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**T**HE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers courses in Civil, Mechanical, Mining, Electrical, Chemical, Sanitary, and Architectural Engineering; in Chemistry, Electrochemistry, Biology and Public Health, Physics, Geology and Naval Architecture, and in Engineering Administration.

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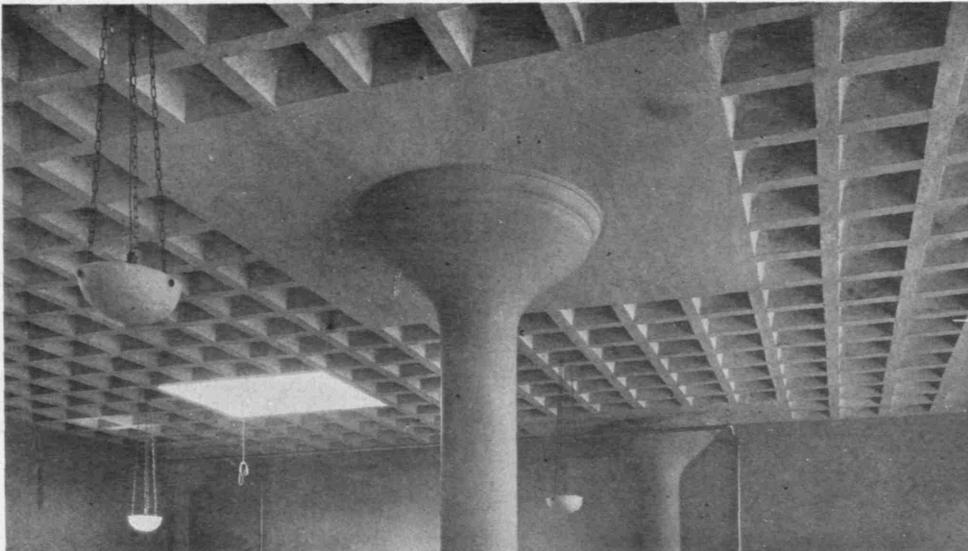
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"Why do people say as dead as a door nail? The nail isn't any deader than the door."

"But, yes, the nail has been hit on the head."

*Kate*:—"Well, he who laughs last, laughs best."  
*Duplicate*:—"Yes, he who laughs last, giggles yet besides."

*Stude*:—"Why are Frosh like real estate???"

*Baker*:—"I dunno, why???"

*Stude*:—"Cause they're a vacant lot!!!"



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A representative in Congress took a friend from home through the House of Representatives.

"That distinguished looking man there is the Chaplain. He prays for Congress."

"Well," said the friend after taking a final look, "I think he should pray for the country."

*Ed:*—"So your girl is a blond. Why, Don, I thought you disliked blonds!!"

*Don:*—"Well, I thought I did until I met this one, and now I know I do!!"

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69c a Pair.

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We Stand Behind Every Bed We Sell.

*Hydrogen:*—"They tell me that Prof. Fay is  
vice-president of the Gillette company."

*Sulphide:*—"That's why his course always  
means a close shave, I suppose?"

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"If the Dean doesn't take back what he said this morning,  
I am going to leave college."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to leave college."

Lives of great men all remind us,  
As their pages o'er we turn,  
That we're apt to leave behind us,  
Letters that we ought to burn.

—Gargoyle

I never saw a tea-hound,  
I never hope to see one,  
But I can tell without a sound,  
I'd rather see than be one!

—Siren

**Rather Rude**

*Wise Sophomore*:—"Say, Frosh, do you want to see two  
cute little devils?"

*Excited Frosh*:—"Oh, yes, sir."

*Wise Sophomore*:—"Go to Hell!"

—Judge

**Have You?**

"Have you ever been to Vassar?"

"No, but I've been all alone on a leaky raft in the middle  
of the ocean with nothing to eat or drink and not a thing to  
do."

—Yale Record

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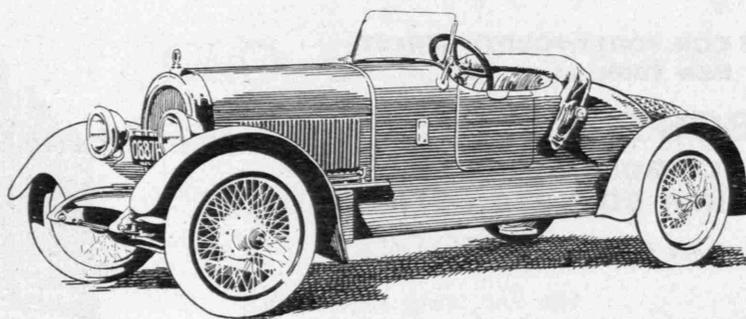
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They have been trained in the field where the placing of every bolt is a study and the fashioning of each piece of wood a thesis.

And the airplanes they fashioned furnished the idea for this master creation of motordom.

The NOMA laminated wood, airplane construction permits an average of five hundred pounds less weight than eleven other cars in the same class, yet stability is increased. Imagine the saving in tires, fuel and oil.

The smart, rakish lines and remarkable finish of the NOMA express more than external beauty. To the man of discernment its design conveys the impression of power, dependability and comfort—an impression which quickly becomes a conviction, for the NOMA fulfills the promise of its appearance.

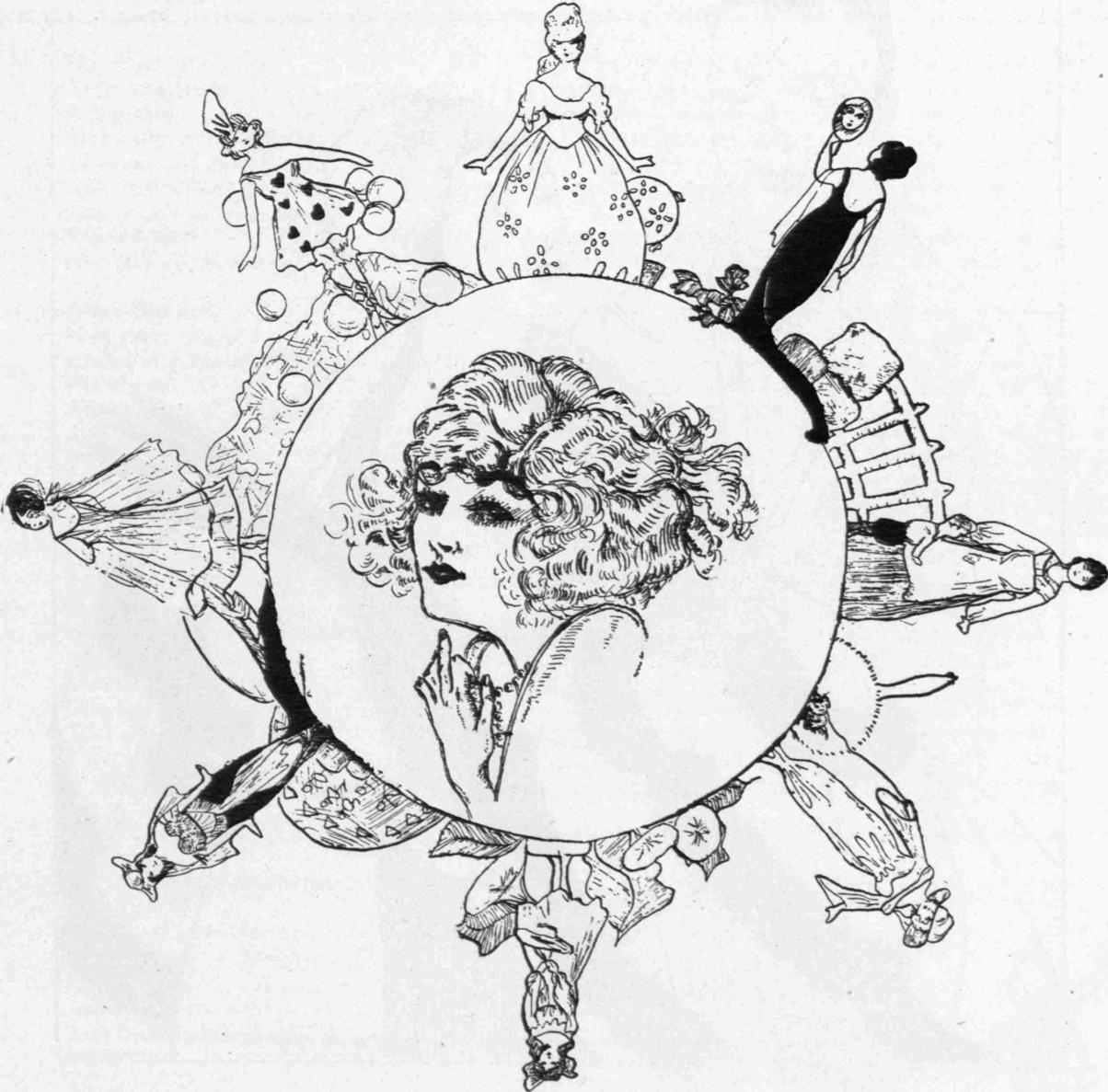
*The ROADSTER and the FOURSOM await your inspection.*

**NEW ENGLAND MOTORS, Inc.**

Sales and Service Station, 164 Brighton Ave., Boston



# Voodoo





Among the Missing

The Girl—You make me think of Venus de Milo.

The Boy—But I have arms.

The Girl—Oh! Have you?



# WooDoo



Have you ever  
 After reaching  
 A big city,  
 Suddenly remembered  
 That an old sweetheart  
 Also resided nearby.  
 And a call on the phone  
 Proved that  
 She still remembered you  
 And  
 After the bell  
 Had been pushed  
 And a wonderful vision  
 Expressed her joy  
 At seeing you again,  
 And you both  
 Talked each other  
 Speechless  
 Recalling hair pullings,  
 Parties, and  
 Goodness knows what not.  
 And with each covert glance  
 She seems  
**BETTER AND BETTER**  
 And you express  
 Your sorrow about  
 The intervening years  
 And she slyly declares  
 That there  
 Is still hope  
 If the years  
 Have brought no change—  
 And thus  
 The afternoon wears on  
 And finally  
 The nearing train time  
 Makes a leave taking  
 Imperative.  
 And she tells you  
 That you have changed  
 And  
 That the old  
 Childhood cruelty  
 Was more interesting  
 Than the newly acquired  
 College polish  
 And holds out her hand  
 And sweetly says  
 "Good-bye"  
 Oh, Boy—how easy it is  
 To revert to the  
 Cave man era.

For twenty long years I have lived in poverty and stunted life, love and friends that you might taste luxury, fame and might be surrounded by beauty everywhere. Twenty years ago to-night, in this very room, at this very time, our lives became seemingly irreparably linked together. Since then, how I have regretted that moment of youthful folly when we were both as yet free and unrestrained. During the two decades since then my life has been one horrible nightmare. For hours I laid writhing in your arms, my life, my soul your very own, yet cringing with fear from each touch of your hand. Each time I opened my mouth in your presence you caused me untold agony. And yet, on leaving you, reeling and broken in spirit and body, I never failed to return, even though I knew better than to wish for kindness at your hands. In those hours that we have spent so intimately together, with my eyes dull with fear as they ever sought yours, and my body thrilling and vibrant against yours, you have bored into my very soul, and laid bare the fabric of my being. With youthful infatuation I worshipped, then hated, then loathed you. But with the constancy of a vice addict I sought you even when I loathed you. You had become a part of my life. But, now, damn you, I'm done! Done, do you hear me? Done! Done! Last night you broke the last tie that held us together. To-day I go forth, old, poverty-stricken, toothless, and without friends, but thank God I go happy. For last night, as I sat writhing in your embrace, you put your knee on my chest and pulled my last molar. My plate will be done to-morrow, and our paths shall part forever.



## Geographical

"Papa, where is Atoms?"  
 "I don't know, my boy. Do you mean Athens?"  
 "No, Atoms, the place where everything is blown to."

# A STRONG END TO A WEEK END

Drama of a House Party

*Scene: The Vodka Soakski Fraternity House—a Russian letter fraternity.*

*Time: The day of the Prom.*

*Characters:*

*Mrs. Beatrice Bore*—a Dean-eyed chaperone.

*Igota Tech*—A tall angular bird with tortoise shell glasses and cantilever ears. Looks like he'd been riding on the B. & M. He fears that Junior Week will interfere with his studies. Perpetually carries a brown Bag.

