

John F. Steere

VOODOO



The Massachusetts Institute of Technology

CAMBRIDGE

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers Courses, each of four years' duration, in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering; Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering; Mining Engineering and Metallurgy and Geology and Geological Engineering; Architecture and Architectural Engineering; Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Electrochemical Engineering; Biology and Public Health and Sanitary Engineering; Physics, General Science and General Engineering; and in Engineering Administration. These Courses lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science.

To be admitted to the first-year class, applicants must have attained the age of seventeen years, and must satisfactorily fulfill entrance requirements in Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, Physics, Chemistry, English, History and French or German and one elective subject. Examinations are required in all subjects except Chemistry, History and the elective, the requirements for which are fulfilled by the presentation of satisfactory certificates. A division of these entrance subjects between different examination periods is permitted.

Entrance examinations are held at the Institute in September. In June, applicants will be examined by the College Entrance Examination Board in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and many other cities in America and Europe. A circular stating times and places is issued in advance by the College Board.

Graduates of colleges and scientific schools of collegiate grade, and in general all applicants presenting satisfactory certificates showing work done at another college corresponding to at least one year's work at the Institute, are admitted, without examination, to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training.

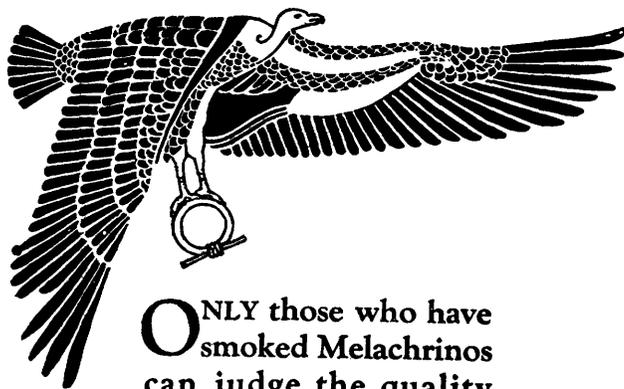
Graduate courses leading to the degrees of Master of Science, Master in Architecture, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Science are also offered. Special Research Laboratories of Physical Chemistry, Applied Chemistry and Science have been established.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Institute.

PUBLICATIONS

Bulletins of General Information, Courses of Study, Summer Session, Advanced Study and Research, and the Report of the President and the Treasurer.

Any of the above named publications will be mailed free on application.



ONLY those who have
smoked Melachrinos
can judge the quality
of the finest Turkish
tobacco.

ORIGINAL
MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"



Wife (waxing philosophical): "Just to think, John! First, utter drabness, then working of the sap, and finally the gorgeous tree — splendid in its multitude of gold and crimson gowns! How like our lives!"

Fed-up Husband: "How like, indeed, my dear! You the gorgeous tree, and me the sap!"

— *Judge*



"These jokes remind me of tissue paper."

"How's that?"

"They're terrible."

— *Yellow Jacket*



"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager. "He must be a wide-awake fellow and accustomed to complaints."

"That's me," replied the applicant, "I'm the father of twins."

— *Widow*

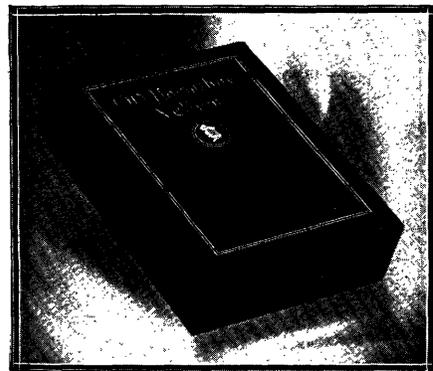


Him: "When I walk down Peachtree, my eyes act like little birds."

Her: "Like little birds?"

Him: "Yes. They flit from limb to limb."

— *Yellow Jacket*



Just as clothes make the man—so does stationery make the letter.

Being well dressed makes you feel much more self-reliant—your letters depend on your stationery.



Hampshire Paper Company

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

"If it's popular at College—
You'll find it at Macullar Parker's"

**COLLEGE APPAREL
OF THE VOGUE**

London Coats and Fur Coats

Patrick Coats and Ulsters

Sack Suits

Sport Suits

Tuxedo and Dress Suits



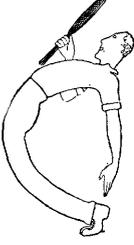
Imported Golf Hose, Sweaters to match,
London Neckwear, Scotch Plaid Mufflers,
Collar-Attached White Cheviot Shirts,
and Closed-Front Single-Band Cuffs.

Macullar Parker Company

"The Old House with the Young Spirit"

TREMONT STREET, AT BROMFIELD

IF—you are a 1924-model human being—

 <p>If you like Golf</p> <p>Every issue of Vanity Fair has remarks on the queer kinks of the links, articles by celebrated players, and photographs of their methods of play.</p>	 <p>And go to the Theatre</p> <p>In Vanity Fair, brilliant reviews of all the theatrical activities that delight and vivify New York. Drama, musical comedy, movies. With pictures.</p>	 <p>And play a little Bridge</p> <p>Articles for the bridge incurables. Vanity Fair's auction page is a refuge and a retreat for confirmed addicts. Mah Jongg also, for advanced cases.</p>
 <p>And admire good Dancing</p> <p>Dancers—classic, lovely, and frankly eccentric; famous dancers at home and abroad; in brilliant sketches and inspired photographs; in every issue.</p>	 <p>And don't shy at Art</p> <p>The best work of the new artists and the new work of the best ones; gossip of the exhibitions; reproductions of discussed masterpieces of the season.</p>	 <p>And are keen on Cars</p> <p>The last word in luxury, the fastest clip in speed; cars foreign and domestic; aeroplanes and yachts; news of the motor salons.</p>
 <p>And appreciate Literature</p> <p>Vanity Fair shows the work of the younger radicals and enthusiasts,—contrasted with conservatives. Plays, verse, essays, drama, reviews.</p>	 <p>And consider your Clothes</p> <p>Vanity Fair prides itself on editing the only department of sensible, well-bred correct men's fashions published anywhere.</p>	 <p>And keep up with Sport</p> <p>Tennis, polo, racing, winter sports at northern resorts; sportsmen's kits, celebrated players; in articles, sketches and photographs.</p>

Illustrations copyrighted by Vanity Fair

If you like to be in step with the times, not to say ahead with the band - - - - - then read

VANITY FAIR

HOTEL ASTOR

THIS MODERN HOTEL
 AFFORDS INTIMATE
 TOUCH WITH ALL
 THAT MAKES LIFE
 IN NEW YORK ALLURING

ROOM RATES AND RESTAU-
 RANT PRICES TO FIT THE
 PURSE OF COLLEGE MEN

DINNER DANCES ☞ ☞ ☞
 ☞ ☞ ☞ SUPPER DANCES

FRED'K A. MUSCHENHEIM

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK
 Broadway, Forty-fourth & Forty-fifth Streets

“My girl changed photographers last week.”
 “Why?”
 “The last one wrote on the back of each negative:
 ‘The original of this is carefully preserved.’”

— *Yellow Jacket*



Little Willie pointed at his sister's sweetheart, Mr. Jones.

“Mr. Jones kicked me yesterday,” he snarled, “but I got even with him, you bet your life. I mixed up quinine with my sister's face powder.”

— *Los Angeles Times*



“Where's your mother these days, Tom?”
 “Gone to Bagdad.”
 “That's strange. I didn't know he'd run away.”

— *Princeton Tiger*



“Jack kissed me last night.”
 “How many times?”
 “I came to confess, not to boast.”

— *Brown Jug*

THE STORE FOR MEN

A Separate Store in a Separate Building



Traveling

acid tests your cloth-
ing.

In Jordan Marsh Clothing
you can travel from
Golden Gate to Plymouth
Rock, if you wish, and
emerge at the end of your
journey like a true gentle-
man.

The Store for Men is ready at all
times with the best clothing, fur-
nishings, hats and shoes for college
men.

Jordan Marsh Company

Boston



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
1706-1790

Printer, journalist, diplomat, inventor, statesman, philosopher, wit. One of the authors of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, author of Poor Richard's Almanack; and one of the most eminent natural philosophers of his time.

But nobody had thought to do it

By bringing electricity down from the clouds over a kite string, it was a simple thing to prove that lightning was nothing more than a tremendous electrical flash.

For centuries before Franklin flew his kite in 1751 philosophers had been speculating about the nature of lightning. With electrified globes and charged bottles, others had evolved the theory that the puny sparks of the laboratory and the stupendous phenomenon of the heavens were related; but Franklin substituted fact for theory — by scientific experiment.



Electrical machines bearing the mark of the General Electric Company, in use throughout the world, are raising standards of living by doing the work of millions of men.

Roaring electrical discharges, man-made lightning as deadly as that from the clouds, are now produced by scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. They are part of experiments which are making it possible to use the power of mountain torrents farther and farther from the great industrial centers.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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One Lucky Strike Leads to Another

NO man who smokes LUCKY STRIKES ever feels that he has smoked too much. He is satisfied but never sated.

He finds that the Toasted Process produces a flavor mild enough to be continuously enjoyed.

He doesn't have to debate whether or not he ought to have another one, because he knows from experience that even if, in his private opinion, he sometimes smokes too many, he never has the sense of having smoked too much.

© Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

CHANGE TO THE BRAND THAT NEVER CHANGES





—are you sure you deserve it?

“Give me a log with Mark Hopkins at one end of it and myself at the other,” said, in effect, President Garfield, “and I would not want a better college.”

But if Mark Hopkins was an inspired teacher, it is just as true that James A. Garfield was an inspiring student.

Sometimes Garfield’s praise of his professor is quoted in disparagement of present day faculties—the assumption being that we as listeners are sympathetic, all that we ought to be—and that it is the teacher who has lost his vision.

Is this often the case?

It is the recollection of one graduate at least that he did not give his professors a chance. Cold to their enthusiasms, he was prone to regard those men more in the light of animated text-books than as human beings able and eager to expound their art or to go beyond it into the realm of his own personal problems.

This is a man to man proposition. Each has to go half way. Remember, there are two ends to the log.

*Published in
the interest of Elec-
trical Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.*

Western Electric Company

Wherever people look to electricity for the comforts and conveniences of life today, the Western Electric Company offers a service as broad as the functions of electricity itself.

Number 33 of a series

SUPPOSE WE OFFERED YOU FIVE DOLLARS

REALLY, there's no use getting excited about it,—it's only the weirdest sort of a supposition. As a matter of fact we have not yet paid for Phosphorous's Xmas games and toys and that new woolen suit you've seen him strutting about in so importantly. So there isn't much chance of your successfully calling our bluff.

In substance, however, we are offering to give away much more than five dollars, namely, eight of the most scintillating, fascinating, to say nothing of excruciating, numbers ever turned out by a College Comic. These numbers if crocheted would be worth ten times the meagre \$1.75 we are charging you. If done in tapestry, the value would be inestimable.

But to bring these copies within your reach we are *printing* them and binding same in handsome covers. The number will include the much talked of Prom Number and several specials of inimitable cleverness.

Don't dally.

I appreciate your offer.

I am enclosing the \$1.75 or bill me for \$1.75.

Send copies to.....

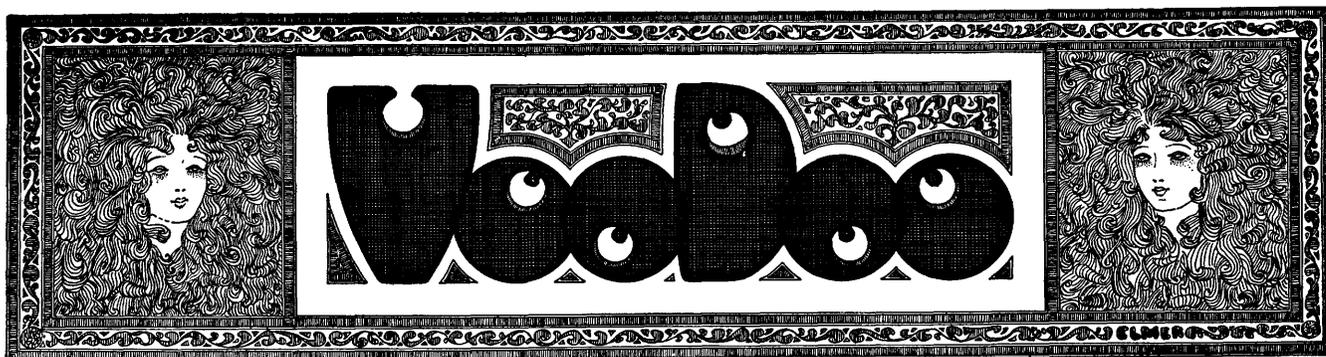
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Signed



*He's sore 'cause they ran out of **MOXIE***

The above advertisement was written by Mr. Harold Bishko of Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the request of Frank Archer of the Moxie Company, who thus affords an exceptional opportunity for the students to gain practical experience in writing advertisements for a famous product.



HOUSE DANCE

Dull orange glow against dark panels. . . .
 Faint spirit of Hallowe'en.
 Sax, violin, piano, and drums jiggig in a corner.
 Men who slap each other on the back;
 Men who laugh loudly and slouch around;
 Men who look on, aloof;
 Men who watch the orchestra's tonal and physical gyrations.
 Women . . . clinging to men . . . bouncing and sliding . . . bumping.
 One woman . . . a little extra vivacious.
 The clock-hands moving steadily, almost perceptibly.
 Atmosphere of abandon. . . .
 A shower of streamers, cluttering the dancers and drawing them closer in pairs.
 The clarinet wails louder and faster.
 "Let's go . . . !!"

THANK YOU

He: "How long have you been married?"
She: "Three years, thank you."
He: "Have you got any children?"
She: "A boy and a girl, thank you."
He: "Don't thank me — Oh" . . . !?"

MORE MODERN LITERATURE

"Little black and white fellers, when you gallops does you aim to bring this cullud man happiness? I asts you, does you does or does you don't?"
 "Aw shet up and shoot, black boy."
 "Little three craps, does you arrive simultaneous with yore brudder, four spots, you shuah is the fondest thing I is of. Lady Luck, I craves yore kind 'tentions."
 "Talk is what you ain't got nothing else but."
 "I ain't saying nothin', but, mistuh, unloose yoreself from off'n that wad, for now I shoots. Bam!"
 "Hot damn, boy; is you wishin' to learn, jus' set yoreself comf'table while I makes the passes. Bam! Hot ziggity dawg!"
 And so on until the first soft rays of the morning sun climb over Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch & Billiard Parlor and the city begins to throb anew with the bustle of another day.

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING

A Tragedy in Three Acts — No Scenes.

I

Dear Jay:
 Please stop sending me the Voo Doo. Mother objects to the type.
 RUTH M. C.

II

Dear Ruth:
 Cannot understand your mother's objection. Which type do you mean?
 JAY.

III

Dear Jay:
 The **BOLD TYPE** — you idiot!
 R. M. C.
 Curtain.



What do you think of the Entente Cordiale?
 Never tried it. Got any with you?

JAN the JANITOR'S Column



Stop right where you are! I am *not* going to wish a Happy New Year and that sort of blah. If you're still here after the holidays don't blurb about it — the authorities probably overlooked you. I've been here too long not to warn you that them as has charge are only waiting for you to get ripe before they pluck you.

Ever since I was able to steal apples I've made a practice of doing two things right regularly. First, buttoning the left side of my coat over the right and second, cursing something out proper every day. I was right in the middle of last diversion when the lad from the office dropped in and demanded his copy. So I'll bore you, instead of myself.

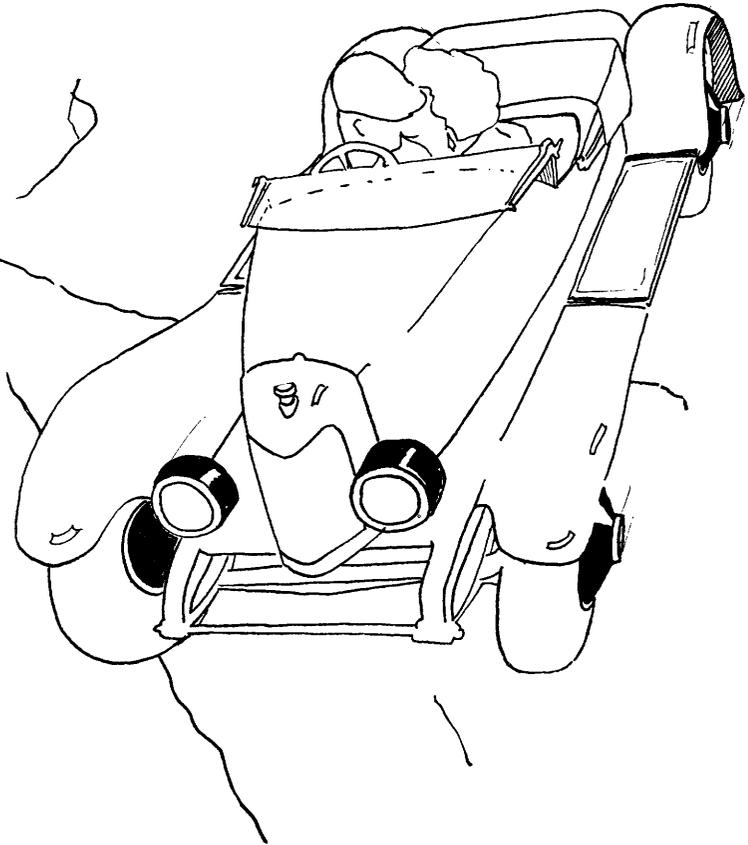
I overheard a lecture in this here course the Business Men Engineers take — Business Management. Well, the Prof said a workman should be paid for being there whether he does nothin' or not. Something about "mere attendance something something." Anyhow I just gave you the gist of it. All right, then, why don't you fellows work on the same basis? That is, if you just show up for a class your time's worth something, ain't it? Whether you do any work or not? If this place uses factory rules in some things, why not in that? I ask you. Demand P's and get 'em whether the Prof fails you or not.

Think that over while I round up these stray butts — that reminds me — but don't get me started on that.

DELUSIVE DIGITS

This matter of subject numbers is getting serious. The simplest of subjects are now disguised with a formidable number of five or six digits. Very often the unwary student will avoid 2.65478 and take 2.2, merely because the first *looks* hard. And as a matter of fact the former stands for Granite Polishing, while Thermo-Something is lurking under the innocent nomenclature of 2.2. More than one student has been started on the road to a vote by the insidious lure of this numbering system.

