MAY

Stetson Hats

for

Young Men

Soft and Stiff Exclusive Styles



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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



KNOCK 1

BREAK any piece of any other kind of glass with a single hammer-blow. Note result.

RESISTAL **AVIATOR GOGGLES**

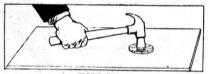
In addition to the Army standard frame RESISTAL is now made in a variety of frames for aviator goggles and masks. Naval and military pilots insist upon RESISTAL Goggles.

The Navy Department also has adopted RESISTAL for aviator goggles and masks.

The United States Army and United States Navy have furnished all aviator goggles with Resistal lenses. Adopted also by United States Army for gas mask lenses.

DESIGNED FOR EVERY USE WHERE GLASS MAY BREAK

Test Pieces of RESISTAL Free on Request TEST IT WITH A HAMMER or EVERY KNOCK A BOOST



KNOCK 2.

HIT the RESISTAL lens a SINGLE blow in the same manner, with same hammer, but be sure you hit a little Harder blow this time. Note result.

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For further particulars address J. LLOYD COMPANY

YOUNG MEN

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

Uniforms-Stetson Shoes Star Shirts---Arrow Collars

THE SERVICE STORE

We once knew a poor young Dr. Who had a gold watch, but he Hr. He bought the seats for a show, But the maid couldn't go, And what he replied must have Shr. -Princeton Tiger.

Her-"Will you love me always?" Him—"Why, dear, I've loved you all the ways I know how already."—Orange Peel.

Passenger Agent-Here are some post-card views along our line of railroad. Would you like them?
Visitor—No, thank you. I rode over the line one day, and have views of my own on it.-Boston Transcript.

THE NERVIEST FOLKS IN THE WORLD

The guy who borrows your dress suit to take your girl to a dance.

The professor who prescribes his own text book for use in the course.

The section instructor who borrows your lead pencil to mark your paper F.

The man who asks his barber for a dollar loan in order to buy a safety razor.—Lampoon.

Captain—Your rank, sir? Rookie-Don't rub it in, cap! That's just what the sergeant told me.—Yale Record.

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.

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Stationery Supplies, Fountain Pens Leather Specialties and Brass Goods

57-61 Franklin Street - Boston, Mass.

THE ADVENTURES OF ALGERNON

(Continued from Page 14)

And then there burst out upon the dead heat of mid-day that incomparable lay "Lily of the Valley," as Kate, with a sigh of sorrow, emotion and Paul Jones 4-Star (exported from Louisville, Ky., by special oil-burning freights) witnessed the sad remnants. For hours it seemed Kate gazed upon the sad and mingled fragments. Then dropping to her knees (Insured with Mercantile Insurance Co. Limited, of South Liverpool, Georgia) she sang the second verse. Then with sober countenance (it was yet early in the day) and with reverential mien she slowly went through the pockets of the late Algernon, now deceased. Disappointment was not her fate, strange as it may seem. An document, freshly typewritten and smelling of Djer Kiss met her gaze. With trembling, quivering fingers she slowly, eventually, somehow or another, opened the paper and read aloud in her renowned baretone voice: "This is to let whomsoever know, who may wish to, that I give and request to my dear fiancee, Kate Duplex-Fiat, the secret of my punch. (signed) Algernon Parkerhouse, Fifth Laird of the Kilkenny Cats and Duke of the Cihanti."

Tears coursed down the face of our heroine as she read this heart-rending avowal of her Algernon's undying faith. She trembled, rocked to and fro, wept again and yet, and swore softly in her delicious Bowery accent. Then she arose suddenly,

(Continued on Page 4)

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.



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Something for the Departed Soldier to treasure, A Photograph of

SPECIAL RATES FOR ALL STUDENTS Ask for Teacher's Rate

His Beloved Ones

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

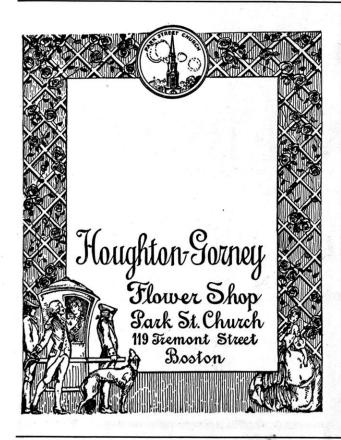
Arm in arm with the style which pleases the eye and the wear that is kind to the pocketbook, stands the quality back of the "Morse-Made" label.

It's a quality you can count on in these days of wool substitutes and fast-rising prices.

For—if you wish—you can visit any part of "the sunlit building without secrets" where "Morse" clothes are made and sold, and convince yourself that "all wool" applies not merely to materials but to designing and making as well!

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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.

(Continued from Page 2)

exclaimed: "His to lead, my lot but to follow," and with a cry of anguish, followed by the two mountain goats, precipitated herself into the raging solution far below.

[Ed. Note: This ending proves to us that the author is an doubtful genius, his poetic licentiousness in killing his heroine when she did not die (actually) seems to show that he well equals the latter works of rabelais.]

A zero is a little thing, It does not seek for fame. We hate to see it on our card, But it gets there just the same. John did not come straight home. Hence he did not come home straight. The towering form of his wife loomed above him, as his stumbling, shoeless feet sought the steps.

"Drunk again," she said caustically.

"Hooray, m' dear," he replied cheerfully, "so'm I."—Sun Dial.

Not a word had Mary said,
But Mary's looks were killing.
Mary's lips were rosy red
And Mary was quite willing.
—Purple Cow.

HERRICK'S THEATRE TICKETS

COPLEY SQUARE

TICKETS FOR ALL THEATRES



STONE & WEBSTER

FINANCE public utility developments.

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CONSTRUCT either from our own designs or from designs of other engineers or architects.

