

Woolly

FEBRUARY
1923

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Patient with a bad cold (in a whisper): "Is the doctor in?"

Nurse (in a similar whisper): "No, come on in."

— Exchange

Skull: "A man told me I looked like you."

Bones: "Where is he? I'd like to knock his block off."

Skull: "I killed him."

— Virginia Reel

Lulus: "How old is Arabelle?"

Lumpus: "Oh, she has all of her teeth."

Lulus: "Already or still?"

— Phoenix

"What do you think of Walter Camp's Daily Dozen?"

"I prefer Heinz's 57 myself."

— Brown Jug

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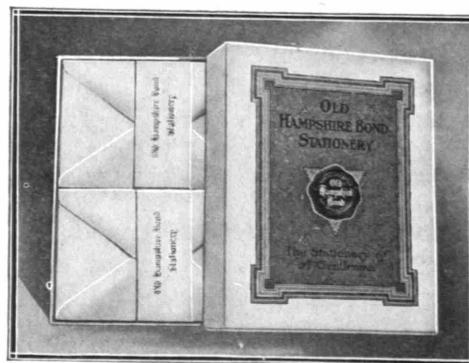
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Old beyond the years of most of those who will read this is

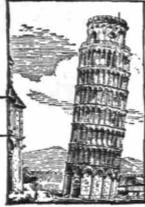
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Stationery that has made its impress upon the minds of millions.

FINE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

Hampshire Paper Company

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.



IPSE DIXIT and GALILEO

There was much learning but little real knowledge in Galileo's time (1564-1642). Aristotle was swallowed in bad Latin translations. Ipse dixit. No one checked him by what seemed vulgar, coarse experiment.

Galileo fought against the dead hand of tradition. He did not argue about Aristotle, but put him to the test. Aristotle led his readers to believe that of two bodies the heavier will fall the faster. Galileo simply climbed to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and dropped two unequal weights. The "best people" were horrified; they even refused to believe the result—that the weights reached the ground in equal times.

"Look at the world, and experiment, experiment," cried Galileo.

The biggest man in the 16th century was not Galileo in popular estimation, but Suleiman the Magnificent, the Ottoman Emperor, who swept through Eastern Europe with fire and sword and almost captured Vienna. Where is his magnificence now?

Galileo gave us science—established the paramount right of experimental evidence. Suleiman did little to help the world.

Hardly an experiment is made in modern science which does not apply Galileo's results. When, for instance, the physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company study the motions of electrons in rarified atmospheres, or experiment to heighten the efficiency of generators and motors, they follow Galileo's example and substitute facts for beliefs.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

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- The Prohibitionists'* — The Blue Klux Klan.
- The Flappers'* — The Cute Klux Klan.
- The Billiardists'* — The Cue Klux Klan.
- The Automobilists'* — The Klaxon Klaxon Klaxon.
- The Blacksmiths'* — The Ku Klux Klank.
- The Furnace Tenders'* — The Koal Klux Klinder.

— *Life*

How sad the story of Jane McCleek!
Her will was strong, but her won't was weak.

— *Virginia Reel*

Minister (closing Sunday sermon): "And brothers don't run around with other men's wives."

Man in the congregation jumps up and snaps his fingers.

(Later after church.)

Same Man: "Preacher, I'm sorry I made that commotion in church, but that sentence of yours just reminded me where I left my umbrella last night."

— *Whirlwind*

Mable: "And did you object when he kissed you?"

Sable: "Every time."

— *Phoenix*

Slim: "Yes, I'm from Walla Walla."

Mim: "I heard you the first time."

— *Phoenix*

Aspiring Contributor: "You may reject my prose, but I'm sure you'll like this; it's verse."

Editor (after reading): "Why pronounce your w's like v's?"

— *Virginia Reel*

Amy: "Is there an affinity between you and your husband?"

Sue: "I am not sure; but I suspect his stenographer."

— *Widow*

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

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.



	Page
Babson Statistical Organization	25
Robert A. Boit & Co.	28
Boston Garter	27
Brilliant Lunch Co.	31
Brokaw Brothers	28
Brooks Brothers	25
Browning King & Co.	1
Buff & Buff Co.	26
Edwin F. P. Burns Co.	27
Cafe de Paris	32
Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc.	
Outside back cover	
Collins & Fairbanks Co.	29
Thomas F. Galvin, Inc.	1
General Electric Co.	2
Georges	27
Hampshire Paper Co.	1
Hart, Schaffner & Marx	
Center spread	16, 17
Harvard Co-operative Society	26
Hewins & Hollis	26
Horlick's Malted Milk	31
Jordan Marsh Co.	23
Ladd & Churchill, Inc.	29



ADVERTISING interests are distinctly divided into two classes. There are those advertisers who are reaching buying power which is nearly uniformly exerted throughout the year. There are on the other hand those who concentrate more on the field of seasonal buyers. For most of these latter the spring season presents the greatest opportunity, and their success depends in large measure upon their ability to take advantage of this opportunity.

Advertising is becoming more and more a developed science in order that manufacturers may obtain from these constant and seasonal markets a volume of desirable business which will enable them to compete profitably in their fields. One of the most important factors in this science is the proper timing of advertising in order that buying may be properly anticipated, and that selling and advertising efforts may be correlated.

The next surge of buying will begin shortly after the disappearance of the winter snows and bleak days. The wise advertiser is the one who will meet this with his copy, and who presents his arguments to his buyers through the best mediums.

The Voo Doo reaches a larger portion of the Technology student body than any other publication that they buy. Those who desire to reach this field of sales may best do it through the columns of this publication.



	Page
Lenox & Brunswick	4
Lucky Strike Cigarettes	30
Macullar Parker Co.	31
Manufacturers National Bank	28
M. I. T.	Inside front cover
The Miller Drug Co.	28
Murray Printing Co.	24
National Bay State Shoe Co.	32
W. F. Noble & Sons Co.	30
Office Appliance Co.	31
Old Colony Trust Co.	24
Pappas Bros. & Co.	30
L. Pinkos	27
Riverbank Court Hotel	30
A. Shuman & Co.	4
Simplex Wire & Cable Co.	
Inside back cover	
Standard Plate Glass Co.	
Inside back cover	
Helene Sweney School of	
Dancing	24
W. J. Walker Co.	29
Walton Lunch Co.	29





Examinations

Shuman Clothes have to pass a dozen "exams" before they are awarded the degree of PERFECTION. A high standard of quality and workmanship means style and perfect fit.

We have attained the element of individuality in our clothes for college men, through the choicest weaves and patterns and the best workmanship.

Furnishings, Hats and Shoes for College Men

Shuman Co.
Boston

JORDAN MARSH CO., PROPRIETORS
THE STORE FOR MEN
A SEPARATE STORE IN A SEPARATE BUILDING

Where Three Worlds Meet

The men and women of three worlds meet in the lobbies of the Lenox and the Brunswick — the Business and Professional World, the College World and the World of Society.

Year after year the Lenox is a cordial host. And this year the Brunswick, home of famous feasting, dancing and music, is surpassing all previous records with the new

Egyptian Room of 1923

On either side of Copley Square, near the theatres, neighbors with fine shops — two hotels that share the traditions with which the Seven Arts have endowed the "most beautiful Square in America"

The
Lenox
Boylston Street
at Exeter

BOSTON

The
Brunswick
Boylston Street
at Copley Square

L. C. PRIOR, *Managing Director*

SONNET FOUND IN A DESERTED MAD HOUSE

Oh! that my soul a marrow bone might seize!
For the egg of my desire is broken,
Spilled is the pearly white and spilled is the yolk, and
As the mild melancholy contents grease
My path the shorn lamb baas like bumblebees,
Time's trashy purse is as a taken token
Or like a recitation, spoken
By mournful mouths filled full of mirth and cheese.

And yet, why should I clasp the earthful urn?
Or find the frittered fig that felt the fast?
Or choose to chase the cheese around the churn?
Or swallow any pill from out the past?
Ah, no love, not while your hot kisses burn
Like a potato riding on the blast.

