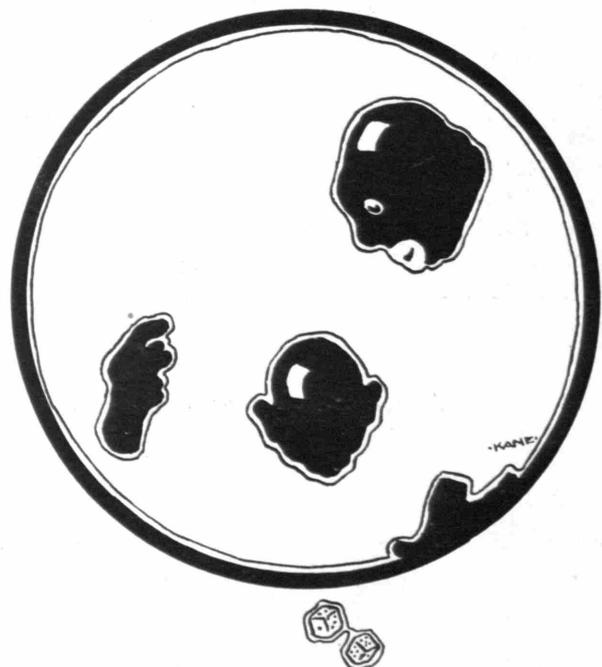
I stood at Tremont and Boylston,
 And watched the breezes play;
 And came to this conclusion:
 That I'll be right back at T. and B. the very next
 time there's a breath of air stirring.

“We understand that Thomas Edison sleeps only
 two or three hours each night.”
 “Hell, that doesn't prove a thing. There are
 3,026 Tech students.”

“They say that Ann Pennington is here with 84
 trunks, but we notice that she only wears one pair
 at a time.”

What Became of Little Mary

Little Mary started to school, slate and pencil in
 hand. Bye and bye she stopped the use of the slate,
 and the “tablet” was substituted. She also dropped
 the “r” and “May” was her name. High School days
 increased her knowledge and also her name—it
 appeared “Mayme.” College days were crowded full
 and the little notes reached home signed “Mae.”
 College days have passed and gone and in a home
 of her own they call her “Ma.”



Reporters for Snappy Stories



She Pursed Her Lips

"It didn't take the XVIII amendment to do away with cocked hats."



Love

I am little and fat and homely and stupid. Yet she loves me—she adores me. She told me so. She kisses me and pets me and buys me things and waits on me. She thinks I'm wonderful. She told me so. And she looks like a million dollars! But darn it all . . . She's my mother!

Sand

The Sandwich Isle's a terrible place,
The girls there wear few clothes;
And when the gentle zephyrs blow,
You see their silken umbrellas.

The Sandwich Isle's a terrible place,
One must mind his q's and p's,
For dresses there are built so high,
You gaze on dimpled cheeks.

Yes, the Sandwich Isle's a terrible place,
One soon would be a wreck,
In fact, some wear no clothes at all,
I'm glad I go to M. I. T.

Over the hills and far away,
In the land of long lost yesterday,
Lies the future of lots of men,
Who inadvertently got vote ten.

Breathes there a stude with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is the last time I shall shirk,
Starting Monday I shall work."

He eats his soup with honey,
He's done it all his life.
'Tis not because he likes it so,
But it sticks upon his knife.

He:—"What makes Ted act so dumb?"
She:—"Mebbe because his father's a carpenter."
He:—"Ah, a chip of the old block, I see."



Spring



You have all heard a good deal about the joys attendant on coupon clipping, so we have thoughtfully put one down at the bottom of the page that you yourself may try it, and see what it's like. If you clip this one—and we haven't a doubt in the world that you will—you will find out a lot about these joys, all at first hand. It will be a very valuable experience for you, all around. For example: what could you do if you were in the terrific situation of the above depicted gentleman? There are only two places we know of that you can find out, and one of the places is closed now. Voo Doo is the other place, so by all means sign on the dotted line, and let our Business Office do the rest. The result will exceed your wildest imaginings. If not, come around and tell us about it, and we'll give you the privilege of signing another one. But the one obliquely below will do very well to start on. Don't let us detain you any longer.

I, _____, being sound of mind and body,
Full name (or sober)
do hereby and herewith apply for one dose of VOO DOO, to be taken at intervals over a period of eight months at the cost (to myself) of \$1.50 for which amount I enclose my check. My address is:



Old Colony Service

An efficient and courteous organization, progressive methods, large resources, and three offices, conveniently located in different sections in Boston, combine to make the Old Colony Trust Company the most desirable depository in New England.

