

WOOP-GAROO

APRIL

1918

Vol. 1, no. 3



OTTO

JUNIOR WEEK NUMBER

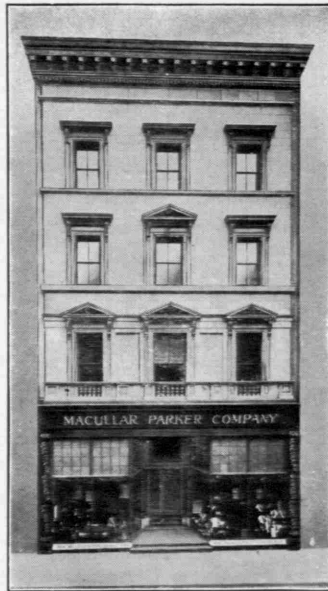


Stetson Hats

for

Young Men

*Soft and Stiff
Exclusive Styles*



*We are Sole
Boston Agents*

for

*Stetson Special
Soft and Stiff Hats*

at \$6.00

Macullar Parker and Company
400 Washington Street

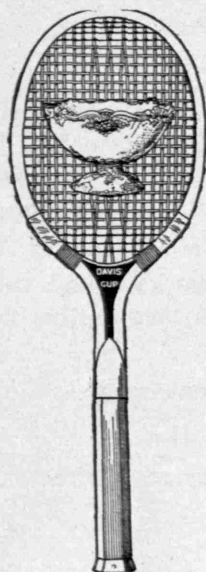


**WE MAKE UNIFORMS FOR ALL
BRANCHES OF THE SERVICE**

THE ATTENTION of the students of Tech is called to the *superior quality* of the uniforms we are furnishing for the aviation service. As is well known by Tech men, we give special attention to their requirements in Clothing and Haberdashery.

*Inquiries cheerfully answered and
satisfactory attention always given*

USED BY THE CHAMPIONS



CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS BALL

For the 32nd consecutive time, our CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS BALL has been adopted by the U. S. N. L. T. A. for use in NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

WRIGHT & DITSON TENNIS RACKETS

Our Tennis Rackets are used by the present National Champion; also used in winning 26 National Championships

WRIGHT & DITSON

Harvard Square, CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

344 Washington Street, BOSTON, Mass.

Mary made a devil's cake
For her darling Hubby's sake,
Hubby ate it, every crumb,
Then he heard the devil's drum,
Calling softly, "Hubby-come!"

P. S.—Hubby went.—*Froth.*

"Do you think you could learn to love me, Christopher?"

"Well, I passed Calculus."—*Dartmouth Jack-O'-Lantern.*

IN ENGLAND

He—"We always keep the hose ready in case of a Zeppelin raid."

She—"But surely it would never reach them at the height they fly?"—*The Franklin.*

"Were you well received?"

"Oh," he said sadly, "she cooled her hands thoroughly in the ice box and then shook with me."—*Awgwan.*

"She isn't very pretty, is she?"

"No-o-o, but she gets my number every time I talk to her."

"Who is she?"

"Just a telephone operator."—*Pelican.*



BOSTON STUDIOS

161 Tremont St. Telephone Beach 858
164 Tremont St. Telephone Beach 2684

NEW YORK STUDIO
306 Fifth Avenue

*Something for the
Departed Soldier to treasure,
A Photograph
of
His Beloved Ones*

SPECIAL RATES FOR ALL STUDENTS

Ask for Teacher's Rate

Charles H. Tenney & Co.

As managers, accountants, engineers and purchasing agents we design and operate all kinds of industrial and public utility plants.

We also specialize in appraisal work, and make complete reports on operating properties as a basis for returns to governmental authorities or in connection with new financing.

Our descriptive publication, "Tenney Service," will be sent, prepaid, to responsible officials upon request.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
201 Devonshire Street
BOSTON

NEW YORK CITY OFFICE
19 West 44th Street



Fine Stationery High-Grade Engraving Printing

Invitations and Announcements
Reception and Visiting Cards
Monogram and Address Dies
Menus, Programs and Dance Orders

Stationery Supplies, Fountain Pens
Leather Specialties and Brass Goods

57-61 Franklin Street - Boston, Mass.

From:—Manager Cooperative Society.
To:—Members of M. I. T.
Subject:—Technology Barber Shop.

May I call your attention to a new Barber Shop just opened by the Tech Branch of the Harvard Cooperative Society in the Tech Block, at 96 Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Institute Buildings.

Barbers, who for some time have had Technology men for customers, are in this first class sanitary barber shop.

I venture to invite your patronage.

G. E. COLE,
Managing Director.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A ROMAN CITIZEN

No furnaces to tend at 5 a. m. No gas supply to fail. No water pipes to freeze. No strikes for higher wages. No troubles with the servants. No speed laws to observe. No traffic cops. No punctures to mend. No auto repair bills to pay. No worry over the high price of gasoline. No worry over the high cost of living. No income tax. No bum street-car service. No patent medicines. No billboards. No restrictions as to the throwing of tomatoes, rotten eggs, etc., at actors when at the theatres. No oculists. No steam system to get out of gear. No electric light system to burn out. No prohibition of liquor. No bargain sales. No spring cleaning. No rise in the price of shoes. No snow-shoveling to do. No auto trucks or street cars to dodge. No tailor bills to pay. No water bill. No gas bill. No electric light bill. No charities to donate to. No windows to break. No coal bill to pay. Whenever a political boss grafts too much, kick him out. No "hock shops." No stocks to fail. No election nights—one every year.—*The Franklin.*

HEARD AT A DANCE

Affected Lady—"I think I shall rest. I am really dawned out."

Her Partner (hard of hearing)—"Not so darned stout; just nice and plump, I should say.—*The Franklin.*

Photographs of Military Men

¶ Among the instructions to young officers found in the Officer's Manual, particular stress is laid on the fact that the best is always the cheapest in the end, aside from the satisfaction of quality.

¶ In nothing is this more true than in a Bachrach photograph where the quality remains long after the price paid has been forgotten.

BACHRACH

647 Boylston Street - Boston, Mass.



WORCESTER
NEW YORK

SPRINGFIELD
PHILADELPHIA

PROVIDENCE
WASHINGTON

HARTFORD
BALTIMORE

South—"I dream of her continually."
Mass—"No wonder you swear in your sleep."—
Jack-O'-Lantern.

An Italian, having applied for citizenship, was being examined by the naturalization court.
"Who is the President of the United States?"
"Mr. Wils'."
"Who is the Vice-President?"
"Mr. Marsh'."
"If the President should die, who then would be President?"
"Mr. Marsh'."
"Could you be President?"
"No."
"Why?"
"Mister, you 'scuse please. I vera busy worka da mine."—*Everybody's.*

"Waiter, bring me—hic—some prunes."
"Stewed, sir?"
"None o' your dambiziness."—*Widow.*

"Are you engaged to that young man who called last night? I've heard several reports—"
"Goodness, Auntie, did we make as much noise as that?"—*Life.*

*If it's at Morse's, it's correct;
If it's correct, it's at Morse's*

— being really patriotic doesn't mean being penurious, but buying *wisely*—getting the most for your money.