— (Anonymous)

Grand Opera Singer: "With your kind permission, ladies and gentlemen, I will render for your approval the 'Scraping Scene' from Gillette."

— Whirlwind

The Dream

Dreaming last night, I thought
That you and I, oh, fairest one,
Were in a garden, quite alone;
Your hair the sunlight caught
And glistened like the gold
Of Allah's treasure and around
As in the garden there no sound
Except a church-bell tolled.

Pink apple-blossoms snowed
Their rosy petals round us there
And, fairy-like, each kissed your hair
With silken lips, and showed
His admiration of
Your beauty and the sun with this—
His worship pledge, his fairy kiss,
Acknowledging my love.

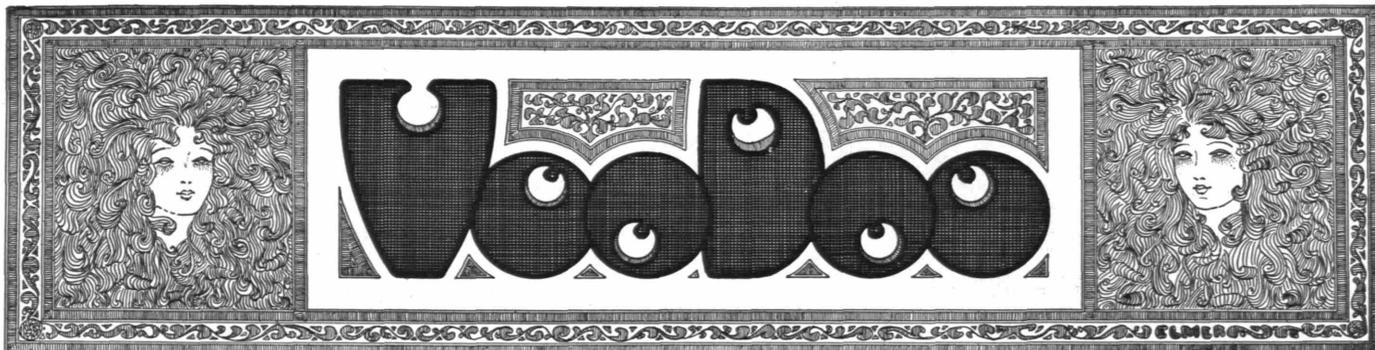
W. W. R.



Queen with the eyes of a mermaid,
Lady of grace, form divine,
Skilled in the art of the man hunt,
Irresistible, heavenly sublime.

Why do you quake when you see me,
Why shrink so with horror, fair Jean?
I am but one of a thousand
And a mouse may look at a queen.

— B. P. L.



A VISIT WITH RUDOLF

The butler pulled aside the draperies, and two yards farther, and I found myself in the presence of the great Rudolf Vaselino. Vaselino was seated on a substantial soap box, one leg artfully folded over the grand piano, and both hands busily engaged in making paper dolls. He was garbed in a dressing gown of magnificent hue, and upon his feet were open sandals, which permitted one to note the supple sinews and powerful shapeliness of the Vaselino toes. Seen in this domestic pose, Rudolf seemed less the breaker of hearts and necks than I had imagined and summoning my courage, I advanced. As my shadow crossed the face of the Sheik of Broadway, he started, his carefully manicured eyebrows flickering upwards as he bade me welcome. He personally conducted me about, as he expressed it, "My meager shack." Throughout the various rooms of the house we met several of Rudolf's children. Six of them were absorbed in their snaking lessons on the eighth floor. Seven more were tangoing in the Grand Ball Room, while through the Arabian windows I noted several of the more experienced ones playing kiss-and-go-peek in the garden. We also met the Mrs. Vaselino's. Contrary to the general opinion Rudolf does not have a harem. He is, like other men of simple tastes, content to live with only three wives. This is one of the things which impressed me most during my visit. We returned to the palm room, and there, over soda and whiskey crackers, Vaselino told me the story of his life. It was a very touching one, especially where the movie magnets were concerned.

"My mother always said that I should have my face screened," he remarked.

I tactfully said that there were now many thousands who agreed with his mother.

"In my entire life," said the Young Raja, "I have only kissed one lady." (I discovered later that he did not regard actresses, wives, or stenographers as ladies.)

An hour later I took my departure, feeling delightfully refreshed, and wondering how it is that a cruel world so often misjudges a noble man. — B. P. L.

"What makes you think John's musically inclined?"
 "Oh, he's always harping on something."

— B. P. L.



AMEN!

Church notice in the Manchester, England, *Guardian*:

Services at 10.30 A.M.

Subject: "The Three Great Failures"

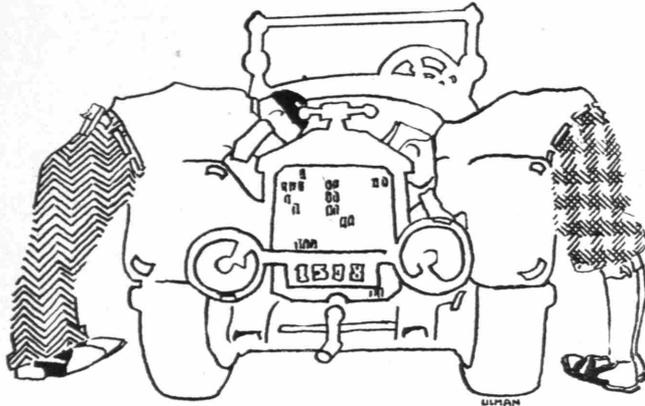
Choir

Sermon

Pipe Organ Offertory



Joe Givis, who has always declared he did not believe in signs, wishes he had changed his policy before going in for mountain climbing.



Course IV: "What do you know about Boston Common?"
 Course XV: "I don't deal in these municipal securities, my boy."

MAGNIFIED

A Scotchman who had been in this country about two months went to a movie show with a friend. In the news reel were views from the Wilds of Maine, one of which was a close-up of a moose. Turning to his friend, the Scotchman said, "I dinna ken wha yon beastie is."

His friend explained that it was an American moose.

"A moose?" queried the Scotchman surprisedly, "Aweel I din want to meet an American rat then!"

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

"Ethel, who is that stunning looking man in the picture?"

"Oh, a friend of mine."

"Why, he's simply thrilling! Did you ever see such noble features. And look at that determined chin! Ethel, how *did* you get his photo?"

"Easy stuff, sweetie, easy stuff."

"And what steely gray eyes he has — and *such* good taste in collars! There's something rather familiar about him too."

"That's funny, dearie."

"Ethel, it *is* an Arrow Collar advertisement!"

"I'll never, never, never, never speak to you again!"

— B. P. L.

DELUSIONS DESTROYED

With more or less tranquility of mind, I sauntered down the street. My thoughts ran thus — good date tonight, nothing to do tomorrow but rest; tomorrow night — clash, bang, crash, and other indications of a mob scene.

People seemed to close in about me and bear me to the ground. Old men threw aside their canes and fought their way over the multitude. Busy brokers, whose minutes were worth millions cast cares aside to fight for ringside positions. Women window-shoppers ceased to block the sidewalks and rushed to the center of the mass.

By craftily climbing on the neck of a decrepid old gentleman who looked to be either an admiral or a theater attendant, I gained a point of vantage. And there stretched out on the cold pavement lay a mere youth. Sickness, death, or drunkenness might be claiming him for all appearances. But diligent buzzing of the Western Union delegate next to me brought out this —

"Oh, he'll be all right. Just passed out. This afternoon he found a theater box from which he could see all the stage without hanging over the edge. And right on top of that he watched a one armed man put up an awning without drawing a crowd. The strain was too much. Look out, buddy, there's the ambulance."

Frosh: "Do you know Tuby Lewis?"

Fresher: "Yep, he and I used to go to different schools together."

— H. E. W.



IN PARIS

Gendarme: "Come, come, go on home. Where do you live?"
 Inebriate: "New York."

Phosphor



Essences

Science is a queer thing. It cures some, and puts others in a position where they need to be cured.