*Miss Ida Lies*—Igota Tech's girl. A thin, owl-eyed, severe-lined, puritanical creature. Has that hopeless expression of a senior at Radcliffe. She talks of Russia's plight, etc. Looks like she was related to Entropy or Mrs. Adiabatic.

*Mr. L. Lizard*—Looks like he held a reserved seat in the Lenox Grill room before July first. He keeps a card index of the names and addresses of the girls he has met. Reminds you of an all F report.

*Lilac Kelle*—Lizard's girl. A sophomore at Vassar. Wants to know what part of Harvard Tech is. Has that "Get away closer" and "Stop, I like it" attitude. She feels that house party would be failure without

her presence. Is perpetually telling how much better the Princeton house party she went to last week was.

Scene I.

*Lilac's Room*

*Formerly occupied by Lizard and Igota.*

*Lizard, who has left his dress suit in the closet and must have it for the Prom, enters stealthily. As he fishes around in closet, Lilac enters. He hides behind clothes.*

*Lilac disappears behind screen. Enter Igota in search of shoes he left under bed. He hears noise behind screen and ducks under the bed.*

*Enter Mrs. Bore and Ida Lies.*

There follows the usual series of complications and conversation a la "Up in Mabel's Room," "The girl in the Limousine," "Twin Beds," etc., in which the dress suit and shoes are ruined. Act ends in free-for-all fight between all characters.

Act II.

*Time: One o'clock on night of Prom.*

*Scene: Roof of Vodka Soakski House.*

*Lizard wrapped in blankets sitting on edge of roof apparently debating a jump. Tattered dress suit hanging on clothesline stretched between chimneys. Three or four other Brothers scattered around sleeping.*

*Manhole opens and Lilac appears weeping and muttering.*

*Lilac:—Where is it, where is it!*

*She spies dress suit on line, rushes through it and hurriedly searches through pockets.*

*Lizard, turning, sees her and rushes forward.*

*Lizard:—What are you doing here, I thought you were at the Prom.*

*Lilac:—What have you done with it, what have you done with it? I cannot go without it.*

*Lizard (a light dawning on his face):—It's here, dearest, it's here.*

*He reaches deep into the blanket covering him and produces dilapidated powder puff.*

*"Lizard."*

*"Lilac."*

*Clinch.*

*Curtain.*



*The Most Wonderful G. I. T. W.:—“Do all these X's on my program stand for kisses?”*

*Mere Man:—“I don't expect to sit out that many dances.”*

**A Great Life If You Don't Week-End**

*Hubby:—“Is that another new hat?”*

*Wifey:—“No, it's just a week-end hat.”*

*Hubby:—“Weak end? They're all of them that.”*

*Sam:—“Got any thumb tacks?”*

*Bo:—“No, but ah's got some finger nails!!!!”*

**The Way of a Maid With a Man**

by I. Odine Gargle

He had never told her his love; their acquaintance had been brief, and when suddenly he placed his arms around her neck and imprinted a kiss upon her rosebud mouth, she was naturally startled.

"Sir," she said, "this is insufferable."

"Forgive me," he cried, "I was mad to act so. I beseech you, pardon me."

"No, I can never forgive you. You have forfeited my friendship. You must leave me at once and for ever!"

Vainly he pleaded. So glaring an offense could not be undone. Breathing low, he said he would go. His whole life would be embittered, for he felt that her image could ne'er be effaced from his memory.

"I will go," he sadly murmured. "But before I leave you, I have one thing to ask. I feel that I am not unreasonable in desiring this one favor. I trust you will grant it to me. It is my final request."

"What is it?" she timidly asked, softly touched by his emotion.

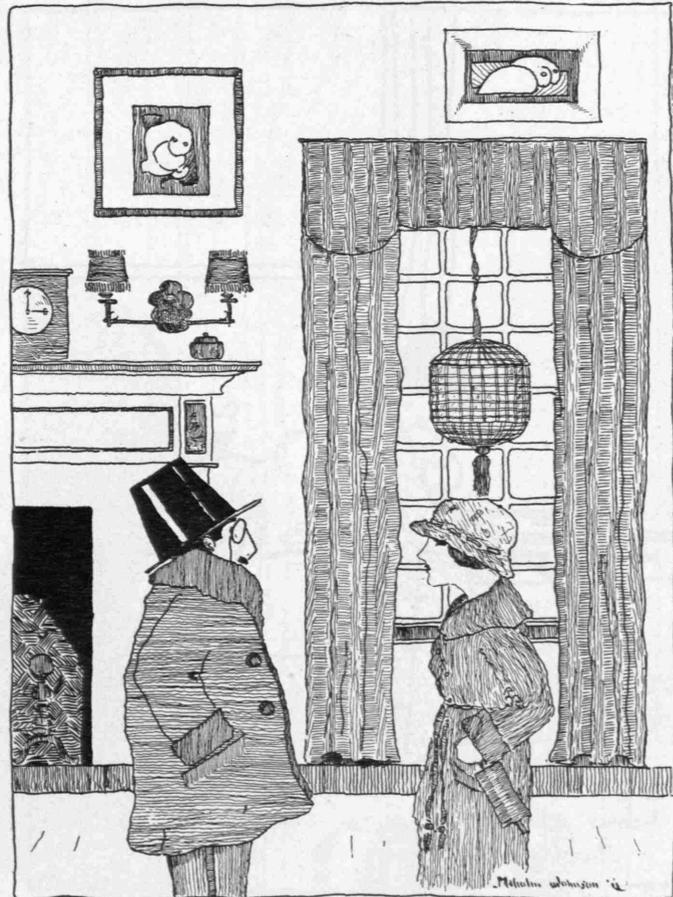
"Won't you, please, take your arms from about my neck?"

*Florence:*—"I heard that May has the grip and Tom is very much worried over her."

*Florenz:*—"It's only a cold; the grip she has is on Tom!!!!"



*Gentle reader we have a superfluity of prohibition humor but it makes us sad so we submit for your approval, as they say, this little picture depicting a scene once with us but now no more.*



"You've been drinking; I can smell it on your breath."

"Nonsense, I've been eating frog's legs. What you smell is the hops."

**To a Fair Maid at Walton's**

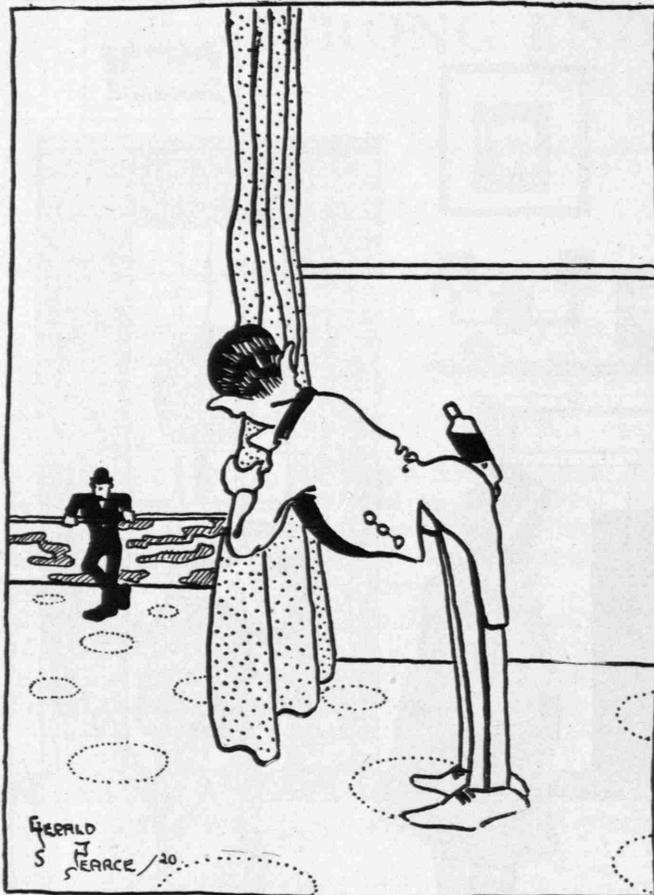
Your eyes of Copenhagen blue,  
Your sun-lit flaxen tresses,  
Sent such a thrill my spirit through  
As poetry expresses.

Until one day—Oh, would to God  
Those words had ne'er been spoken!  
I heard you cry, "A Mug o' Milk!"  
Another idol broken!

*Doctor:*—"Good morning, Jimmie, I came in to get a drink."

*Jimmie (the man of the house):*—"Yes, but how did you know I had any?"

*Doctor:*—"Didn't I give you a prescription yesterday???"



### Hip Hip Hooray!!

"Tommy," cautioned his mother, "be sure and come in early this afternoon to get your bath before you go to the Jones' for dinner."

"But, Mother," protested Tommy, "I don't need a bath for that. They said it was to be most informal."

When Homer sang of kisses sweet  
Of dainty lips, of lips petite,  
He likened them to Cupid's bows  
Or petals of the full-blown rose.  
What shape they are I don't care,  
Just give me them; I'll call them square.

### Gassed

"So you have met my son at Tech, eh?"

"Sure; we sleep together."

"Oh, you room together, do you?"

"Oh, no; we are in the same class in Military Science lectures."

### The Waterproof Chimaera

There are true rewards aplenty for the geniuses of earth;

For each masterpiece created there's a tribute of its worth.

Be it purposeful invention or idealistic dream,

There is always someone ready with a token of esteem.

There are tons of pink fedoras,

concrete specs, and green auroras;

There are all the khaki derbies one could wish—

But the great prize of the era  
is the waterproof chimaera:

None can hope to win it save the simplest fish.

If in moments full of fancy you should stumble on a clue,

And upon investigation should discover something new,

Just tell all your friends about it and perhaps when someone dies

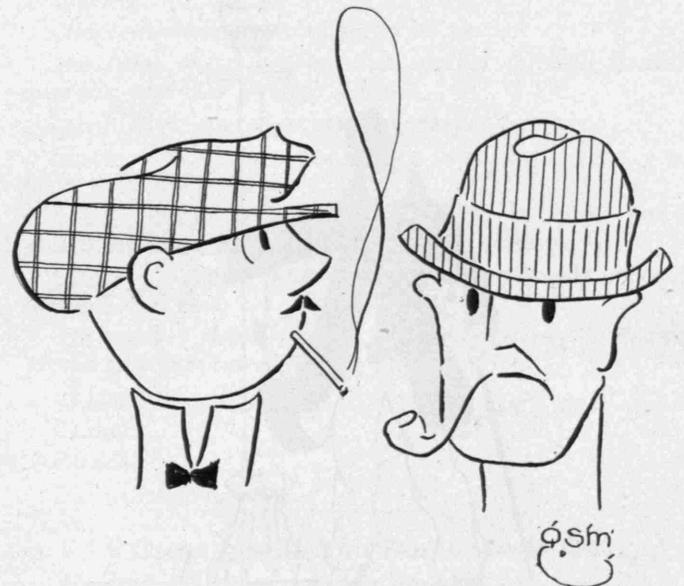
He will think of you and come across with some befitting prize.

It may be leather medals, bicycles  
with pasteboard pedals,

An elastic ruler or a rubber map;

Or perhaps, once in an era, it's the  
waterproof chimaera:

None can hope to win it but the simplest sap.



*Hocus*:—"What is your favorite book?"

*Pocus*:—"My bank book; but even that has been lacking in interest of late."



Stephen Harold van Steek, '23, wishes his companion at the house party were with a better sense of values than Miss Violet La Tour of the Greenwich Village Follies.

## COOKING BRINGS OUT THE FLAVOR

"An intimate glimpse into the life of a tea-hound. A problem novelette of the first water. By the author of those famous books on the underworld, "The Gold-diggers," and "Minutae with Miners."

Let us, gentle reader, introduce you to our hero, Gerald Gyrate. In fact, if you were to meet Gerald this minute, or better see him in action, you would be compelled to concede that he was a tea-jazzzer of no mean ability. His wicked hoof artistically shaken has long since carved a trail in the marble of the Copley Tea Room. There are those who say that he has appeared at the Brunswick oftener than the orchestra. Be that as it may, our story is not to be of such.

As we said, to appreciate Gerald fully, you must see him in action. The flappiest flapper, the daintiest debutante, or the wildest woman, is always Gerald's. And he holds them ever so tenderly, even as a man holdeth his last dollars after Junior week. His dancing might be properly designated as the *tete-a-tete* style, or more appropriately, the *col et col* variety. The finest of Marcells has been ironed flat by Gerald's hot cheek. There have been times when it was necessary for his friends to brush aside the most exquisite of coiffures to find out that "the gentleman

dancing with that girl" was no other than our hero.

