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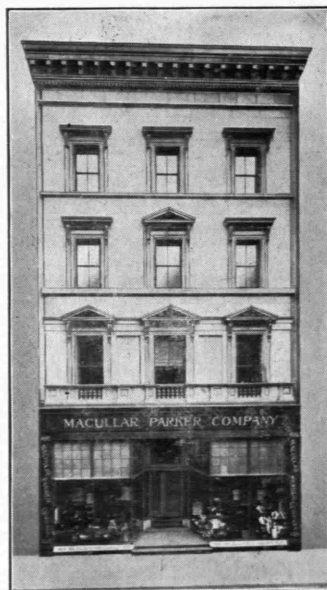


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T-2

W91

"I SPENT MY LAST DIME

FOR A SQUARE MEAL ON THE
TWENTY-FIRST OF LAST MONTH,"
HE SAID, AT THE JUNIOR PROM.

"AND DIDN'T YOU BUY A COPY
OF '**THE WOOP-CAROO**'?" SHE
ASKED.

"NO," HE FALTERED.

"MATERIALIST!" SHE HISSED.

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

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SANITARY BARBER SHOP

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REMEMBER OUR

Fruit and Tobacco Store Across the Street

HOW DID SHE GUESS IT?

He—"Well, I've finally decided to enlist."

She—(Sweetly) "When did you flunk out?"—*Record*.

Soph—"Say, frosh, got anything in your head that bites?"

Indignant One—"Of course not."

S.—"Better see your dentist, then, kid."—*Orange Peel*.

THE ONLY THING LEFT TO DO

She—"If you hug me I'll scream."
(So he kissed her instead.)—*Orange Peel*.

'18—"Speaking of electricity makes me think—"

'18—"Another marvel of electricity."
—*Orange Peel*.

"Yes, she gave herself up to widow's weeds immediately after her husband died."

"What does she use, Camels or Fatimas?"—*Awgwan*.

Grace (sobbing)—You don't love me! I know you don't.

George—Why darling, what makes you say that?

Grace—Because you're not jealous. Maude Mullins has been married nearly a year, and her husband's so jealous he has shot her twice and tried to kill himself three times.—*New York Times*.

Timkins, anxious to be exempted, was before the draft board.

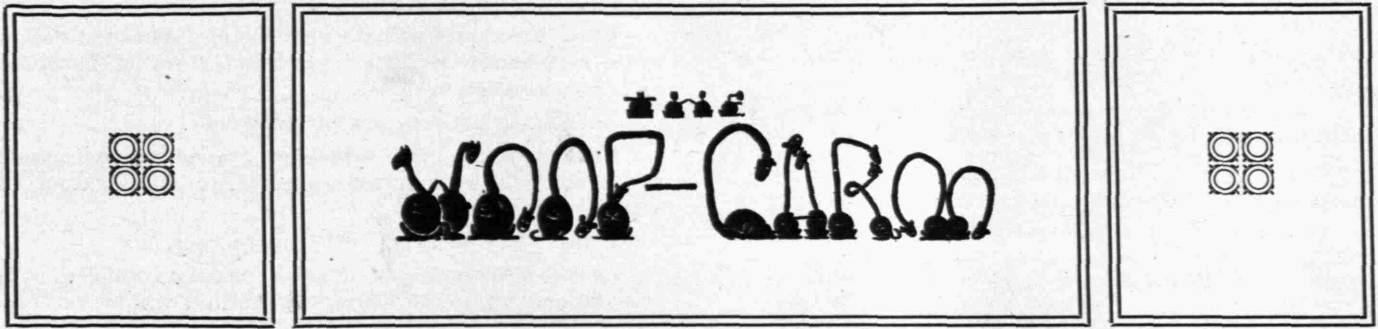
"Is there any reason why you should be excused from military service?" he was asked. "All right physically, are you?"

"I don't know—my legs—they aren't—"

"One of them shorter than the other?" questioned the physician.

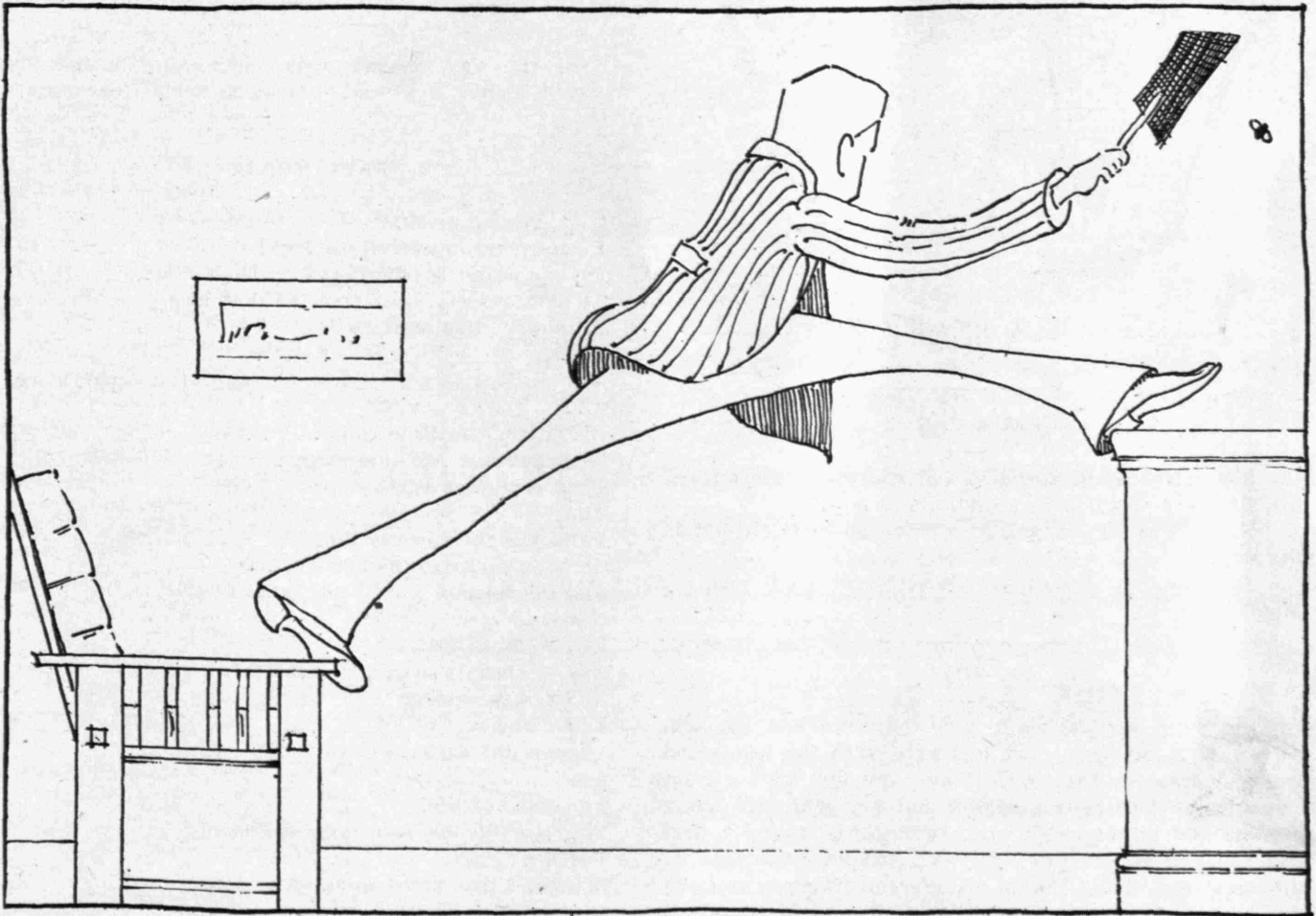
"No, worse than that," blurted out Timkins. "They're both shorter."—*Gargoyle*.

Jock (back from the front and doing his best to give the village worthies an idea of the "tanks" at work)—Man alive, they're simply terrific! Just like great mad things. They stop at naething! Wud ye believe me, I saw one o' them simply careerin' past a saloon.—*The Passing Show*.



"Inside Baggage"? read the Englishman, as he gazed at the sign in the Terminal. "In England we should call it a lunch room, but then, you Americans have such queer ideas."

His Ancestral Pride was somewhat crushed, when he told his bride that his ancestors came over in the "Mayflower," for she answered, "It's lucky they did; the immigration laws are a little stricter now."



SPRING IS HERE

PERSONALLY INTERESTED

Tony, the office janitor, had been working faithfully at his job for several years, when he surprised his employer one day by asking for a vacation.

"We can't get along very well without you," said the boss. "You don't need a vacation. You'll only blow in your money and come back broke."

"I like to have a vacation," persisted Tony. "I get married and I kinda like to be there."



GRANDMA'S IDEA OF A BRITISH TANK

FAUX PAS

She (after he has tripped and recovered himself and his dignity with difficulty):—"Did you trip?"

He (a wee bit savagely):—"Some poor idiot's foot in the way."

She (sweetly, not to say dulcetly):—"That was my foot."

OH BOY!

Let your boy associate with the cows and you will soon have a cow boy. Let him herd with the belles and you will probably have a bell boy. Put him with a great selection of well known editors and you will turn out a capable and bright news boy. Drape him around a bust and you will have a bus boy. Let him have intimate intercourse with many shades of different pigments and you will have a colored boy. Send him to live with sailors and you will soon see him a light buoy. But you do not have to feed him on soggy bread to turn him into a dough boy. He will get the fever himself.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR BEGINNERS

On crossing Massachusetts Avenue:—

Array yourself in your oldest clothes (or a disguise as a British tank is often helpful).

Provide yourself with an intrenching tool, a red flag, a white flag, plenty of barbed wire, and a bottle (bottle to be filled according to taste).

Advance smartly to the curb and halt.

Take a preliminary survey of ground to be crossed (may be done with transit, etc., or through bottom of bottle).

If necessary to avoid rush, dig yourself in.

If not necessary, try flagging passing vehicles with first red flag, then with white flag (neither will be successful).

Spread barbed wire across avenue twenty feet each way from crossing (this should keep motors from passing, but is not infallible).

