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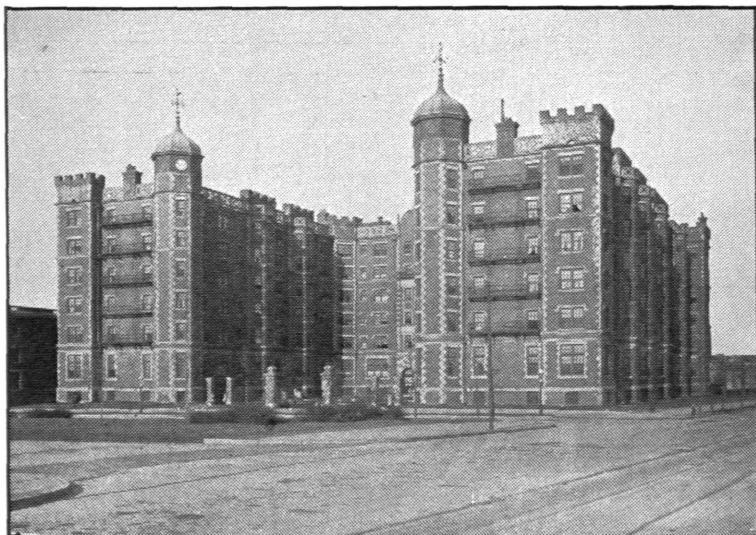


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—Punch Bowl

First Owl:—"Hoot, brother, if 2 and 1 be shoe polish, and 3 in 1 be oil, what be 4 and 1?"

Second Owl:—"Though I be wise, brother, I don't getcha."

First Owl:—"Four and one be five, ye bonehead."

—Panther

Frosh:—"You surely are a good dancer."

Co-ed:—"Thank you, I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

Frosh:—"You could if you were as big a liar as I am."

—Mugwump

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As Might Be Expected

The Father:—"How is it, sir, that I find you kissing
my daughter? How is it, sir?"

The Suitor:—"Great! Great!"

—Burr

First:—"Say, will you give me a dollar?"

Second:—"But I've got only ninety cents."

First:—"Oh, give me that and you can owe me a
dime."

—Drexlerd

Cleo:—"When Bill danced with me last night he
kept letting his hand slip down my back."

Patricia:—"I hope you rebuked him."

Cleo:—"I did; I told him to keep it up."

—Cow

Irate Parent:—"Didn't I see that young man steal
a kiss from you?"

Demure Daughter:—"Yes, mother, it certainly was
one on me."

—Widow

"Did you kiss the bride?"

"Not since she announced her engagement."

—Lemon Punch



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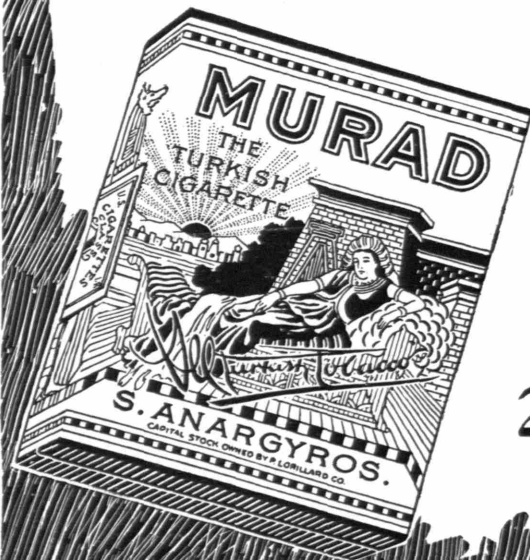
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Jake:—"Yes."

Jack:—"Well, don't breathe it."

—Dirge

He:—"They have a trained nurse."

She:—"Don't they like wild ones?"

—Drexerd

In the Mist

Prof. (concluding a difficult explanation):—"Is that someone smoking back there?"

Stude:—"Not at all, sir, only the fog I'm in."

—Lord Jeff

Chauncy Hall School

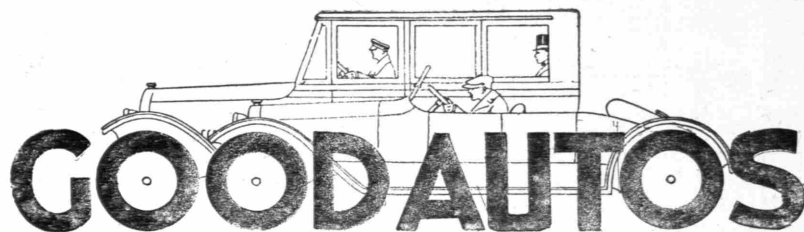
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And they asked us how we did it,
And we gave 'em the Scripture text,
"You keep your light so shining
A little in front o' the next!"
They copied all they could follow,
But they couldn't copy our mind,
And we left 'em sweating and stealing,
A year and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

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Chocolates

*The Chocolates
that are Different*



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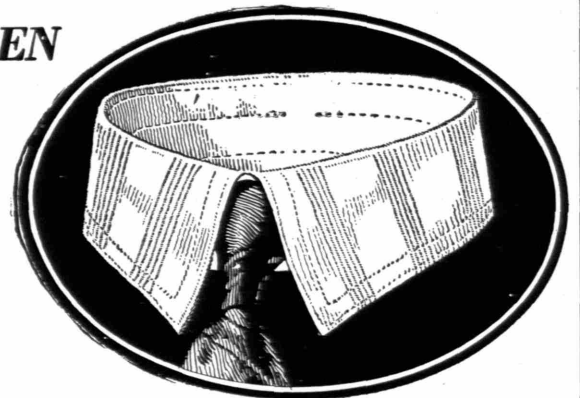
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If Wordsworth Had Written "Lucy" for the Blue Book
New York, N. Y., to Dove Junction.

- 0.0 Columbus Circle, north on Broadway to Yonkers.
 - 14.2 Yonkers, bear left on untrodden ways to Dove Springs.
 - 17.8 Straight thru to Dove Junction, jog left.
 - 18.1 Dove Junction Cemetery, grave of Lucy Gray on right.
- Tea and Souvenir Postcards at the Lucy Gray Tea House.

—F. P. A., in *New York Tribune*

"Jones committed suicide this morning."
"What in Hell?"
"Very probably."

—Tiger

Alice De Vere Virginia Fay,
Go get your hat and draw your pay.
To play Godiva you were hired;
You've bobbed your hair, so now you're fired.

—Jack-o-Lantern

Hostess:—"It looks like a storm, I think you had better stay for dinner."

Jackson:—"Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that."

—Virginia Reel

Sweet Young Thing:—"But I've never been kissed before."

Unbelieving Young Man:—"What?"

Sweet Young Thing:—"Before breakfast."

—Banter

Voodoo

Post-Quiz Pantoum

"That quiz was entirely too long!"
"How much didja get for the first?"
"I put in my decimal point wrong."
"The second and third were the worst."

"How much didja get for the first?"
"He shouldn't take off much for that."
"The second and third were the worst."
"I couldn't see yours where I sat."

"He shouldn't take off much for that."
"I wonder which answer is right?"
"I couldn't see yours where I sat."
"I guess I was wrong on that height."

"I wonder which answer is right?"
"That's only a slip-stick mistake."
"I guess I was wrong on that height."
"I'd 'a passed if I'd just kept awake."

"That's only a slip-stick mistake."
"I showed him I knew how to start."
"I'd 'a passed if I'd just kept awake."
"He might give me credit for part."

"I showed him I knew how to start."
"You should have divided by four."
"He might give me credit for part."
"That kind of mistake gets me sore."

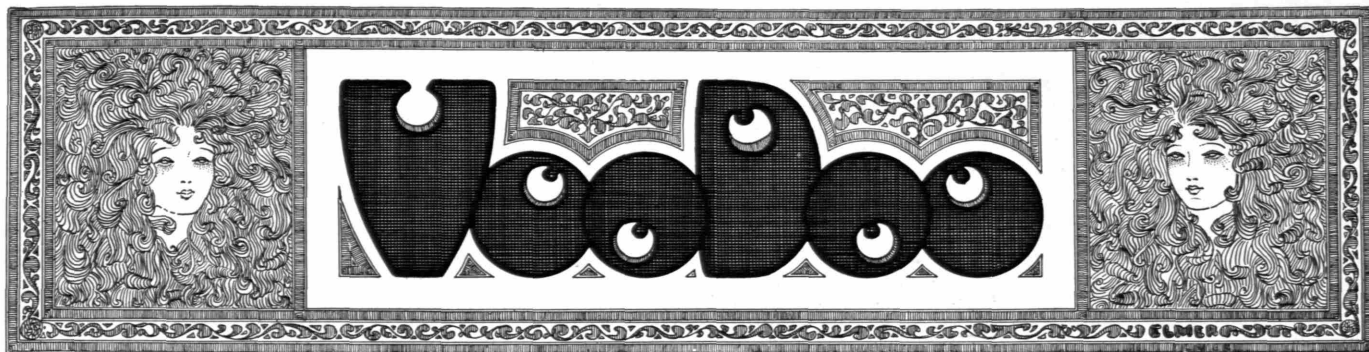
"You should have divided by four."
"I put in my decimal point wrong."
"That kind of mistake gets me sore."
"That quiz was entirely too long!"



