

VooDoo

JUNE 1921



JM

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VOO DOO

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JUNE, 1921

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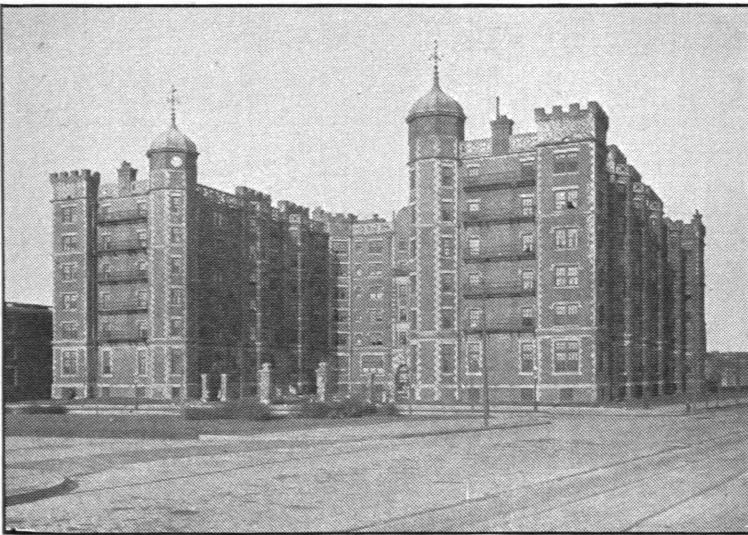
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Done:—"How come?"

Well:—"He stoppeth one of three."

—*Fleur de Lis*

"Go to Hell!"

"Sorry, sir; can't leave the city limits." —*Tiger*

She (running):—"I'm a little cold."

(Thirty seconds elapse.)

He:—"I've caught a little cold."

—*Goblin*

How True!

She (endeavoring to give him opportunity):—"Do you love anyone?"

He (Thinking of quantity not quality):—"Oh! more than you know."

—*Octopus*

Father:—"I thought I heard that fellow kissing you last night. I hope you didn't encourage him."

She:—"No, father, I didn't need to."

—*Octopus*

"I don't see why we can't go to the dance tonight, Mary?"
"Because my trunks haven't arrived yet."
"What kind of a dance do you think this is, anyway?"

—*Lemon Punch*

To Vivadou

I wish I were a lip-stick,
Held in my sweetheart's hand;
And every time she'd use the thing —
Oh, my, ain't nature magnificent?

—*Jester*

Mere Man:—"Whenever I want to know anything I look it up in the library."

Co-Ed:—"Don't they get tired of seeing you there?"

—*Exchange*

"Shay, offisher, where's the corner?"
"You're standing on it."
"S no wonder I couldn't find it."

—*Puppet*

Teacher:—"What is the Latin Race?"

Pupil:—"It's a race between a Latin pony and the teacher's goat."

—*Widow*

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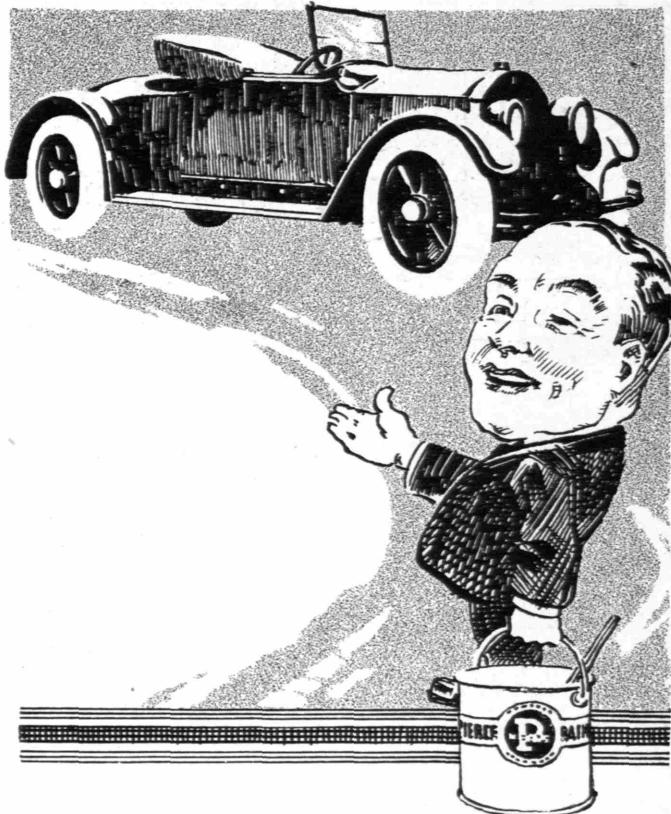
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The Thoughts Of Youth

Instructor in Geology:—"The geologist is used to thinking in terms of centuries."

Frosh:—"Gosh, I just loaned a geologist five bones!"

—Jester

I shot an Arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth, I know not where,
But as it had a two-inch tear,
I must admit I didn't care.

—Punch Bowl

Waiter (to "tipless" customer):—"Sir, haven't you forgotten something?"

Customer:—"Yes, young fellow, I've forgotten more than you will ever know."

—Tar Baby

"John, there's a burglar in the house — I just heard something fall."

"Just the eaves dropping, my dear."

—Sun Dodger

"Our little baby is following in his father's footsteps."

"Howzat?"

"He always crawls towards the cellar steps."

—Panther

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Franklin T. Kurt
Principal

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
And, oh, she was good !
Oh, goodness, she was good —
She was so very good
She was horrid.

—Judge

Even His Hair Was Wavy

Winnie:—"What's the matter with Jack?"

Fred:—"He has water on the brain."

Winnie:—"Oh, I see. A notion came into his head."

—Widow

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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.

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Chocolates

The Chocolates that are Different



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Him:—"Would it be improper for me to kiss your hand?"
Her:—"It would be decidedly out of place."

—Siren

Father:—"How is it that you use so little gasoline when you go driving with Mabel?"

Son:—"Isn't love a wonderful thing?"

—Widow

"Why is a woman like an umbrella?"
"Oh, go on and tell me quick."

"Well, every man ought to have one and not borrow his neighbor's."

—Mugwump

"A college education teaches you so many things. You couldn't begin to mention them all."

"Not in polite society."

—Juggler

Safe, If Not Sane

"He's wandering in his mind."
"That's all right, he won't go far."

—Virginia Reel

The Girl:—"Did I ever show you where I was tattooed?"
The Boy:—"No."

The Girl:—"Well, we can drive around that way."

—The Brown Jug

VooDoo

Yale

Sadly, we doff the comic masque;
The cap and bells are laid away;
We go to face a sterner task,
A harder day.

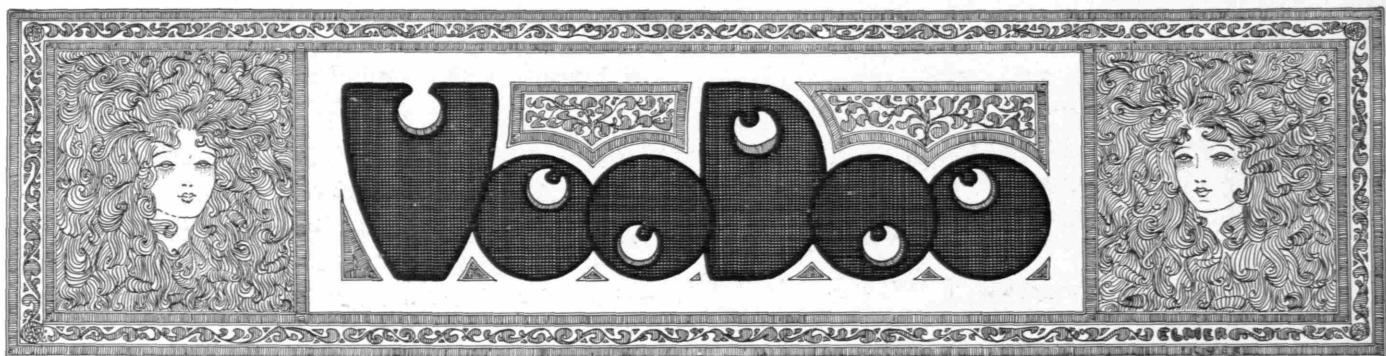
Hushed are the jests and mirthful cries;
Our eyes are blind with brimming tears;
We brokenly bid our goodbyes
To college years.