If stream of passing obstructions is reduced, you may be able to dodge through (if you have had sufficient training in football or at the Plaza on Saturday afternoons),

P. S. The easiest way is to go to Kendall and take the subway.

By the way, doesn't it say something in the Bible about "a dinner of Herbs?" Must be Early Hooverism.

FREE VERSE

I . . . am an artist.

I see beauty in everything and I
Paint sunsets, marines, and garbage cans.

I like sunsets, they give me that large
Feeling. I like marines

Too.

Marines are large, lugubrious, lonesome, lachrymose,
And

Lucrative. Garbage cans

Garbage cans are interesting.

They represent variety

And

Variety is the spice of life.

Garbage cans are the spice of life

And the spice of some back yards I have
Known.

I . . . am an artist

And see beauty in everything

. . . Even in women

I like women.

Women like garbage cans

Are

The spice of life.

They are like the vast upper spaces of
The air.

It takes a true artist to paint women.

Women often paint themselves.

Some are artists.

Some

Are not.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

A correspondence school is an educational institution with a long distance attachment, which enables a man to stuff himself with knowledge at the rate of two cents an ounce, rural free delivery included.

It is easy to attend a correspondence school. All that is necessary is to be a good correspondent, and have an enormous amount of patience. A man need not be a careful dresser, a master with the banjo, or a scarf dancer. Neither must he possess a wagon load of sofa cushions or a talent for organizing a body of underclassmen, or a midnight appetite for pie. All he needs is a stack of three cent stamps, and a little spare time in the evening. With this equipment, he can, in a few months, master the principles of mechanical drawing, electricity, Spanish, Italian, shoulderless French, farming, swimming, journalism, law, shipbuilding, horse-doctoring, dentistry, dress-making, shampooing, cake designing, piano playing, scenario writing, home plumbing, aviation, modern dancing or hair cutting.

It is well to remember that the correspondence school has a vast curriculum. Hundreds of thousands of Americans are attending these schools, round the kitchen table at night, and all over the land worried young chauffeurs are sitting in automobiles trying to find out from a book how to get home for supper.

The student of a correspondence school does not wear his hat turned up in the front, or mysterious, jeweled fraternity pins, but he can be easily distinguished by the ink on his forefinger of his right hand. His school yell is,—“GOSH DARN IT. POSTAGE DUE.”

The correspondence school has developed greatly, but it still lingers behind the regular college in many important branches of science. It does not teach lawn tennis, golf, strolling, debating, or hazing. It does not develop a taste in neckties or finance, and the beauties of obtaining money by mail.

The college sophomore with a papa that is susceptible to good literature can make a record which the correspondent can never approach.

ABBREVIATED FLIRTATION

She frowned at him and called him Mr. Because, in fun, he merely Kr. And then, in spite, The following night, The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.

A certain professor of art who had a remarkable absence of mind ordered a cab one day. It was drawn by a miserable specimen of horse-flesh. Looking at the animal, he was dumfounded and hailed the cabman.

“What’s this, driver?” said the teacher of drawing, sternly.

“A horse, of course, sir,” replied the cabman.

“A horse, eh?” said the professor. “Well, rub it out and do it over again.”

“Is this the Adam’s House?” asked a stranger.

“Yes,” was the answer. “It’s Adam’s House till you get to the roof,—and then it’s eaves.”



“I wonder how soon the durned thing starts?”

Hiram: “Now, Cynthia, this article in the almanac proves that country people are much smarter than city folks.”

Cynthia: “How’s that?”

Hiram: “It says as how the populations in the cities are denser than in the country.”

SEEMINGLY RELATED

Him: Do let me have the next dance.

Her: But you have a partner already.

Him: She’s an awful fat frump that can be easily lost and she dresses like a girl of twenty,—and she’s old enough to be your mother.

Her: Sir! She is my mother.

Our scene is the little grass-plot before the pearly gates. St. Peter is questioning the applicant:

“And just what might your qualifications for entrance be?”

“Well, I graduated from M. I. T., and I—”

“Enough! Enter, stranger, enter.”

And again it might be told this way:

“Just why do you think you are eligible to enter here?”

“In my sojourn on the earthly sphere, methinks I passed sufficient space of time in the deep pits.”

“How so, friend?”

“Ah, I spent my five years at Tech.”

FORMIDABLE

Do you suppose that the highly sensitive lady who rebuked her son for saying “low down” instead of “decollette”, did so because the latter showed more form?

There is a florist on Park Street, who sells good flowers at reasonable prices, he is a good fellow and you can rely on him, he helps us—patronize Zinn, The Florist, 4 Park Street, and show reciprocity.—Adv.

WHEN IN ROME

It is strange how people say “I cahn’t”

In Boston,

And how a nephew says, “My ahnt”

In Boston.

And one needs ride ‘round in a “cah”

For the Streets are “covahed” with

“beastly tah”

In Boston.

But things as queer we readily hear

In Jersey City.

The sparrow wears the name of “boid”

In Jersey City.

The second drink comes before the “thoid”

And what they hear they say they’ve “hoid”

In Jersey City.

Entitled—THE CURSE OF DRINK

Once upon a time a Maverick breezed into the good old South Station, fresh from the wild and woolly and with the time-worn reputation of never having been curried above the knees. He was just receiving his discharge papers from the Queen of the check room when a bleary eyed Indulger in the Strong and Odorous grasped him by the Starboard Fin and exclaimed, "Why Father, how are you?"

The poor old Governor had sent his perfectly good young Yearly to be educated in the East and did not expect to find a Stewed Prune when he returned to take home the Spoils along with its diploma, degree and assortment of Classy Attire for College Men. The Blow was therefore, a healthy one and delivered at a disadvantage to the Recipient. It covered him with despair, disgust, and even to some extent with disquietude.

"Father!" cried the Prodigal, "Forgive me this once and I will reform."

"Never!" exclaimed the irate old Sire, "Until you lead me to the closest dispensary of the good old Pain Killer."

Arm in arm they sought the Solace of Forgetfulness.

Arm in arm they staggered to a Hotel (three hours later).

Arm against arm they fought over the Ice Water (next morning).

WHEN HE VOLUNTEERS

The Minister: "Trust in God and make your powder fly."

His doting Mother: "I wonder how long before he'll be a general?"

His militant Father: "Bully for him!"

His pacifist Uncle: "Dear me; Dear, dear me!"

His little Brother: "Gee! I wish I could go."

His little Sister: "Wish I had a dress like that uniform."

His Best Girl: "Isn't he grand?"

His girl's chum: "Oh, you must give me a button for my collection."

Drill Sergeant: "Oh, gawd!"

Did you ever sit down before a perfectly good typewriter and search for an inspiration? And then search some more? And then you remember that the theme must be in by tomorrow morning. And you rack your brains and tear your hair. And you are just about to give up because you are awfully sleepy, when you get a brilliant idea. You begin to write, and your idea unfolds like magic. You write and write and finally you come to the end and read it over. And you don't see how you ever came to write anything as good as this. And you are just about to put it in the cover when suddenly you wake up and find a perfectly blank page staring you in the face. "Oh, boy! Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?"

To be really modern one must be at least a year ahead of the times.

OUR NEW RECTOR

The new rector is very progressive. He is not only going to set aside a room for the congregation to store their golf clubs during service, but will allow smoking in the last four pews.

Editha was admiring her new summer frock.

"Isn't it wonderful," she said, "that all this silk comes from an insignificant worm!"

"Editha, is it necessary to refer to your father in that way?" her mother inquired reproachfully.

QUERY

It appears that out of a class of two hundred and fifty seniors at Princeton, in a recent census, twenty-seven declared that they have never kissed a girl. There being no noticeable scarcity of girls, it remains to be asked what is the matter with the twenty-seven college men?

Are they pacifists? Do they believe in peace without victory? Are they too proud to fight?

I HATE WOMEN

I hate women.

Especially the fluffy blond.

Who is always so terribly interested.

In the war.

Or the Red Cross.

Or the latest Russian novelist or revolution.

She is so-o-o awfully busy.

And the black-haired, snappy-eyed.

Vivacious person.

Who is so coquettish.

And so kittenish.

She is always a little devil.

Until we are alone.

In a nicely dim corner.

And the athletic girl.

Who talks of tennis.

And golf.

And backhands, and stance, and always swims the crawl.

And likes to take long, brisk walks.

She prefers riding to motoring.

And can take care of her own horse.

But never does.

And the baby vampire.

Who gently goes to sleep on your shoulder while dancing.

And you feel all thrilled.

Until you see her do the same thing with another chap.

You brought along to check your coat.

And she talks of love in a hushed voice.

But she knows the latest songs and jokes.

And what plays are not fit to be seen.

She wouldn't go to see them.

I hate women.



Q. If I should see a ghost smoking, what conclusions should I draw?

DAZED.

A. That he probably led a wicked existence in this world.

Q. I suffer from the cold. Where should I go?

OVER HEATED.

A. We refuse to swear.



Q. Is it patriotic to sleep with the window open?

OZONE.

A. Certainly. You are breathing our national air.

Q. What is a sure cure for baldness?

MARBLEHEAD.

A. Read some hair-raising novels.

Q. How do you pronounce sesquipedaliliverba?

ARTY CULATION.

A. Correctly. Don't you?

Q. What should I do when my friend says "what time is it?"

POLITE.

A. Watch out.

Q. Why is it that ocean liners rock?

C. SICK.

A. We never saw anybody yet that could carry an entire bar around and still go steadily.

Q U E R I E S

Q. Every time I come in at two-thirty in the morning my wife is waiting for me. Please state how I may I get around this?

HUBBY.

A. Stay out for a week and by that time she will fall asleep from exhaustion.

Q. Where did the first bird fly?

AVIATOR.

A. In the air.

Q. I am a top sergeant. After everybody is through shooting at rifle practice what should I do?

SARGENT SCHOOL.

A. Shoot yourself.

Q. What is a good way to kill mosquitoes?

FRANTIC.

A. Hit 'em with a hammer.

Q. I have difficulty in shooting straight. What should I do?

ROOKIE.

A. Take a course in Triggernometry.

Q. I see things where they ain't. Please suggest how I may rectify this?

X. EYED.

A. Look where they aren't.

Q. Who made the first banana-stand?

HIEROGLYPHICS.

A. We didn't know it could. That must have been a slip.

Q. How would you like to make some money?

EXCEPTIONAL.