TO.....

Lady of the raven hair
Coiffed with loveliest precision,
Pardon should I say "You're there!"
Thou art — so to speak — a
Vision.

Would, ah, would I knew thy name;
Why that impudent elision?
Thou art such a classy dame
Curse thine artist's impro-
Vision !



A Co-ed's Day At Tech

9.07½. Blows in to her first class. (In the eyes of Cleofan it is no less than a crime to enter a class on time). This class is marked by a lack of animation and that look of "the morning after the night before."

9.55 (on tap of bell). Heads for Emma Rogers Room, ostensibly to leave her wraps, but really for that much-needed morning smoke. Kills time until it is a trifle late, for the next hour is a lecture.

10.12. Enters 10-250 (the lateness being to call attention to that new hat, or those silk stockings, and the fact that what fills those last mentioned are undeformed). Sleeps through lecture as do the regular students, but the tendency, in so doing, to lean on the man next her, causes at least one man in the hall to lose sleep.

11 till 1. Attends two classes, in which she asks two kinds of questions; the variety common to a member of the species who is just learning how to talk, and the kind which causes the prof to refer to the insufficient preparation on the part of the class to grapple with such a question. She sits with her legs crossed, as the amount of attention she attracts varies directly as the number of inches of hosiery visible (the knee being the arbitrary zero point).

1.05. Walks through the main hall in Walker with what she would term the air of a queen, but leaves an odor of cigarette smoke and fresh powder (both due to a recent visit to the E. R. room). Enters the grill room, so that the main body of students may not see what bad table manners she possesses. Eats and retires to E. R. room again.

2.30. Goes over to the lab (the crowd doesn't begin to collect until that hour) and gets out her apparatus, then goes to get an instructor to explain something and as she has all the profs, instructors, and assistants in the lab, well trained, ends by having the whole experiment done for her.

4.00. Decides she has done a day's work and (other people's opinions to the contrary notwithstanding) she goes home.

"Why all these toots as you pass that village?" inquired the fireman.

"Toots is my wife's pet name," explained the engineer.

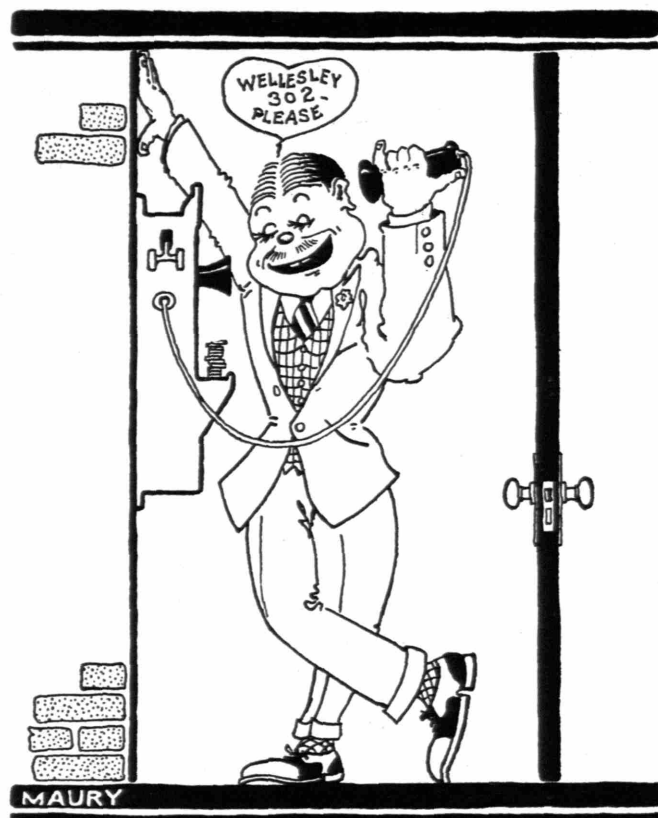
"Say, you," yelled his Satanic Majesty as a newly arrived soul sauntered casually across the red-hot cinders towards him, "what do you mean by acting like that? Do you think you own Hell?"

"I ought to," replied the addressed gentlemen in a grievous voice, "my wife was giving it to me right along."



BUM:—"Yes, mum, I once graduated from Technology."

LADY:—"Ah, and to what do you attribute your rise in life?"



The Spring Number.

In Which We Greet Spring

Spring, in the good old days before the war ! That season of the year when thoughts turned to house cleaning, love, green paint, and bock beer. When the fat white-haired brewer rose from his seat outside the door in the warm sunshine, stretched, yawned and lolled indoors to watch his brew. When hurdy-gurdy men, and balloon dealers trod the streets followed by troops of children. When young men made their annual debut without an overcoat and with a bit of added cash in their pockets. When, after a cold stein, and a free lunch we were wont to amble down Tremont Street, aimlessly, without purpose, languidly drinking in the beauty passing on either side.

When the national game awakened from its long hibernation of the winter past, and "batter up!" made glad the heart of the fan, who, on occasion, earned a few honest kopecks by chance.

All this and more.

* * * *

After the war !

Prohibition . . . the White Sox scandal . . .
Mrs. Stillman . . . The League of Nations . . .
Ireland

Gee, ain't there no right?

AN APPEAL

From A Cigarette Fiend

Take, if you must, my wine and rickey,
Seize, if you will, my Creme Yvette,
Capture my five star, if you will,
But let me keep my cigarette.

Little and frail, it still produces
Fragrance as fresh as the new-born rose,
Which, in its subtle way, induces
Joy when I blow it through my nose.

No, I'll complain not, though you trim me
Down to the barest joys there be,
Vote that I may not jazz nor shimmy,
Volstead my coffee and my tea.

Bind, if you must, my erring neck fast
Under your grim reforming yoke,
Bind me with shame, but — before breakfast
Leave me alone with my morning smoke.

Beat me about with your club and your truncheon,
Send a policeman to search my things,
But for a little while before luncheon,
Leave me in quiet to blow my rings.

Call me an unrepentant sinner,
Call me a wretch without regret,
Only (especially after dinner)
Leave me alone with my cigarette.

"Mildred, dear, are you ready yet?"

"Yes, George, in a minute, when I wave my hair,
powder my nose, pencil my eyebrows, redden my lips,
blue my eyes, black my hair, pearl my teeth and
retroussé my nose !"

Phosphorus's Mother Goose

I

Old King Coke was a merry old soak
And a merry old soak was he.
He called for his stein and he called for his wine,
And he called for his goblets three;
And every goblet held a drink,
A drink big enough for three;
Oh, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,
The drinks went into he.

SCHOPENHAUER JUNIOR ON WOMEN

"As the Vampire said, 'Let us prey,'" gurgled the alumnus, dropping his book and sticking his feet on the new Victrola record, which was having a rest on the table in the "house." "And you can take it from me they're all vamps."