Since England had two Pitts for Prime Ministers, we wonder what would have happened if they had had a couple of whole prunes.



Nowadays cabinets seem to be closed affairs.



France's logic is not quite clear to Phosphorus's feline mind. He doesn't see how you can take away Germany's last penny without leaving her poor.



This is a free country, but the man who wrote "The Mirrors of Washington" prefers to remain incognito.



There still seem to be some people who think dancing is a healthy exercise.



Some people are so stupid they think a high liver is a fellow who lives up to things.



In Ireland it has been recently voted to change the old saying "a stone's throw" to "a brick's reach."



Phosphorus favors a five-cent car fare; the service couldn't possibly be any worse than it is now.

All those who were with the Outing Club on the winter trips know how Shackleton felt about it.



It has been rumored that if prohibition keeps up long enough, the Boston and Maine will not only build a second track, but also run some fast trains to Canada.



Some people have a line, but Will Roger's a rope.



If a cat has nine lives, how many does Pussyfoot Johnson have?



Ahmed Fuad Pasha is said to be a true patriot, since he gyped Egypt.



The Ku Klux Klan is on its way to become a success. The Hearst papers are against it.



India is a pot of unrest, ever since they started up that pro Pa Ghandi.



Is poetry what rhymes, or what don't rhyme?



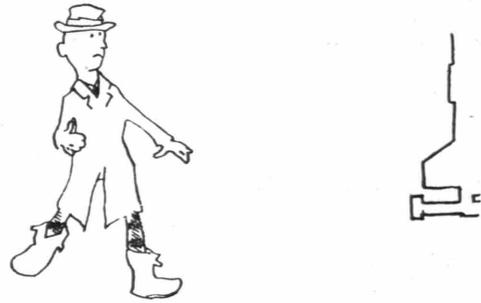
We agree with Harold Lloyd that Jack is often the best doctor.



If a newspaper contains news, does a bulletin contain bull?



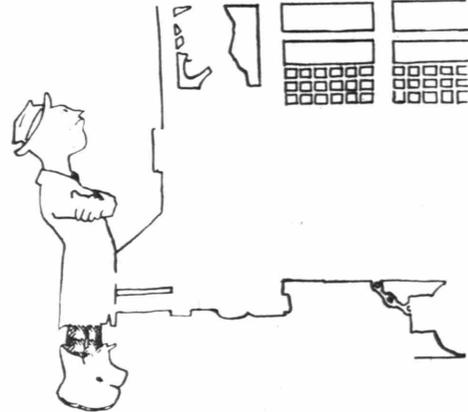
First car from Harvard Sq. just gone



Second car stops at wrong place



Third car stops at right corner but is wrong car



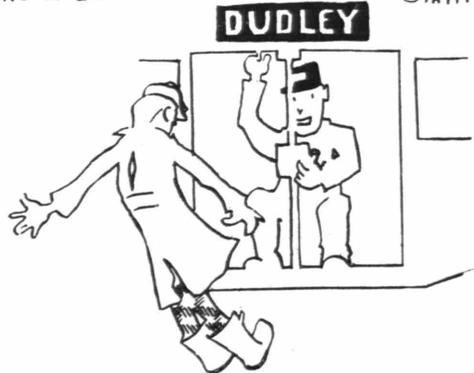
Fourth car says "Dudley" but is going in opposite direction



Fifth car does not come at all



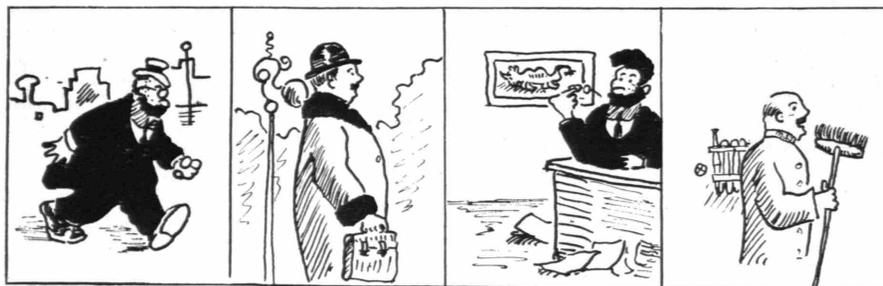
Sixth car says "No Stops"



Seventh car says "Harvard-Dudley." Stops. Student too dazed with surprize to get on.

ULMAN

LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES—NUMBER 401,899



Here's a boy who is surely tough-looking by heck, Who goes slouching along to the entrance of Tech.

While on viewing this man with accord people said: "He must be the dean or a department head."

But the slouch is none other than Prof. Laviginnis. The famous instructor of Bi-Cal-curinnis.

While the spruce looking man with the dignified mien Spends his time keeping hallways and corridors clean.

POTENCY?

Little tiny raisins,
Minute bits of yeast,
Several drops of alcohol,
Say three quarts at least,
Juggled in a shaker,
With a cherry red,
Unite to make a dying man
Turn somersaults in bed.

— B. P. L.

"Who is that man?"
"He is Grbtzarrio Tpzourriniffio."
"Ah, evidently a man of letters."
— B. P. L.

QUESTIONS MY BOOK OF ETIQUETTE DOESN'T ANSWER

With which hand should the napkin be tucked under the collar?

Is it correct to remove small pieces of yeast from home brew before sampling it?

What side of the napkin should be used for wiping the silver-ware?

What kinds of nuts should be cracked with the teeth? Is it proper to drop the shells on the floor?

Where should one place his spoon in the grapefruit when trying to avoid hitting the hostess?

To whom should complaint be made when your neighbor spills soup on your trousers?

What is the correct angle which the elbow should make with the forearm when resting the elbow on the table?

Under what conditions may the ends of matches be used as tooth-picks?

If the gravy served does not match your vest, what precautions should be taken?

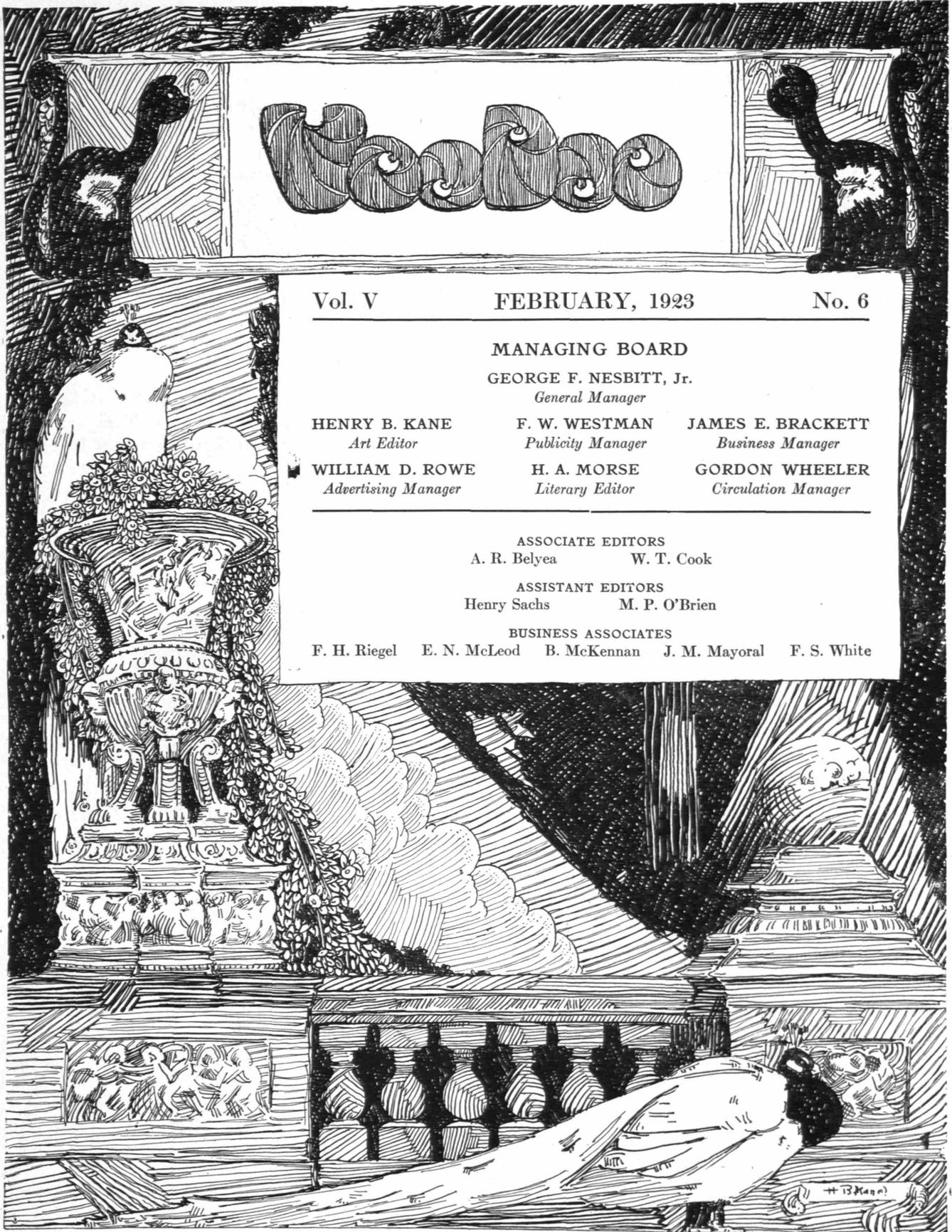
— J. B. G.