And imagine what awaits posterity. Picture your son in 1946 writing home thusly: "Dear Dad, I have a heavy schedule this term. I am taking 6.5793756473829 9854378, and 2.948403976 94759"; picture this for several pages. Think of the reams of cardboard he must use in making out his schedule. Imagine his suffering, anguish, suppressed — enough! It is too awful to think about. If a complicated system is essential, let them adopt Least Squares or Backgammon or some other Greek arrangement of characters.



USE BALOONATIC TIRES AND RIDE ON AIR

**SUPPOSING THE DAILY COMICS HAD NO
PRETTY PICTURES**

JUTT AND MEFF

THE BIG BOY'S CHANCES ARE SLIPPING

By BLUD FLISHER

<p>Huh, you big stiff, you'll never be President.</p>	<p>Why not, you little shrimp?</p>	<p>Because it says in the Constitution that to be a candidate for President you have to be at least 35 and a MAN.</p>	<p>(Find Meff)</p>
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DER KAPTAIN UND DIE KIDS

By R. DIRCS

<p>You heard me vot I haff said, don't chu? Chess, Kaptain. Und yess, Kaptain.</p>	<p>But ven der Kaptain comes bakd und rests mit himself on der porkypine nail ve vill not hear him, Chess, Hans? Und yess, Fritz.</p>	<p>Dod-Gast it, Inspektor. I feel der ist more monkey bizness. So. Yess, I haff ketched der rascals mit — Ooch!</p>	<p>Hush, Inspektor, bring all uff them to me . . . BOO-HOO! BOO-HOO!</p>
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------

FINGER THIS ON YOUR FINGER BOWL

By AL POISON

<p>Now wifey, dear, just looky here, a dandy suit I've got —</p>	<p>If you step out with that thing on, I know that you'll be shot.</p>	<p>But wifey, it's a bargain. The Style is very late, and you know it only cost me twenty dollars ninety-eight.</p>	<p>Oh, boy, THEM DAYS HAS BEEN AND WENT.</p>
------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------

BRINGING UP THE OLD MAN

By GEO. MACMAMMUSS

<p>Maggie, I'm so tired after our New Year's party that I think I will go to bed.</p>	<p>Now that he's safely in bed I'll slip over and see the Countess of Whazzat.</p>	<p>(Use your imagination, dear reader.)</p>	<p>No more corn beef and cabbage, Dinty. But what do you say to a little game. It's only three.</p>
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

MAX AND AX

X. Z. MILLAR

<p>GOO . . . GLUB . . .</p>	<p>AWK!</p>	<p>SMASH</p>	<p>SKILLIBOOCH!</p>
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IN THE LAB

Can you make any sense out of this? Of course not; they don't know what they want themselves. How was the date last night? That so? I always said she was a bit fast. Say, got the juice connected up? That's right. I got a flunk on that last quizz. Who didn't? Yeah; a couple of those grinds, of course. Oh, it's the worst department at the Institute. Sure; got a piece of wire? Say, do you know what we're doing? I don't. Let's get the instructor to explain it to us. . . . Now I know a lot more. Dragging somebody to the dorm dance? Well, I may drop around, you never can tell. Did you get that binding post fixed; there's nothing binding about it, I can see. I don't believe it. Say, get that piece of apparatus here. What do you want to do with that hoosis? Gosh, we only got ten more minutes. Snap it up. That's right, put the ammeter in here. Put on the juice. Right. Pow!! The meter is busted. Fifty dollars gone to hell.

COMING ATTRACTIONS AT OUR LEADING MOVIE HOUSES

Passion's Flame. A Trucolor Nature Study, picturing the world's most famous flower gardens.

Spring is Here. A vivid, burning revelation of the vices existing at the present time in New York City.

Sleepy Nevada, or Pleasant Valley. A blood-curdling melodrama of the nights when men were men, and women were worse than men.

Hell's Embrace. An uproarious, slap-stick comedy of country life in New England. Fine for the children.

A Woman's Shame, or Shaking Hands with the Devil. An animated cartoon describing Bunny Rabbit's visit to Alaska.

Beautiful Romance. Daring exposure of the evils which are demoralizing convicts at the Atlanta penitentiary.

SCENE: BARBER-SHOP, NEW ORLEANS

Enter, a notorious bandit, gun in hand.

"Ah wants a shave and de man what cuts ma' jes' natur'ly ceases to exgist."

(Exit all but one colored barber.)

"Step right h'yar, sah!"

"Sah, bo' is yo' all not scar'd dat razor'll slip?"

"No, sah, Boss; yo' de man what's to be scar'd if dis h'yar razor slip."



Dumm: "What happened to that girl you always used to go around with?"

Dummer: "Which one?"

Dumm: "You know — that blonde."

Dummer: "Aw, she dyed."



Ernest Torrence, the popular matinee idol, who is to be starred in the forthcoming production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." This is his first starring vehicle and there is little doubt but that it will be a notable attempt. His admirable adaptability to the part is self-evident, as his remarkab'e interpretation of the title rôle in "Ben Hur" testifies. The above picture is a tense bit of action from this play. Some carping critic will no doubt attempt to point out that Ernest's beard does not exactly jibe with Lord Fauntleroy's flaxen curls, but there must always be some irreconcilable who delights upon emphasizing the minor discrepancies in every work of art. A quaint touch of humor is given by the droll manner in which the little lord chews tobacco. A good, wholesome drama. Take the children.



IN LOVE WITH LOVING

The weary student fusser
Pursues his bits of pash
With a maximum of women
And a minimum of cash.



His: "I adore you."
Her: "How nice" (*caustically*).
His: "I'd die for you."
Her: "Will you prove that?"

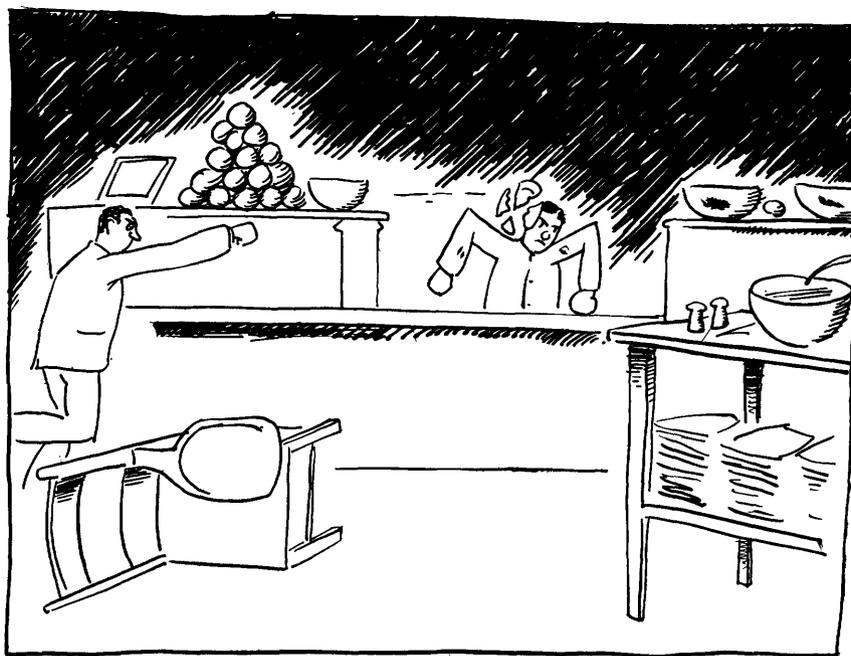
"QUOTH THE RAVEN —"

(A New Year's Resolution)

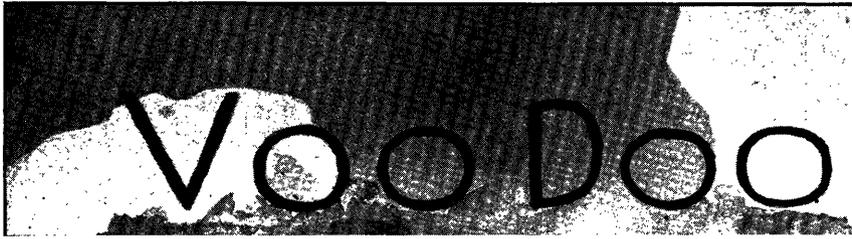
I'll never see that girl again,
Nor take her out to dine,
I'll never write to her again,
A letter, word, or line.
And never will I kiss that girl,
So gentle, sweet and kind,
A girl who had more on her face
Than she had on her mind.
I'll never love that girl again,
As in the days gone by,
I used to think the world of her,
And now I don't — but why?
As all good things must end, you know,
I've also had my day,
And this explains my present state,
Beneath six feet of clay!
If only *she* had thrown me o'er,
I'd never feel so hurt,
For she was nothing more or less
Than a frisky, little flirt.
Alas, it was too much for me,
Her *husband* threw me o'er —
The ledge of a window which was on —
Ah me! — the fifteenth floor!

