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Fall Number

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VOO DOO

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Vol. 3

NOVEMBER, 1920

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.
No. 1



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Ask Dad, etc.

"Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"
"Just like my dad's, with a round hole on top."

—Burr

Via The "Bell" System

Bill:—"Have you ever done any public speaking?"

Joe:—"I once proposed to a girl over the telephone in my home town."

—Burr

Ex-Marine:—"What's the difference between a cootie and a snake?"

Ex-S. A. T. C.—"I'll bite; what is it?"

Ex-Marine:—"A snake crawls on his own stomach, but a cootie is not so damned careful."

—Scalper

The Snake:—"Got your traveling clothes ready?"

Eve:—"Indeed I have. Adam gave me the sweetest going away gown you ever saw. It's made of leaves of absence."

—Froth

At the Soda Fountain

Gert:—"Say, didjever try a Boston Cooler?"

Sam:—"Naw; none of them highbrow jails on my list."

—Wido

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Now, Listen

Professor's wife:—"I read in the paper of a case where a man ran away with a girl. I would like to see a man run away with me."

Professor:—"So would I."

—Burr

He had married a widow and all went well for a week when they had their first quarrel. The next day he came down to breakfast with a mourning band on his arm.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said his wife. "What is it for?"

"For your first husband," he replied. "I'm sorry he died."

—Widow

It Would Bare Watching

First Bather:—"It is rumored that her bathing suit is the object of much criticism."

Second Bather:—"There's nothing to it!"

—Froth

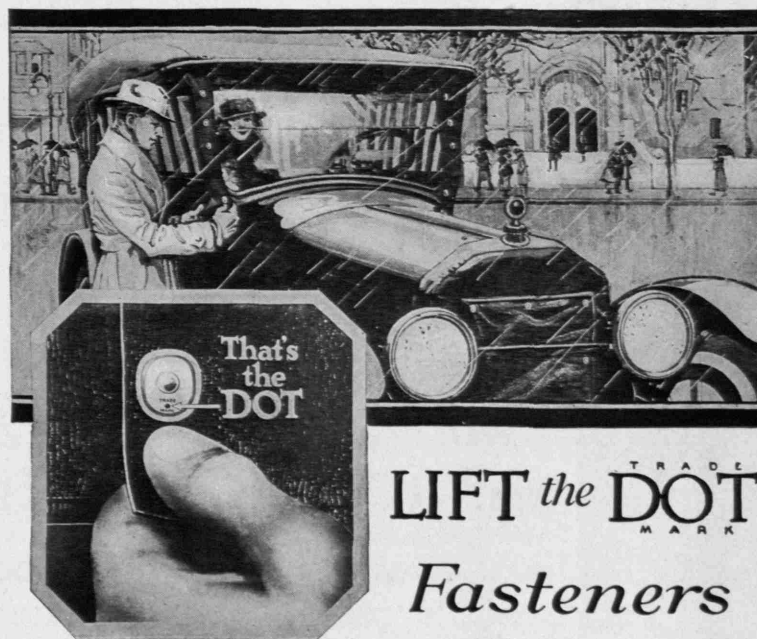
"Ah!" he cried, as he picked up an egg from the piano stool, "the lay of the last minstrel."

—Jester

She:—"I wish I could improve my dancing."

He:—"The feeling is mutual."

—Juggler



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Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.

"How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

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Whoopie!

The shades of night were falling fast,
Students were coming down from class.
One had a load—'twas hard to bear,
And all the others wondered where
He got it.

He slipped and fell upon the ice,
And uttered words that were not nice.
We gathered near him on the ground
To find the cause of the awful sound—
He'd broke it.

—Jade

The River Styx is deep and flat,
Which flows betwixt this land and That.
The way is rough, the road is long
'Twixt Earthly bauble and Heavenly song.
So take the advice of experience born—
Cut out the Rye, and stick to Corn.

—Virginia Reel

Nautical Information

Tenderfoot:—"Why do they have knots on the ocean
stead of miles?"

First-class Scout:—"Well, you see they couldn't have the
an tide if there were no knots."

—The Yale Record



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RUDYARD KIPLING has given the world these immortal lines:

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

The **Apollo**
Chocolates

*The Chocolates
that are Different*



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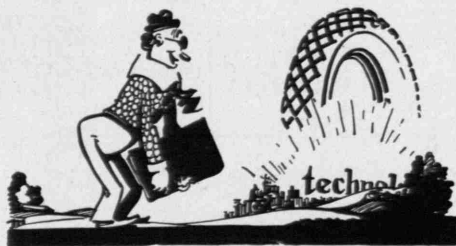
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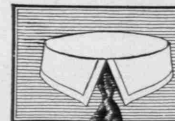
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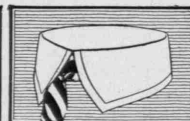
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WHEN you are taking Her—or even her—to the football game it is hard enough to divide your attention between the girl and the game. Don't risk wearing a troublesome collar which may intrude upon whatever peace of mind you are able to attain.



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Damsel's Lament

Gaze on the best of us;
All that are left of us;
Where are the rest of us?
Ask the informer.
Our life is far too gay;
We're happy every day;
This is a sin they say—
Noble reformer!

Oh! they're a holy crew,
Telling us what to do;
They're heaven's chosen few;
Bow down and grovel.
But though they got us cold,
They're good because they're old;
We'll tune the harp of gold,
They'll swing the shovel.

—Record

The Point of View

Ruth:—"She told me she slapped him because he tried to kiss her good-night.

Helen:—"He told me she slapped him because he didn't try."

—Columbia Jester

Mother Dear:—"Do your new shoes hurt?"

Brother Dear:—"No, but my feet do."

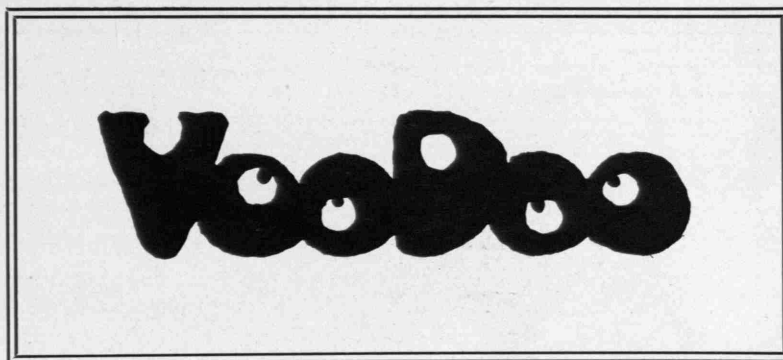
—Virginia Reel

WooDoo





"Do you believe in the Einstein Theory of Relativity?"
"I don't know, I haven't any relatives."



Romance à La Carte

She came from Northern Vermont; from those beautiful rolling hills covered with woods and dotted here and there with tiny farm houses, where the Summers are short and beautiful, and the Winters are long and drear. Her home was surrounded by a forest of sugar maple trees, and even after she had long been away from them she seemed to carry their gentle fragrance as tho it were inherent to her rather than them. Her slim body, graceful neck, sweet but firm mouth, and healthy brown complexion were idyllic in their beauty, and every movement was one of flowing grace. Her refinement was plainly written upon her simple dress, which she wore with unconscious ease.