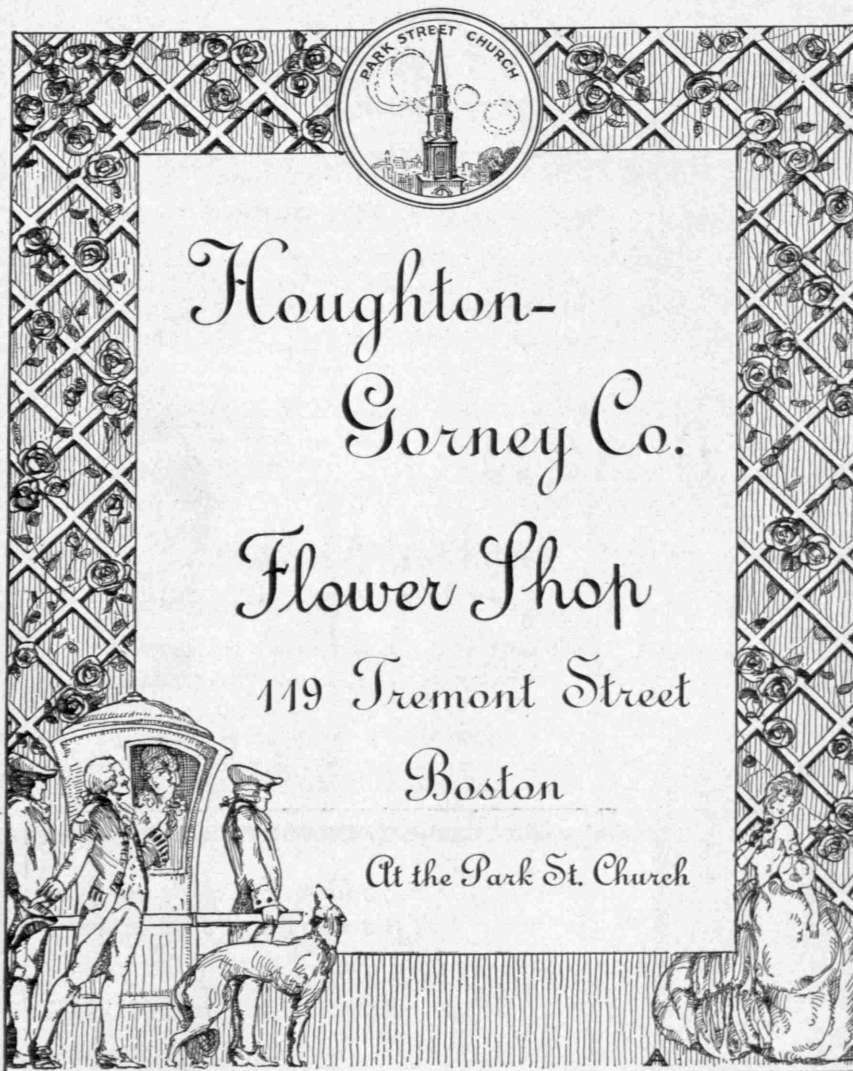
Real thrift does not show itself in buying *no* new clothing, or wearing clothes that have "seen their day," or yet again in buying inferior clothes.

Buy fewer garments, if you must—but make sure those you *do* buy give the utmost for your money.

**Spring Styles in Men's Suits and
Overcoats are ready**

Leopold Morse & Co.

Washington St., Corner Brattle, Adams Sq.



Houghton-
Gorney Co.
Flower Shop
119 Tremont Street
Boston
At the Park St. Church

We specialize in corsage and arm bouquets, and have experts to advise color combinations. Leave orders now for the Junior Prom.

TRYSTING AND TRUSTING

Demure Little Fiancee (*suspiciously*)—Where did you learn to hug and kiss this way?

Bold Big Fiance (*suspiciously*)—What way did you learn?—*Sun Dial*.

“He’s the worst crab in college.”

“Yeh, he’s always trying to crawl out of things.”—*Jack-O’-Lantern*.

She—Will you buy me that handkerchief? It costs only three dollars.

It—No; that’s too much to blow in.—*Hill Sieve*.

“Young man, I want my gas turned off!”

“This isn’t the gas company. This is the water office.”

“Well, then, turn off the water; I haven’t time to come ’way down here for nothing!”—*The Lamb*.

Pick—Jack told me that my watch was gone.

Pocket—Was it?

Pick—No, but when I reached in my pocket to see I noticed that it was going.—*Augwan*.

He—Why do you fasten Fido to your wrist?

She—Because he’s a watchdog.—*Widow*.

THE TARGET

“Does your wife break many dishes?”

“Not any more. I’m learning to catch them.”—*Judge*.

HERRICK'S THEATRE TICKETS

COPLEY SQUARE
BACK BAY

TICKETS FOR TECH SHOW



THE WOOP GAROO



While walking thru a jail one day, a man stopped to ask a fine looking prisoner what he was in for, and the prisoner answered:

"Well, you see I was born in the fog of London, and everything I touched was mist.

Customer: "I look upon you, sir, as a robber."

Courteous Solicitor: "You are privileged to look upon me in any character you choose to assume."

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR REACHES AMERICA

(Town Topics)

"* * * It is with great pleasure that we note the name of Lord H. I. Spotts, Earl of Worthless-on-the-Banks, Viscount of Nottingham, K. C. B., B. S., R. S. V. P., on the passenger list of one of the incoming boats of the last week. Lord Spotts is well known in this country, and especially to the younger set in and around New York, through a little affair of his some five years, more or less, ago.

"Lord Spotts was in the Diplomatic Corps in England, but having met with an accident disabling him for active service, he is now on leave. The very regrettable incident which deprived the English Government of his services happened at a diplomatic dinner given by his cousin, Honorable Hockford-Pawnd, the Duke of Hardup-on-the-Heath. His right-hand neighbor, Lady Agatha Dedleigh-Bore, very carelessly hit him in the eye with a stream of juice from her grape-fruit which she was attacking in her usual hearty manner. This occurrence has temporarily disabled His Lordship's sight, but it was only with the greatest persuasion that his friends finally convinced him that it would be better for him to give up his work for the present. To quote Lord Spotts' very words, 'You know,—ah—England jolly well expects every man to—ah—do his—er—duty, old chap. And—ah—I would jolly well hate to—ah—leave the government—ah—in the lurch, y' know.'"



LORD H. I. SPOTTS, HAVING BEEN DISQUALIFIED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE ABROAD, ARRIVES IN THIS COUNTRY TO DO HIS BIT AMONG THE RED CROSS WORKERS.

THE ANVIL CHORUS

(Song of the Pacifist and Pro-German)

Let us have peace.

We can never win the war.

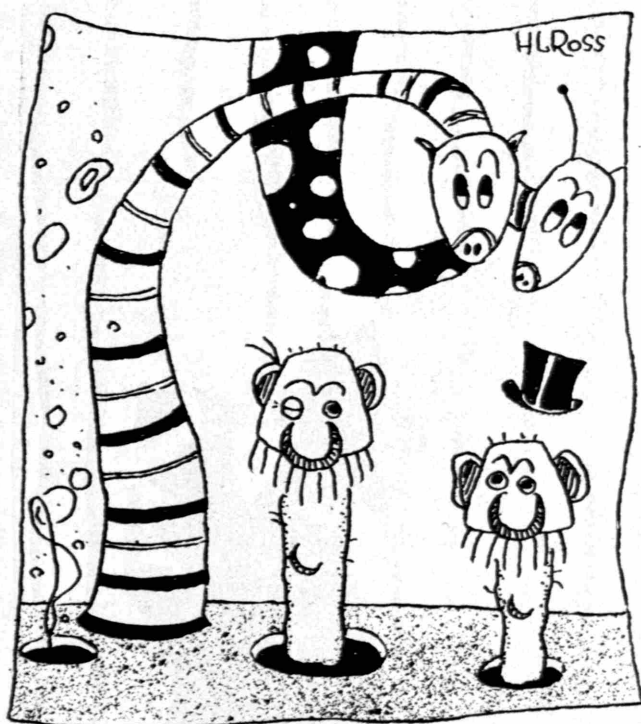
Germany is invincible. Her spies are everywhere. She has the best army the world has ever seen.

The Allied armies are poorly equipped. Their soldiers do not know how to fight.

In nearly four years Germany has held the armies of the world at bay. They have not stepped upon German soil. They never will.

Let us have peace.

And to all this the true, patriotic American deigns no reply, but, instead, puts all his wealth, energy and soul into the Gigantic task of beating the Hun, knowing that in the end the Germans will be beaten and given such a thorough beating as no other nation ever received!



Among the many species of wild and ferocious beasts that roam the Land of the Dead Things in the State of Massachusetts is the Weeping Wimel, it is a peculiar animal and very dangerous, especially to people who melt into tears quickly, for it possesses a hydrant of the fire type that is connected to its eyes and from this it shoots great quantities of weeps, ever so often and upon the least Provocation, without which it shoots anyhow and drowns all in hearing distance, regardless of the degree of resistance that the victim displays and absolutely without mercy. The above photo cost the lives of eighteen deep sea divers and finally was gained by a inebriate of the old school who was immune to water.

THE FABLE OF THE ENDURANCE MAN WHO DID NOT ENDURE

Once upon a time there was a Trot Fiend who thrived on Tripping the Light and Fantastic. His idea of life was to have the Castle Walk for Breakfast, The Bunny Hug for Dinner and a couple of dozen Trots for Supper. He was so far gone on this Fancy Walking and Refined Gymnastic Stuff that he couldn't sleep nights for fear that Something New would spring up and give him the Go By.