COMME IL FAUT

Well, I suppose that it
Had to happen — just
Because I didn't have
Time to read that last
Chapter in "Manners —
Good and Otherwise"
You see, it was only
The second time that
I had taken out the
Sweet woman — and
Seeing as how she was
Kind of shaky on her
Pins I figures we'd
Better take in a
Meal—well, she suggests
The "Hiclass" and then
Says to me, "The
Waitresses are so
Good there."
Maybe I should have
Answered "Yeah?" and
Let it go at that,
But somehow or other
I just naturally forgot
Where I was acting
And then I says
"Are the waitresses
GOOD?—how unusual!"



IRISH STEW AT WALTON'S



Vol. VI

JANUARY, 1924

No. 5

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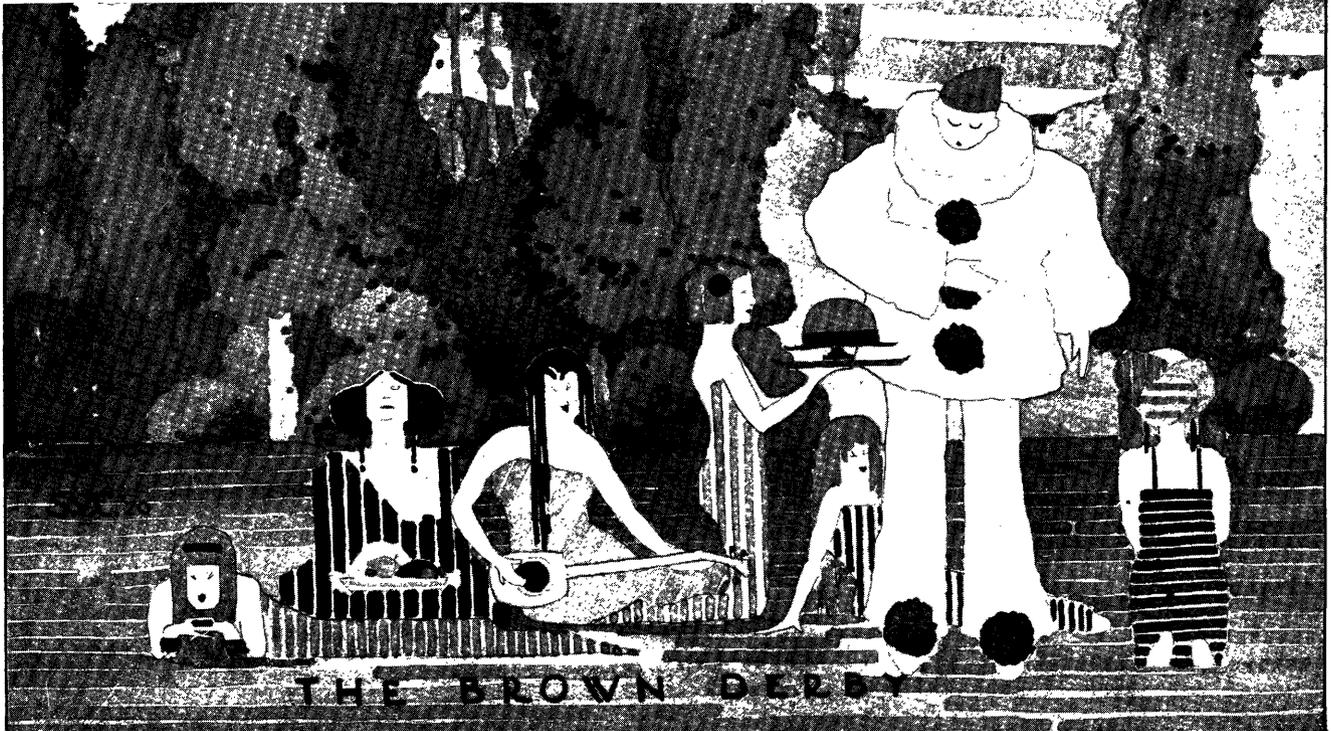
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CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE, 3,700 COPIES



**The Cover
a Symbol-
ism**

The cover for this month is an authentic copy of the masque worn by the South African voodoo worshippers in the performance of their mystic rites. A Technology professor made the copy from a masque in the possession of the British Museum.



**Don't Advertise
Your Bootlegger**

Among the many and probably trite New Year's resolutions we will wager you have not included the mental inhibition to stop talking about your "parties." During the period between murders the journals are always ready to take a wallop at the collegian's wilful intemperance. And in their overweening attempt to do harm to this branch of the Great Unemployed they overlook the salient and most vulnerable weakness of their victims. Namely, the collegian's overpowering ambition to be known as the school roué.

With the statistics at hand we have calculated that if the American students talked half as much about twice as many drinking bouts the percentage of drunkenness in the colleges would be less than the percentage of sobriety at a Kiwanis Club Convention.

As a matter of fact, schools in this country, could stagger under a larger figure of unabstemiousness without particular injury to morals, health or scholastic proclivity. In many cases it would be beneficial. But the American college will never profit by the wild boastings of the youth whose sole experience with bacchanalia can be summed up in a speaking acquaintanceship with a bootlegger. He should be cried down or put to bed, as the case may be.



**Will they
Lengthen
the Lash?**

The Newspaper Number of Voo Doo contained a take-off on a Windsor McKay editorial illustration, depicting our revered Faculty as a slave driver, whose whip was of three lashes, votes eight, nine, and ten, respectively. Cowering beneath the lashes were our

modest selves. Indirectly to the ears of Phosphorous comes a rumor, as rumors will, which is at once terrifying and provoking. Namely, that the Faculty is considering a proposal to make at least two C's a term a requirement of diploma award. Phosphorous hesitates, shudders, is aghast. Being slightly subject to hyperpromethia he visualizes an exodus that would dwarf the departure of the Israelites from the land of the Pharaohs. Another and more far-reaching lash is added to the whip. That the highly esteemed eccentricities who guide our destinies at the Institute could even consider so depleting the business of sheepskin engraving is in itself a source of irritation to our not over-sensitive nature. We have considered that, although of a humorous nature, the editorial accompanying the afore-mentioned illustration was not highly exaggerated. A question which is invariably asked the Technology student is, "Oh, so you're from Tech. They work you like dogs there, don't they?"

College spirit is best expressed by evincing an interest in activities, and the activities man takes pride in P's, as does the grind in H's. There is no reason for such excessive stimulation of the brown bag industry in Massachusetts.

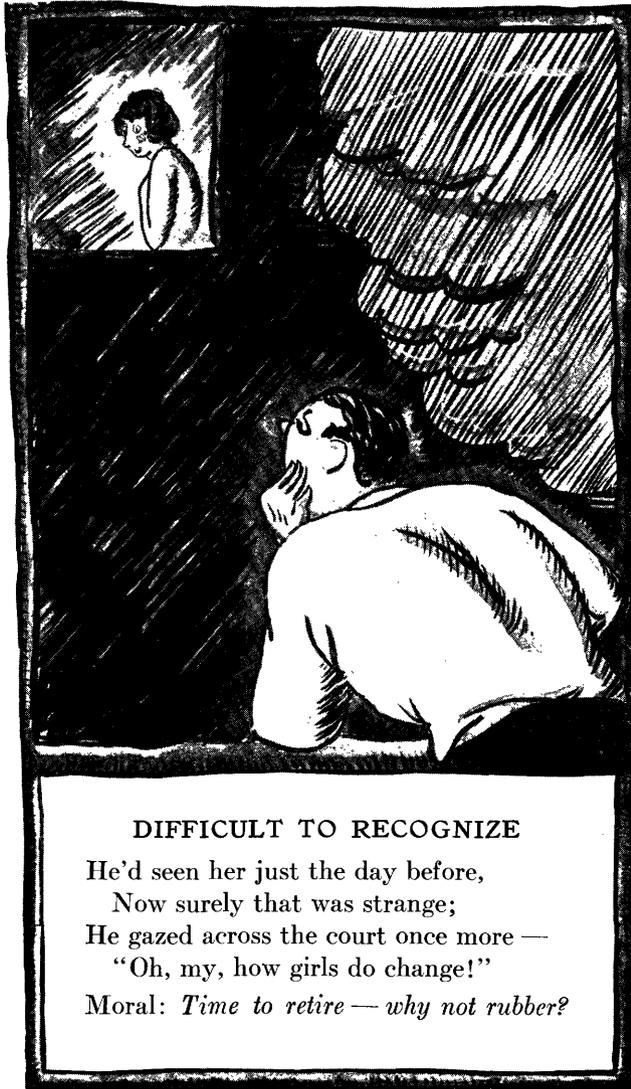


**More of a
Reflection
Than a
Discovery**

Recently *The Tech* raised quite a potter over the fact that there was but one man in . . . in . . . quite a number, who knew anything about the student government. It was ridiculous to get stirred up over such a discovery. As a matter of fact we'd suspected it for some time. Certainly if there was any knowledge of student government floating around, the Institute Committee would have gathered it in and used it before this. There is a chance, of course, that they *have* gathered it in and are *getting ready* to make use of it.

The year's not over yet, so we had better not condemn them too soon.





❧

"Won't you say good-night?"
 "Oh, good-night."
 "But, I mean —"
 "No."
 "Just once?"
 "No."
 "Pretty please?"
 "No, oh! . . ."
 (One hour later.) "Good-night, John."

❧

"Why are there so few Americans in New York City?
 "Immigration quota has been cut down."

❧

"What makes you think shoe manufacturers will
 not go to heaven?"
 "They sell their souls for leather."