And he,—he was from the wide-reaching plains of Kansas, where the corn grows hill upon hill, row upon row, and field upon field, as far as the eye can reach. He was of the conventional appearance that we connect with the word "Westerner,"—broad, thin, well-browned and healthy looking. Only recently he had been a famous athlete, having risen to be one of the heaviest batters of the country, until he had been turned to meet the one for whom Providence had intended him. For until now He and She had never met; but at last they are about to enter into each other's lives, never to be separated. For the scene is laid at Child's, and according to the order of things there, they are slowly but surely drifting together. And why, indeed, should they not meet in this way? For She was a bottle of maple syrup, and He a griddle cake.

A Dark Thought

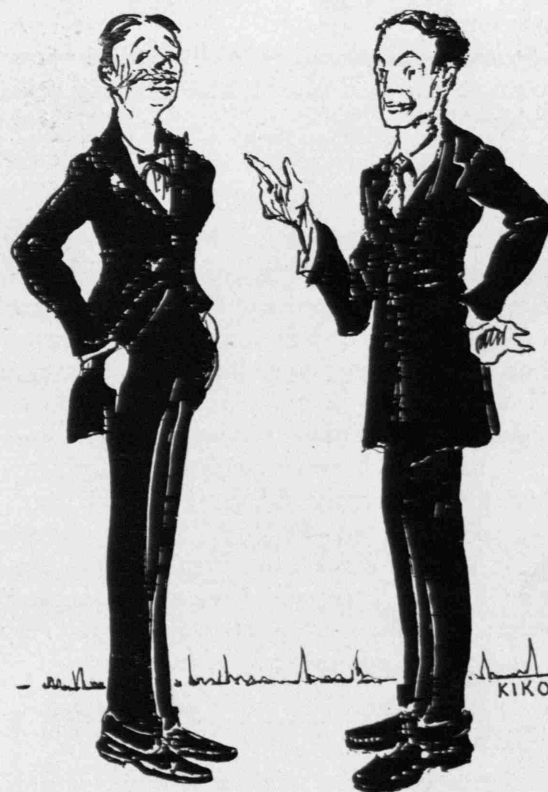
Andrew Jackson.—"This yere hash certainly am what you would call Cosmopolitan. It done got all kinds in it."

George Washington.—"Cosmopolitan, nuthin'. Dat hash am Review of Reviews."

Wellesley girls they bike and skee,
They hoop and ply the oars;
Wim, Wigor, and Wi-tal-ity,
They love the great outdoors.

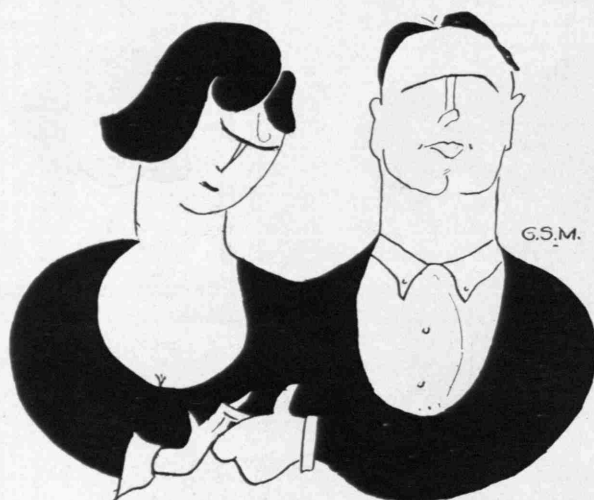
From indoor sports they'd be excused,
For men are awful bores;
But when they wish to be amused
Then to the old Inn-doors.

The impassioned Bolshevist was addressing a crowd of his brethren. "Brothers," he shouted, "we must sweep the country clean of——" Then the angry mob reached him.



"Why the muzzle?"

"Oh, it's only a hair net. I washed my moustache and I can't do a thing with it."



"Do you know Doris May?"

"No, but I know Peggy Wood."

Diplomacy

Newlywed:—You know, I don't know what to call my mother-in-law. I don't like to call her "Mother" and yet I can't very well call her "Mrs. —." "What did you do?"

Experienced Husband:—"Well, I called mine 'Say' for the first year and after that everybody called her 'Grandma.'"

Due to the recent talk about the League of Nations, we have made a close survey of historical records. They reveal that approximately 26,784 leagues have been formed since Adam first took his sun bath. The first country to produce leagues in large quantity was Greece, which gave forth such leagues as the Peloponnesian, Spartan, Corinthian and so forth. All these, as usual, however, ended in failure.

Other more recently failing ones are the John Barleycorn and the Federal. Among the most promising remain the Housewives' League and Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea."

Maxim: Leagues may come and leagues may go, but a league is three miles forever.

Flashlights come in mighty handy some times. The other night we saw a girl climb in a window about one o'clock by the aid of one held by a fellow down below.

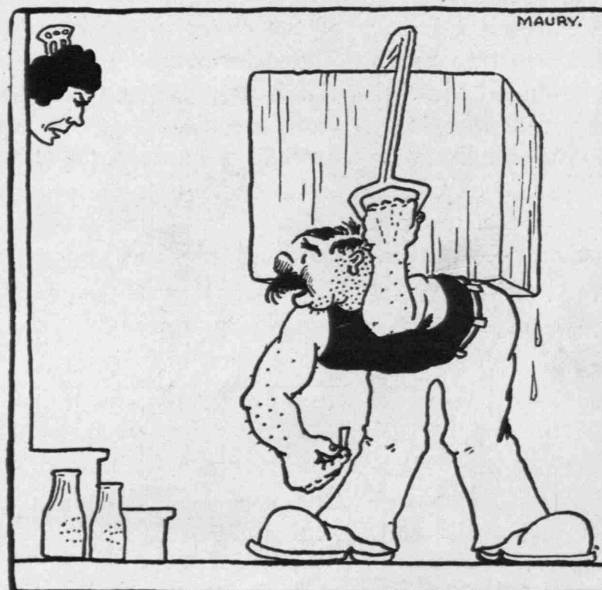
The First Day of the Term

- 9:15 Arrive at M. I. T. simultaneously with the other 400,000.
- 9:15-9:45 Freshman-Sophomore raid on the information office is in progress. I join the scrimmage and succeed in getting half a Tabular View, one black eye and a broken toe.
- 9:45-10:30 Crawl into Cement Lab in basement and study the Tabular View.
- 10:30-10:35 Smoke, something strong recommended.
- 10:35-11:30 Study that—Tabular View
- 11:30-11:55 Study that—Tabular View
- 11:55-12:00 Make a little prayer to Himmel and the inventor of the Tabular View and smoke again—stronger.
- 12:00-1:30 Take a trip to oculist to buy glasses so I can read that ?\$% *&%@ Tabular View.
- 1:30-2:30 Join food riot at Walton's—Result: half a doughnut; mug of coffee, in pocket, and another black eye.
- 2:30-4:30 Study Tabular View—smoke eight of the strongest.
- 4:20 It is last term's Tabular View.
- 4:30-9:30 Censored.

We Pause to Shed a Profi-Tear

"Isn't it awful to be charged for bread with your meals?"

"Yes. Pretty soon hotels will be having fixed rates of twenty dollars a day, with meals and room extra."



GETTING THE COLD SHOULDER

A Dirty Trick

We have it on reliable authority that a man got himself engaged to a girl here in Boston. That's a dirty trick, but that ain't all. She had never met his folks, so one week-end he took her out to Worcester to see them. And when she got there she found out they were black. Isn't that nice? It didn't bother her one bit though, she was black, too.

All forms of love, I know 'tis true,
Are bound to cause a quake or two,
But still I'm betting
The most upsetting
Is love in a canoe.

We were standing in the lobby and we saw fifteen professors go by. "That," said my friend impressively, pointing to the last, "Is Corporation 15."