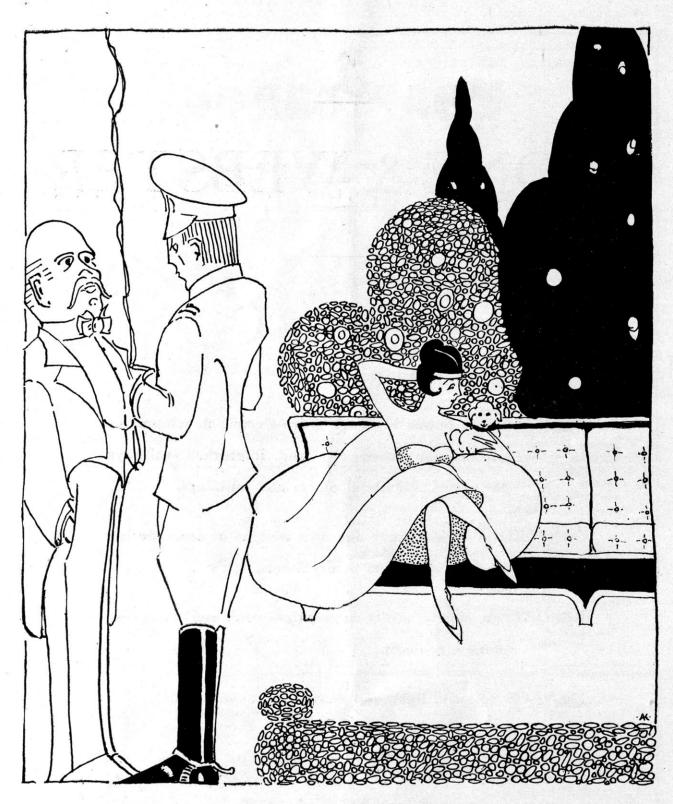
REPORT on public utility properties, proposed extensions or new projects.

MANAGE railway, light, power and gas companies.

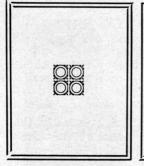
NEW YORK

BOSTON

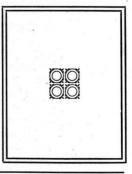
CHICAGO



THE CAPTAIN: "WOULD YOU SAY THAT EVELYN SHOWS HER AGE?" THE STATESMAN: "WELL, BARELY."



WOOP GAROO



Vol. 1

MAY, 1918

No. 4

THE MASTER ARCHITECT

By Hendrik Hudson.
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Synopsis.

Act I—Heavy Gabbler descends from a street-car before Rogers Building and finds the Master Architect and the tea-hound awaiting her.

Act II—The cast in its entirety retires to the Copley Plaza for tea and things.

ACT III-More tea and things.

Etc., and ad infinitum.

A prize will be awarded to the man, woman or child turning in the best play developed from this synopsis. Just between ourselves that prize will be worth winning. For full particulars, ask the next person you see wearing a yellow necktie.

HOW ABOUT MARK?

She—"Billy Sunday says that Cleopatra is in Hell."

He—"O death! Where is thy sting?"

There is an ancient pro-fes-sor Who passeth one in three, By his short goatee and monthly quiz I hope he passeth me.

Slowly, silently, steadily, stealthily, and sturdily the door opened. Something must be going to happen. No common door could do all that alone. Mine is a common door. Some big interest must be behind this movement.

I was right. An agent. Covering me with his hammerless automatic fountain pen he chirped hoarsely, "You are in my power." I continued my silence.

He stated further: I represent the Student Letter Writing Agency, Inc. For three bones a term we send two letters weekly to your family covering church services, the necessity for cash to the college student, your good marks,—But at this point I found my check book.

SWEET ARABELLA'S UMBRELLA.

Over in the land of long forgotten treasures, namely the old trunk that reposes in the silent dust of the unfrequented garret, there is an old, old, old old, protective contraption against the wrath of old Jupiter Pluv and there upon hangs a tail.

Many years ago, Arabella was the pride and joy of the community. She was by far the best looking young lady on the country-side. Her father idolized the very ground upon which she was wont to cast her cigarette butts. Her hoop-skirt was the hoopiest in the bunch and her little panties were of pure Scandinavian flea netting. Over on her left flank she was wont to wear an Irish Setter. One day it rained. It was on this day that the crisis of Arabella's beautiful Irish Setter set. Arabella began to count her young Irish Setters before they were hatched. But, as was mentioned heretofore, it was raining that warm summer afternoon, and it caused the rain to descend so warmly, that the poor almost Irish Setters were boiled in the shell and Arabella had to sell them to Walton's for four-minute boiled eggs.

Here ends the TAIL.



KIKO

He saw a peach across the way,
All smiles and passing fair.
Quick shift—a word—and answer gay,
And the peach became a pair.

HEARD WHILE DINING

Ambitious—"Say, got a joke for the Woop."
Weary Editor—"Continue, continue."
Ambitious—"I'll tell you after dinner."
Official Crab—"Never mind. It won't do for the Woop."

NOT PINING—BUT

I do not pine for human gore, Yet boldly I assert, I'd like to slap the brainless chap Who calls a girl a "skirt."

I pine not to bring others woe—
I trust I'm not so mean—
But I'd like to swat the bo
Who calls a girl a "queen."

I pine to see no injured gink Clutch at himself and wail; But I'd like to boot the guy Who calls a girl a "frail."

I am not prone to violence, But I should like to maul, And kick, and muss the insane cuss Who calls a girl "some doll."

Tho' I pine not to start a war, A proper thing I deem, Would be to massacre the boob Who calls a girl a "dream."

Though I detest police arrest, I'd gladly take a stick, And change the front of any runt, Who calls a girl a "brick."

OUR QUESTION BOX.