OUR PROFESSIONAL MOVIES

What our professional movies need in order to get a full-fledged audience is a little more human interest. Such as:

GARTER MANUFACTURING AT WEEHAWKEN (N. J.)

In order to give an impression of a great, hustling, bustling, bootlegging city, the scene opens on a crowded thoroughfare in Weehawken. Almost at once a truck dashes out of a side street and rams into a trolley, upsetting it. . . . Close up of those killed being laid in orderly piles to await the arrival of the ambulance.

Second scene is in the garter establishment. The workers are playfully stinging each other with long pieces of elastic. Over at one side the salesmen, with trousers rolled up to their knees, are proudly displaying the latest color schemes to prospective buyers. In the foreground the manager is sitting with his feet on the desk and a pipe in his mouth, smiling genially at the snappy jokes in the *Monthly Garter*.

The last scene is a brief review of the many uses to which a garter may be put, thereby proving to the world at large the economic value of garters in general. Friendly, homey scenes are suggested like that of Willie being spanked with a dandy long one; or Dad sharpening his razor on a new shiny one; or Mama hooking baby to the chandelier with a big strong one, etc. The possibilities are infinite.



Mah: "How many subjects are you carrying?"
Jong: "Carrying one and dragging seven."

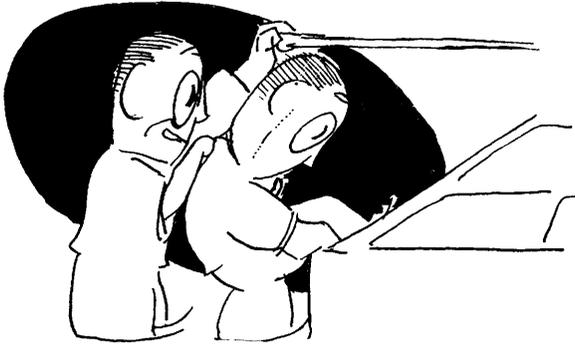


THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

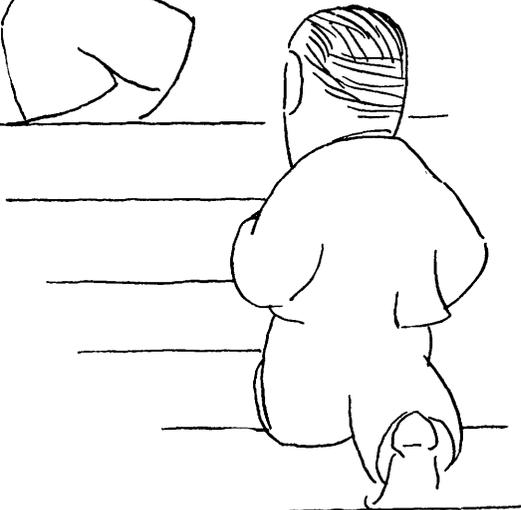
(With Apologies to the Spirit of Alan Seeger)

I have a rendezvous with Debt
 In some secreted, quiet place
 When Bills come in at breakneck pace
 And consternation fills the air —
 I have a rendezvous with Debt
 When Bills bring blues and deep despair

God knows 'twere better to be square,
 All paid by check or hard cash down,
 In this Free Land where even air
 Is tagged for sale, where all men sweat
 To keep the Wolf from getting near . . .
 But I've a rendezvous with Debt.
 Tonight with check-book I'll sit down
 'Mong Bills sent in from far and near,
 But if my bank accounts are true
 I shall not fail that rendezvous.



A delightfully informal method whose origin can no doubt be traced to childhood tales of Santa Claus and the chimney. Perhaps he might also have taken advantages of skylights had they existed in those days.



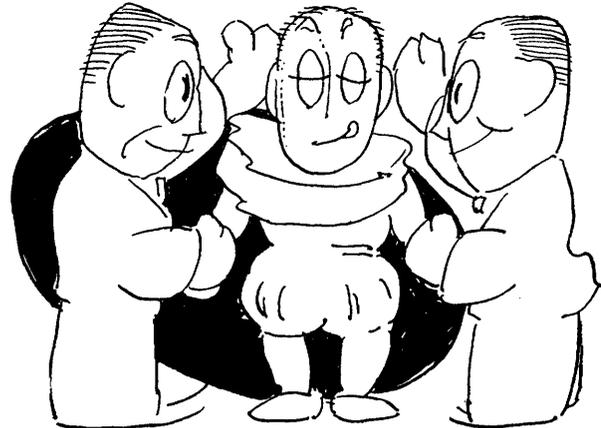
Back stairways are always helpful, but require a rather intimate knowledge of the general layout. Useful in well-known places such as Whitney Hall and the Copley. They require a quarter tip to subdue some watchful flunkey.

THE OPEN SEASON

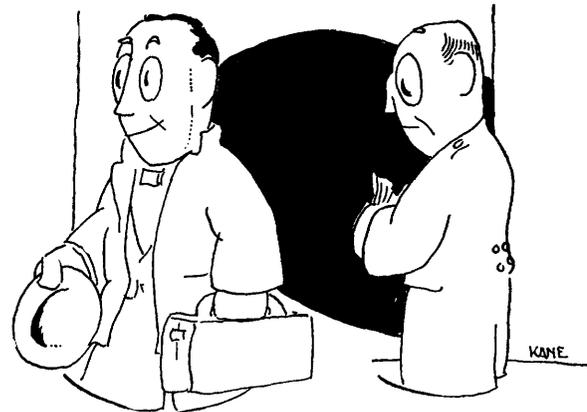
For the benefit of those not "in on the know" the above may be of some small use now that the winter season of balls and dansants is with us again. The correct way in which to enter a dance is somewhat indeterminate, but anyone of those shown is greatly in vogue with the college man.



"You see how it is old man - only gave us one ticket when we came out, and now they say we need two to get back - and what's my girl going to do?" Not too good. Doorman's liable to ask you where your girl is - and it would be just your luck after you'd pointed out some girl at random to hit on one he knew.



"From Yale aren't you? I thought so. Great place. Say, d'ya mind lending us your ticket for a coupla minutes?" Always successful, so long as he has no friends with him who are sober.



Masquerading as a musician has its possibilities, but besides the obvious drawback of all the additional stage properties the whole scheme is apt to fall through unless one's nose has a sufficiently convincing curvature to allay the doorman's suspicions.

CONSOLATION

Oh, the answers are wrong in the back of the book,
The Law of Sines fails when I use it;
I don't use my head, my senses are dead
And nothing on earth will excuse it.

My work isn't neat, my notes incomplete,
I'm always behind in my classes.
I cut up with the boys and make lots of noise —
How can I expect any passes.

It's funny, it seems that I can't make the teams,
Nor the staffs of collegiate papers,
I'm classed with the "dubs" in all of the clubs —
Not even the girls like my capers.

There's but one consolation to all my vexation —
At the end of my fourth and last year,
I'll be nearer an engine — much nearer an engine
Than I will be to an *engineer*.



Why does a fireman wear red suspenders?
Probably to keep up appearances.



THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

IMPROMPTU DRAWING

Were you ever beset by the desire to draw faces? I feel certain, at least, that most of you have done creditable work during Physics lectures, that is, if profound somnolence did not prevent. As an expert in the first mentioned art (to say nothing of the second) it is my desire to give a few directions which should prove an aid to drawing, not only in Physics but in comparable sleeping sciences.

Of primary importance are the utensils. Failure to possess a 6H pencil is best remedied by a hasty though careful search of the pockets of those sleeping about you. While you are at it a sheet or two from anyone's notebook will be useful. An eraser you must have as all your best work will be done with its aid. Now you are ready to start.

The nose is most important. Never decide on the



nationality of the subject under construction until this feature has been completed. Learn from the first to distinguish between the Roman and Nordic types on nasal architecture.

The eye is no less difficult. Fortunately a profile view means but one eye which, however, should not be placed in the middle of the forehead. Mutt's eye pictured below, is an excellent example of the intelligent eye. Note the surprise wrinkle; these are difficult but necessary.



The mouth varies greatly. The best plan is to look about you for a good example to copy, but make sure the mouth being copied isn't hanging down half open like a clogged drain pipe. Sleeping models never make lifelike portraits.



Now put in the minor points as ears, hair and the lines of toil, love and hate, fear, anger, surprise and vacuum. The drawing is now almost complete. It should resemble this . . . but there's the bell. You can finish your drawing during the next lecture. Class dismissed.

THOSE INVIDIOUS VOTES

This whole system of votes is radically unfair. Of the entire gamut of fourteen there is not one that is not of a disparaging and discouraging tone. In the matter of improvement the faculty should do one of two things — either send votes of commendation or else word the present series more tactfully.

For example:

Vote 14 — Your last record was excellent. Drop in at the Dean's office some time and have an apple on it.

Vote 15 — Your last record showed consistency at least. With perseverance you should be able to raise all those FF's to F's.

Vote 16 — Fine. We'd rather planned to get rid of you, but after that record you might as well stick around.

And picture the smile with which the delinquent student will receive such votes:

Vote 4 — Professor ——— has wanted to talk with you for some time. Don't you think it would be the courteous thing to drop in and see him at your convenience?

Vote 9 — We're sorry, but your locker space is needed by a student from the West Indies. The B. & M. needs brakemen, by the way.

