

Woods Dance

MASS. INST. TECH.
APR 15 1922
LIBRARY

1. One Step
2. Fox Trot
3. Fox Trot
4. One Step
5. Fox Trot
6. Fox Trot
7. Waltz
8. Fox Trot
9. Fox Trot
10. Fox Trot



PROM
NUMBER
—
APRIL
1922

The
Massachusetts Institute
of
Technology
Cambridge

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers courses in Civil, Mechanical, Mining, Electrical, Chemical, Sanitary, and Architectural Engineering; in Architecture, Chemistry, Electro-chemistry, Biology and Public Health, Physics, Geology and Naval Architecture, and in Engineering Administration.

Graduates of colleges and scientific schools of collegiate grade are admitted without examinations, to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training.

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and correspondence to

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

THE L. F. REISMAN ORCHESTRAS

NOW PLAYING IN

"GOOD MORNING, DEARIE"

AT THE

GLOBE THEATRE, NEW YORK

AND OF THE

AEOLIAN VOCALIAN STUDIOS

BOSTON OFFICE AT THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK

ORCHESTRAS FOR PRIVATE PARTIES

TELEPHONE BACK BAY 2601

FOR clothes that look the best, and keep their good looks the longest, you are bound to go to a fine suit builder.

AND the finest suit Builders are

STARIN BROS. & PELLEGRINI

OF NEW HAVEN AND ITHACA

You cannot get excellent cloth for a song, but you can get excellent cloth and fine workmanship from us for a minimum cost — and that, after all, is important.

.....

College Men's Best Tailors

STARIN BROS. & PELLEGRINI

STYLED
FOR
YOUNG MEN



FEATURE SOFT HAT
—a smart young man's
Stetson with a medium
flare, and binding. Lined
attractively in various
shades of satin.

STETSON HATS

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, Philadelphia

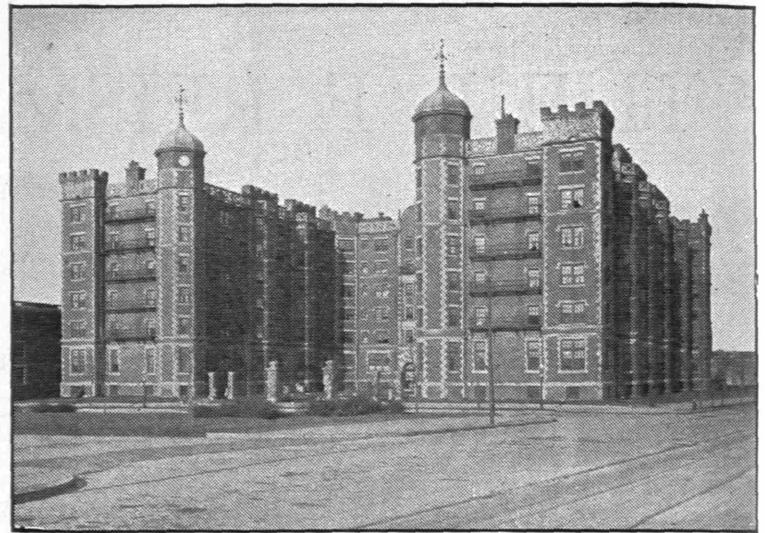
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Excellent Café
Table d'Hôte and à la Carte

Special facilities for Banquets, Luncheons and Assemblies

Menu Submitted

Phone Cambridge 2680

William W. Davis, Manager

Willie:—"I looked through the keyhole last night when
May's fellow was calling on her."

Father:—"And what did you find out?"

Willie:—"The electric lamp."

—Gargoyle

Louder

Bloke:—"Who was that fellow you talked to so long on the
corner?"

Soak:—"He was my old barkeeper."

Bloke:—"What did he say?"

Soak:—"He said, "No."

—Puppet

When you're hungry—get Libby's

Libby's

When you are hungry, you will find
sandwiches made with Libby's
corned beef are just what you want.
When you feel that craving for
something sweet and refreshing—
open a can of Libby's fine, sun-
ripened fruits—pineapple or peaches,
cherries or whatever you like best.

Buy them from
your grocer

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

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We believe every advertisement in these pages to be reliable. Voo Doo does not accept bogus nor questionable material, neither does it allow complimentary advertisements.



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The question of circulation is not a static one. When advertisers investigate a new medium for publicity, it is seldom enough that they ask "What is the circulation?" They will get the full story only by adding to that question, another: "What was the circulation a year ago?"

The reply to this question is of great significance. It shows the trend of events for that magazine. It is the basis for a prophecy of its usefulness as an advertising medium. If a magazine has lost half of its clientele during the past year, it does not much matter what its present circulation is. Nothing can alter the fact that the magazine is in a period of decay.

Now, how does Voo Doo meet this question? Let us take January as a typical month. In January, 1921, Voo Doo sold 3000 copies of its issue. In January, 1922, Voo Doo sold 4500 copies of its issue — an even increase of 50%, in twelve months' time.

Accurate figures are difficult to obtain, but it seems improbable that any similar college periodical in the country has a monthly circulation of greater than 6000. Some of these publications have been established for well over half a century. Voo Doo has been issued for just four years, yet so rapid are the strides it has made, that at present only one college magazine continues to exceed its circulation figure.

But the single most significant feature of Voo Doo's development is this: the phenomenal increase here recorded has taken place in what is probably the single most disastrous publishing year yet experienced in this country.

Bearing this in mind, it seems a not-unwarranted prediction that during the next twelve months, with an increase in general business activity, Voo Doo's circulation will experience another 50% increase.

Should this occur, even if paralleled by an average increase in circulation for every other college humorous publication, Voo Doo will move definitely into its place in the sun, and become the largest-selling college humorous magazine in the United States.

Voo Doo does not, however, solicit advertiser's patronage on the basis of prediction. Inquiry into the future is interesting, but not necessarily instructive. We feel that Voo Doo's present status is enough to commend it.



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William E. Smith

Verne Philbrook



OUR MOTTO:

Choice Food—Cleanliness—Economy

GEORGIAN CAFETERIA

22 DUNSTER STREET
Near Harvard Yard, Cambridge

4 BRATTLE SQUARE
Quincy House, Boston

4 BOYLSTON STREET
Cor. Washington, Boston

Hush, little vampire,
Don't you cry!
You'll get his frat pin
Bye and bye.

—Drexlerd

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree;
The answer is surely no riddle,
He was loath to be "Fiddle, D. D."

—Flamingo

Isn't This a Small World

Daughter (on bathing beach):—"I simply loved those sandy coves at Lyme Regis."

Mother (sharply):—"Melia! I won't 'ave you speaking of people in that vulgar way!"

—London Opinion

Wet Wish

Officer:—"Shall we take him into that undertaker's shop or to the drug store?"

Victim (raising his head):—"Take me to the drug store first, you darn fool."

—Montreal Star



HIGGINS'

DRAWING INKS
ETERNAL WRITING INK
ENGROSSING INK
TAURINE MUCILAGE
PHOTO MOUNTER PASTE
DRAWING BOARD PASTE
LIQUID PASTE
OFFICE PASTE
VEGETABLE GLUE, ETC.

Are the **FINEST** and **BEST GOODS** of their **KIND**

Emancipate yourself from the use of corrosive and ill-smelling inks and adhesives and adopt the "Higgins' Inks and Adhesives." They will be a revelation to you, they are so sweet, clean, well put up and withal so efficient.

AT DEALERS GENERALLY

CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., MANUFACTURERS
271 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago, London

C. EMANUELE

FINE SHOE REPAIRING

BY GOODYEAR WELT SYSTEM

POPULAR PRICES

All Work Guaranteed Ladies' and Gentlemen's All Shine 10c.

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84 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

GIVE US A TRIAL

COR. COMMONWEALTH AVENUE

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.

Babson's Reports.

Based on fundamental conditions, interpret these laws and forecast conditions for you with remarkable accuracy. *They take the gamble out of business.*

By basing your plans—expansion, sales, buying, advertising, production—on the facts and forecasts furnished by Babson's Service to Executives, you can reduce your margin of errors and increase your net profits materially.

Reports on Request.

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

Ask for Booklet VD2

The Babson Statistical Organization

Wellesley Hills 82, Mass.

Largest organization of Business Advisers in the World.

Hopeful

Mr.:—"I was a fool when I married you."

Mrs.:—"I knew that, dear, but I thought you would improve."

—Aussie

"I gotta job."

"What doin'?"

"Pilot."

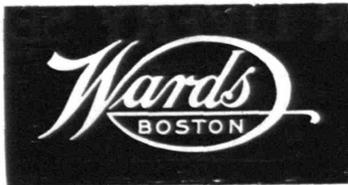
"On the lakes?"

"In the stockyards."

"How so?"

"Pilot here, an' pilot there."

—Phœnix



ENGRAVERS STATIONERS PRINTERS
Students Supplies, Invitations, Visiting Cards

Monogram and Address Dies, Programs and Dance Orders,
Fountain Pens, Brass Goods and Leather Specialties, Eversharp—
Pencils also with Colored Leads.

57-61 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON



A new elective study! Everyone is taking it. It's "The Relation of Proper Dress to Success." The Laboratory work is done at 400 WASHINGTON, first and second floors. "TECH" men who have completed the course, say it's a perfect drag on cash dividends in "big time" work.

Entrance day—every business day in the year. Classroom hours optional with student. Every man sure of an "A." Join up now!

Fine Dress Clothes and Accessories, Leather Coats, Sport Coats, Golf Suits, Golf Caps, Golf Hose, Motor Coats, Ulsters, London Coats. Suits and Overcoats designed and Made by us. Quality Ne Plus Ultra. Fine Haberdashery. Stetson Hats.

**MACULLAR PARKER
COMPANY**

400 WASHINGTON STREET

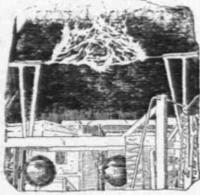
The Old House with the Young Spirit

WALTON LUNCH CO.

30 Haymarket Square
44 Summer Street
8 Tremont Row
78 Massachusetts Ave.
42 Federal Street
242 Tremont Street
629 Washington Street
7 School Street
424 Tremont Street
1080 Boylston Street

Office:

1083 Washington Street
Boston, Mass.



Man-Made Lightning

FRANKLIN removed some of the mystery. But only recently has science really explained the electrical phenomena of the thunderstorm.

Dr. C. P. Steinmetz expounds this theory. Raindrops retain on their surfaces electrical charges, given off by the sun and other incandescent bodies. In falling, raindrops combine, but their surfaces do not increase in proportion. Hence, the electrical pressure grows rapidly. Finally it reaches the limit the air can stand and the lightning flash results.

And now we can have artificial lightning. One million volts of electricity—approximately one fiftieth of the voltage in a lightning flash—have been sent successfully over a transmission line in the General Engineering Laboratory of the General Electric Company. This is nearly five times the voltage ever before placed on a transmission line.

Much valuable knowledge of high voltage phenomena—essential for extending long distance transmission—was acquired from these tests. Engineers now see the potential power in remote mountain streams serving industries hundreds of miles away.

Man-made lightning was the result of ungrudging and patient experimentation by the same engineers who first sent 15,000 volts over a long distance thirty years ago.

“Keeping everlastingly at it brings success.” It is difficult to forecast what the results of the next thirty years may be.

General Electric Company
General Office Schenectady, N. Y.



Old Colony Service

An efficient and courteous organization, progressive methods, large resources, and three offices, conveniently located in different sections in Boston, combine to make the Old Colony Trust Company the most desirable depository in New England.

Three Modern Safe Deposit Vaults

Old Colony Trust Company

17 Court Street

52 Temple Place

BOSTON

222 Boylston St.

MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Love at First Sight

He was staring into her huge blue eyes. The room was dark save for a small gas flame near the pair. She was young, pretty, and had a profusion of bobbed blond hair. He was of medium height and fairly good looking. He gazed and gazed into her eyes, as though he were looking into her very soul. He came closer but said nothing. The scene was perfect, except she looked frightened through her soft blue eyes. He spoke a few undistinguishable words; then after a short time her eyes softened, and a lovely smile spread over her face, and her complexion fairly beamed, and she said in a soft melodic whisper, “Is that true?”

“Yes,” replied the oculist, “your eyes are in good condition.”

—Dodo

MOTOR LIVERY SERVICE



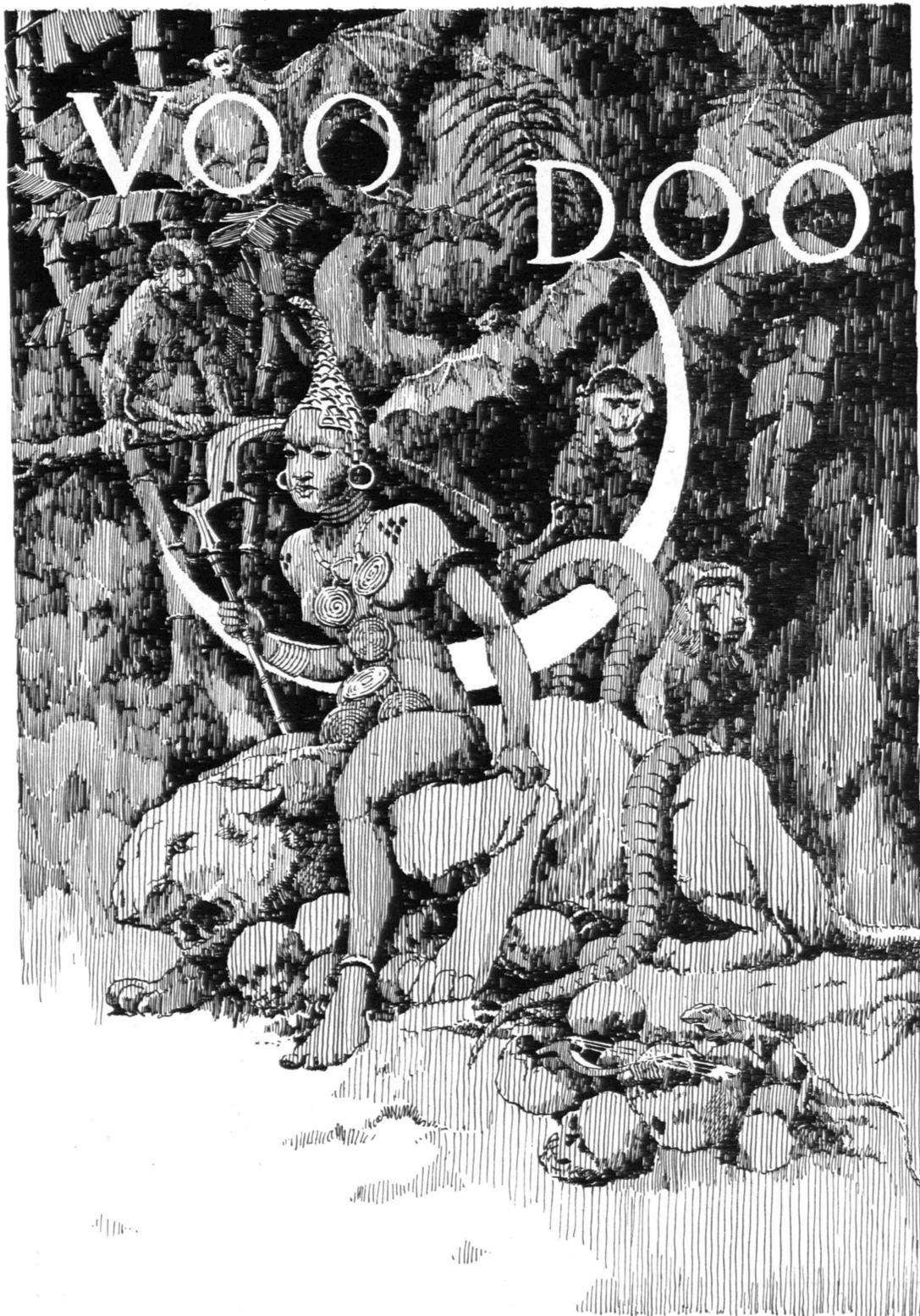
Featuring Latest Model
PACKARD TWIN SIX
LIMOUSINES and TOURING CARS

Telephone B. B. 4006-4007

FRANK McCANN

15 CAMBRIA STREET

BOSTON, MASS.