As big Bill Edwards says, "You tell 'em, Man o' War, you're a wild pony."

The Centre centre was the centre of attraction at the Centre-Harvard game. The reason the team rolled along so queerly was that the centre was eccentric.



SEEN AT NAN'S KITCHEN



SHE:—"I'd hate to be that man coming down with the parachute."

HE:—"I'd hate to be that man without it."

The Five Blessed Besatisfieds

1. BLESSED are the weak for they shall not enter into Sargent.
 2. BLESSED are the pacemakers for they shall see Smith.
 3. BLESSED are the "army" men for they journey unto Wellesley.
 4. BLESSED are the singers for they shall go with Conservatory women even unto the highest of keys.
 5. BUT MOST BLESSED of all are Tech men, for tho surrounded by Co-eds they are tempted not by them.
- AMEN.

A student in Mechanism says he can see how they put belts on the new machines, but that he thinks it would be a lot safer if they put suspenders on most of them.

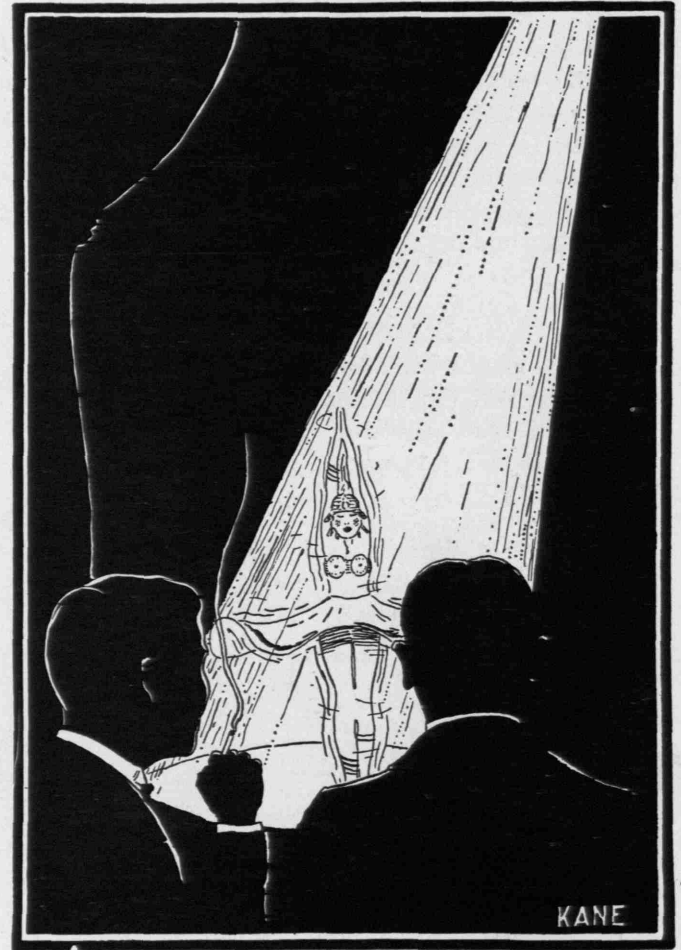
Stone Walls Do Not A Prison Make

'Twas midnight and all was quiet. Standing in a secluded spot, I could just discern thru the feeble light the closely spaced bars that constituted the door of his room. It was, indeed, a pitiable sight to see him trying to break his way to freedom in defiance to the laws of those who are known as organized society. And now from my hidden position I could see him attack and try to pry those bars again. It would seem as tho he put the entire strength of his frail and delicate body in each blow. Yet so accustomed had he become to it that scarcely any noise emanated from the dreary, narrow space, in which, I was told, he had been confined for more than twelve years and unless he now succeeded, would be his resting place until the grim and inevitable reaper should claim him for his own. Presently he thinks that someone is regarding him. He stops afrightened and goes over to a dark corner to look dumbly thru the bars as tho expecting the visit of his keeper, who shoves some food and water to him twice a day. . . But, alas, sister Helen's pet canary is still in his little lacquered cage.



Crude!

"Hear your getting to be a dairy maid, Bill!"
 "How come?"
 "Harry said he saw you out with a cow last night."



"Isn't it wonderful the way that girl spins around?"
 "Yes, they say she was born on a merry-go-round."
 "Ah, a daughter of the revolution, I see."

Upsidonia

This is a topsy-turvy town.
 Now wouldn't this wake the dead?
 The Elevated's underground,
 The Subway, overhead.

From snow to sun, and sun to sleet,
 Hub weather is a hummer;
 Walk fifty feet on Winter Street—
 You're in the midst of Summer.

To Mr. Knickerbocker Jones
 It's really most bewildering;
 The largest structure Boston owns
 Is called the Little Building.

A Mathematician in Love

A mathematician fell madly in love
 With a lady young, handsome, and charming.
 By angles and ratios harmonic he strove
 Her curves and proportions all faultless to prove,
 As he scrawled hieroglyphics alarming.

He measured with care, from the ends of a base,
 The arcs which her features subtended.
 Then he framed transcendental equations, to trace
 The flowing outlines of her figure and face,
 And thought the result very splendid.

He studied music (since music hath charms for the fair)
 The theory of fiddles and whistles.
 Then composed by acoustic equations in air
 Which, when 'twas performed, made the lady's long
 hair
 Stand on end like a porcupine's bristles.

The lady loved dancing, he therefore applied
 To the Polka and Waltz an equation,
 But when to rotate on his axis he tried
 His center of gravity swayed to one side
 And he fell by the earth's gravitation.

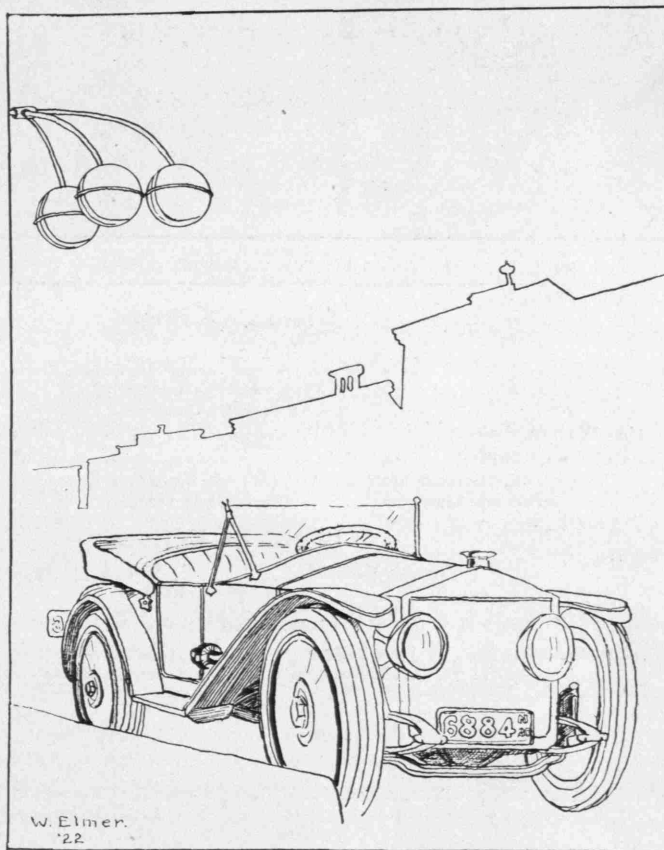
No doubts of the fate of his suit made him pause,
 For he proved to his own satisfaction
 That the fair one returned his affection because,
 As everyone knows, by mechanical laws,
 Re-action is equal to action.