Vote 12 — We realize it was not your fault, but this murdering of profs is not good for the school's reputation. For their protection we *must* ask you not to show up next Monday nor any Mondays for that matter. Au revoir.



She isn't so bad. (*Contemplating article of femininity.*)

Shucks, if she's not bad I'm not interested.



We read in the *California Pelican* that one of her Profs says the hardest thing he finds in teaching is "Trying to knock abstract facts into concrete heads."

Perhaps he doesn't use the right catalytic agent.



"YOU MADE ME . . ."

Along the pleasant road of life
Oh Lord, please let me ride.
Just leave me as I am today;
I'm damn well satisfied.

THAT BOSTON WEATHER

I go to bed and freeze and shiver,
And huddle neath too thin a kiver,
The snow in whispers drifting on the panes.
I sleep, and dream of ice and skating,
Awake with pulses palpitating,
Get out my shoes and things — and then it rains.

In June, 'mid sweetest days of summer,
When everything's an up-and-come-er,
My senses yearn for strolls on shady lanes.
I make a date with charming girly,
With sweet bobbed hair, delightful, curly,
And out we start for pleasure — and it rains.

No matter what the month or season,
The weather never follows reason.
One never should with plans ahead take pains.
If a chance comes, take it quickly,
For the next day'll find you, sickly,
Swearing, cursing, "Damn — it always rains."



Apollo: "What attitude do you take about kissing?"

Daphne: "Oh, body at thirty degrees, head back, lips apart, and eyes veiled."



She: I certainly was surprised to see you come out of the ladies' dressing room just now.

He: Well, I'd been in there an hour anyway and I wanted to dance for a change..



*Eyes like the skies of a baby blue,
Lips that are red and beckon to you,
Form that a Venus could well display,
Something about her that seems to say:
Beware!
Here's a dare!
If you handle with care
You can find with this cute little Miss,
Love and blissful happiness too,
All at the price of a kiss.*

We see that Willie Ritola has decided to run with the Finns in the coming Olympics. As far as American athletics is concerned, it will no doubt be his Finish.

Pug: "A girl generally gets the man she goes after."
Nose: "But what happens when two girls go after the same man?"

Pug: "Oh, then he's arrested for bigamy."

A NEW ELEMENT — "WOMAN"

Symbol — WO

A member of the Human family.

Occurrence: Can be found wherever man exists. Seldom occurs in the free or native state. Quality depends on the state in which it is found. With the exception of Massachusetts state, the combined state is to be preferred.

Physical Properties: All colors and sizes. Always appears in disguised condition. Surface of face seldom unprotected by coating of paint or film of powder (composition immaterial). Boils at nothing, and may freeze at any moment. However, it melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not used correctly.

Chemical Properties: Extremely active. Possesses a great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones of all kinds. Violent reaction when left alone by men. Ability to absorb all sorts of expensive food at any time. Undissolved by liquids, but activity is greatly increased when saturated with spirit solutions. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed next to a better appearing sample. Ages very rapidly. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

NOTE: Highly explosive and likely to be dangerous in inexperienced hands.



THE MISER

*I gather silver hours of night,
And golden hours of day,
The sparkling dew-drop diamonds
Of dawn I hide away.
The opals of the sea-foam
Are with my treasures, too,
Come, bring your dreams, and I will show
My precious hoard to you.
For all who seek can find it
In a house of rainbow hues.
Earth beauty will endow our lives
If in our hearts we choose.*



"Cook will run for Senate." (*Boston Transcript*)
Careful, voters; remember the old adage, "Too many cooks spoil the soup."



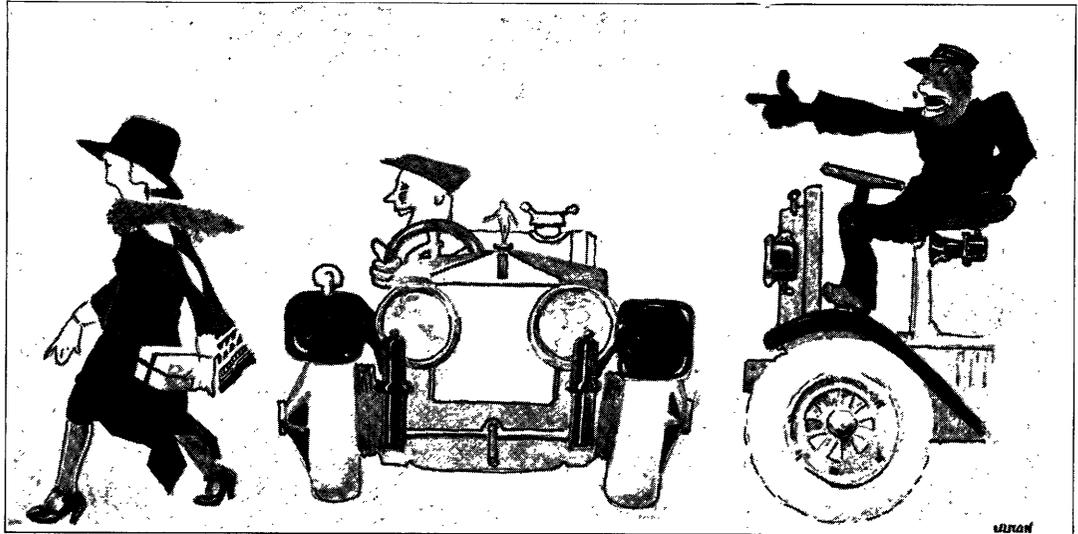
Many people make their first ocean voyage by rail.



We have the names of three prominent American millionaires who are still living with their first wives.

GOOD AND BAD

Say, doesn't it
 Make you feel sort
 Of disappointed in
 Women when you pick
 Up one of these
 Young skirts who
 — Looks good
 — And sounds good
 — Even feels good
 And then after you've
 Made up your mind
 That she'll do —
 You find out that
 She IS good —
 Dammit! Ain't
 Women the most
 Deceitful critters!



PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS

DORMITORY ACCIDENTS

(Not Reported at the Clinic)

Holman 900: Freshman scalded by malted milk which becomes overheated.

Runkle 53: Two seniors lose appetite and three fingers each while attempting to slice bread with electric fan.

Nichols 608. Freshman uses patented bottle warmer for the first time. One fuse was not blown out. Remainder immediately replaced two weeks later.

Atkinson 801. Unidentified student spills beverage on floor. Work on new floor will be commenced this week.

Runkle 89. Course V man demonstrates original synthetic food. All four men prove that food was a failure. No eye-witnesses.

Atkinson 01. Freshman lectures to seniors on his experiences. Will be able to attend classes next term.

Nichols 802. Foreign students practice jui-jitsu. Only friends were present after the exhibit.

Holman 529. Dance by Russian student brings down the house. New dormitories now under construction.



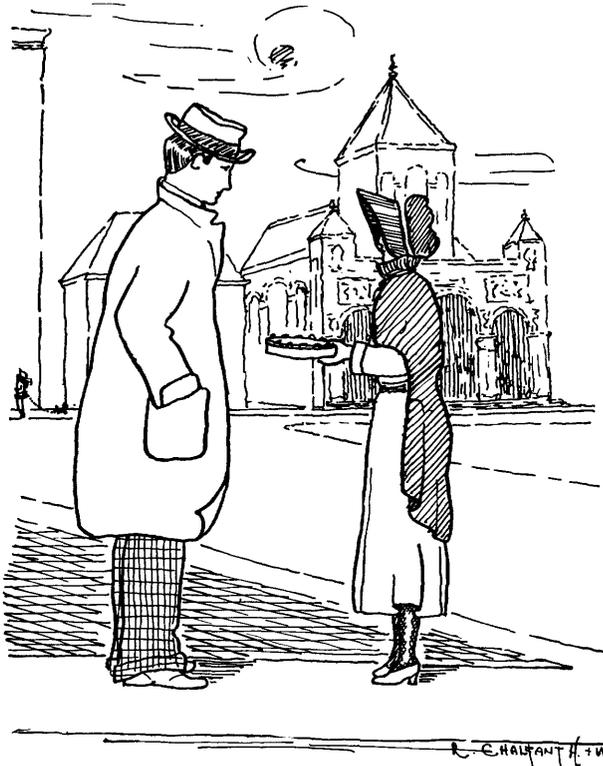
AN INDUSTRIAL LAYOUT

Mary had a little lamb,
 She also had a gong,
 Every time the gong would ring
 The lamb would say "Mah jong."

Dad: "How come you flunked Math?"

Sad: "Professor didn't pass me."

A man sat in a dentist's chair;
 The doctor touched
 His tooth with care,
 But a great big pin
 Stuck in him there.
 He gave a jump
 And then a shout:
 "If it's in that far,
 Don't pull it out!"



Stude: Do you save bad girls?

Sal: Why, yes.

Stude: Well, will you save me one tonight?

They named the baby Thomas, after it's Uncle Bill.

OBVIOUS

He was dressed in an old suit of mufti, battered and antiquated. His slight limp added to the impression that here was a man who had been "through things." There was something so worn and tired looking about his face. It seemed weather-beaten, as if he had battled much with the elements. In fact he had. By his drooping bow necktie we recognize the Course X man.

She: "Henry must be a strong man."

He: "Howzat?"

She: "Why he said he often carried a colt around with him."

A TALE OF ADMONITION

Squeak, oh you violin; ake, oh you flute,
List to this tale of the Institute!