From all of which it is to be presumed that you have guessed that our friend Gerald was what the chaperones are wont to call a "disgustingly close dancer." He was well acquainted with the relative merits of bandoline and olive oil as a hair dressing, for he has been heard to remark that he quite prefers the flavor of the former. Demosthenes orating with a mouthful of pebbles had nothing on Gerald, for he can carry on the usual line of small talk peculiar to a tea-jazzzer even though his handsome collar retainer be completely immersed in wavy feminine locks.

But we must change the scene of our story. In this last act we work toward the climax as well as the *denouement*. This time we find our hero alone. In fact, he is not happy. His usual composure has left him. Here in this restaurant he sits, surrounded by the manager. The white fury of anger rests upon his brow. One might guess that a tragedy has come into his life. It has. He has just found a hair in his soup!



### TIMELY ADVICE

By Leary Jane Dippy

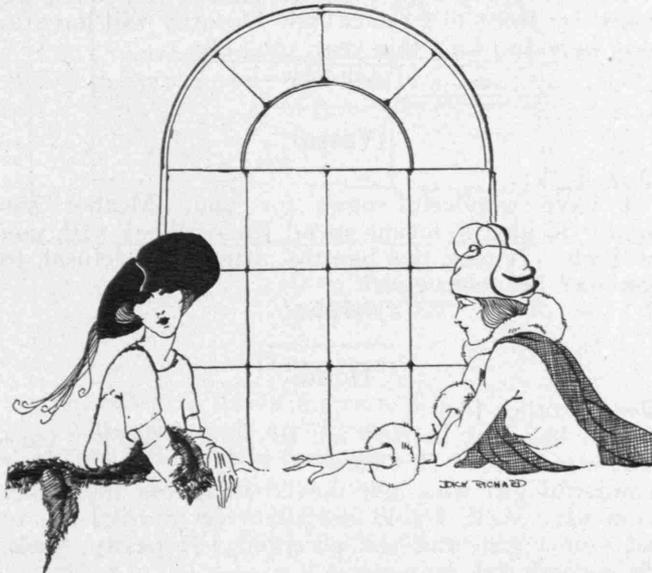
Isn't it just too utter! Too wonderful and thrilling for words? I'm just so excited I don't know what to say. Of course it isn't as pretty as Dartmouth, or as well-you-know as Princeton, and there isn't the lure of the uniform that there is to be found at Annapolis, but there *is something* about the *atmosphere* here. (*We noticed that too. Eds.*) They are all lovely boys, and I don't want to be catty, but—Do you think that racing from one building to another can be the cause of their athletic dancing? Have you been to the "Stute" to see the engines? Don't miss it. I was

thrilled to tears—especially in the place where you look down into the swimming tank. Aren't they dear to put a tank there for the boys to play in? And—

Have you tried to play that game of trying to pronounce the names around the top of the buildings. They are the names of all the professors who have died. Isn't it a lovely idea? I couldn't pronounce VTRVVIVS. Can you? BRNVVLESCHI was hard, too. Well, girls, have a merry time, but watch out. Once Tech men get going, there's no stopping them. This is not my first prom.

**Ain't it, Though?**

When regularly every month for five months  
 Your bank statement has come  
 And each time you've put it  
 In your second lower desk drawer  
 Meaning to balance your check book that night.  
 And every time you've put it off  
 Because the assignment in Mechanism was so long,  
 Except that time you didn't  
 Because you had to go out to Mary's  
 And the other time  
 When there was a wonderful show at the Shubert.  
 And finally your check book balance reads  
 Five dollars and seventeen cents  
 And you don't dare draw that five  
 For fear you've made a mistake.  
 And this month's statement comes  
 Which you open in fear and trembling  
 And it says at the bottom in red  
 That your balance to date  
 After subtracting all checks  
 Is exactly Five dollars and seventeen cents.  
 Say, boy, Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?



*Heloise*:—"Was he on his knees when he proposed to you?"  
*Helene*:—"No. I was."

**Her Fatal Admission**

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft round chin, she drew back and asked him:  
 "George, do you shave yourself?"  
 "Yes," he replied.  
 "I thought so. Your face is the roughest I ever —"  
 Then she stopped, but it was too late and he went away with a lump in his throat.



**Old-Fashioned a la Zeigfield.**

**Don't Try It.**

Though there may be Profs galore,  
 Who are adding up your score;  
 And your work's an awful bore—  
 —You'll forget it.

Though you're weeks and weeks behind,  
 While there's nothing in your mind;  
 And you know your fate is signed—  
 —You'll forget it.

Though your bank's an awful wreck,  
 And you don't expect a check;  
 And you hate the sight of Tech—  
 —You'll forget it.

But if by some awful freak,  
 You've asked three to Junior Week;  
 And they all accept "damn queek"—  
 FLOWERS!!



### In Two Acts

The Old Sax moans,  
The dance is on,  
A quiet bit of jazz.  
The floor is great  
The girl is smooth  
Who cares?  
Damn, I love to dance!

The violin is tuning up,  
The dance is on,  
A good old-fashioned waltz,  
The couch is great,  
The girl is smooth,  
Who cares?  
Damn, I love to dance!



### To Anne Hauser

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
What other drink can be?  
A kiss that's left in Bevo's cup  
More pepluss cannot be.  
For the stein is on the table  
With its fellowship of cheer;  
But despite its noble purpose,  
Don't you wish you had some beer?

### Bar None

Years ago the first man discovered that kissing was intoxicating. Nobody bothered to find out in those good old days—but say, fellows, I wonder if it's true?

*Prof.*:—"What is a wing nut?"  
*Stude.*:—"An aviator."

*For the best solution of the problem illustrated below we will award one handsome set of cutglass toothbrushes. Answers must be written on a postcard perpendicular to the surface.*

### Wellesley

Dear Jack:

I know you will be surprised to hear from me, but remember that surprises come in everyone's life. You know there are two kinds of surprises,—pleasant and otherwise. I do hope this is of the first type.

Jack, you will remember at the beach last summer that you asked me to attend your Prom this year, and I refused. Well, I have changed my mind, etc. etc.

*Kay.*

### Smith

Dear friend Jack:

Spring is coming, so I thought I would write you, Jack, I cannot forget the fun we had last year at this time at the Tech Prom.

Ethel is going with Fred, Constance has just been asked by Bob; so I guess little Dorothy will have to stay here and knit this year, etc., etc.

*Dorothy.*

### Vassar

Dear Jack:

I have wonderful news for you. Mother has finally decided to let me spend Junior Week with you at Tech. It took two months, after a flat refusal, to convince her, etc., etc.

*Bernice.*

### Home

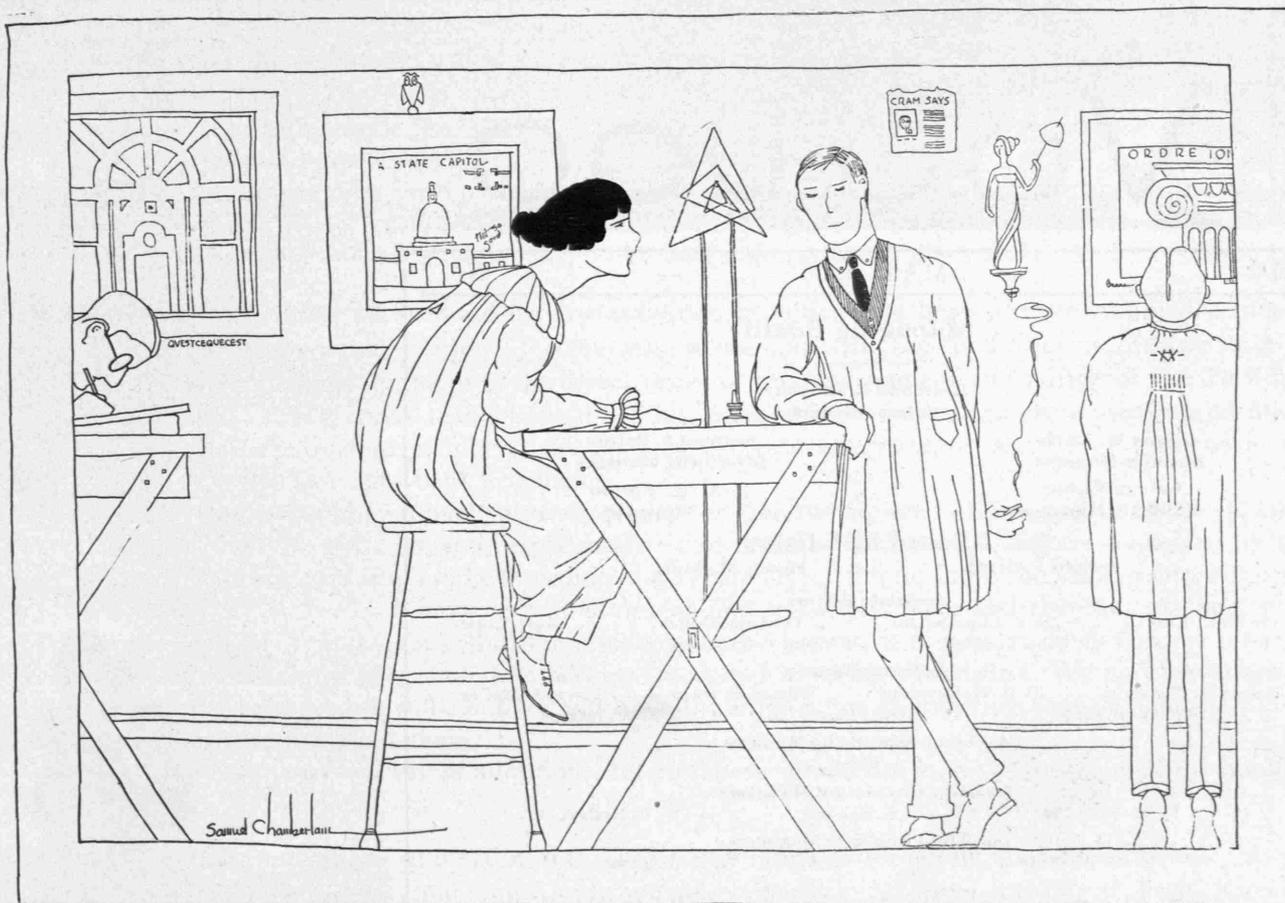
Dear Brother Jack:

Dan has just invited me to Junior Week. Isn't that wonderful? But listen to this. You know that wonderful girl who just moved in across the street from us? Well, I told her that you wanted me to get you a girl, and she accepted. Honestly, Jack, she's wonderful, etc., etc.

Loving Sister,  
*Betty.*



Six Feet Under



HE:—"Pardon me, but have you any French curves?"  
 And the COED:—"Well,—er—I don't know. Father came from Paris."

**Dawncers**

The world is full of dancers,  
 Of divers sorts and kinds;  
 From Labrador to Singapore,  
 The traveler always finds  
 In city halls or country glens,  
 These same old time-tried specimens.

There is the tongue-tied mummy,  
 (He dances like a goat)  
 And not a word has e'er been heard,  
 Escaping from his throat.  
 He thinks that lack of conversation,  
 Gets by as deep preoccupation.

And then there's (let's forgive him,  
 Perhaps his brain is weak),  
 The chap who sighs with half closed eyes,  
 And dances cheek to cheek.  
 ('Tis doubtless sweet—this swift affection,  
 My fox-hound has it to perfection.)

And you've seen lots of others,  
 Whose faults you could arraign;  
 And so have I, but let's not try,  
 For what is there to gain?  
 So, lest my rhyme begin to bore,  
 That's all there is,—there ain't no more.

**NO BEER! NO WORK!**

A Freshman Chemistry Professor assures his section that while they will not get any credit if they hand in their problems, they will most certainly get an 'F' if they fail to do so. Sort of a new version of an old story:—

A man was walking along a country road and noticed a youngster "picking" potato bugs in a field along the roadside.

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" queried the stranger.

"Yup."

"They must pay you well for that. How much do they give you?"

"Nothing if I do, but Hell if I don't."

**Like Mother, Like Daughter**

Daughter:—"My rouge is gone, Mother. Where can it be?"

Mother:—"Just a moment, dear, and I'll be thru with it."