Three Modern Safe Deposit Vaults

Old Colony Trust Company

17 Court Street
52 Temple Place BOSTON 222 Boylston St.

MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Squashed

He:—"My brother is exactly the opposite of me. I don't suppose you've met him, have you?"

She:—"No, but I should like to."

—Record

Clerk:—"Shall I give you a room and bath?"

She (cooly):—"Well, hardly."

"A college education is the penalty attached to a four-year loaf."

—Jester

Salesman (selling car to ex-co-ed):—"This is the hand brake. It is used only in cases of emergency."

E-C-E:—"I understand, just like a kimono."

—Gargoyle

Mary was a sweet young thing,
Who didn't drink or smoke;
There wasn't a Commandment made
That Mary ever broke.
She was so darn unearthly good
That, gosh, I wouldn't be her —
But Mary went away to school,
And now you ought to see her.

—Puppet

"Jack has been a rounder ever since he left college."

"I sure feel sorry for the girl."

—Tar Baby

Ella:—"That novel in *Snappy Stories* is rather mushy, I think."

Gella:—"Well, that's why it's in serial form."

—Jester

"So this is the Grand Canyon!"

"How perfectly gorgeous!"

—Lampoon

"I hear that there is only one picture of Rockefeller in existence and that is a water-color."

"Yes, you see they couldn't do him in oil."

—Jester

State's Evidence

"And have you a father?" asked the charity worker of a ragged urchin."

"Nope," he replied, "pa died of exposure."

"Poor man! How did it happen?"

"Another guy snitched, and they hung him."

—Tiger

Why Guess?

The basic law of action—reaction governs our business, exactly as it does our scientific world.

Its operation is as unchanging as that of the law of gravitation. Result follows cause. Business travels in a cycle of prosperity, decline, depression and improvement with almost clock-like regularity.

Babson's Reports.

Based on fundamental conditions, interpret these laws and forecast conditions for you with remarkable accuracy. *They take the gamble out of business.*

By basing your plans—expansion, sales, buying, advertising, production—on the facts and forecasts furnished by Babson's Service to Executives, you can reduce your margin of errors and increase your net profits materially.

Reports on Request.

Your request will bring full detail, samples of recent reports and copy of "Increasing Net Profits."

The Babson Statistical Organization

Wellesley Hills 82, Mass.

Largest organization of Business Advisers in the World.

Love is noon on a sun dial — but marriage is seven A. M.
on an alarm clock.

—*Brown Jug*

Reverend Jones:—"Son, you is too mercenary. De good
book says dat riches am a curse."

Son Hardguy:—"Well, I'll be dammed."

—*Tar Baby*

Anna Enchilada:—"I hear Nuevo Laredo was entirely
destroyed last night by a bunch of drunks. Was it Villa's
band?"

Teddy Tequilla:—"No, it was a college fraternity convention
celebrating American Liberty."

—*Scalper*

Look What Blue In

Betty and Mark sat in a park
Spoonng the hours away,
When along came a cop,
And told them to stop
Desecrating the Sabbath Day.

—*Punch Bowl*

As Usual

Dora:—"I wonder why poor Art jumped in the river?"

Joe:—"I think there was a woman at the bottom of it."

—*Sun Dodger*

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407-411 Washington Street, Boston

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Young Men's Suits and Overcoats

In All The New Extreme
As Well As Conservative Models

\$25.00 to \$60.00

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A SHAWMUT CHECKING ACCOUNT

adds to the handling of your personal funds the elements of
safety, convenience and dignity.

You are invited to call at the Bank, when you are in Boston,
and open a checking account.

THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK OF BOSTON

40 WATER STREET

Resources far exceed Two Hundred Million Dollars



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Distinctive and Exclusive Styles

Coats, Rain Coats, Leather Coats
Burberry's and Aquascutum
English Coats : : : : :
Caps, Gloves, Neckties

Collins & Fairbanks Co.
383 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON

Modern Writers

Lowbrow:—"This book has been written since January."

Highbrow:—"How so?"

Lowbrow:—"In chapter one it says, 'Cuthbert gave a dry cackle.'"

—Chaparral

Cement For a Joke

Dink:—"Let's eat."

Dunk:—"Where'll we go?"

Dink:—"Let's eat up the street."

Dunk:—"No, thanks. Don't care for asphalt."