The new year had brought many boys from afar,
There were Abdullah, Bulbul, Petroski, Navarre.
But minus all questions the greatest of all
Was Bobus Aloisius Ambrosius McGall.
Now Bobus Aloisius Ambrosius McGall
Was what an honor student at Tech they call,
He studied and studied and studied and worked
And not even once his duty he shirked.
He did well at Tech, he sure was one A,
For nightly and daily he was heard to say,
"For it's wild women, wine and song
That make the college boy go wrong."

But years have passed and so today
Bobus has died and is in decay.
He died unhappy, so it is said.
Sure and he earned his daily bread,
But he knew not wine, women, song at all,
Poor Bobus Aloisius Ambrosius McGall.

It has been rumored that the Great Court will be paved with stone blocks as soon as the members of the faculty get their heads together on the subject.

Under: "I'm rather afraid of these poor working girls.

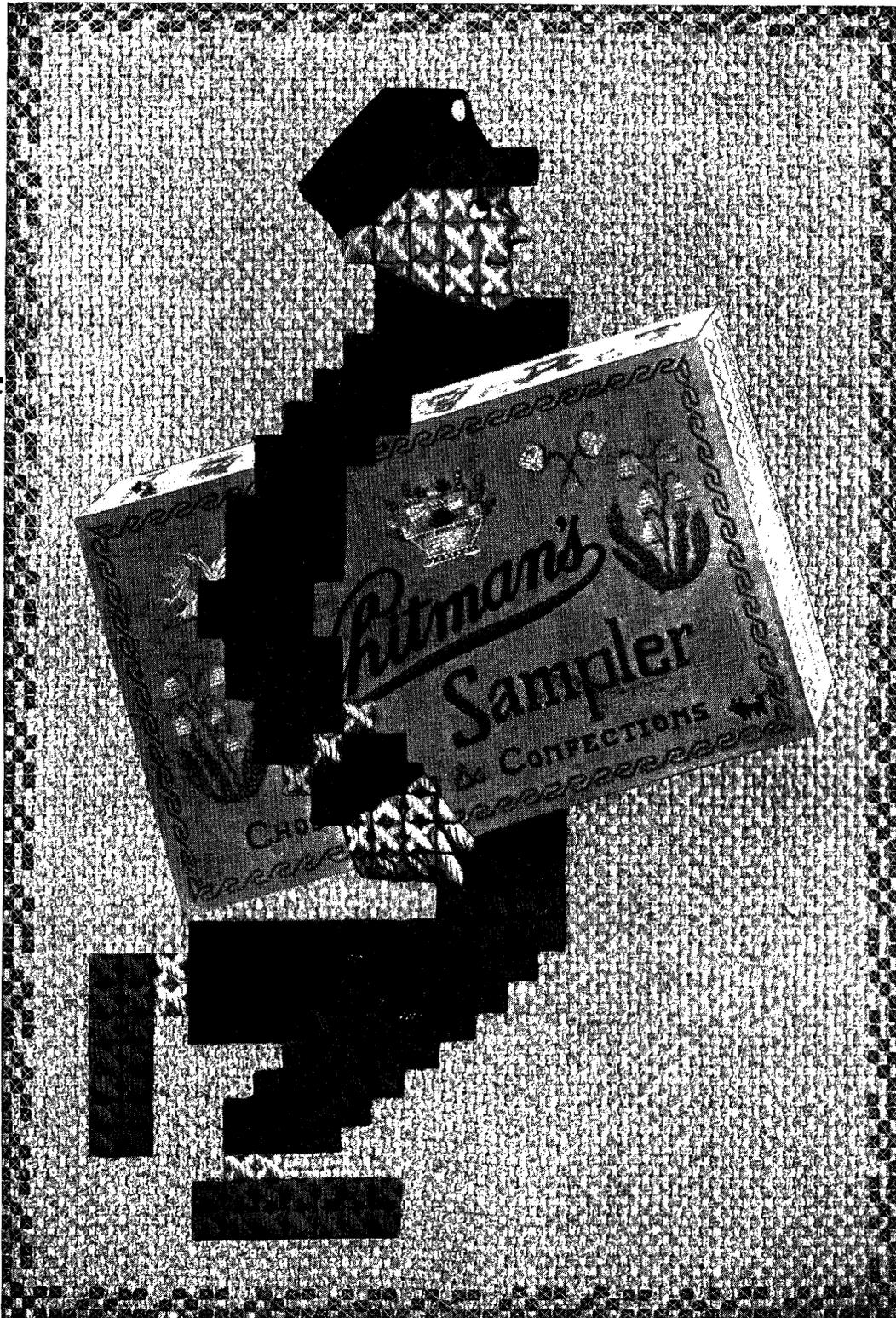
Taker: "Howzo?"

Under: "They say some of them simply love to make their own living."

Pie: "How'd the costume ball turn out?"

Eyed: "Oh, everything went fine until some of the girls appeared in paper dresses and the boys went on a tear."





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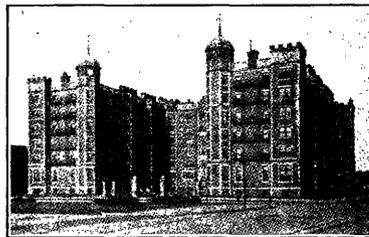
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This pleases us, of course, and we further enjoy the touch of humor which the work brings us each month.



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THE OLD GRAD

The old graduate was back for his twelfth reunion. How strange everything seemed. The old familiar buildings were not the same somehow. In fact they were different. He strolled along the old familiar paths. . . . They seemed to run in new directions. . . . Sometimes they were parallel, sometimes they crossed each other. Sometimes they approached infinity.

On the green a baseball game was in progress. Strange players, strange uniforms. Good Lord, the players wore a strange color! "Heavens!" thought the old grad, "have they changed the good old college color?"

He gazed at the row of buildings on his left. Surely he must recognize some of them . . . if they would only stand still a moment. There ought to be a law against buildings acting like that. He approached the nearest to examine the carved inscription over the door.

"Hell," he said. "I'm in the wrong college."

— Jack O'Lantern



"Do you believe in opposites marrying?"

"Decidedly. That's why I'm looking for a rich girl."

— Judge

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AT LEAST NAIVE

He: "I've heard quite a bit about you."

She: "That's not strange. I've done a lot."

— *Jack O'Lantern*



She: "Did I ever show you where my thigh was
skinned."

He: "N-n-no-o."

She: "Well, we'll walk over there, then."

— *Yellow Jacket*



Hostess: "But, anyhow, if you do bring an uninvited
man, what's the sense of it if you don't dance with
him?"

Guest: "Well, he's only taken me out to dinner a
dozen times or so, and I think I've made him an ample
return."

— *Punch*



A Mormon is a man with an exaggerated idea of his
capacity."

— *Orange Owl*



Sheem: "What are your habits at night?"

Heem: "Pajamas!"

— *Jester*

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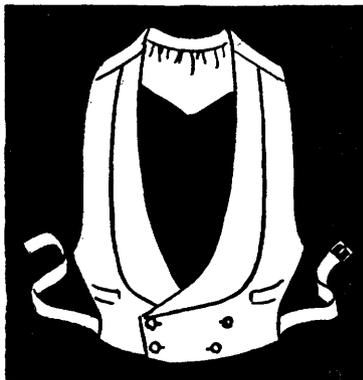
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When to Wear White Waistcoats in the Evening

IN the minds of many people there still seems to be a doubt as to when and where white waistcoats are worn with evening clothes. A white waistcoat is always worn with a tail coat and about this question there is never any doubt, but since it has become very smart to wear a white washable waistcoat with a dinner jacket as well as with dress clothes, there are still many people who seem to doubt the authenticity of this fashion. It may be well to state here that while either the white waistcoat or a black waistcoat, of the same material that the dinner jacket is made of, is equally correct for dinner jacket or tuxedo wear, there is no doubt but that the smartest men now wear white waistcoats with their dinner jackets, and the reason for this is that during the war when informality was the thing in dress as well as in entertainments, a dinner jacket worn with a white waistcoat took the place of the more formal tail coat with white waistcoat and white tie. Since this combination made the dinner jacket a less somber affair than formerly when it was always worn with a black waistcoat, it became generally so popular that it has remained a fashion. Just as the same jewelry is now worn both with a dinner jacket and a dress coat, the one time fashionable black studs, waistcoat buttons and links which were considered correct with a dinner jacket, have passed out of vogue and are never seen among smart people, the black waistcoat has disappeared to the remote country side, though it is not incorrect when a man chooses to wear it. The illustration above of the backless waistcoat has been already shown in these columns since it is steadily growing in popularity with the dancing man who finds it cooler and more comfortable than the waistcoat with a lining at the back.



© VANITY FAIR

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man" care the (Voo Doo) and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright, 1923, by Vanity Fair, New York)

THEIR FIRST VISIT

Freshman's Parents: "Is this where Robert Jones lives?"

Irate Landlady: "Yes, bring him in."

— *Tiger*

One Chaperon (to another): "Girls don't enjoy dancing like they need to. I have noticed that at least half of them leave the floor during every dance."

— *Record*

"Do you think Doris is really bad?"

"Not bad, just broad-minded."

— *Punch Bowl*

CHICAGO ATMOSPHERE

Dean: "For tomorrow take the life of Dr. Johnson."