This little Tango Lizard had hung up so many Endurance Records that it was rumored he only hit the Hay on such occasions as the Birthday of some Great Prohibitionist or the Death of One of these same Strange Creatures. He had been known to Slide, slip and Sizzle for Weeks at a Crack and then look around to see where he could find a place to Dance. His Needs were Satisfied as Long as he was Wiggling with a Fair Partner mixed up in him some where. His need of Food was Canceled and he did not consider it Polite to stop and Partake of Refreshments.

Then he heard of a Big Foot Shaking that was to take Place, maybe second place, at the Copley on the 10th inst. This caused him to Elevate his Organs of Hearing. He'd be there with Bells on. Sad to Relate, he was. Many a Crowd he had Danced down and now it was to be his delight to Dance the Pumps and Socks off of every Trotter that appeared at The Prom.

Now for the first time in his careening Career our Hero was to find that he had read the Signals Wrong. About 2.00 A. M. he began to feel Drowsy. About 3.00 A. M. he felt Sleepy. At 4.00 o'clock they put him to Herd with the Angels. He had met his Match.

SENTIMENT

A white lady was passing a small cabin in a Tennessee town when a black woman came to the door and hailed a pickaninny playing in the yard.

"You, Fertilizer!" called out the mother. "Come yere and git yore face washed."

The passer-by stopped.

"Excuse my curiosity, please," she said, "but what did I hear you call that child?"

"I called her by her regular name," said the colored woman. "I called her Fertilizer."

"Isn't that rather a peculiar name for a child?" asked the lady.

"Not ef you knows how dat chile come to git it," stated the parent. "You see, Missis, dat chile is named partly fur her paw and partly fur me. Her paw's name is Fertinand and my name's Eliza."

When you want good Flowers for any occasion, no matter what, get them at Zinn's, 4 Park St., Boston. If you could not rely on him, this notice would not be here.—Adv.

Editors' note:—

It is with great pleasure that the editors of the Woop-Garoo introduce to the public the hitherto-unknown Russian poet Ivan Nitchsky. The poems printed below are the first of his works to appear in the United States. Mr. Nitchsky has personally superintended their translation and sincerely hopes that they will be well received. It might be said in passing, that Mr. Nitchsky is one of the rising Russian literary lights. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the revolutionists and in his poetry tries to give us some idea of the feeling in his country.

THE DAWN

Stars * * * * stars.
Disappearing stars.
Light,
Rosy,
Pink,
Blue,
Light.

A ball of fire rising over the edge of the horizon.
The flash of a million crystals.
Day.

NIGHT

Wrapped in its sable cloak
The great-world lies.

And from this material world below
I contemplate the awful greatness of the stars.

It frightens me.
And yet it pleases me.

FREE VERSE

The other day
I
Saw a yellow dog.
He was
Hungry.
He was looking through the garbage cans for something
To eat.

And then I saw a boy
Throw
A stone at the yellow dog.
And he tucked his tail
Between his legs
And ran.

SPRING

Spring.
Rain,
Sunshine,
Clouds.
And baseball, and leaves, and green grass.

THE SMILE

For a long time neither had stirred. Without could be heard the subdued chirping of the night-insects and the occasional sigh of the wind in the pine trees. The soft summer breezes floated the curtains in the windows back and forth and the moon shone in casting fantastic shadows on the carpet. The woman stretched out on a couch was gazing fixedly into the coals of the dying fire, while the man kept his eyes on her averted face. Suddenly, with an abrupt movement, he rose and paced back and forth in front of the hearth. Outside an owl hooted, breaking into the stillness of the night and the woman shuddered. Pausing in his march, the man took out his watch nervously. The hands pointed to a quarter before twelve. The woman stiffened to tensity and both watched the face of the watch until the hands had traversed the distance to fifteen minutes after midnight. Then the woman uttered a sigh of relief and the man smiled. It was not a pretty smile.

But that night was not the same on the ocean. The mountain-high waves rocked even the Britannia, the largest passenger boat afloat. The several thousand passengers slept soundly, conscious of the protection afforded by the steel skin of the floating monster. The wind howled in the wires and the waves swept over the decks with their row upon row of lashed deck-chairs. It was not a nice night out. Although the time was mid-summer, the water was icy-cold and the drenched sailors shivered as they entered the warmth of their quarters. Suddenly, at three minutes to twelve came a tremendous detonation and fifteen minutes later there floated on the waves pieces of wood which had once been the life-boats of the largest ship afloat.

It was not a pretty smile.

THE BEGINNING—AND THE END

Twin eyes of bluish gray,
A most attractive way
Of showing dimples gay;
Add a moonlight night in May
To knock one's heart away,
And we have,
Our heroine.

Much hair of curly black,
Ten medals won in track,
Some skill in driving back
The oftentimes lost knack
Of turning small talk back.
And we have,
Our hero.

And now we have our hero bold,
Our heroine most dear.
But you see, they have never met,
So FINIS cometh here.



SMITH'S DREAM AFTER HIS PHYSICAL EXAMINATION FOR AVIATION.

SOMETHING AD—DITIONAL

Who couldn't sing of birds and trees,
 Of sun and moon and stars?
 Who couldn't write of far off climes,
 Or voyages to Mars?
 But it's quite a different story
 Quoting facts not fancy fads,
 And cloaking them with beauty
 Like

The Man
 Who Writes
 The Ads.

Who couldn't weave a romance,
 Of kings and queens and knights?
 Of courtiers brave and gallant,
 Of intrigues and of fights?
 But it's hard to talk of shoestrings,
 Patent pills and liver pads,
 With the fascinating interest
 Of

The Man
 Who Writes
 The Ads.



Q. Sherman said that war is hell. Is this true?

VERY FICATION.

A. Sherman swore to it.

Q. What is a safety vault?

ATHLETIC BANKER.

A. Just high enough to clear the rope.

Q. Who wrote "The Merry Widow"?

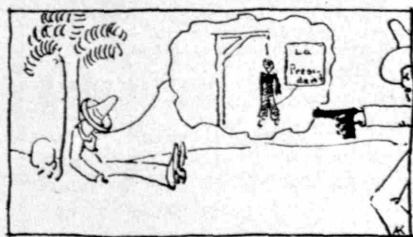
HARMONY.

A. Millions.

Q. Why do all the soldiers have mascots?

WEARY.

A. For sleeping in mass formation.



Q. Is it true that Mexico is the land of dreams?

DROWSY.

A. Mostly nightmares and revolutions.

Q. Is it proper for a young lady to eat?

FAMISHED.

A. Don't you mean drink?

Q. Who was Billy Sunday?

B. B. STAR.

A. Same person he was Saturday.

QUERIES

Q. My landlady locks the door if I stay out after midnight. What shall I do?

DESPONDENT.

A. We would advise you to read Pope's "Rape of the Lock."

Q. Is it proper to call a lady by her first name?

SO SYETY.

A. Did the court restore it after the divorce?

Q. Who discovered Fall River?

CURIOUS.

A. Isaac Newton.

Q. Is fishing a habit or a disease?

ANG. GLER.

A. Neither. Fishing is a mild form of insanity. For proof, speak five minutes or more with the man who caught the "wopper."

Q. Are evening gowns called thusly because they even things up?

NIGHT HAWKE.

A. Simply a method of proving that nothing is being kept hidden.

Q. I have an unnatural craving for water. How can I remedy this?

AKWA PURA.

A. Smoke Camels.

Q. How many grains of sugar in a pound?

MY SWEETIE.

A. This question can be answered as easily as "How near can you get to a ton of radium?" We take great pleasure in answering in the affirmative to both.



Q. What is the sound made by the giraffe?

AF. RICANO.

A. Large quantities of silence followed by larger quantities of the same noise. The intervals between the invisible sounds are also bridged by gaps of silence.

Q. When and who was Diogenes?

GREEK LETTER.

A. He was some time ago. Also was the guy who went out hunting for something that ain't.



Q. Can you give an explanation of Spiritualism?

MEDIUM.

A. Oh, yes. Can't you?

Q. What is the English equivalent of von Hindenburg?

WAR FAN.