With rue my heart is laden,
(As A. E. Houseman said)
I do not know this maiden,
But, oh, her pictured head.

Give pearls away, and rubies,
(But *that's* another pome)
I do not care—I'd give 'em,
If I could see her home.



BALLADE OF THE PROM

I sometimes think that this world's too hard,
 That laughter and light, the wine and rose,
 Are gone from the life of this present bard:
 That youth has drawn to a tragic close.
 That naught remains but that I dispose
 Of my worldly goods with a scratchy pen;
 Procure a gun, and announce, "Here goes!" —
 And then the Prom comes 'round again.

Days that wait on a schedule card
 Or samples of Walter Humphreys' prose
 Make, too often, my pulse retard;
 Chilling the heart, that it wanes and slows.
 Off into syncope, then, I doze
 While visions of votes that men call ten
 Float before my embattled nose —
 And then the Prom comes 'round again.

"O for a life in the Harvard Yard,
 Where Culture her gentle Gift bestows;"
 Thus I muse when my nerves are jarred,
 Thus I think when my anger glows.
 "This is a fiendish place I chose;
 Curse these professors. All such men
 Cast to Siberia's bitterest snows! —"
 And then the Prom comes 'round again.

L'Envoi

But, Princess, the tripping of l. f. toes
 Is not accomplished when lacking yen:
 It waits until I've exhausted those,
 And *then* the Prom comes 'round again.

—E. F. H.

People who carry it in glass bottles should not sit on stones.

"I wish that I could wear a golf suit."
 "Why can't you?"
 "I play golf."

Famous Chowfks

1. Glunch————
2. ————pfft
3. Ordo————nik
4. Nozzel————
5. Hooch————
6. ————umbt————
7. Whortleberry.

(Thus, contributors will please note, ending the series.)

*Nebuchadnezzar (Viewing handwriting on wall):—
 "Aw—they can't fool me—more of this trick
 photography."*



"She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me —"



Crowded trolley car. Young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare.

YOUNG MAN:—"Pardon me miss, but may I not pay your fare?"

YOUNG LADY:—"Sir? !!"

(Several seconds of groping.)

YOUNG MAN:—"I beg pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?"

YOUNG lady:—"Why, I don't even know you, and anyway, I'll have this purse open in a minute."

(Continued groping)

YOUNG MAN:—"I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my suspenders three times!"

Poetic Effusions on a Dandelion.

As perhaps Joyce Kilmer might have said it;

I love to see you,
Year by year,
Pop up, and say,
That Spring is here.

Or Little Johnny Milton;

Intrepid spy, who first comes forth,
To reconnoitre and report to verdant hosts,
Who waiting lie, in deep-sunk caverns,
Of mundane conquests, waiting but their charge.

Or Amy Lowell;

Petals, running in a circle,
Yellow on green, pointing upwards.
They seem bilious,
Or perhaps I'm nervous
I cogitate.

A la Father;

"Look at those damn weeds. They'll ruin the lawn."

—M. O' B.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

GENERAL BULLETIN FOR THE LAST TERM

(See Also The Tech for Further Particulars.)

March, 1923

Fees: All fees are doubled and must be paid before attending the last exercise. Blank checks not received unless endorsed. Students registered for more than 100 preparation hours should drop out.

Registration: Obtain the chinchilla-colored card and add up the arabic numerals in the lower right-hand corner. If they come to XIII, sell your books or go to Northeastern. If you haven't registered yet, don't bother; the registrar is busy with the first term reports.

Additions to Registration: This practice is very foolish and should only be indulged in by instructors and graduate students.

Class Rolls: Technique Rush has been substituted, due to casualties heretofore suffered in which one man broke the glass on his slide rule.

Library Privileges: The Library is open to all students. Toddle tops and Dice may be obtained from the librarian in charge. If you wish to match pennies, bring your own. Students are requested to refrain from tearing the pictures from the "Police Gazette." Show your Coop card to the lady in charge and she will cut them out for you. Then they will not have ragged edges.

Photographs for Records: Students are requested to turn in their own photographs. The keeper of the gallery says that six pictures of Ben Turpin is enough for any museum.

—A. R. B.



BUSINESS TERMS
Accrued Interest

VOO DOO'S CALENDAR

for

April

Begins on Saturday. In 1922, hath XXX days, as usual.

- | | | | |
|------------|---|------------|---|
| Sat. 1. | All Fools' Day. John P. Snoofle originates Tabular View and registration system which will avoid congestion at opening of college, 1873. | Tues. 18. | North-Eastern Lumberman's Protective Association holds annual log-rolling contest at Andiron, Me., 1921. Contest won by C. Morley, New York. Second, D. Marquis, New York. Hyatt invents celluloid, 1870. |
| Sun. 2. | J. P. Snoofle taken back to Danvers by his keepers, 1873. Man in Petunia, Wis., lights match with thumb-nail on first try, 1913. | Wed. 19. | H. C. Lodge mentioned as possible head for Technology, 1922. First celluloid collar gag reaches stage, 1870. Junior Week officially ends, 1922. |
| Mon. 3. | Fiction-Writers League banquets gifted author of No-Smoking signs, 1921. | Thurs. 20. | Emmanuel J. Butterfish, of Oskaloosa, Wis., patents device for utilizing old safety razor blades, 1924. E. J. Butterfish retires to estate on the Riveria, 1925. |
| Tues. 4. | Carpenters remove last summer's screen doors from Walker Dining Room. | Fri. 21. | Student crushes skull of man back of him in lecture who jiggled his chair for ½ hour. Is immediately exonerated by coroner's jury, 1921. |
| Wed. 5. | Head of chemical supply-room breaks bank at Monte Carlo, 1898. Hoover mentioned as possible head for Technology, 1922. | Sat. 22. | College monthly appears at Ezra College, Ezra, Ark., without mentioning either love or liquor, 1927. Story about man who thought Brooklyn Bridge was something like Auction, reaches Broadway, 1724. |
| Thurs. 6. | Looie Derr eight months old. Delivers first physics lecture, 1868. Cuts first tooth, with the assistance of Mr. Benson, 1869. | Sun. 23. | Man borrowing match in Idalia, Vermont, gets one from first man he meets. Accepts offer from Success Magazine to write efficiency articles, 1923. Shakespeare dies, 1616. |
| Fri. 7. | T. A. C. financial scandal unearthed, 1872-1922 inclusive. Professor in Economics Department decides to go into brokerage business, 1921. | Mon. 24. | Shakespeare-Bacon controversy rages, 1616. John Dos Passos introduces profanity into polite literature with the Three Soldiers, 1921. |
| Sat. 8. | Waiter in no-tip restaurant refuses gratuity and is expelled from union, 1903. | Tues. 25. | Fulton invents first steamboat. Henry R. Blahg starts first excursion to Coney Island, 1784. J. X. Sunbury, strong man with the Sells-Floto circus, succeeds in opening railway-car window, 1912. |
| Sun. 9. | Heroine in moving picture lights small candle and room is not immediately flooded with light, 1912. Princess Fatima decides to remain in the United States, 1921. | Wed. 26. | Charles E. Hughes mentioned as possible head for Technology, 1922. Native of Los Angeles, on being asked how he liked the climate there, replies "Rotten!" 1904. Coop just out of <i>that</i> book, 1872-1922 inclusive. |
| Mon. 10. | New York columnist finds a misused whom in "Paradise Lost," and condemns Milton as illiterate, 1922. Professor formerly in brokerage business returns at slightly reduced salary, 1921. | Thurs. 27. | Man in East New York, Wash., increases salary from \$25 to \$27 a week by studying correspondence course on How to Develop the Will. Masters Course of Etiquette in same time, and becomes head waiter in Commercial Hotel, East New York, 1915. |
| Tues. 11. | James F. Whenny Pneumatic Pump Corporation markets apparatus for extracting ketchup from ketchup bottles in Walker, 1927. Vaudeville tumbling act in which no one says "Hup!" appears at Keith's, 1956. | Fri. 28. | Harvard student admits reading Saturday Evening Post, 1901. David Wark Griffith purchases movie rights to "Back to Methuselah," 1923. Senior breaks World's Record by attending three consecutive Heat Lectures, 1910. |
| Wed. 12. | James K. Angell mentioned as possible head for Technology, 1922. Student gets mark of 74 in Theoretical Chemistry examination. Accepts vaudeville offer, 1920. | Sat. 29. | Harry Leon Wilson presented with a gold loving cup by Hollywood movie colony; Wallie Reid and Charles Ray contribute wreath of posion ivy and a pound and a half of cyanide, 1922. Abel springs that one about Pat and Mike. First murder, 4996 B. C. |
| Thurs. 13. | Faculty member who invented \$5.00 fine for all misdemeanors and accidents offered position as Chairman of Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company, 1921. Refuses because he can make more money where he is. | Sun. 30. | Perfume advertisement appears entirely in English, 1862. Engine in Engine Laboratory seen revolving, 1898. |
| Fri. 14. | Lincoln assassinated, 1865. | | |
| Sat. 15. | Prom house-parties begin. Fannie Hurst changes the name to "Back Bay," 1922. United States Tire Company does its bit towards teaching the masses history, 1919. | | |
| Sun. 16. | 10,000th Sheik-chic pun appears in the Wales (Iowa) Stock-Breeders and Poultry Gazette, 1922. Irene Bordoni decides to say "this" instead of "zis," 1942. "Sally" celebrates its tenth successful year, 1931. | | |
| Mon. 17. | Junior Week commences, and 3,211 appeals to father for funds for new textbooks leave Technology, 1922. Tech Show opens at Jordan Hall. (adv.). Author recognizes four of his own lines in the third act, and is treated at the Relief Hospital, 1922. | | |

WHY TECH SHOW AUTHORS ARE USUALLY REGARDED AS SLIGHTLY QUEER

December: “. . . well, how’s the Show coming along? I don’t suppose you’ll recognize it by the dress rehearsal . . . Well, lissen, I don’t know whether you’ve noticed this fella Schmalschadle that’s out for the cast, but he’s a mighty fine boy, and I was just wondering if you . . .”

January: “. . . well, how’s the Show coming along? Ha, ha, thasso? . . . say, lissen, have you seen any of the lyrics yet? . . . I don’t suppose they let you in on any stuff like that, do they? . . . well, all I was thinking was, I’ve got a poem here, and I was wondering if you . . .”

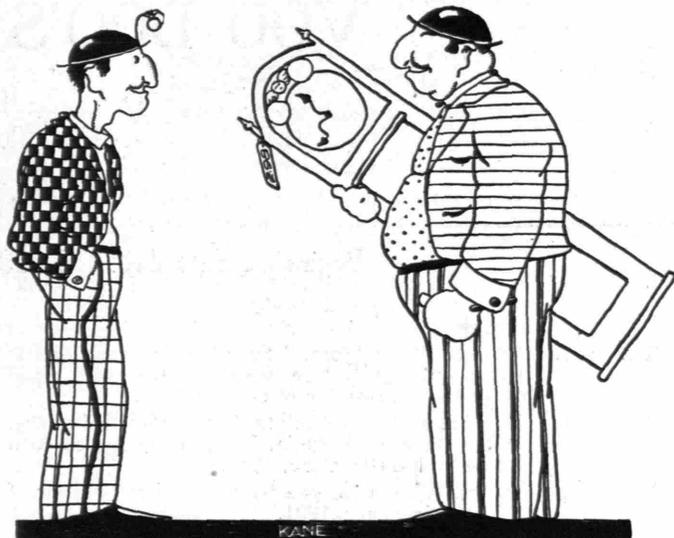
February: “. . . well, how’s the Show coming along? Good stuff! . . . Say, lissen, when’s this dress rehearsal coming off? . . . I don’t suppose you have much say about anything like that, eh? . . . well, I was just wondering if there was any chance of you’re being able to fix it so’s maybe I could get a look at it. I was always in our Show back in High School, so it’s not like as if I . . .”

March: “. . . well, how’s the Show coming along? . . . thasso? . . . Well, say, lissen, I was just wondering if there was any chance of your being able to get me a couple of seats down in the orchestra some place? I’d wanta pay for ‘em, of course; it’s just I don’t wanta stand in line all that time if I can . . .”

April (the 20th): “. . . well, I guess you’re glad it’s all over, huh? I’ll tell you one thing I didn’t like, and that was the way you . . .”

May: “. . . well, how’s next year’s Show coming along, ha, ha, ha. I spoze you’re hard at work on another one by now . . . Thasso? . . . well I guess they wouldn’t wanta take another from you anyway; after the way this one turned o—that is, after you’d written one already, they’d wanta . . .”

June: “Well, I don’t suppose you’re expecting to get your degree now, are you?” —E. F. H.



FIRST IRISHMAN:—“Oi hear that O’Brien had his arrum broke in two places the ither day.”
SECOND DITTO:—“Will, bedad, oi’ll bet wan of thim was at Casey’s saloon.”

Nursery Rimes Revamped

Little Boy, come blow your horn,
 The pig’s in the clover, the Boot-leg’s got the “Corn.”

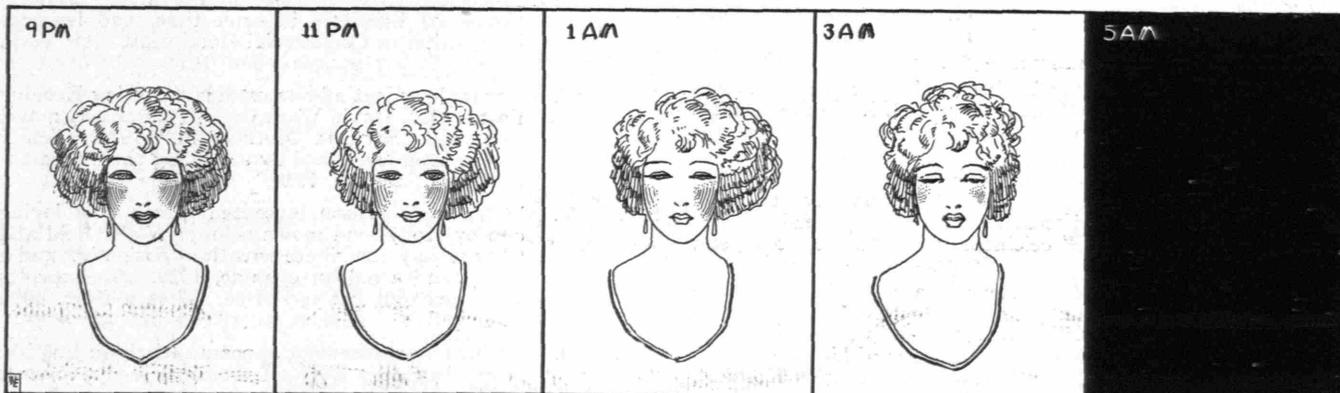
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
 Where did your garters go?
 With my skirts and my hair and all that I dare,
 To the bow-wows long ago.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
 The clock was striking the hour,
 The mercury was zero,
 My car was out of power.