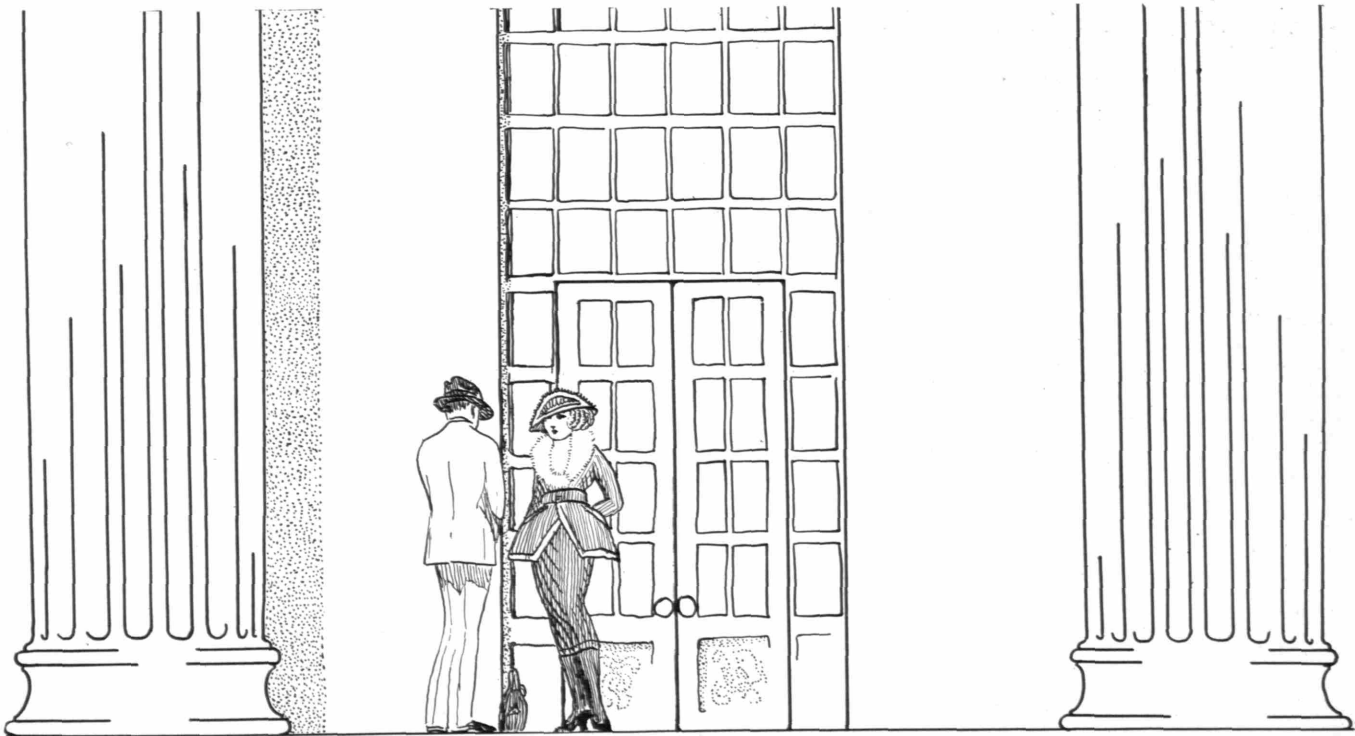
The Sons Of Mary gathered closer to hear what this illustrious brother, with the OT2 on his pipe had to say about the all-important question. "I'm not much of a success, boys, but I've seen a little life, and I know more about women than Hoyle knew about poker. If you take my advice you'll steer clear of them. But, anyhow, be sure that you keep your head when you offer a woman your heart and hand. Let me give you a little advice about which ones to leave alone. First and worst is the Wellesley girl. She thinks your father is a railroad magnate, and uses all his box cars to ship you your money. She leads

you into dark places, but employs her time counting the stars when you are doing the Don Juan act."

"Next comes the Sargent girl. You have to be a member of the wrestling team or of the scrub eleven to love her. If you are out of training you won't be able to attend classes for a week."

"Then comes the Smith girl. They must all take medicine up there for they know the statistics on diseases transmitted by kissing by heart. I knew one once who invited me to an evening with the ivories. When I got there, I found it was a piano recital."

"So once more I tell you — leave 'em alone! It's as sure death as singing 'The Wearing of The Green' in London. And the worldly brother returned to his book, exposing to his admiring auditors a cover labelled, 'Three Weeks — Elinor Glyn.' "



THE CO-ED (to the Polycron Prof.):—"Why do they call it "watered stock?"
THE PROF:—"Because there's so much due on it, I suppose."

HERMIONE TAKES UP TECHNOLOGY

(Salaams are made to Mr. Don Marquis.)

We've been taking up Science and Technology, lately — our Little Group of Advanced Thinkers, you know — and they're wonderful, just simply *wonderful*.

You've no idea the number of things they can do until you've studied them, really studied them. None of our Little Group had any idea, until last week.

Last week I met the *loveliest* man. He's from Technology, you know, and I invited him to meet Our Little Group. I thought he'd fit in so, well, so *happily* there. He has such a serious Cast of Mind. He told us the most wonderful things about his work — all about Entropy, and Relativity, and Adiabatic Expansion, and all the most *Advanced* things.

I asked Fothergil Finch afterwards — you know Fothy Finch, the Poet of Virility, don't you? — I asked Fothy afterwards what Adiabatic Expansion was, in the Higher Sense, and Fothy said there was an awfully Advanced Cult at Technology that called themselves Adiabatic Expansionists, and went around dressed in long gowns, and carrying Wands, and Brown Bags, as Symbols.

Isn't that the most romantic thing you ever *heard*?

But then Symbolism is always romantic, don't you think? Or haven't you taken up Symbolism seriously? It's one of the latest things.

I was discussing it with Fothy Finch just the other night, and I said I thought Symbolism was one of the most *Essentially* Romantic things our Little Group had dealt with, and Papa had been listening, and he said he didn't know about *that*, but it was certainly apt to be noisy. He meant cymbalism, you know.

Don't you just utterly *loathe* frivolity?

How anyone could be frivolous about as, well, as *sacred* a subject as that, is more than *I* can understand.

Although *that* is the kind of persecution I have to endure at home all the time, even with my Science. Mamma just fails utterly to understand any of the Cosmic Impulses.

Just after Berquist had left — Berquist is the Tech Man, you know — just after Berquist had left the other night, Mamma said to me, "Hermione, what *did* that young man talk to you about, this time?"

"We discussed Vector Analysis," I said.

She got really angry. "Hermione," she said, "I positively will *not* have such things discussed in my house. In my day, Vector Analysis was considered a dangerous thing for any young girl to know about. If any more Adiabatic Expansionists cross this thresh-

hold, to talk about that or any other of those horrid things about Sex, it will be over my dead body!"

She'd got it mixed up with Psychoanalysis, you know. Wasn't that just too utterly absurd?

"Mamma," I said, "I must Live my Own Life. We not only talked about Vector Analysis — we talked about Gas Analysis, too. I have a Right to know about those Things."

And then she began to cry. I simply couldn't say any more. I just walked right out of the room. I was sorry to make her cry, but I think it's kinder in the end to exercise firmness, don't you?

Besides, these things are being taken up by the very Best People. And Science is such a fascinating subject, just *fascinating*!

If it hadn't been for Science, the World couldn't have evolved at all, Berquist says.

That's a thought to give one pause, isn't it?

I asked Berquist about the Wands the Adiabatic Expansionists carried, too, and he said they always carried them in brown cases; Brown is their Symbolic Color, you know — they wear their Brown Lab Coats wherever they go — and even took them to bed with them.

Isn't that perfectly *thrilling*?

Just think of having a Symbolic Color . . . I wonder if Brown would be becoming to me?

Berquist said there was a move on foot to have the Expansionists wear Brown Derbies, too, so that they would be in Harmony completely, but he said he was afraid that suggestion wasn't wholly in good part.

Oh, persecution, persecution! Will the Advanced Thinkers *never* be free from persecution?

You have no idea what I endure at home. I'm getting to have the most . . . the most, well, the most *Subliminal* Expression.

I studied it in the mirror for an hour last night, and I *know* it was Subliminal.

That's what the study of Science has done for me.

Science wouldn't do that, unless one had really given one's Self to it, as I have.

One simply *cannot* master Science if one is the slightest *bit* superficial.

That's why I want Our Little Group of Serious Thinkers to take up Science thoroughly, really *thoroughly*.

We've decided to go into it really deeply, as soon as we finish the Elevation of the Drama, and spend as much as a week on it.



"Ah, there, little piano!"
 "And why?"
 "You wouldn't be so grand if you were perfectly up-right."

MURDER

There's a woman in Oskaloosa,
 Who mourns for her only son,
 There's a grave in the city of Cambridge,
 A grave that the students shun,
 And there's a nameless Professor
 Who tells why the deed was done.

A student came to the Institute,
 And it wasn't so long ago,
 He was just primed with ambition
 And then he met Beaker Joe.
 (This is morbid enough for the number
 Dedicated to Mr. Poe.)

He thought his talk of ambition
 Was merely a line of bull,
 And no matter how hard he studied
 The marks that he got were null.
 And so after vain attempts to pass
 He decided to go get full.

Now comes the sad part of my story;
 I know you will shed a tear
 For it wasn't $C_2H_5(OH)$
 That the barkeep put in his beer,
 But the other kind (called METHYL),
 $CH_3(OH)$, I fear.

There's a woman in Oskaloosa,
 Who mourns for her only son,
 There's a grave in the city of Cambridge,
 A grave that the students shun,
 And there's a nameless Professor
 Who tells why the deed was done.

GENTLEMAN (at the door):—"Is May in?"
 MAID (haughtily):—"May who?"
 GENTLEMAN (peevish):—"Mayonnaise!"
 MAID (shutting the door):—"Mayonnaise is dressing!"
 (Business of falling down steps.)

Our idea of a nonentity, a fourth differential of zero, is the man who, at a congenial ghost story-telling party, lights a cigarette without warning.