A. Von means from, hinden means behind and burg is slang for dump. Therefore von Hindenburg is "from behind the dump."

Q. I seek the solace of forgetfulness. Where can I obtain it?

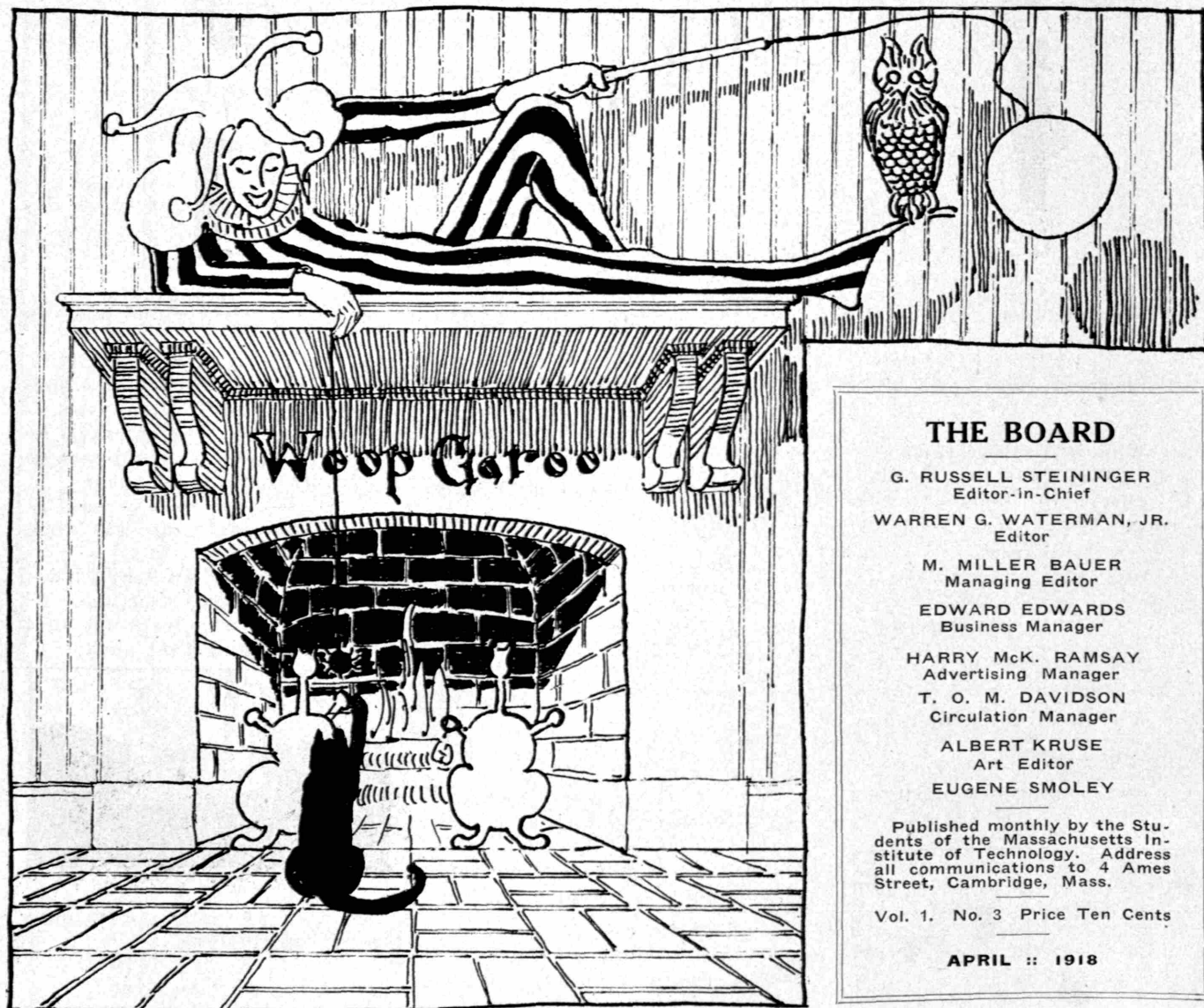
SORROWFUL.

A. Find an absentminded prof. and let him console you.

Q. When was the 4th of July in the year of 1818?

HISTORIAN.

A. Day after the third.



THE BOARD

G. RUSSELL STEININGER
Editor-in-Chief

WARREN G. WATERMAN, JR.
Editor

M. MILLER BAUER
Managing Editor

EDWARD EDWARDS
Business Manager

HARRY McK. RAMSAY
Advertising Manager

T. O. M. DAVIDSON
Circulation Manager

ALBERT KRUSE
Art Editor

EUGENE SMOLEY

Published monthly by the Students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Address all communications to 4 Ames Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Vol. 1. No. 3 Price Ten Cents

APRIL :: 1918

JUNIOR Week is a period of righteous gayety, a time when the proverbial midnight oil is conserved, although midnight hours are most passionately consumed. During the five day recess allotted to us by the faculty and the trustees pleasure will be dominant at the Institute. Many events will take place including the annual Technique Rush, the Spring Concert, the Prom, the various performances of Tech Show 1918 and the numerous house parties. And this is as it should be, for there is all too little social life at Technology.

To be sure, this year, owing to the titanic struggle which is raging across the Atlantic, there will be and should be a subtle sober undercurrent in all the merriment that is about to take place. It is inconceivable that any of us could enter into these social functions without a realization that somewhere in a battle scarred Europe there may be the culmination of a tragedy in which the victim is near and dear to us. We must fully understand this; to do otherwise would be a mark of ill-breeding. And yet there is not one of those men "over there," no matter whether he is lying in a mud-filled trench, his nerves keyed to the breaking point, and waiting to bear the brunt of the enemies' charge, or whether he is engaged in the grimmest of death struggles with a German plane far up over no-man's land, that would have us do otherwise. When that man is relieved from active duty and permitted a furlough he rightfully takes his pleasure either in Paris or in some other French town. And he expects that we should do the same thing, for in a small way we are also co-operating in the great fight. We are here to

prepare ourselves that later we may assume an active and efficient part in the awful but glorious work of freeing the world from the shackles of Prussianism. Sentiment is a fine thing and something which must under the most adverse conditions be cherished and yet we have a duty to fulfill. There is the old story about "all work and no play—." This is exactly why, when many other educational institutions throughout the country decided to eliminate social functions until after the War, those in charge of undergraduate destinies at the Institute decided that we should "carry on" as in other years.

There are many undergraduates at Technology who bear the unpleasant name of grind. And some of these men have fully decided that, although they are already well up in their work at the Institute, they will take advantage of the recess and get on even better terms with their textbooks. Nothing could be more distant than this from the true purpose for which this short vacation has been provided. Instead it should be the duty of all of us to get just as far as possible from books and laboratories and such and by so doing, give ourselves a mental reaction that when we do return to work we will be able to attack it with more vigor than would otherwise have been possible. No warning against working during the vacation need be given to those who are already low in their studies, for this group of undergraduates will not bother to do it any way.

In short, Junior Week with all that it stands for and with all the events that it contains is of more vital importance this year than it has ever been before, and it should be our duty to support it loyally.

So much for the relation between the events of Junior Week and the War. But there is another reason why Technology undergraduates should make the best of their impending opportunities. This War is not going to last forever; it will be a stupendous task to win, but win we shall, and even the most pessimistic of us agree that it can not last longer than twenty years more. At the expiration of those twenty years, the undergraduate who is now at the Institute will be in the prime of life. In addition to being an engineer and a scientist he will be called upon to assume tasks of other natures in the community wherein he dwells. To be concise, it will be necessary for him to be an intelligent citizen and a pleasant companion socially. There is little doubt but that the habits formed in student days cling more or less to a man as he advances in years. It is an almost too well known fact that there is little social life at the Institute. Its alumni are nothing short of miracles in that they seem to be versatile. Especially is this peculiar when one considers that while in attendance at Technology they were treated to approximately the same curriculum that we are now. And there are few of us who will doubt that in order to follow the curriculum and obtain a degree, the average student has four full years all provided for and these four years leave little place in them for social events. All the same without these social events, we are handicapped to the extent that later on our conversation will be mostly "shop talk" and consequently boring to our listeners. So on this ground it behooves us to seize the few opportunities we get in the way of pleasure with the same avidity that a hungry man attacks food. After all the female of the species is not quite as deadly as it is made out to be. So why not take a chance? We ask you.