Stringing him

Bye: "I'm going to hear Paderewski tonight."

Heck: "What subject is he going to talk on?"



Voo Doo

Vol. V

FEBRUARY, 1923

No. 6

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Published eight times during the school year by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Address all communications and contributions to Voo Doo, 309 Walker Memorial, Cambridge, Mass. Subscription rate \$1.75 per college year, single copies twenty-five cents. Advertising rates on request. Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE, 4,000 COPIES

TANGENTS

DURING the present scholastic year a very unfortunate and undesirable attitude of mind seems to have settled on our students and upon our governing body, the Institute Committee. For some time this attitude has been reflected in the columns of **THE TECH**, in our class meetings, our Institute Committee meetings, and the general conversation around the buildings. The air is rife with the sound of heated discussions and with the malodor of immature decisions. Even the daily papers of Boston have followed the hue, and have at one time given us publicity that is anything but complimentary in nature.

Our older heads seem to have forgotten their first year lessons. Then we learned that bodies which revolve fly off on a tangent unless properly restrained. Perhaps we should not revolve at all; perhaps we are not properly restrained; more probably both conditions exist. At any rate the number of relatively unimportant tangents on which we have skidded has been very distracting and very destructive to real progress. The larger problems and actions have been overlooked too long; caucuses at which policies are evolved have been more rich in gestures and oratory than in thought and fact.

Probably the major fault rests directly upon the members of the Institute Committee. In this body the existence of political under-currents and of the turmoil and confusion they cause is only too evident. The reorganization of *Technique* was heralded as the most important action of the year. And yet it was long disregarded, the while numerous false starts were made in other directions, until the most inopportune time in the entire calendar of the year book. It was then legislated through in a session marked by risible mis-statements and by flights of oratory which neither dignified nor enlightened the discussion. Comment on the cause of this frenzy would be only cumulative. That the reorganization was needed is beyond question; that its execution was most untimely and nearly six months out of phase with *Technique's* organization is equally certain. The publication is now much better off than if this action had not been taken; it is much worse off than if the action had been taken last October.

By a lack of calm and clear thinking a work which might have been a boon temporarily and permanently was turned into a future boon and a present condition of very doubtful value.

The introduction of this criticism into our columns is not meant as a condemnation of the students or the Institute Committee, or as a statement that this was a year of no progress. It is meant as a criticism which we hope may prove useful. We feel very strongly that certain influences previously alluded to should be carefully watched; that class and Institute Committee meetings should be deliberative rather than oratorical; and finally that the best interests of *Technology's* undergraduates demand that no political affiliations or cliques be formed for any personal purposes. It is only with these policies settled that our government may be able to effect its work efficiently and promptly.



LOST LOVE

Laughing, smiling, giggling, dancing,
 They encircled their young master,
 Lovingly he turned his body
 Bending low to her he asked her:

“Why is your look so sad today,
 The look that gave me life and joy,
 The look from your dear, dark-brown eyes
 That ne'er before gave me annoy?”

And she returned with her dark eyes,
 Lit up with sadness and regret,
 And with a voice so soft and sweet
 And ne'er before his ears had met:

“O thou, my lord and earthly master,
 I, too, have reasons for dislikes —
 I was content when you smoked Pall Malls,
 But gee, I hate these Lucky Strikes.”



'24: You have changed your brand of soap, haven't you?
 Coop Barber: How do you know?
 '24: It tastes different.



When Knighthood Was in Flower

WILL SOME ONE PLEASE TELL ME

Why the would-be Busy Broker must eat his lunch
 with his hat on.

If there are locks to fit all the keys some birds
 carry on their key-rings.

Who buys the umbrella in the first place.

Who uses gum-machines for anything besides the
 mirror.

Why people applaud at the movies.

Who cares for the thousand feet of hoakum before
 the “big picture” — giving the names of the camera
 man and his seven assistants, etc., etc.

What happens to all the dull safety-razor blades.

Where a lunchroom counter man eats his meals.

Why there isn't a special window provided for aged
 women buying tickets for Turnipa, Oregon, with stop-
 over at twelve points west.

What it's all about and a hundred other things there
 isn't time to mention.

"SUICIDE, MR. GALLAGHER?"
 "NO, MURDER, MR. SHEAN!"

He hadn't prepared the day's assignment in History. He knew that he had done wrong in going to that wild party last night, neglecting all his work. He of all persons — he who had time and again advised others that work should come before pleasure! Never before had he let his work slide like this. True, the material was not entirely new to him, but he felt that he must be sure of every detail before entering that classroom. What if he were called upon to discuss some topic of which he had no knowledge? A fine state of affairs! Cut the class? Ridiculous! What excuse could he

offer? It was ten minutes of the hour — in five minutes he would be compelled to go forth and show his ignorance. Nothing could save him—he must know something of the assignment or go down in defeat. He shuddered as he heard the warning bell, then walked unsteadily to the classroom, perspiration dripping from his brow. Suddenly a brilliant thought came to him! He straightened up perceptibly and smiled as the last bell rang.

He cleared his throat — "Gentlemen, we shall have a short hour quiz this morning."

He was a Harvard man
 In fact he had been one
 For the past five years.
 HE was one of the best
 Groomed men of America.
 He plodded his way wearily
 Down Massachusetts Avenue,
 The cynosure of all Cambridge
 Factory Girls' eyes — he
 Might have been Rudolph
 Himself for all they knew.
 Little did he know that
 One of Max Keezer's competitors
 Was stealthily approaching him
 From the rear and at last
 Like a thunderbolt from the
 Sky, he whimpered to the
 Harvard man
 "Old clothes?"
 And thus — **THUS** —
 The day was utterly ruined.



Now Noah was a righteous man,
 To him the Lord did spake,
 "Go gather two of every kind
 Of animal I didst make."
 So Noah built the good ship Ark
 For beasts of every kind,
 And room was scarce upon the craft,
 And space was hard to find.
 Now Noah was a righteous man,
 Nor spake he profane bunk,
 But who can tell what Noah said
 When the elephant brought his
 trunk?

— B. P. L.

What do you think of the latest movement we girls are starting?
 I don't know, I haven't been to a dance for three weeks.

HART SCHAFFNER



Spring style; you'll find the best of it
in our clothes; in the new three-but

& MARX CLOTHES



ton sacks; in the topcoats and Nor-
folks Style that men of action want



Copyright, 1925, Hart Schaffner & Marx



Oh, I have sworn off women
 And I have sworn off wine
 And I have sworn off whistling:
 Yes, all these things divine.

I've kept my resolution,
 I did what I thought right.
 Now tell me, pretty maiden,
 Why did you speak last night?