Dear Editor,-

Unfortunately for me, I have developed a chronic case of insomnia and find it extremely difficult to get to sleep during lectures. The nervous strain of sitting still for an hour doing nothing, I find extremely wearing. I would greatly appreciate it, therefore, if you could recommend me half a dozen books to read during these lectures. They must be interesting and thrilling for one's mind is apt to wander on account of the talking (of various other people in the room) and also on account of the various noises which the first individual seems to consider a necessary part of his bi- or tri-weekly talks I have been a reader of your magazine ever since it was first published and would greatly appreciate it if you would send me (by freight) or publish in your periodical the above mentioned list.

Yours, So-And-So.

Mr. So-And-So:

In reply to your request we would be gleave to say that we would be only too glad to comply with your wishes, but owing to the high cost of funerals and to the entrance of Siam into the war, it seems inadvisable to do so at present. However we might say in passing that we have always found it helpful to peruse a copy of "The Life, Death, Works, and Sayings of Cassabianca" or better still a pocket edition of "A Syllabus of Offhand Drawing."

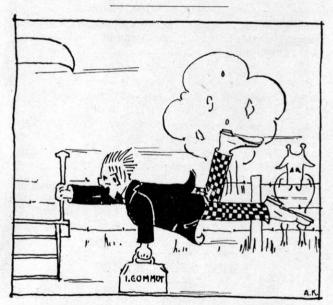
One of us—"Why is a Woop like a girl?"
Another of us (who never buys a Woop)—"I'll bite. What's the answer?"

First one of us—"Because every fellow should have one of his own and not borrow the other fellow's."

The ticket speculator may find eventually that there is one place to which he cannot obtain tickets, namely, the abode of St. Peter.

He—"At our football dinner last night one of our men got up and left the table because someone told a story of which he did not approve."

Sweet Young Thing—"Oh! How noble of him! What was the story?"



Run oh run,
It must be done,
We've only two blocks more;
If we are late
I see our fate,
Goodbye nine-fifty-four.

AT THE JUNIOR PROM.

Senior (peeved at several collisions he had had while dancing): Hey, frosh, quit running into me all the time—what d'ye think I am, a saloon?

"I shall never forget tonight," she said,
As she looked at the twinkling stars.
"Nor I," said he, as he took a puff
On one of her dad's cigars.

So far as the civilized world is concerned the Kaiser is like a discouraged egg,—altogether useless.

THE FOOL

(With apologies to Kipling)
A fool there was and he came to Tech,
Even as you and I,
With money, some nerve and a poker deck.
Oh no, he had never studied a speck,
Done all his figuring on a check
Even as you and I.

Oh the years of waste and the money to waste And the work of his head and hand, On things he found he could not learn, And there's not a chance he ever might learn Or even half understand.

The fool thought he could get by on bluff, Even as you and I, For fools are always made of such stuff, Don't know when profs have had enough, Get mad when they are treated rough, Even as you and I.

Love and a porous plaster, son,
Are very much alike;
It's simple to get into one,
But getting out—GOOD-NIGHT.

"A horse, my kingdom for a horse,"
That price was pretty steep,
But twice that much I'd gladly give
Would some profs. let me sleep.

Oh the sleep he lost 'bout the money it cost
For the excellent things he planned,
With that wonderful girl while his folks wondered
why,

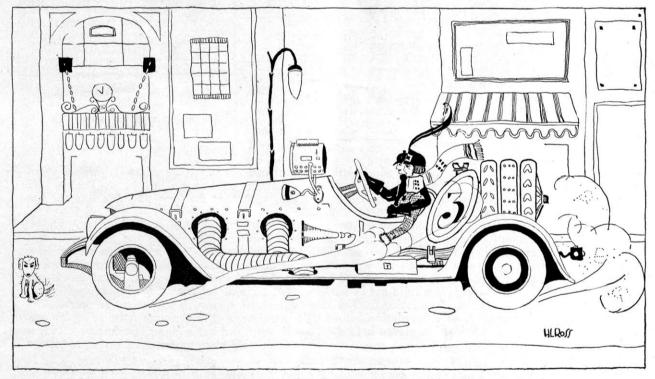
And now he hopes they never know why, They would not understand.

The fool soon found that his goods he'd spent, Even as you and I,
Nowhere could he borrow another cent,
That on his profs he'd not made a dent,
In fact his doom in a letter they sent,
Even as you and I,

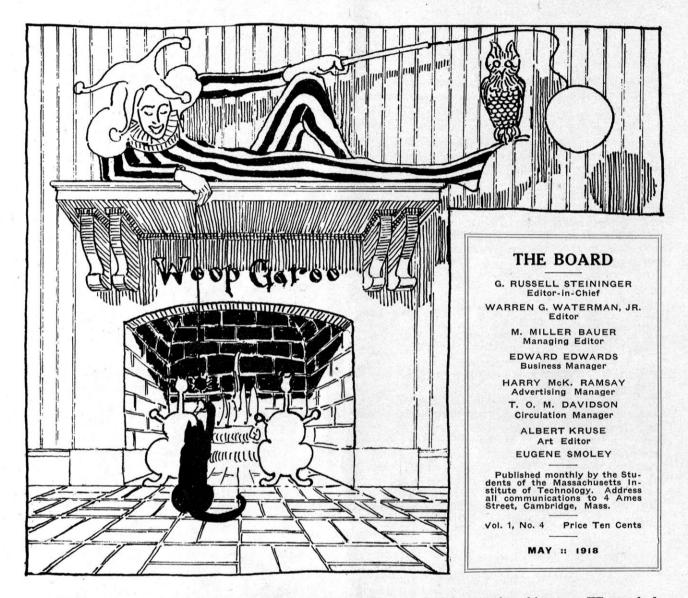
But while there was shame, he was not to blame, He roamed far into strange land, For though he found he tried and failed Others have similar fates bewailed, Who did not understand.