All this merely goes to show how important Junior Week was in other years. If it was important then and has assumed a renewed importance owing to the War, it is only reasonable to suppose that the events of this week are something which few of us can afford to miss.

ONE of the most impressing sights in the parade held in Boston to commemorate the anniversary of the entry of this country into the War was a closely massed formation of approximately two thousand women, each of whom carried a service flag signifying that one or more of her family was engaged in the present conflict. One gray haired, tottering old lady was given a place of honor at the head of one of the roughly formed companies. She carried a flag with five stars in it. Truly this is an age of sacrifice.

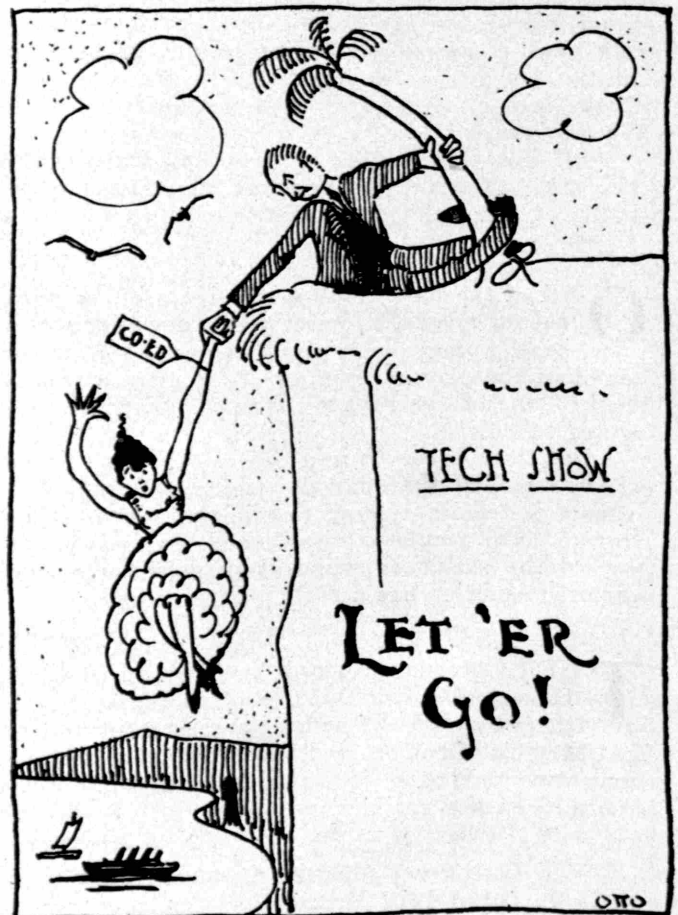
But how is the United States bearing this sacrifice? The reported crowd of half a million people which watched that parade was conspicuous for more than its size. It was cheerful; both men and women jested like young people at a circus. The buildings were prominent in their lack of ornate decoration. The people of the United States have settled down after one year of War to a sober appreciation of the sacrifices which they must make, and, at the same time, they have not lost their sense of humor. America has a right to feel proud.

THERE are many people who would like to obtain copies of the posters which advertise either the Liberty Loan or War Savings Stamps or lead men into recruiting offices. They are interested in them as works of artistic achievement and would be willing to purchase some of the posters provided that they could be obtained at a reasonable price. If the government would consider this seriously it would serve two purposes; it would both increase the advertising possibilities of the posters, themselves, and also add to the national revenue.

WE take great pleasure in announcing the election of Eugene Smoley and Trevor O. M. Davidson to the Board of THE WOOP-GAROO.



THE WOOP feels greatly privileged in bringing before the student body several of rejected Show Posters which were worthy of more consideration than they received.







K—ills Kiddies
A—dds Agony
I—s Inhuman
S—tarved Serbians
E—vil Egotism
R—apidly Ranting

Trying to prove that there is no such thing as gravity is a waste of time; so is arguing with a Prussian soldier in the middle of no-man's land.

"Ah, me!" sighed the stude, "Probably another dun from S. S. Pierce for this here suit. Let 'em whistle. I blew next month's ducats last week, and my bank says I've overdrawn. It's me for a celluloid collar—"

He stood staring blankly at the letter in his hand. His eyes were bleary and his dejected air and baggy trousers were eloquent of financial straits. He seemed on the verge of utter ruin; and yet, as he read the contents his face lit up into an imbecilic smirk. "By Allah! Here's news! She's coming up for Junior week! To hell with expense!"

Although a steeplejack's notoriety is not inherited, it comes from descent.

The colored man complained to the storekeeper that a ham which he had purchased there was no good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it isn't, boss," said the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad."

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The colored man scratched his head reflectively, and finally suggested:

"Well, sah, then it must have had a relapse."

STIMULATION

I

I sat within the empty room,
Whence all but I had fled.
The cat had either thrown a fit,
Or maybe it was dead.

II

The cook was baking in the stove,
What a peculiar smell!
The cat went bathing in the lard,
No doubt 'twas getting well.

III

The flame flared higher and yet up
Methought the cook was done.
I looked within the coffee-pot
And lo! The cat had run.

IV

The mice came hopping o'er the lea;
Fell I off my ladder.
The dog went rambling through the door,
Looking old and sadder.

V

The cook, vanishing up the flue,
Brought back thoughts of dinner.
I looked within the bread-box bare;
Beefsteak grew much thinner.

VI

Trembling, I left the haunted room;
Too much Schopenhauer's!
Proceedeth hence to Charlie's Wirth's,
To order whiskey sours.

HOW?

I. M.—What keeps people from falling off the earth?

U. R.—That's the law of gravity.

I. M.—How did they stay on before that law passed?

NOT ALL HER OWN

A young woman who contributes quite a lot of verse to various publications once received the following note from an enthusiastic magazine editor:—

"Dear Madam—The verses entitled 'The Kiss' are extremely clever. Can you assure me that they are original?"

To which the fair writer answered:

"Sir—Not quite. 'The Kiss' was a collaboration."

Human dynamo—any man who gets everything charged.

The moon affects the tide—likewise the untied.

Even a first class magazine must occupy second place when it comes to entering a postoffice.

THE FUTURIST DREAM

'Twas the night, no, not before Xmas, but after the Prom. As Aloysius B. Williamsate drifted slowly off into slumber, his last thought was of the girl whom he had just left.

It seemed but a minute before he was rudely awakened by a light shining into his eyes. Rubbing his eyes he glared around the room to find out who had thus dared to disturb his peaceful rest. But suddenly he realized that he was not in his room. He was floating through space on a white cloud and by his side was The Girl. Softly he touched her to make sure she was real. At the touch, she turned and smiled dazzlingly, uttering the mystic words, "Until then, now."

"Evelyn," Aloysius P. cried, "where are we and why?"

"Longer," she whispered softly.

And then the cloud seemed to take on shape and become solid. All at once he felt a wheel in his hands and pedals under his feet. Now they were rushing through black night at a terrific rate of speed. But despite the blackness, he could still see her lovely face in all its beauty.

"Evelyn, I love you," he exclaimed.

"If not, why not?" was the somewhat mystic reply.

But suddenly they were no longer in the motor. They were falling through space as dark as pitch. But she was still at his side and he heard her whisper softly, "From now on, henceforth."

But now they were in the midst of a room. And many people were chasing them. Their feet seemed made of lead. The walls seemed to be closing in on them. Their feet dragged heavier and heavier. But still he heard her sweet voice in his ear, "Before then, afterwards."

In another minute the walls would crush them, already he could feel the damp slabs of stone pressing against him.

And for the last time he heard her dulcet voice, this time faintly, as from a great distance, "Not until the end, the beginning."

And then he woke, cursing with heartiness and fluency the Welsh Rabbit he had eaten for supper.

Etiquette is a word we have borrowed from the French. So is camouflage. In a sense they are synonymous, for most of us really do treat a bill collector with more respect than he actually deserves.