Private Smith, is NOT, as the above would seem to indicate, still standing in this homely little setting but is now among scattered reams of be-integrated paper, pondering over the remark of some sap who said, "War is Hell."

Woolf

Vol. 3

MAY, 1921

No. 7

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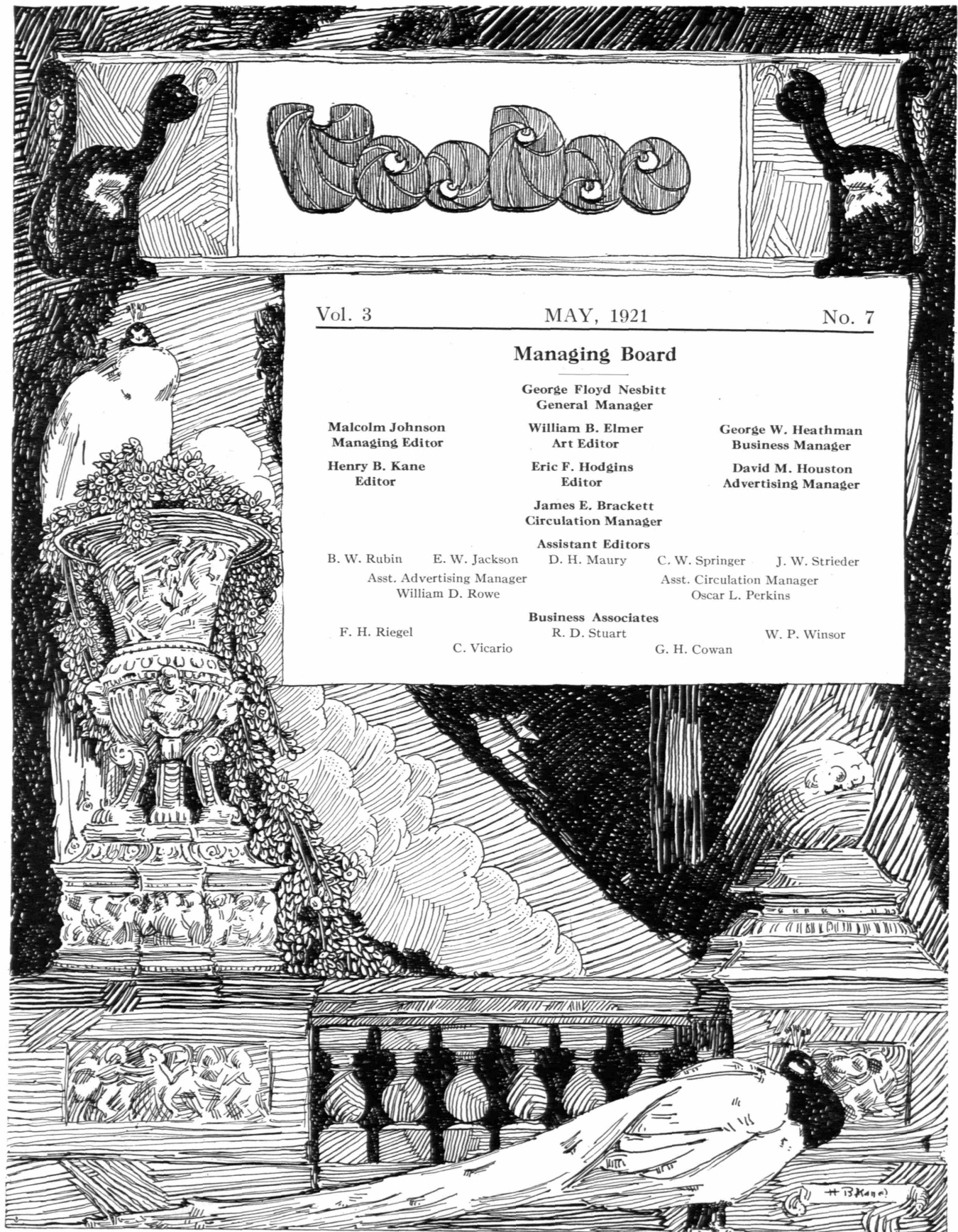
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ALL Technology may now congratulate itself that there has been found a man worthy of the mantle which fell from the shoulders of its beloved leader over a year ago. Ernest Fox Nichols, scientist, educator, humanitarian—a warm personal friend of Dr. Maclaurin—steps to the place that death made vacant. With all our hearts we welcome Dr. Nichols to Technology, hoping that he may find here a task ever congenial to him, and hoping also that in the high endeavor to which he has pledged himself, there will be naught to mar his progress, and none to bar his way.



THE little band of intrepid warriors which fights for Ireland's freedom from the vantage point of plush-covered, second balcony chairs, deserves, it seems to Phosphorus, a group citation. The recent lecture tour of Sir Philip Gibbs in this country gave them a splendid opportunity for the display of their valor, and display it they did. The fighting was hottest in New York, by all accounts, but in Chicago, and here in Boston, the campaign has been waged with some of the same fire. It must have taken a conspicuous courage to mount those lofty heights, and from them, unprotected and alone — save for the moral support lent by a detachment or so of New York's Police Force — to hurl down upon the ranks of England's cutthroat hirelings (Sir Philip conveniently acted as proxy for these absent gentlemen) such deadly verbal missiles, as only the Irish mind, aroused, can conceive. With such evidence of the profound, not to say abysmal, devotion of Ireland's patriots to her Cause, how long, we may ask, before she rises up in her might and casts off her shackles — or at least begins to buy seats in the orchestra? Noisy, did you say? Ill-mannered, illogical, intolerant, ignorant, lead by malicious propaganda? Go to! you are one of the legion that has been Bought By British Gold! Keep on, thou noble little band! Fight the good fight from thy second balcony chairs, and we'll see if we can't start a fund to buy some whistles, and torpedoes, and maybe a rattle or two . . . Meantime, let that medal be struck, and let there be inscribed upon it, fittingly, appropriately, "For conspicuous gallery in action."



THE old boarder changeth, yielding place to new, and in deference to this universal law, the Old Board bows, yielding up the sceptre it has wielded this past twelve-month. The new Board receives humbly its charge, and makes the vow that it will ever be mindful of the responsibility given it. It will strive to live up to its goodly heritage, and produce a magazine that will honor Technology, and perhaps occasionally, make it laugh. This New Board has a fairly definite idea of the place of a College Comic in the world, and it hopes to tell you more of this later. To the achievement of its high purpose, the New Board dedicates that portion of its lives, its fortunes, and its sacred honor, not already occupied on the Schedule Card . . . The seating list of these ardent gentlemen will be found at the top of the previous page.



SHE:—"Did you ever go to Hunter College?"
He:—"No, Father sent me to Tech."



Mil. Sci. 33 Lecture

(Temperature 117° in the Shade)

Snores, grunts, moans, yawns, . . .
Phantasmagoric visions flitting wild.
The price of Gasoline dimly hovering high.
Myriad telephone numbers vibrate harmoniously in
the surcharged atmosphere: . . .
Wellesley 1234, Brookline 54697, Somerville 000,
Revere 606
More Snores and Reminiscences
Symphonic imaginary Ballet to the Springful tune of
"GIRLS, Girls, girls,"
More snores.
Black masses of oblivion drift slowly in, obscuring
everything but the drone of the lecturer.
A fly buzzes on the window-pane.
Time passes.
The bell rings!
. . . Next Class.

THAT DARK BROWN TASTE

Dramatis Personae

Maudrey Hunson A Social Butterfly
Count de Change The villain
Gertie Cheque A coat-girl
Ima Prude A Brown blue-lawer
Harold St. Vitus The hero

ACT I

(The setting is the dimly lighted reception hall of the Jackstone Hotel, Providence. The walls are tastefully trimmed with salmon.)

Maudrey (*enters in a fury*). They are gone! They are gone! And you know not where to find them?
Gertie (*follows, wringing her hands*). They are in the topcoat, miss. I saw him put them there. He often does it.

Maudrey (*sinking into a chair*). How bright the lights are! Gee, I'm thirsty. (*Gertie brings her a glass of water*). I said thirsty, child, not dirty. (*Enter Ima Prude*).

Ima (*passionately*). The bloom is off the peach! The bloom is off th-e peach! (*Enter our hero*).

Harold. What makes the room so noisy?

Gertie. The walls are peeling, kind sir.

Harold. Somehow conventions disgust me. (*Sees Maudrey in a faint*). Don't cry little girl, I'll pick up your fallen violettes.

Chorus (*trippingly*). O Where, O Where, has my little dog gone?

Curtain.

ACT II

(Setting the same. The Count discovered muffled in a topcoat.)