**It's a Long Story, My Boy**

Son:—"How did you get so bald, Father?"

Father:—"I used to have long, wavy hair. But never mind, Son, your tide will go out too."

# Voo Doo

Vol 2

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No. 7

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WITHOUT doubt, Junior Week this year is the best ever. No war clouds cast their shadow over the festivities. Men have committed everything save murder to get signed up for the occasion. Time has taken its flight into the hands of the pawn-brokers. The winter overcoat has gone into session with the usual naphthalene spheres, in exchange for the yellow ticket and green goods.

Phosphorus, with a smirk, tells us to eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow the bills come in. To which the Woop replies, with a characteristic "shimmy," "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus." To which we replied, "You said it, Bo."



AMONG other various and sundry activities, athletics here have always occupied a more or less background position. To one who is familiar with the conditions at the Institute this is not astonishing for it is the direct result of the environment and nature of the Tech man. What progress our teams have made has been entirely due to the perseverance and fidelity of the individual members; the backing of the undergraduates has never resulted in over crowded stands or bank accounts.

To remedy what is an unfortunate state of affairs—to get the support of the student body—to enable out teams to meet their competitors on an equal basis—that is the aim of an organization conceived by some moving spirits. This organization will be known as the Technology Athletic Club; its membership will consist of any Tech man; its members will have certain admission and ticket privileges and the dues will be nominal.

The idea of such an organization is that the undergraduates' interest is aroused. They become interested not only in seeing their teams play, but they become interested in seeing them win. We may never see over crowded stands or over full bank rolls, but we will have the satisfaction of knowing that the men on the field know that the Institute is behind them.

This is a practical plan—worthy of adoption—its proposers should not stop at proposing; they should put it across.



HERE are those who claim that Tech is the home of the inhuman, pepless grind. A place where men study, and study, and then study some more. Registration, at Tech, is credited as a marriage to books and midnight oil, forever after. The milk of human kindness has been said to be sour. The spirit of joy is claimed to be as non-existent as all other spirits. Within the grey stone walls the relentless mills of the Gods grind exceedingly slow and exceedingly fine, making the principal product of Tech, human mincemeat.

The Woop asks his new friends, whom he has met for the first time through this issue, "Do you believe it?"

We submit as Exhibit A in the case, our own little sunshine sheet, Voo Doo, which appears, regularly or irregularly, once a month, to silver-plate the clouds which hang about this place.

You will find various and assorted he-males about the place this week who will be glad to relieve you of a small bit of U. S. treasury, preferred, giving you, in exchange, the reckless and shameless promise to deliver it to you for one year, if it is not suppressed before the expiration of your subscription. In event of its suppression, the subscription receipt will admit you to a front row seat at all sessions of the trial, and later can be exchanged for a reserved seat at the funeral.



IT seems that since we were so foolish as to offer two five-dollar-prizes for material submitted for this Prom issue, it will be necessary to announce the sad results. Malcom Johnson was guilty of several cuts which you will see distributed throughout the book. Unfortunately his best one did not measure up to Alumni Advisory Council standards so we could not put it in this issue. It will perhaps appear later with a screen judiciously located in the picture. We therefore hand him a check for five, which he may cash at his own risk.

Sidney Biddell helped fill up the copy basket with an original assortment of jokes which appear in various locations in the issue. We are forced to admit that the thing which finally induced us to part with the check to him was the little bit of free verse about the childhood sweetheart, etc.

There were several close competitors in this part of the contest. We invite the many anonymous contribs who find their stuff printed to come around to the office and sign up their drool in our sign-up book.



Herbert—"Have you got the latest jazz record?"  
 Sherbert—"No, I broke training during Lent."

### Lament of the Discontented Miss

Robert was a football star,  
 And also he could swim;  
 With basket ball and ten-mile hikes,  
 He kept himself in trim;  
 But athletic was his dancing—  
 So I chucked him and took up Tim.

For Tim could shake a wicked hoof,  
 His dancing was sublime;  
 He knew where music was the best,  
 And lived there all the time;  
 But I shook the gent for Leonard,  
 For his dressing was a crime.

Leonard's raiment was a song,  
 A symphony in grey;  
 In brown he was effective,  
 In a most attractive way.  
 But I threw him down for Harry,  
 For he knew not what to say.

But Harry's line was potent,  
 It would knock a person dead;  
 From making love to politics,  
 You'd fall for what he said;  
 But he couldn't play an instrument,  
 And so I turned to Ned.

When Ned picked up a violin,  
 He'd make me throb and thrill;  
 My emotions and my passions,  
 He could play with quite at will;  
 But he didn't have the needful cash,  
 And so I'm single still.

### Quite So

*Professor*:—"Smith, you are a lazy good-for-nothing. Why don't you get some ambition? Ambition! Do you hear me? Ambition!"

*Smith*:—"Ambition! Why ambition is what turned Germany into a village."

*Jakey*:—"Why is it that the Jews don't go to heaven any more?"

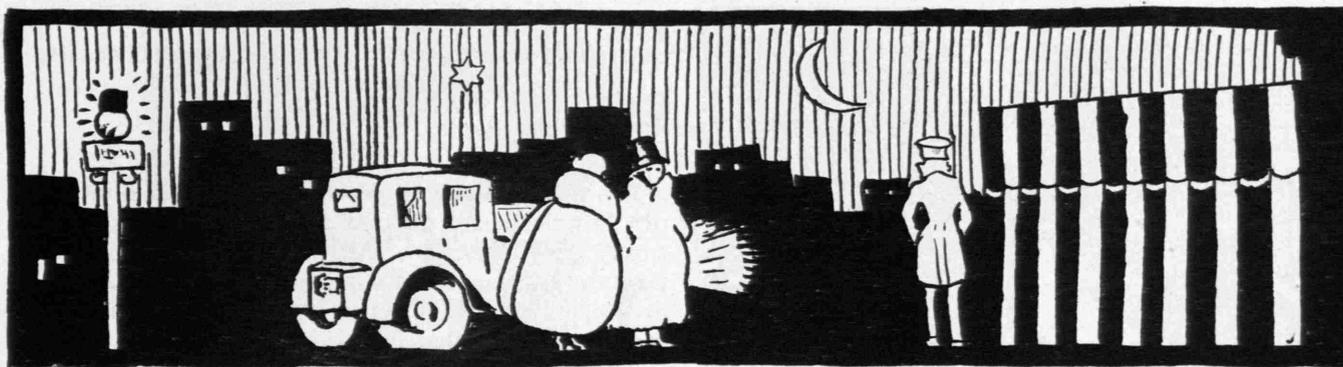
*Ikey*:—"For vy?"

*Jakey*:—"Because business has gone to hell."

*Crimson*:—"If Ivanhoe sells for a quarter at the Coop, what is Kenilworth?"

*Cardinal and Gray*:—"Great Scott, what a novel question!!!"

"This," said the goat, as he turned from the tomato can to the bit of broken mirror, "is indeed food for reflection."



## ANOTHER LADY UNDONE

By ABBIE CADABRIE,

Author of "The Hindu's Due," "First Aid and Limeade," etc.

He had waited for an hour and twenty minutes. Waited patiently, with his coat on, and his hat in his hand. It was already time for the Prom to begin,—his last Prom,—and they had three miles to go. In the year that they had been engaged, he had become hardened to waiting. He could hear his motor running outside and wished that he had shut it off. At last he heard steps on the stairs, and rose eagerly, only to sink back disappointed as her Mother leaned over the balustrade and announced that she should be ready soon. He wrapped his coat about him more comfortably and dozed awhile.

Finally, he was aroused by a step at his side; he jumped to his feet. How wonderful she was tonight, and how he thrilled at the thought of a wedding which was planned for that June! But as they walked out to the machine she suddenly gave a start of horror, and a look of vague suspicion came into her eyes. Her hand trembled on his arm, and then was quickly withdrawn, and she seemed to hesitate before she got into the machine. He searched her face uneasily, but without finding anything, and swore softly as he

looked to see if his tail light was lit. They had known each other for years; was it possible that anything was to come between then now?

As they drove mutely toward town he noticed that she seemed to shrink away from him, and made a mental note that she had not shown her hands since she had so suddenly taken them from his arm. He thought feverishly; his recent life had been that of a Bactrian Camel rather a bachanal reveler, and he searched his memory in vain for any other indiscretion that he might have committed. As they drove on, the tenseness grew, and she seemed to writhe in mental torment, but both were silent. Finally, after a seeming eternity, they drove up in front of the Copley. As the car stopped, she shuddered, and turned to him in a panic.

"Oh, George," she moaned, as she shrank back from the door of the coupé as if afraid of being seen. "Oh, George! I can't do it! I can't! I can't! I've tried and tried, and I just can't do it! George, won't you hook me up the back? Mother forgot it."

*Holme:*—"Did you know that Mike lost three fingers shooting craps?"

*James:*—"No, How did he do it?"

*Holme:*—"He didn't know they were loaded."

*Black:*—"Did you ever go fishing with a girl?"

*White:*—"Once."

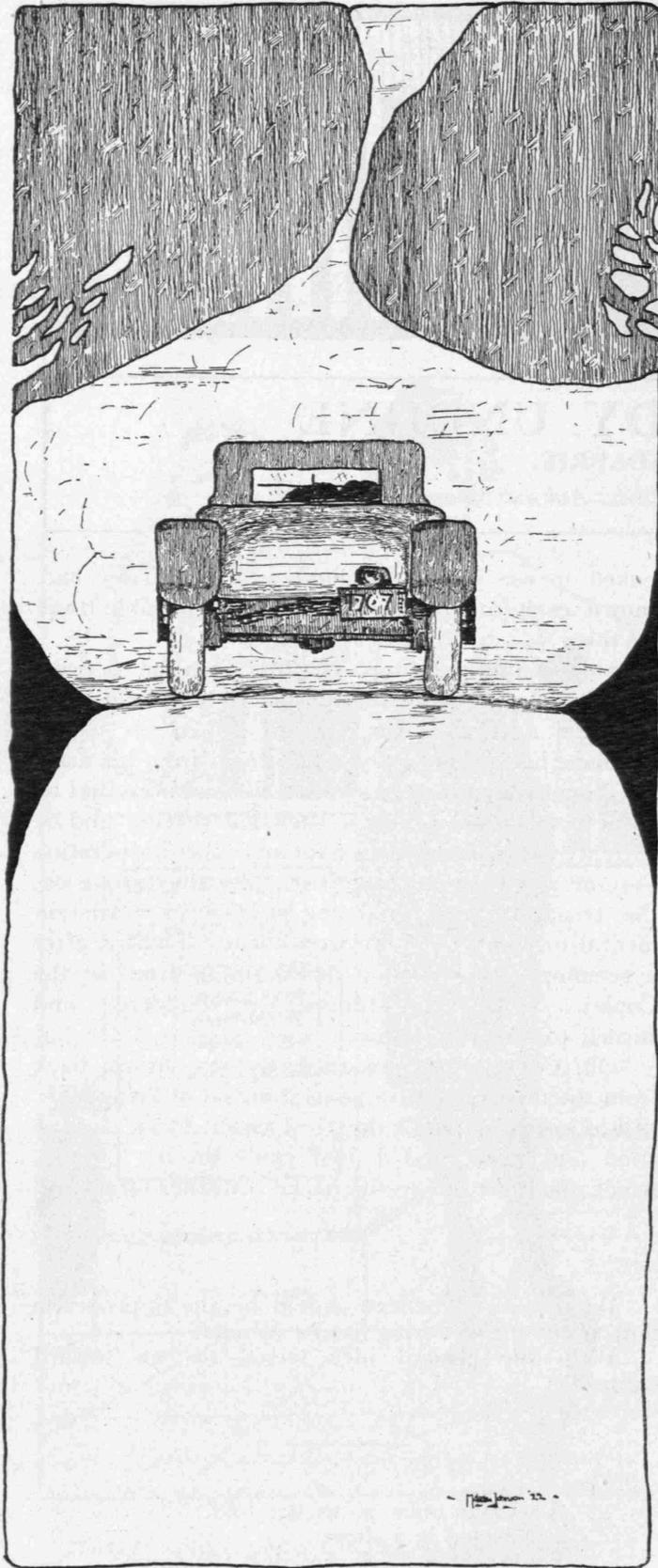
*Black:*—"Did she protest against hurting the fish?"

*White:*—"No, she said she was sure they were all perfectly happy because they were wagging their tails."