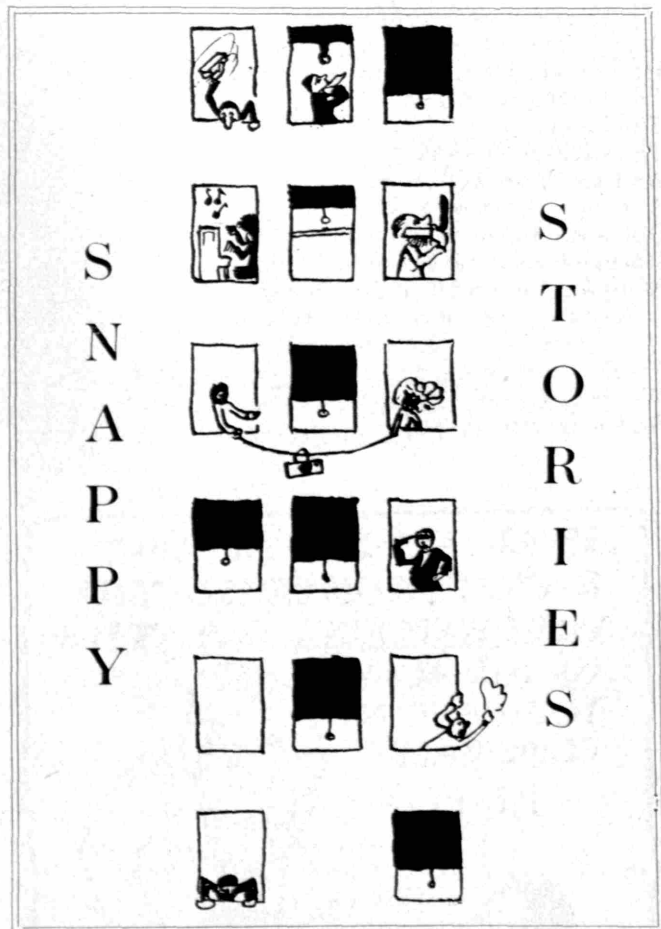
TO THE BUGLER AT THE AVIATION SCHOOL

Little boy blue,
Stop blowing your horn,
You ain't in no meadow,
Nor yet in the corn,
You meanest, confoundest,
Old pest ever born,
Can't you eat, work, or sleep,
Without blowin' that horn.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE IRON BATTALION

There's a lone, lone squad 'awandering
Throughout the wilds of the Stute.
No officer to guide it, yet
It must go on.
There'll be homes are lone and dreary
Before it returns.
For the corporal has forgotten
The command to halt his squad.

The man who is easily bored is either an egotist or he is over educated.



UNLUCKY ANSWER

Her husband had just come home and met the new nurse for the first time—she was remarkably pretty.

"She is sensible and scientific too," urged the fond young mother, "and says that she will allow no one to kiss the baby while she is here."

"No one would want to while she is here," replied the father.

And the nurse was discharged.

ONE POINT OF VIEW

I had a dream last night.
 'Twas passing strange.
 Methought I did watch the initial performance of
 Ye Show.
 And seated by my good right wing
 Was a creature of aspect weird.
 Firmly to his bosom clutched
 Was, to put it in a military sense,
 Bag, leather, brown, one.
 And in his hand, clenched with the grip as of death,
 A mileage book,
 Surcharged with the mystic letters West N.....
 C..... T.....
 And ever and anon he moaned and uttered lamenta-
 tions sad.
 My heart was moved to pity,
 And I queried what might his misfortune be.
 He replied, both strongly and with vim.
 The Show was rotten.
 The humor poor.
 The songs were rank
 And the lines were worse.
 And now I pitied him yet more.
 But still, to calm his heated soul,
 I begged what favor could I do.
 Replying in accents anguished and wild, he cried:—
 "Fair sir, give me but a Chem book, or even a prob-
 lem in
 Triple Integration and I shall be appeased."
 Whereat I awoke from my slumber,
 And marveled greatly.

HELP!

The air was tense with an electric thrill. Save for the quick come and go of a man's breathing all was still. Suddenly, it was there! The Face at the window! A shriek rang out in the horrid gloom of the empty house and once again the stillness of death came into its own.

"That Smith boy who used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady?"

"Steady! If he was any steadier he'd be motionless."

A PROBLEM OF SAFE CONDUCT IN THE STUTE

To smoke, or not to smoke,
 Is now a question that's no joke.
 Am I to throw away my butt,
 When in the Stute a prof. turns up?
 Or is it proper etiquette
 To offer him a cigarette.

Loyal Native—"Boston is the hub of the universe."

Scoffing Visitor—"It sure is. The hub is the part of the wheel that moves the slowest."



POCKETS

THE statisticians assure us gravely, very gravely, that little Willie's pockets contain four pieces of string, two tops, a rubber band, no handkerchief, ten marbles, a knife, thirteen cents, half an apple, a peach stone, two pebbles, *ad infinitum*. Personally we have no desire to argue the point, only we do think that they slipped up on the count of the marbles. We should place their number at eleven instead of ten.

But that is by the way. The point is that why did the statisticians stop at little Willie's pockets? Think of all the valuable information that humanity lacks without having a card index recording the contents of all the other people's pockets. It certainly would be a boon to thieves.

Think of what Gladys carries in her pockets:—a vanity case, three much-used powder boxes, a few nickels for car fare if caught in a pinch, some chewing gum, pins, etc. What more valuable than to know of this accurately?

Then there is the youthful lover who carries in his pocket nearest to his over-palpitating vital organ violet scented letters written on rose colored stationery. These would be valuable. What a lesson they contain on how **not** to do it.

And ponder over the pockets of the long haired musician. They contain perhaps a soul stirring sonata or an anger stirring popular air.

The author. He carries around in an idea scribbled hastily on the back of a soiled envelope, the plot of a story that will win for him world fame or the theme of a joke that will bring down an editor's wrath.

Behold the upper left hand vest pocket of the Wall Street king. It contains a slender fountain pen that possesses more power than many an army.

And the spy. When in a comparatively safe locality he may carry a thin document in his pocket that, did the Kaiser but know, he would be forced to send immediately for his French marcelle waver and have the straightness removed from his otherwise unusually curly locks.

We suggest that the statisticians consider this seriously. Some day the world may reward them although we doubt that.

BRIGHT

"Who was the first electrician?"

"Noah. He made the arc light on Mount Ararat."

Mrs. Newrich (purchasing an automobile): "The car I want starts with—er—let me see—I think it starts with 'T'."

Salesman: "I'm sorry, madam. All our cars start with gasoline."

Augustus: "I'm not fond of the stage, Violet, but I hear your father on the stairs, and I think I had better go before the foot lights."

A HYMN OF HATE

I hate men.

They irritate me.

Especially the tall ones with wavy hair who are in uniform, and

Who are always just leaving for France.

But never leave.

And the athlete.

Who will tell you

Just how HE won the foot-ball game,

Or the track meet.

And all his sentences begin, and end, with "I".

And he never seems to consider

That perhaps you might like to say something.

And the studious boy,

Who is terribly bashful.

And his conversation is limited to "Yes" and "N-o-o".

But after a while he confidentially admits that

"He hasn't danced since his freshman year".

And now he is a Junior!

And the jolly fellow.

Ugh!

He always knows a string

Of jokes (at least he calls them that).

And he laughs at them uproariously.

And seems quite offended if you do not laugh,

Even after he has explained it twice.

Ugh!

I hate men!

IMPRESSIONS

The other day

A man from Chicago, or Denver, or some place in the wild and woolly West.

And he was seeing Boston,

And Cambridge.

In the course of time he came to the Stute.

The first thing he saw was

The Iron Battalion at bayonet practice.

And then he saw the Freshmen Regiment drilling.

And the Army Aviators marched by.

On his right were more of the Iron Battalion throwing dummy bombs.

And on his left were the Naviators at inspection.

Bewildered by the sight of so many uniforms

He turned to an innocent bystander

And inquired whether or not this was

A training camp.

And the innocent bystander said that it was not.

He further said that it was the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

And the man from Chicago, or Denver, or Someone's Corners said "Oh!!!!!!!"

And the fame of M. I. T. waxed throughout the land.

A TOBACCO RESOLVE

I

The clouds of smoke are thick about,
 and matches;
 One smoker has a bright idea,
 it hatches.
 He cries aloud so all can hear,
 "This habit I must 'cut,' quite clear,
 it catches."

II

"Tobacco is a filthy weed,
 I like it.
 It satisfies no normal need,
 I like it.
 It makes me thin, it makes me lean,
 It takes the hair right off my bean,
 I like it."

III

And though he liked the stuff, he quit,
 "forever."
 Sweet dreams about the "butts" he'd lit,
 however,
 Brought back the craze, and in two days
 He smoked such "smokes" as would amaze,
 d' ja ever?