—Jug

The Bird Who Wrote This Will Regret It Some Day

Customer:—"What do you take off for cash?"

Saleslady:—"Sir!"

—Mirror

Regular Contributor

"Did you ever contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly*?" asked the sweet young thing of the famous author.

"Not monthly, daily," replied the author.

"Daily?" echoed the girl in surprise.

"Yes," said the author sadly, "last summer, when I crossed to Europe."

—Tar Baby

Five Minutes for This One

Govt. School Inspector:—"Is there any playground here?"

Rural Teacher:—"Nothing except a few cases of small-pox."

—The Goblin

"We girls have to be so careful these days."

"How's that?"

"If a fellow tries to tell us a risque joke and we stop him too soon, he knows we've heard it before."

—Jack-o-Lantern

Mrs. Prof.:—"My husband's so careless. His buttons are forever coming off."

Mrs. Pres. (severely):—"Perhaps they are not sewed on properly."

Mrs. Prof.:—"That's just it. He's so careless about his sewing."

—Michigan Gargoyle

Soul (soulfully):—"Our spirits are in harmony. I can sense an aura about you —"

He:—"That isn't an aura, lady, that is hair tonic."

—Tiger

Mrs. M.:—"Don't you stay in the room when your daughter has company any more?"

Mrs. D.:—"No; I am trying the honor system."

—Exchange

FOUNDED 1856

BETWEEN the last tinge of Winter and first touch of Spring, consideration of lighter clothes is a comforting subject.

Lightweight overcoats are ready—abundant variety, English, Scotch and American materials — sprightly modeled.

Another impelling factor in lightening the burden—the prices are considerably lighter than heretofore.

BROKAW BROTHERS
1457-1463 BROADWAY
AT FORTY-SECOND STREET

INVESTIGATE

A good pipe line is essential to every high class power plant.

Valves are a very expensive item in a pipe line.

Are the valves you are using made from new metals, or are they made from old brass door knobs, worn out trolley wires and other junk metal?

Do you know how many valve factories use new metals **ONLY**?

The **W. E. W.** valve is made from new metals only, and the metal is composition "M."

Are the valves you are using made that way?

We invite analysis and inspection.

The heaviest and best regrinding valve made.

WILLIAM E. WILLIAMS VALVE CORP.

62 Front Street, N. Y.

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Next to the Shubert Theatre

**Boston's Only
High Class Restaurant**

Dancing Cabaret Booths

Special Italian Table D'Hotel

\$1.50 per cover

Matinee Specials

L. E. BOVA, Prop.

Telephone Beach 142

Formerly of the Famous Café Bova

"Mine little poy is sick this morning," observed Abie.
"Is he?" remarked his friend sympathetically.
"No, Ikey."

—Jester

A man tanked to the ears came home one night and found immense trouble in keeping his feet under him and his wits together. He was fumbling at the door when the window opened and his spouse thrust her head out.

"Shall I drop you down the key?" she asked.

"Nope, I got (hic) the key. Dropsh me down (hic) the k-keyhole."

—Lyre

From The Advertisements We Wonder —

Whether all mothers are happy when their children spill scalding water on the varnished table —

Whether the collar ad man thinks it's Sunday all the time —

Whether the persons in the underwear ads are always in such a happy family circle —

Whether the persons in automobile ads are really as small as they appear —

Whether the man smoking a corn-cob pipe with Mr. P. Adelbert's tobacco never lets his furnace go on a vacation —

—Widow

"Every time Cupid aims a dart he Mrs. it."

—Jester

Trust to Custom

Traveler:—"The New York express leaves this depot, does it not?"

Gateman:—"It has done so for a number of years, and I don't suppose it will take it along today."

—Gargoyle

Fuzzy, Was He?

Soph:—"That new mustache of yours is a sight."

Senior (very young):—"Don't knock a mustache when it's down."

—Burr

Those Medics

A prominent surgeon has said: "I should like to put common-sense corsets on every woman in this country."

You little son-of-a-gun, you!

—Punch Bowl

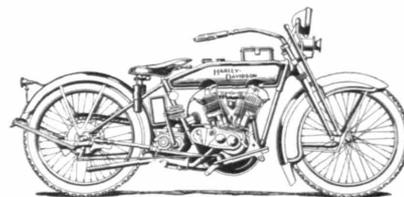
The autumn moon was beaming softly through the leafy arbor where they sat — he and she. He kissed her silently. She slapped him soundly.

"Oh, forgive me," he cried. "It was the moonshine. I should never have done it had I been myself."