The Count. The train leaves at twelve o'clock. I'll be there, and if there's any dirty work to be done, I'm the boy to do it. Eh, boys?

(*Chorus enters*). You bet! (*Chorus exits*).

What ho, the guards! (*enter Harold*).

Harold. There are foul deeds afoot tonight! (*enter Ima*).

Ima. The bloom is off the peach! The bloom is off the peach!

The Count. You chase me, I'll run slow. (*Attempts to leave and is frustrated by Harold. Maudrey and Gertie enter*).

Gertie. Behold the man! (*points at the Count*).

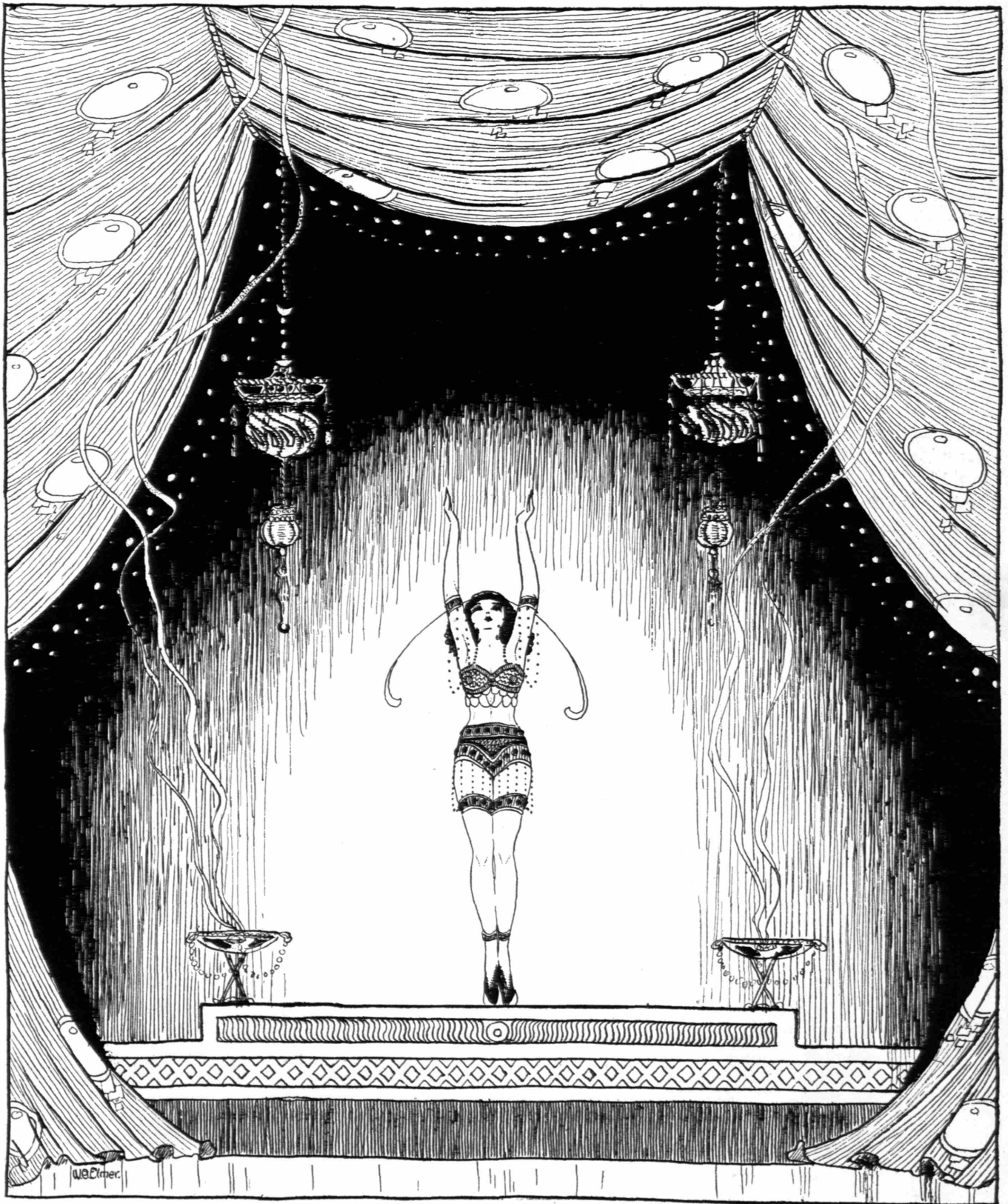
Maudrey. Can those be true? He has the evidence.

Harold. Does it or does it not?

The Count. (*disclosing the evidence*). Corset does.

Chorus. Hit the line for Har-r-va-a-ard!

Curtain.



A MOTION BEFORE THE HOUSE

IL GRINDEROSO

(Apologies to John Milton)

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Ignorance and an empty head.
Knowest not that I am bred
A son of Science, and spurn thy silly toys?
Dwell in some idle brain
Wherein thy simple follies do bear fruit;
But leave me to myself:
I seek the teachings of the Institute.
Go where thou a mission hast.
And goad the sycophants of Bacchus' train.

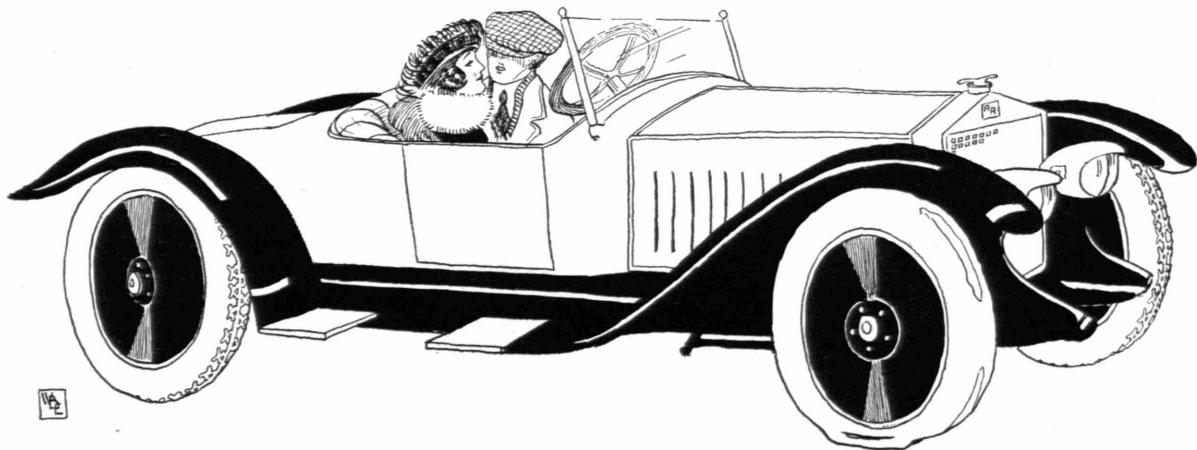
But hail, thou saint above apology.
Hail thee, my own Technology.
Thou symbol of a knowledge dearly bought,
Thou grand, delighting, luring Juggernaut,
Stern-visaged to the motley fickle throng
That blur their lives with women, wine, and song.
Thy homely, sombre, Hampshire-granite walls,
Thy tortuous, winding, never-ending halls
Are like the ways of Heaven paved with gold
For such as I, who thy delights behold.
And worship in reverence at thy gracious feet.
Thou art the teacher in the things most sweet
That lead the way to life of circumstance
And wonders of the ancient world enhance.
Art moved alone by motives of vast knowledge,
And God forbend that any call thee "College."

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till dismal, foggy, Boston morn appear,
An eager student of the astral sphere,
With several problems done for yester-year.

Delights there are at such a time as this
That shadow every other earthly bliss.
My ardent mind with vivid pictures teems
Of Pol. Econ., and cantilever beams.
What mean the beauties of the gentle sex
When I am steeped in mystic y-dx?
Away, thou gaudy Brunswick dancing fairy,
Have I not solved the graceful Catenary?
Philomel, wilt cease thy endless prattle,
Whilst I with Triple E take up the battle?
I scarce control the glad ecstatic hope
Of piecing mists about the Gyroscope.
And while I thus these stately consorts keep,
I welcome at last the dewy-feathered sleep.
Lulled by the song of rotatory wheels
Of milkmen bringing in the morning meals.

Thus let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowed dome,
Grander than Caesar's mighty Rome.
O Factory Windows, richly dight,
Casting lugubrious study light,
Let me not fritter with flask and bottle,
But follow the steps of Aristotle;
And with old Darwin, history trace
Of Anthropoidus' human race.
And give my soul to that great trio,
Spofford, Watt, and Galileo.

Technology, these pleasures give,
And I with thee will choose to live.



Educational Pictures for Freshmen No. 674329.