> Little drops of water Little drops of booze One are good to quench the thirst The other kills the blues.

It's grass and trees and painted things That are used by the world at large But at Tech it is the uniform That is used as a camouflage.



THE PUP: "I FOOLED HIM. HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M HERE,"



Some wag once suggested that the Colonel himself was responsible for starting this war. When asked how he replied, "oh, one day Roosevelt was watching a review of German troops in Berlin. He turned to the Kaiser who was with him and said, "Wilhelm, with that machine you can conquer the world." And the Kaiser was fool enough to believe him."

Pardon the rather antique humor, but therein lies a moral, which is applicable at Technology. If you are expecting a sermon on fools and foolishness kindly stop here, for that is far from the purpose of this editorial. The point is that if you impress a man sufficiently that he can do a certain thing he will at least attempt it. Whether he succeeds is another story. But we certainly have been told often enough, both at smokers and in the classrooms, that some day we will be the leaders of modern industry. And this is one of the times that we would be fools if we did not believe it. The training which we receive as undergraduates at the Institute forms a firm foundation for the most successful career in the scientific world. As every structure requires more than a foundation before it is complete, so the engineer must possess many more attributes than mere technical knowledge before he can hope to lead in his chosen profession. This is not the place to catalogue the qualifications necessary for the scientific man to have in order to attain success.

There is one demand made upon the professional man, however, that is within the reach of all of us to acquire. That is the understanding of men or executive ability, a property for success which many

practicing engineers place at double the value of technical knowledge. And this is all too true, for there never yet was a government, however despotic, that did not yield more or less to the peasant or to the man with the dinner pail. The way in which modern industry is organized makes it essential that the leaders of industry be also the leaders of men.

There is but one way to lead men and that is to understand them. The surest and quickest manner in which to appreciate the laboring man,—his joys and his sorrows; his likes and his dislikes,—is not to sit in an easy chair and philosophize about him but to toil with him from early morn until the whistle blows at night. There is nothing on earth that a day laborer dislikes so much as a college man, with what to him, is his effeminate bearing. The college graduate may be every inch a man from the sole of his shoes to the tip of his hat, but the very appellation that he bears places him at a decided disadvantage in the respect of the laborer. In order to lead men, it is necessary to dispel this popular belief.

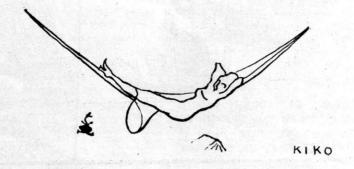
The shipyard employment for Technology men during the coming summer months will give each of us the opportunity to not only gain experience in a technical way, but if attempted in the proper attitude should do much to help us understand and appreciate the laboring man without whom modern industry could not continue for ten minutes. In addition to this there is a splendid remuneration for all shipyard workers. So much for what we, as individuals, may hope to gain from the summer's experience. The prime motive that should lead us into the shipyards is patriotism, for if there was ever a time when this work had to be accomplished it is now.

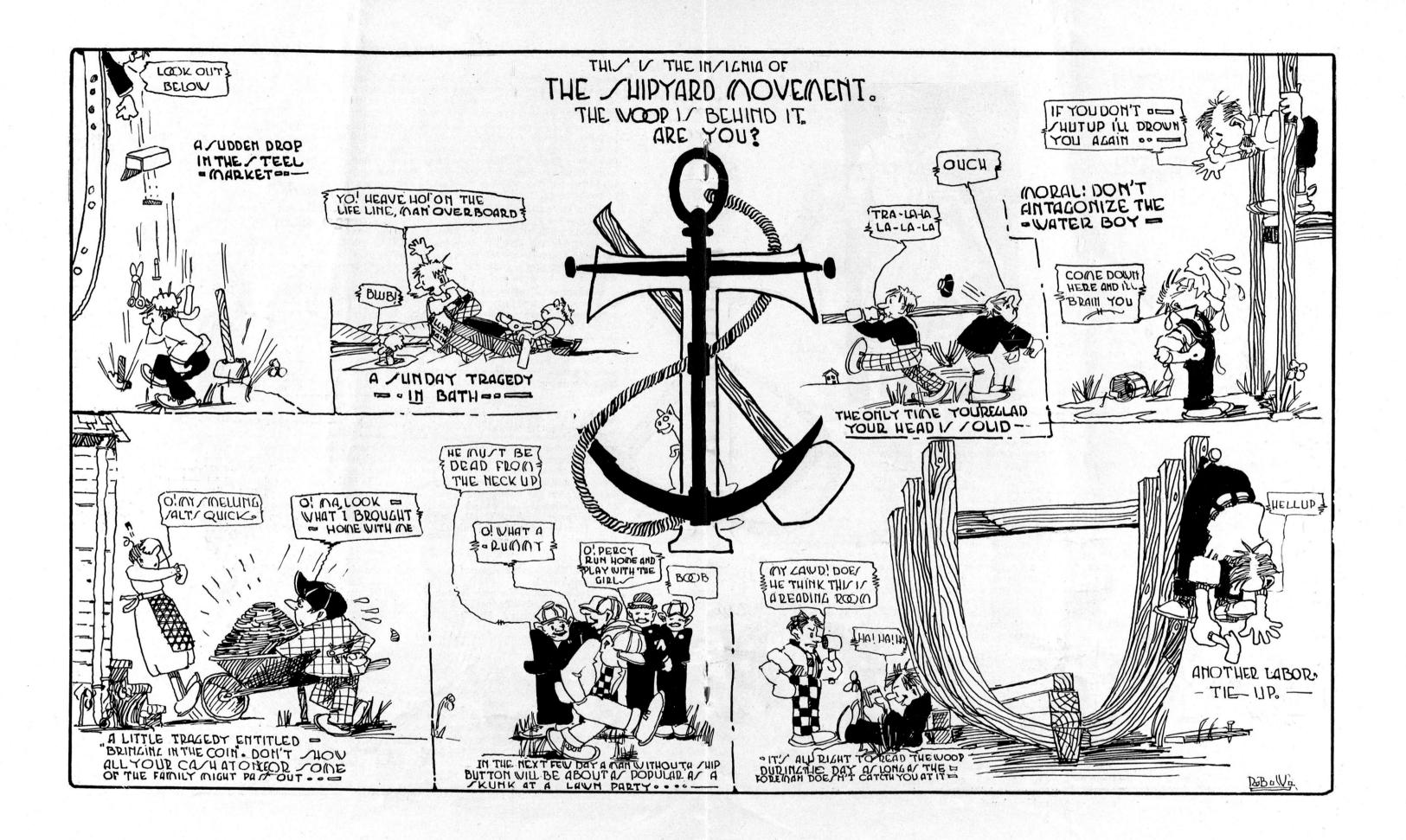
Ships, ships, more ships, warships and merchant ships! That is what is needed with all the speed and efficiency that American ingenuity can command. The plan for the construction of these ships has been completed. There remains but one thing for the execution of this program and that is the lack of men. There are sixteen million rivets a week to be driven so that the Atlantic may be swarmed with ships carrying both supplies and troops. Many experienced shipyard workers have been called into the service. But this alone is not the vital factor determining the need of additional men. It is the fact that the work has to be done on a scale more gigantic than has ever been dreamed of. For the college man who will not be in the service during the summer months there is no better work that he can do than this, both for himself and for his country.