Let X denote beauty, Y manners well bred,
 Z fortune (this last is essential),
 Let L stand for "love," our philosopher said,
 Then L is a function of X , Y , & Z ,
 Of the kind which is known as potential.

Now integrate L with respect to D , T ,
 (T standing for time and persuasion),
 Then between proper limits 'tis easy to see
 The definite integral Marriage must be,—
 A very concise demonstration.

Said he, "If the wandering course of the moon
 By Algebra can be predicted,
 The female affections must yield to it soon,"
 But the lady ran off with a darling dragoon
 And left him amazed and afflicted.

I'm not at all hydraulic;
 I defy the laws you've read;
 For when I go up in the air
 I seem to lose my head.



Title Contest

For the most heart-rending title to the above picture, the Voo Doo offers a prize of eleven thousand yens, which at the present rate of exchange is, in round figures, eleven cents. Titles must be submitted, written edgewise on triangular post cards. No title may consist of more than two or less than three words, the first and last letters to be carefully typewritten with a fountain pen. To keep the contest just and unbiased, no titles are to be signed, and must not be mailed in envelopes which are addressed in any way whatever.

Same Set

Frat-man:—"That's Vanscoick, one of our men. He's a member of New York's old 'silk-stocking' aristocracy."

Rushee:—"My father runs a corset shop in Skimville."

Voo Doo

Vol 3

NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 1

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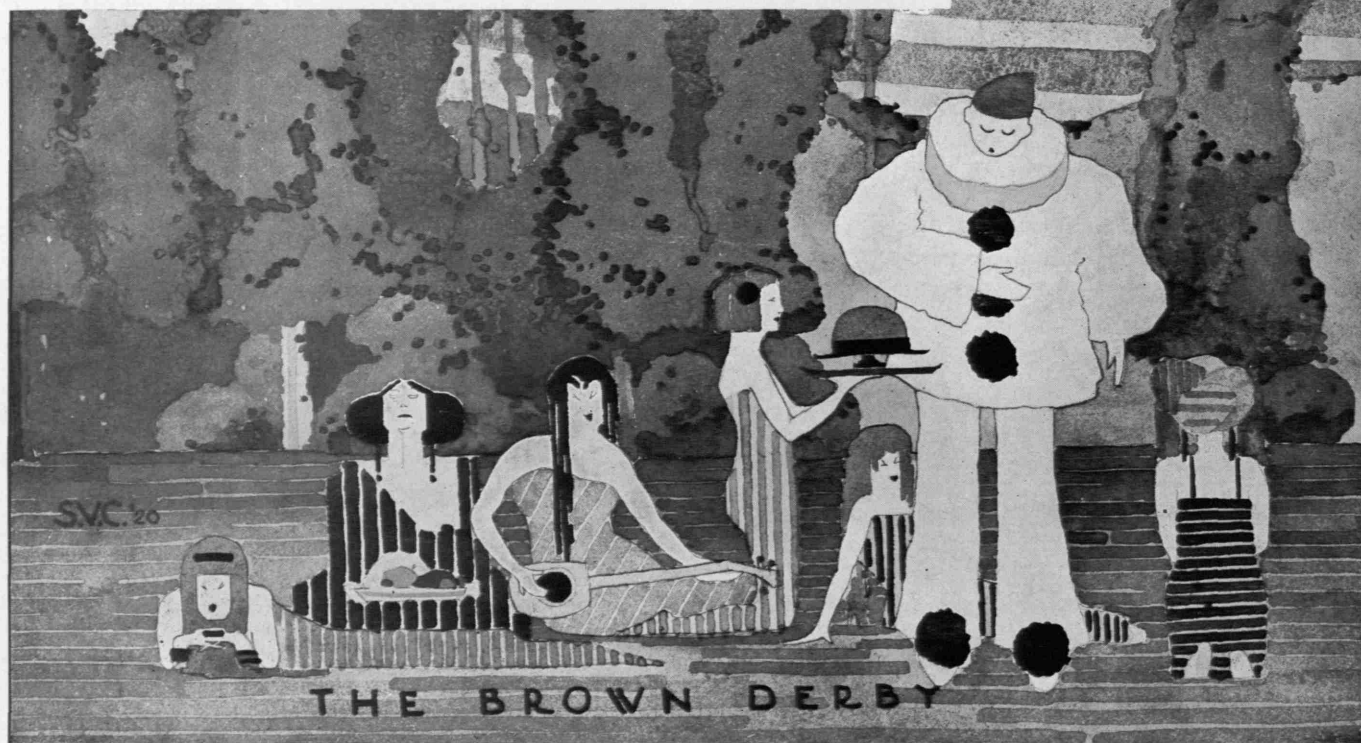
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Address all communications to Editor-in-Chief, Room 309, Walker Memorial, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.





UR first number is the fall number dedicated to the freshmen; so dedicated because it is they who have fallen lured by the serpent of wisdom. Yea, verily, have they been ensnared with promises—even unto the promise of a degree. As from a great distance I hear a prophetic voice ring:

“There will be strife between thee and thy profs; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth wrong problems and thy profs shall rule over thee. Thy plough shalt be thy slipstick and in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou labor until some kind soul has pity and you pass everything or nothing.”

* * * *

Precedent has set the ban on politics as a possibility for editorial discussion. No precedent, however, can be maintained indefinitely. Hence Voo Doo trusts that all Republicans have voted; that all Democrats have not, and that all who are doubtful have backed Mr. Harding.

* * * *



HE time has come to speak of many things.” The time, however, has never before come so completely to speak of the service at Walker pertaining to the necessary, though somewhat trite in these days of highness, food.

Once upon a time many times ago one could eat well and still pay the rent. Though things have risen since those balmy days, there is still no reason why one should be imposed upon to the extent of receiving half the quantity, to say nothing of the decrease in quality, for double the price. Such, however, is unfortunately the case.

The grill room retains enough of its former portions to enable one to become moderately satiated for a considerable recompense. That is the mecca of the plutocrat, however, and the bourgeoisie, meaning you and I, are forced to be content with something less than a widow’s mite for something more than a king’s ransom.

In all seriousness, the main dining hall service would be vastly improved and vastly more popular if it were found possible to give the hungry mob something to eat for their money.

* * * *

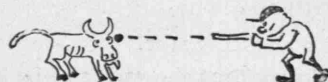


F interest doubtless to all Technology men, and to them above all others, is the bill which was before the last Congress making provision for the unification of all civilian construction work under a Department of Public Works.

This, the Jones-Reavis Bill, was deferred in its passage, together with many other important measures which the present administration saw fit to defer but which a later one and a different one will probably give more serious thought to.

Our attention is drawn to this for two reasons. First, because it is the attempt on the part of the engineers of the nation to solve the problem of unscientific and wasteful construction. Second, because we are the ones or some of the ones who will be doing the construction of the future. At the present time, construction work is carried on by the Corps of Engineers, by the Department of the Interior and by other Bureaus, Departments and Commissions. Each of these issues its own specifications. Any government work therefore calls for a special knowledge of a hoi-polo of standards. The Department of the Interior, as an instance of the domestic entanglements, takes care of everything from the Land Office to an Insane Asylum, including a negro school and Indian Affairs, to say nothing of many important construction programs.

The bill in question extracts all construction programs from their present tangled resting places, unifies their control and attempts a step in the direction of efficient government. It is a good thing to think of these things, to talk them over and to direct some small part of public opinion to them.