Before taking your woman to ride, be sure to forget your spares and loosen the valve in the front tire.

Fire When Ready

They tell me that
Old Solomon had
A million wives or so,
If that is true
There's just one thing
That I would like to know.

As Solomon kept
His wives locked up
As any man ought to do,
What did the theaters
Do for girls
To shake a wicked shoe?

And who did the stags
Have round the place
To keep them feeling gay? . . .
For you've got to have girls
To keep the men
From passing clear away.

The Boarding House Blues

I spend my time in a boarding house,
Out near Harvard Square,
And it isn't only my time I've spent
Since I've been rooming there.

I've lost a lot of my patience
In looking at those old maids,
Who love to tell you their troubles
As the evening twilight fades.

"Now Miss O'Teale, you know her well,
I hear she's got a man.
The last one she had was sixty;
I told you, he gave her the can."

This is the type of stuff you hear
When your day's work is done,
When you come home with a headache
To listen to the fun.

Steve Leacock's tales of Montreal
His "Boarding House Blues" I can share,
But all I can say is, he's lucky
In not rooming near Harvard Square.

Novel Joke

He:—"Have you Scott's Emulsion?"

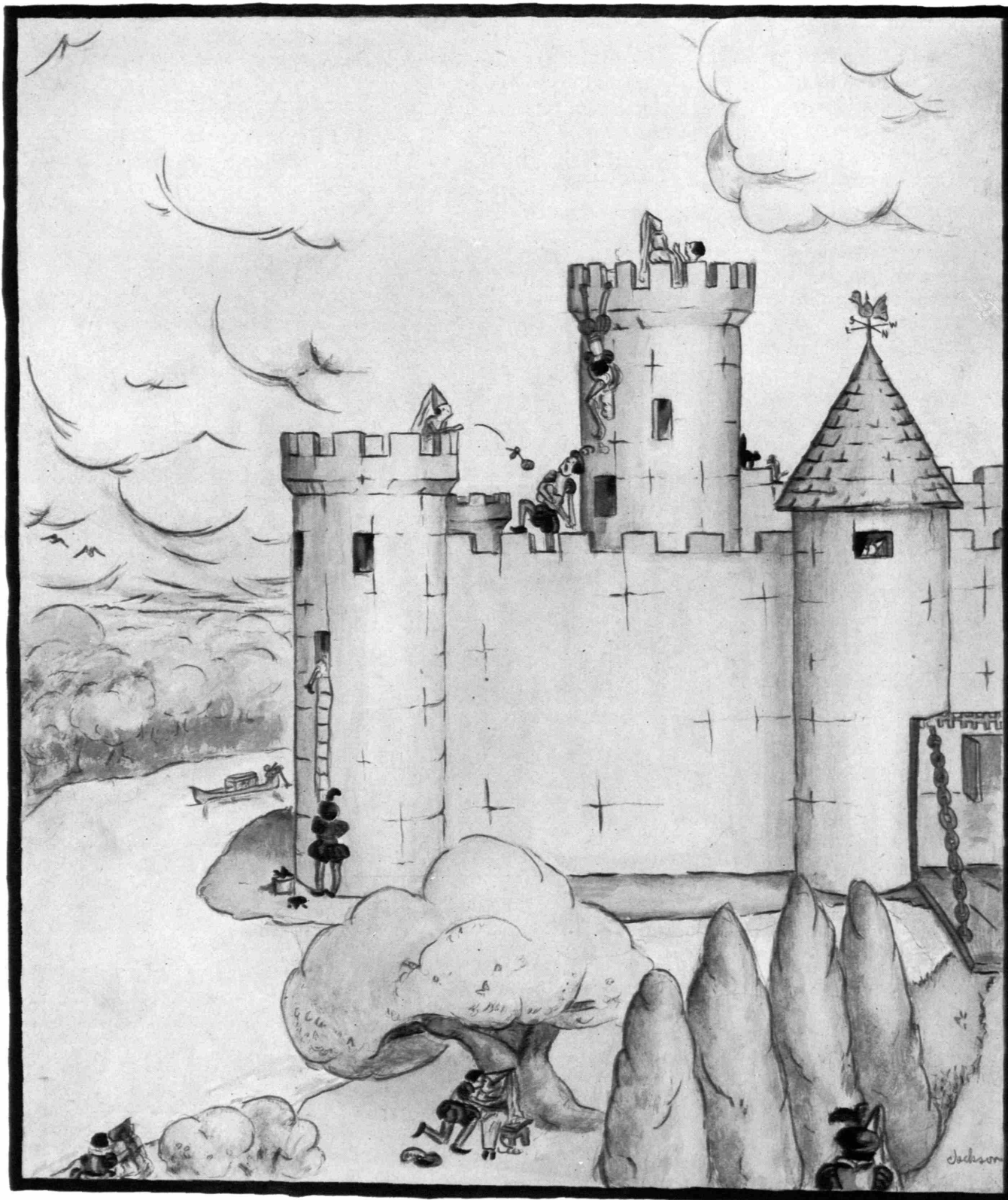
She:—"Book counter three aisles to the right."

Wife (at dinner):—"You don't seem to like rice."

Husband:—"No, it's associated with one of the
greatest mistakes of my life."



CHECKMATE



SPRINGE IS HERE

VOTES FACULTI, VOTES DEI
The Poet Loquitur

I

He, smiling, asked me a method by which gold from ore was got;
But I was planning a Villanelle, so I smiled and I answered not.

II

He gravely asked me the difference between a lag and a lead;
But I was writing a Rondeau then, so I smiled and I gave no heed.

III

He asked that I explain to him the use of a funded debt;
I told him politely I didn't know — I was writing a Triolet.

IV

He questioned me to ascertain if I knew what the phase rule was;
I said that I neither knew nor cared — I was studying Sestinas

V

He laid this query down, — "Pray what is an obturator pad?"
"Go to !" said I. "Don't interrupt. I'm writing a Ballade."

VI

In slightly acid tone he said, "Define for me a gel."
"I would," said I, "but I'm striving hard to fashion a light Rondel."

VII

He said, "You are the laziest of all the studes I've met !"
"For heaven's sake, shut up !" said I. "I'm writing a Sonnet."

VIII

He shrieked and said, "Good sir, you are a worthless, lazy, bum !"
I had no time to answer back. I was writing a Pantoum.

IX

He gurgled as he said, "You are the worstest guy I've knowed !"
I might have listened had I not been busy on an Ode.

X

Vote ten ! So was I fired with zeal. An end to balladry.
Fixed forms are mine no longer now. At last my verse is free !"

Try This On Your Xylophone

You wake up in the morning,
And you're feeling mighty blue.
You go to find a nice kind Prof
To sympathize with you,
But all he does is ball you out
For all the class to see,
Which helps your engineering
In the dear old M. I. T.

The thirty-second assistant Prof
He is the worst of all.
He makes you drop your cigarette
When smoking in the hall.
He helps the Bursar's office
To take away your kale.
He only thinks of condition exams
When crediting you with "fail."



FIRST MAN:—"Why does a chicken cross the road?"

SECOND MAN:—"Because she wants to get on the other side!"

BOTH:—"Ha-ha-haw-haw-haw!"



A Chocolate Shake.

FIRST STUDENT:—"Howja come out in that Heat exam today?"

SECOND DITTO:—"Oh, I got that stuff down cold!"

If Omar Had Gone To Tech

Oh ! threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise !
One thing at least is certain — This life flies.
One thing is certain and the rest is lies;
Your chance to pass will come when the Professor dies.

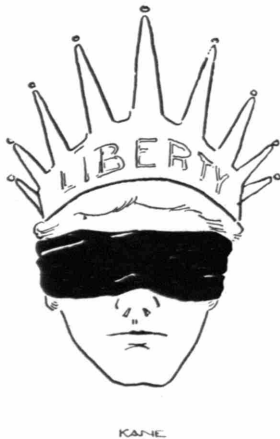
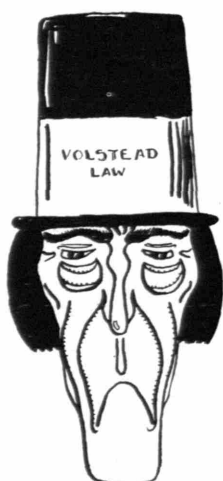
Yesterday this day's lesson did prepare;
Tomorrow — Silence, Triumph, or Despair.
Work, for you know not what will come nor why,
Work, for you know not when you go nor where.

There was a door to which I found no Key,
There was a Secret which was not meant for me,
And the only explanation that I got, was
From a Prof who said, "Do you not see?"

Up from Earth's Centre, through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a knot unravelled by the Road,
But when I got to Tech I got *the* Gate.