—Again she slapped him. Perhaps the night air was intoxicating.

—Widow

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



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CASH or TERMS NEW or USED
Only Official Distributor for Boston and Vicinity.

W. J. WALKER CO.

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PACKARD TWIN SIX
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BOSTON, MASS.

Quality First



Civilization has introduced the sock from Shanghai to Guatemala, from the smallest Alpine village to the largest South American City.

Certain American articles of merchandise have world-wide popularity. This happens only when they possess unusual quality — when, in fact, **QUALITY** comes *first*.

In far places, as surely as at home, The

Boston Garter

has taken a leg-hold on Popularity. A great many specific reasons could be given, but **QUALITY FIRST** is a quick way of saying it.

Made by **GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.**

AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

FIRE AND ACCIDENT

*Best Companies at
Lowest Rates*

Also
All Other Kinds
of Insurance

ROBT. A. BOIT & CO.
40 Kilby Street, Boston

"You look good enough to eat."
"I do eat — where shall we go?"

—Yale Record

"Most girls soon find out that in general men are not made
of asbestos."

—Octopus

Fact

1st Co-ed:—"I kissed Bob last night."
2nd Chicken:—"Is that right?"
1st Co-ed:—"No; but it's so."

—Jester

Spaulding's Dairy Lunch

Boston, Mass.

*We make a specialty of
Special Breakfasts and Suppers*

Tel. Back Bay 1731

1036 Boylston Street

One:—"Do you like minor sports?"
Two:—"No, I prefer them a little older."

—Banter

He:—"Would it be wrong for me to kiss you on the cheek?"
She:—"Well, it might be a little bit off color."

—Dirge

She:—"What do you think of my new dress?"
He:—"It does make one think, doesn't it?"

—Yale Record

She:—"Have you noticed that woolen socks are very
popular with both sexes?"

He:—"No; do men wear them, too?"

—Punch Bowl

She:—"Have you seen the 'camel walk'?"

He (still maintaining a little equilibrium):—"Nope, not
yet, I'm only up to the green snakes so far."

—Record

Fred:—"I paid ten dollars to see Jack last night."

Jed:—"Was it worth it?"

Fred:—"I should say so. I had four aces, you know."

—Widow

WALTON LUNCH CO.

30 Haymarket Square

44 Summer Street

8 Tremont Row

78 Massachusetts Ave.

42 Federal Street

242 Tremont Street

629 Washington Street

7 School Street

424 Tremont Street

1080 Boylston Street

Office:

1083 Washington Street

Boston, Mass.

Swell Stuff

A fool there was and he loved his brew,
Even as you and I;
So he took some hops and some other crops
And put them on to stew;
But the stuff got thick and it had no kick,
So he used it for shampoo.

—Burr

The rival candidates were stumping the state, and one found fault with the other's lack of energy.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said, "my opponent is actually so lazy that there is really only one position he is fit to fill."

"What is that?" he was challenged.

"Pork inspector of the City of Jerusalem."

—Jester

"Saw you taking a soda in Mirror's yesterday."

"That's no reflection on me."

—Jester

Mother:—"Daughter, I have told you many times before not to let me find you kissing a man.

Daughter:—"It's your own fault, mother; I told you not to wear rubber soles."

—Puppet

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BY

MAX KEEZER

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Your
Cast-Off Clothing

Will call at your room day or evening
at your pleasure

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Telephone: { 302 } If one is busy call the other.
52936

SUBWAY HABERDASHERS

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GENTS' FURNISHINGS

ONE-DAY LAUNDRY SERVICE
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AT THE OPERA HOUSE, HUNTINGTON AVENUE

Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays

Walter Johnson at the piano

THE CHATEAU MAY BE RENTED FOR
CLASS AND FRATERNITY DANCES

Tel. B.B. 543

Harry S. McDevitt

"The lawyer brought a shimmy dancer in as the next witness."

"What did the judge do?"

"He dismissed the case because the evidence was too shaky."

—Panther

CARS FOR EVERY OCCASION

MURRAY **T**AXI All Hours
CENTRAL SQUARE CAMBRIDGE Tel. 250-W

649 Massachusetts Avenue

We have taken over the Lunch Business
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ROEDER-WOOLLEY LUNCH CO.

Our Motto:—"Cleanliness, Quality, Quick
Service and Pure Food"

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SIMPLEX STEEL TAPED CABLES



Hundreds of towns and cities today use **SIMPLEX Steel Taped Cables** to distribute current for street lighting. Satisfactory service is assured because the cables are designed for just this type of underground distribution.