"What do you believe should be the appropriate flowers for a girl during Junior Week?"

"Well—the general idea seems to run toward tulips!!!"

A woman once, so we are told,  
Resided in a shoe.  
From which we gather that the dame  
Was pretty well to do.



A Case where two heads are as good as none

### CLY MAX AND AUNTIE CLY MAX

(*Deliriously dealing with the eccentricities of Mr. D. Cupid.*)

She winked back . . .

His heart leaped in his breast and the blue foam of platonic desire flooded the depths of his prematurely grey eyes . . . All his life had been a continuous craving for happiness—and now, now the dream of years was becoming a radiant reality . . .

Slowly, as a queen of immemorial ages, she was approaching him. He wanted to kneel before her and kiss her pointed shoes, he wanted to sing a poem of ecstatic love, to pour his soul out in a rhythmic sonata of beatitude.

The world, the crowd that rapidly moved past him and her, the street, the glare and glamour of the whirling city life—he did not see them; all his mind was concentrated on her—his dream, his love, his life . . .

She was near now. She was touching him. She was speaking to him: "Please take me home . . ." . . . Her voice was like the song of the nightingale, beautiful as . . . as the clouds. It opened before him the path to a new, a vaster, a deeper life of celestial dreams . . .

Now they were riding in a taxi.

She seemed so helpless, so lonely, so . . . oh, so . . .

He was smiling. Hesitatingly he took her small hand and hectically kissed it . . . She was crying . . . Time seemed to have stopped; there was only the blue infinity of intrinsic revelations and the deep spaciousness of her almost divine soul . . .

"Two dollars and eighty cents, sir."—He paid. He gave a tip of thirty cents. He stood on the threshold of her house: his paradise.

She spoke again:

"You must come in and meet my folks." Lord! He was going to meet those who daily saw her, who lived with her, the angels and archangels of her paradise . . .

"Is that you, Dolly" . . . Dolly! . . . A name so sweet, a name the flowers whispered at dawn to the glowing clouds, a name the tide sighed kissing the warm sands of the desert . . . A name, a star, a song, a Name . . .

Climbing the stairs to his solitary room he sang a song of love, a mazurka to love, a battle cry, a challenge . . . Oh, Paradise . . .

Another day—winter—snowflakes like lilies covering the road to his—to her, to her, oh, heaven, oh paradise!—to his hour of divine alliance . . . Mystery, song of songs, a fragrant Rose, the tears of angels giving birth to immortal flowers . . . Oh, ecstasy, delight, happiness . . .

\*\*\*\*\* Indicating the collapse of two years . . . Alimony . . .



This is supposed to deal with a demure little miss (left) and her mother (right). The male gent mistakes them for twins or flappers. Business of handing the snaky gent the cold potato.

### Sic Semper Girls

Girls, I resent your being here. I didn't want to give up my comfortable room, to remove my belongings and my presence from my own fraternity house. I think that you are a nuisance, completely unnecessary. But I suppose you can't help it. I suppose the real causes for this trouble are the poor depraved ones who invited you to Junior Week; this is in itself a stupid and worthless situation. One reason that I object to you is that you are so unattractive. Most of you are plain, a very few are passable,—none of you more. You cannot dance. Your talk is a silly chatter—dull, uninteresting. And the so-called men that invited you don't know, cannot see how utterly impossible you are. Even the uniformity of your lack of even that all-important quality—good looks, fails to impress them at all. Oh, if only my Eleanor hadn't caught the flu at the crucial moment! What an appropriate background you would have made for her to display her charms against,—drab, uncouth creatures that you are!

### Page Sir Oliver

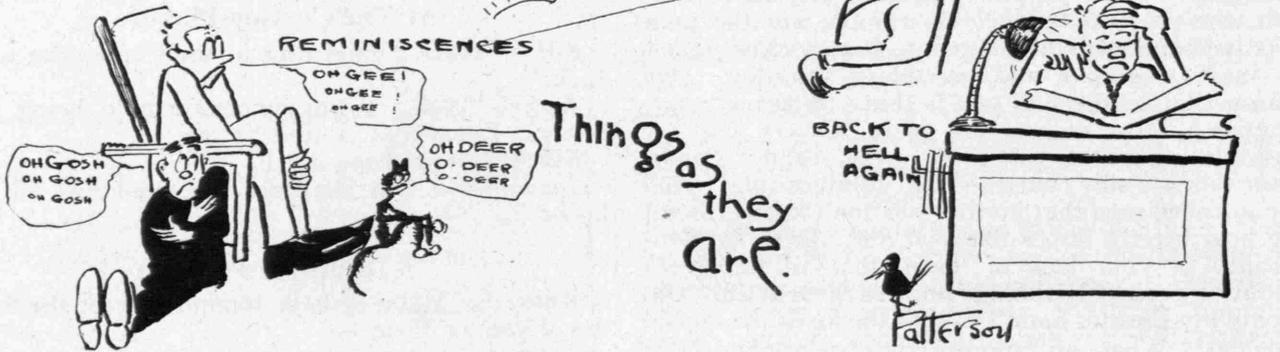
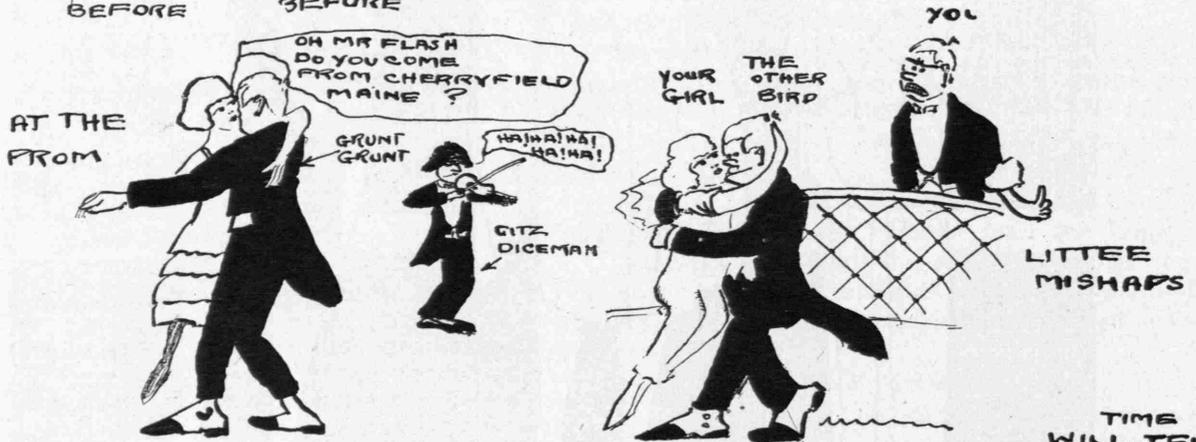
*Prof.*:—"Bring a slide rule and a pencil to the exam. We will supply everything else."  
*Stude.*:—"Can we bring a ouija board?"

### At The Costley-Plazure

*Bill.*:—"Have a good time at the Copley last night, Jack?"  
*Jack.*:—"Well, it was uncomfortable being with Betty. Everybody stared at her so."  
*Bill.*:—"Dressed too much?"  
*Jack.*:—"No, but she does not smoke at all, you know."

### A Desirable Position

*Anode.*:—"Mabel's dress reminds me of the Saturday Evening Post."  
*Cathode.*:—"How's that?"  
*Anode.*:—"She runs a full page cut advertisement for a frontispiece"

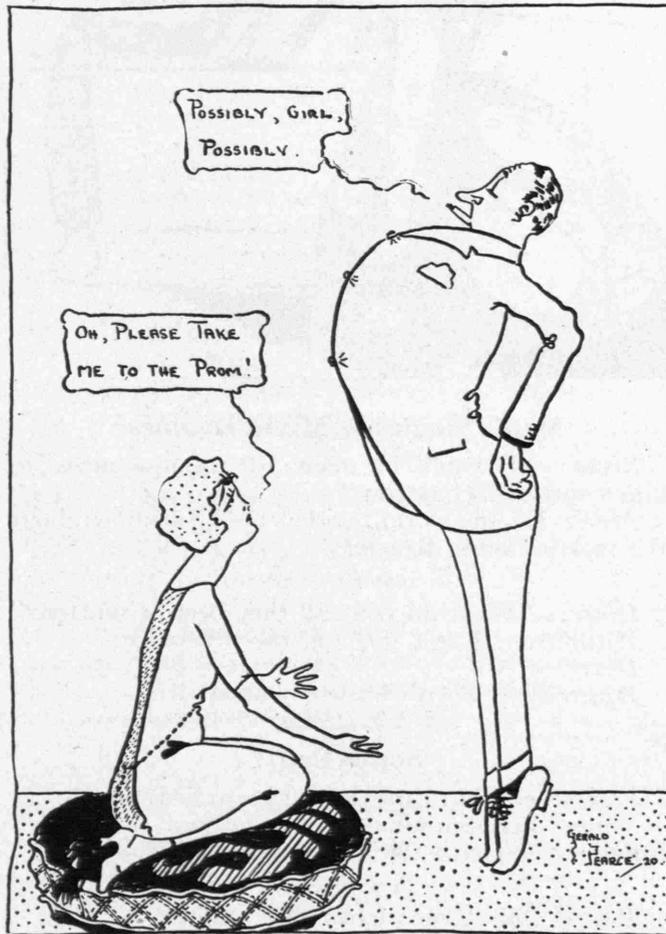


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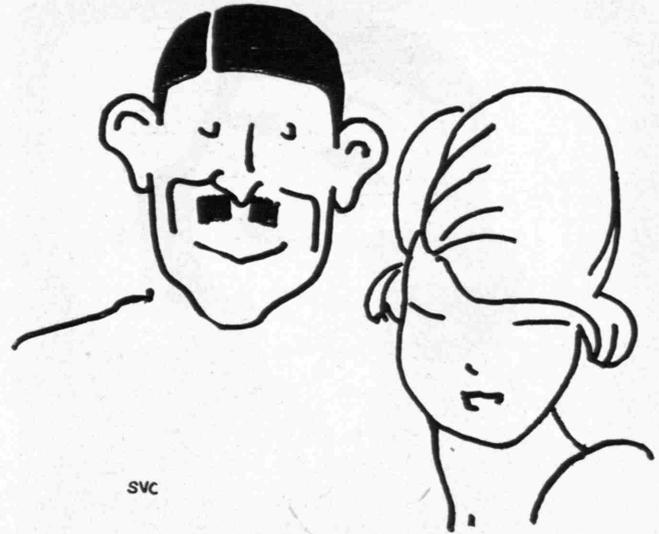
The professor slumped down into the breakfast chair and wiped away the moisture on a brow grown furrowed with writing and rewriting of textbooks. Slowly he raised his haggard eyes that seemed to be mere holes, burnt by mighty mental struggles, and surveyed the meal before him with distaste. As in a coma he raised the spoon to his lips and sipped the tasteless juice. Great heavens—if such a situation should ever arise—it would mean disgrace and ruin. Far better ignoble flight rather than drag his name thru the mire of such an escapade as this.

But as swift time took its toll the care slowly faded from his visage. Such a case was absurd, impossible—never could happen. It would be many years before his nightmare of having to take the exams he prepared for his pupils would come true.

He:—"That's quite a line you have."  
 She:—"Yes, many a poor fish I've caught with it."



That feeling of Power.



Hold 'Em!

Alberta:—"How do you like Ethel's Prom gown?"  
 Albert:—"I can't tell until I see her get up from the table."

A Ballade of Never Again

It was many and many a year ago, in a college known as Smith,  
 That a maiden lived whom you may know  
 By the name of Ithobelle Blith.  
 And this maiden lived with no other thought,  
 Than to have them served often and "with."  
 I was a child and she was a child,  
 (We were brought up by her mom.)  
 And that is the reason, as all men know, that I asked  
 her to the Prom.

She was beautiful as the lilies, and as gracious as a prince,  
 But I never counted the taxi bills,  
 And I've rued the deed ever since.  
 For her tastes ran to duckling and demi-tasse  
 Instead of to crullers and mince.  
 She was the belle of the house-party gay,  
 But she had a passion for shows;  
 And so, for the rest of this year at least, I'll be wearing  
 pajamas for clothes.