There goes a shooting star.
When a girl says that she wants to be kissed.
There goes a whole constellation!



Nightmare after an evening at Sargent.

Strange!

Alice:—"I've had twelve proposals since last week. I can't understand it!"

Her brother:—"Cinch. They all happened after Dad had shown the volunteer victims the cellar, didn't they?"

We understand our friend Doug Fairbanks is getting a divorce. Our Mary's first husband's name was Owen Moore. Doug claims she still loves him because no matter how much he gives her she cries for more.

You may enter the Institute in Course XV but your only chance of graduating is in the course of time.

Owed To A Flivver

Thou great black chortling mimsy thing
Of battered helm and oilstained sides,
Forth from the wilds thy praises ring,
Hail from the brave that dare to ride.
Ah, tear thy tattered insides out,
Heave in thy clutch, yank on thy brake,
Pour aqua down thy red hot snout,
Drip oil along thy smoky wake.

Sing laments loud of driving ill
That strained thy rusty iron gut,
Of slithering climb up many a hill,
Of sundry flounderings in a rut.
Of many a byway's dire attempt
To flatten out thy leaky tires,
Of stalls in gear, of burning clutch,
Of frenzied oaths by maddened buyers.

You start as if in mortal pain
A sigh of anguish rends thy hood,
A mournful moaning shakes thy frame,
And thou limp off to do no good.
But still in spite of hulk so crude,
A soul thou hast that renders mute
The blaring call of other cars
Besides thyself, oh, ugly junkish brute.

"Never judge a man by the silk umbrella he carries;
he may have left a cotton one in its place."



My dear, you executed that piece very well. Of course,
by that I don't mean that you killed it.

As You Were

As a climax to Field Day—a pick-me-up as it were for the tired athletes and spectators—Tech Night has always been acclaimed with joy. After due deliberation and much pondering the committee has picked out “As You Were,” influenced it is thought by those who know by the predominance of beauty to be found there. This is the show of which Pussyfoot Johnson is said to have exclaimed in a moment of enthusiasm and before he lost an eye in London, “Yahvo, m’ lord the maids are passing fair!”



Irene Bordoni as “Cleopatra”

Famous as Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard have been individually in the past, they have outdone themselves in this mutual presentation. Contrary to recent Tech Night practice, the show is a musical comedy and not an extravaganza, a circumstance which adds to the desirability of it.

What plot there is deals with the trials and tribulations of married life and the invention of a Course Ten man to eliminate them. The invention consists of pills. They carry one back to the “good old days” involving considerable imagination stretching which is felt but little by those who have pursued the course in physics.

The first step backward brings the enraptured audience to a hall in the palace of Louis XIV where maidens fair and gallants gallant are gathered. Having stopped here a brief space to assimilate the wit of Messrs. Bernard and Woods, movement is directed to Cleopatra’s palace on the Nile, with Miss Bordoni following in Cleo’s footsteps. Someone objects and remarks that even Cleo could get a few pointers from this scene.

In rapid succession, shifts are made a la Cook’s Tours to Troy of Helen’s time and to the Primeval forests, winding up back on Long Island. All the way along the route the impression grows that as comedies go, this one is there as it were—great costumes, good music and excellent lines. What more can there be?

Therefore, taking things as they come, one is tempted to remark that without doubt Tech Night this year will find much to recommend it to the undergraduate point of view.

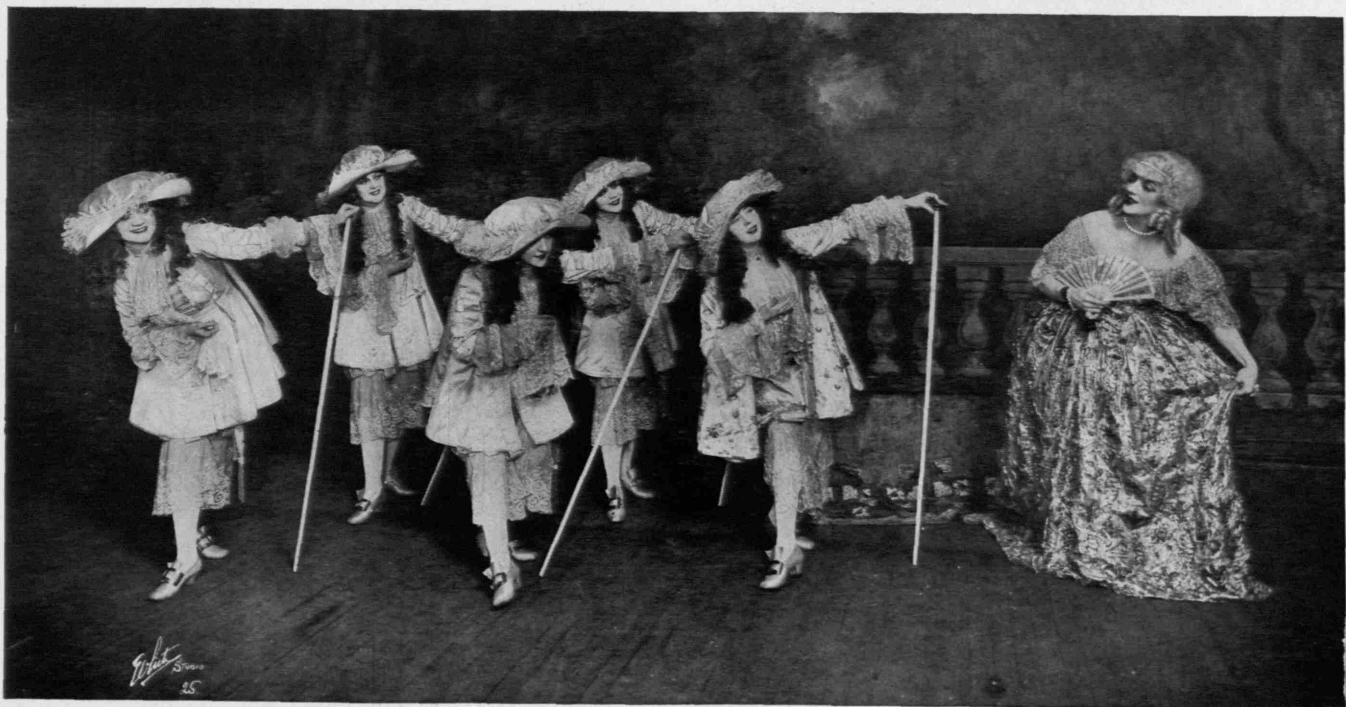
October Resolutions

How was your Summer
 Best I've had
 How was yours
 Not so bad
 Ready for work now
 You can bet
 For a spell of plugging
 I'm all set
 Not going out. Only
 Just week-ends
 Then I'll take a moment
 To see my friends
 Going to study
 Like a fool

Vote Ten at Christmas
 That's too bad
 But I thought he would
 From the plans he had



Sam Bernard and Irene Bordoni



Irene Bordoni as "Ninon" and Chorus



Longings

I long to be an Ypsipeale,
Twinkling in a night divine,
To be a purple Anfora
Filled with Cerulean Wine.
My soul is craving freedom
In seas of tropic blue,
Where lyric Archipelagoes
Are tunes of golden hue.
I long to find expression,
My Karma to evolve
In rhythmic Undulation,
And in the foam dissolve.

L'envoi.

Belle Ygaraine, you read my poem;
You say it's fine, no doubt
That may be true, but tell me, dear,
Just what's it all about?