Low cost of installation and maintenance make them desirable from an investment standpoint. Streets need not be torn up; pipes, manholes and catch basins need not be moved, and no conduit is required.

SIMPLEX WIRE & CABLE CO

MANUFACTURERS

201 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

The Murray Printing Company

Kendall Square
Cambridge

*We Print Anything
That Should Be Printed*

Myrna:—"Fred, if you were at a dance and the room was suddenly plunged into darkness, would you commence to light out?"

"Nope, I'd begin to make connections."

—*Wampus*

Up to his girl's house came Richard McGrath,
But when he arrived, she was taking a bath;

Oh, dear, slip on something, come down, moi cher chic!"

So she slipped on the soap and came down mighty quick.

—*Scalper*

Delta Dri?

"I hear you had a pretty successful banquet out at your house last night."

"Yeah, a couple of our alumni are revenue officers."

—*Lord Jeff*

Heavens!

He:—"Every time I kiss you it tends to make me a better man."

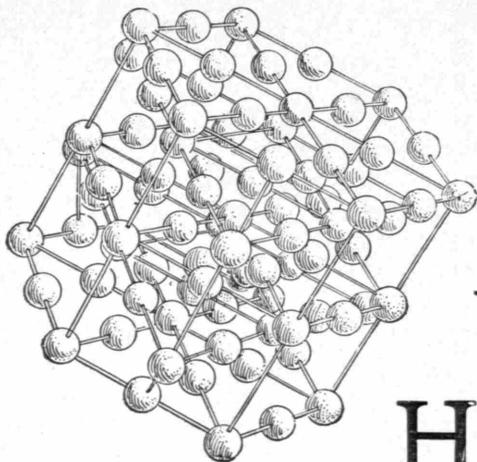
She:—"Oooh, you angel."

—*Puppet*

Dora:—"I was made to be loved."

Steve:—"Well, you're sure carrying out the designs of Providence."

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*



Who Was Moseley?

HE was a young Oxford man, only twenty-seven when he was killed at Gallipoli. Up to his time, man had never seen the inside of an atom. He turned the X-rays on matter—not figuratively but literally—and made them disclose the skeleton of an atom just as certainly as a surgeon makes them reveal the positions of the bones of the body. Moseley proved that all atoms are built up of the same kind of matter. He saw, too, just why an atom of copper is different from an atom of gold.

Atoms are built up of electrons. Each atom consists of a nucleus, a kind of sun, with a certain number of electrons grouped about it, like planets. Moseley actually counted the number of electrons of all the metals from aluminum to gold.

When you discover what gold is made of or a new fact about electricity, you open up new possibilities for the use of gold or electricity. For that reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the “how” of things—atoms and electrons, for instance—as they are with mere applications of the electric current.

Hence Moseley’s work has been continued in the Research Laboratories, with the result that more has been learned about matter. How does water freeze? What is lead? Why are lead, iron, gold and tungsten malleable? Such questions can be answered more definitely now than ten years ago. And because they can be answered it is possible to make more rapid progress in illumination, in X-ray photography, in wireless telegraphy, and in electrical engineering as a whole.

There would have been no coal-tar industry without the vast amount of research conducted in organic chemistry, and no electro-chemical industry without such work as Sir Humphrey Davey’s purely scientific study of an electric current’s effect on caustic potash and caustic soda. Sooner or later research in pure science always enriches the world with discoveries that can be practically applied. For these reasons the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company devote so much time to the study of purely scientific problems.

General  **Electric**
General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.

"How I saved a policeman's life"



EVEN THE eggs.
WERE TIRED that morning.
AND THE coffee.
DIDN'T FOOL me one bit.
BUT WHEN after breakfast.
MY CIGARETTE tasted awful.
IT WAS too much.
AND A grouch started.
AND WALKING to work.
I SWORE off smoking.
AND DECIDED to fire
MY OFFICE boy.
BUT JUST before I decided
TO KILL a policeman.
A MAN passed me.
SMOKING A cigarette.
AND SAY but the smoke.
THAT DRIFTED back
DID SMELL good.
AND I followed him.
INTO A store.
HE THREW down two dimes

AND SAID "The same."
AND SO did I.
AND SO I'm still smoking.
AND STILL keep that.
OFFICE BOY and I let that.
HANDSOME POLICEMAN live.
AND I'M going to boost.
THAT MAN I followed.
FOR PRESIDENT or something
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DO SATISFY.



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