It seemed many and many a moon before that week  
 would come to an end.  
 But she's back again at Smith, dear girl,  
 And my ways I shall certainly mend.  
 So I'm happy again (though my bills are not paid)  
 For she sent me my favorite blend.  
 But my pleasure was less than the pleasure by far  
 Of many far older than me  
 Of many far wiser than me  
 And either the Angels in Heaven above, or the devils  
 down under the sea  
 Are welcome to all of my soul they can find  
 If another Prom ever sees me.



After an evening  
Of maneuvering,  
You are alone.  
And the long-awaited  
Moment has arrived  
When you are ready  
To take the  
Final step....  
And as  
You blush,  
And clear your throat,  
The curtains part,  
And an  
Old flame sweeps by  
With a pitying  
Glance at  
HER....  
Ye Gods! But how  
You do appreciate  
The feelings of a  
Hebrew without hands.

Of his boyhood days on the farm, Josh had many pleasant memories and some that were not so pleasant. There was a day once when he was showing the farm to a friend of his—quite a close friend in fact—and when they came to the pasture there were two cows licking each other's faces. Bear in mind the fact that this friend was a close one. This is what they said:

*Josh*:—"I wish I could do that."

*The girl*:—"Why don't you? They're your cows!"

"I understand that the Greens are strict vegetarians."

"They certainly are. They won't even let the children eat animal crackers."

### The Luck of the Irish

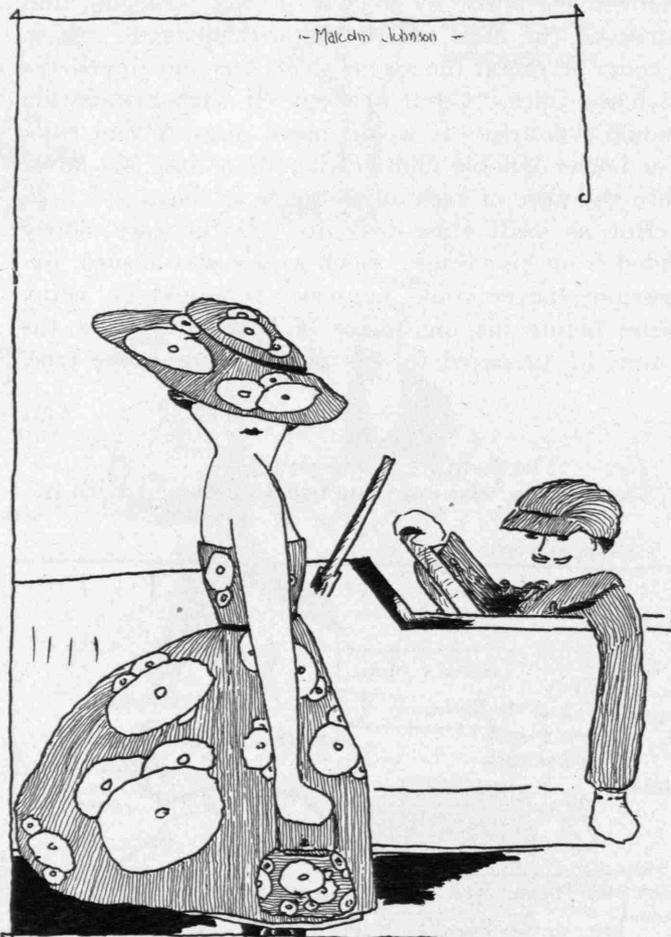
*Officer*:—"Your boy was court-martialed for sleeping on his watch."

*Mike*:—"Sure, an phwat of it? 'Twas only an Ingersoll."

### There Was a Difference

*A very bashful young lady* (entreatingly):—"Jack don't tell anybody you took me home, will you? Mother would be furious."

*Jack*:—"Don't worry. I'm as much ashamed of it, as you are."



### Men's Singles or Mixed Doubles?

*Bruce*:—"If you'll be mine, I'll promise never to kiss a single girl but you."

*Muriel* (of the world, worldly):—"And how about the married ones, Brucie?"

*Diner*:—"What do you call this, beef or mutton?"

*Waitress*:—"Can't you tell the difference?"

*Diner*:—"No!"

*Waitress*:—"Then why worry about it?"

### Some Dad!!

*Father*:—"What time do you go to bed, Son?"

*Son*:—"Between nine and ten, father."

*Father*:—"That's too many in one bed!!"

*Pete*:—"Miss Co-ed looks very athletic."

*Repeat*:—"She is a great athlete. She has broken all records for jumping at conclusions."

### The Way We Look at Her

Course I man:—

Her eyes are like polaris,  
While the contours of her cheek,  
And her spiral easement figure,  
Make my collimation weak.

My erstwise isogonic heart,  
Takes a superheated jump,  
My thoughts no longer orient,  
My datum takes a slump.

Course II man:—

She's got a Rankine Cycle,  
Backed right off the map,  
I'm no longer isothermal,  
And my gearings start to lap.

I've no moment of inertia,  
When I gaze into her face,  
And the radius of gyration  
Of my governor's on the race.

Course VI man:—

She's got propensities magnetic,  
And her eyes they sparkle volts,  
My heart gets hysteresis,  
While my commutator molts.  
No alternating current,  
No rheostat complex,  
Could so polarize my thinking,  
Nor make my ohms such wrecks.

Course X man:—

She'd make potassium nitrate,  
Look like a carbon cloud,  
She'd precipitate the oxygen  
From water if allowed.

She calls to my affections,  
Like an acid to a base,  
In the periodic system  
She'd put radium out of place.

Course XV man:—

Her assets have no limit,  
Her liabilities are nil,  
I'd request consolidation  
If my income were not ill.

I'd liquidate my surplus,  
And buy up all her stock,  
If I thought she'd form a combine  
To put our hearts in hock.

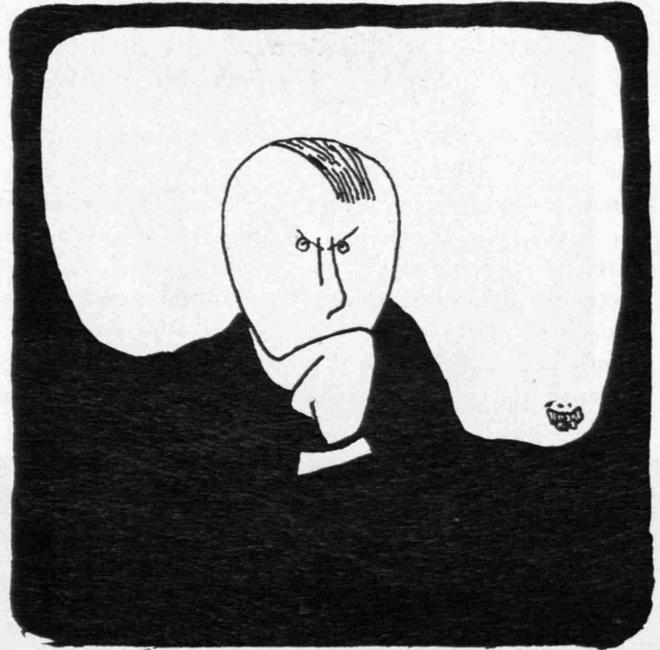
### She Got It

*Employer* (to prospective stenographer):—"And how much do you customarily get, Miss Jones?"

*Miss Jones*:—"Twenty-five dollars a week."

*Employer*:—"I'll give you that with pleasure."

*Miss Jones*:—"Making thirty dollars in all."



Above is Mr. A. Lam Choppe, '04, who has recently sued for divorce. His attorneys base his case on the proverb, "Woman, ever chased and sought after; the less chaste the more sought after."

This is Mrs. Choppe, neé Ima Chase, who holds that chaste is not the past of chase. In this statement her husband corroborates her.



## "PATSY"

### A CIGARETTE FIEND'S MIDNIGHT DELIRIUM

Perhaps the most sensuous of our silversheet tragedies is C. Coleman Carven's homeopathic presentation, "Patsy," now playing to occasional houses at the Arlington Theatre in Boston. The prominent Dorchester playwright has reconceived a brilliant mixture of pessimism and communism wholly in accordance with his Dorchester surroundings. The serious character of the play, suggested no doubt by the author's frequent visits to Cambridge, taken in

exuberance, their slender figures, all combine to remind one of the Egypt of the Plantagenet dynasty.

While we were conversing with the author on his remarkable achievement, he introduced us to Miss Hamburger, who interprets the title role of his creation. Miss Hamburger, she of the hyperbolic profile, plays her part with an endothermic abandon that far surpasses the more *passé* attempts of Theda Bara. Although it may not be strictly proper to say so,



*Miss Hamburger, who stars and scintillates in the title role, and Archie L. Mock as Julius Sneezzer, the w. k. emperor.*

conjunction with the somber acting of the cast, combine to give an impression of intense inebriation.

The ballet, in particular, shows the unmistakable hand of genius. Miss Tanner has indeed undone herself in its production. Her ballet is perhaps more *sans peur et sans habits* than any of her former efforts.

Nor is the cast to be disparaged by comparison. The graceful dancing of the girls, their youth, their

Miss Hamburger's figure is worthy of a place in the Red Book Sennett Gallery; but we learn that in private life she leads a semi-studious existence.

We also had the pleasure of interviewing the ingenue, Miss Parke Appel. She is of that appealing type of feminine beauty found so much more often in the blonde than in the brunette. We asked Miss Appel what was her ideal man.

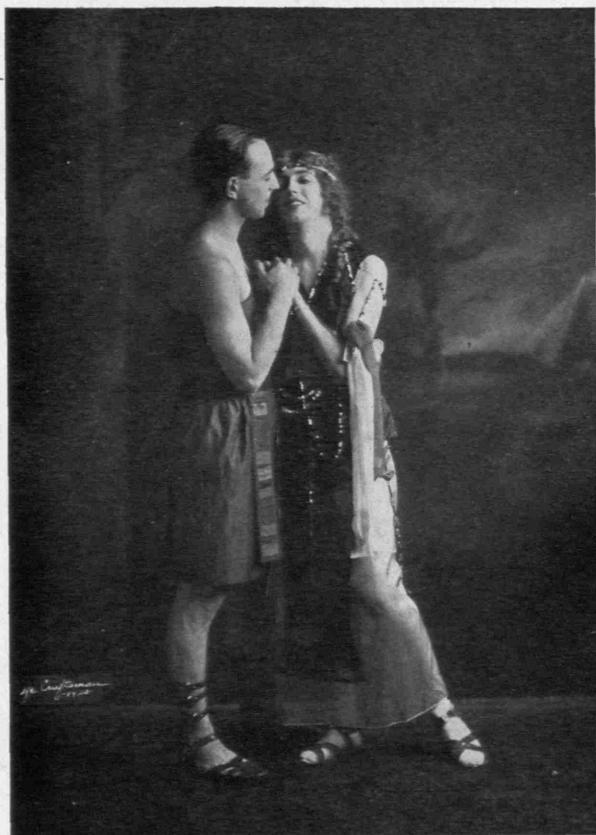
"Oh, I haven't any," she said simply. But we pressed the question.

"Well," she replied pursing her pretty lips in thought, "he must be tall with a uniform bending moment, and no skin friction, that is," she added smiling, "not much."

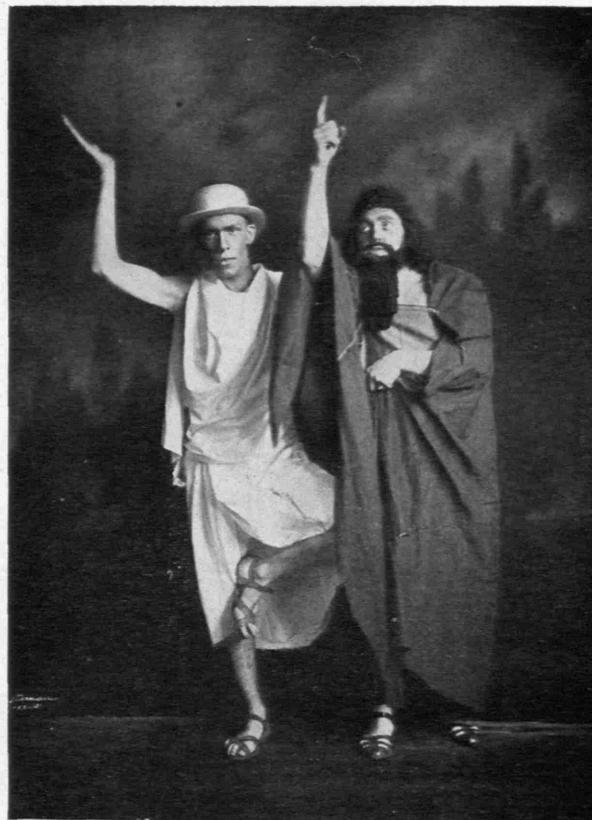
Just then who should come along but "Scripps" Booth. Mr. Booth, who is a half-cousin, once removed, of Edwin Booth, plays the stern end of the camel in Mr. Carven's production. We asked him how it felt and how he liked his work.