SINCE publication is to be suspended throughout the coming summer months, this will be the last issue of THE WOOP-GAROO for the current school year. Throughout the four numbers,—the one small six page newspaper affair and the three larger magazines,—which we have thus far circulated, we have endeavored to present to the undergraduate body at the Institute a more or less humorous periodical. Although we have no accurate method in which to determine in what manner our efforts have been received, it would appear on the surface that they have been appreciated. If this actually represents the reception which we have been accorded, we can do little more than be thankful and strive to better the standard thus far maintained. But, on the other hand, if we have failed in the fullest possible rendition of a self-imposed task, we ask your further indulgence in the hope that in the future we may be able to achieve better results. Whether we appear again depends solely on the decision of the Institute Committee. However, should we obtain the necessary legislative sanction, our next issue will be ready for circulation sometime in October.

WE TAKE great pleasure in announcing the election of the following to the several staffs of THE WOOP-GAROO:

Humor staff:—Kenneth Roman and Paul N. Anderson. Business staff:—Laurence B. Davis and Miss Elizabeth Ford. Art staff:—Otto A. Mueller, John R. Rowe and George R. Jamieson.





THE ADVENTURES OF ALGERNON.

"Ods bodkins," quoth Algernon Parkerhouse, son of Mr. and Mrs. Parkerhouse, as he rolled over and down the forty-foot cliff, and finally with a mournful crunch of bones and silver cigaret-boxes breathed his last despairing breath of Ramases and lay still. But then Algernon's dearly beloved fiancee, one Kate Duplex-Fiat, approached, attracted no doubt by the clouds of dust hovering over the scene of our hero's last plunge to and from liberty. What a splendid wonderful picture she presented to the admiring gaze of two browsing mountain-goats as she slowly, yet surely, wended her way across the mountain tops.

Little did the wondrous Kate know or reck what fate would bring her in the next five minutes. Ah, laugh if you will, ye cruel gods who invented gravitation. What know you of the cares, woes, and sorrows of the human heart? Slowly then apaproaches Kate who is known on the stage as Mme. Souffle (will appear next week at the Theatre Classicale, corner of Dudley and Scollay squares, in the thrilling drama entitled "Why I left the Mt. Auburn Cemetery?") as she drew nigh to the spot where the heir to millions breathed his finals. (Ed. Note: the author got stuck at this point with his heroine across a hundred-foot chasm from the remains of said Algernon so we have agreed to assume the responsibility of transporting her to the scene of inaction.)

(Continued on Page 2)

AT THE JUNIOR PROM.

Frosh. on sentinel duty—"Who goes there?"
Answer—"The Officer of the day."
Frosh.—"Then what the h— are you doing here at night."

A camel has a blamed sight more chance of getting through his needle's eye than a man with an automobile has of getting through Tech.



The horrible embarrassment of the Rev. and Mrs. G. O. Fast upon nearly running down their wealthiest parishioner who insists upon walking to church in order to conserve gasoline.



ALL THAT GLITTERS MAY NOT BE GOLD, BUT BRASS CERTAINLY HAS ITS ATTRACTIONS.

REFLECTIONS

Did you ever ride on a Boston street-car And notice How almost anyone who is in a hurry To get off Will yank the bell-rope and descend regally? Or how some person who Is trying to make a train will Also reach up quite informally And ring the bell twice Starting the car and Thereby leaving behind Two traveling salesmen, and A nice old lady, And much blue atmosphere? Somehow Everyone in Boston seems So independent That it makes me think Of the Boston Tea Party, And Paul Revere, And lots of things.

Officer from freshman regiment—They say women have no sense of humor; tell me, can you see a joke? "Oh, very plainly," she said, looking straight at our noble colonel.

"Celebrities I Have Known"

By the Archduchess of Budweiser-on-Tap

Her Highness reserves all translation rights including that of the Fiji Islands



THE ARCHDUCHESS

Once I was a simple maiden working industriously in America as a cashier in a one armed inn. During my spare moments in the little would-be marble booth I studied German, for as one would surmise from the liquid sound of Budweiser-on-Tap, that its official language. Those were the days when I was engaged to the late Archduke. He was a delightful man; such a clever gambler. Even though he

was a brother to the King, it was by means of his art that he supported his family, for his government never seemed able to appreciate his genius for statesmanship, although they did finally consent to make him ambassador extraordinary to Berneo. But that is another story (see my interesting book, "Head Hunting as a Gentle Art.")