High purpose to our aims we set;
We leave our jesting with a sob.
We go . . . providing we can get
A steady job!



SHE:—"Don't you just love to watch the heavenly bodies?"

HE:—"Yes, and on a night like this, when they can be seen so clearly!"



TO A CERTAIN COMPOSITOR

Sir, I honor thy guild and craft —
 Thine is the lever that moves the world;
 Thy types have bidden, and men have laughed,
 Or sighed, or sobbed, or defiance hurled.
 Noble thy calling and great thy power;
 Man does as thy letters bid him do;
 Thy press is the freeman's strongest tower,
 And tyrants quail when thy proofs be true.

*But pardon if I ask you (manner verging on the rough)
 Why you regularly gyp the punctuation of my stuff?*

When Caxton carved his immortal dies,
 And cast his first rude words from them,
 His fellows uttered exulting cries,
 And fell to their knees at his garment's hem.
 And ever anon, from the chains that bind,
 Which bigots fasten and kings enforce,
 Thy craft has labored to free mankind,
 And speed the truth on its noble course.

*But all the same I warn you that your sun will cease
 to shine
 If you leave the final letter off another word of mine:*

To publish the right and denounce the wrong —
 To brand the false and uphold the true —
 To hasten to battle — to charm with song —
 These are the tasks that are yours to do.
 History waits on thy finger's touch,
 Ages are judged on what you record;
 Praise to thy craft, for it merits such —
 Molder of forces that snap the sword!

*But my pleadings for "Italic" you invariably miss . . .
 O Compositor, I wonder what you're going to do to this!*

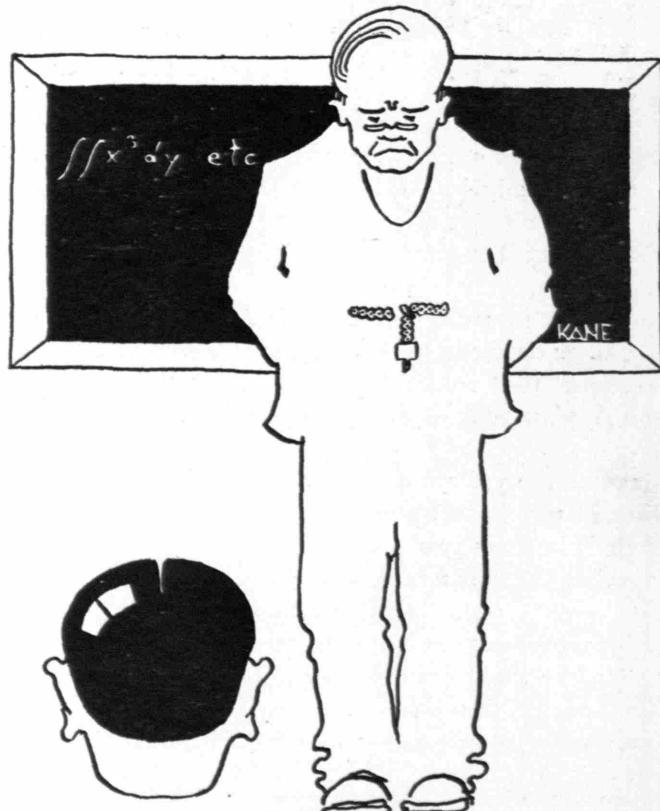
It must take a lot of cheek to dance the way folks
 do nowadays.

Another Fable

Once upon a time there was a gentleman who walked out of the classroom and remarked to a friend:

"Easiest quiz of the year, pal; I flunked it, only got 54, but if the Prof handn't slipped me a couple of points here and there, the count would have been 0. I didn't know the stuff and I deserved to flunk it; no one could kick at the way we were marked."

Moral:—They didn't even wait until sunrise to pot this guy. Another ten minutes and he might have been beyond all human control.



Prof:—"Now, what do these conditions require?"
 Student:—"Five dollars."

Broken Blossoms

You called me "little pal" a year ago,
You told me I was very nice to know,
You told me what love was — I thought I knew,
But then oh, hell!

**To a Lady**

Lady, you bid me to write you a sonnet —
Verse that is lyrical, lithesome and gay,
On a walking suit *chic* or a new Easter bonnet,
The subject it matters but little, you say.

Pompon it may be, or *votr' linge Parisien*,
Stockings or shoes or an automobile,
Salesgirls that make Marshall Fields seem elysian;
The Appian Way or a waterproof steel.

Green of the valleys or smoke of the city,
Glint of the moon upon leaf-hidden pools;
Little it bothers you just so it's pretty —
Eke that it follows conventional rules.

Lady, no sonnet could render your beauty,
Verses like these are the kind that must do,
For thoughts in a sonnet amount to a duty
I've none,—as you see—when I think about you.

A crank is a man who gets the idea that he is
the whole machine.

**How Lummox the Ladyfinger Saved a Goodlie
Portion of ye Purse**

(*Proving ye olde proverbe " 'Tis a long allie which has
not an ash can."*)

When Lummox returned that nite to his barren lodging, his faithful esquire, Digit the Dumbell, surmised that his master was in an ugly mood. And right wisely had he guessed, for did not the goode knight throw each piece of his accoutrement at Digit on removing it from his knightlie person? Then clad in his barbed wire pajamas he shouted, "Call forth my goodlie gang of gormandizers, that I may break the bad news, and perchance a head therewith."

And when they were assembled, he spake thus, saying, "Me faithful knights, esquires and pages—"

Whereupon they rose to a man crying, "Hail, all hail to Lummox the Ladyfinger!"

"I have to tell you why this day week, ye shall not feast and make merrie." Bland indeed was their expression, for they knew not why he spake. But Lummox did continue in this wise. "It so happened that while hunting for humstrums on the heath this day, I did chance upon a faire ladie in dire distress, having caught her lily white fingers in flypaper of mine own setting. Then sware I a great oath by the ladie's pinke chemise that I would free and marrie the damsel, who was right easy to look upon. So all this day even unto the setting of the suns did labor to tie loose the frenzied female, which being done, I swang her to my saddle and took her to her father, whom men do call Francis the Fishcake, and whose castle is in Cambridge upon the Chas., a branch of East Hell. Then did I crave his consent to the betrothal of his daughter to me, Lummox the Ladyfinger, and if he had, —" Lummox the Ladyfinger bowed his head.

"But the feast which you would give?" cried his merrie men, who were slow of witt and not keen of perception.

"That was what I woulde if he had, but he didn't." Then to Digit — "Come over, knave." But Digit was loathe to do so and showed it. "Oh you must come over," said his Lord and master. And taking a bowl of ripened curds which were at hand, Lummox the Ladyfinger crowned Digit the Dumbell, and peace brooded over the house.

"Gee, what a nasty crack!" remarked the gentleman as the blackjack descended and he lapsed lightly into oblivion.