A. Damfine! Please send in more questions like this.



Q. Who is responsible for the quotation "if at first you don't succeed try, try again?"

HOPEFUL.

A. William Jennings Bryan.

Q. How is the Crown Prince related to the Kaiser?

GENEALOGIST.

A. Accidents are bound to happen.

Q. I was a high flyer in high school. What sort of a chair should they offer me when I get to college?

EXPECTANT.

A. High-chair.

Q. Who wrote Dante's "Inferno"?

ARTHUR.

A. Probably Dante.

Q. Is the price of writing paper going up?

QUILL.

A. We believe it is still stationery.



Q. Can you recommend a nice quiet place to eat in Boston?

BORED.

A. There is a grave yard on Tremont street.

Q. What do you have to be to have a military funeral?

AMBITIOUS.

A. Dead.

CURRENT RUMORS

The apparatus was in readiness. The room was darkened for the purpose of emphasizing the auditory rather than the optical effects, the mystery and attractiveness of the experiment thereby being increased. For the carrying out of this experiment with the assurance of the utmost degree of success, two people are absolutely necessary.

As an experiment, it is exceedingly delicate, and the results in most cases are, to say the least, interesting and gratifying, especially so far as the experimenters are concerned. As a word of caution, the directions must be carefully followed in order that the ensuing results may be evident, more of which later.

As stated previously, the room was darkened. The leads were then wound about the receiver. The connection was made firmer and firmer, although actual contact was not as yet attained. It was obvious that the tension was increasing. The poles over which the current was to pass were gradually brought closer together. Everyone present was breathless; not a word was uttered to disturb the situation. Suddenly an impulsive rush of the stored-up current caused the spark to jump across the gap, which now had become negligible. A noise closely resembling a snap could be heard. Twice, thrice it sounded, and then came a long period during which sounds resembling the quenching of the spark could be heard.

Except for the delighted utterances of the experimenters all was silent. Then, of a sudden, some pleasant little trouble hound switched on the lights. Lo and behold, there was revealed to an expectant audience a loving couple in fond embrace.

A Dallas truck driver once backed his truck into the space allotted to a rival transfer concern at a railway freight depot in that town.

"Look out, niggah!" yelled the driver on whose territory the other had transgressed. "I'll knock yo' outer house an' home ef yo' don't back up!"

"I ain't got no home," retorted the offending driver. "Now what yo' gonna do 'bout it?"

"I'll dig yo' one, niggah—I'll dig yo' one!" was the response.



BOSTON'S LITERARY ABILITY

DOWN ON THE WORLD

"This is a hard world," said the steeplejack as he crashed to the pavement.

First Student: "Did you get the third problem?"

Second Student: "No."

First Student: "How near were you to the right answer?"

Second Student (thinking): "Five seats away."

IMITATIONS

Bevo, Bevo, we have it in our Caf
Bevo, Bevo, the darn stuff makes me
laugh,

It looks like beer, it smells like beer
It tastes just like beer too, but Bevo
ain't no beer, boy
I know it and so do you.

Corn starch, Corn starch, we get it
every day

Corn starch, Corn starch, take the
darn stuff away,

It may be white, it may be cold,
But it won't taste right to you, for
corn starch ain't no ice cream,
I know it and so do you.

"Sirlion," "sirlion", you get it at Wal-
ton's Lunch

"Sirloin," "Sirloin," it comes in a
round flat bunch,

It sounds like meat, it looks like meat,
But it'll taste just like rubber, for
that meat ain't no meat, boy,
I know it and so do you.

"Roast Beef," Roast Beef," you see
the sign at Walker,

"Roast Beef," "Roast Beef," it cer-
tainly is a corker,

It's nice and thick, as a thin tooth-
pick,

And covered with royal brown glue,
but it wasn't made to eat, son,
I know it and so do you.

"Doughnuts," "Doughnuts," they come
in the form of a hoop,

"Doughnuts," "Doughnuts," you eat
them with your soup,

They're nice and round, and weigh
a pound,

You can wear them in your ear,—but
they're surely made of lead, boy,
I know it and so do you.

PERTAINING TO THE HIGH COST OF TOBACCO?

Sir Walter was a fine old knight,
A wise and goodly seer,
A firm believer in the right,
A man who knew no fear.

One day as good Sir Walter strolled
Along a muddy lane,
Queen Bess appeared upon the scene,
Behind her walked her train.

She stopped before a puddle broad,
And what she said, I fear,
Would look a little strange in print,
So I'll omit it here.

She raged and stormed, she fussed and fumed,
She wildly chirped around,
Her retinue to tortures doomed,
Just gazed upon the ground.

Up stepped the good Sir Walter there,
And bowing low laid down
His lovely ermine cloak, square in
That puddle on the ground.

And over this expensive bridge
The good Queen safely passed,
And once upon the other side,
Her train it fairly gasped!

She thanked the noble Walter R.
In ample words and phrase,
And swore that on the nearest date
His salary she would raise.

"That cloak cost me just sixty bones,"
Thus mused the worthy seer,
"The favor of our noble queen,
Is bought at prices dear!"

He stood and looked upon his cloak,
And pondered like all dreamers,
Then rushed unto the telephone
And called, "The French Dry Cleaners."

He then returned to home in peace,
As sure as you're alive,
And soon received the cloak again,
The bill—one twenty-five!

And shortly after he received
A summons unto court,
As he had been a noble seer
He proved to be a sport.

And every day he rose in rank,
Nor ever sought to strive,
For he won riches, fame and wealth,
All for—one twenty-five.

Now—without a doubt there ought
To be a moral to this song,
And it is, "Just clean your pipe tonight,
On the morrow it'll not be so strong."

IT'S A GREAT LIFE

Professor: Life is the Superficial Phenomena of Arrested Radiation, upon the outer crust of a cooling nebula.

MAXIMUM GUNLETS

Where there's a war there's a way.
Pacifists never hear any good of themselves.
Enlistment will happen in the best of regulated families.

A man is known by the company he joins.
One touch of kultur makes the whole world fight.
Conscience makes patriots of us all.
A patriot and his money are soon parted.
A new bomb sweeps clean.
The proxy of the fighting is the retreating.
Too many crooks spoil the war.
Money makes the war go round.

THE HEIGHT OF PRESTIGE

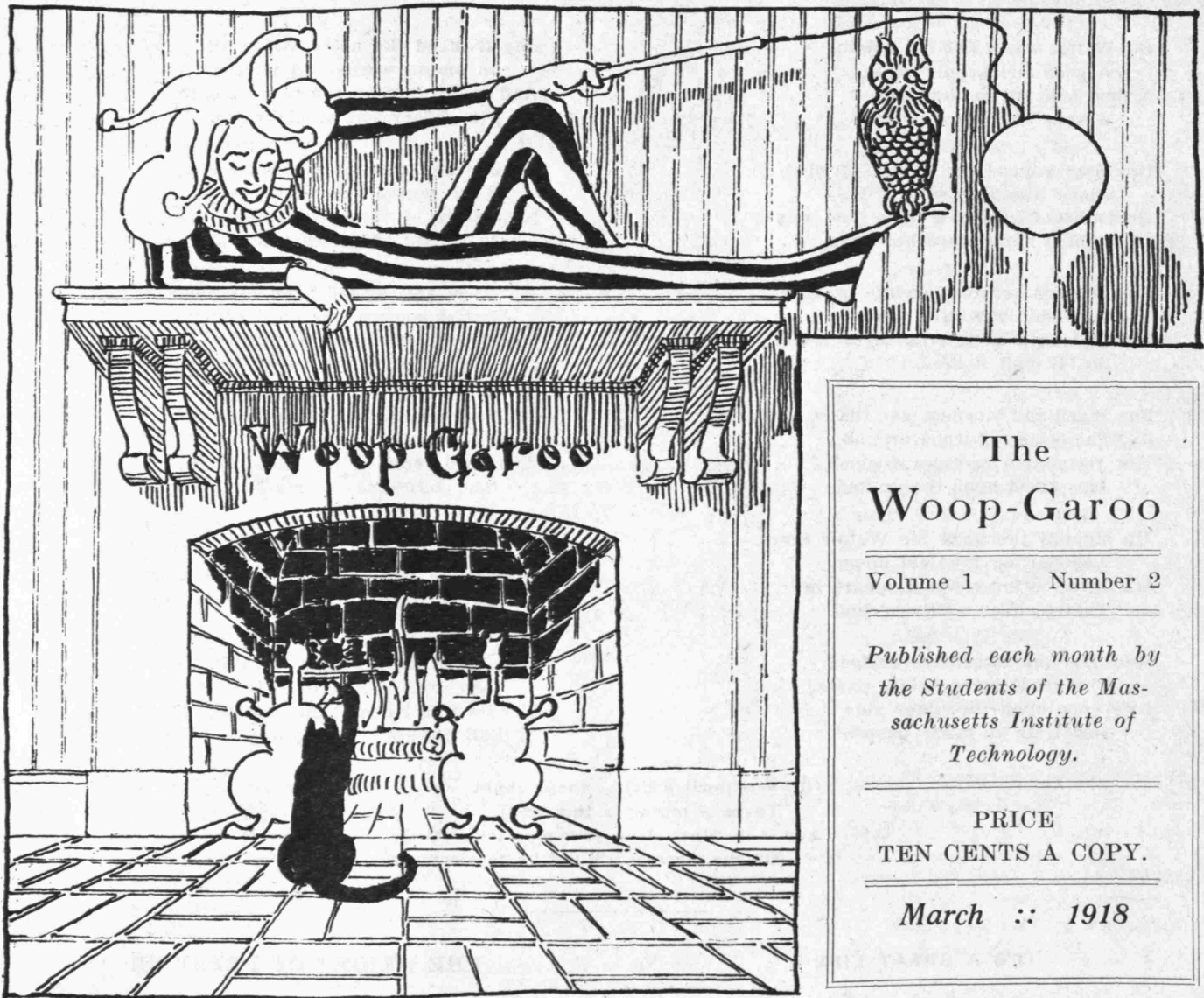
"How did you gain such a terrible amount of prestige?" queried the ardent young thing, as she gently pressed his arm.

"Ah," said the sophisticated senior, "That is indeed a long story. Would you be interested in its recital?"