Now I am a widowed Archduchess who can barely afford one maid. The events and celebrities that have crowded themselves into my soul since the care free days! I know that I shall never again be the scrawny little girl with plaits,—the daughter of Cornelia O'Flannigan—I once was. Life has been too pleasant. On the Continent I am famed for my beauty; in the States it was not so easy. And besides, "Time, in his flight," would never permit it.

I was married to the late Archduke in Chelsea.

I was married to the late Archduke in Chelsea. Chelsea is so picturesque! In the fullness of time we sailed from New York on a German liner, for that was in the days before the British fleet had stipulated that nothing so insignificant as a Hamburg-American steamer should defile the waters of the Atlantic. On the third day at sea it was necessary for me to obtain some additional wearing apparel from my trunk in the hold. I went forward and started negotiations with one of the ship's crew. I felt very confident of myself and spoke German.

After two hours and thirty-seven minutes of endeavor on my part, he remarked casually in English, "Oi, ye wants yez trunk. Why in the hdidn't yez say so in the beginnin'?"

I entertained an exasperating suspicion that he was Irish. Also I felt that, while he was not a celebrity in the usual sense of the word, he should have been. He possessed a spark of genius.

But let us consider a few real celebrities. I have met many (modesty forbids my publishing statistics). One of the most fascinating is Mademoiselle Mignon,—Filet, as I call her affectionately. Filet is more than a celebrity; she is a French actress! This

implies, of course, that her beauty is discussed all over the Continent. What a difference there is between an archduchess and an actress; I had to work so hard before my reputation was established. But then it was merely a question of time, for I believed in my beauty.

There is a charming anecdote told of Mademoiselle Mignon. She was lounging one morning in a beautiful dressing gown before the fire in her apartments on the Rue de Rivoli. In her lap was a pet Pekinese,—he is the dearest thing. Suddenly the maid announced in Monsieur, the Arabian Chieftain. He was



MADEMOISELLE MIGNON AND PEKINESE

visiting in Paris and had called previously. Incidentally he had contrived to fall hopelessly in love with Filet. Not wishing to lose time and unable to resist the Arab's passion for suave compliments, he immediately started maneouvers. Being unable to speak French fluently, he chose Arabic. Filet understood Arabic about as well as she did the mys-

(Continued on Page 21)



THE DEVIL COMES INTO HIS OWN.

The devil was holding conclave Within his dim, dark portals, Receiving many varied things Consigned to him by mortals.

The Kaiser's name in detail Was there oft times repeated. At which the devil merely smiled. The Kaiser's fire was heated.

And many, many other things Of censure received their share. But the devil through years of toil Right well the load could bear.

But when the Monthly did arrive. (Great shades of Randolph Hearst) The devil cashed in then and there. He couldn't stand the worst.

THE MODERN PROPOSAL

We R2 Let Us B1

THE SPY (Conclusion).

The night was dark and stormy and the soft beams of the dying sun gilded the ripples which bathed the edge of the sands. Far off in the distance a lurid flash sprang into being against the blackness of the rising moon. A gentle sigh resounded o'er the tu-multuous waves like a thunder-clap and our hero reared up in his grave and fell back dead.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF A KISS

Reaction:

K+I+2S=KISS

Properties:

Conjugate acid.

- Reaction takes place more readily in the absence of light.
- Has sweet taste and ethereal odor.
- It is soluble in distilled moonlight and therefore precipitated in the presence of great luminosity.

Have you ever wondered how the Freshman officers get that way?

> Hark, hark the dogs do bark, The beggars are coming I guess, Some have shovels and some have picks, But all have a college B. S.

IN THE TECH. R. O. T. C.

1st Cadet—"I've just been over to Major Cole's office for my orders. 2nd Cadet—"Did you get them?"

1st Cadet-"Yes, he gave me orders to get out."

Though one may go To Tupelo Beware ye men so bold, Don't try to kiss Each Wellesley miss For one may knock you cold.



He clasped his arm around her waist, And on her lips he pressed a kiss. Quoth she, "I've sipped from many a cup, But ne'er from a mug like this.'

THE HORRID THING.

Sweet Young Thing—"Did you know that knee vanity boxes are becoming all the rage?"

He-"So I see."

Sweet Young Thing-"Oh you horrid thing! You cannot."

IN THE CAF.

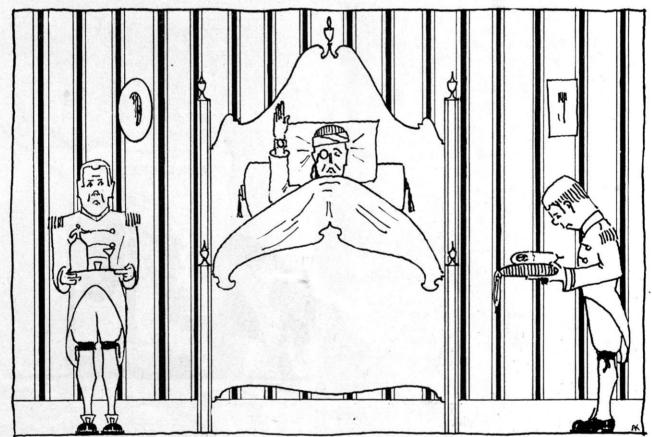
1st Frosh.—"Will any of you rough necks shoot me for a nickle?" (Meaning craps)

2nd Frosh.—"If I had a gun I would shoot you for less."