The Formal Hop

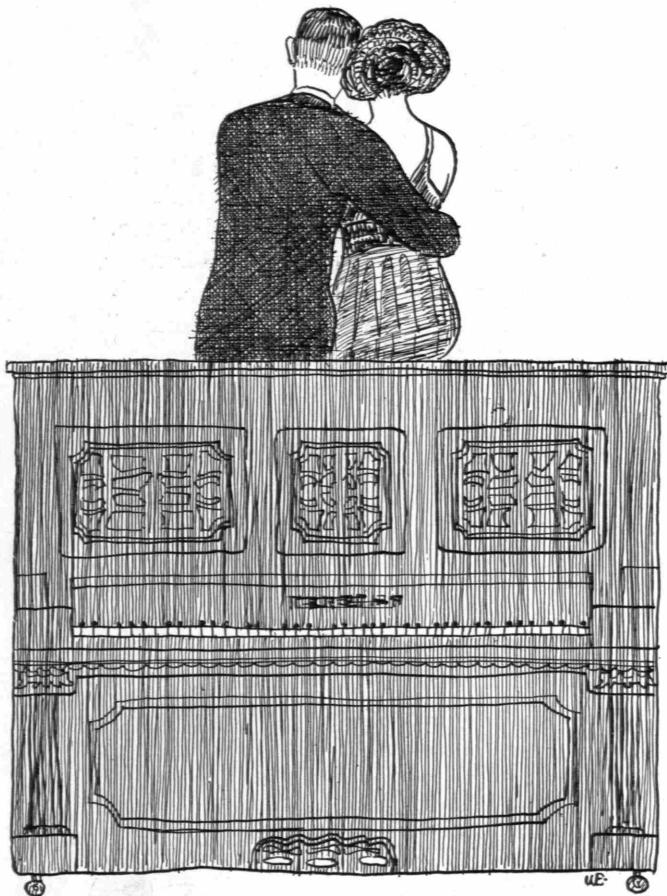
The merry din.
The feeling hot.
The stumbling in.
The man that's shot.
The room above.
The top-coat check.
The single glove.
The choking neck.
The chaperon line.
The mumbled name.
The wish for wine.
The feeling lame.
The ballroom floor.
The sax's moan.
The "debs" galore.
The muffled groan.
The old "glad rags."
The tightened tie.

The line of stags.
The stifled sigh.
The gaze about.
The friend you know.
The slipping out.
The flask below.
The quick return.
The joyful grin.
The cheeks that burn.
The "cutting-in."
The rapid pace.
The camel walk.
The crimson face.
The rubbing chalk.
The dreamy waltz.
The wilted shirt.
The many halts.
The ripping skirt.

The baggy "trou."
The dizzy whirl.
The dripping brow.
The same old girl.
The mute appeal.
The friend who goes.
The wish to roam.
The subtle ruse.
The "phoning home."
The fake excuse.
The exit fast.
The hat and coat.
The danger past.
The scribbled note.
The dash outside.
The taxi red.
The soothing ride.
The home and bed.



"Don't you just love canoeing?"
"No, sometimes I help paddle."



Try This on Your Piano.



Sonnet

Between the liver and the bacon fried,
A shallop floating on a gravied sea,
As graceful as the sea anemone
And fragrant as the rose of summertide.
Oh succulent esculent, so true and tried,
Thy beauty takes my breath away; to me
Thou art a langorous odor symphony,
With thee my tears fall — tears of joy and pride.

When the reft queen beside the Theban wave
Mourning her slain ones held thee in her hand,
Then flowed woe's saline tide unstemmed by years.
So weak, yet strong; so modest, yet so brave,
Niobe of the truck farm's sprouting band,
I press thee to my lips — and hence these tears.

Nocturne

Do you remember, dear,
Those nights of wonder,
Ere the long centuries drifted between?
Purple the shadows clear—
Silver sands under,
Drenched — like our souls — with the moon's magic
sheen.

Do you remember, dear?
Hot after plunder—
Arrogant thousands that rode at my heel—
Out of the desert drear
(Hoofs muffled thunder),
Conquering I came — at your feet stayed to kneel.

Do you remember, dear? —
Eons may sunder
Bodies of clay — but our souls cannot die!
Now, as I hold you here,
Slowly I wonder —
Do you remember, dear? . . . Neither do I.

If

(In rejoinder to Mr. Kipling)

If I could do the things the poet sings of:
If I could always be both wise and meek;
And to Dame Fortune's senseless, cruel buffets
If I could ever turn the other cheek;
If I knew neither hate nor lust nor malice,
Could rule my every act with iron rod;
If I could shatter envy's poisoned chalice,
I wouldn't be a man — I'd be a God.

I think you will know what I mean,
I think you'll get me when I say:
The minds of women should be clean,
They change them forty times a day.

St. Peter:—"Awfully good of you to come! Walk right in and I'll introduce you to the company."

Bashful Young Man:—"Are you quite s-sure this is h-heaven?"

History Prof.:—"Why are the middle ages known as the dark ages?"

Wise Youth:—"Because there were so many knights."

In Which Harvard Breaks Up The Season

(*The Boston Herald*)

Social Life

Gayety, especially for the younger element, seems to be "slowing down," as there are fewer affairs on the calendar than for any week since the season opened.

The young folk, especially the feminine part, will say it is all on account of "mid-years" at Harvard. These "dreadful examinations," which begin the coming week, mean so much to the young men that they must give up all pleasure for the time being and attend strictly to business.

The best of dancers must forget for the time his proficiency in the art, and all the delight that goes with it, for stern hard work along very different lines. The wit, who is eagerly bidden to many dinners, must eschew all such feasts and content himself with "a dinner of dry herbs," even metaphorically speaking, though the proverbial contentment is lacking therewith.

And as the Harvard boys can accept no invitations during this period, there will be but few affairs, for "without the boys there would be no fun," according to one of the prettiest of the debutantes.



He:—"So you don't think I can call your bluff?"
She:—"Not unless you're a little bolder."



Arrest for the Weary

A model woman is a bare possibility, but a woman model is a naked fact.

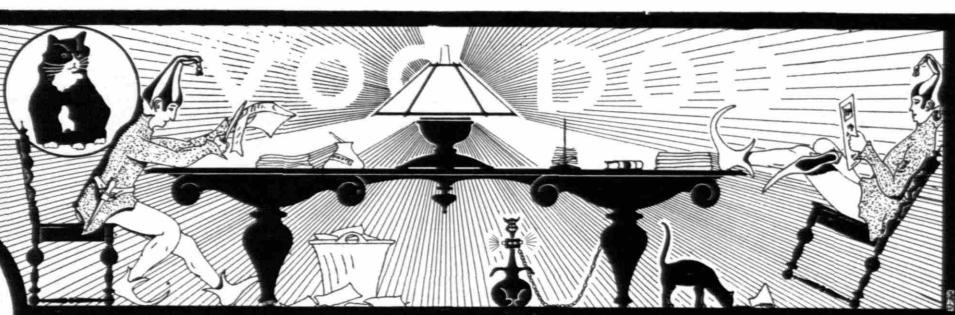
'24:—"I hate to see that fellow around school. He is always killing something. He acts like a wet blanket on everything we start."

'23:—"Well, why don't you tell him to dry up?"

1.—"If your dancing interferes with your studying, stop it."

2.—"Stop what?"

1.—"That's just it."



Vol. 3

JUNE, 1921

No. 8

Managing Board

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EVERYONE connected with Technology, however distantly, or interested at all in its welfare, realizes and regrets keenly the loss it suffers by the resignation of Dean Burton. At any institution, a man who can hold simultaneously the office of Dean, and the regard of his fellow man, is doing well. Yet here at Technology, Alfred Edgar Burton has for twenty years filled his difficult post and met its exacting duties in a manner which earned not only our regard, but our love. Few men exist who have the happy faculty of governing in a manner to please everyone. So rare is such accomplishment that it might be thought impossible, had not Dean Burton proved over a period of twenty years, that if only you know how, it is the easiest thing in the world. It is no light matter to lose an administrator like that. Technology's rare fortune in its leaders implies the deep misfortune it must always suffer when those leaders go.





HE recent activities of the Institute's trained Sign Painter may lead a few of us to wonder whether we are still residing in a quiet, cloistered, academic seclusion, or in Grand Central Station. Probably this maze of arrows shot into the air will serve a good purpose, but Phosphorus, whose soul is, among other things, highly esthetic, sighs a gentle little sigh, and tries to curb his emotions by the thought that he is not at Oxford, and should not be so sensitive. The signs so lavishly bestowed about the walls may not be pretty, but they represent a move for efficiency, and is it not efficiency that we at the Institute are most concerned with? It is. Very well, our sign-board walls are justified. Hum, hum. Perhaps the idea could be carried even further. For example:

TO MAIN LOBBY, 1½ MILES

TO THE DEAN'S OFFICE

(For display every fifty feet, with appropriate arrows.)