"Tremendously!" was her enthusiastic rejoinder.

"Well then, here goes. When I was but a freshman, everyone took notice of me. I was the one freshman in my class that all were familiar with. As a sophomore I gained the distinction of standing highest in my class. Not one man had ever reached my goal before and none have since and I have been assured that no one ever will. In my junior year I was extremely popular and in great demand at all social functions, for no person could decorate a hall as well as I. I could hang banners in places that were inaccessible to most men.

"Now I am a high and mighty senior. I look down upon all others. But it gives me a stoop shouldered appearance. I wish I were not seven feet tall!"



The Woop-Garoo

Volume 1 Number 2

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sachusetts Institute of
Technology.*

PRICE
TEN CENTS A COPY.

March :: 1918

THERE appeared in the last, which was also the first, issue of THE WOOP-GAROO an editorial which endeavored to tell just why it was deemed advisable to found a magazine such as this at Technology. The editorial went further and explained the aims of the editors. It might be both well and appropriate to review these twain at this time.

In an educational institution such as Technology science rightfully forms the dominant factor in the minds of its faculty and undergraduates as well as in its curriculum. The arts are logically submerged. And yet with all these traditional arguments there is the danger that the student may become one-sided and hence, inefficient to carry on the noble work which is before him. A well known professor at the Institute has said that the main trouble with science is that it lacks humor. This is undoubtedly true and yet, considering the enormous demand for technique exacted by the modern world, it is humanly impossible for a student to obtain in a four years' course but little more than the bare facts which will enable him to go forth and furnish twentieth century civilization with its demands and thus both take the place he is entitled to and assist in the uplift of humanity in the bargain. How to protect a scientific student from the awful pitfall of one-sidedness is a problem which has perplexed educators for many years and is not one for us to discuss.

But humor there must be. To be devoid of an appreciation of humor is to be pitied. Therefore, THE WOOP-GAROO, through its establishment, is endeavoring to help in its all too meagre way by supplying along with the matter-of-fact scientific curriculum some little humor. We can merely hope that we succeed.

Some may have asked that, above all, why did we choose to pick out a time when the country was at war,—and engaged in the most stupendous of wars—for the establishment of THE WOOP-GAROO. The answer is that in a time when science is needed more than ever,—yes, even absolutely essential, for who will doubt that in the final analysis this is a war of chemists—humor is likely to go a long way before it finds a place in which to eat and sleep. So what more logical than that we choose the present?

As for the aims of THE WOOP-GAROO we can do no better than to restate:—"It is our desire to use these columns as gentlemen. Unless we succeed thus we have failed and failed most horribly."

At this point we wish to say that THE WOOP-GAROO is an independent organization and is in no way allied with any other publication or undergraduate activity at the Institute.

THAT democracy is the most liberal form of government is generally conceded by the civilized world. Please note that we play upon the word civilized, for the fast waning strongholds of autocracy—Germany and her allies—look with abhorrence upon government by the people. If democracy thus fulfils the demands of the individual let us apply it at the Institute and forever quell the annoyance of student tax collections.

A payment of this tax is made compulsory to the members of the class of 1921 and succeeding classes. The students in the upper classes now attending Technology are free from all compulsion, and payment on their part is purely voluntary. And yet it is only too evident that in war times, above all others, the entire meeting of the budget as laid down by the Institute Committee by means of this tax is absolutely essential.

Voluntary contributions on the part of the upperclassmen, namely:—undergraduates in the classes of 1918, 1919 and 1920, is unsatisfactory from the standpoint that insufficient financial aid is, in the aggregate, realized.

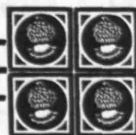
Remembering that democracy is the most liberal form of concentrated order or government, is it not only logical to suppose that if elections be held in the present Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes, deciding the question whether or not the payment of the student tax is made compulsory for each individual class, that this is but a fair means of obtaining the money demanded by the Institute Committee's budget?

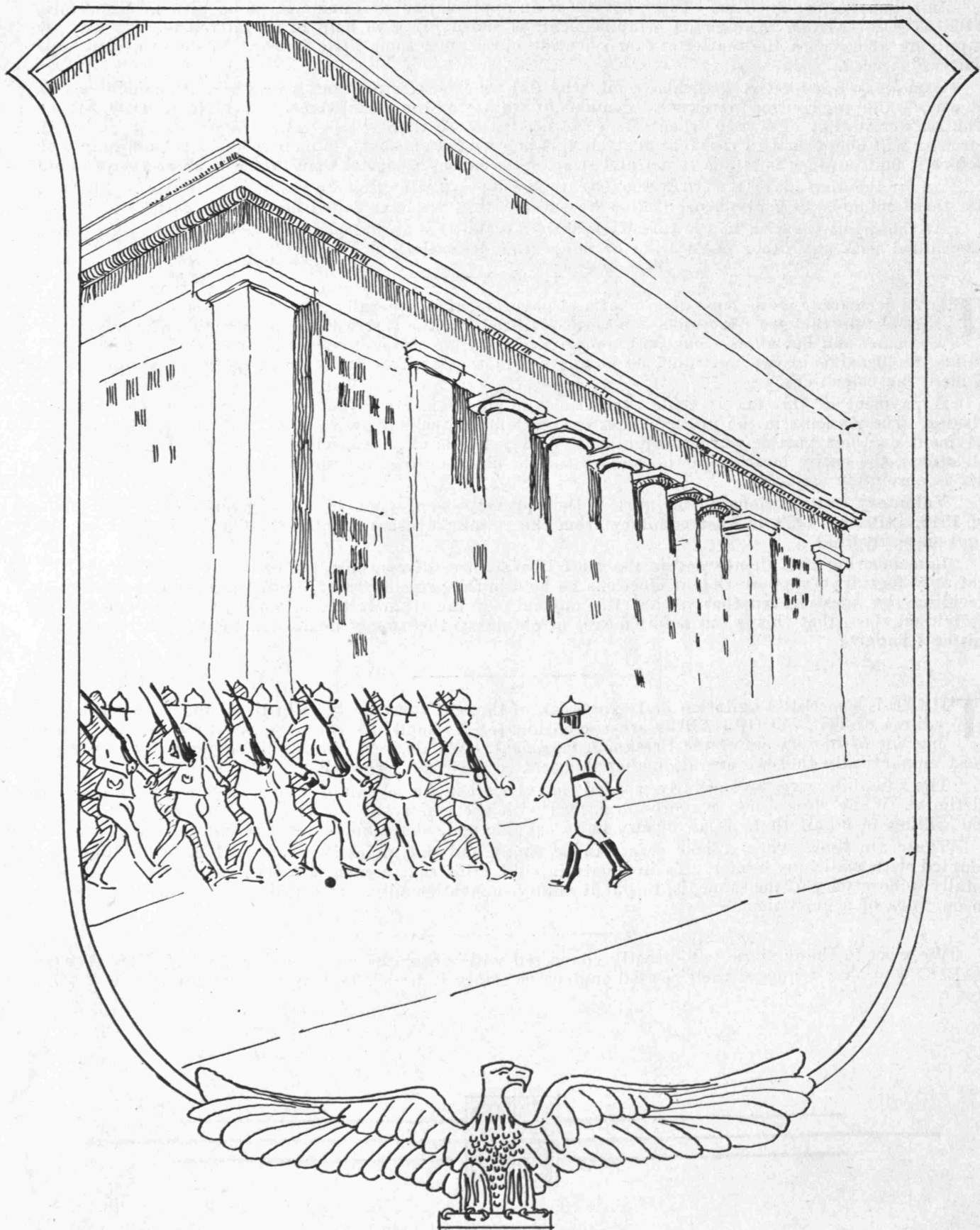
THERE is some little agitation and expression of thought current at the Institute to the fact that the editors of THE WOOP-GAROO are responsible for the hand-bill which appeared recently caricaturing one of the officers of the Freshman Regiment. We desire to take this opportunity and state most emphatically that we are altogether innocent of any such proceeding.

The hand-bills were so succinctly worded that there can be no doubt whom they were intended to victimize. While we are not in thorough accord with the actions of the person aimed at, we are only too willing to admit that, as an officer, he is capable and, above all, knows the game.

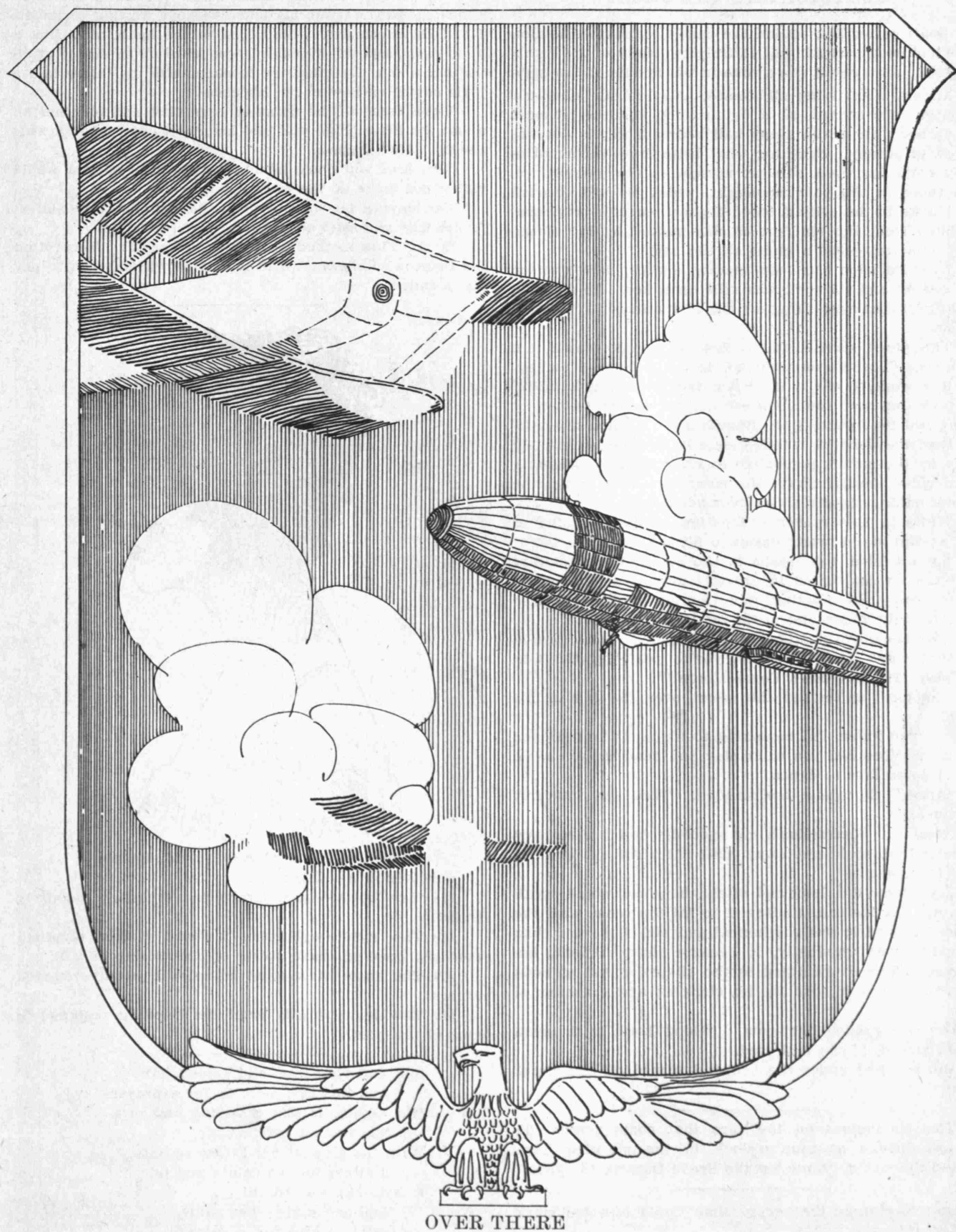
There are times when a joke ceases to be funny and that point is reached when feeble humor is coupled with malicious humor. To insinuate in cold print that a man is a liar, especially when he is totally undeserving of the name, is, to put it mildly, ungentlemanly. It certainly does not measure up to our idea of a good time.