A Doorknob's Lament

There was a young man, MacDoorknob by name,
Who had two wooden legs, and was often quite lame.
He'd sit, and he'd gas, and tell all the small boys
The methods pursued to gain all of life's joys.

Now he told of a woods in the South Sea Isles,
Where flagpoles, all painted, grew round him in piles.
Of pink knitted rowboats, he told them much more,
Where a stout piece of nothing would do for an oar.

He raved of the deserts, whose sands were so hot,
On these he tried walking, but found he could not.
So he took out his penknife, and cut off his legs,
And now you will notice he hobbles on pegs.

Co-eds Excepted

"So the Dean said you were an all-around man.
Congratulations!"

Fat Stude:—"Not exactly that, but he said I was
a student of rare form!"

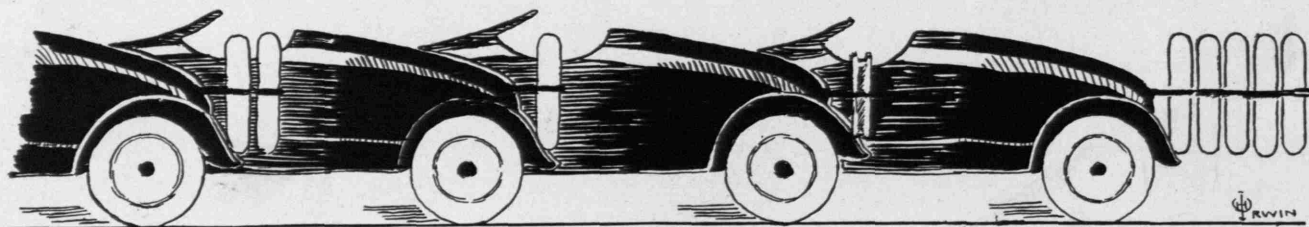
You can always tell a senior, he's so sedately gowned;
You can always tell a junior by the way he hops
around;
You can always tell a freshman by his timid looks
and such—
You can always tell a sophomore, but you cannot tell
him much.

Hence the Doe Boy?

Johnny:—"Father, does John Doe work for a
living?"

Father:—"No, my boy, Mr. Doe does not do any-
thing. He belongs to the laboring man's party."

A Tech Freshman doesn't know anything; a
Sophomore thinks he knows everything; a Junior
thinks he knows something; but the Senior knows
absolutely he doesn't know anything at all.



HOW TO TELL THEM

Rich Man. Poor Man. Beggar Man. Thief.

Rules For Traveling in Boston

1. Get on a Subway Car. You will find the word "Subway" on the rear of the car. The front sign tells you where the car comes from. You will find this car either on the street or up in the air on stilts.

2. Tell the conductor where you want to go. Great tact and politeness is essential. The following form is suggested—"Prithee, worthy Sir (you really do not have to salute him, tho he has enough gold braid for an Admiral) willst thou condescend to enlighten a poor weary traveler, and put his erring feet in the crooked way to Bohunk Avenue?" The answer will probably be "Go to Hell," which, when interpreted, means "Change at Paaaark Street." (Soft, broad "a" in Park is essential.) Be sure and thank him.

3. You will not be able to find a seat. Stand on feet—your own if you are clever—and figure the increased capacity of the cars by simply taking out the seats.

4. You now find yourself in the center of a young riot. Get off, for you are at Park Street Over.

5. Search for thirty minutes for the stairway, meanwhile meditating on your sins, past, present and future. It's a religious atmosphere.

6. You have now found the stairway. No,—it's the wrong stairway. This mistake will necessitate another thirty-minute search. Be more careful this time.

7. Having found the right stairway, leave the Subway level and go downstairs. This is the Elevated.

8. Figure out which direction you should go in (always carry U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Maps and a compass) and then take the second or third car going in the opposite direction. Toss a coin to determine which.

9. Get off at Friend or Union or South Street; the names do not matter, for it is all one station. Any station with more than three names will do.

10. Try to stand still. In a few minutes the crowd will carry you irresistibly into an already full car, and perhaps thru it to the platform on the other side. Do not mind the starter when he walks on your feet, punches you in the stomach, or suddenly gives the signal to close the door on your head. This is all part of the game.

11. When you have been in the toils of the system for thirty-eight minutes you should get off at the next stop, for there are others who want to get on. You are now at liberty to call a taxi, which will deliver you at your destination without further delay.

Extracts From The Heaven Herald

Word from Hell to the effect that the Shoveler's Union had struck for Aluminum shovels with longer handles caused great consternation in the Aluminum Wing Maker's annual convention. It also was the cause of a six-point rise in General Motors stock. The substitution of gas engines for wings has been quite noticeable in recent years.

Due to the great influx of spirits resulting from the Sinn Fein, rents have risen 100%.

The Presidential election this year seems to lie between Julius Caesar and Abraham Lincoln. The youth of the latter is much against him.

In spite of various reports from purgatory concerning the death of one John Barleycorn, no such person has been located in heaven. We fear that possibly another valuable man has gone to hell.

It has been rumored that St. Peter will not be re-elected at the coming election. Horatius has been suggested for the job.

A strike of the switchmen on the line between the first and second heavens has caused a shortage of harps which Beethoven declares will seriously cripple the choir. It is probable that next Sunday's concert will be postponed.

Advertisement in a Bookstore

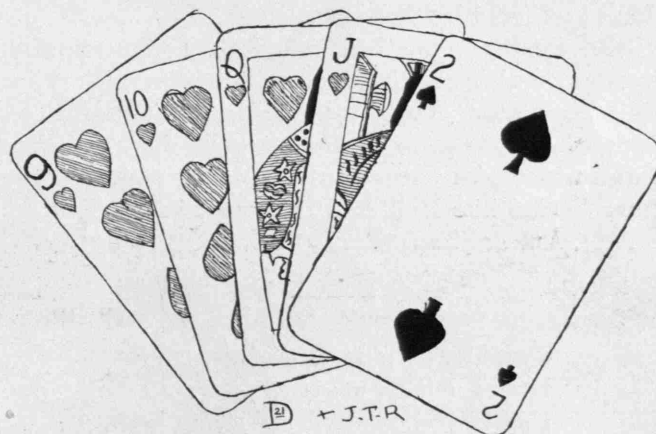
Dickens Works—all this week for \$1.50.

"But, Eve, won't you give me just one little kiss?"
"Oh! Adam, what would the neighbors say!"

One Beyond Him

What a wonderful linguist that man is. Is there any tongue he hasn't mastered?

Yes, his wife's.



Heart Failure.



"What would you do if I kissed you?"
 "I'd scream."
 "But nobody can hear you."
 "That's just it."

Passed in A Multitude

1st Stage-door Johnny:—"Did you take her out for dinner?"

2nd Ditto:—"Oh, she wasn't as bad as all that, the waiter brought the dinner in to us, just as usual."

Did you ever take a regular queen from the Conservatory of Music to a Symphony Concert and have everybody look at you kind of enviously; and you get to thinking that you're cutting quite some ice with her, taking in a high brow affair like this. Say, don't you feel big, though?

And then you get inside and they play the first number, which really isn't so bad after all. Then the Conductor starts the Andante Cantabile (or something like that) and after a while there's a slight pause which you naturally think is the end, and you start to clap like Hell, and the music keeps right on.

Now, how do you feel?