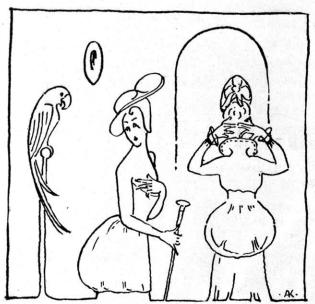
OUR DISTINGUISHED VISITOR BUSIES HIM-SELF WITH AMERICAN WAR-WORK.

(Town Topics)

"* * * Although Lord Spotts came to this country primarily for rest and relief from the pressing duties of his position abroad, he has insisted upon throwing himself, body and soul, into the war activities in this country. In England he is a member of the Diplomatic Corps, but realizing that the traditions and customs of that branch of the service here might differ somewhat from those he is accustomed to, he has decided to devote himself to a branch which he feels is well suited to his peculiar temperament. One thing which made a deep impression on the visiting peer upon his arrival in this country was our present endeavor to conserve everything as much as possible. Feeling that it would set a good example, Lord Spotts has taken up, with his customary zeal and vigor, the conservation of American spirit. The accompanying illustration shows the regrettable result of his first attempt in his adopted profession. It is rumored that on the evening before this somewhat intimate photograph was taken, Lord Spotts was seen at the Giltmore in company with Iva Thirst and I. Poremdown who are at present gracing the chorus of 'Up And At 'Em!' It seems that a contest took place to see which one of the trio could drink the most Bronxes in fifteen minutes. When interviewed this morning, Lord Spotts remained discreetly silent as to the identity of the winner, but in regard to his work he made the following patriotic statement-'Y' know, it seems-ah-to me as if this-er-Hoover chappie had—ah—rawther overlooked this—ah—particular side of the-ah-conservation question, and I believe that he—ah—will be jolly well grateful to me for taking the matter up.' *



LORD SPOTTS FINDS HIS WORK TERRIBLY WEARING EVEN UPON ONE OF HIS CONSTITUTION



EGRIGRAMMATIC POLLY: "IN THESE DAYS IN ORDER TO BE IN A HURRY, A WOMAN MUST ALWAYS BE IN A BUSTLE."

The letter box was freshly daubed, And a sign revealed the fact; But the passersby had all to try, How fresh paint does attract.

As we sat in the corner behind the palms, I couldn't resist the act,
And touched her lips with my—? finger tips,
How fresh paint does attract.

MY DEAR!

She was a girl at Wellesley.
And he a Technology man
And during the holiday season
They gathered a coat of tan
Which caused unlimited wonder.
People cried, "What a disgrace!"
For each of the pair was sunburned
On the opposite side of the face.

THE CITY AT NIGHT

Noises-

Bells, street-car bells, fire-bells, ambulance bells, and wedding-bells.

Lights—

White lights, gay from a distance, yet tawdry and mean close at hand.

Music-

Rich, heavenly music—sharp, jazzy music—cheap tinkly music.

And people-

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.

Dazzling, yet drab. Awe-inspiring, yet disgusting.
Magnificent, yet sordid.

But above all fascinating.

AN ESSAY

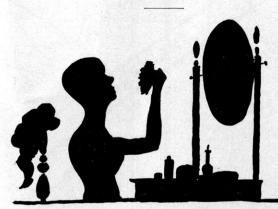
The illustrious editor of this publication paid me a social visit (that is all he ever pays me) the other day, at least he said that it was a social visit. But it really was not of a social nature at all, because before that above-named celebrity left my domicile he exacted a solemn promise and made me swear on a stack of Bibles six feet high that I would rack my versatile brain for some humorous thoughts for this issue. My conscience whispered loudly that I was doing wrong to get myself into any entangling alliances, but what could I do? I suppose that I should say what can I do? Nothing, absolutely nothing. This will be more evident as I proceed.

When I sat down in my study with all the equipment and appliances of a would-be author, I had a perfectly well defined subject upon which to discourse for the allotted time, but somehow—it has always been a question to me just why—that subject was camouflaged as far as I was concerned. Thoughts of every size and shape imaginable passed throughout my brain, but they were express and not local this trip. At any rate my last resort was girls. Isn't it queer the girls always form a subject upon which one can dissert lengthily at any opportunity? But as to girls—I hate them—sometimes—and at other times—I like them still less. And this was one of the lesser times so I gave that up as a bad job. I usually do give up as far as they are concerned. Everybody does, they are such an awful puzzle

Another inspiration struck me. I am by nature a cynic, so I decided to write on love. That, without a doubt, was my subject. I asked my cat what she thought about it. You know the cat is always the companion of the lonely author and confirmed bachelor. If you didn't know that before, here is one thing you have learned (if you have had the courage to read this non-descript article so far).

(Continued on Page 23)

HER SECRET



"I am self-made"! cry men in hosts.
Of this no woman dares to boast—
Tho self-made often strange to say,
She hates to give this fact away.



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TWO'S COMPANY

In the parlor there sat three, A maid, a parlor lamp, and he; Two's company, without a doubt, And so the parlor lamp went out.

CRWSORED

Pretty Girl at Wellesley—"Professor, do you think there is much in the assertion that there are microbes in kisses?"

Professor—"I'm sure that I don't know, but it's a problem I should like to investigate under the present conditions."



Mr. Dancer-"I think Dubbs is the worst dancer on the floor."

Miss Dancer-"Hush, you forget yourself."

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"CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN,"

(Continued from Page 15)

teries of a kitchen stove. He began by telling her that her eyes were as bewitching as star dust on the desert sands or something else equally as impossible. That did not seem to make much of an impression, so evidently thinking that her knowledge of geography was rather limited he changed his tactics and remarked that her figure was as lithe as that of a French man-of-war. The Pekinese howled. That disconcerted the Chieftain, a really handsome man, and he decided to commit himself in writing, for he was able to write French, if not to speak it. So he sat down at a small Louis the Fourteenth desk and started a fifteen page theme.