We wish to thank those not directly connected with either the board or the staff of THE WOOP-GAROO who have tendered their cordial support, whether it be in the way of a manuscript or a kind word.





OVER HERE AND—



BEATRICE AND THE GHOST

Beatrice worked behind the candy counter. And Beatrice had been partaking of entirely too many of the dainty morsels. As a result she awoke in the middle of the night fresh from a terrifying nightmare. Also, in her unnatural condition she sensed, as if by instinct, another presence beside her own in the dingy hall bedroom which she was forced to occupy. Brushing what little there remained of sleep from her eyes, she sat upright in the narrow bed. And there in the pale moonlight, which entered through the cracks in the ceiling, stood a ghost, covered with mud obtained from the six feet of clay wetted by the spring rain, it is true,—but a ghost all the same.

Now Beatrice had been reading a cheap novel before she retired and its spell was still upon her. So deeming it the conventional thing to do, she uttered a piercing shriek.

The ghost started and a look of anguish came into his eyes. "I wish you wouldn't do that," he said quietly. "In this world I was a musician, famed for my beautiful compositions and the slightest discord unnerves me. I might add that yours was altogether quite some discord."

Beatrice debated whether or not to unnerve him entirely by the simple method of another shriek. Evidently she decided negatively for she scrambled down under the covers, pulling them high up over her head.

While in this rather suffocating position, strains of low, wistful violin music began to fill the small apartment and having filled, the cracks in the ceiling found another use,—the strains exited to the soft air sweetened by the recent rain. So quieting was the music that Beatrice began to take heart and again sat up in the bed.

"For the love o' Mike," she whispered, "how do you get that way? All the same, you're pretty good. Can you play 'Till the Cows Come Home'?"

"Longer," murmured the ghost over the top of his violin.

"Do you know, I'm beginning to like you?" questioned Beatrice. "Too bad you can't play and dance at the same time, I do so love to dance."

"Arise," the ghost commanded. "You can interpret my music."

"Beat it. Foxtrotting's my specialty and I never saw anybody that could get away with a foxtrot all by their little lonesome."

Try as she did, long and often, the ghost would speak no more, but instead, continued to fill the room with the music. At first it was rhythmical and melodious and then gradually, very gradually, it became sharp, ardent, impetuous. Then it dwindled to the silvery sound of bells and from there it rose to the clanging and crashing of bells.

Beatrice rubbed her eyes. "Good Lord, is it seven o'clock already?" she muttered.

She reached under the bed and turned off the alarm clock.

The conductors on the cars that come across the Harvard Bridge at nine o'clock in the morning have adopted the motto, "None but the Brave Deserve the Fare."

Isn't it strange that every time Cupid hits the mark he Mrs. it?

On calling on Prof. whose class you have cut three times running. Enter his office without waiting to knock. He likes informality. Slap him on the back, offer him a good cigar, and tell him the latest joke. If he seems at all put out about anything, try to cheer him up. Give him a little advice on how to run his class.

Then come to the point of your visit and tell him all about the little blond you met last week, and what a whiz she is. He's human.

Tell him you don't like to bother him, so you would rather not make up the work you missed.

On leaving be very cordial, and explain fully and at length why you can't come to the next recitation.

P. S. This method is always successful. Very often the Dean is so charmed with it that he will ask you to pay him a call.



The Girl (from a scientific standpoint)

Subdivision A.—The face:

- (1) Eye-brows:—semi-parabolic arches, regularly spaced.
- (2) The eyes:—spheroids inclosed within elyptical openings; openings have power of contracting at will.
- (3) The nose:—truncated prism with evenly rounded corners.
- (4) The lips:—at this point the scientist resigned in favor of the poet.

She had blue eyes and golden hair,
And lips that were fit for a prayer.
Her smile,—it was charming and rare.
She had an enticing air;
With the glow at her throat so bare,
And her feet so dainty and fair.
I say,—she was there!
And her ankle,—her ankle,—
Ye gods! I give up in despair.

Disillusion

Have you ever tried to write poetry,
Of spring,
And balmy breezes,
And twittering birds?
To a most marvelous girl,
With great brown eyes,
And silken hair,
And form divine.
O glorious impulse; born not of earth.

But it was then bleak winter,
With much slush,
And sloppy snow,
And howling winds.
And that marvelous girl had:
Belladonnaed eyes,
Peroxided hair,
And much padding.
O sudden death! Where is thy sting?

SACRIFICE

Of course we all realize the terrible hardships which our boys over there are undergoing during the present unpleasantness, but not all the heroes are on the firing line and not all the heroines are nurses in base hospitals somewhere along the front. There are plenty of real martyrs left among us and we would venture the suggestion that not all the sympathy be used up on those who have gone across.

What could be more horrible than the deprivation and sacrifices of the sweet young thing who accompanied you to the P——(censored) of a Saturday afternoon and refuses to take any sugar in her tea? You know, tea is hardly worth drinking without the sugar, but one must make some sacrifices in these times and she does feel so much better when she knows that she is really helping win the war. And what of the devotees of the after-theatre party? Are they not to be pitied? For they have made great sacrifices indeed in the past. Think of the many long evenings, from ten on, which they have spent at home because every place was closed or closing. Think of the unutterable fatigue involved in an effort to amuse one's self by quietly remaining at home or by having a little rubber of bridge which could last only until the early hour when the heat was turned off.

And what of the noble old men who have offered themselves as dancing partners for the dear girls now that all the really eligible young men and absolutely all the good dancers have either gone to the front or are on their way? And think of all the strong-minded girls of the younger set who are following the worthy example of Gladys de Puyster and giving up their daily cocktail so that Reggie, or Percy, as the case may be, can have a drink when he returns in uniform?

And last but not least are the unsung martyrs who sit through the amateur performances for the benefit of the Red Cross, or the Belgian Orphans, or the French Orphans. Let us not forget all these truly noble deeds in the excitement of the moment. Would it not be well that some one should suggest to President Wilson or to Congress that some recognition be taken and a medal presented to the most worthy of our stay-at-home heroes and heroines?

The great room was hushed with a hush like unto the hush of death. The eyes of the people who lined the four walls were fixed in never-swerving gaze on the two figures in the center of the floor. Occasionally the quick in-take of a breath was heard, or someone shifted his position slightly. But not for a moment was the attention of a single eye shifted from those two silent, almost motionless, figures. Suddenly one of the men raised his hand. A quickly suppressed sigh ran round the close-packed rows. But the hand was replaced in its former position and again all was oppressively still. The tension grew, nerves stretched almost to the breaking-point. But the silent figures made no sound or motion. The brows of both were knit in thought, but around the lips of one there played the hint of a smile, and it was a smile of victory. Finally the smiler again raised his hand. Slowly, deliberately he made a motion over the board in front of him and a single word passed his thin lips, "Checkmate!"

THOUGHTS ON THE BOSTON ELEVATED

It would seem that it must be a ruling of the Company that no car shall carry less than twice the number of people for whom it was originally intended.

From which it follows that only one half the cars are thus required than would otherwise be the case were the strap-hanger but a character of dim tradition.

It also seems that cars must never run separately. They might get lost, strayed or stolen. Think of one, lone, defenseless car out in the wilderness of Cambridge! 'T would never do. They must needs concentrate their defense in columns of six.

Some day our dear old Massachusetts avenue cars may be all dressed up with new wheels.

Our (editorial) head fairly spins when we think what might happen if the Company actually got some new cars.

We faint every time we think of this. Suppose some innocent consumer were to casually walk into the Park street station some evening about five o'clock and, instead of an angry and excited mob, were to find everything calm and serene. The smelling salts, please!

He was of a saving disposition and Thrift with a big T which stood for tight, was his motto. It was once rumored about the hotel where he lived that a waiter had been taken with a stroke of apoplexy when he raised his customary tip of ten cents to fifteen. It could hardly be denied by Old Scrooge that Horatius Albertus Groton had the margin on him by a good million when it comes to saving money. As a matter of fact, Scrooge was a spend-thrift in comparison.

Gladys De Vance had the third position from the right end of the first row of the "Hadda-let-'em-go" chorus. Still Gladys had the reputation of never letting 'em go unless they were fiat broke. It was unfortunate that Horatius had managed to entice a ticket to an evening performance of "Hadda-let-'em-go" from one of his press-agent acquaintances. This accounts for the fact that Horatius was on this particular evening occupying a front row stall at one of the theatres and from this stall he was having the time of his very-little-spent life, trying to flirt with the chorus.