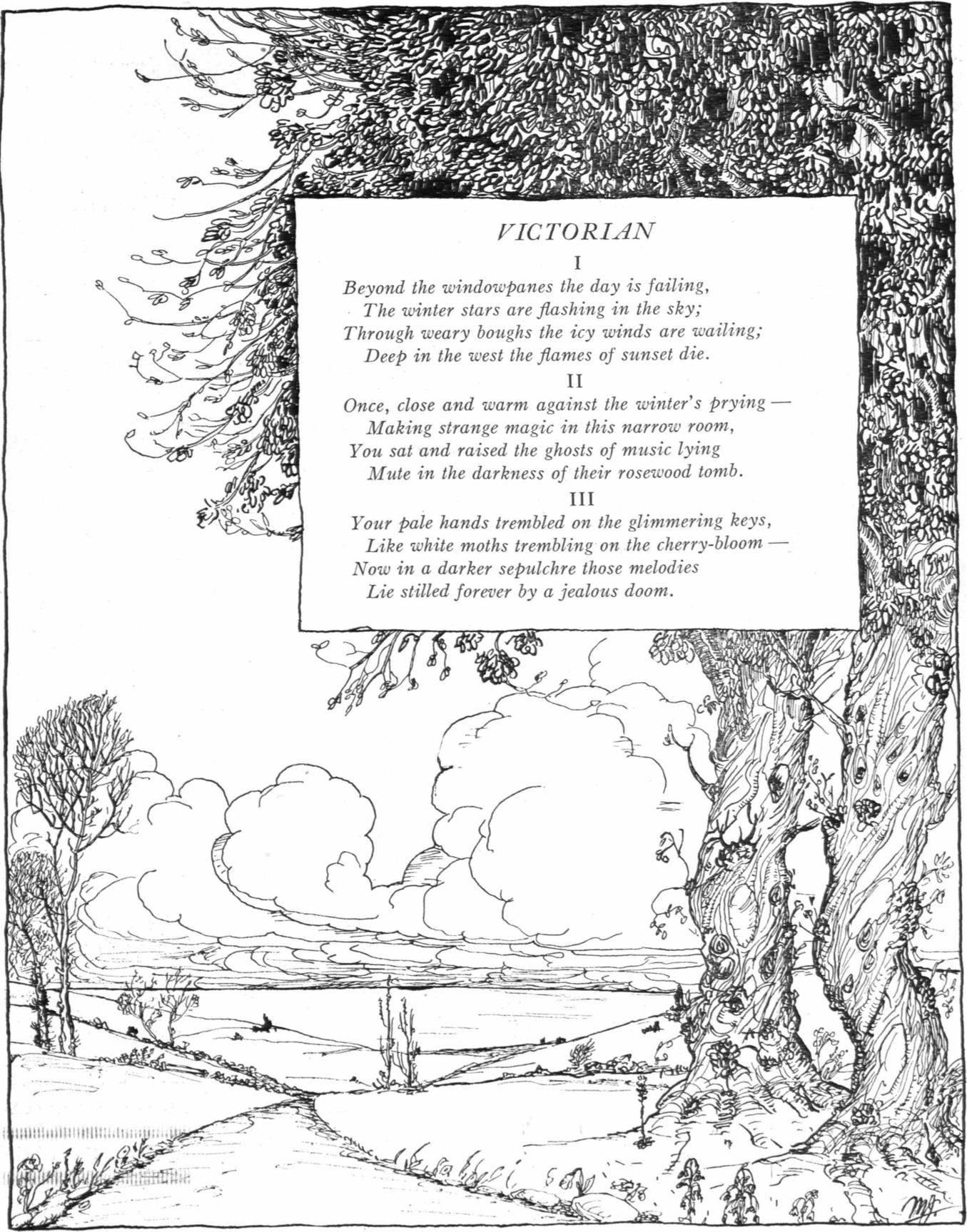
—M. P. O.

Curious old lady:—“And how did you get that awful scar?”

Aeronaut (sardonically):—“Fight with the angels, ma’am.”



AT THE PROM



VICTORIAN

I

*Beyond the windowpanes the day is failing,
The winter stars are flashing in the sky;
Through weary boughs the icy winds are wailing;
Deep in the west the flames of sunset die.*

II

*Once, close and warm against the winter's prying —
Making strange magic in this narrow room,
You sat and raised the ghosts of music lying
Mute in the darkness of their rosewood tomb.*

III

*Your pale hands trembled on the glimmering keys,
Like white moths trembling on the cherry-bloom —
Now in a darker sepulchre those melodies
Lie stilled forever by a jealous doom.*

YE FIRST PROM



Long, long ago when knights were bold and dragons abounded as the insignia for hostelries in merrie England, a tournament was held at Weldon, County Durham. Now it so happened that ye good knights of Prince Albert did win all matches, which did fill the good prince with joy, indeed so much that he decreed that a carnival would be held in commemoration of this glorious victory.

Thus invitations were sent all over merrie England to all nobility of high or low rank. Days before the scheduled event, the highways resounded with the clank of armor; a noise like unto thunder and of such volume that the Royal Highway Commission did declare unsafe three-fourths of the kingdom's bridges. All the taverns were full to overflowing and many a



The Dewey Air.



The Party was on Him.

tale of a terrible encounter with three or four dragons was told by a weary knight who had just signed the pledge.

The night of the celebration was warm and sultry and many a good knight sighed for a chance to remove his breastplate and many a royal lady cursed the prevailing style of bodice. The evening's entertainment was lacking, for the court jester had sought to put the latest crease in his helmet for this exceptional affair and had accidentally been hit in back of the ear with the riveting hammer. This was soon forgotten, however, in the rush for dinner, which was held in the Main Dining Hall. Wine flowed freely and many a wild anecdote passed round the board.

When several of the knights had disappeared beneath the table, the prince gave a signal and the Tom-tom Trio tuned up for the dance. It soon became evident that this was to be an elimination dance, for soon a crushed foot was reported and immediately thereafter a duchess was caught between two armored knights and carried from the hall.

Upon hearing of these casualties, the prince ordered a halt in the festivities. It was then discovered that the majority of the knights had danced in such a manner as to cause the Babbitt to flow in the joints of their armor, rendering them incapable of motion due to frozen joints. Therefore, the dance was concluded and the blow-torch squad advanced and relieved the suffering. Thus was the first Prom held long ago. Now stiff bosoms replace breastplates.

—A. R. B.

Proverbs Bostonesque

It is the exceedingly lengthy byway which does not at some point indicate an apparent longing to execute a right angle.

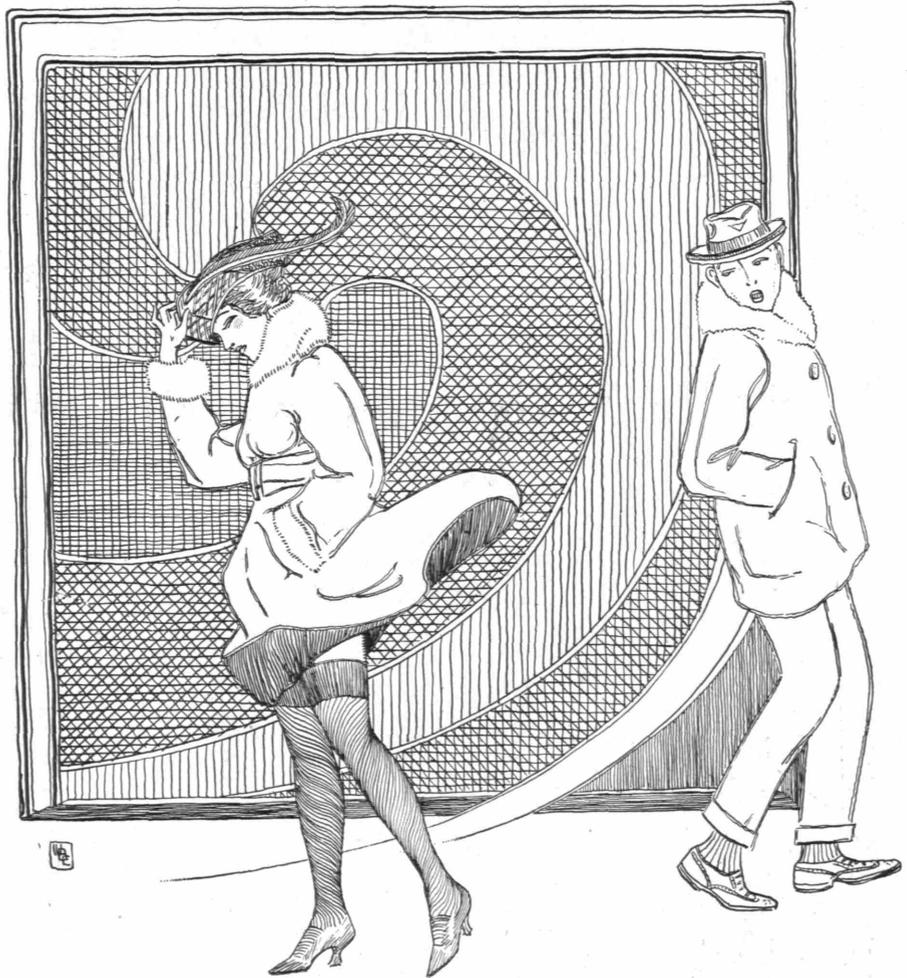
Each body of nebulous vapor is sure to present an argentiferous aspect on its inner surface.

Persons of feeble mentality do not hesitate to turn their blithe steps along paths which members of the astral choir would not pursue with equanimity.

By pursuing a more devious itinerary, one often reaches his preconceived destination with greater celerity than by a more direct route.

Raucous cachinnations often be-token the destitute cerebellum.

It is the intellectual parent who can readily recognize his own male offspring.



“I hear you got Vote Ten. Is that right?”

“Decidedly not. I didn’t deserve it.”

Current Notices



Housefly (to offspring):—“Why are you late?”

Offspring:—“I got caught in a subway jam.”

Housefly:—“Haven’t I told you before to stick to raspberry and strawberry and to keep away from those new delicacies?”

She:—“Do you play lawn tennis?”

He:—“Yes, but I play short too.”

Mother (of her):—“Margie had the cutest dimpled knees when she was a child.”

He:—“Well, for that matter she still ha—er ah—I mean most children have.”

Having re-established the wine industry on a sound financial basis, the above reconstruction unit is planning to extend its activities.



—Fairest Cleopatra, yield me but once the lovely rapture of thy lips!
 —Naw, naw, the director ain't give us the signal yet.

Ham:—"Yessir, when I went to Frisco I travelled light."

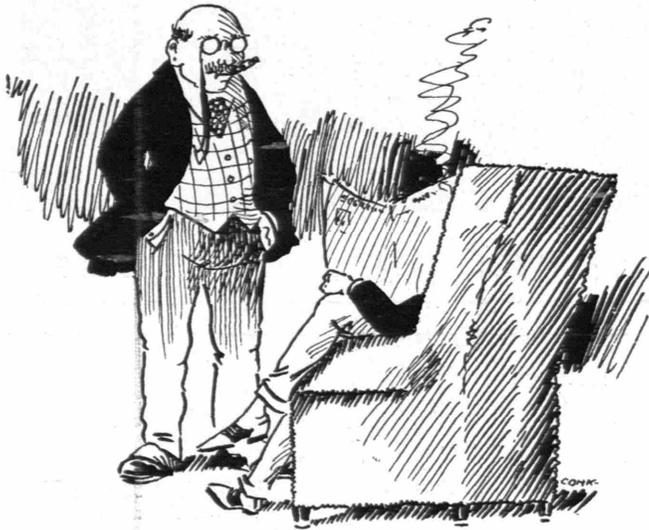
Bone:—"So? When I went I travelled dark."

Ham (disgusted):—"Huh, how's that you travelled dark?"

Bone:—"Sleeper."

First Dingo:—"Niggah! I'se hahd. Ah holds up mah socks with hair-pings and scratches mah back with a buzz-saw."

Second Do:—"Black Man! Dat ain't nothin'. Ahse so hahd ah eats two men fo' breakfast and den brushes mah teeth with brass polish."



POP: — "Haven't you any ideals, young man?"
 SON: — "Gee, you ought to see them, Dad, they're peaches!"

"There's nothing like cultivating new acquaintances," said the farmer as he ran the harrow over the book agent.

An Interesting Excursion

Place: The main entrance to Hell.

Time: Later.

(Young man approaches Satan's office and lifts the asbestos knocker. Satan opens door.)

Hello, Satan.

Ah, there. And what is your line, — fire insurance or ice-boats?

Neither. You have me wrong. I come from your Earth Office and would like accommodations here.

So. You are from Tech. How's every little thing on Earth? Are my agents doing their work properly?

Too well, Saty, too well. That's why I'm here. How's chances of getting in?

What are your qualifications?

The very best; I slighted my work, never carried a brown bag, and let other unfortunates copy my problems.

Did you ever fight for a front row seat or wait around after the bell and call your instructor "prof"?

No, but I used to cut classes regul—

Rules out! Did you ever read the T. E. N.?

No, but I often fell asleep in Heat Lect—

Enough, I can see that you haven't the qualifications for this place. Here's a note to St. Peter; you may get in his outfit. And, by the way, if you see a gentleman with tennis shoes hanging around up there, send him down. We need him.

—H. A. M.

Scenario

Time:—Full moon.

Place:—From which full moon can be seen.

(Both she and he are pensive.)

She (finally):—"Two bits for your thoughts."

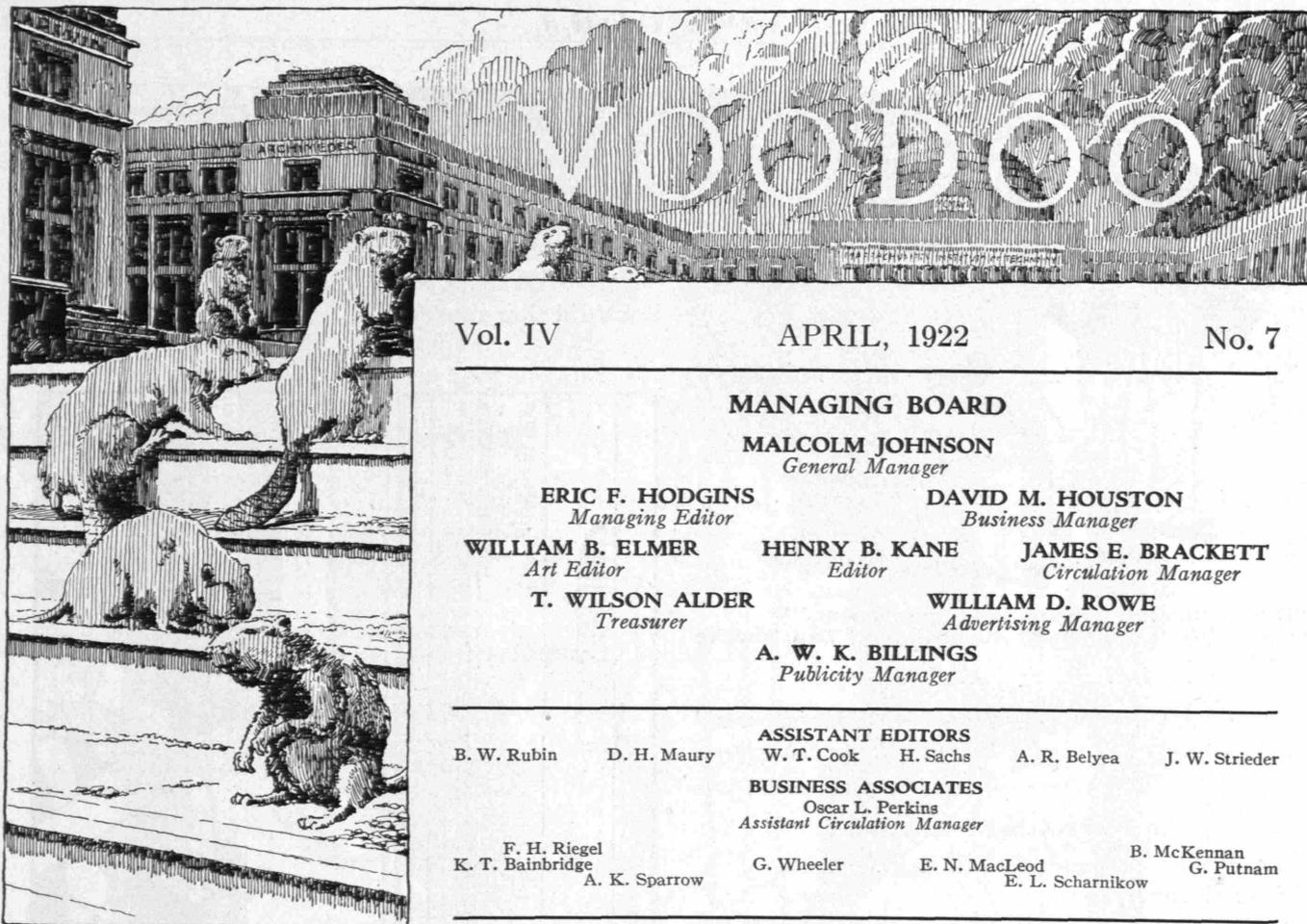
He:—"Well, er—ah—I can hardly tell you."

She:—"Oscar, if you are thinking of the same thing I am, I'll slap your face."



MAURY.

—Jack, stop it!
 —My hand only slipped.
 —You backslider!