RIGHT ABOUT FACE

"Hey, you with the face!"
 "S'mat?"
 "Are you going or coming?"
 "I'm coming, dummy."
 "Well, get going anyway."

— B. P. L.

NOT IN SEASON

"Father, are these pine trees?"
 "Yes, my son."
 "Then, father, where are the pine-apples?"
 "They are out of season, my son."

AN EVERYDAY STORY

The other night Jack came home raving. I have seen Jack raving many times, but I never saw him raving like that. He seemed to be the happiest man on earth. His eyes shot forth bolts of joy and happiness. He was radiant. "Oh, boy," he yelled, "she kissed me!" Well, once that was out, the worst was over, and then, as usual, followed the lengthy explanation. "You know Eileen," he began. "Eileen R. I mean. No, you don't know her. Well, anyhow she's the most wonderful girl in the world. That hair, those lips — oh, boy, what a peach! Last night Red and Mildred and Eileen and I were riding in Red's car. We went to the theatre and afterwards to a roadhouse and oh — how that girl can dance! Then we took them home, and just before she went out, she bent over quickly, and —" "And I can imagine the rest."

All next day he was still raving about her, and accordingly cut classes, not so much because he wanted to, but because he forgot about them. He came home around six o'clock, and started dolling up. Three time he let the razor go over his face despite the fact that he had been at the barber's that afternoon. He stood in front of the mirror for half an hour adjusting his tie — and babbling all the time. He left in a cloud of powder, perfume, and God knows what else.

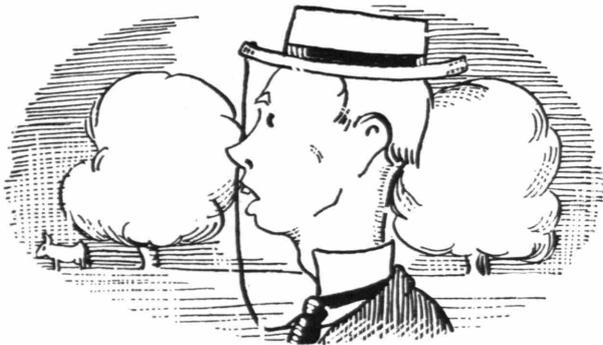
At nine o'clock he was back again — smashed broken, depressed, silent. His head nearly hung over his stomach, and he was stumbling over his own feet. "Whatsamatter?" I said, "did her father find out?" "No," was all he answered. I was beginning to get inquisitive. "Well, what was the matter?" "Oh, she didn't know the car belonged to Red."

HOW TO MAKE LOVE

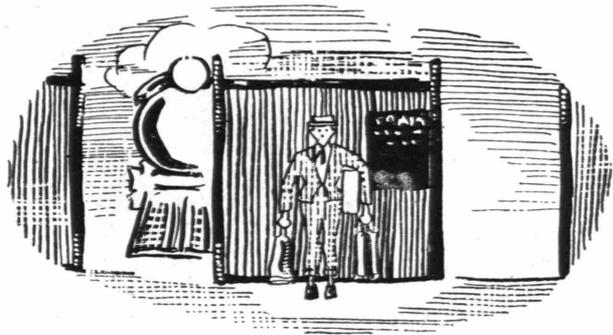
I called on my sweetie last night;
 Her father was out at the club,
 Her mother was out at the theater,
 Her kid brother was out at a party,
 Her kid sister was out with a chum,
 The parlor lights were out —
She was out with another fellow —
 I was out ten cents carfare.

— J. B. G.

A CASE OF INDIGESTION



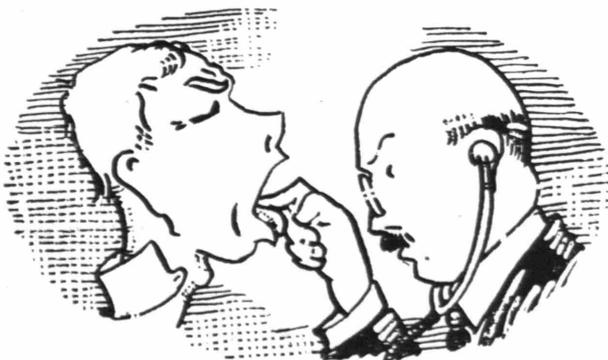
A country fellow, ever-green
As by this picture may be seen,
Who bore the name Andreas Peck,
Was sent by his fond folks to Tech.



So he arrived (he was a sight)
In Boston late at eight one night,
And then forgetting all his gloom,
He finally rented an upstairs room.



It was then just past harvest time
And he had saved more than a dime,
But when he saw his monthly bill,
He suddenly became real ill.



At once they sent for Doctor Morse,
Who said that he had lost all force
And that he was a perfect wreck —
The usual consequence of Tech.



This was in nineteen ninety-one,
When the new dorms had just begun,
So he moved there and wrote his Doris,
Three cheers for our new dormitories!



SHE: Did college ever do you any good?

HE: It certainly did. I can spot a bootlegger three blocks away.

A girl's mind is so complicated and incomprehensible that she can prove to a man that she feels nothing but platonic friendship for him at the same time that she is thinking how nice it would be to run her fingers through his hair, and what a kissable mouth he has.

— *E. N. D.*

HERE'S A KICK

Mary's Beau (waiting for her to come down stairs):
"Is Mary your oldest sister?"

Kid Brother: "Yep."

Mary's Beau: "And who comes after her?"

Kid Brother: "You and two other guys."

— *Leleigh Burr*

He: "I see you're wearing golf stockings."

She: "How do you know?"

He: "I just counted eighteen holes in them."

— *Purple Cow*

"Let's be perfectly frank," she said, as she stepped between me and the setting sun.

— *Bison*

"I had a drink of moonshine last night."

"How was it?"

"Well, I got about the same result as if I had kissed the spark plug while the motor is running."

— *Chaparral*

THE TRYST

The moon rises through the thick foliage on the other side of the pond, and a gentle breeze laps the water against the stone steps at your feet. A fountain is sending showers of silver up into the moonlight and from somewhere across the water comes the call of a whippoorwill, faint, yet distinct, sad, yet happy, the breath of the moonlight and the midnight air. From the moon to you, over the pond, stretches a silvery ribbon of radiance—a pathway—and along this pathway swimming in the molten silver passes a swan, slender neck arched, Grecian-like, as though cast in pure white marble.

You, my love, are standing by a slender statue, in the moonlight there. Your white gown reveals the glint of your silken skin as the moonbeams kiss your round, smooth arms and playing about the slender column of your neck form for you a fairy necklace of the purest gold. The moon, the silver water, the slender statue beside you, the fountain with its lacy spray, the swan, each and all are background for your beauty, my love, and each seems cross and harsh by contrast with yourself.

Now and again you move your hand. Each movement that you make, stately, statuesque, calm, serene, shames the swan who seems to envy and to try to imitate the curves of your arm in the moonlight there. You move your hand, my love, and softly, gently, lovingly, it comes to rest upon the back of your neck, upon your elbow, upon your cheek; and I hear you whisper, your dream-like tones mingling in fairy symphony with the tinkle of the fountain and the call of the whippoorwill, "What'n hell! Damn these mosquitoes! I wisht' he'd hurry up, he's always late!"

— *W. W. R.*

HAM AND EGGS

When Peggy O'Blah married John McRake
Their friends said 'twas a great mistake,
But the combination is a bang-up slam,
He's a terrible egg and she's an awful ham.

— *B. P. L.*

Doctor: "Why don't you set a limit for yourself?"

Drunk: "I do; but I get drunk before I reach it."

— *Puppet*

THE SUPERMAN
An Autobiography

SOME great men are inclined to glorify their lives by coloring their autobiographies with incidents that are often more or less inaccurate. I do not favor this method, but would rather relate the simple facts with exaggeration where necessary.