For "Is" and "Is not" though with rule and line,
And "Up and Down" by slip-stick I define;
For all that I may try to pass it seems
That I was never meant to shine.

I sent my soul throughout the Institute
To see if it my future marks could tell,
And by and by my soul returned to me
And answered, "You'd better quit — You'll flunk
practically without question.



KANE

DIRECTIONS FOR REMOVING BELOW COUPON

Place the thumb and forefinger of the left hand lightly against the cusp of the perihelion, and with the right hand seize the coupon firmly at a distance of three glaubs from the median line. Now, with the free hand, insert the other end of a soup-spoon into the slot formed by the differential expansion of the two parts, and twist sharply upward. As soon as the coupon has cooled sufficiently, repeat the operation, taking care to see that the commutator does not spark excessively. Run a can-opener lightly over the perforations, and scrape off any adhering crust. Set the coupon aside for an hour. At the end of this time, if all steps have been carried out carefully, in accordance with these directions, the coupon will be free of insoluble silicates, and the fibre stress along the neutral axis will have increased to approximately 30,000 louie-derrs. Test several portions of the coupon with a stethoscope to make sure of this. As soon as the results check to half a per cent, clamp the coupon down at all four corners, and make it as comfortable as possible. When it becomes quiet, watch your opportunity, and wallop its centroid, gently yet persuasively, with a bung-starter. This will free the coupon from the rest of the page.

It may now be filled out and mailed in the usual way.

P. S. We've told you how you should do it, now, but we haven't told you why you should. But you must know, by the time you've reached this page. Very well then, start now.

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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Fond Father:—"My boy, what do you expect to be when you get out of college?"

Devoted Son:—"An old man, Father."

—*Banter*

He:—"You'll meet some awfully nice people when you come to my old town."

She:—"Oh, I'd rather be with you."

—*Iowa Frivol*

Harold:—"That soprano had a very large repertoire."

Maggie:—"Ain't it the truth now! And since you mention it I think her dress only made it look worse."

—*Purple Cow*

"I hear you had a pretty successful banquet at your house last night?"

"Yeah, a couple of our alumni are revenue officers."

—*Froth*

There was a young prof from St. John,
Who declared, "My suspender St. Ohn;
He started to blush
And a dame had to gush,
"Don't worry, your trouser St. Gohn."

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*

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"If big feet, knock-knees and bow legs won't make a girl wear long dresses, what chance has modesty?"

—Burr

Antony:—"My Lord Chamberlain, and where is Cleopatra?"

Pteleleota:—"I'm sorry. Your Majesty, but she is at Thebes with appendicitis."

Antony:—"Damn those Greeks."

—Froth

Claude:—"Where do the lady bugs go?"

Maude:—"In the winter, you mean?"

Claude:—"No, any time."

Maude:—"I don't know, where do they go?"

Claude:—"To the asylum." —*The Brown Jug*

Olive:—"What's an optimist?"

Eleanor:—"A guy who cuts a dance with a Prof's daughter and then expects to pass the course."

—*The Brown Jug*

It happened during the evening, the third one he had spent with her since taking her out to an entertainment or a dance.

She:—"Do you believe in free love?"

He:—"Why — er — yes."

She:—"I thought so — !" —*The Brown Jug*

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and Golf Suits

Collins & Fairbanks Co.
383 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON

Liquid Truths

I.

When a drinking man has a thirst,
His lot is close to the wrst.
There's no Rock and Rye
For the damn country's dry
And all the bottles are brst.

II.

Our prescription calls for an oz.
When used to buy large amoz.
I'm getting quite thin
On 2% gin,
Its Haig and Haig only that coz.

—Octopus

We stood in the hall at midnight,
Her lips to mine I pressed.
Her father came upon the scene —
Fast sped the parting guest !

—Widow

Why do you object to being engaged to Eddie?"
"I don't object to being engaged to him. But the poor nut
wants me to marry him."

—Judge

"Did you hear of the fright I had at the restaurant yesterday?"

"No, but I saw her."

—Cracker

Four-In-One

Agent:—"I'd like to sell you a combination carpet sweeper, letter opener, cash receiver and talking machine."

Prospect:—"Not a chance in the world. I'm married already."

—Orange Peel

Fact

"Following the line of least resistance is what makes rivers and men crooked."

—Jester

Great American Pastime

"Mother, may I go out tonight?"

"No, my darling Jill;

Father and I go out tonight,

You'll have to tend the still."

—Chaparral

It Was Apparent

A chorus girl, wearing very little — aye, very little — was standing in the wing at a Broadway theater the other night, ready to go on when Ivan Bankoff came along.

"Do you girls get much money in this show?" he asked.

"Huh !" replied the girl, "the salaries paid us don't keep us in clothes."

"So I've noticed," said Mr. Bankoff, discreetly moving away."

—New York World

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The Same Old Line

A little spider,
A little girl,
A little squeal,
A little whirl.

He's not the first
Bug to get hurt
Spinning a line
To catch a skirt !

—Burr

So close, so close the faces drew
The lips had touched before they knew,
And 'ere they parted in disgrace,
She left a stain on the mirror's face.

—Lemon Punch

They sat beneath the apple blossoms. The moon shone softly. Suddenly he broke the silence with: "What's to prevent my kissing you?"

"Why, my goodness!" she exclaimed.
But it didn't.

—Tiger

"And then he kissed her on the cheek."
"How aimless!"

—Jack-o'-Lantern

He:—"What would you say if I kissed you?"

She:—"I wouldn't be in a position to speak."

—Banter

"I've never kissed anybody before,"
The sweet co-ed smiled and said.
Said he as he smiled a cynical smile,
"What a lot of books you've read."

—Phoenix

He:—"I give you fair warning I am going to kiss you."

She:—"Sir! Your head must be turned!"

He:—"Never mind, I can turn it."

—Purple Cow

He:—"How would you get down off of an elephant?"

She:—"You win — how?"

He:—"You don't get down off of an elephant, you get it off of a duck."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

Oh, Buoy !

Misteria:—"Oh, don't you think these life-savers are thrilling?"

Dedleigh Nightshade (absently):—"Yes, they often take my breath away."

—Purple Cow

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Examiner:— (questioning applicant for life saving job):—
“What would you do if you saw a woman being washed out
to sea?”

Applicant:—“I’d throw her a cake of soap.”

Examiner:—“Why a cake of soap?”

Applicant:—“To wash her back.”

—*Panther*

OH !

Last Sunday
I took my girl for
A ride
In my new flivver
She said that
She was cold
So . . . we stopped
And . . .
Got a robe from the
Carrier and
I bundled her
All up

.
This Sunday
She
Went riding
With Jack . . . !

—*The Brown Jug*

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GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Makers, BOSTON

Bet It's a Phony One

“Will you be in tonight if I give you a ring?”

“Oh, George! I'd stay in for *any one* with those intentions.”

—*Widow*

Uh Huh !!!

“Mary is a great vegetarian.”

“Yes, even her parlor is a mush-room.”

—*Puppet*

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Gloves, Uniforms,
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Providence

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Cambridge

“Gosh Frosh has admitted that the reason he dropped geology was that when he described the glacial age as cold as hell, the prof gave him zero.”

—*The Scalper*

Postman:—“This letter is too heavy. You'll have to put another stamp on.”

“But — hic — hic — er — wunsat — makit — ic — evvier — still?”

—*Jester*

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Lowest Rates*

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All Other Kinds
of Insurance

ROBT. A. BOIT & CO.
40 Kilby Street, Boston

Give Him Time

The kind old gentleman met his friend, little Willie, one very hot day.

"Hello, Willie!" he exclaimed. "And how is your dear old grandpa standing the heat?"

"Ain't heard yet," said William. "He's only been dead a week."

—Tar Baby

Professor:—"What! Forgotten your pencil again, Jones! What would you think of a soldier without a gun?"

Jones, an ex-service man:—"I'd think he was an officer."

—The Brown Jug

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Special Breakfasts and Suppers*

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1036 Boylston Street

Prof.:—"What is density?"

Student:—"I can't define it, sir, but I can give a good example."

Prof.:—"Your illustration is good; sit down."

The Brown Jug

'S Queer

Sometimes
When I'm all
Alone
Walking for
My health — I
Take delight
In sign
Reading
And every
Time I see
The one
"Shoes shined
Inside"
I wonder how
They
Get
That way . . . !

—The Brown Jug

But Not Malted

"At home we have a cow that shimmies."

"Ah, the original milkshake."

—Widow

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Doctor:—"Did that medicine straighten your husband out all right?"

Wife (joyfully):—"Yes, we buried him yesterday."

—Record

She, Hard-Boiled:—"Gee, but you're a devil!"

He, ditto:—"I must be. Last night my dad gave me hell."