Vol. IV

APRIL, 1922

No. 7

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“‘Junior’
‘Week’”

In these high pressure times it is small wonder that Junior Week is compressed within the limits of three days. It is a fleeting space, but events happen swiftly in it, and it is just as well that it is no longer.

It is a time in which many non-residents, mainly of the same age but the opposite sex, learn a great deal about engineering that was never clear to them before. To the Twenty Lovesick Maidens, Technology Bunthornes (did you never see Patience?) are at pains to say, “We are not so bilious as we look,” and to give demonstration of their almost unlimited capacity for Innocent Fun. Under the spell of these beguiling enjoyments, Junior Week does not lag.

But the educational process by no means lags, either. One of Junior Week’s institutions seldom mentioned in any official calendar, is that interesting event, Tour of Buildings. It is astonishing how much you can learn about the Institute in the course of interpreting it for the Only Girl, or one of her proxies. You throw open the door of some unfamiliar laboratory. If luck is with you, you do not surprise a brother in the act of telling the latest one about the Pullman Car to a classmate. So you say with a fine air of proprietorship, “Here’s the Umptybump Lab. This is where they do all the research on Turbine-Gasometers, and everything like that.” Noises indicating a positively ravishing interest. Then the feminine gaze fall upon some peculiar convolution of pipes, or set of needles, or the like, and you are straightway asked, “Oh, what’s this?” That puts it up to you, again. “That?” you say. “Oh, that’s just—ahem!—that’s just a synchronous wood pulp digester.”

It wasn’t, of course, but it got you past the emergency all right, and you are able to lead the conversation into fields more happily familiar. And at your next opportunity, you find out what the apparatus really was, and store the information away against another Junior Week.

So the Faculty need not despair of these three days. In them, we learn far more of our school than most of our professors can imagine. We see it, for the first time, a little bit as others see it, and in their admiration for it, we are often able to take heart. If we can but keep visiting eyes from things like the boulevard that connects us to Kendall Square, we need not feel ashamed. Most of the rest can meet inspection. It is meeting inspection just at present. During the course of it, we Tech men discover one interesting fact: the Institute is apparently not as bad a place as we have always thought.

**Nearing, My
God to Thee**

To the long list of academicians who nightly must kneel and ask Heaven in its infinite mercy to curse, shrivel and blast the eternal soul of Mr. Scott Nearing, there is made one more addition. President Wallace W. Atwood of Clark University is the latest, and if we may judge by the extent of the disaster in which Mr. Nearing so neatly plunged him, the loudest also.

Over a year ago, Technology received a visit from Scott Nearing. At that time he succeeded, in the course of a thirty-minute talk, at causing enough dissension among the ranks of Corporation XV (his somewhat bewildered host) to have split the Orthodox Greek Church from end to end. As a hate generator, he was infernal, and yet no one who heard him could possibly deny the extent of his major power: the ability to cause his listeners to make infernal fools of themselves. It was stupendous.

It seemed stupendous, that afternoon a year ago. When he had finished his speech, he took the student hecklers who attacked him from all sides, and stood them neatly, one by one, upon their heads. It was a calm and unhurried operation for him, but no amount of motion-study could have it a jot more efficient.

But the reports now coming in from Clark convince us that we have underestimated Mr. Nearing's ability. Sophomores are small game, after all. Presidents are just as easy, and considerably more satisfying. And he does them up just as brown. Not, heaven knows, that he goes out of his way to. His victims come flocking to him with no allurements at all. There is something wildly provocative about the man. At Clark, he was doing nothing more unseemly than quoting from one of the books of Mr. Veblen's boy, Thorstein, when President Atwood, wildly excited, dashed forward and dissolved the parliament. Simple enough, as far as Mr. Nearing was concerned, yet the waters of that solution have been rising about President Atwood ever since, and, at present, are up to his chin.

Stand off and look for a moment, with your most dispassionate gaze, at this achievement. Is it just of you to withhold complete admiration from a man who can impassion the masses with his interpretations of Thorstein Veblen? Does he not, however aslant you may gaze at his beliefs, merit the title of "doctor" in its true sense of "Great Teacher?"

To our mind, he does. It is always the plaint of the average professor that students never learn: that you tell them one thing, and they dutifully copy its reverse into their note-books, and worship it as Truth. Yet, seemingly, few professors are willing to trust this stupidity when it is brought into contact with Mr. Nearing. He seems to be able to say what he means all too clearly: to make the wrong thing a little too plain. It seems a pity to silence this voice. It is possible that even the lucky Faculty Members to whom Jehovah has indicated that the science of Political Economy has reached perfection, could learn much in a front row seat at one of Mr. Nearing's performances. If Technology is any indicator, what most professors need is a lesson in crusading.

Scott Nearing approaches everything with the bias of the wrecker. He is no impartial scientist. He is often unfair. But he has a most astounding ability to make people understand what he is talking about. This is unique. If some of his more scientifically minded brethren could leave him unsuppressed long enough to learn how he does it, education might prosper considerably.



**Platitude
Time**

It comes again, the time for the old board to clean out its desk drawers, turn in its office keys, swipe three unlawful copies of the last issue, and gently close the door behind it. In practice, there is no more to the ritual than this, but theoretically it is supposed to be a time for sighing, fervent handshaking and sob-choked farewell. The old board is supposed to find husky utterance and say, "Our time has come to pass on now; the relentless march of the years brings us at last to the portal from which we now emerge; we have had our triumphs and we have made our mistakes, but—" (dashing away the tears)—"the new Board will, we hope, be guided by them, and will dedicate itself to the task of producing for Technology, etc., etc., etc."

Now, as a matter of fact, the new Board will do nothing of the kind. It will take part in no dedication ceremonies soever; merely, it will take off its coat and set itself to the genuinely difficult task of issuing a humorous periodical once a month during the course of the school year. Occasionally, in the course of these duties, it will cause portions of the student body to laugh. Occasionally, too, it will offend the freshman proprietaries, and draw fire in the columns of the treasured Tech. Before its term expires, it will run foul of the Lithuanian Club, or the Serbo-Croat Society, and come near involving the Institute in entangling alliances. Then, before it knows it, its own time will come to depart and leave behind it footprints on the sands of time.

Our own time comes now. The Volume IV Managing Board takes great pleasure in announcing the following elections, effective with the next issue:

To be General Manager, George Floyd Nesbitt, Jr., '23; to be Business Manager, James English Brackett, '23; to be Advertising Manager, William Dennison Rowe, '24; to be Art Editor, Henry B. Kane, '24; to be Publicity Manager, A. W. K. Billings, '24; to be Circulation Manager, Gordon Wheeler, '24.

To be Associate Editors, H. A. Morse, A. R. Belyea, W. T. Cook; to be Assistant Editors, Henry Sachs, M. P. O'Brien, and G. A. Conklin; to be Business Associates, F. H. Riegel, K. T. Bainbridge, E. N. MacLeod, B. McKennan, G. Putnam, E. L. Scharnikow and A. K. Sparrow.

This is the roster. To these men, the Volume IV Managing Board turns over its task. Be good, gentlemen, and let who will, be clever.

PROM HANDBOOK FOR FLAPPERS

Don't suppose, just because your escort's best friend pulls you behind the potted palms that Anything is going to Happen. "I said to the Dean" and "The Dean said to me" will be the action.

Don't mention Freud — the boys will regard that as un-American if not indecent.

Don't intimate that Voo Doo is dull and stale and puritanical. Technology students regard it as "hot stuff."

Don't do anything to shake the superstitious reverence we 120% Americans have for women. You couldn't, anyway.

The average college man is obsessed with the idea that there are two kinds of women. And he wouldn't know what to do with a really wild woman.

Don't let him suspect that you know that he is not one-tenth as wise or one one-hundredth as wild as he thinks he is. Try to reform him. Of course, he will grow up to be one of the Bulwarks of the Republic, but what can you do to prevent it?

If he runs you out to a road house, don't call the waiters by their first names. He thinks he is showing you around.

If you find a couple of vanity cases, several hair nets and a batch of hair pins in the bottom of his car, make quite a fuss. He planted them there himself, but he expects it.

Do you read Smart Set? Keep still about it; he couldn't tell it from Snappy Stories.

Don't quote Mencken or Nathan. Your friend is an Honest Citizen and Right-thinking Gentleman himself, and almost died laughing at "Lightnin'" and "Turn to the Right."

If he tells you about Jurgen, don't press him too closely for details. He probably couldn't get past



LITTLE CONVENIENCES FOR THE CO-ED
The Manuo-mirror and the Slip-lipstick.



CONK-

HANDSOME LADY:—"If you don't go right away I'll call my husband. He's a policeman, and he'll take you."

HOBO:—"Well, Lady, I believe you, — if he'd take you, he'd take anything."

the first chapter or read about it in the Literary Supplement.

Make no references to The Provinces of the Hinterland or Out in the Brush. Independence, Kansas, seems pretty good to him.

Seem to get the general impression that he spends his time trying out twin sixes, smoking monogrammed cigarettes from expensive holders, furnishing head waiters apartments and drinking prodigious quantities of the legendary Gordon's Gin at the home of fair admirers.

Don't kiss him too expertly the first time. He may not be far enough gone not to suspect that you have been kissed before. After the first, you are safe. He will probably think the least he can do is marry you.

—E. F. B.

Mother:—"The train service in Boston must be terrible."

Father:—"Howzat?"

Mother:—"Why, Clarence writes that he was forced to spend an entire night in Station 16."



IMPRESSIONS OF TECH SHOW 1922



Applied

PROF:—"I don't see how we missed the answer, there is enough force of friction to keep this solid from slipping."
 VOICE:—"But you slipped."

He:—"I hear they are not going to wear one-piece suits at Palm Beach this year."

She:—"Goodness, I should think they would at least wear that much."

The Prof Locquitor

One moment, please. My glasses? Here they are.

You want your grade? Your name is—let me see—
 The face is quite familiar. What's that—"Carr?"

Now on that first exam I gave you three.
 I have you down as absent on the fourth.

Too late now—should have seen me at the time.

And on this last, the vector sum is north
 Not south, about the axis of O prime.

An F? A double F or else a vote

Is all you can expect unless you work.

I'd hate to recommend you for a note,

But in my class it doesn't pay to shirk.

Eh, what? How's that? You say your name is Clark?

Why not pronounce your words: you know they're
 free.

I'll look again. I have your final mark.

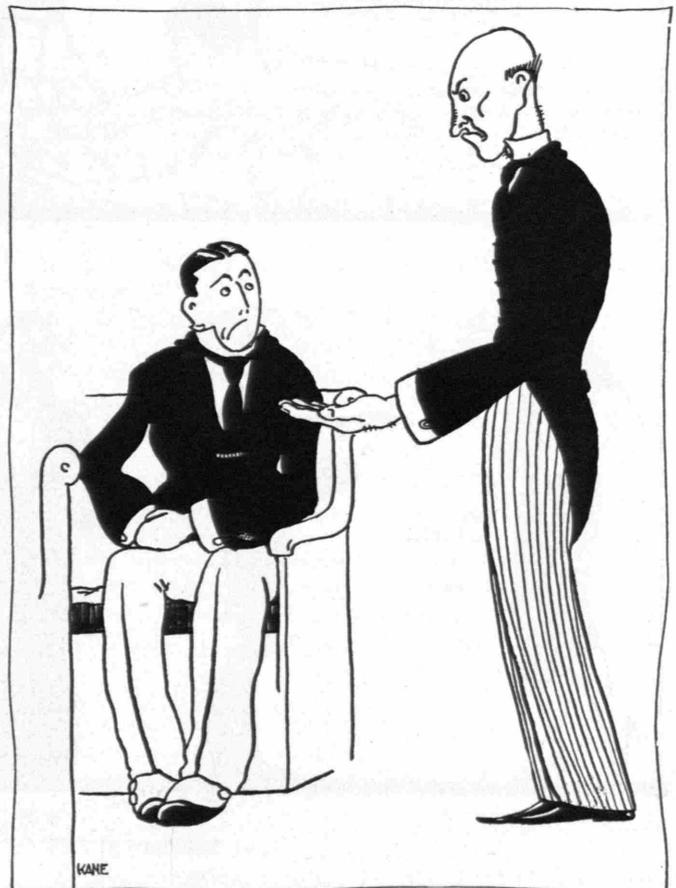
It seems to be a trifle over C.

—J. M., Jr.

Diary of a Tech Prof

- Sun.: Weather unpleasant. Corrected test papers. Failed all but two.
- Mon.: Went to class feeling mean. Gave class an unfair test and felt better. Assigned problems 14 and 16 for next time.
- Tues.: Went to class in fine spirits but a student called me "Mr.——." Will remember that next June.
- Wed.: Had Prof.—— solve problems 14 and 16 for me. Censured class severely for their inability to do these problems.
- Thurs.: Changed seating arrangement. Had tired of seeing the same ones in the front row. And they asked too many questions and left their brown bags where I tripped over them.
- Fri.: Went to class feeling cheerful. Cracked joke. Class all laughed except two. Those two will probably wonder why they fail in June.
- Sat.: Was asked a question I could not answer. But got around it by telling the class that we would come to that later in the term. End of hard week.

—H. A. M.



How Palm Sunday Appears to the Casual Church-goer.

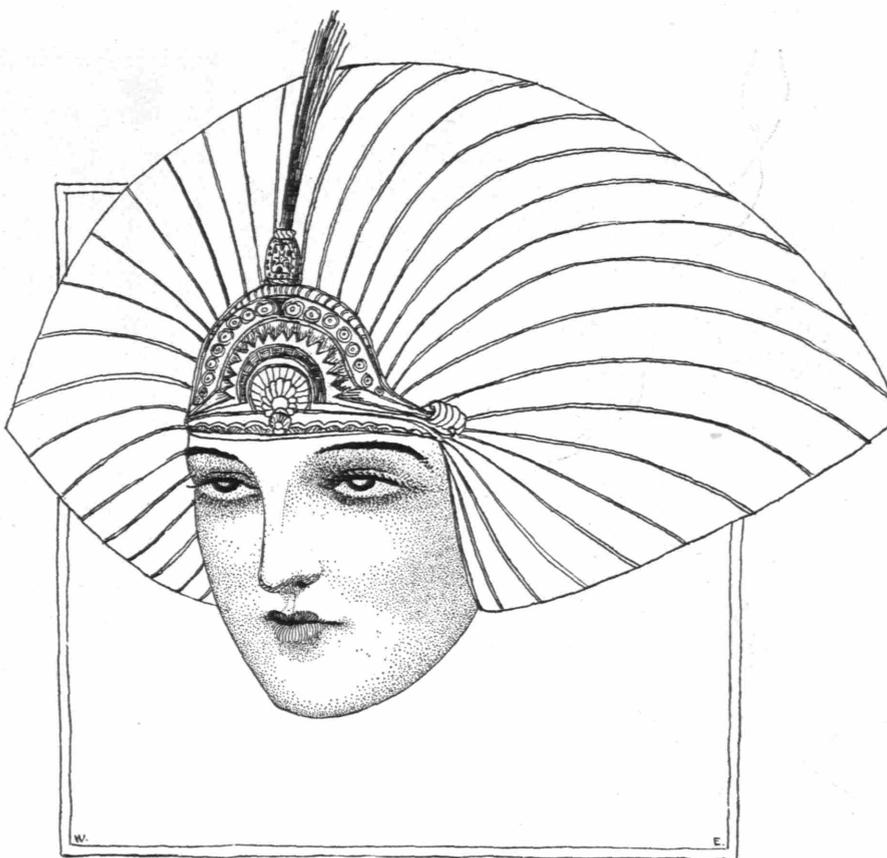
CAUTIONARY TALE

Spring had come. The usual signs were visible and conclusive proof of the fact had been given by Prof. Hudson who slipsticked the result correctly to one place in two. The Maintenance Crew were busily repairing the bridge, merrily singing the while, "The Harvard Bridge is falling down," with all great gusto.

A blithe young Techer tripped blissfully across this structure (tripping is the word), humming to himself a seven place log table to the tune of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. For it was a Monday morning and he was happy. Had he not the anticipation of two quizzes that would give his mind its necessary exercise?