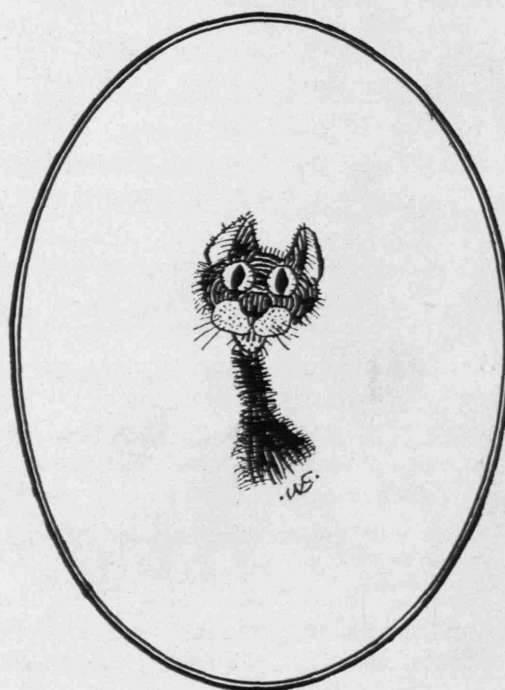
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are;
 I'll bet you wouldn't shine, by heck,
 If you came down and went to Tech.

Professional Secret

Whenever the muse of the poet is silent, and lyric ideas refuse to idee,
 Whenever his brain becomes clouded and foggy—
 (the same has quite frequently happened to me);
 Whenever, as often, Calliope beats it, and leaves the poor son-of-a-gun in the lurch,
 The rimester who wants to disguise the sad fact must indulge in some careful, painstaking research.
 Tho' not to be classed as a poet, I've often attempted to study their ways and observe
 The manner in which, when devoid of ideas, each tries to get by on his unaided nerve;
 And tho' it is wrong for me thus to betray 'em, the chance to inform you is one I can't miss:
 The poet who hasn't got any ideas produces a metrical tangle—like this.

Then, Mr., He Kr.

A young man named Earle
 Had just met a gearle.
 We see in an hour
 The maid in his pour.
 So let's give him credit,
 He knows how to spredit.



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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."

—Burr

"All right there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," came a feminine voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on."

The entire carful turned and craned their necks expectantly. A girl got on with a basket of laundry.

—*Ladies' Home Journal*

"Mamma, there's a man in the dining room kissing your maid."

"Why, Willie!"

"April fool, it's only Papa."

—Phoenix

Great physicists announce that the Jewish language is merely a mode of motion.

—Tiger



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Opposite Tech

Right Are You!

"Mother, may I a-riding go?"

"Yes, my sweet Lucille;

"But give your friend this sound advice:

" 'Keep one hand on the wheel.' "

—*Sun Dodger*

Police Power

Mr. Peck:—"Would you mind compelling me to move on, officer? I've been waiting on this corner three hours for my wife.

—*Puck*

I love the girls who do,
I like the girls who don't;
But the very best of all,
(And I'm sure you'll think I'm right),
Is the girl who says she won't,
And then she says she might!

—*Widow*

Here! Here!

"A man on third, two down," he said,

"We'll have to work the squeeze."

"But Billy, dear, don't do it here—

It's much too public—please!"

—*Tiger*



Twenty million women will be voters this Fall. Now, if they were to vote on the most becoming overcoat for you to wear, they'd find their choice in this store where you can see every good style in fashion this season.

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115 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

There was a young guy named Bill Bue,
Who thought he could make some home brew,
He spent all his money
On yeast cake and honey,
But now he has gone quite coo-coo.

—Record

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Anatomy Students: Attention!

Gertrude Hoffman, classic dancer, was considering the advisability of muzzling her pet snake today. While she was dancing the "Princess of Rajah" last night, the reptile bit her on the left leg, between the overture and the climax.

—Terre Haute Post

A Hobo's Lament

(Autumnal Soliloquy)

Thou gastronomic godhead of the eats,
Thou king of carrots, turnips, squash and beets,
Thou all-digesting champion of food,
Albeit pickled, fried, hard boiled or stewed;
From us, the worthy sons of Epicurus,
Keep far away the foods which can't endure;
For why, oh, why, do all the rustic cots,
At our approach, remove all tasty pots
And greet our nostrils with a thick *barrage*
Of that most potent potion, boiled *cabbage*.

—Lampoon

Quite A Difference

"Fair maid, may I come out to call?"
"I'm sure, sir, I don't getcha."
"Well, may I take you to the ball?"
"Ah, now, I hear! You betcha."

—Yale Record



Quality Always Wins

In every walk of life, doing something better than the Other Fellow grabs off the Pennant. Success is only a matter of being ahead in the Quality score. And in every walk of life, Boston Garters—they of the Velvet Grip—win by a great deal more than a LEG. They have been consistently batting out a higher average of workmanship and satisfaction than any other make.

Boston Garter

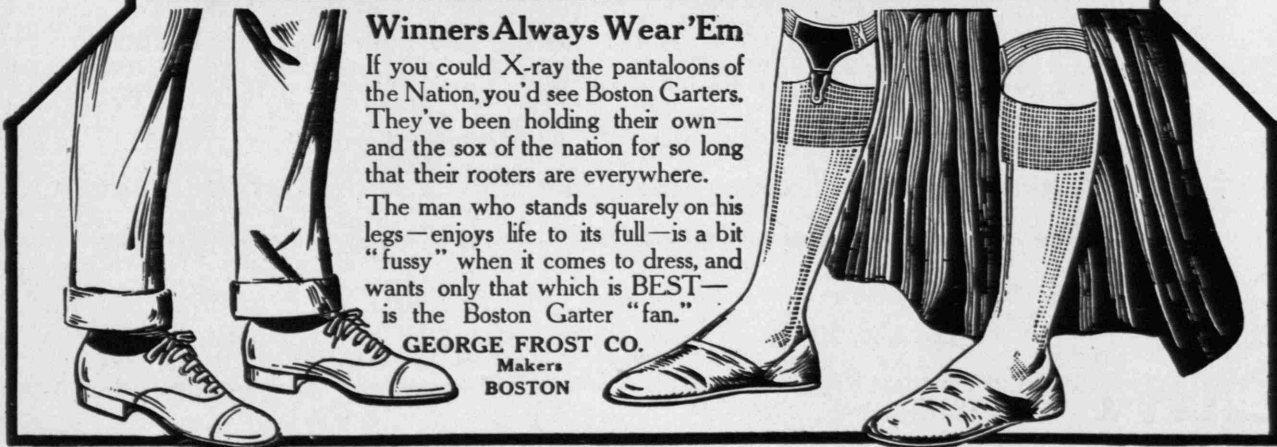
Velvet Grip

Winners Always Wear 'Em

If you could X-ray the pantaloons of the Nation, you'd see Boston Garters. They've been holding their own—and the sox of the nation for so long that their rooters are everywhere.

The man who stands squarely on his legs—enjoys life to its full—is a bit "fussy" when it comes to dress, and wants only that which is BEST—is the Boston Garter "fan."

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One Down!

Out walking, went one morning,
A li'l colo'ed chile;
Out wobbling, went one morning,
A great big crocodile.

The wobbler and the walker
Met in a forest wild;
The little child was filled with frights—
The crocodile, with child.

—Punch Bowl

The Ithaca representative had just sold a Cornell student a pair of gloves for \$9.50, three shirts at \$5.00 apiece, a pair of shoes for \$27.75 plus war tax, and a suit for \$95.00. With his eye on the retreating form he reiterated to himself the words his mother used to repeat so often:

"Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well."

—Widow

"D'ye know Jones is the most radical prohibitionist conceivable?"

"How's that?"

"He even refuses to study Mechanics of Liquids."