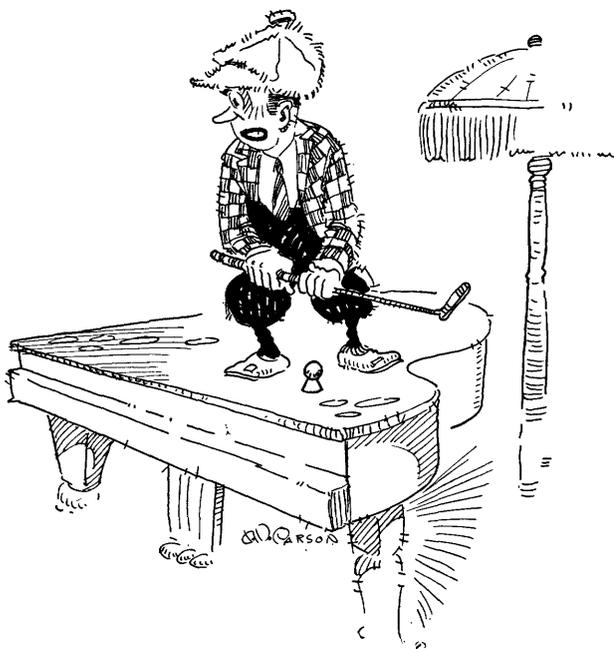
Intelligent: "How?"

— *Octopus*

Golfer: "Absolutely shocking! I've never played so badly before!"

Caddie: "Oh! You 'ave played before, then!"

— *London Mail*



Practicing on the Piano

— *The Whirlwind*



SOME TROUSERS

Small Son: "You know what short legs a dachshund has."

Father: "Yes, I know."

Son: "Well, how is it, father, that their pants are as long as our big Airedale's?"

Father: "Run along, son; father is busy."

— *Burr*



Brown was making a visit to a girl who lived in the country, and they were walking through the fields when they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love. He spoke up: "The sight of that makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," she replied, "it's father's cow."

— *The Ghost*



He: "What would you say if I threw you a kiss?"

She: "I'd say you were the laziest guy I ever knew."

— *Witt*



Ho: "I hear that your girl is quite a boxer."

Bo: "Yeah, do you want a knockdown?"

— *Jack O'Lantern*



He: "Dearest, will you marry me?"

She: "John, I can't marry you, but I shall always respect your good taste."

— *Witt*

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They say that Themistocles committed suicide by drinking ox blood, but it was all bull

—The Chaparral



PRETTY TOUGH

Cannibal Woman: "Have you seen anything of my husband?"

Cannibal Chief: "Not since dinner."

—Juggler



"Is May the kind of girl that gives you any encouragement?"

"Judge for yourself. The last time I called on her she kept wondering what it would feel like to have whiskers in her face."

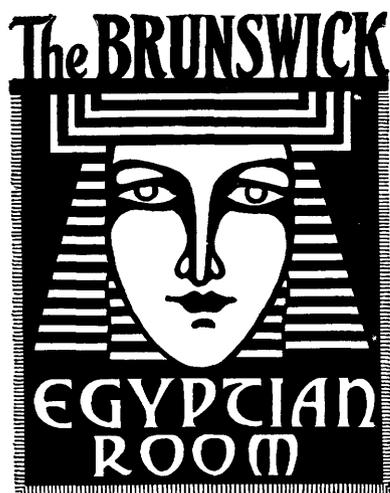
—Gargoyle



She: "Do you always take the other girls for such long walks?"

He: "No, it isn't always necessary."

—Virginia Reel



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WHARFUL

She: "Sir, do you realize to whom you are speaking?
I am the daughter of an English peer."

He: "Not so fast. I am the son of an American doc."

— *Wampus*



"I have a fine job now. I'm working in a shirt
factory."

"Then how does it happen that you're not working
today?"

"Oh, we're making night shirts now."

— *Tiger*



"Bill's end is in sight."

"Flunked out in his work?"

"No — somebody stole his clothes."

— *Boll Weevil*



Pretty Wife: "Why does a pretty woman usually
marry an ugly man?"

Homely Husband: "So she can combine beauty with
brains."

— *Judge*

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Look This
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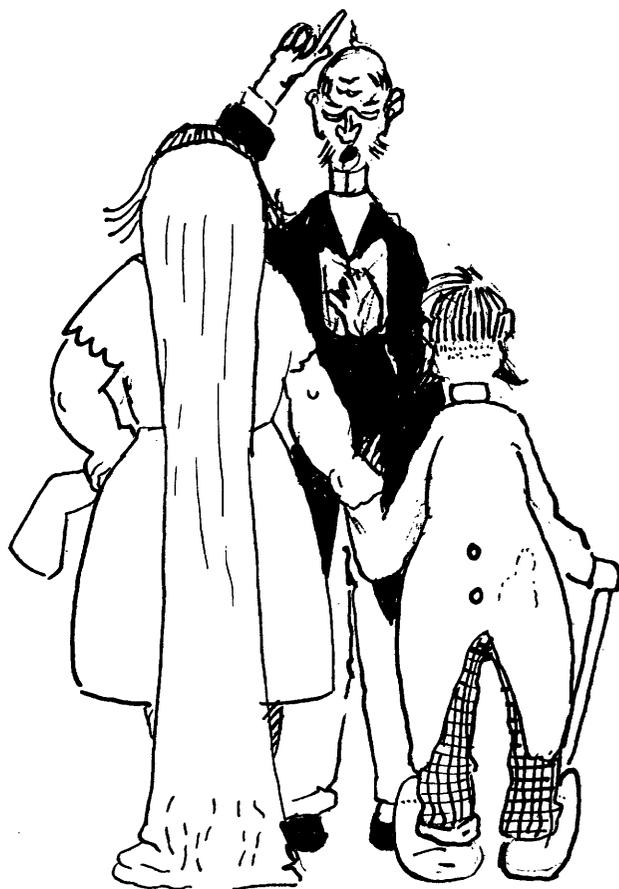
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The Professor Commences a New Course

—The Whirlwind



THAT CHANGES THINGS

Soph: "What's the matter, old bean? Why the gloom?"

Fresh: "My room-mate lost his hat."

Soph: "That's tough, but why should you go around worrying all day?"

Fresh: "Because I was wearing it when he lost it."

—Washington Columns



Archæologist I: "In the old baths today I found a beautiful myth."

Archæologist II: "Don't lisp — I hope you begged her pardon and went away."

—Chaparral



HE KNEW THE GIRL

A young Philadelphia man with a pretty but flirtatious fiancée wrote to a supposed rival: "I've been told that you have been kissing my girl. Come to my office at 11 o'clock Saturday. I want to have this matter out."

The rival answered: "I've received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting."

—Punch Bowl

—next to
your
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If you would be dressed right, next to your millinery you would regard your shoes.

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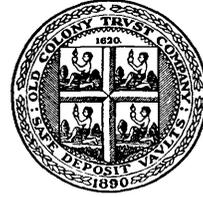
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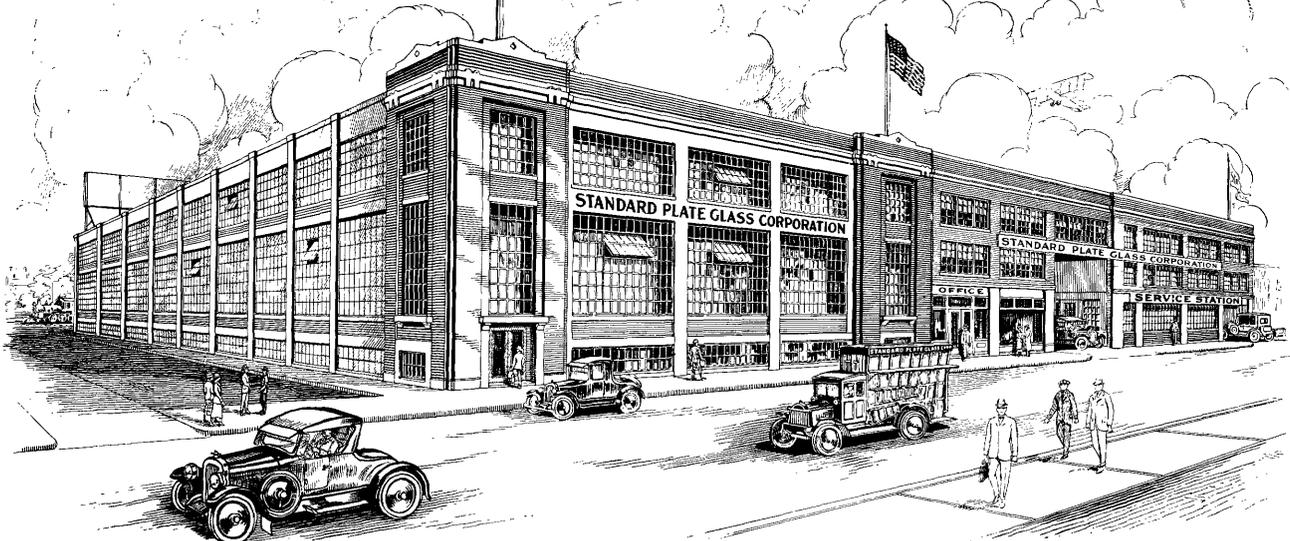
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