So absorbed was he in these bright thoughts, that he looked not where he planted his neat brogans. Coincident with which were facts that had their inevitably disastrous effects to the lad. All unknowingly, he let one coesandstoddard land on the identical spot where Paul Revere's horse had trod in its famous prant. The weight of the horse, together with the intervening 1.5 centuries, had indubitably weakened this spot far beyond its breaking strength. There was a crunch, a crack, and a smack. (A huge piece of mince pie in his lunch box, in his brown bag, in his hand, in his fall, caused the smack.)

His slide-rule was picked up at the dam along with numerous Dontskateere signs; but the youth's phine physique was never re-



From Girl: B. C. 2000

covered. With the slide-rule as evidence and the sworn testimony of 746 witnesses (two of whom saw him fall and the rest of whom vouched for his unimpeachable character), his parents hope to recover the balance of his tuition from the 'Stute.

We may draw two morals from this touching episode. Firstly, never fall through the Harvard Bridge. Secondly, when crossing this bridge from Boston to Cambridge, always start from the Boston side.

—H. A. M.

Air: America

Our country! here's to thee,
 Dry land of misery,
 We want a drink;
 Land where the tongues are dried,
 Land of Sir Volstead's pride,
 Moonshine on ev'ry side
 Had for a wink.

P. B. K.:—"Did you ever hear of Vishnu?"

D. T. D.:—"No, is it a shoe polish?"



ENGINE LAB.

"And the barometer, — how much is it, Abie?"
 "Oi, it's a bargain, only 29.95!"

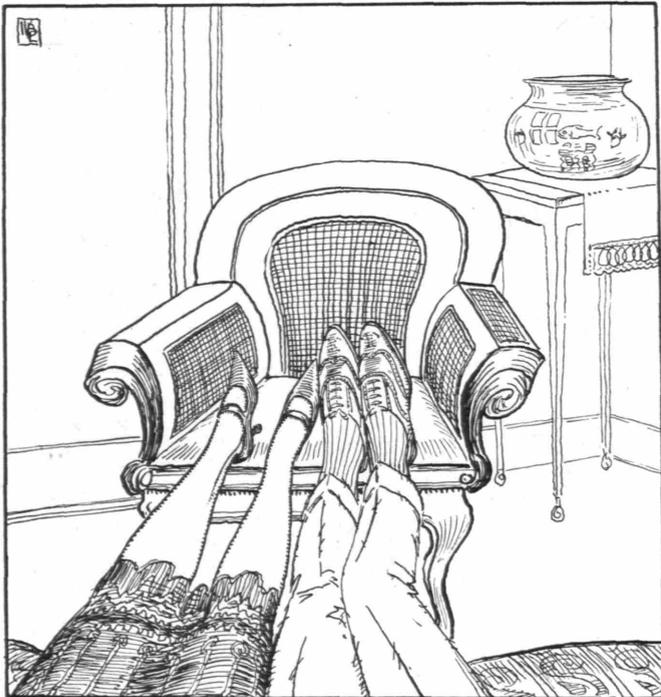


"I saw Pauline at the dance last night and she had a very low neck."
"Who with?"

Things You Probably Won't Hear During Prom Week:—

Don't call a Taxi. I'd rather walk.
 I love chaperones.
 I much prefer Walton's to the Copley. The furnishings at Walton's are so exquisite.
 Give me a Camel, please. I never smoke Dieties.
 No, I never heard that one.
 No, I don't know the football captain, or, for that matter, any of the important men at Yale.
 Well, good-bye, Tom, I've had a perfectly stupid time all week.

—H. A. M.



SHE:—"Suppose father should step in now!"
 HE:—"Oh, he was just telling me to embrace every opportunity."

Prom Mottoes

A girl behind the palms is worth two in front of the patronesses.
 A shady corner breeds petting.
 Look before you kiss.
 It's a long dance that has no collisions.
 It's an ill line that tires everybody out.
 Dance and the world dances with you. Step on her feet and you step alone.

"I hear that a famous movie comedian is coming to Tech."

"Ah, from slapstick to slipstick, eh."



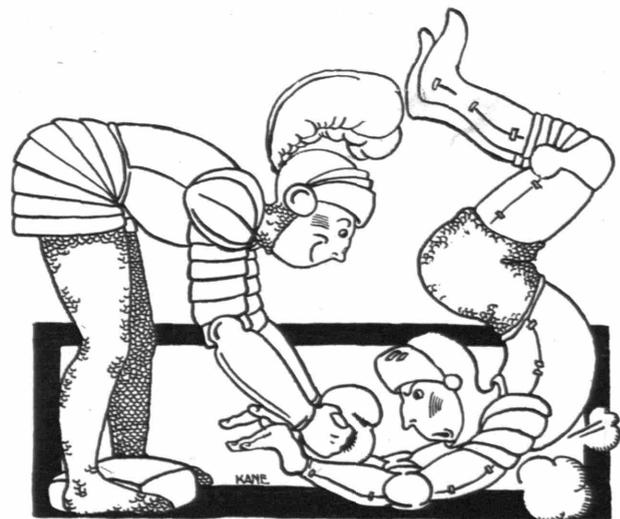
"What time is it?"
 "I'm a little fast."
 "I know, but what time is it?"

How She Happened to Come

"I do so admire Boston; it is so quaint!"
 "Yes, ah, it is very picturesque, no doubt, but—"
 "And Cambridge, too, it is so different!"
 "Er, well, I don't—"
 "And I do so admire Tech men, so practical—"
 "Well, yes, we—er—"
 "They say they have such wonderful dances! Especially their Prom!! I would so love to go to one; I'd give anything to—"
 "If you would—er—really—care—er—to go—"
 "Oh! I didn't expect, of course I'll go! Oh, you are the sweetest man!!"

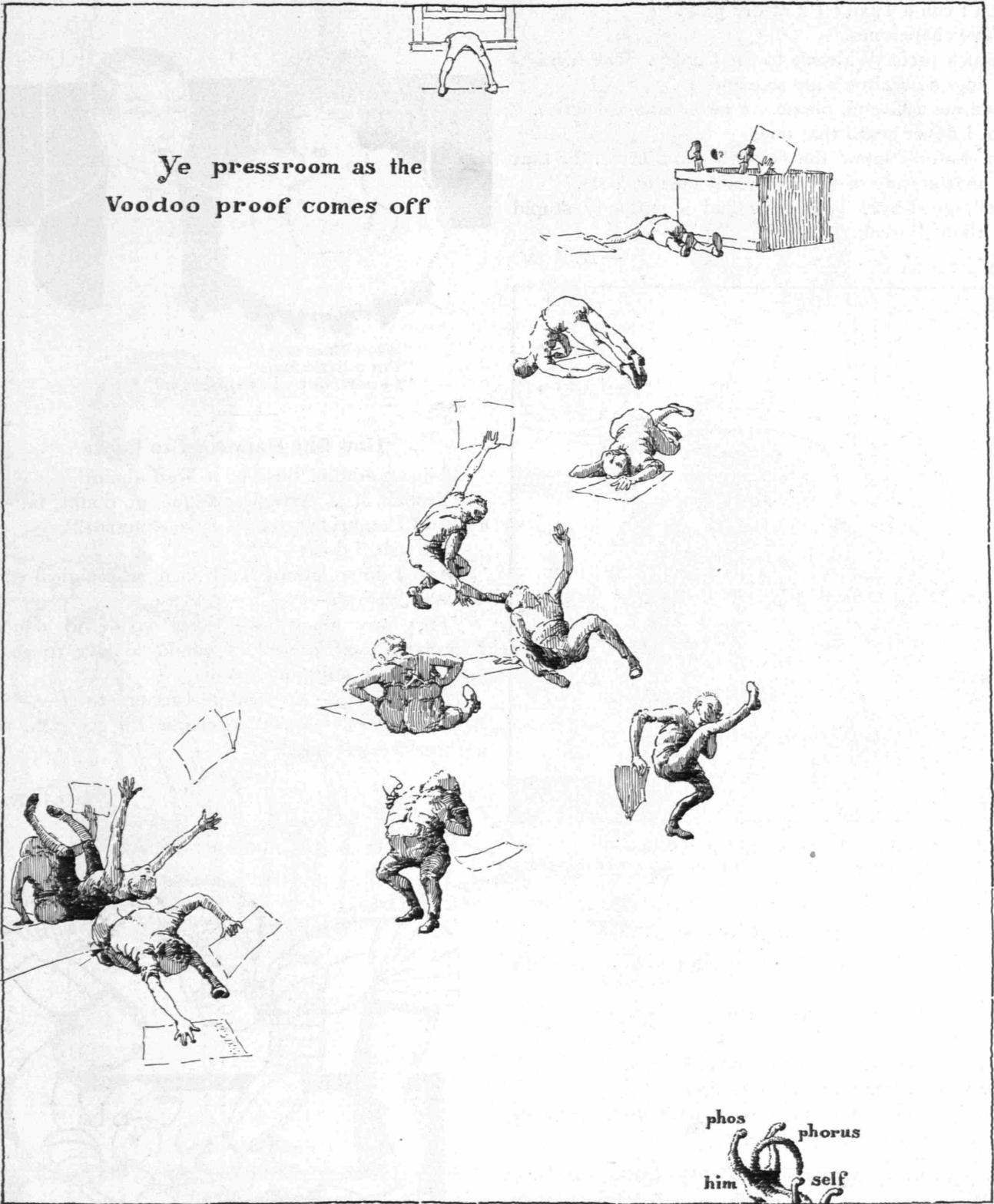
(Curtain)

—A. R. B.

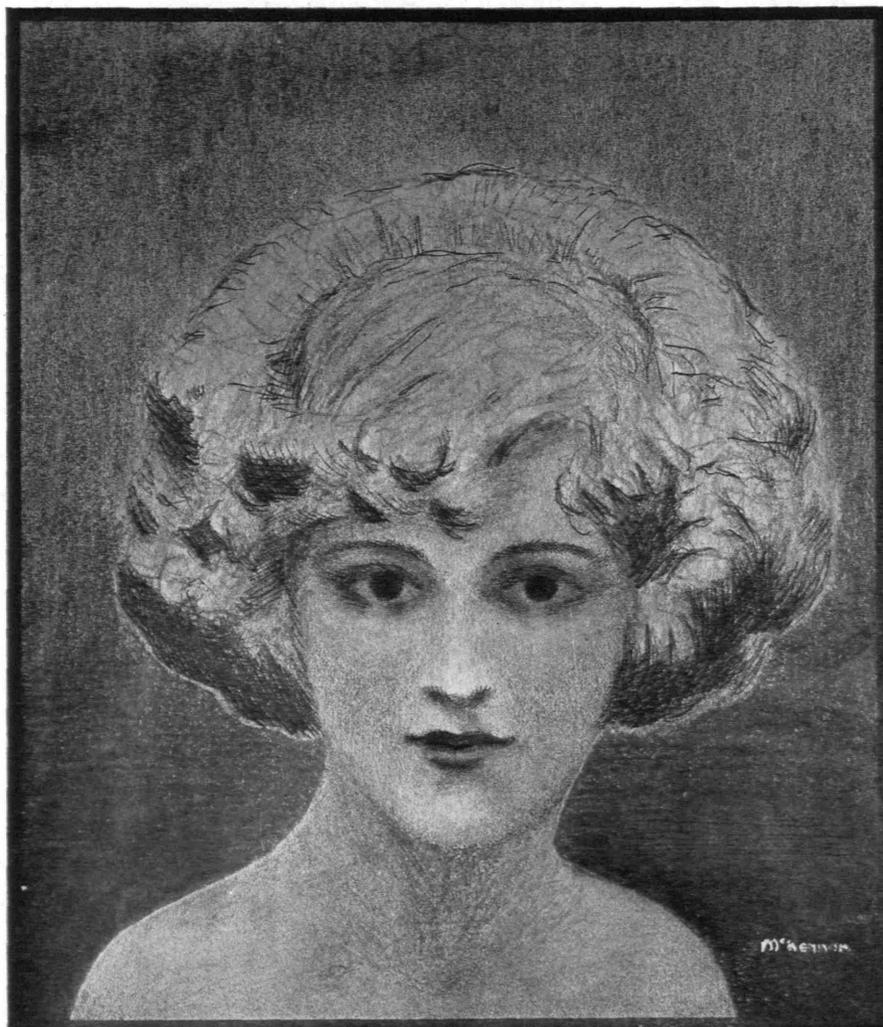


A Knight Out.

Ye pressroom as the
Voodoo proof comes off



phos
phorus
him self



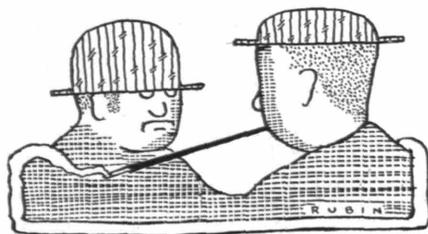
A Relief Map of the Prom

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Athletic Association wishes to make the following announcements.

Track

The Spring Handicap Meet will be held November 4th if that date is convenient for the "Health"



"The coach told me to keep away from cigarettes."

squad. A special hundred-yard Marathon will be run with a minimum time limit of 35 seconds. Tea and French pastry will be served before and after each race and for the Marathon, divans will be placed along the course and a staff of young and charming nurses will be on hand.

The privileges of the "health squad" will be extended to all who wish to get in condition for Junior Week. In reference to this arrangement, Coach Kanaly said, "Yes, many of our prominent 'rum-hounds' have found this work an efficient means of keeping in condition for their bouts."

Minor Sports

All candidates for the Varsity Necking team will report to Coach Valentine in the Fenway at 7:30 P. M. Friday. Bring petting-shirt, note-book and blanket. Many of last year's Varsity squad will be in uniform as will most of last year's phenomenal Freshman team. Many of the men have been in training during the winter and an exceptionally well-balanced and powerful squad is expected.

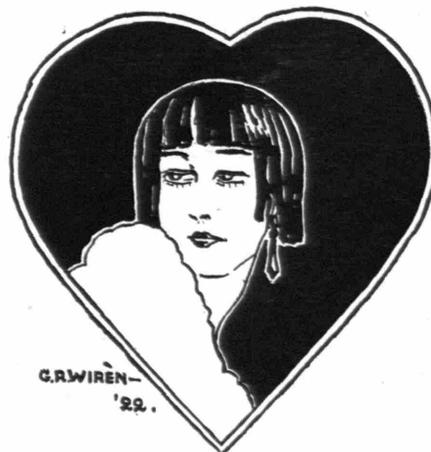
All candidates for the Fencing team will report to Major Smith not later than 7 A. M. Tuesday. Their first opponent will be the Campus and later on in the season they will fence the Charles River Basin. Negotiations are under way to take on the Boston Common providing they are victorious in their first two meets.

The Gym team will meet the Sargent Seconds some time this week. The exact date and place of the meet has been withheld by the Gym team manager.

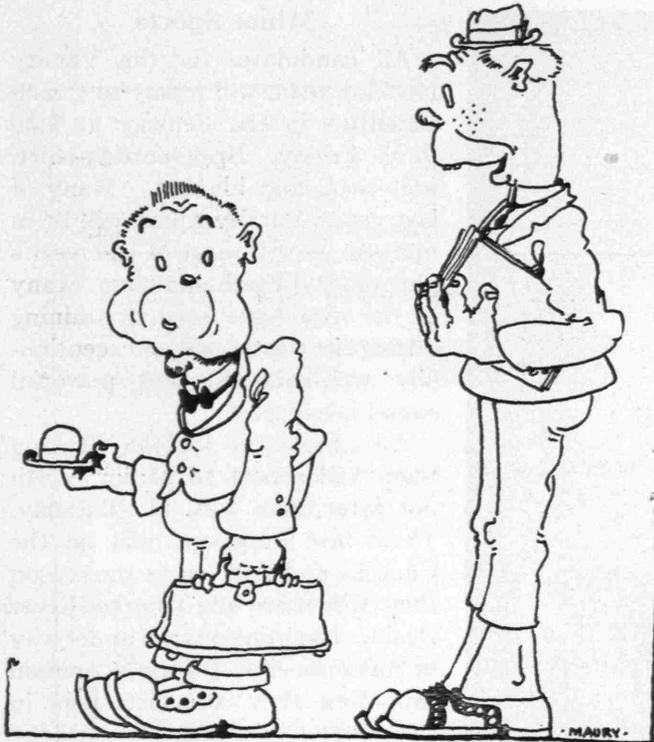
—M. O'B.