"Really now," he answered in his good-natured English drawl, "it does make me feel quite backward don't you know, playing the after end of the beast, so to speak. You see," here he broke into a broad smile, "I've been behind before but I shall be first at last." Mr. Booth used to be an engineer before he took up the silent drama.

Among other celebrities appearing in Mr. Carven's monstrosity is Mr. Frank Gage, the famous matinée idol. Mr Gage has the enviable reputation of having kissed more girls than any other living would-be actor. When questioned, he admitted that he likes the taste of Dorine better than Djer-Kiss.



The popular idol Horn as Herbert Tareyton. The woman in the case this time is Miss Appel who plays Cleofan.

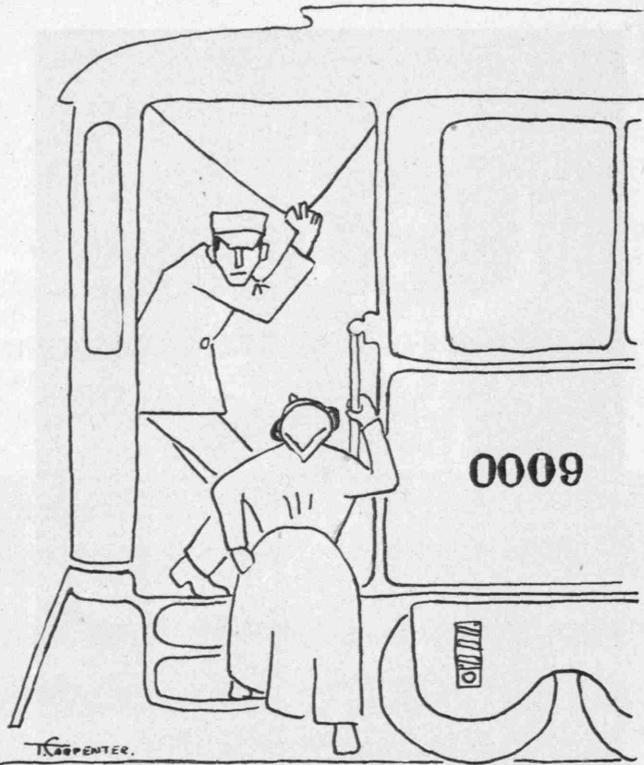


Mr. Schmitz as Mark Antony Keezer, popular with poverty-stricken princes, and Marshall Munce as Rameses, the bolshevist cigarette manufacturer.

After supper, Miss Church, who plays the fascinating Bohemienne, Zira, asked us to come with Mr. Carven and have a little Bohemian dance and supper at her apartment. Of course we were overjoyed until we learned that Miss Church does her own cooking, but it was too late, so we went without objection. Her attic apartment is a dear little suite above a slaughter-house, fitted up for her by Samuel Chamberlain who lives with her. Mrs. Chamberlain, that is Miss Church, is a firm believer in eutectic marriages and so is friend hubby.

We sat around and toasted sausages on sticks over Mr. Chamberlain's oil reading lamp, and, as Miss Church expressed it, had a perfectly scrumptious time. However, our own private sausages seemed to have been made from a Bessemer pig, for there were little bits of metal in it. Of course we said nothing.

The evening wound up with spaghetti for all, and it is interesting to note that Mr. Munce, who plays Rameses, was able to manage his in spite of his whiskers. As we passed down stairs to the slaughter-house below, we were forcibly reminded of Sir Henry Dribble's famous remark, "hence the pyramids!"



Old lady (To street-car conductor):—Do you go to  
Dorchester?"

Conductor:—"Wednesdays and Sundays, to see my girl."

Have you ever  
Noticed  
That the sweet  
Young, blue eyed  
Dimpled thing  
That is so  
Crazy about the  
Cave man's  
Ideas of living  
Usually seems to  
Have a fairly  
Comprehensive idea  
Of the  
Art of self defence  
For one  
Of her sex.

He:—"Sweetheart, I know that you love me."

She:—"What gives you that impression?"

He (glibly):—"I love you, and therefore I am a  
lover. All the world loves a lover, and since you are  
all the world to me, well—you love me."

She:—"Oh!! George, kiss me!!"

A cynic once said that bigamy is when a man tries  
to serve two masters, but the lawyer modified that  
and said that the law, since it allows but one wife,  
is monotony.

### BE-Rains is What Counts

Hayes Walton of Tech had an errand to do,  
In his car, but he couldn't, for nowhere in view  
Was a place in the traffic to park it, you see,  
But the place by the hydrant, which always is free.

Hayes looked all around but no cop did he spy,  
So he turned towards the curbstone, the law to defy,  
Jumped out, did his errand. Then out through the  
glass  
Of the door, saw a sight that made him downcast.

For a corpulent Copper, of size Brobdingnagian,  
Stood there with a ticket, and temper a-ragin',  
His foot on the running-board, eyes filled with frost,  
And a look that suggested ten dollars and cost.

Hayes Walton to deep cerebration was prone,  
So he cerebrates quickly, then turns to the 'phone,  
Drops a Jit. in the slot; then to "What number,  
please?"

He replies "Get me Headquarters of the Police."

"Hello," (to the Sergeant) "This is Walton," says he,  
"I'm a student, I'm over at Technology.  
My Buick's been stolen. An hour ago  
I left it here. License, 5870."

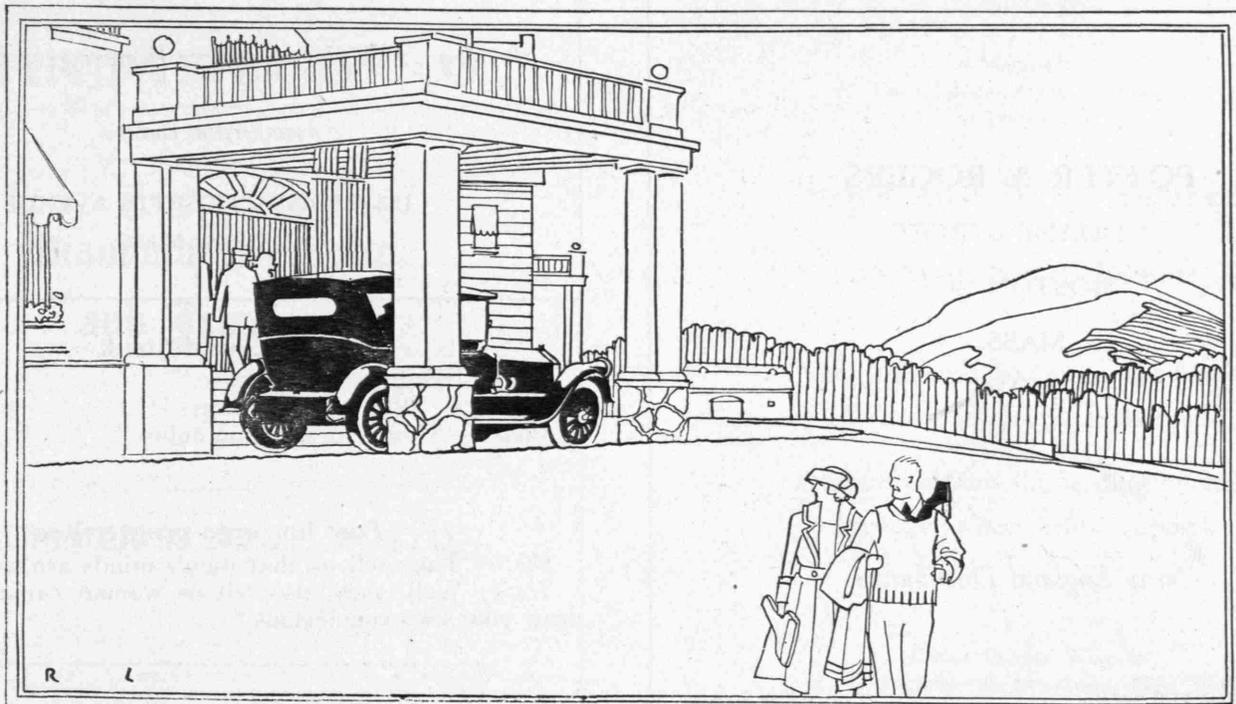
"I think we can locate it," answers the Sarge,  
"There ain't many auto thieves roamin' at large,  
And we generally get 'em. And where, if we do,  
Can we call you?" "At Cambridge 3872."

Hayes subway'd it back, the "theft" to bemoan,  
(Discreetly, not wandering far from the 'phone)  
For they called in an hour and said "Come around,  
Your car left abandoned in traffic's been found."

So the blue-coated force won the deep gratitude,  
And the thanks of this rising Technology stude,  
He will tell you in tones of conviction omniscient,  
That these new Boston Cops are mighty efficient.



THE END



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There once was a girlie named Maude,  
Who they say was a social fraude;  
In the ball room, I'm told,  
She was haughty and cold,  
But alone on the sofa—Oh, Gaude.

—Sun Dodger

"Jack calls me revenge."  
"Why?"  
"He says revenge is sweet."

—Judge

## Awful, too

Mac:—"I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately!"  
Jack:—"You certainly are if that is one of them."

—Orange Peel

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Stude:—"Square meal, please."

Waiter:—"What do you want?"

Stude:—"Couple of bouillon cubes."

—Gargoyle

## Post hoc ergo propter hoc

She:—"They tell us that men's minds are naturally low."

He:—"Well, they also tell us woman came from man—  
draw your own conclusions."

—Yale Record

She:—"They say Jones puts every cent he earns on his  
wife's back."

He:—"Business must be rotten."

—Juggler

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Manicure

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*Dit:*—"My head's ringing."

*Do:*—"Well, cheer up, that shows it isn't cracked."

—*Sun Dodger*

*Biggs:*—"Lend me a dollar and I'll be eternally indebted  
to you."

*Wiggs:*—"Yes, I'm afraid so."

—*Yale Record*

**Naturally**

"Stockings?" said the sales man. "Yes, madame. What  
number do you wear?"

"Why, two, of course," said the sweet young thing.

—*Lehigh Burr*

"What did you think of Mary's Prom dress?"

"It made me think of Gunga Dean. You know the uni-  
form he wore was nothing much before and rather less than  
half of that behind."

—*Siren*

**Indian Giver**

*Fusser:*—"Mary Ann was peeved last night because I stole  
a couple of kisses."

*Fussed:*—"Is she still angry?"

*Fusser:*—"No, I gave them back."

—*Sun Dodger*

*Maggie:*—"The garbage man is here sor."

*Professor* (from deep thought):—"My! my! Tell him we  
don't want any to-day."

—*Yale Record*

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the cup of fragrance from which arises  
the incense of romance, sentiment,  
friendship, love.

### The Sour One

"How did you like the girl you took home from the dance?"

"Awful!"

"I couldn't kiss her either."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

### Biting

"My," exclaimed Mr. Klumsay at the Sophomore Cotillion, "this floor's awfully slippery. It's hard to keep on your feet."

"Oh," replied the fair partner, sarcastically, "then you were really trying to keep on my feet? I thought it was purely accidental."

—*Lehigh Burr*

*May*:—"I thought Jack was adverse to wearing a moustache."

*Belle*:—"He is, but he can't help himself."

*May*:—"How is that?"

*Belle*:—"He's been evading prohibition by drinking hair tonic."

—*Dirge*

*First Enthusiast*:—"I say, Muriel, have you ever tried listening to music with your eyes shut?"

*Second Ditto*:—"And you, sir—have you ever tried listening to music with your mouth shut?"

—*Passing Show (London)*

"Her mouth is like a rosebud."

"And like a rosebud it is bound to open."