PUT YOUR TRUST IN THE LORD

(Temporary sign, for examination rooms, to be replaced during the term by:)

WATCH YOUR HAT AND COAT

HAVE YOUR FARES READY

(Appropriate for the Bursar's Office.)

SPITTING PROHIBITED UNDER PENALTY OF LAW

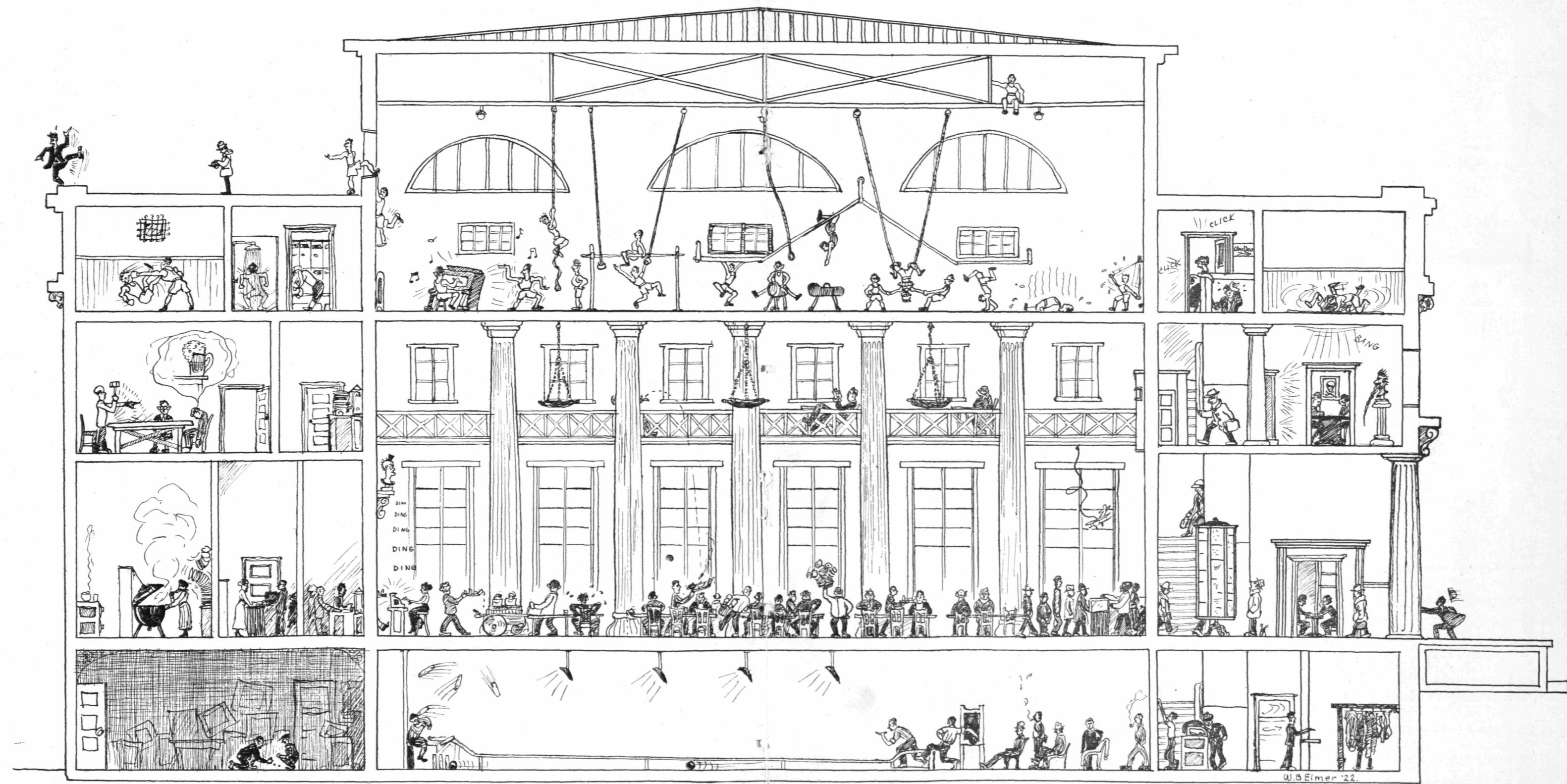
NO LOITERING HERE

(This, of course, to be placed just outside the Emma Rogers Room.)

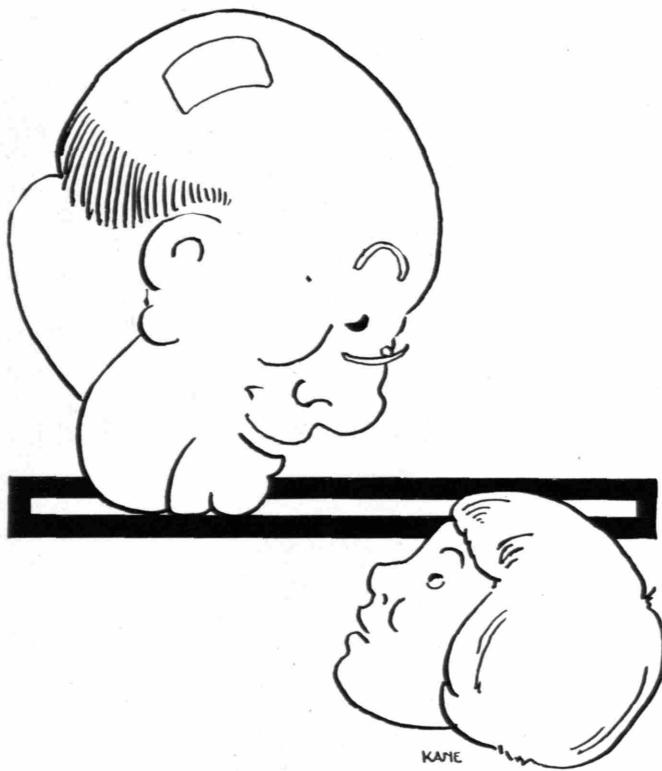
We think you see the infinite possibilities of this. The whole idea might be expanded even further, and the walls leased on contract to advertising agencies. We have no doubt that the manufacturers of Chiclets, Camels, Coca-Cola, Cadillacs, Campbell's Soups, and countless other necessities, would be willing to pay a high premium for space in Building 10, let us say. Phosphorus submits this as a feasible plan for raising funds, the next time anything needs to be endowed.



ND now Phosphorus must bid you "Au revoir." To those who, from graduation or other accident, will not return, he says "Goodby — and all good luck." He will greet his old friends, and some new ones, in the fall, and will strive as ever, to please each one of them individually. He looks forward to a Greater Voo Doo in the years to come, and humbly he solicits your aid towards achieving it. The task is not easy, but Phosphorus feels ambitious these spring mornings, and vows that he will work like a demon that you may laugh, and find surcease from the sorrows which attend Thermodynamics of Advanced Calculus. Meantime he hopes that you will have a delightful summer; that the bathing will be superb, the tennis unequalled, the boating matchless (well . . . perhaps not in the strictest sense), the golf unrivaled, the girls — beg pardon? Oh, how thoughtless! Well, in that case, he hopes that you will profit as much as may be from that summer job you say you've got, and with the sincere hope that you'll be able to hold it successfully for at least a fortnight, he closes this, his third volume.



YE WALKER



"Poppa, what are cosmetics?"
"Cosmetics, my son, are peach preservers."

Somebody Kissed Her

(*The New Poetry*)

She stood before him
 In the bloom of magnificent womanhood,
 Her loosened auburn hair
 Half concealing her shapely
 Neck and shoulders.
 He gazed on her admiringly,
 And then, for a moment,
 Seemed lost in deep meditation.
 At last he spoke wonderingly:
 "Could you have been the one
 I kissed on the balcony last night?"
 An instant the fair one
 Hesitated in thought,
 And then lifted her soulful eyes
 To his face, simply inquiring:
 "At about what time?"
 "Ten-thirty," he replied,
 "Oh," she confessed, "I may have been the one —
 I know somebody did."