Windy:—"And say, driver, the prince came all the way from Albany 'incog.'"

Taxi Tom:—"Yeah, that's nut-hin'. Once I went all the way to Fithavenoo in reverse."



Cross-section of any young man's heart during Junior Week.



"My girl said that if I kissed her again she'd go right home."
"Jamaica?"

To Spring

Oh! Spring! Thy oft-recurring presence
I've felt for many a day
As I o'er hill, and moor, and vale
Have sped upon my way.
Thy futile whisp'rings did I pass
As signs which were untrue,
But now thy poignant murmur tells
That it was really you.
Ah! Spring, 'tis long since I have heard
Of you, in fact a year.
It hardly seems that I had let
You pass without a fear.
And now once more I hear again
Thy summons! Spring, I make
One last, one long appeal to you!
Oh! Spring, Why did you break?

(Ten miles from a Garage.)

—A. R. B.

"A little off color" remarked the speculator as he read the report of the drop in the pigment market.

Biol.—"I just saw the funniest looking amœba."
Ogy.—"It must have been a male."

Expressionism

Then I tried to write
A poem with a pen and found
That each short line of verse ran a gush
As breath will clothe and curtain off a mirror
Swelling bead-like, till words sought a tripping way
Mingling the ancient meters I had written
Into long dignified words of prose again.

—H. S.

"No wonder she's a gold-digger."

"How's that?"

"Why, her father was a plumber and her mother ran a tea-room."



Harvard Mottoes:
"Enter, to Grow in Wisdom"

Have You Ever Seen:—

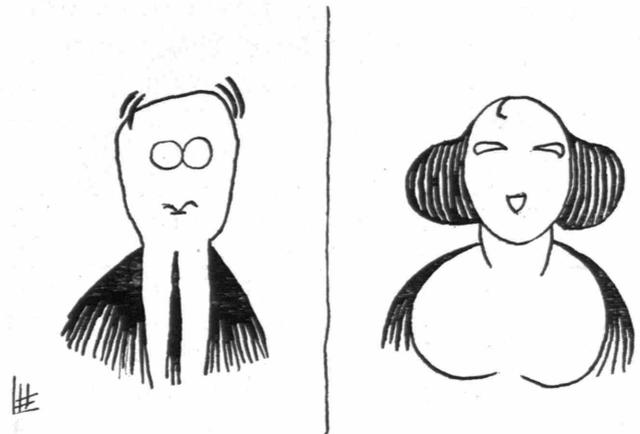
- Any intelligent ones among those who ask all the questions in class?
- Prof. Mueller grin at the right time?
- Anyone push the right door, the right way, the first time,—into the Main Lobby?
- A day when the Harvard Bridge wasn't being repaired?
- A gentleman with a brown bag waiting in line for a Prom Sign-up?
- A co-ed smoking in the corridors?
- Or anyplace?
- More than two men killed in a rush to purchase T. E. N's?
- The inside of Station 16?
- A meeting of the Corridor Club before 10:30 A. M.?
- Anyone get an all-H report when he expected a Vote Ten?
- Weather in Boston for which you didn't need a rain-top, and over-coat if you wished to be dressed correctly for all occasions?

—H. A. M.

Foreigner:—"Do you have a Latin quarter?"
 Native:—"No, but I got a Canadian dime."



Aphrodite, had Phidias been a modern Cake-Eater



"What splendid neck and shoulder development those Tech Show Ballet Girls have!"
 "Yes, they were specially trained by Pop Lambrith."

The Effects of Applied Culture
 The Boozier Poet

Oh! Jonathan Egg was a country gink who all his dough at Tech did sink; who left the farm for Boston town with his cowhide boots and his pa's nightgown; who spent his time within his books and gave the girls no lingering looks. His hair was yellow, face was red, his general appearance was not well-bred, but lo and behold, for Junior Week, for a fair young miss he fain would seek. A world-wise friend, in lieu of joke, did show him forth to many folk, and then a lass gave her consent and Jonathan was some happy gent.

Max Keezer heard the happy news and for the customary dues bedecked him out from head to foot in a "Hawvawd Special" full dress suit. To be sure, the suit was far too big, but he knew nought of such a rig and so on the night of the Prom he dressed in most of the suit and his regular vest. He didn't know how to tie a bow, so he swore he'd let the durned thing go, for what cared he for a little tie — at home they passed such small things by. The shiny pumps felt far too tight so the cowhide boots were brought in sight; for studs (he used his well-trained mind),—some paper clips, you know the kind — so, lo and behold, at half-past eight, he rang the bell before her gate.

As he stood waiting in the hall, he knew he'd surely make her fall — she, proving that she'd heard the bell, came down the stairs, — and then she fell!

Two hours later, she came to, then wept another hour thru, — while he — a social light no more — ran home and off all women swore. A lovesick swain no more is he, just one of our *H* nonentities. A warning for all other fools — Beware if you don't know the rules.

—A. R. B.

Phosphorus' Dictionary of Modern English
(English as she is spoke by collech men)

Air, n. A substance somewhat resembling the well-known raspberry, which is profusely distributed by chorus girls among their college friends.

Back Bay, n. A well-known section of the Metropolis, which, if we believe some of the newspapers, is a suburb of Hades and where, if they are right, we most sincerely wish they would take up their habitat.

"C." Mysterious marking, which we reproduce for the benefit of those who have never seen one.

Damn, v. tr. Syn.: Fiddlesticks. An expression very much in vogue among students in general and engineering students in particular. Often used in conjunction with other words of a pious nature.

Dean, n. Person entrusted with catching those who get by the Phys. Dept.

Depraved, adj. The moral condition of any student living in the Back Bay, Cf, Boston Telegram.

Dumb-bell, n. See grind.

Flapper, n. Any person of the feminine gender who drinks, smokes, uses mascara and has other disgusting and disreputable habits. (If you fit this description, drop around to 309 Walker. We're at home to our friends from 4 to 6.)

Flunk, v. intr. The unhappy fate of those whose petitions for dropping the course have been rejected by the faculty. Its use seems to be periodic, reaching a maximum at intervals of about ten weeks.

Grind, n. See dumb-bell.

"H." Saw one once, but have forgotten what it means.

Hell, n. Remarkable quantity, which is both hot and cold, wet and dry, tight, sober, pash, sick, etc. Use: Ye professors was tyght as Helle, Old Eng.

Instructor, n. A person, believed to be attached to the Bursar's office.

Jack, n. Substance often borrowed but seldom returned.

Kiss, n. Method of salutation between persons of opposite sex. Has displaced handshaking and means very little more.

Broke, adj. Financial condition of those who go after the Prom, and also of those who don't before it.

Line, n. Two kinds: verbal-physical. Both used in catching fish. The verbal may be divided into four types: naive, unsophisticated, sophisticated and hard-boiled.

Love, n. Chasm into which many of our unfortunate forefathers fell but which has been explored and charted, thus eliminating all the former dangers.

Mascard, n. Cosmetic, having tendency to run under the action of cigarette smoke.

Ossified, adj. See polluted.

Petting, adj. Lat. Peto, petare.

Physics Dept., n. A very efficient organization, organized to aid in the prevention of the granting of Institute degrees.

Polluted, adj. The next stage after tight. To distinguish between the two, look in a mirror. If you see three heads, you're tight; if you don't see the mirror, you're polluted.

Tight, adj. A stage of inebriation which the public believes to be the ordinary state of college men. They don't know how much we wish it were.

"X." A mark often found on examination papers indicating a conflict of opinion between the teacher and student.

—M. O'B.

Boy:—"Pa, why do they call a policeman a bull?"
Father:—"Cause they won't stand for reds."

"Shay, mister! Take off your false, I know ya!"
"But, my good man! I am not wearing a false face."
"Ish thasso. Well, if you're not, you ought to."



The Whole Works!

**The Department of Research presents the
Greatest Superpower Project ever Projected.**

The present discussion about Mussel Shoals brings home the fact that power is one of the greatest factors in our modern civilization. To obtain power, especially cheap power, is a problem which every promising young engineer should consider.

We have developed a scheme for producing power which is absolutely the cheapest source available. To make plain, we are to use the rainfall as a means of power production. To the practical man, unschooled in the fine theories of engineering, this may seem foolish, but every wide-awake student or graduate of our technical schools will immediately see its enormous possibilities.

At an altitude just below the clouds, we propose to anchor an extremely large torus-shaped dirigible having a large canvas tank suspended from its inner circumference. From various points in this tank, we shall run stiff steel wires into the upper cloud-filled atmosphere. These wires will be charged with a high potential of 50,000 volts (Miss Weeks). Thus they will produce an analogous effect to that of the Cottrell precipitator. Particles of H₂O will fall down into the tank at an enormous rate, forming a sort of reservoir. To prevent the clouds from losing all their moisture, we intend to install a 40,000,000,000 C. P. search-light; focused on some large body of water, which will draw up water as the sun does.

From the bottom of our reservoir, we will drop a length of pipe to the ground, where it will be connected to a triplex-double-barrel turbine of the "wet" type.



She (referring to the rain):—"Oh, dear, it's beginning to come down!"

He (absent-mindedly):—"Would a safety pin help?"

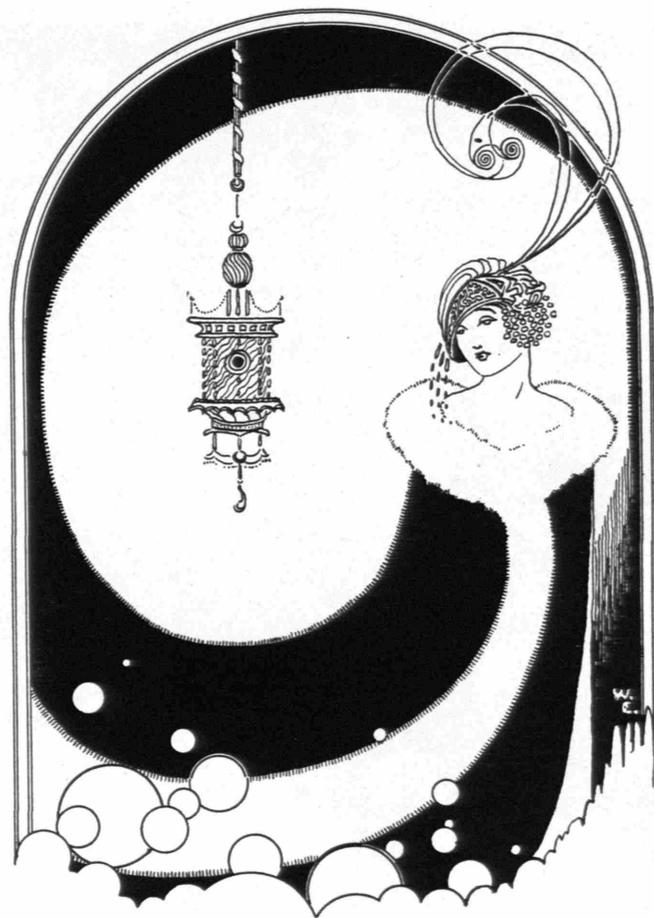
On Location

By wire:—"Bathing beauties forgot suits. What will I do?"

Director.

Return wire:—"Darn shame. Am sending same by carrier pigeon."

Producer.



**Mary had a little lamp,
It burned a cheery glow;
But everywhere that Mary went
The lamp was turned quite low.**

The water collected in falling thru such an enormous height will have a kinetic energy sufficient to produce any amount of power. Our calculations have proven that a 1/10" pipe will give at least 10,000,000 H. P.

The supreme advantage of this power project is that it could be moved from place to place at ease. For instance, it could be moved from New York to the Arizona deserts, where the water discharged from the turbine could be used for irrigation.

This project has the full endorsement of the Physics Department and its possibilities are so great that the Economics Department is considering incorporating a company among the students of Course XV.

—A. R. B.

"And so he left me flat," remarked the old tire.



THE FIRST VOO DOO

Signs of Spring at Technology

1. Student falls thru on ice on Charles River and is rescued by passing canoeist.
2. Bursar's office demands more funds.
3. Mortality period. Exams.
4. The pair of sneakers appears in the open.
5. Cambridge hospitals filled to overflowing. Technique Rush.
6. Moonlight on the Charles. Also the Prom.
7. The two leaves appear on the tree in the great court.
8. The almanac says "Spring is here."

—A. R. B.



A Very Reserved Girl

Innocence Entrapped

It was the schooner Innocence,
That sailed the guarded sea.
And the skipper had loaded her hold with liquor
To gain him an honest penny.

The skipper reeled as he grasped the helm,
His mug was in his hand.
And he looked and saw a vessel's smoke
Between him and the land.

"Oh, skipper, she turns and comes this way,
Oh, say, what may she be?"
'Tis a Volstead cutter, and she's after us."
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh, captain, I see another one,
Another one off to sea."
The skipper drained another quart
And a scornful laugh, laughed he.

"Oh, never, the schooner Innocence,
A Volstead prize shall be."
And he seized an axe and stove a hole,
In rushed the angry sea.

The breakers rose and forced her down,
So sank this mournful wreck.
Her crew, in blissful slumber wrapt,
Lay all about her deck.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman rubbed his eyes,
For keg and case were drifting in—
Was ever so rich a prize?

—C. T. B.

"Cut," yelled the director, as the blade of the guillotine dropped.

Some Are Satisfied Easier Than Others

Class A: I'm afraid I won't get an "H" in Heat.

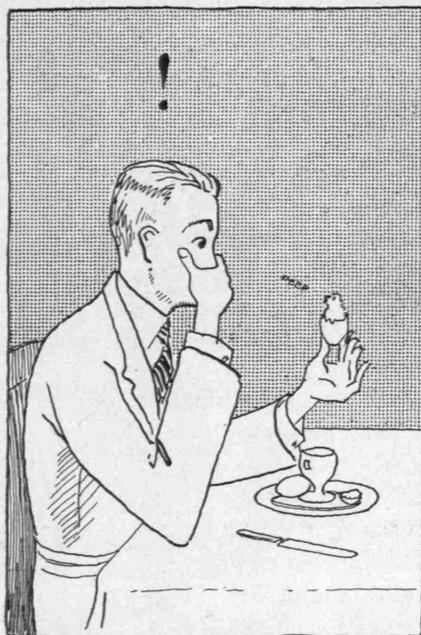
" B: If I get all "P's," I'll be satisfied.

" C: I'm praying I won't get a note.

" D: I hope it's a nine. Then I'll be sure of not getting a ten.

" E: I'm sure of a Ten.

Breakfast Poetry



The Lays of Ancient Rome.

Poet:—"Now I'm going to read you two of my latest poems, and I want you to give me your candid opinion."

Friend (after listening to the first):—"Well, I must confess I like the other better."

"What's your hurry?"

"I'm a prom motor."

American (to an Englishman):—"You speak of the *kingdom* of England; it's no kingdom. Why, your king's no king, he's a farce."

Englishman:—"What about your Statue of Liberty?"



When a Modern Lady Goes Travelling

She can't travel with her children, because she can't stand the noise; she can't travel without them, that makes her homesick.

She can't travel with the window open, or she will catch a cold; she can't travel with the window closed, or she'll choke.

She can't travel backward, that makes her dizzy; she can't travel forward, then she gets the draught from the engine.

She can't eat, because that will make her sick; she can't fast, or she'll starve to death.

She can't remain seated all the time, or her feet will fall asleep; she

This is the end; lay by the cap and bells;

The darkness comes and puts the day to rout;

The hand of time our care-free music quells;

Turn down the leaves and snuff the candle out.