—*Jack o' Lantern*



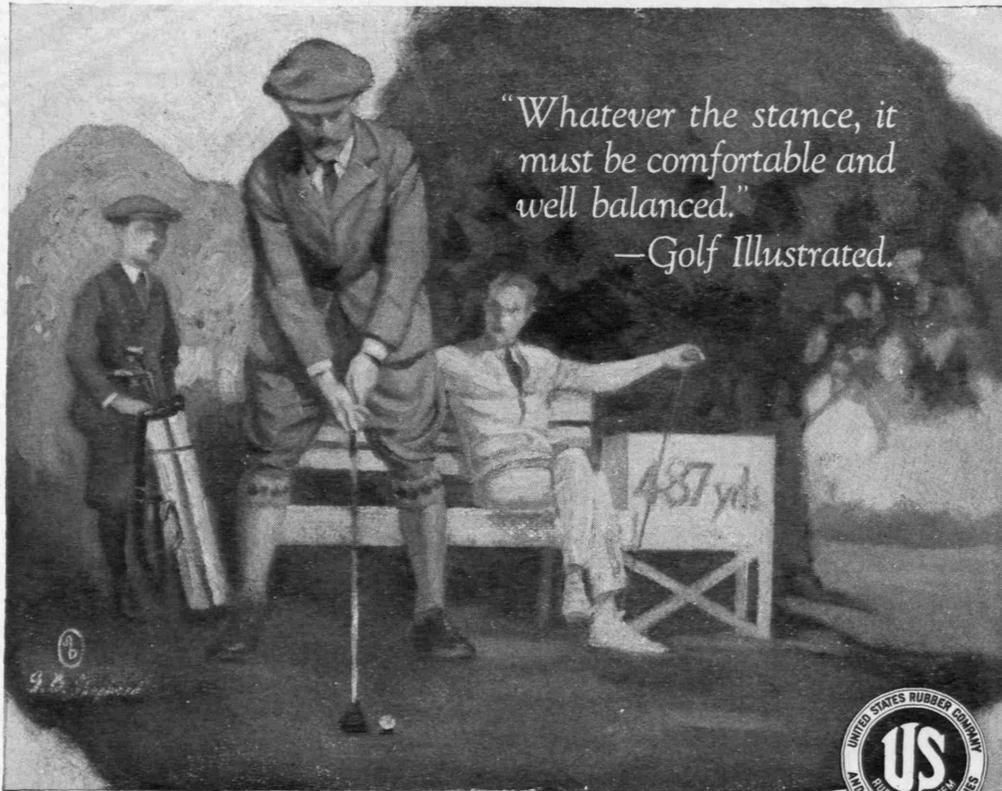
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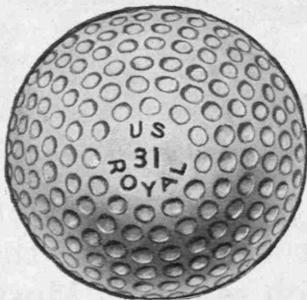


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*Flanigan* (listening to a new jazz record):—"What fer music do ye call that, Norah?"

*Daughter*:—"That's a fox trot, Daddy."

*Flanigan*:—"And how minny tin cans did he have tied to his tail?"

—*Siren*

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To manage and keep up a brain  
Is no easy job, it is plain—  
That's why a great many  
Never use any,  
Thus avoiding the care and the strain.

—*Lehigh Burr*

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"You look tired tonight, what's the matter?"  
"I am tired, I have a job."  
"And when did you start?"  
"Tomorrow."

—*Lehigh Burr*

Seaman Reports Two Eggs in Crow's Nest, when Reporting on Watch in the Morning.

*Nautical Term: The Ship Laid to in the Night.*

—*Lehigh Burr*

*He:*—"Would you like to squeeze in here?"

*She:*—"Yes, but what would the chaperone say?"

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How well do I remember,  
It was late in last December,  
I was walking down the street in manly pride,  
My heart began to flutter,  
And I fell into the gutter,  
A pig came up and laid down by my side.

As I lay there in the gutter,  
With my heart still all a flutter,  
A lady passing by did chance to say—  
You can tell a man that boozes  
By the company he chooses,  
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

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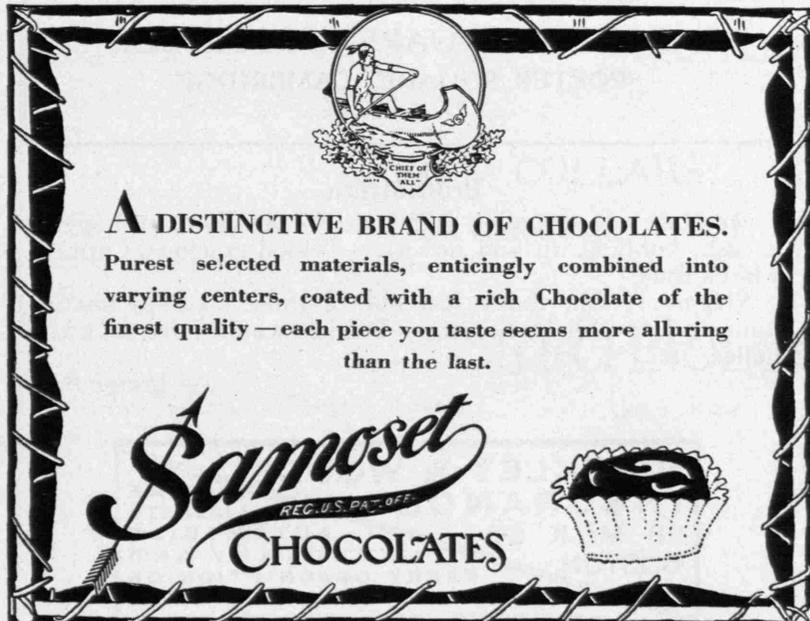
## Changed Opinion

"Do you believe in the freedom of the press?"  
"Well," he said, as he poured out two glasses of hard cider,  
"I do now, that there is prohibition."

—*Lehigh Burr*

"What is your destination?"  
"Swimming."  
"The Union pool room, of course."

—*Brown Jug*



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*Old Lady* (on sea-going yacht, at the seashore, and spying a cask, bobbing up and down):—"Good gracious, Captain, what's that?"

*Skipper*:—"Oh, that's just one of those German floating mines. If we hit it, Secretary Daniels would raise an awful holler."

—*Lehigh Burr*

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"Say, Paw, will two and three-fourths per cent beer make a man two and three-fourths per cent drunk?"

"Aw, shut up."

—Judge

*Shoulder Straps*:—"Oh, so you wear your gloves all the time to keep your hands soft?"

*Soup and Fish*:—"Yes."

*Shoulder Straps*:—"And do you sleep with your hat on?"

—Jester

*Foreigner*:—"Do the American people enjoy good government?"

*American*:—"Yes, when they can get it."

—Life

"My boy's letters from college always send me to the dictionary."

"You're lucky. My boy's always send me to the bank."

—Awgwan

*Mother*:—"Mary, dear, I hope you always reject all the advances of those college boys."

*Mary*:—"Yes, Mother, whenever one of them throws me a kiss I always throw it right back."

—Brown Jug

*It*:—"Corkin' day. What do you say to a tramp in the woods?"

*She*:—"Sir, I never speak to them!"

—Brown Jug

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### Well, Well

A modest girl was Violet Dale,  
So modest, coy and shy;  
She always wore a dotted veil  
To clothe her naked eye.

—Lehigh Burr

### Cement for a Joke!

*Dink*:—"Let's eat."  
*Dunk*:—"Where'll we go?"  
*Dink*:—"Let's eat up the street."  
*Dunk*:—"No, thanks. Don't care for asphalt."

—Brown Jug

*It will pay you to call on*

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

"Do you think that I can make her happy?"  
"Well, she will always have something to laugh at!"

—Yale Record

### Rewards

Miz:—"I hear she won a loving cup."

Diz:—"She certainly deserved one."

—Laurie, Stanford University, '20

Mary had a little calf  
And so it isn't strange  
That Mary often heaved a sigh  
And wished that styles would change.

—Dirge

### Promising

Sadie:—"I notice that Clara has been playing around with  
just about anyone who asked her, in the last few weeks."

Sue:—"Yes, rather prom—iscuously."

—Gargoyle

### Heavy Stuff

She:—"How many hours are you carrying?"

He:—"Oh, I'm carrying about five, and dragging ten."

—Orange Peel

In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of  
what a girl thinks about all the year around.

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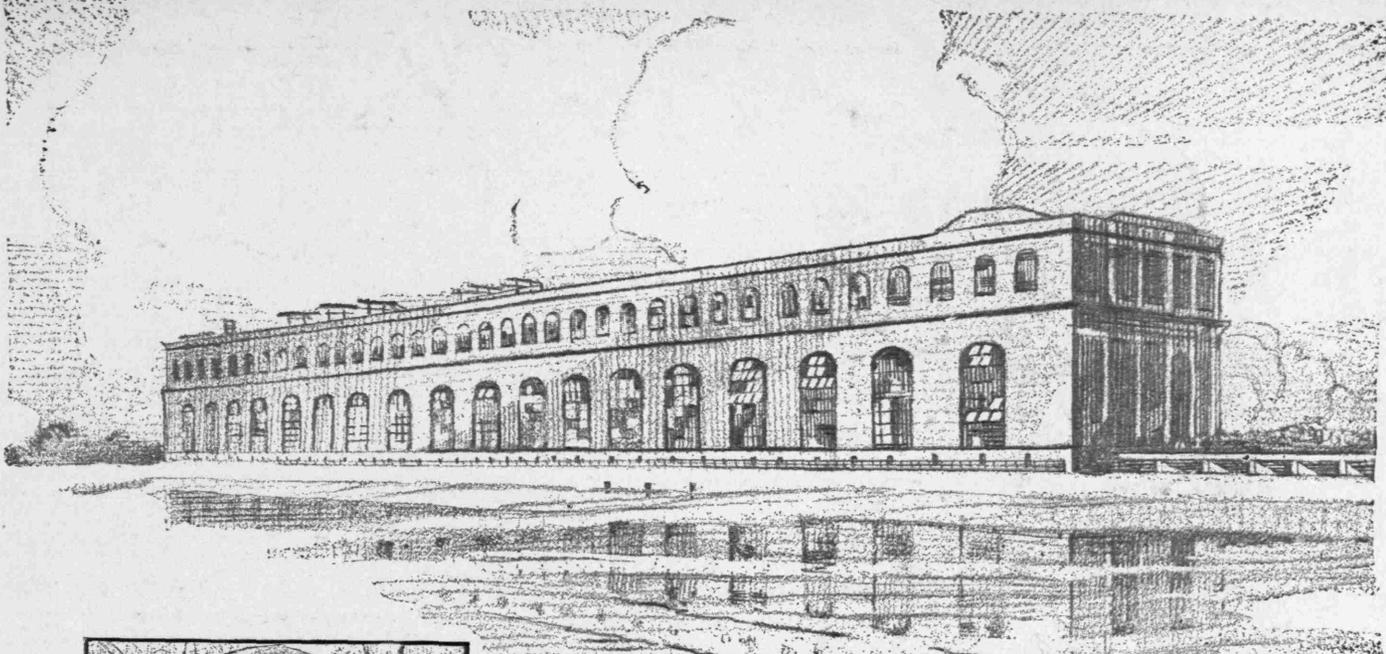
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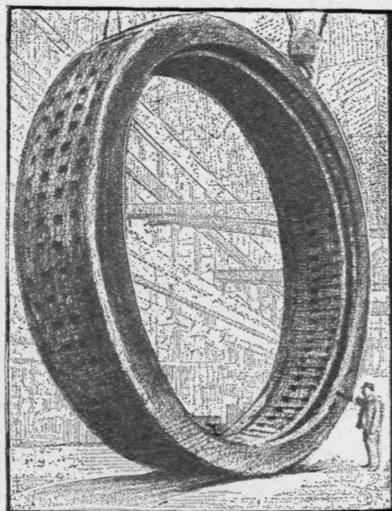
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Company, Keokuk, Iowa**



A casting for one of the huge water-wheel driven generators installed in the Mississippi River Power Company's plant at Keokuk. This installation will ultimately consist of thirty of these machines, giving a total capacity of 216,000 kilowatts (300,000 horsepower). It is the largest hydro-electric development in the world. The General Electric Company builds generators for water-wheel drive in sizes ranging from 37½ to 32,500 kilowatts and the aggregate capacity of G-E units now in successful operation is in excess of four million horsepower.

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The General Electric Company, with its many years' experience, has played a great part in hydro-electric development. By successfully co-ordinating the inventive genius of the company and its engineering and manufacturing abilities, it has accomplished some of the greatest achievements in the production and application of electrical energy.

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