—Froth

Girl:—"What's the nearest port in a storm?"

Date (getting the idea):—"The davenport!"

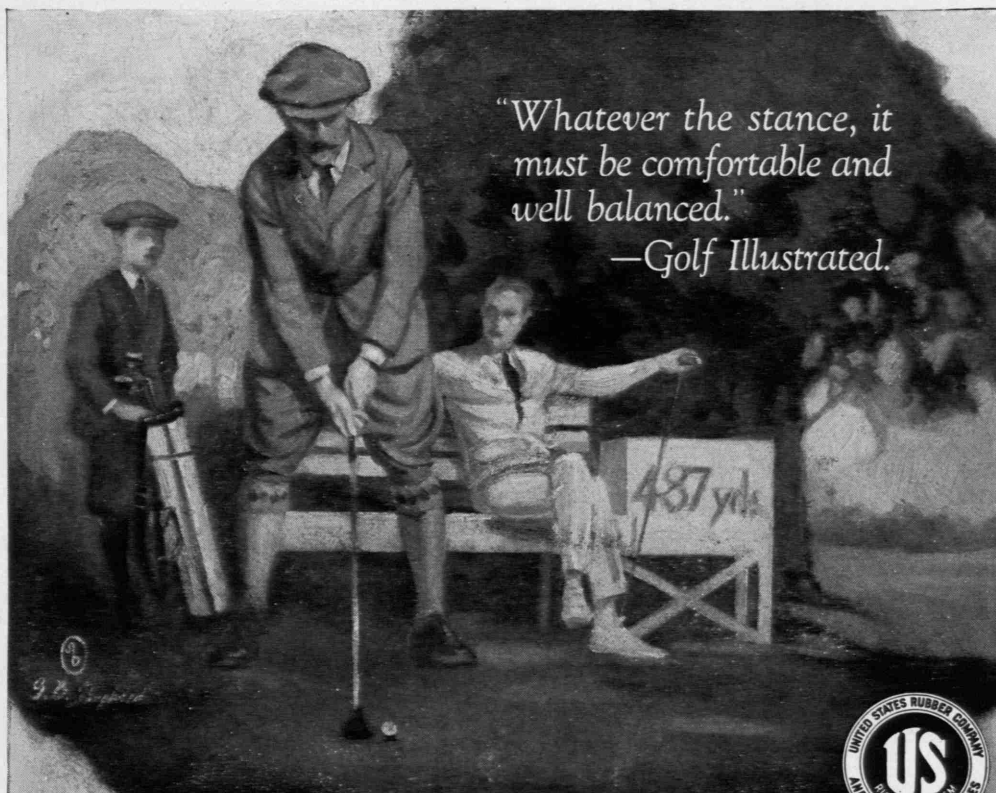
—Rivol

FROM: Manager Co-operative Society.
TO: Members of M. I. T.
SUBJECT: Technology Barber Shop.

May I call your attention to the Barber Shop of the Tech Branch of the Harvard Co-operative Society in the Tech Block, at 80 Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Institute Buildings.

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"Is it true, my good man, that sailors have a wife in every port?"

"No, sir. Sometimes we can't get shore leave."

—*Puppet*

Fell Into Fortune

"Sure, it's Mike that's the lucky man."

"How's that?"

"Why, he just took out an insurance policy for ten thousand dollars and the very next day he fell off the bridge and got drowned in the river."

—*American Legion Weekly*

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Senior:—"Where have you been?"

Fresh.:—"To the cemetery."

Senior:—"Anyone dead?"

Fresh.:—"All of them."

—Siren

He (who has just purchased a dozen oranges from fruit dealer):—"Your sign says forty cents a dozen. What do you mean by charging me seventy-five cents?"

Dealer:—"Sir, that sign don't mean anything, that's just advertising."

—Drexlerd

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

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

—Burr

Minister:—"Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?"

Miss Ala Mode:—"I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the fox trot?"

—Chaparral

As she stifled a yawn, she asked sweetly: "Is your watch going, George?"

"Yep," answered George.

"How soon?"

—Punch Bowl

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First Shade:—"What makes Charon look so tired?"

Second Shade:—"He's been trying to pull up the river."

First Shade:—"Could he do it?"

Second Window Curtain:—"Course not, the blame river Styx."
—*Brown Jug*

Gage:—"Why is your house all lit up this evening?"

Howard:—"Our cook's daughter is one of the season's debutantes and they're having the coming out ball to-night."
—*Punch Bowl*

Fire When Ready

Visitor going thru powder works:—"How often do you kill a man here?"

Guide:—"Just once."
—*Panther*

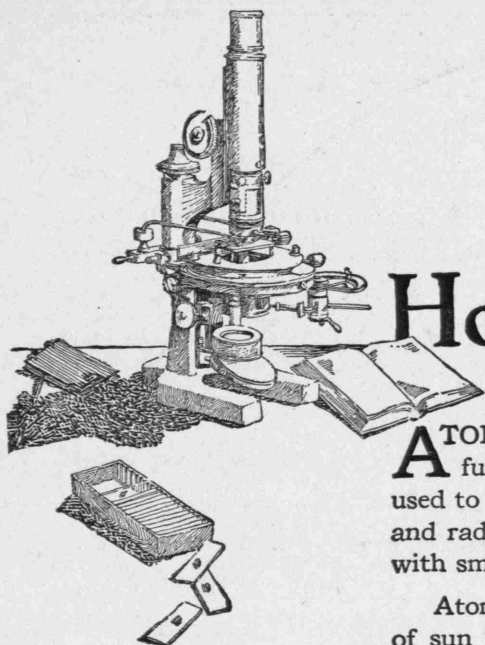
Jane:—"Were his letters to you during the summer a sort of Romeo and Juliet affair?"

Betty:—"No—Much Ado About Nothing."
—*Punch Bowl*

Jack:—"Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"

Jacquette:—"Oh, no."

Jack:—"Then let's take a li'l stroll through the infirmary."
—*Sun Dodger*



How Large is an Atom?

ATOMS are so infinitesimal that to be seen under the most powerful microscope one hundred million must be grouped. The atom used to be the smallest indivisible unit of matter. When the X-Rays and radium were discovered physicists found that they were dealing with smaller things than atoms—with particles they call “electrons.”

Atoms are built up of electrons, just as the solar system is built up of sun and planets. Magnify the hydrogen atom, says Sir Oliver Lodge, to the size of a cathedral, and an electron, in comparison, will be no bigger than a bird-shot.

Not much substantial progress can be made in chemical and electrical industries unless the action of electrons is studied. For that reason the chemists and physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the very constitution of matter as they are with the development of new inventions. They use the X-Ray tube as if it were a machine-gun; for by its means electrons are shot at targets in new ways so as to reveal more about the structure of matter.

As the result of such experiments, the X-Ray tube has been greatly improved and the vacuum tube, now so indispensable in radio communication, has been developed into a kind of trigger device for guiding electrons by radio waves.

Years may thus be spent in what seems to be merely a purely “theoretical” investigation. Yet nothing is so practical as a good theory. The whole structure of modern mechanical engineering is reared on Newton’s laws of gravitation and motion—theories stated in the form of immutable propositions.

In the past the theories that resulted from purely scientific research usually came from the university laboratories, whereupon the industries applied them. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company conceive it as part of their task to explore the unknown in the same spirit, even though there may be no immediate commercial goal in view. Sooner or later the world profits by such research in pure science. Wireless communication, for example, was accomplished largely as the result of Herz’s brilliant series of purely scientific experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves.

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