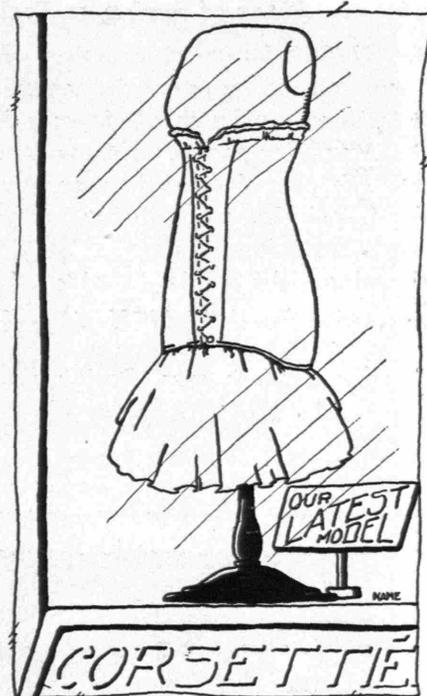
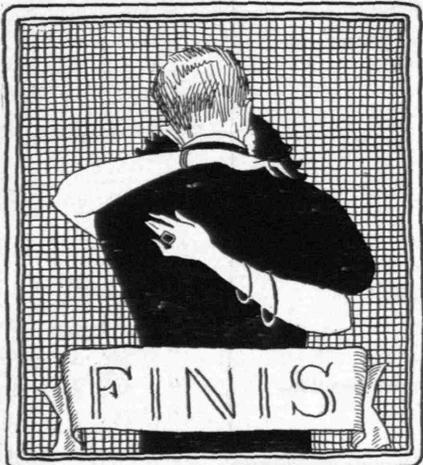
This is the end; the cap and bells lay by;

The darkness comes, and puts to rout the day;

(Put by your kerchief, little girl—don't cry:

Retiring editors *always* talk this way.)

—E. F. H.



A Model Reformer.

can't stand up, or she'll lose her balance.

She can't lean back, that messes up her hair; she can't sit up straight, her spine won't stand that.

She can't read, because that makes her woozy; she can't do without reading, that bores her to death.

She can't remain awake, she's much too tired for that; she can't go to sleep, because the train bumps too much;

But she can do everything else!

—H. S.



"Why, Bob Smith! How dare you pass me up on the street?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Milly. You have a new pair of shoes and I didn't recognize you."

—*The Phoenix*

She:—"I don't want to be too easily won."

He:—"Naturally."

"So, if I say 'no' now, you won't get angry and never ask me again, will you?"

—*Wag Jag*

Temperance Lecturer:—"If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he choose to drink?"

Soak:—"The water."

Temperance Lecturer:—"Yes, and why?"

Soak:—"Because he's an ass."

—*Chaparral*

He:—"There's Jones, a miler. He'll be our best man in a few weeks."

She:—"This is so sudden!"

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*

Expectations Realized

"Look'ee, Garge, didn't I tell 'ee my boy would make the folks sit up an' open their mouths when 'e got to Lunnon?"

"So you did, and has 'e done it?"

"Aye. 'E've started business as a dentist."

—*Jester*

"Yes, I have Royal Blood in my veins."

"How does that happen?"

"Well, you see when my father was a youngster he was stung by a Queen Bee."

—*Froth*

"You God-Dandruf"

A colored man went into a barber shop and asked the barber for five cents worth of hair tonic.

"What," cried the barber, "You want five cents worth of hair tonic! Do you know that hair tonic costs \$1.50 a pint? Are you going to grow eyebrows on a flea with all that tonic?"

"No, Sah, Boss," said the negro. "I wants it for mah watch. There's a speck of dandruff in the hairspring."

—*Wampus*

Pretty Dirty One

Ruf:—"I say, old man, what became of that white dog you had last week? Died?"

Stuf:—"No, dirty."

—*Wag Jag*

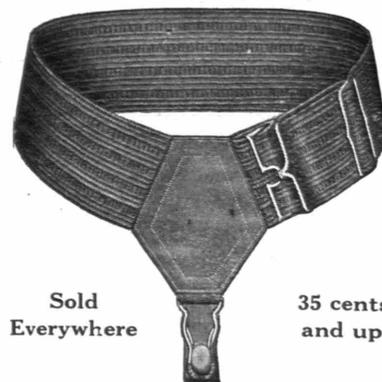


The Exclusive Garter

Because it has exclusive features. For example—the Hook-and-Eye Cast-off is not on the Face of Pad.

Also it has the famous Oblong All-Rubber Button Clasps.

These wonderful features insure perfect fit and long service. Try a pair and be convinced.

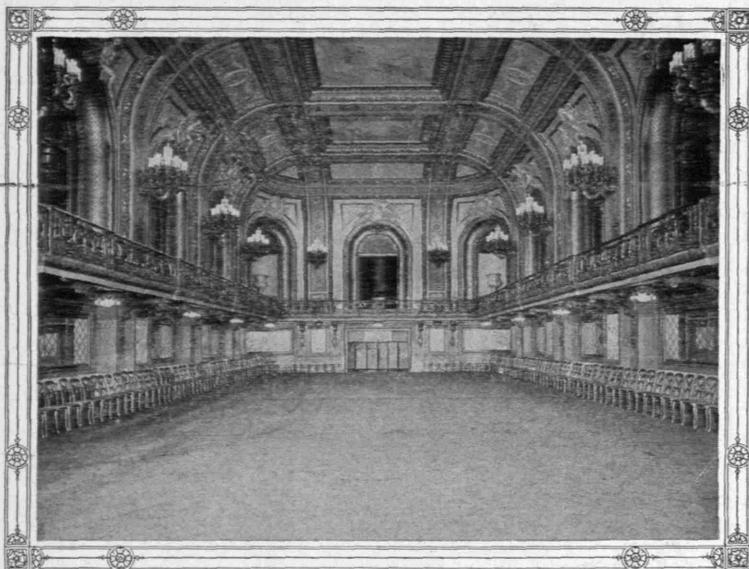


Sold
Everywhere

35 cents
and up

The **only** adjustable Wideweb Garter **without** metal parts on face of Pad to pull it out of shape.

George Frost Company - Makers - Boston



THE GOLD ROOM AT THE CONGRESS

Gentlefolk

IN the conduct of the modern hotel, it is trite to say that the guest's word must not be disputed in the conduct of THE CONGRESS, the very admission of potential friction between guest and servitor is a thing unthought of.

—unthought of because the occasion never arises to bring the admission to mind.

—unthought of because both guest and servitor are invariably gentlefolk.

CONGRESS HOTEL AND ANNEX

S. R. KAUFMAN, President
MICHIGAN AVENUE AT CONGRESS STREET
CHICAGO

Psychologically Speaking

Dolly:—"Why do you want to kiss me?"

Clarence:—"The underlying motive of my desire to osculate lies in the intense and overpowering ambition to make you happy. My lips burn for you.

Dolly:—"If the instruments in conflagration should be placed in closer juxtaposition with the corresponding objects of your desire, your suit might possibly be pressed to a more definite conclusion."

One bird to another:—"And when they are alone, they call it "necking."

—*Bearskin*

A Glance
A Dance
Entrance
Advance
Romance
Finance.

—*Juggler*

Celeste

Celeste is a knockout. She has beautiful raven hair, which has the fragrance of a rose. Her skin and complexion is as tender and as fine as the most delicate flower. Her eyes are like wonderful limpid pools of light. Her lips were made just for kissing. The skin of her throat is as white as snow. Her voice is like the musical tinkle of a brook. Her form is divine. Her motions symbolize the poetry of motion. When she walks she sways like a reed in the wind. Celeste is a knockout.

But —

She chews tobacco!

—*Punch Bowl*

Yes, Sir, It Does

A tabby cat felt lonely,
She had no lover true
To call on her and warble
"I love no one but you."
So on the fence she squatted,
And told the Moon her wish;
Now kittens six lap out of
A little china dish.
You take a tip from Lulu;
To boost your enterprise,
Just tell the World you've got it,
IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE!

—*By Jack Lionel in Judge*

Noo, daughter, ye maun know that there are noo objections to saving electricity while the young man is here, but I hav'na the mind to appreciate the leavin' it on all the rest of the night. That will na' lead me to believe that it was on while he was here.

—*Dodo*

You are invited to visit
The Miller Drug Co.

Corner Beacon and Mass. Ave.

The most modern up-to-date Pharmacy in Boston

**College Graduate Pharmacists
at Your Service**

**A complete stock of Foreign and
Domestic Drugs and Chemicals**

Fine Boy

"Let's bury the hatchet," the cave man said,
"For the sake of family and home;"
But the man he faced was a bachelor, you see,
And he buried it in his dome.

—Punch Bowl

Mr. Jones returned recently from a trip and arrived early in the morning, and, thinking Mrs. Jones was not up yet, he came up the back steps and saw his wife in the kitchen. Her back was to the door, and he rushed in and threw his arms around her.

She said:—"I won't need any ice today."

—Panther

Poor Advertising

He:—"You know I could die dancing with you."

She:—"If it weren't for the publicity, I wish you would."

—Sun Dodger

She:—"Oh! my poor man, how did you get so horribly cut and bruised?"

What Was Left of Him:—"I umpired a soccer game in a mining town."

—Wag Jag

**We Carry
THE FAMOUS SKIBO SHIRT**

with a soft collar that stands up like a starched collar and won't shrink! Also a nice line of collar attached shirts with button down collars, \$1.45 up.

A good line of silk and knit ties
55 cents up.

A full line of spring hats for Easter

SUBWAY HABERDASHERS

115 Massachusetts Avenue Opposite Subway Station
One Day Laundry Service

Sport Suits

4 pieces

Coat, vest and 2 pair trousers

4 pieces

Coat, vest, trousers and knickers

3 pieces

Coat, vest and trousers

\$35 to \$50

others \$25 and \$30

Hart Schaffner & Marx

have achieved uncommon distinction in tailoring models fittingly appealing to young men who are adverse to overdoing or underdoing the prescribed dictates of good form in sports attire.

Satisfaction or money back

The Continental

**Boylston
at Washington**

**Franklin
at Washington**

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COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
BOSTON, MASS.

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THE ONLY SUMMER TERRACE
RESTAURANT IN THE CITY

ROOMS WITH BATH AND EN SUITE
EUROPEAN PLAN

FRANK C. HALL, *Manager*

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Established 1848

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(Separate Entrances)

Correct, Ready-to-Wear, Custom Clothing
and Furnishings

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Tailored in our own Workrooms from
distinctive Patterns of English Woolens
carefully selected abroad

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SPRING TOP COATS

of Fancy West of England
Coatings London-made **\$65**

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Sole Retail Agents

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ANTHRACITE COAL

50 CONGRESS ST. BOSTON, MASS.

We are now showing for
SPRING AND SUMMER

these famous shoes



Prices \$12.50 to \$14.00

J. L. ESART CO.

46 Boylston St., Boston

"How did Jim lose the fingers on his right hand?"
"Put them in a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had."

"What happened?"

"The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers Jim had."

—Virginia Reel

"A fellow was propelling a mean Stutz the other day, and as he floated down the avenue, he stuck out his arm to signal."

"Indeed? What about it?"

"A Ford suddenly ran up his sleeve."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

There was a young man named McCarthy
Whose hatred for Britons was harthy.

In Dublin one night

He licked six in one fight,

And thought it a sociable parthy.

—Whirlwind

Absent Minded Prof.:—"Is there anyone under that bed?"
Escaped Convict Hiding:—"Not a soul."

Absent Minded Prof.:—"That's funny — I could have sworn that I heard somebody."

—Beanpot

Telephone, Copley 1934-J

OPEN EVENINGS

LEO HIRSH

Glozier, Haberdasher, Hatter

Full Dress, Tuxedo
Afternoon Suits and
Accessories
For Sale and for Rent

**Special
Discount to
Clubs**

*Pennants and Banners
Made to Order*

**250 HUNTINGTON
AVENUE**

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Opposite Symphony Hall



Young Men, Attention!

A New Feature

RADIO

DEPARTMENT

IN THE

Boston Evening Transcript

MR. E. L. BOWLES

of the

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

will conduct a daily column dealing
with this interesting new science.

It will include both elementary and
advanced instruction, news and any-
thing else of interest to its followers.

*Read the Daily Radio Column in the
Boston Transcript*

An unpopular girl was May Beason,
And she couldn't quite figure the reason,
'Till some means artificial
Proved quite beneficial,
And now she's the belle of the season.

—Brown Jug

The rooster, like a lot of men,
Can crow to beat the deuce;
But when you crowd him for results,
You find he can't produce.

—Puppet

A Cold One

Flub:—"How do divorce and water resemble each other?"

Dub:—"I dunno, how?"

Flub:—"Divorce frees us, water freezes."

—Wag Jag

"Why don't you like Elizabeth? She seems to be a very
nice girl.

"She is."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

'Tis better to keep silent and be thought a fool, than to
speak and remove all doubt.

—Hum Bug

TECHNOLOGY SPA

**Excellent Food
Well Cooked**

Drop in when you feel hungry

Cigars and Cigarettes

Massachusetts Avenue, opposite M. I. T.



Young Men's Hats

Distinctive and Exclusive Styles
Foreign and Domestic Manufacture

Coats

Agents for
Burberry and Aquascutum English Coats
Golf Suits Caps Gloves Neckties

Collins & Fairbanks Co.

383 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON

A Resourceful Bird

"You wish to enter the diplomatic service. Can you give any proof of discretion?"

"Yes, I once entered a bathroom where a lady was in a bath."

"Yes, and what did you do?"

"I said: 'I beg your pardon, sir!' and withdrew."

—Humbug

Senior:—"This cold weather chills me to the bone."

Soph:—"You should wear a hat."

—Octopus

"That girl is a regular third rail."

"How's that?"

"It's dangerous to touch her."

—Brown Jug

Cars for Every Occasion
Central Square All Hours
MURRAY TAXI
Cambridge Tel 250-W
649 Massachusetts Ave.

FOUNDED 1856

WHEN it comes to clothes for sport afield, Scotch woolens have the atmosphere and ruggedness that you expect to find.

Our provision of sport suits permits a choice of two, three and four garment outfits.

Mail service

BROKAW BROTHERS
1457-1463 BROADWAY
AT FORTY-SECOND STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Frat:—"Why did the boss fire you from that job?"

Pin:—"Well, you know a labor boss is one who stands around and watches his gang work?"

Frat:—"Yes! Yes! What's that got to do with it?"

Pin:—"Well, he got jealous of me. People thought I was the boss."

—Frvol

Passenger:—"What's the matter, Guard?"

Guard (fed up with the question):—"There's a new signal-man in the box up there that's got red hair, and we can't get the engine to pass him."

—London Opinion

I:—"Seasick, old man?"

II:—"Sea? No; I am."

—Wampus

THE *Arthur W. Rosenberg* Co.
TAILORS

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• 505 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK •

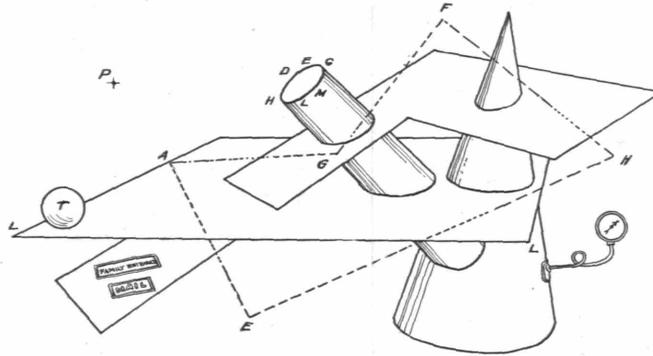
••••• MAIL ORDERS •••••
SATISFACTORILY EXECUTED

Makers of Smart but Conservative Clothes for College Men

A New Proof for the Fishbein-Blintz Hypothesis

on the Character of the Time-Chow Curve when determined for all Blond Particles Existing at Foci Between Zero and n.

(Reprinted from the American Mathematical Monthly for the particular benefit of the Tech Math Club, all Junior Week guests, and the Technology Matrons.)



Let C be any point in semi-elliptic space such that the sum of all lines that can be drawn through it, running from the North to the South Pole, will be any given constant, k .

Then A, B, D, E, \dots, Z are any other points.

Assume any of these other points, such as Z , and bisect it equiangularly. From the tear in the paper produced by this, erect a perpendicular spiral of latus equal to θ , and polarity equal to P .

Place a hot water bag directly over the intersection of the spiral with the proscenium arch of the parabola, $y^2 = 4px$, and draw AC . This is the line required.

This line has the property that every point on it will produce an infinite series of other little points, if rationalized by a third order differential operator. Hence, it is immediately evident that if x be infinite in y , and y be infinite in z , z will be unspeakably infinite in x, y , and any other goshdarn point you happen to think of.