I was born in Hoboken at the accustomed age and to my birthplace I attribute to some measure my success. For who but a superman could even *exist* in such a place. My first recollection is that of my father; a wonderful man of great capacity. To him I owe my present superb physical condition. Each Sunday morning he would put me through my stuff, consisting of a short interview with an untamed wildcat followed by an alcohol rub. My super flexible neck muscles owe their superflexibility to that early training I received in removing the lotion from the back of my neck.

My father early decided that I was too simple to do anything useful so I should train to be a taxi-starter or a matinee idol. I chose the latter and become an immediate success. You of the "afternoon-off" variety know how I "bring down the house" with my hundred foot leaps from treacherous cliffs. How easily people are fooled. But how can they know that the film has been taken backwards and in reality I jumped *up* the hundred feet thereby avoiding the nuisance of a nasty spill?

In my big serial, "The Perils of The Peanut Peddler," you no doubt remember the jump that I took, mounted on a white horse. The covered bridge had been swept away by the freshet leaving a gap of about thirty feet. Another bit of technical trickery. Yes, the horse was real, but he had been Couéd to such an extent that the director was kept busy keeping him within limits. Rollo (the horse, not the director) was all for making it worth while and leaping eighty feet. So you see these "stunts" are by no means as hard as they look on the screen. Some are harder.

I do other unusual feats that enable me to earn a small portion of my advertised salary. For instance I believe I am the only man who can comfortably turn the pages of a newspaper on a windy street corner. Moreover, I admit my pictures do me justice. And, in twenty years I have never greeted a friend, "Well, old man, how does this weather suit you?"

As regards my other habits, I am more or less conventional. I part my hair in the center, never use the chin-strap on my overcoat, and curse the weather. My favorite diversion is the movies, especially my own pictures.

I read occasionally, and believe that if Sinclair Lewis could act like he writes it is fortunate for the Cinema that he is an author.

HOOTCHING COUGH

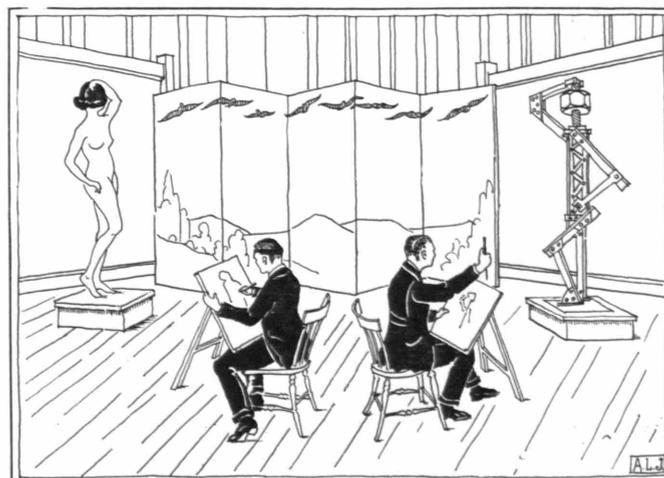
A man with a cough
And a T.B. wheeze,
Fell into my office,
And says to me, "Please
Mister, give me some-
Thing for consumption."
I thought powerfully,
Then said without guile,
"Whiles't, and I'll make
You a sandwich."

— B. P. L.

FOUND IN AN EH BOOK

If there should be another flood,
Hither for refuge fly;
If all the rest of the world were wet,
This book would still be dry.

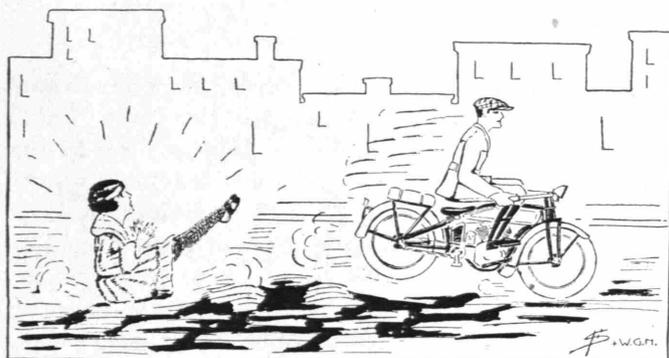
— E. N. D.



A PERFECT STRUCTURE

The Artist's

The Engineer's



The Girl He Left Behind Him

HOW TO CONCENTRATE

The first thing to do is to look up the assignment and open your book at some page, preferably near the assignment. Then find a comfortable rocking chair conveniently located in front of the window and make yourself at home. If the rocking chair is too hard recline on a lounge — by doing this, however, you may not be able to see the people on the street. Just before dozing off, open a box of crackers and eat some until you become thirsty. After eating and drinking for about forty-five minutes it is a good plan to look at your book and see if you have missed any pages. While still holding the book with one hand, pick up a copy of "La Vie" with the other hand and rapidly glance through its contents to see if the French morals have changed recently. Resume holding the book in an upright position, close your eyes, and keep your mind a perfect blank for an hour or two. Awake with a start, gaze stupidly at your book for FIVE MINUTES WITHOUT INTERRUPTION — then slam it shut.

— J. B. G.

ROMANCERERO

A garden, trees and pale moonshine,
Betwixt these all sweet Adoline
To whom friend Leonard poems read,
When he broke off and to her said:

"If you insist
That you be kissed
Then — well you know
Just wie das ist."

They kissed and kissed and kissed again.
She was so sweet, she'd conquered Len
Who over-ardent then became,
And said without regard or shame:

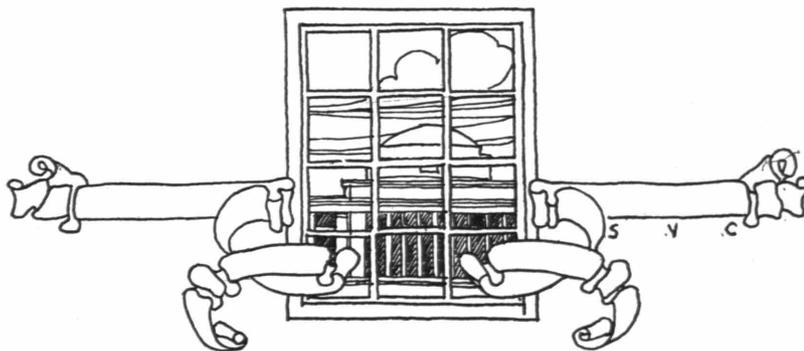
"Here on my knee
If it must be,
I tell you now,
Ich liebe Sie."

And Adoline, a flapper true,
Was stuck on him like painter's glue;
She even had his picture framed,
But when with ardor he exclaimed:

"Sweet Adoline,
Will you be mine?"
She quickly said
To him, "Ach nein!"

"Do you like Robert Burns?" queried the intellectual butterfly.

"Bum smoke," growled the man who had no appreciation of the higher things of life.



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We shall soon remove these selling sections into their new quarters
in the SHUMAN BUILDING, therefore we say

Men's Clothing, Hats and Shoes

Marked down without regard to cost or first price

SUITS and OVERCOATS **Society Brand** INCLUDED

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17.50 21.50 26.50 31.50

Other Removal Sale Prices 34.50, 39.50, 42.50, 47.50 and 52.50

Jordan Marsh Company—Boston

Bolshi: "Wanna go on a sleighing party?"

Viki: "Who are we gonna slay?"

— *Medley*

Him: "What nice, soft hands you have."

Shim: "My hands are soft because I wear gloves at night."

Him: "I'll bet you keep your hat on, too."

— *Drexerd*

"What's stranger than a one-armed man winding his wrist watch?"

"A glass eye at a keyhole."

— *Drexerd*

"Did you say that these rat biscuits you sold me would kill the rats?"

"Why, yes, they worked fine for me."

"Well, you must be a better shot than I am."

— *Gaboon*

Our memory goes back to the time when a "run" in a girl's stocking was a private affair.

— *Bison*

Pat: "How's business, Cohen?"

Cohen: "Terrible."

Pat: "How's your wife?"

Cohen: "Just the same."

— *Drexerd*

As Eloise so adroitly remarked: "It isn't the original cost of a silver flask; it's the upkeep."

— *Purple Cow*

Bimbo: "Forsooth, child, the goldfish hath contracted eczema!"