The Deacon

"Oh, splash," said the Deacon, and raked in the chips,
 "I wonder who's kissing her now.
 As elder of deacons and guider of men,
 One thing I abhor is a row."

"She was nifty for Nome in those hair-raising days.
 (Two cards — to a flush — old man)
 I was young, good, and foolish, and fine looking too;
 And I loved her as only youth can."

"I had spent all my pile for an outfit and grub
 (I'll raise you two blues and a red)
 When I left for the north — down the long white trail;
 'I'll be waiting — be waiting,' she said."

"I was gone for a year (I'll hike you again),
 But I found what I sought — and some more:
 Dust, gold dust, I was loaded with dust
 When I pushed through the barroom door."

"She was then in the arms of a half-breed sot,
 (What, must I boost you again?)
 And hating all rows like a good deacon should,
 I shot him and cleaned out the den."

"It's hard to believe, on looking back now,
 Such lies could fall from such lips —
 (You call me, old man? Four nines then,"
 "Oh, splash" said the Deacon and raked in the chips.)

Artist (tearfully, to editor who has just rejected his work):—"So you can't take my drawing, sir?"

Editor (ruthlessly):—"No, its too bad."



KISS ME, MY FOOL!

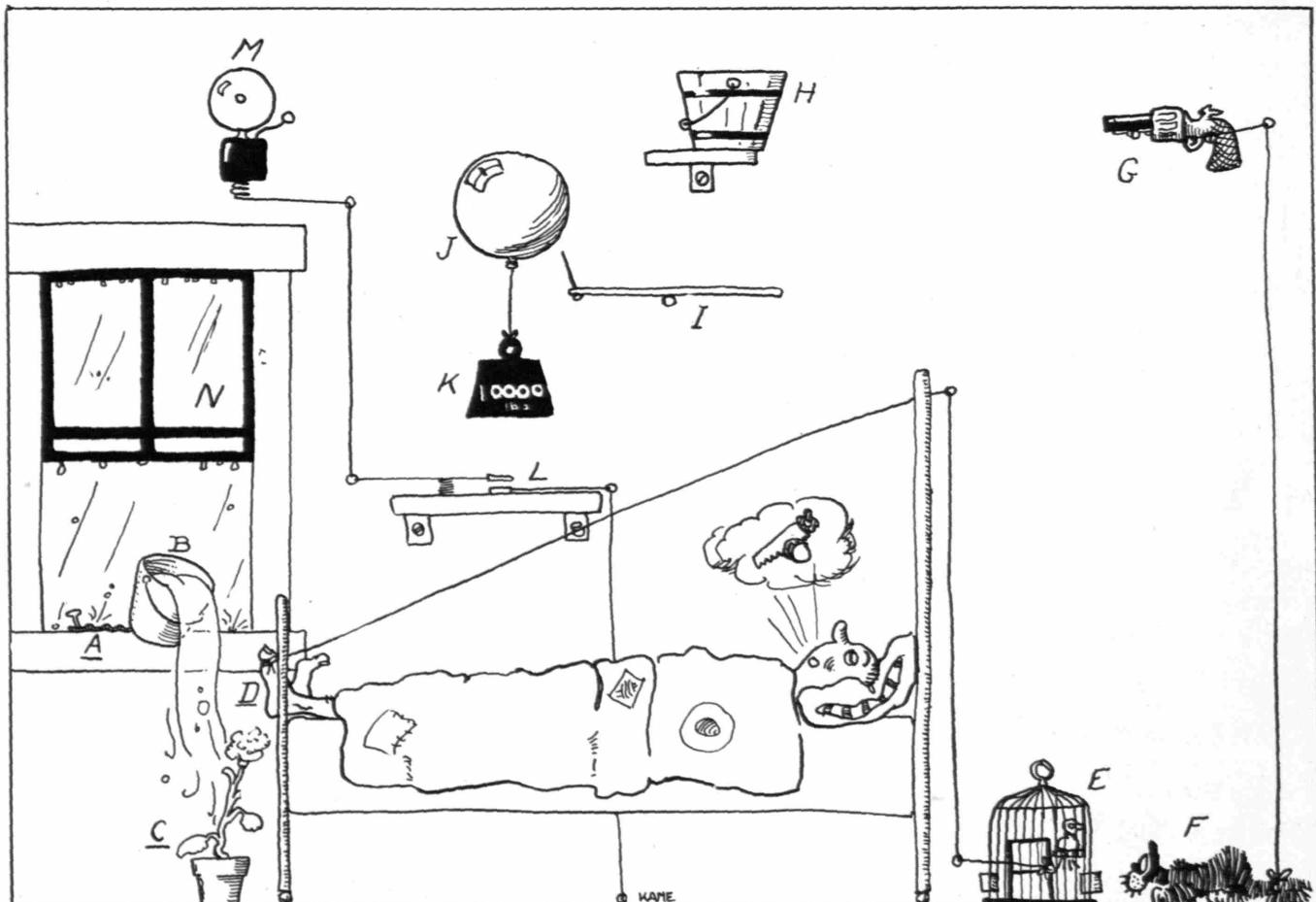
Advice to the Youthful

Boys

Thou shalt not be a tea-hound nor a lounge-lizard.
 Thou shalt not have any graven images of actresses in thy possession; thou shalt not bow down thyself before them.
 Remember the engagement ring to keep it holy.
 Thou shalt not break a girl's heart because someone has broken thine.
 Thou shalt not sow wild oats.
 Thou shalt not be a weak sister.
 Thou shalt not wear soiled collars or cuffs.
 Thou shalt not be ashamed to pray.