The point C will now be literal and invariant for all irrational values. In case of non-irrational values, invert the extinguisher and play the stream on the base of the fire. This will produce CD peculiar in EF , and render all polarizing effect useless. Consequently, from similar triangles,

$$MN = PQ$$

over the entire range of the imagination.

The rest of the proof is left to the student.

(Hint:—Place girl's name and address on below coupon, detach and mail, with \$1.75. Then proceed as above.)

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Old Harry:—"How did you puncture that tire?"

Harry, Jr.:—"I ran over a milk bottle."

Old Harry:—"But couldn't you see it?"

Harry, Jr.:—"No, the kid had it under his coat."

—Ski-U-Mah

Dentist's Wife:—"Did you collect your bill from Mr.
Grouch?"

Dentist (angry):—"No, not only that, but he gnashed my
own teeth at me!"

—Owl

"Remember, girls, one fraternity pin does not make a
college education."

—Siren

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When winter comes they take off their furs and bring out
their silks. Then they wear stockings at \$7.09 a pair, and the
\$.09 worth is all that is hidden, while the length of their
skirts is just barely above reproach. O, lovely woman!

—Wampus

Mother:—"Whoever taught you to use those dreadful
words?"

Tommy:—"Santa Claus, Mamma."

Mother:—"Santa Claus?"

Tommy:—"Yes, Mamma. When he fell over a chair in
my room on Christmas Eve."

—Crescent

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I Love Him — His low, brutal forehead slopes straight back from his large steel blue eyes. His exaggerated pug nose is set in a mass of fat wrinkles. These wrinkles end up in two large thick lips that hang loosely over big white teeth. His jaw is underslung like a fighters. It is the face of a brute, a fighter, a killer. Yet I love him. He is as ugly as sin, yet I love him. He is so ugly he is handsome, but, oh, how I love my bull pup.

—Panther

Belle:—"You must love him very dearly to save all those letters he sends to you from college."

Ville:—"Oh, I am keeping them for comparison, dear. I am sure to catch him in a lie."

—Stone Mill

Little Girl to playmate:—"No, I shall never marry and I shall bring up my children not to marry either."

—Exchange

Climax

The surging mob in the streets below the great hotel suddenly became very quiet — as quiet as the great forests at noon. Every face turned upward to the twelfth story where the figure of a man could be seen standing expectantly on the edge of a window sill.

"Look out, down there," he screamed. The mob pushed back frantically until a space was cleared on the sidewalk immediately below, the small figure swaying on the window sill. A few women fainted.

Pandemonium reigned while the man leaned far out from the building, sniffed his nose, and spat.

—Frvol

"I believe you're stringing me," said the convict as the executioner tied the knot under his chin."

—Flamingo

He:—"I asked her if I could see her home."

He:—"And what did she say?"

He:—"She said she'd send me a photo of it." —Phoenix

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"Surely they must be clean by now — 'tis thousands of years they have been washing there!"

—Log

Nearly Fatal

"I hear that Maybelle nearly drowned the other day."

"Yes, the button came off her swimming suit and no one dared to save her."

—Pelican

Naturally

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

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

—Good Hardware

"Do you love me, dear?"

"Yes, Jack."

That ended the romance — his name was Frank.

Moral: Remember, girls, "sufficient unto the 'date' is the man thereof."

—Drexerd

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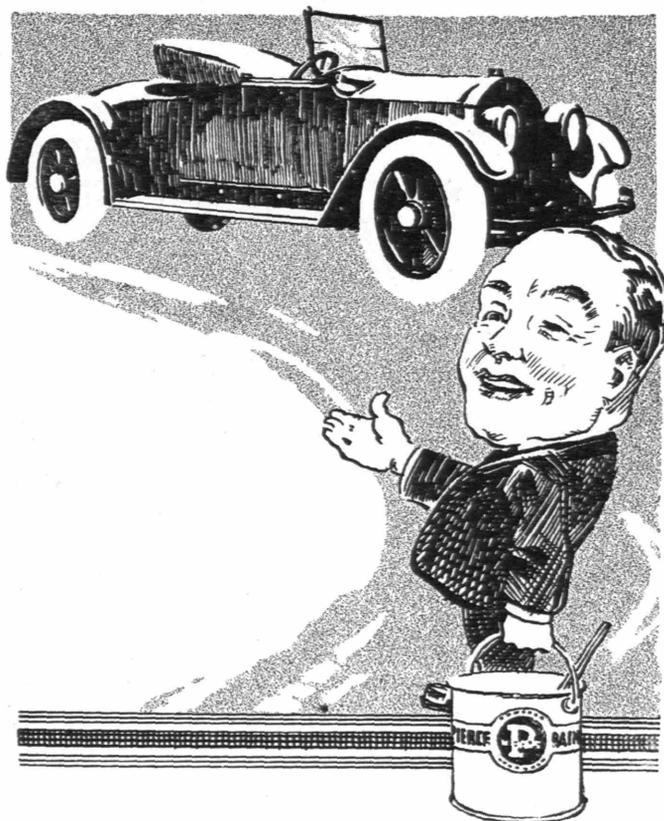
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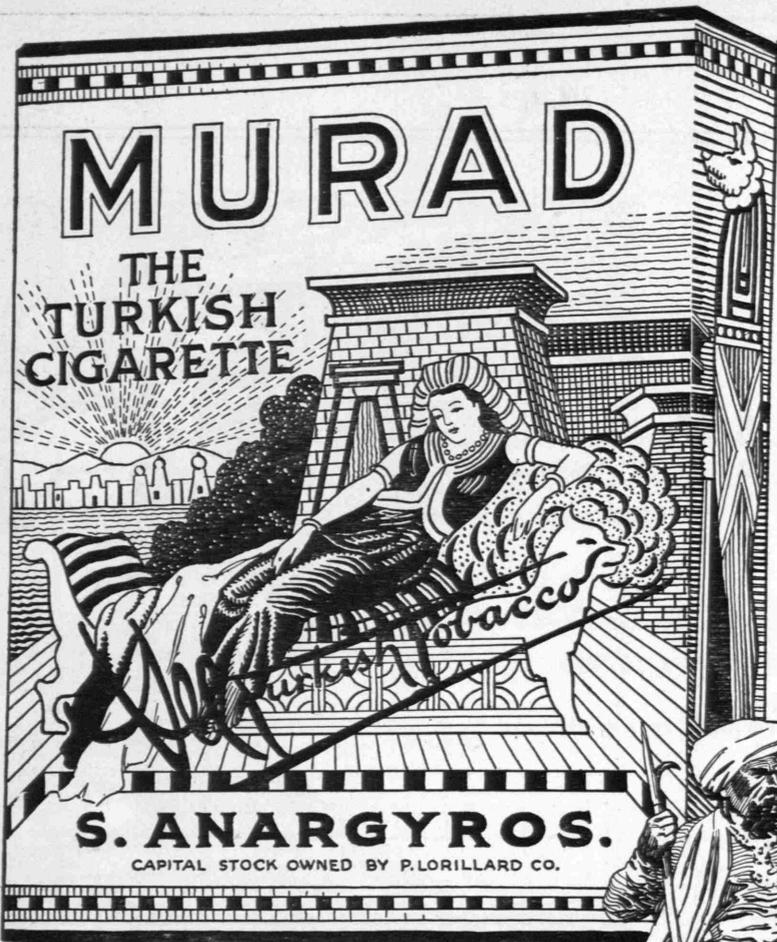
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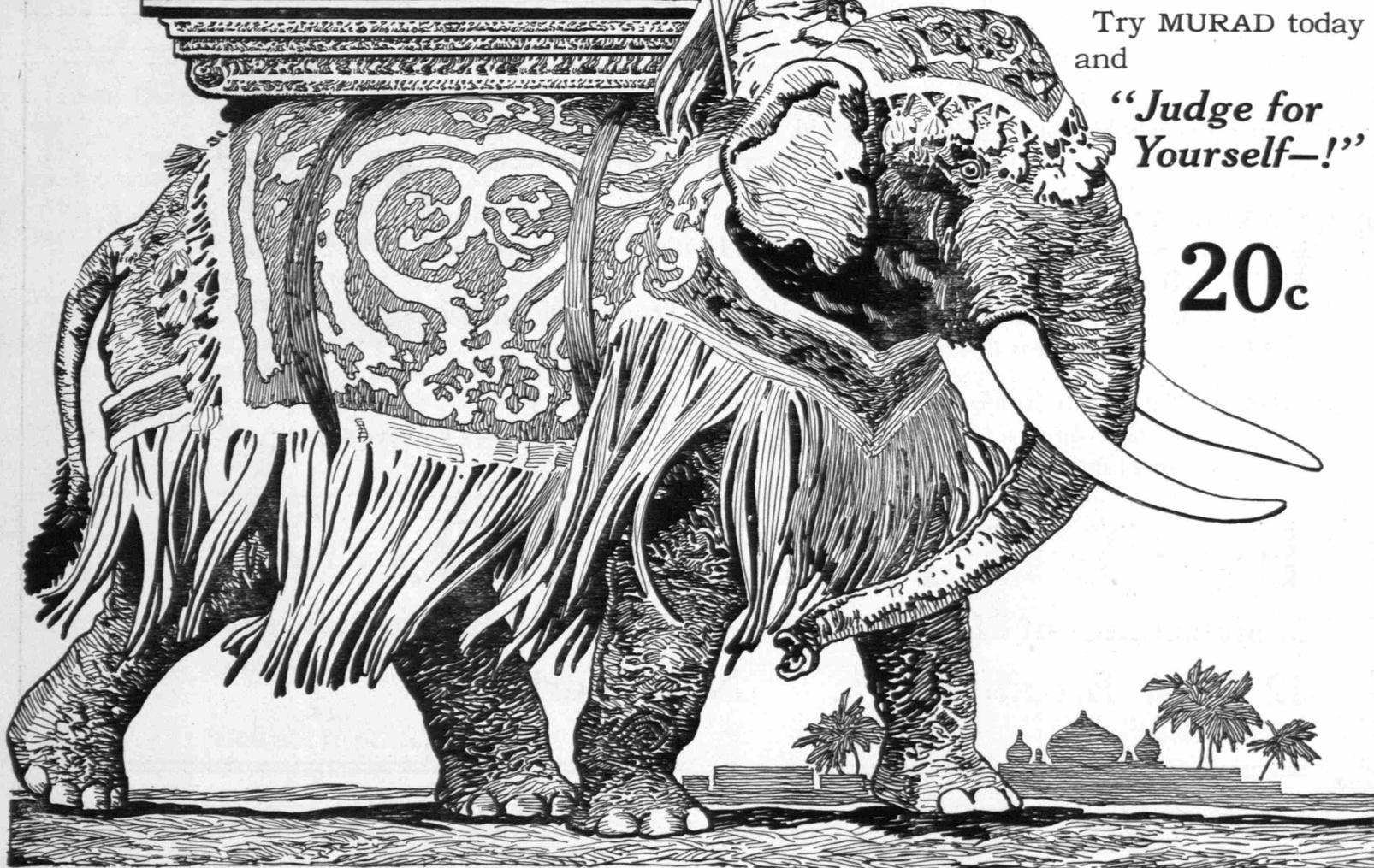
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Smart pupil:—“Gloves.”

—Orange Owl

Prof.:—“Success, gentlemen, has four conditions.”
Voice from the back row:—“Tough luck, the Registrar will kick it out of college.”

—Burr

“David, ver are my glasses?”
“On your nose, fodder.”
“Don’t be so indefinite.”

—Phœnix

Bright Future

They were down town at the moving picture palace. On the screen was being shown the life of a jelly-fish, illustrating the queer contortions of that strange animal. The theatre was quiet, when our heroine burst forth in a show of passion: “Oh, Tom, wouldn’t you hate to do that all your life?”

—Dodo

Stewed:—“Honey, I’d like to see you apart for a moment.”
Lady Clerk:—“Say, kid, whadayah think I am; a puzzle for the little ones?”

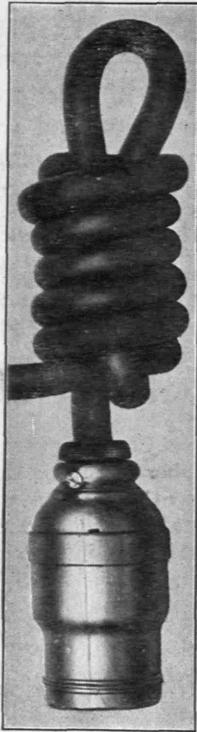
—Awgwan

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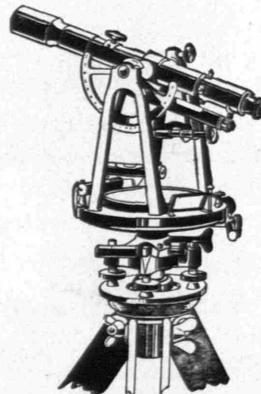
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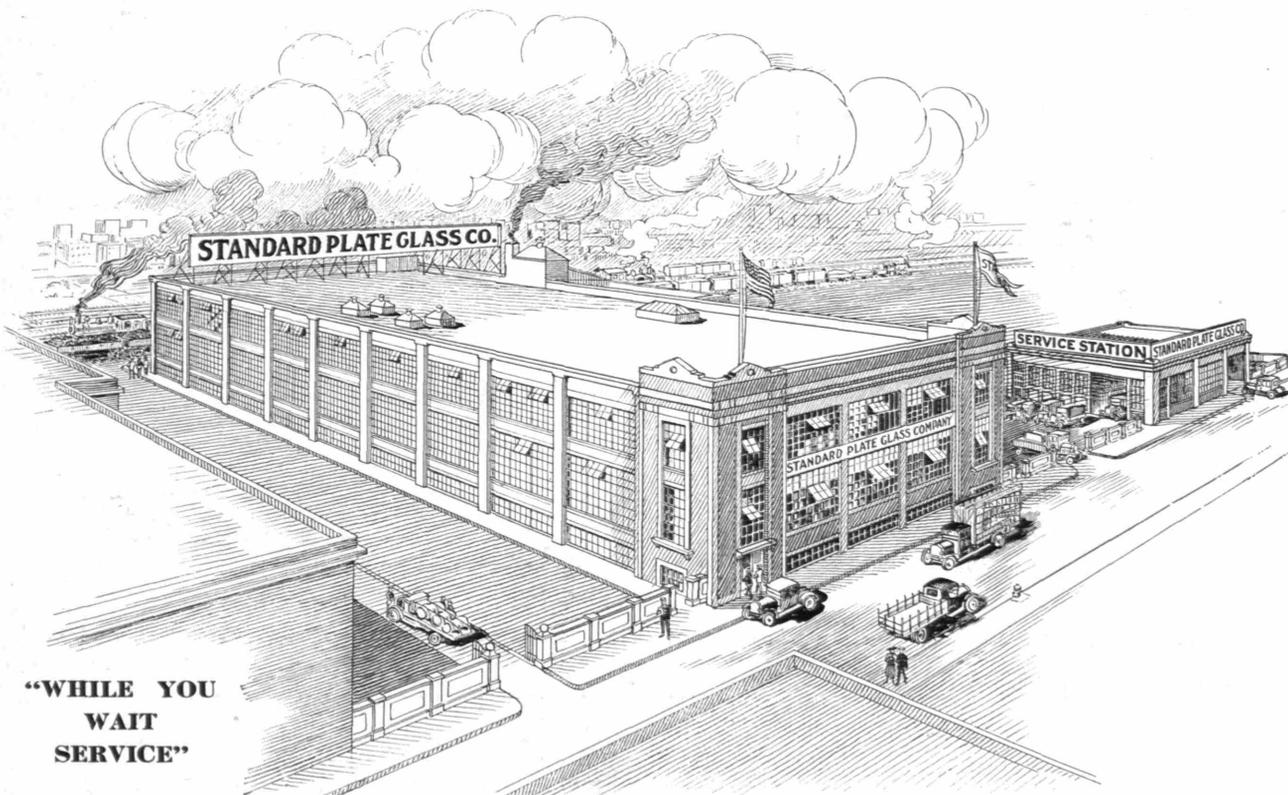
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