After looking over the entire lot of pickings for the evening, Gladys, thru some mistake in her calculation, decided upon Horatius as the most likely sucker in the lot. Thirty minutes later she received a note from him that asked her to meet him after the show. She consented and murmured to her self, "Gee, but he fell easy!"

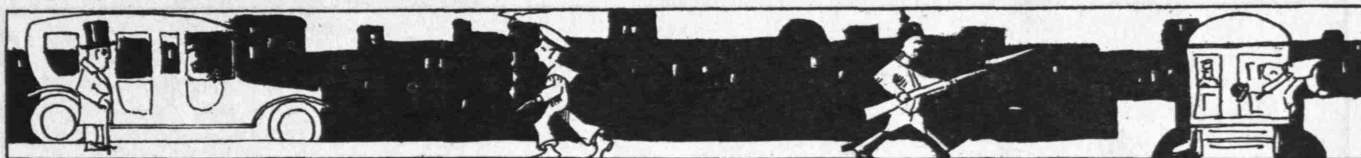
"Now," queried the gallant Horatius to his beautiful companion, whom he had met as per agreement, "What shall we do, dear?"

"Oh, we'll drop in at the Hardnox for a bite to eat."

This frightened Horatius a bit but he thought that he might take a chance and he did. After the first high-ball he forgot about thrift and when they woke him the next morning he fainted upon being informed that his bill was \$58, including war tax.

The moral is—DON'T.

She sat on the steps at eventide
Enjoying the balmy air.
He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"
And she gave him a vacant stair.



THE WOOP-GAROO is a versatile creature, knowing many emotions. Uncouth of figure and face, like many another genius, he is unmindful of his attire, but concerns himself mainly with the humour and, at times, with the pathos of humanity. Sometimes he is wont to indulge in philosophy and as such we may most aptly catalogue the following, which are some of his musings.

I am a corporation. A big corporation. I make money. Lots of money. My directors have limousines. And yachts. And Country homes. And spendthrift sons. And unhealthy complexions. My employees have worn-out shoes. And tattered clothes. And starving wives. And unquenchable Saturday-night thirsts. I own the saloons. And dives. I am a corporation.

I was at dinner the other day. With my wife. I was reading a paper. When I told of an account of our men being tortured by the Boche my wife shrugged her dainty shoulders. And powdered her nose. A few minutes later when the lobsters were served, with tears in her eyes my wife said she thought something should be done about cooking them alive. It really spoiled her dinner. My wife is a tender-hearted woman.

I met a sea-faring man last night. He used to be sea-faring. He isn't any more. He tends furnaces. He tends them well. He told me tales of the sea,—the old timer's sea. He talked willingly, yet he distrusted me. Didn't like me. The reason? Cigarettes. He didn't have anything against cigarettes. But he said that in all his experience most of the cigarette smokers were either fools or tried to be. He quoted a fire at sea as an example of the foolishness of it. He was on a schooner from New Orleans to Liverpool, which was loaded with cotton. On good days they would remove the hatch-covers

to let the foul air out. One day someone dropped a lighted butt down the number two hatch. The cotton caught fire but was not discovered until several days later. He had to work the pumps for three days straight. He doesn't like cigarette smokers nor me. He has nothing especially against me. I am only a fool or else trying to be.

I saw a man killed the other night. It was in the subway station. He was pushed into the tracks by a crowd, who had waited half an hour for a car. He was run over. The car had no lights on it. It was going thru without stopping. They had to stop after running over a man. They wasted valuable time. And possibly decreased the company's earnings to the extent of a few dollars. Luckily the car was not damaged. And then, of course, they made money by hauling the mourners to the funeral. So after all it was a stroke of good business. That is, of course, to everyone, except the man's mother. You see, he was all she had.

I am a typewriter. Fools and ordinary people sit over me. And ponder, sometimes sighing deeply. And then write. Some write letters of business. They chill me. Young pink-cheeked youths write notes of love. Puppy love. And mush. They sicken me. Would-be humorists write would-be humor. They sadden me. Long-haired poets write ballads of spring. And larks. And beds of roses. They disgust me. Fools. I am wise. I

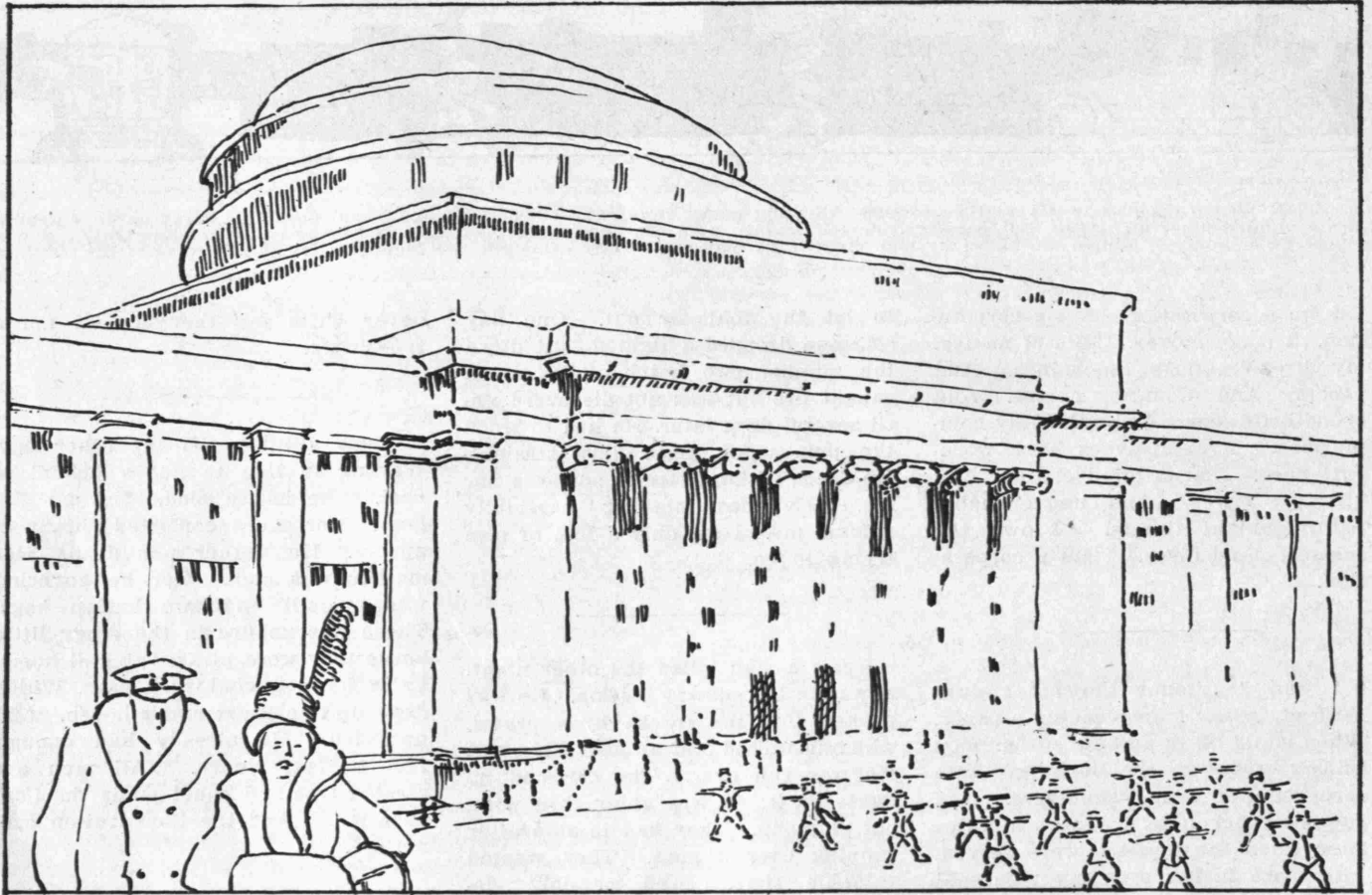
never write my thoughts. I am a typewriter.

I saw a little girl the other day. Waiting in line to get a bushel of coal. She had a sled. But no mittens. Her shoes consisted chiefly of uppers. Her father was dead. Her mother was sick. Her bed-covering was a quilt and two burlap bags. There was no fire in the dingy little house they were pleased to call home. Later I saw a coal-truck pass. Which drew up to a great man's house. And unloaded. He already had enough fuel to last weeks. All men are created free and equal reads the Constitution. And the Constitution cannot lie.

I saw an article in a news-paper the other day. It concerned the teaching of German. And told how instruction in this language had been abolished in hundreds of schools. On the next page I saw an account of the arrest of a suspected German spy. He was released because of lack of evidence. Surely we make war in an efficient way.

Last night I stopped a man on the streets. He was a thief. He had just pulled off a big robbery. He had money. Lots of it. This morning all he has is a dark brown taste. And three cents. Yesterday I was broke. I am going to buy a dress today, a silk one, with silver trimmings. And a pair of high white shoes. Last night I stopped a man on the streets.





FAIR VISITOR (ON SEEING THE NAVAL AVIATORS AT SOME OF THEIR MORE VIGOROUS CALISTHENICS):
 "OH, LOOK! THERE IS THE TECH SHOW BALLET PRACTISING."

DIFFERENTLY

A New Yorker arrives in the greatest city in New England for the first time. He comes in at the South station and admires its beauty and gets out of it as soon as possible. He dives into the Cambridge subway, of which he has heard Bostonians brag, and tries to buy a ticket. But in Boston they do things differently. He puts down a quarter and gets exact change back. "But where's my ticket," he asks. "Oh, you put the nickle in the box" smirks the female in the coop. He drops his nickle in the box and runs for his train. On the train he settles down for a fairly long ride and is startled, all too soon, by the announcement of Park street. The New Yorker starts to leave the station but he gets involved in one of those affairs known to Bostonians as turnstiles. After nearly losing his foot and breaking a shoelace he emerges to the street which he starts to cross.