HEARD IN THE CAF

Techite (from Philadelphia): Let's have some snail soup.

'Nother Techite (not from Phila.): Righto. Don't you get that at home?

Our Hero: Nope. Can't catch the snails.

Love is that which makes a man roll and toss and sigh during the wee small hours. And then it makes him get up burning with the fever of discontent and walk the floor. The next morning he wonders why he has slept through two classes only to discover later that during his nocturnal roving he had turned off the alarm clock.

A member of a State Legislature was very much impressed with the dignity of his position and it was always on his mind. One night his wife woke him and whispered, "John, there are thieves in the house!"

"You must be mistaken, my dear," said her husband, "there may be a few in the Senate, but in the House—oh, no; the idea is preposterous."

MADE IN GERMANY

My dear Wilhelm:

Before we started this war, any article would sell faster in almost any other country if it was marked "Made in Germany." Confidence in the product and good will for Germany put the sale across dead easy.

But now, my dear Kaiser, look what you have done. You have—

Plans for World Conquest—"made in Germany."

Scrapped Belgian Treaties—"made in Germany."

Poison Gases—"made in Germany."

Lusitania Murders—"made in Germany."

Broken Pledges—"made in Germany."

Hymns of Hate—"made in Germany."

Zeppelins Baby-brainings—"made in Germany."

Barbarities Against Prisoners—"made in Germany."

Betrays of Neutrals—"made in Germany."

Sink-without-a-trace-notes—"made in Germany."

It's a good thing all right, Wilhelm, but if you don't watch out you never can use "Made in Germany" after the war. You gotta think of that, you know. An article marked "Made in Hades" would sell better.

I'm afraid we've overdone this thing. What do you think?

Faithfully your friend and ally,
 Prince of Devils and Kaiser of Hades.

THE DIFFERENCE

The unit of resistance (in the Main Building)—ohm.

The unit of subsistence (in the Aviation School)—\$1.25.

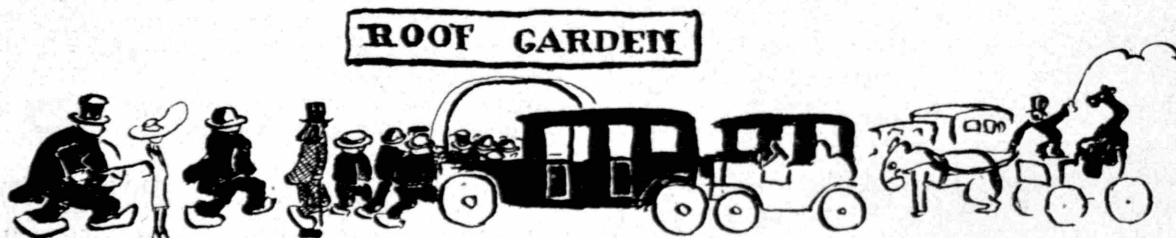
Salesman (recommending blue necktie with large pink spots): "But wouldn't you like one like this? I am selling a lot of them this year."

Sarcastic Customer: "Very clever of you, I'm sure."

The value of some men is estimated in dollars and some in sense.

Though the American Eagle is a tough old bird, there is a legal tenderness about its portrait on a silver dollar.

Love blinds some men, and it makes lots of others too nearsighted for military service.



THE WOES OF HARVARD BRIDGE

Did you ever stop and wonder
What this thing is all about.
The way they treat poor Harvard Bridge
Is enough to make one shout.

It wasn't very long ago
That the bridge was just brand new,
But it didn't stand like that very long
When the plumbers had something to do.

The bridge was blocked for six long weeks
And finally they got through,
But it wasn't more than another week
Before the electricians had something to do.

Up came the bricks and down came the poles
The traffic was blocked again,
And when they got through doing their worst
The street cars were there with their men.

The wops with their picks worked very hard
To do all the damage they could,
They spoiled the bridge while fixing the tracks
And did more harm than good.

They're still trying to fix the bridge
In the way I've told you how,
And we all can agree, 'cause they've kept it up,
Ye Gods what a bridge it is now.

Light Boy: Say, if Gen Pershing left France
who'd take charge of the army?

Bright Boy: Why General Would, of course.

Light Boy: But some one else would have to take
care of the Navy.

Bright Boy: So it Sims, so it Sims.

"I want the companion volume to the 'Descent
of Man'," she explained to the library assistant.

"The—the what," asked the attendant.

"The companion volume to the 'Descent of
Man'," she repeated.

"I never heard of one," said the attendant doubt-
fully, "I don't believe there is any."

"Nonsense, sir," she retorted, looking at him sharp-
ly. "There must be something about the rise of
woman."

Sympathetic Steward: "Lights bother ye,
mum?"

Very Sick Passenger: "N-no. I think it's my
liver."

GHOSTLY

William B. Neficent was a great believer in spirit-
ualism. But he had never made a visit to a medium
until one day when, by accident, he ran across a sign
reading "Im A. Whiz, medium. Quickest connec-
tions with all spirits." Gathering his courage in both
hands and placing it in his wallet for safe-keepng,
he entered. Mr. Whiz received him in a darkened
room, and after gazing long and thoughtfully into
William B.'s hat he announced, "Your initials are
W. B. N." "Wonderful!" breathed our hero, as-
tounded at the celerity with which his host had di-
vined these letters. "And what is my first name,"
he queried, wishing to put the man to further test,
"I am called Willie for short." After a moment of
thought, Mr. Whiz replied, "Your Christian cogno-
men is William." "Marvelous," purred our own
Willie now thoroughly convinced of the man's genu-
ineness.

"Is there anything you wish to know of your
future?" continued the medium.

"Will I ever be rich?" reparteed the now en-
chanted William.

"I cannot tell exactly. There will come a time when
you will have a great deal of money. Yet I can also
see that there will be a period of financial depression
for you. But have no fear. The fates are watching
over you. They tell me that you are to part with
some of your worldly wealth soon."

"Truly amazing to predict the future so accurate-
ly," offered W. B. "And can you tell me anything
of my wife. She has been dead for a year." So say-
ing he wiped away a tear which threatened to roll
down his cheek and flood his collar.

"Ah, your wife. She was a very beautiful woman,
was she not? And she died about a year ago today.
But wait! She is trying to say something. She says
'Beware! You are about to suffer a severe loss!'"

"Most extraordinary!" expounded the now thor-
oughly mystified B. Neficent. And paying the re-
quired five-spot for the acquired information, he
sought the street. Reaching in to the depths of his
pockets for car-fare he made the horrid discovery
that his wallet was gone.

"Aha!" he expurgated, his face brightening,
"This is the loss my wife foretold."

And as he meandered slowly along the homeward
path, he meditated thoughtfully.



THE SCRAP PILE

"So this is your studio?"

"As you see," said the artist.

"But it is very cold here."

"Yes, just now I am painting a frieze."

Mother (to father, after hearing her son rehearse the Greek alphabet): "John, we can't let Henry go back to college again."

"Why not?"

"He has learned to swear. I just heard him say, 'Alfred beat her, damn her, pelt her'."

"Gimmie five cents' worth of pills."

"Anti-bilious?"

"No, sir; it's father."

A certain young man of great gumption
'Mongst cannibals had the presumption
To go—but, alack,
He never came back;
They say 'twas a case of consumption.

FISHY

A lively young fisher, named Fischer,
Fished for fish from the edge of a fissure.
A fish, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in,
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

Suburban Lady (in subway): "Oh, sir, where is Boston?"

Fellow Passenger: "You'll find it at the head of those stairs, madam."

IF!

He bared his chest for the lady Doc,
And she placed her ear o'er his heart;
Not a sound in the room save the tick of a clock
As she practiced her medical art.

But alas she listened all in vain,
Though she listened both north and south;
She couldn't locate the site of his pain
For his heart was in his mouth.

One of us—"What's wrong with you?"
'Nother of us—"I'm sick. I've got the chicken pox."

First One of us—"Aha! Chasing the chickens too much!"

Green but promising youth (listening to an instructor explain the molecular theory)—This guy is physically there, but when they gave out brains he missed muster.

SOBER VIEWS

Dauber—I observed that you don't like my pictures, sir; but I can only paint things as I see them.

Critic—Then you shouldn't paint while you're seeing things like that.

VERY RARE

Mrs. Gableigh—John, what is your idea of a heroine?