While the Chieftain was thus engaged the maid brought in a most beautiful bunch of violets. Purely as an afterthought Monsieur de Richelin followed. He was Filet's lover. They collaborated in the complete rendition of a kiss,—a thirty-minute affair according to the maid. About an hour later the desert warrior had finished his love murmurings and stepped over to Filet. He handed them to her along with an Arabian eulogy. Mademoiselle Mignon glanced over the pages and shook her head. No, they could never be happy together. The Chieftain threatened to commit suicide in Arabic. The Pekinese grinned with delight. Filet had been in similar positions before and asked him to refrain. It would be foolish to soil the rugs.

Just then Monsieur de Richelin called to the maid



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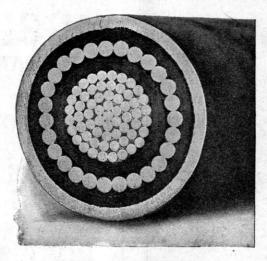
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for some ice water. Habit is a powerful thing and the Chieftain volunteered in English, "Ise gwinna fetch it foh yo, boss."

De Richelin looked up surprised. "Why, it's my old friend, Rastus," he said. Whereupon, it was made known that the lovers had met before and that the noble Arabian Chieftain was none other than a one time bell hop in an Atlantic City hotel.

And thus we finish with Mademoiselle Mignon.

Several years previous to the outbreak of hostilities in July, 1914, I chanced to be in Berlin. While there I met the man with the prominent nose and the pointed moustache,—too pointed for philandering. I speak from experience. At first one can not help but admire the Kaiser; he is so self-confident. But he does get to be a bore.

Before I continue I should like to say that, in my opinion, this man is getting entirely too much publicity at the present time. One would think that he is an American musical comedy, the amount of advertising he gets. And he is not worth it, for he is only an ordinary human being several of whose brain cells are slightly warped. Barnum and Bailey should enter the great game of American politics and insist that one of the provisions of the peace treaty be that they get the Prussian ruler and then

run him as a stunt in one of their rings. They would make all kinds of wealth, for the publicity has already been taken care of.

But I digress. I came to know the Kaiser quite intimately. One evening the two of us went unescorted to a German beer garden in Berlin. Unlike his subjects, the Kaiser is unable to partake of as large a quantity of spirits as they. In fact, he quite ruins the German reputation. We sat in a private booth where we were well hidden from the vulgar public eye. The Kaiser drank over-freely that evening and it was with exceeding difficulty that I could get him to go home. However, I did manage to entice him to the street where I called a taxi and had us driven to within a block of the Royal Palace. After what seemed to be an eternity we managed to gain the back door.

Naturally at three in the morning the door would be locked, but the Emperor partially gained control of himself and declared that he would open it. By this time I was quite excited and paryons

this time I was quite excited and nervous.

"Hic—be calm," he commanded. "There will—hic—be no revolution."

"I—I'll try," I managed to blurt out.

He murmured something about Me und Gott and continued to fool with the lock.

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"It seems to me," I ventured, "It seems that you have lost the key to the situation."

[To be continued in our Mid-summer special number; not that we have any intention of publishing a mid-summer special, but we feel that something more should be said, for four of the board members wanted to know if this was the end. Three were not consulted. Personally, the writer thinks it is perfect.]

Will you be mine he whispered, She shyly nodded her head, Another case of "Fools rush in Where angels fear to tread."

AN ESSAY

(Continued from Page 18)

Well, as I said, I asked my cat, and she purred softly "Don't touch it." I asked her why not and she responded with the very obvious, yet philosophical query, "Why is love like a pit-fall?"

Being somewhat of a philosopher in my spare moments, I thought that it was because one can fall into it so easily, but she said no, whereupon I asked for the right answer.

She replied, "Because it is."
"Is what?" I questioned. But she merely repeated her assertion that it was a pit-fall. I took the hint, and my last thought vanished. But as the ancients said, "I should worry," for I also extracted a solemn promise. Before he left me, the afore-said illustrious editor gave his pledged word that he would publish whatever I should choose to write, and stand the onslaught of bricks. I have already sent by mail my card of sympathy to the gentleman.

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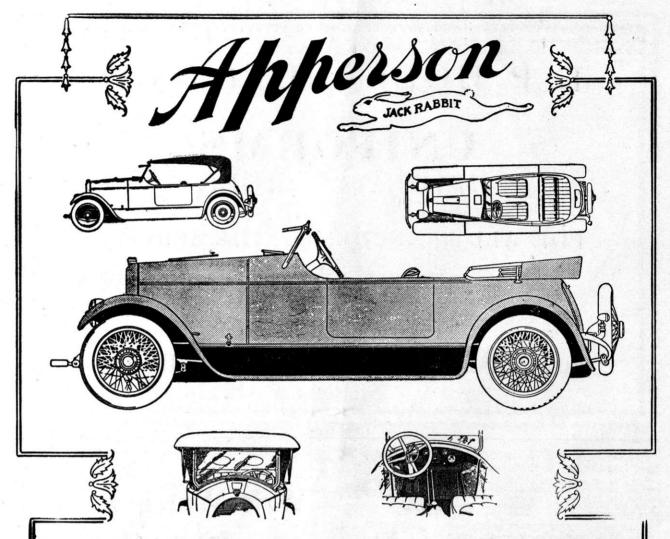
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Donald: "What was that fellow doing with his arms around you last night?"

Julia: "Oh, nothing."

Joe: "I always said he was slow."—Jester.

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

It-No; that's too much to blow in.-Hill Sieve.

"I've stuck to the American for two Inter: years."

Borough: "Well, it's sort of a fly paper."-Jack-O'-Lantern.

"He's the worst crab in college."

"Yeh, he's always trying to crawl out of things."-Jack-O'-Lantern.

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