Bozo: "Of what import? 'T is but on a small scale."

— *Record*

Professor: "By the way, Mary, I've fired the furnace."

Mary: "Why?"

Professor: "Well, it went out, smoked, strewed ashes all over the floor and then began to use coke."

— *Brown Jug*



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Undergraduates visiting the Company will be treated with all possible courtesies.

Undergraduates wearing cap and gown will receive special attention.

The Murray Printing Company
Kendall Square
Cambridge

Percy: "If you marry me I will love you so I would gladly die for you."

Phillipa: "How nice! I'd rather be your widow than that of any other man I know."

— *Puppet*



She: "I'm going to hang my stocking on the foot of the bed and see if Santa Claus fills it."

Ditto: "I'm going to leave mine on and see what he does."

— *Ye Purple Cow*



Jock: "Don't forget that the success of the party hinges on us tonight."

Jack: "Righto! But don't you think — uh — we ought to oil the hinges?"

— *Tiger*



First Drunk: "Shay, dya know John Robinson?"

Second Drunk: "No, whash his name?"

First Drunk: "Who?"

Second Drunk: "I dunno."

— *Exchange*

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CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

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of the Direct Descendants of
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can serve customers as satisfactorily as we
can in our New York Store

Actress: "I'm all upset. I can't go out on that stage."

Partner: "What's the trouble?"

Actress: "There's actually a bald-headed man in the
front row."

— *Chaparral*

TIGHT STUFF

George: "That girl's a miser when she dances."

Oscar: "How so?"

George: "Very, very close."

— *Leheigh Burr*

Christmas Tree Vendor: "Buy a tree, lady, buy a tree
and make your children happy."

Spinster (blushing): "Sir! I'll have you understand
I have no children!"

Vendor: "Buy some mistletoe, lady. Lots of nice
mistletoe!"

— *Froth*

"Was awfully embarrassed at dinner last night. I
dropped my spoon into the soup."

"Goodness, what did you do then?"

"Burnt my fingers."

— *Wasp*

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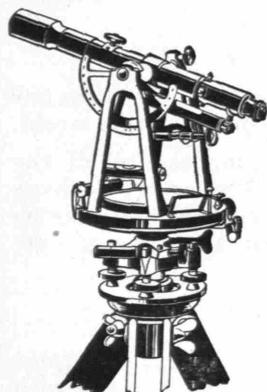
We cater to the social side of life with room decorations, Banners, Pennants and Pillow Cases, all in Cardinal Red and Gray.

The jewelry section with the Tech seal on all the merchandise is very attractive both to students and alumni.

The store is just across the street from Tech. Come in and look.

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And countless others.
Send for Buff Catalogue No. 112.

Buff & Buff Mfg. Company
329 Lamartine Street
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

First Souse: "Hic! !"

Second Ditto: "Hic! !"

First: "Don' talk back t' me!"

— Record

LET THE CADDIE DO IT

The golfer gazed at his caddie indignantly.

"A driver for this hole? Only a hundred and sixty yards? Why, it's just a mashie and a putt for me."

Confidently he stepped up to the ball, mashie in hand.

"Chug!"

The ball dribbled off the tee amid an eruption of clods.

There was an instant's silence, broken by the murmur of the caddie: "Now for a helluva long putt."

— Lampoon

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Millionaire, speaking to a body of students: "All my success, all my tremendous prestige, I owe to one thing alone — pluck, pluck."

Student: "But how are we to find the right people to pluck?"

— Puppet

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CLOTHES
*for Men and Young
Men*



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\$25.00 to \$60.00

First Convict: "When I get out of this place I'm going
to have a hot time, ain't you?"

Second Convict: "I don't know; I'm in for life."
— *Phoenix*



"How did you keep your donation secret?"

"I sent in an anonymous check."
— *Harvard Lampoon*



"When are you going to let me kiss you?"

"Come around on Friday. That's amateur night."
— *Judge*



Co-eds (noticing sign in the library): "Only Low
Talk Permitted Here."

First Co-ed: "Fine. Now I can go on with that
story I was telling you."
— *Pelican*



"There's nothing like combining business with
pleasure," said the tailor's daughter as she lovingly
wrecked the crease in her lover's trousers.
— *Froth*

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seen the
Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

with the new
wide webbing?



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color combinations

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The Nearest Bank to Tech

*"Large enough to serve you
Yet small enough to know you"*

"What are you going to do when you get through college?"

"I'm going to be a concrete engineer."

"Well, you've got the head for it."

— *Brown Jug*

George: "They certainly sift out a bunch at Wisconsin."

Georgette: "Yes, they have a great faculty for that."

— *Octopus*

Second Mate (pointing to inscribed plate on deck): "That is where our gallant captain fell."

Elderly Lady Visitor: "No wonder, I nearly tripped over it myself."

— *Flamingo*

"Let me go, let me go, let me go!"

"Why should I let you go?"

"I'm a little film and I want to be released."

— *Brown Jug*

Walton Lunch Company

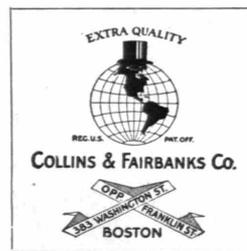
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Speaker in Hospital: "Lend me your ears."

Whereupon the poor devil was buried beneath an avalanche of tin.

—Froth

I positively can't see these dresses they're wearing now.

Is it as bad as all that?

John, my feet are sore.

Whassamatter?

Somebody stepped on them.

They have a right to kick.

First Student: "Let's break up this game; the sun's rising."

Second Student: "Goodnight, I should have been in bed an hour ago."

—Exchange

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"The finest thing on two wheels"

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Farmer: "Having a little tire trouble, stranger?"
Irate Motorist: "No, just cracking cocoanuts with a sponge."

— *Chaparral*

Stude: "I don't think it's fair to make us take this prelim."

Prof: "And why not?"

Stude: "You advertised that if your book was returned, no questions would be asked."

— *Widow*



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no-bull
NOBLE'S
"that's
good"
MILK

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your
millinery



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dressed right, next
to your millinery you
would regard your
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A pack of "butts,"
A sock or two.

Of "Strikes" a tin,
A can of Cube,
Some Mennen's in
The old green tube.

A dotted tie,
A hat from "Knocks,"
Cigars I buy,
They bust — sans box!

I sign for each,
And sign until
The first I reach,
And then — THE BILL!

L'ENVOI

The curse of charge,
The Sea of Debt,
I'm on the marge,
I'm in — I'm WET!

— Tiger

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1922's

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1923's

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Carry a flask-full in lunch
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This shoe is guaranteed one hundred per cent solid leather, color dark tan, bellows tongue, dirt and waterproof. The actual value of this shoe is \$6.00. Owing to this tremendous buy we can offer same to the public at

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Send correct size. Pay postman on delivery or send money order. If shoes are not as represented we will cheerfully refund your money promptly upon request.

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All Home Cooking

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Also a full Course Sunday Chicken Dinner 75 cents

Tables reserved for Parties

BACK BAY 70103

She: "Did you find good cooking in France, Ted?"

He: "My dear girl, simply rippin'. Best meals I ever drank."

— *Record*

Contrib.: "What is your opinion of that last poem I handed in?"

Asst. Ed.: "It is absolutely worthless."

Contrib.: "I know that, but I would like to hear it anyway."

— *Gargoyle*

"Sir, your creditors await you without."

"Without what?"

"Without the door."

"Well, give 'em that too."

— *Brown Jug*

We have our mighty football yells
And songs that seem quite nifty,
But the universal college yell
Is, "Dad, wire me fifty."

— *Jack-O-Lantern*

Freshman: "Who told you I bin swearin'? I don't swear."

Regent: "Oh, a little bird."

Freshman: "Must a bin one o' those G— D— sparrows then!"

— *Harvard Lampoon*

"Jim has had that old pipe for ten years."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he has had four new bowls and six new stems in that time."

— *Orange Owl*

She (soulfully): "Suppose we had never met."