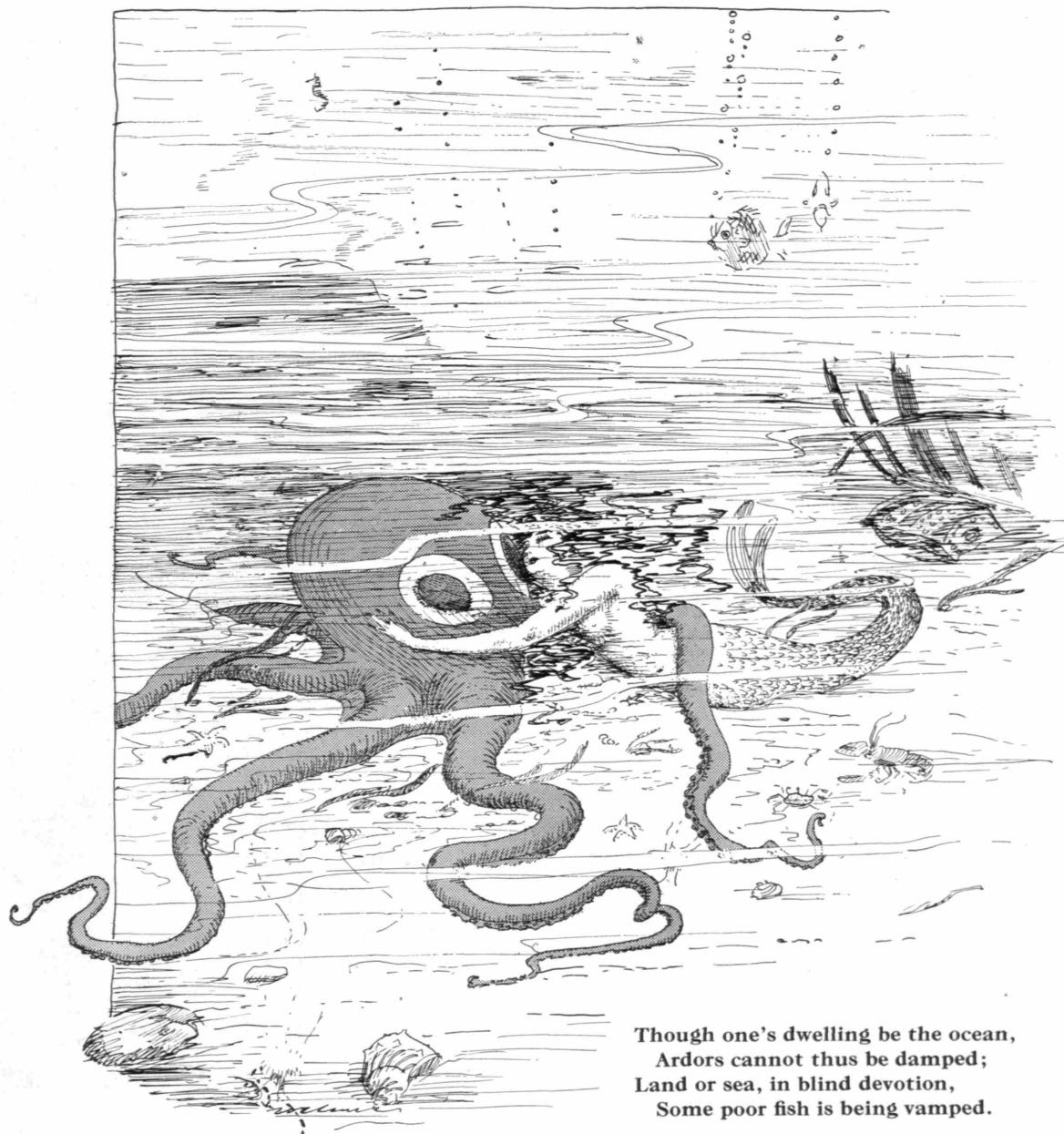
Girls

Thou shalt not use a lip-stick.
 Thou shalt not tell stories that never happened, although thou mayst desire them to.
 Thou shalt wear only one frat pin at a time.
 Thou shalt not smoke at college Proms. It gives the college a bad name. If thou hast one, keep it.
 Thou shalt not hide an engagement ring or a wedding ring under thy glove at a dance.
 Thy dresses must cover the knees should thou wear socks.
 Thou shalt not camel walk at afternoon teas.



PHOSPHORUS' AUTOMATIC WINDOW CLOSER

At the first drop of rain the unshrinkable flannel, A, shrinks, causing the pail of water B to become unbalanced, thereby precipitating its contents upon the foliage C beneath. Enlivened by the refreshing downpour the blossom grows, until it has reached a height at which it is capable of producing a tickling effect upon man's foot D, causing him to wiggle his toes, thereby pulling string which opens door of bird-cage E. Cat F in rushing forward to secure bird causes string attached to its tail to detonate revolver G, bullet from which pierces hole in bucket H. Molasses, filling bucket, drips out onto stick I, overbalancing equilibrium and causing pin on end of stick to puncture balloon J, thereby dropping weight K onto shelf and closing connection L, completing circuit and ringing bell M. At this juncture, janitor in basement hears bell ringing, gets out of bed, comes upstairs and closes window N, thus accomplishing the desired result.



Though one's dwelling be the ocean,
Ardors cannot thus be damped;
Land or sea, in blind devotion,
Some poor fish is being vamped.

Jack:—"I tell you, Betty, that man is crazy. He thinks too much of himself. Did you know that he always carries a comb with him?"

Betty:—"Why, of course, I knew he carried a comb, but it is not because he thinks too much of himself. Oh, no; you see he is in love with Ruth, and carries the comb to make parting easier."

"Father?"

"Yes, my son."

"Father, after an army has shelled the enemy, do they eat the colonels?"

Old-Timers

Maid:—"Love is the quest and marriage the conquest."

Batch:—"Yes, and divorce is the inquest."



"Man wants but little here below," remarked the new arrival in Hades as he removed his overcoat.

How To Write A Preface

(Note: Although prefaces to scientific books have been written for so long now that the methods have been thoroughly standardized, and the present day preface writer need only make his decision as to which of the three forms he wishes to utilize, still it is felt that an improvement in these forms might be made by incorporating into them somewhat more heartfelt sincerity than the majority of them now show. Preface-writing has been reduced to a science, but, as is liable to be true of science, when it remains purely such, a certain warmth has been found notably lacking, even in the books of some of our best scientific preface writers. It is in an endeavor to show that the incorporation of a certain amount of truth into prefaces would not be without its advantages that the following sample in the newer style is presented.)

PREFACE

This present volume on "Applications of The Differential Calculus to Hog Cholera and Glass Blowing" is the outgrowth of a set of mimeographed notes which had been used unsuccessfully in the classroom of Bohunkus College for a number of years, and which, it was felt, were deserving of a more permanent form, heaven knows why. In response to repeated requests received by the authors from their landladies for some promise as to when back room rent might be paid off, it was decided to issue the present volume, which now appears in a form that the authors hope will be found suitable by teachers of the subject in colleges and technical schools, but which they know mighty well will not.

In issuing the volume at this present time, the authors feel that some explanation is due to students of the subject, in view of the fact that twenty-five similar textbooks have recently appeared, and that they might be thought to be covering the same ground already gone over in a number of other excellent treatises. As a matter of fact, this is exactly the case, but as it would be rather difficult to give any explanation at all, none will be attempted. The writers, therefore, have no apology to offer in connection with the appearance of their book at this time.

Throughout the work special emphasis has been laid on the importance of writing it in a manner such that no student, however industrious, can possibly understand what is being talked about. Thus, he will either (1) drop the course, and save the instructor from correcting his paper, or (2) will flunk it, and have to take the condition exam, for which a suitable fee may be charged. In this way, the authors hope to steer a middle course, and avoid the difficulties attendant upon either extreme. They have aimed throughout at lucidity, but have succeeded in evoking only Lucifer. Mathematical rigor has not been dispensed with—in fact, it may be that a number of cases of rigor mortis will develop in readers of the text, but it is thought better to risk this possibility, than to do anything which might shake the student's belief in the complete impossibility of the subject. It is thus our hope that the book will fill a long-felt want, or if not felt, then cotton batting.

Finally, the authors wish to express their appreciation and gratitude to a number of old busybodies who fooled around while the book was in manuscript, in the hope of getting their names into the preface, and who were altogether too numerous to thank personally. Our indebtedness to Prof. Henry W. Cauliflower of the Packing Case School of Technology who read the manuscript five times and made a lot of darn-fool suggestions which were found very helpful, is so great that we cannot avoid mentioning it, much as we should like to. Also to our colleague, Dr. John T. Horseradish, whose ingenious idea it was to remove the index and table of contents, in order to make the book more portable and less intelligible, we express our sincere thanks. We are further grateful to W. B. Zank, to whose careful and painstaking reading of the proof is due the fact that there are no more typographical errors than there are. As a matter of fact, he wrote the whole book, but having no reputation, it was obviously impossible to credit him with the authorship. In closing, the authors wish to express their deep thanks to each other for their generous, and at all times, unselfish and unthinking co-operation.



A NAUGHTY PROBLEM



"Do you think you'll ever find your ring again?"
 "No, nobody would ever know whose it is offhand."

Brute!

Wife:—"When a man has to sew on his own buttons, it is time he was getting married."

Hubby:—"Or divorced."

Dad:—"What do you suppose Adam and Eve wore when they took their spring vacation?"

Kid Brother:—"Leaves of absence."

There's a Reason

I love her for her nut-brown eyes,
 But I love her more, by far,
 For her daddy has a fifty
 Horsepower motor car.

I love her for her luscious lips,
 But I love her more, you see,
 Because her daddy has a lot
 Of rare old Burgundy.