—Drexler

"Won't you take a ride with me?"

"It's too cold."

"I have a stove in the bottom of the car."

"All right, then; I like a little oven."

—Burr

Sophie:—"What do you think of a fellow who makes a girl blush?"

Sophia:—"I think he's a wonder."

—Pitt Panther

She:—"Why do you carry your cane?"

He:—"Because it can't walk."

—Virginia Reel

"I'll never take another drop," said the soused one as he fell off the cliff."

—Virginia Reel

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Strange! Very Strange!

"I don't understand this fraternity at all," said the Frosh.
"They make me bend over and then they take a good crack at me, but I can't see what they're driving at."

—Burr

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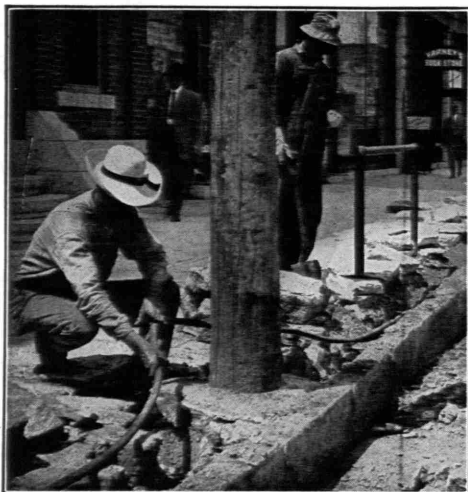
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She:—"Help! Police! Stop him! He tried to flirt with me."

Cop:—"Calm yourself, lady, there's plenty more."

—*Siren*

"With Apologies to," etc.

Parodies of Service,
Parodies of Poe;
Parodies of everything
That we chance to know.
Parodies of Longfellow,
Cohen on the 'phone —
Why in Hades don't we write
Something of our own?

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*

First Prof.:—"Well, how were your examinations?"

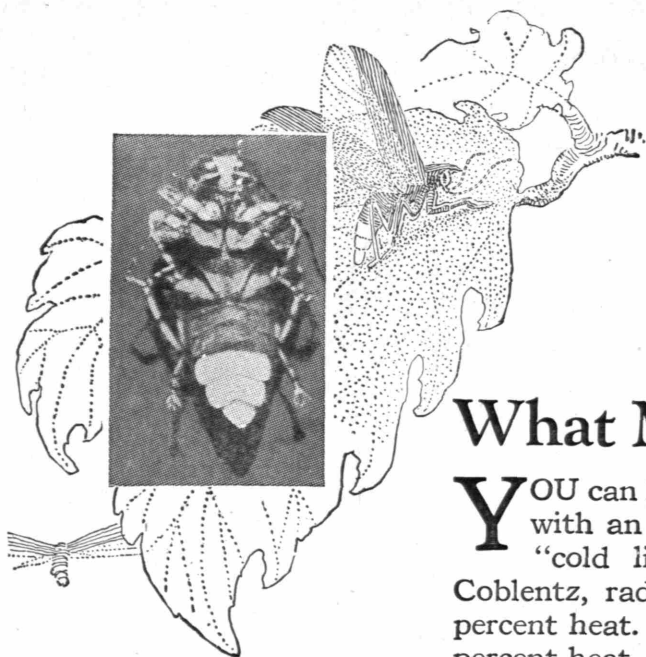
Second Prof.:—"A complete success. Everybody flunked."

—*Dirge*

Just Above Trenton

He stood on the banks of the leaping brook,
His senses nearly reeling;
And now and then he would venture a look —
The village belles were peeling!

—*Punch Bowl*



What Makes the Firefly Glow?

YOU can hold a firefly in your hand; you can boil water with an electric lamp. Nature long ago evolved the "cold light." The firefly, according to Ives and Coblentz, radiates ninety-six percent light and only four percent heat. Man's best lamp radiates more than ninety percent heat.

An English physicist once said that if we knew the firefly's secret, a boy turning a crank could light up a whole street. Great as is the advance in lighting that has been made through research within the last twenty years, man wastes far too much energy in obtaining light.

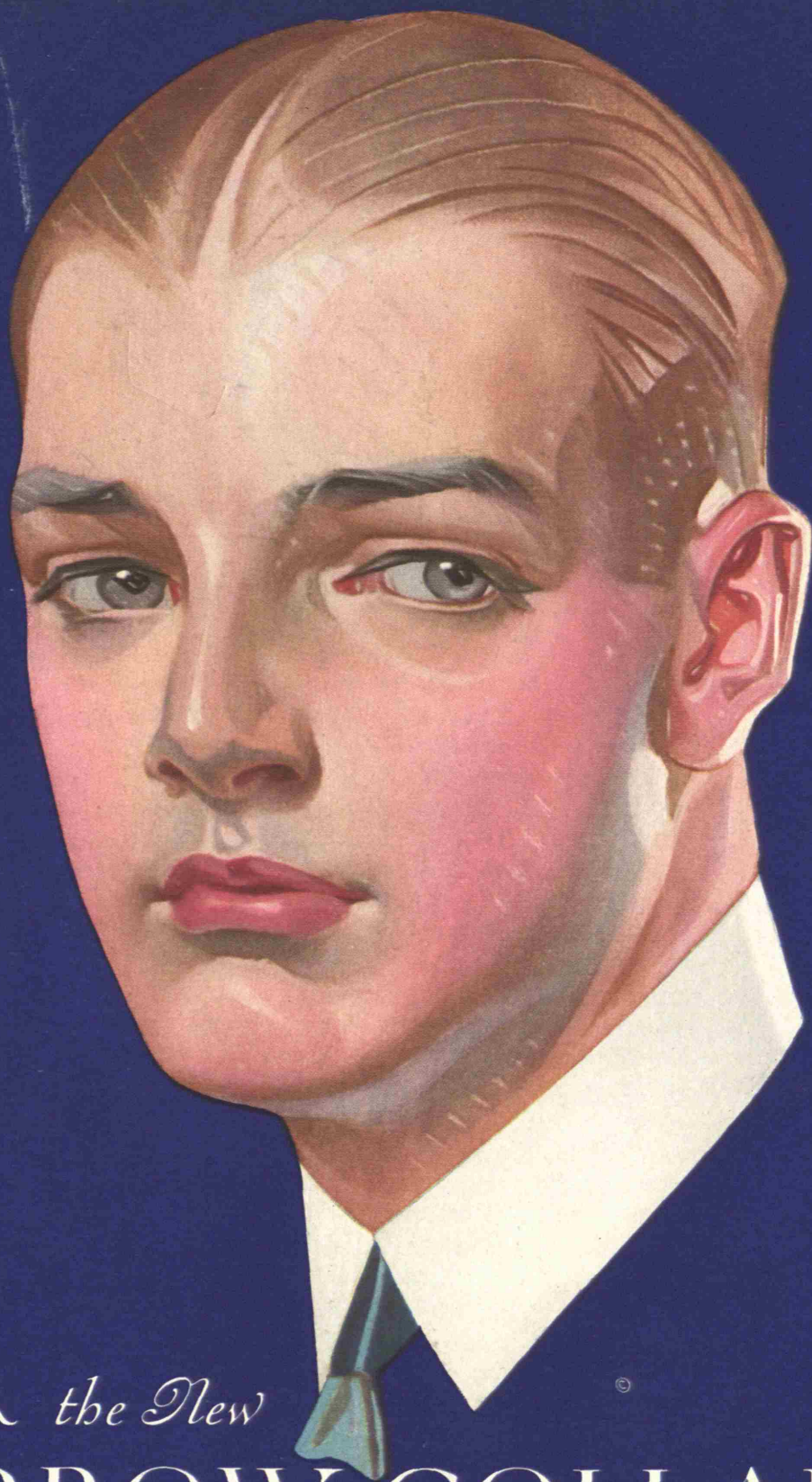
This problem of the "cold light" cannot be solved merely by trying to improve existing power-generating machinery and existing lamps. We should still be burning candles if chemists and physicists had confined their researches to the improvement of materials and methods for making candles.

For these reasons, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are not limited in the scope of their investigations. Research consists in framing questions of the right kind and in finding the answers, no matter where they may lead.

What makes the firefly glow? How does a firefly's light differ in color from that of an electric arc, and why? The answers to such questions may or may not be of practical value, but of this we may be sure—it is by dovetailing the results of "theoretical" investigations along many widely separated lines that we arrive at most of our modern "practical" discoveries.

What will be the light of the future? Will it be like that of the firefly or like that of the dial on a luminous watch? Will it be produced in a lamp at present undreamed of, or will it come from something resembling our present incandescent lamp? The answers to these questions will depend much more upon the results of research in pure science than upon strictly commercial research.

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