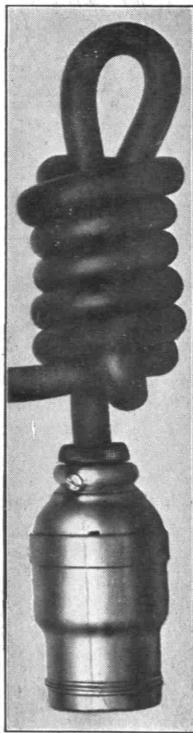
Him (more so): "Yes, I wonder who I'd be engaged to then."

— *Gargoyle*

Wife (angrily): "You told me your stenographer was an old maid."

Husband: "Er — r — you see, she was sick today and sent her granddaughter."

— *Record*



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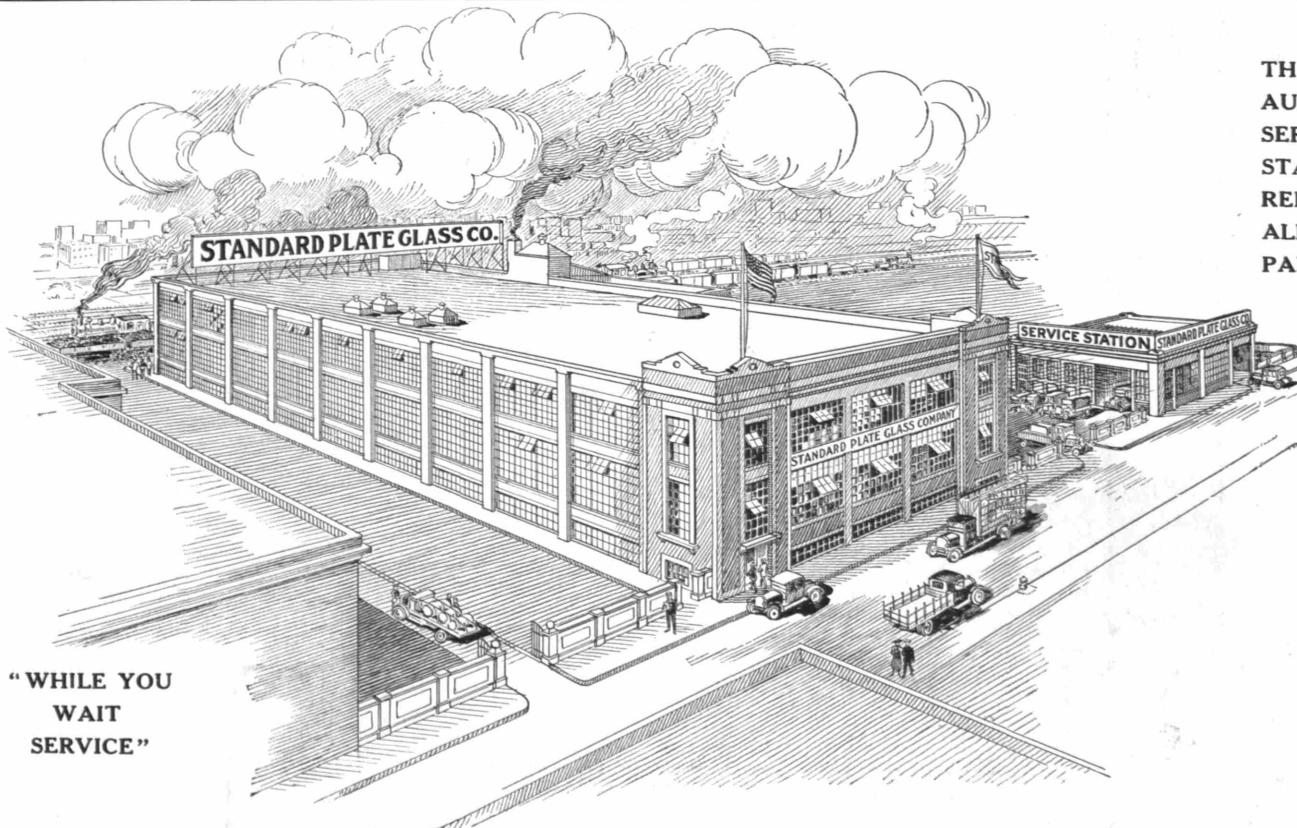
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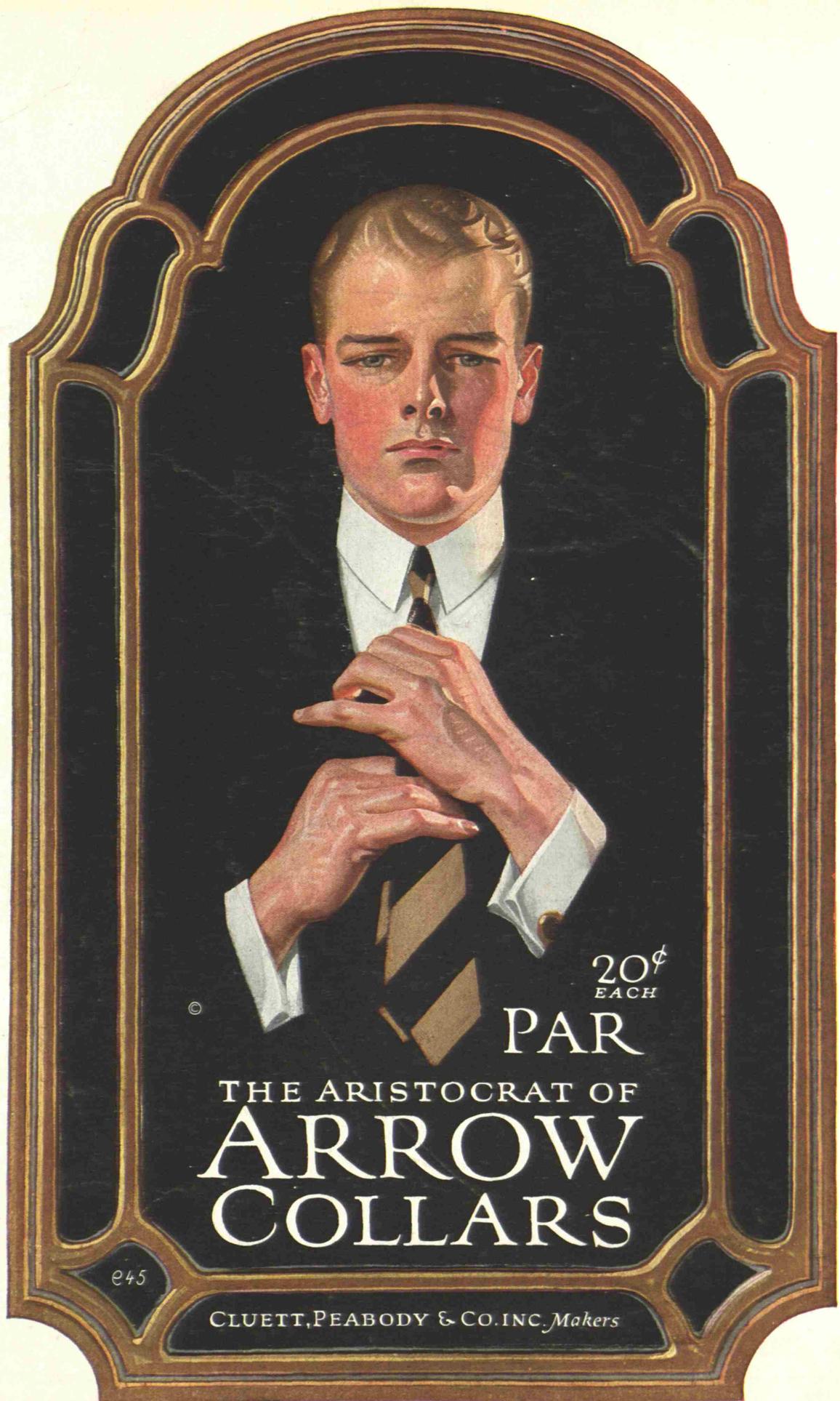
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