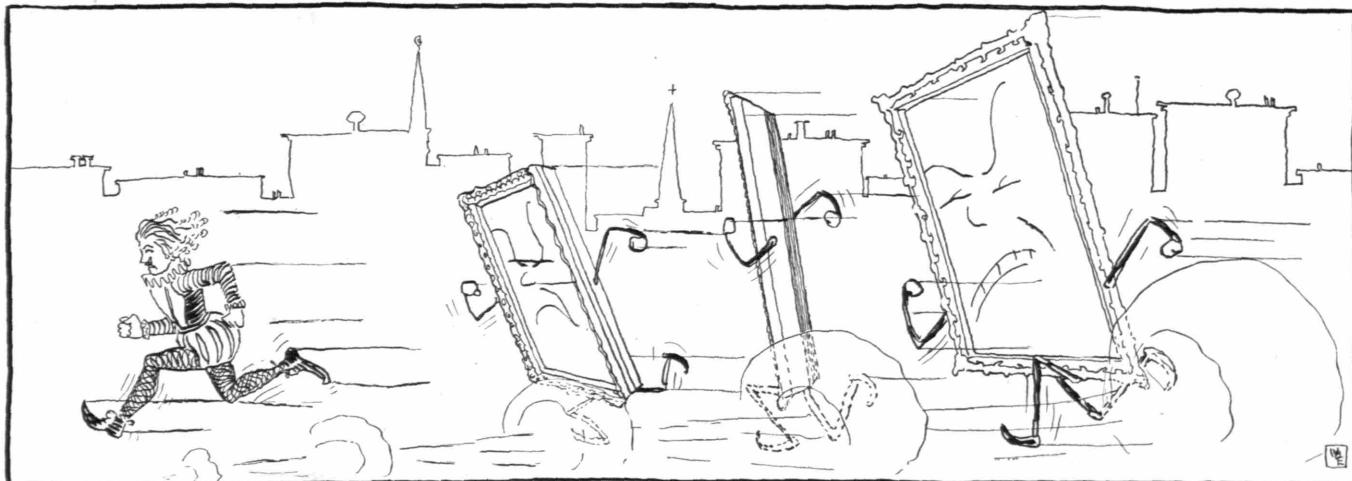
I love her for her lovely hair,
 Her perfect face — and then
 Her dad's a million more or less
 Of cast iron gentlemen.

So hark ye, future fathers, all,
 And lay up piles of treasure,
 So when your girls grow up and wed,
 The job will be a pleasure.

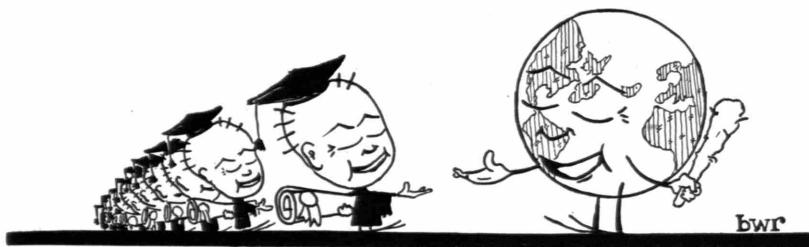
They Couldn't Duck It

There once was a man in Pawtucket,
 Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
 But his daughter, named Nan,
 Ran away with a man,
 And as to the bucket—Nantucket.

But he followed the pair to Nantucket,
 The man and the girl with the bucket;
 He said to the man,
 "You are welcome to Nan,"
 And as to the bucket—Pawtucket.



Three Pictures after Rembrandt.



Special Concession to Seniors

Just think! Seniors, if you miss the one golden opportunity, which appears in the form of a coupon at the bottom of this page, this is probably the last issue of VOO DOO you will ever see! Great Scott! Think of it man,—cudgel your weary brains a minute and think of it! It's altogether too horrible to be so. It will be all right for a little while after you pass the receiving line pictured above, but beginning about October 4, 1921, when your mind strays back to the thronging corridors of the 'Stute, filled with the multitudes of your friends who were too wise to graduate when they should have, and you think of the good times they are having while you, *you* the pride of your Professional Society, are off at the end of some forgotten railroad siding, working your miserable, unhappy head off in an effort to avoid another such bawling out as the boss gave you that morning — then, perhaps, you'll feel you'd like to trade off your Steam Tables for something more likely to bring back happy remembrances of your not-quite-but-almost carefree undergraduate days. Well, the business office has tactfully arranged all this for you. The regular subscription price for one year is \$1.50 but we will reduce this to \$1.45 $\frac{1}{2}$ if you wish to trade in your Steam Tables. But however you do it, we think you see the supreme advisability of subscribing to VOO DOO before the light goes out of your life completely. Then from October to June, next year, your heart will be gladdened at regular intervals (eight of them) by the arrival of a concentrated extract of all the joy at the Institute and none of the sorrow—all the bite and parch cut out by our patented process. The horrible alternative is, as we have already remarked, that this will be the last copy of VOO DOO you may ever see. The coupon which will free your mind from this torturing thought is almost directly below. Kindly form in a single line, and do not crowd nor jostle.

I, _____, being sound of mind and body,
Full name (or sober)
do hereby and herewith apply for one dose of VOO DOO, to be taken at intervals over a period of eight months at the cost (to myself) of \$1.50 for which amount I enclose my check. My address is:



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146 Summer Street

LYNN
17 Stewart Street

Printers of *Voo Doo and Technique* 1922

Um!

She (tenderly):—"And are mine the only lips you have kissed?"

He:—"Yes, and they are the sweetest of all."

—Jester

Little boy (to old man with long whiskers):—"Say, mister, were you on the ark?"

Old man:—"No, my boy."

Little boy:—"Then why weren't you drowned with all the rest?"

—Showme

"May I steal a kiss sub rosa?"

"Don't you think it would be better sub nosa?"

—Purple Cow

Geology Prof.:—"Please give us the name of the largest diamond."

Stude (the morning after the night before):—"The ace, doctor."

—Tar Baby

"Yes, I was a freshman, too. Some of the happiest years of my life I spent as a freshman."

—Squib

Why Guess?

The basic law of action—reaction governs our business, exactly as it does our scientific world.

Its operation is as unchanging as that of the law of gravitation. Result follows cause. Business travels in a cycle of prosperity, decline, depression and improvement with almost clock-like regularity.

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Reports on Request.

Your request will bring full detail, samples of recent reports and copy of "Increasing Net Profits."

The Babson Statistical Organization

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She (fixing mussed-up hair):—"My, but I like it in the fall."
He:—"Hum, I like it any time."

—*Gargoyle*

"What kind of an instrument is that?"
"Shoe horn."
"What does it play?"
"Foot notes."

—*Tiger*

Jim:—"Well, I surely knocked 'em cold in my courses."
Mie:—"Yeah, whatja get?"
Jim:—"Zero."

—*Scalper*

He:—"Have you any class now, Mabel?"
Co-ed:—"Look me over."

—*Octopus*

Bowdoin Literature

Prof (telling reminiscences of old Brunswick):—"And do you know, Harriet Beecher Stowe used to wear forget-me-nots on her stocking?"

Student (gazing keenly at Prof, and thinking deeply):—"Hmmm"

—*Bear-Skin*

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Love's Labour —

"Did you work hard last night?"

"Yeah. For four hours."

"Were the results worth it?"

"You bet."

"Whad'ye do?"

"Went to see my girl."

—Jester

As the tooth paste said to the tooth brush, "Pinch me, kid, and I'll meet you outside the tube."

—Lord Jeff

Directed

Faint Fat Shopper:—"Where can I get something to stay my stomach?"

Floor Walker:—"At the corset counter — rear third."

—Judge

A New Game

Waiter (at the Grab and Grunt):—"Milk or water?"

Customer:—"Don't tell me, please; let me guess."

—Gargoyle

Maybelle:—"You tickle me, Duke."

The Duke:—"My word, what a strange request."

—Puppet

"Why do girls have their bathing suits and evening gowns cut exactly alike?"

"So the sunburn will fit."

—*Mugwump*

A Toss-up

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously.
"You've gone me one better," said his seasick friend as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

—*Tiger*

He:—"Have you an hour to spare?"

She:—"Yes."

He:—"May I kiss you good-night?"

—*Record*

The old-fashioned girl used to stay home when she had nothing to wear."

—*Virginia Reel*

For The Backward Reader

Eht tseggib sloof I llits eralced
Era ton ni deddap llec ro llats
Tub esoht ohw wonk siht sah on esnes
Tey ylluferac wolof urht ti lla.

—*Jester*

FOUNDED 1856

NE thor-
oughly
good bag
or suitcase will
outlast several
of the mediocre
variety.

Our quality-standard insures the best obtainable.

The real russet cowhide bags and suitcases we now are showing, evidence the worthiness of service-giving, unalloyed quality.

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Valves are a very expensive item in a pipe line.