Her Husband—A heroine, my dear, is a woman who could talk back, but doesn't.

A bird from Hoboken claims exemption from the draft on the grounds of physical disability. Reason: Dandruff.

One: Why does an iron ship float?

Two: Because it's cast on water.

Lawyer: "Do you drink?"

Witness (quite huffy): "That's my business."

Lawyer: "Have you any other business?"

"I just got a new job. I'm cashier at a police station."

"Cashier at a police station? Well, what do you do at the job?"

"I count the coppers as they come in."

Blunt men often make the most cutting remarks.

"Life is but a bubble," cooed the lady with the lorgnette.

"Yes," he replied gesturing with his slender cigarette holder, "and there are all too many pins in this world."

Calisthenics period is like a sinner's testimonial meeting—such a pounding of chests and appeals to heaven.

MORE SPRING

Spring is here.

They say

That in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts

Of love.

I do not know.

I am not a young man.

It's always a big bore for the burglar if the safe is locked.

Compliments . . .

*State Street
Trust Company*

**AUTOMOBILE
INSURANCE**
FIRE AND ACCIDENT

BEST COMPANIES
AT LOWEST RATES

Also All Other Kinds of
Insurance

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

Angry Prof.: "Do you think this class is a joke, young man?"

Stude: "No, sir, I'm not laughing at the class."
—*Jack-O'-Lantern.*

"That girl looks like Helen Black."

"She wouldn't look any better in any other color."
—*Brunonian.*

She—Are you going to Flossie's birthday party?

He—How old is she?

She—Twenty.

He—I was there last year.—*Widow.*

Voice from the bathroom—"Say, John, got any Ivory soap?"

Voice from the dead—"Wha' for? Going to wash your head?"—*Purple Cow.*

"Gee, but I had a funny dream last night."

"I know. I saw you with her."—*Cornell Widow.*

TAVERN LUNCH

Next to Tech Dormitories

Reasonable Prices

TRY THE TAVERN



Samson Cordage Works

BOSTON, MASS.

*Manufacturers of Braided Cords
and Cotton Twines*

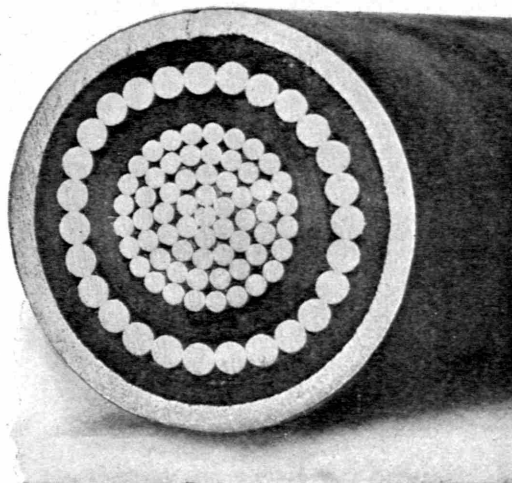
**We make Braided Cord in all sizes,
colors, qualities, and kinds of braid**

SAMSON SPOT CORD



For sash cord, clothes line, trolley cord, are lamp cord, and other uses. Made of extra quality stock, carefully inspected, and guaranteed free from all imperfections. Can be distinguished at a glance by our trade mark, the Colored Spots.

SIMPLEX WIRES AND CABLES



INSULATED WITH
RUBBER, CAMBRIC OR PAPER

SIMPLEX WIRE & CABLE CO

MANUFACTURERS
201 DEVONSHIRE ST. BOSTON
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

WILLING AND EAGER

Lieutenant—"Lad, you'll have to work like a mule in this service."

Recruit—"All right, I'll start right in making an ass of myself."—*Sun Dial*.

Prof. (after explaining a very intricate theory of Psychology)—"Jones, when are you going to see it?"

Stude (Up from his reverie about her)—"Next week-end, I think."—*Lehigh Burr*.

"Well, after all," remarked Tommy, who had lost a leg at the war, "there's one advantage in 'aving a wooden leg."

"You can hold up yer bloomin' sock with a tin-can!" chuckled the hero.—*Tit-Bits*.

IN YIP-SIGH-LANTI

He: "Say, kid, but you've got nice red lips!"

She (later): "And really, you have nice red lips, too."

He: "Your lips aren't as red as I thought they were."—*Gargoyle*.

AN AVIATOR

"You say, Henry ran?" interrupted the lawyer for the defense.

"Dat's what I said."

"You sure he ran?"

"Sho' is."

"Well, did he run fast?"

"Did he run fa——Say, boss, ef dot nigger had 'a had one feather in his hands he'd 'a flew."—*Life*.

Irate Father—"Jack is a close young man, isn't he?"

Sweet Things—"Why father, how do you know."—*Widow*.

Prof.: "Give the answer to the second problem?"

1 Stude: "Seven and a half."

2 Stude (dreaming of the good old days): "Gimme the deal."—*Widow*.

"And he was going so fast that he was unable to tell whether the pants behind him were his own or the dog's."—*Punch Bowl*.

We Announce a New Degree

that of

L. L. B.

(*Liberty Loan Buyer*)

Automatically conferred upon those who,
by saving now, will buy a Liberty Bond
of the Third Liberty Loan

BUY NOW!!

LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE OF NEW ENGLAND

Liberty Building, Boston

BRUTE

Husband: "I thought you had given up burnt wood art, dearie."

Wife: "George, how can you be so heartless! This is a pie."—*Hartford Courant.*

IN YE GUDE OLDE DAYS

Yoeman: "I hear Rolf is stage struck."

Fair Ladie: "In sooth, would he fain become an actor?"

Yoeman: "Nay, he got in the way of the Royal Coach."—*Widow.*

JOIN THE ORDNANCE CORPS

Glendora—"Did you know I was an ammunition girl?"

Alphonse—"Do you mean you make a lot of noise?"

Glendora—"No, I like to have arms around me."—*Orange Peel.*

THE ROLL OF HORROR

Visitor—I suppose Scribbs the poet is the best posted man in the club?

Member—Well, I wouldn't say best—but most.—*Judge.*

Wrist Watches

Suitable for Military or
Civilian Uses.

*Indestructible Crystals
and Radium Dials*



Shreve, Crump & Low Co.

*Jewellers and
Silversmiths*

147 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON

Corner West Street

THE BRUNSWICK

COPLEY SQUARE

(with its new features)

announces

Afternoon Thé Dansants

daily 4 to 6 o'clock

Seventy-five cents per person

Music by Meyer Davis' Orchestra, so famous in
Washington and Philadelphia

L. C. PRIOR, Manager

HOTEL LENOX under same management

SUPPER DANCES 9 O'CLOCK TO 1 A. M.

YOUNG MEN

find a personal
satisfaction in
the superior
quality and style
of Shuman Clothing

Uniforms---Stetson Shoes
Star Shirts---Arrow Collars

Shuman Co.
Boston
Shuman Corner
THE SERVICE STORE

Editor—"Here's an item saying that the King of Sweden raises prize dogs."

Heeler—"And he uses them to drive his Stockholm, I suppose."—*Punch Bowl*.

He: "You won't need your big coat tonight. I've got a heater now."

She: "How perfectly lovely! I simply adore a little oven in a car."—*Record*.

A bellhop passed through the hall of the hotel, whistling loudly.

"Young man," said the manager sternly, "you should know that it is against the rules of this hotel for an employee to whistle while on duty."

"I am not whistling sir," replied the boy, "I'm paging Mrs. Jones' dog."—*Argonaut*.

FORCE OF HABIT

"Why the noise?"

"The barber is shaving himself."

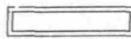
"But why the argument?"

"He is trying to persuade himself to have a shampoo."—*Record*.

"He has the spark of genius."

"Yeh, but sometimes it misses."—*Jack-O'-Lantern*.

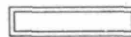
Pierce Arrow



J. W. MAGUIRE COMPANY

Agents for Eastern Massachusetts, Worcester
County and New Hampshire


PIERCE ARROW
MOTOR CARS and TRUCKS



741-743-745 BOYLSTON STREET

BOSTON

Telephone - Back Bay 2316-2317



CASCO 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ IN. CLYDE 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ IN.

ARROW COLLARS
FOR SPRING

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC. MAKERS, TROY, N. Y.

62B