He expects that the traffic cop will stop the traffic in one direction and will let him cross. But in Boston they do things differently. The cop makes a few ineffectual passes with his white gloved hands. The traffic pays absolutely no attention and the New Yorker takes a chance with his life and crosses the street. Once across, he breathes a sigh of relief.

The New Yorker goes into the subway at Boylston street expecting to see a regular subway. He finds nothing but a little, two-by-four hole in the ground with trolley cars running through it. A friend has invited him to spend the night in Dorchester and the New Yorker tries to get there by the longest way. He transfers at Massachusetts avenue and after a two hour wait finds himself in Dudley Street. There he discovers he is separated from the cars he wants to take by an iron fence.

He is just about to leave the station and get in on the other side by pay-

ing another nickle, when he discovers an intricate method of saving his fare by climbing up and down a few flights of stairs. It is about six o'clock and in the rush he loses his shine, smashes his hat and finally gets far enough into the car to leave one leg and his coat tail sticking out of the door. At the next stop, two people get out and eight more get on crushing him in still more. When he is carried about a mile beyond his corner he succeeds in getting off. He waits for a car to take him back. He is on the near side of the street and three cars pass him before he realizes that in Boston they do things differently. He sees a white post and decides that it has something to do with the stopping of the cars. Standing opposite the white post he succeeds in getting a car back to his street. He finds his way to his lodging finally and sits down to think things over.

His final decision is that New York is the only place after all.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

"Hello, George, how is every little thing? Say, believe me, a telephone girl's life is no swell dream. What do you think. Just this morning when the calls were—(wait a minute)—coming in faster than Russian revolutions a poor boob called me up and started to kid me. Say, the only thing that guy could get a woman to take from him is alimony.

"And the line he had, and me with that little devil eye blinking before me. (Wait a minute). Honest, he had me so fussed that I gave a gink that called for Tech the Charles St. Jail.

"And George, would you believe it? One of those—(wait a minute)—Tech studes called me up and actually asked me to go to a dance with him. I got my lesson last summer. One of them scientific guys took me to a dance and—(wait a minute)—I wore crutches for a week. And the poor boob didn't even ask me to have a drink and me dryer than the Sahara ever was.

"And George, that ain't all of my troubles. (Wait a minute). One of them fresh pups actually tried to call me down for not keeping track of his calls just because I did it for that handsome young teacher I was telling you about. And this other gink, gee! I wouldn't be seen in the same street car with him.

"Oh! It's a great life. I get all 'em all. Sooner or later they're sure to fall for the wire game. Every last one of 'em, from the politician with a voice like—(wait a minute)—a fog horn on the seventeenth day of a gale to the gushing yap, who never did anything in his life but walk Tremont Street; from the 'who's 'ittle baby doll is 'oo?' to the old maid that's about ready to start on the Long Walk.

"Well, goo' bye, George, call me up again, sometime."

We suppose that H. I. M. as applied to the Kaiser means Humanity in Misery.

She lay back in the upholstered arm-chair glancing apprehensively at him out of the corner of her eye. He was a decent sort at times, but now he was dangerous and she was frankly afraid of him. He stood beside her, towering up brutally above. Knowing that the dreaded time had come, she frantically seized the arms of the chair and gulped helplessly. From a super-convenient table he picked up that fiendish instrument, and then. . .

A moment later he stepped back with a triumphant "Ah!" A heart-rending sigh escaped from her lips.

"Give it to me. I want it for my memory book," she gasped. Into her outstretched hand he dropped the freshly extracted molar.

THE EPITAPH

Beneath this turf, beneath these stones,
Here lies the body of Mary Jones.

Have mercy.

Her name is Smith; it is not Jones,—
We made it Jones to rhyme with stones.
Have mercy.

WAUGHTER!

Mother, may I sit down to eat?

Yes, yes, my darling daughter.

But cut out the meat and cut out the wheat
For Hoover says you oughter.

Slowly he went up the familiar steps. It seemed as though he had gone down them last that very morning instead of ten years before. As he approached the great door his heart beat faster and unconsciously he stopped and reviewed the events of the past decade. His glance traveled slowly up and down the sleeping avenue with its two rows of stately mansions. Then he shook himself as if to rid his mind of an unpleasant impression and turned toward the door. With movement, he lost his air of indecision and hesitation. Skillfully, and with an accustomed manner, he fitted a key into the lock and softly opened the door. Stepping inside, he stood for a moment listening intently and then the massive portals slowly swung shut behind him. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, the man surveyed the walls and furnishings of the luxurious hallway. Little had been changed, it was practically the same as he had left it so many years ago.

For a moment he remained in a kind of reverie, then straightening himself he mounted the stairs softly. His feet sank into the thick carpet and made no sound. Smiling, he blessed the whim which had left the stairs covered. At the top of the steps he paused again to listen, but still no sound broke the heavy stillness. Feeling his way in the utter darkness, the intruder turned to the left and entered a room heavy with perfume. He smiled as he sniffed the familiar odor. So she still used the same stuff? But the smile hardened, and froze, and became a sneer. Now it was his turn. And he would make the most of it. Feeling his way about the room, he finally located a door opposite the one he had entered by. Opening this slightly he could distinguish the light regular breathing of a sleeper in the next room. Again the grim smile, which was half sneer, played about his lips. But he must hurry. Closing the door gently, he began feeling his way along the wall.

But suddenly there was a light click and the lights flashed on while a masculine voice from the door cried, "Throw up your hands!" and a man in a dressing gown entered. Catching sight of his prisoner he started, then remarked casually, "So it has come to this."

The other repeated the words, "Yes, it has come to this."

The man in the dressing gown continued, "Well, you were a good butler, but you are a deucedly poor crook."

It happened on a train carrying a load of drafted men to camp.

Recently drafted individual to recently commissioned lieutenant in the seat with him—"Say Jack, what are you?"

Lieut.—"Oh, I'm a Lieutenant."

R. D. I.—"Oh."

(Somewhat later) R. D. I. (very confidentially)—"Say Jack, what's that fellow down the car there?"

Lieut.—"He's a regimental sergeant-major."

R. D. I.—"My Gawd!"

THE SCRAP PILE

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I came here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."

Gottu: "I had a deaf uncle who was arrested and the judge gave him his hearing the next morning."

That: "That's nothing. I once had a blind aunt who walked in a lumber yard and saw dust."

Time: "G'wan. There was a mute down in the carriage works who picked up a wheel and spoke."

Zoo Keeper: "Did you see my black faced antelope?"

Visitor: "No. With whom did your black faced aunt elope?"

Johnnie: "Pa, won't you please buy me a microbe to help me with my arithmetic?"

Papa: "What good will a microbe do you?"

Johnnie: "I just read in this paper that they will multiply rapidly."

"Oh," cried the summer boarder, as a couple of calves trotted across the field, "what pretty little cowlets."

"You're mistaken thar, mum," replied the farmer, "them's bullets."

Patron: "Waiter, there's sand in this bread."

Waiter: "Yes, sir. That's to keep the butter from slipping off, sir."

"Oh Lady, fare,"

His voice rang out,

"Oh Lady, fare,

Or else get out."

CONTENTS

"There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," remarked the Sage.

"Yes," replied the Fool, "but the number often depends on how many times the cup has been there before and what it contained."

Prof.: Do you all know what is meant by pi?"

Class: "Yes sir."

Prof.: "Well, how would you go about getting it quickly?"

Bright Stude: "Break into the line near the front door of the Caf."



"In case of accident, what is better than presence of mind?"

"Absence of body."

It's easy to "see through" people who are always making spectacles of themselves.

HOPELESS

"And now," said the teacher who had been discussing the different institutions of higher learning before the high school class, "which do you prefer, Mr. Jones, Williams or Colgate?"

Mr. Jones, who had been hibernating; "Colgate's gives the better lather."

She: "Generally speaking women are—"

He: "Yes, they are."

She: "Are what?"

He: "Generally speaking."

TO THE LETTER!

Said A 2 B

I C U R

Inclined 2 B A J

Said B 2 A

U'r mind, I C,

Shows signs of slight D K.

Hedoz: "Brown spends a lot for telegrams."

Hedoznot: "Oh, I don't know. The only message I ever saw him send was to his father. It was in code and read, 'S. O. S., \$, R. S. V. P., P. D. Q!'"

PRACTICAL GEOGRAPHY

A school board inspector, having a few minutes to spare after examining the school, put a few questions to the lower form boys on the common objects in the schoolroom.

"What is the use of the map?" he asked, pointing to one stretched across the corner of the room, and half-a-dozen shrill voices answered in measured articulations:

"Please, sir, it's to hide our teacher's bicycle."

The teacher's last question was meant to be a scientific poser.

"What is it that pervades all space," she said, "which no wall or door or other substance can shut out?"

No one had an answer ready but Freddy Sharpe.

"The smell of onions, Miss," he said promptly.

"A man who is well bred need not have any excess of crust."

The sculptor was working on a statue of Melancholy.

"May I ask what you are doing?" inquired the curious visitor.

"Cutting a sorry figure," said the sculptor scowling at him.

Senior: "Good-bye, professor; I thank you for all that you have taught me."

Professor: "Oh, don't mention a little thing like that."

Daughter: "Everett kissed me last night."

Mother: (indignantly): "That is outrageous. Did you sit on him for it?"

Daughter: "I did."

If conversation were a money making proposition, we know a lot of men that would be multi-millionaires.

Pretty yellow daffodil

Sitting on the window-sill

Window opened, pot had spill

Now there ain't no daffodil.

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

EXPERT

Employer—The position requires a great amount of mechanical experience.

Applicant—I have owned a second-hand automobile for two months.

Employer—Accepted!—*Life.*

A BIT HEADY

Presiding Genius—What is the charge against Private Jones?

Sergeant—If yer plaze, 'e's been drunk, an' 'e's been breakin' things, an' he won't obey no orders. In fact, 'e's been behavin' ginrally as though 'e wuz the bloomin' colonel himself!
—*Southern Woman's Magazine.*

A. Nut—"She'd be a nice girl if you'd treat her right."

F. Uhl—"Yes, but I can't afford it."
—*Burr.*

E. A. MAYNARD
The Students' Barber
Near Tech Dormitories
ON AMES STREET

COOLTH

The cucumber breaks the silence,

And gratefully avers,

"I'm glad I'm not a lady

Dolled up in summer furs!"

—*The Lamb.*

Jim—"I call her my Ivory Soap Queen."

Slim—"Ah, a delicate tribute to her purity."

Jim—"No, but you see she cleaned me out of everything I had."—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

He—You know Bill and Marie are on the outs.

She—No, I didn't suspect anything wrong. They were engaged.

He—Well, they don't even write to each other.

She—How's that?

He—She wrote him a letter at camp and the fellows found it! It began,—
"My Dear Hero."—*Awgwan*

"What did she say when you kissed her?"

"Told me to come around Fridays hereafter, as that was amateurs' night."—*Judge.*

"Have you seen any of those magazines with one-cent stamps already on them so you can send them to soldiers?"

"Yeah. I had a dickens of a time getting the stamp off of one the other night."—*Penn Froth.*

He—Oh, my dear one, my love for you is like a broad, rushing river!
She—Dam it!—*Widow.*

She—I wish the Lord had made me a man.

He—He did! I'm the man.—*Lehigh Burr.*

"Do you?" he asked. "Do you really love me?" I nodded, tears choking further speech.

"Then cmf cmfwy upj upjupupupup."
—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Evidently the typesetter was carried away by the passionate love scene.—*Lampoon.*

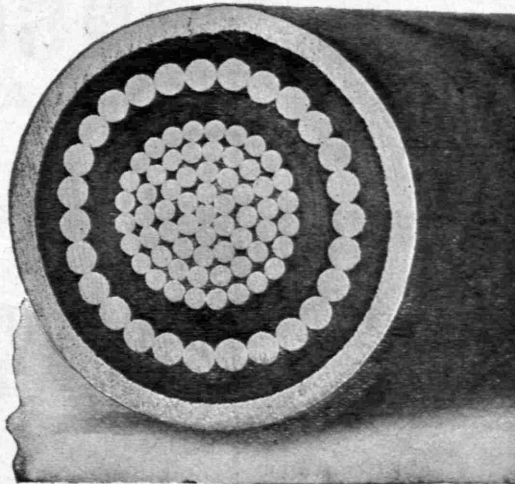
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Mr. Bach—See that chorus girl there on the end? They pay her fifty dollars a week for not saying a word.

Oldboy—Huh, I know a gent at the Club who's paying her sixty dollars a week for the same thing.—*Pelican.*

R—ough, ready, raucous, rookies.

O—ddly obliquing over obstructive obstacles.

T—alking trench talk tough as thespians.

C—arting caissons, cutting chapel.—*Yale Record.*

Corporal (instructing awkward squad in rifle practice): "I told you to take a fine sight, you dub; don't you know what a fine sight is?"

Rookie: "Sure, a boat full of corporals sinking."—*Judge.*

He—I swear you are the first woman I have ever proposed to (*aside: the rest were all girls.*)—*Panther.*

WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS

"Pop," the son asked, "what's the Latin word for people?"

"Don't know," answered his father.

"Populi!" was the child's happy answer. And father's slipper demanded a penalty.—*Lehigh Burr.*

He—Want to go to the movies?

She—I'd like to, but I haven't any clothes.

He—Well, then, we'll go to the opera. (*Wrapped in thought and wearing a smile, she entered the box.*)—*Lehigh Burr.*

He—I hear that Captain Slashum has participated in several active engagements.

She—Yea. I broke off with him last week myself.—*Jester.*

She (nestling nicely)—"Do you believe in disarmament?"

He (tightening the coil)—"Not now."—*Lamb.*

Mac—"A man fell from a six-story window yesterday and didn't get hurt."

Duff—"What is he, an aviator?"

Mac—"No. But you see he had on a light fall suit."—*Orange Peel.*

Y. M. C. A. Worker—"My mission is saving souls."

Out of the Trenches—"Save me a blonde one, will you?"—*Awgwan.*

"Clancy has got a soft job."

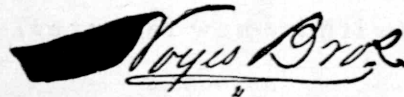
"So? How's that?"

"Works in a shoe store. All he has to do is to keep the shoes from sticking their tongues out at the customers."—*Punch Bowl.*

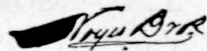
American Father—Where is Bessie?
American Mother—She'll be back in a few minutes. She stepped out to get married.—*Life.*

"Ever have any money left you?"

"Yes! And it left me quick."—*Awgwan.*



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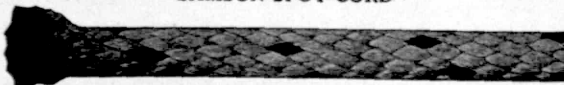
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QUICK WATSON!

Suddenly a shot rang out on the throbbing quiet of the summer night. The heavy thud of a falling body. Footsteps, hastily retreating footsteps, running footsteps. And above the moon looked serenely down on the sleeping earth.

Language seems made to be misunderstood when it seeks to convey an unfamiliar idea. A census clerk found that the blank under the heading "Age of father, if living," and "Age of mother, if living," had been filled with the figures 120 and 112.

"But your parents were never so old, were they?" asked the astonished clerk.

"No," was the reply, "but they would have been, if livin'."

(With apologies to everybody)

One Stude—"Yes, I'm a Course VI man and I'm proud of it. My father was, my grandfather was, and my great-grandfather was."

T'other Stewed—"Yeah, an' I suppose if your father and grandfather had been loafers, yo'd be a loafer too?"

Still Stewed—"No, in that case I guess I'd be an architect."

GERMAN WAR PRACTICE

Destruction of the Library of the University of Louvain

From an article in the London Times of November 4, 1915, by M. E. Durham, quoting Professor Leon Van der Essen, who had recently seen the librarian, Professor Delannoy, who went to the spot August 27, 1914, to see whether anything could be saved:

"The Germans did not penetrate the building, but contented themselves with smashing the main window looking on the Vieux Marche. Through that window they introduced some inflammable liquid and fired a few shots, causing an immediate explosion.

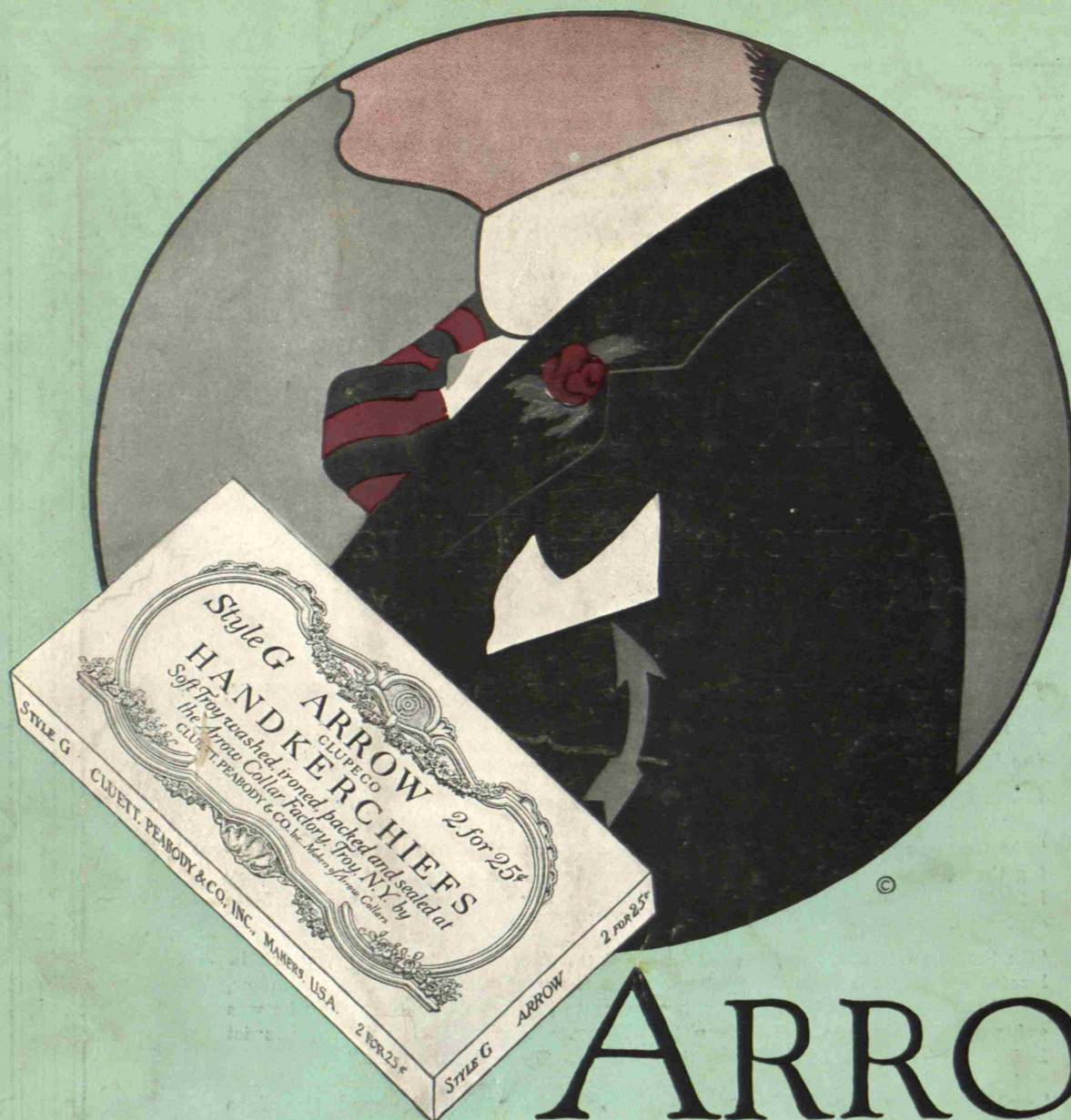
"On the night of Tuesday, the 25th, a father of the Josephite College, which is located a few yards from the spot where the Germans smashed the main window, called the attention of the commanding officer to the fact that the building he was going to destroy was the University Library. The officer, textually, 'Es ist Befehl!' [It is the order.] It was then 11 p. m. These are the facts."

That our own Universities and Libraries have not suffered the fate of *Louvain* is due to the unbroken line of our Allies. To secure to all peoples, great and small, self-government and the peaceful use of learning, the United States is at war.

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