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Do you know how many valve factories use new metals ONLY?

The W. E. W. valve is made from new metals only, and the metal is composition "M."

Are the valves you are using made that way?

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Jewelers and Silversmiths

Makers of

Fine Watches and Clocks



511 Washington St., corner of West St.
Boston, Mass.

- | | |
|------|--|
| 1890 | "Love me?"
"Yes."
"Kiss me?"
"No!!" |
| 1921 | "Love me?"
"No."
"Kiss me?"
"Yes!?" |

—Virginia Reel

Similarity

First Editor:—"Judge has got some stuff in its last issue just like ours."

Second Editor:—"Yes? What?"

First Editor:—"An Arrow Collar ad."

—The Lyre

Where Was She?

Dizzy Junior (at the hop):—"I'm in Heaven when I dance with you!"

Victim:—"I'm awfully hot."

—Bear-Skin

Hen:—"I had an awful jar to-day."

Ed:—"How's 'at?!"

Hen:—"Forgot to put in the yeast."

—Lemon Punch

He:—"My fountain pen seems to be on the bum. I don't know what's wrong with it."

Him:—"Dip it in ink—that'll make it write."

—Beanpot

Memories

George:—"Let's go home and sit by the fire, and forget everything."

Georgia:—"I'm afraid, George, you'll forget yourself."

—The Widow

She:—"What color's best for a bride?"

He:—"I prefer white myself."

—Jade

He:—"For two cents I'd kiss you."

She:—"Got change for a nickel?"

—Froth

She:—"Don't you just love nights like these?"

He:—"No, sometimes I study."

—Octopus

Sign:—"Venus Pencils."

"What her eyebrows or lips?"

—Froth

Individuality

is the distinctive quality of the *Transcript* and no department of the paper is more conspicuous for unusual excellence and comprehensiveness than its

School and College Department

The *Transcript* is, so far as we know, the only daily newspaper in the country that has a School and College Editor. Each day it devotes liberal space to interesting phases of school and college activities.

Every *Technology* student should make it a daily practice to read the *Transcript*.

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is quite a globe-trotter in its own right. The demand for them in far countries has steadily increased for the past forty years. Boston Garters are passed over the counter to you from Japan to Alaska, from Holland to the Strand. The World has discovered the "Quality First" value of the Boston Garter.

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And All She'd Say Was Uum-Huh!

I do not speak a word of French
With all its sweet allure,
But I've a working knowledge
Of that charming word, "L'amour."
When other folks say "Sacre vous"
It little means to me,
But when I'm hugged up close to you —
Mon Dieu! but that's *La Vie!*

—Octopus

Soph:—"Did you ever take ether?"

Junior:—"Naw. What hour does it come?"

—Sour Owl

Spaulding's Dairy Lunch
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*We make a specialty of
Special Breakfasts and Suppers*

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1036 Boylston Street

Little Eva

Modern Girl (after witnessing a quarrel between her mother and father):—"Aw, Ma, don't kill the old gent; he don't take up much room."

—Phoenix

College Jewelers Hate This

"Why is a big collegian like a typewriter?"
"Give up."
"Because he has so many keys."

—Lyre

Wicked

Girl's Voice:—"How much more have I got to take off?"
No answer.

Girl's Voice:—"Stop, that hurts!"
No answer.

Girl's Voice:—"Does this have to come off, too?"

Woman's Voice:—"Why certainly, my child, you're wet to the skin. Will you ever learn to behave?"

—Jester

Now Clara was a vamp
With hair and eyes like jet.
The question is: How many men
Did vamping clarinet?

—Phoenix

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The Murray Printing Company

Kendall Square
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*We Print Anything
That Should Be Printed*

Civilization?

I.

As he hurried down the street
Making fast time with his feet,
He was hailed by a cop of haughty mien:
"See here my dear young man,
Such fast walking's under ban;
Violators of Blue Sunday get Sing-Sing!"

II.

So he slowed down with a sigh,
Brushed a teardrop from his eye
And slowly wandered on his weary way:
"Oh, for days of long ago
When things were not so slow,
And two bucks would buy a quart most any day."

—*Lyre*

He Must Have Had to Put Up With It

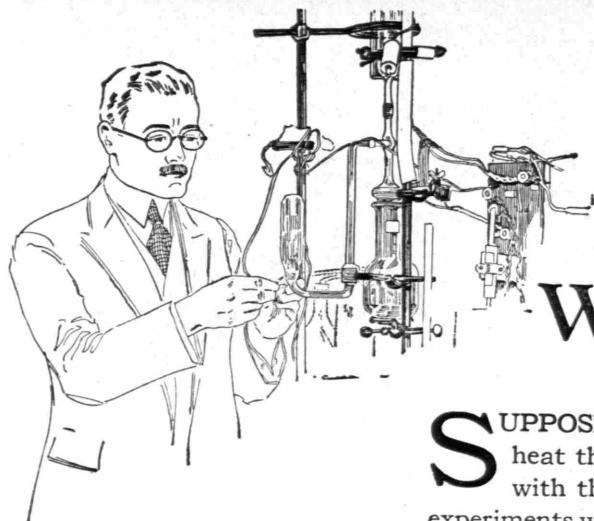
"I shouldn't have eaten that mission steak,"
Said the cannibal king with a frown,
"For oft I've heard the old proverb:
'You can't keep a good man down.'"

—*Widow*

Little Boy (to lady scrubbing steps):—"Say, missus, is Johnnie home?"

Lady:—"Sure, can't you see his shirt hanging on the line?"

—*Brown and White*



What Is Research?

SUPPOSE that a stove burns too much coal for the amount of heat that it radiates. The manufacturer hires a man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation to make experiments which will indicate desirable changes in design. The stove selected as the most efficient is the result of research.

Suppose that you want to make a ruby in a factory—not a mere imitation, but a real ruby, indistinguishable by any chemical or physical test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you try to make rubies just as nature did, with the same chemicals and under similar conditions. Your rubies are the result of research—research of a different type from that required to improve the stove.

Suppose, as you melted up your chemicals to produce rubies and experimented with high temperatures, you began to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago when rubies were first crystallized, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. You begin an investigation that leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, and, for that matter, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type—pioneering into the unknown to satisfy an insatiable curiosity.

Research of all three types is conducted in the Laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type of research—pioneering into the unknown—that means most, in the long run, even though it is undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

At the present time, for example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. Some day this X-ray work will enable scientists to answer more definitely than they can now the question: Why is iron magnetic? And then the electrical industry will take a great step forward, and more real progress will be made in five years than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

You can add wings and stories to an old house. But to build a new house, you must begin with the foundation.

General Electric
General Office  Company Schenectady, N. Y.

Every man in the class knew the answer



PROFESSOR HASKINS,
WAS A kindly soul.
BRIGHT ON some subjects.
BUT SO absent-minded.
THAT ONE day at the barber's.
HE TOOK off his collar.
TO GET shaved.
AND FORGOT where he was.
AND KEPT right on.
TILL THE cash-girl screamed.
AND A barber stopped him.
HE WAS a great smoker.
BUT HE'D often put.
THE BURNT match in his mouth
AND THROW away.
THE CIGARETTE.
HIS STUDENTS loved him.
HE WAS so full.
OF FUNNY surprises.
ONE DAY he had a tube.
OF RADIUM and he told.
THE STUDENTS all about it.
AND FINALLY, by mistake

INSTEAD OF the tube,
HE PULLED out one.
OF HIS cigarettes.
AND ASKED the class.
"WHAT IS the one thing
WHICH DISTINGUISHES.
THIS MARVELOUS substance.
FROM ALL others on earth?"
AND THE class roared.
"THEY SATISFY."



WHAT is it you've always wanted a cigarette to do? You know the answer. Chesterfields do it—they not only please your taste, they *satisfy!* It's all in the blend—a secret blend of fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. It puts Chesterfields where none can touch them for quality and value.

20 for 20 cents
in packages of 20 protected by
special air-tight wrapper. Also in
round tins of 50, vacuum-sealed.

They Satisfy

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES