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.
She: "Jane always gets whatever she can out of a man, but she never intends to pay them back in any way."

He: "I see. Using the males with intent to defraud."

— Widow

Ma: "You ought to be ashamed to be at the foot of your class, Willie!"

Willie: "But it ain't my fault, Ma. The feller that's always at the foot is home sick with the measles."

— Judge

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Room: "Hi there! Don't spit on the floor!"
Mate: "'Smatter, floor leak?"
— Chaparral

First Cannibal: "Let's eat our victim beginning
with the head first."
Second Ditto: "No, save it for dessert. I heard him
say he had a sweet tooth."
— Tiger

NEWSPAPER NIOBES

Visitor: "I can't understand why all of the
typewriters in this room are so rusty."
Editor: "This is the room where our lady reporters
write their sob stuff."
— Life

Sailor (after vigorous struggle with rush-hour crowd):
"Thank Heaven, that's the worse part of me journery
over!"
Chance Companion: "'Ow fer yer got ter go,
mate?"
Sailor: "China."
— Punch
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(3)
“What’s the use of it?”

Michael Faraday saw the real beginning of the age of electricity nearly a century ago when he thrust a bar magnet into a coil of wire connected with a galvanometer and made the needle swing.

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Faraday’s theory of lines of force is constantly applied in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company in devising new electrical apparatus of which Faraday never dreamed. Every generator and motor is an elaboration of the simple instruments with which he first discovered and explained induction.
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THE FABERY SALTS
The ivy won't save any of us

The ivy of tradition is a slender support. A man or a team or a college that clings to it, harking back to the glories of yesterday, is likely to be outstripped by some young but sturdy rival.

That is a sermon we have taken home to ourselves.

The Western Electric Company is proud of its fifty-four years of history. But it is a great deal more concerned with the next fifty-four—and that is why we have been talking to the college men of America month after month now for four years.

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* * * *

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No, really,
The Prom Number?

O-h-h-h-h," (deliciously gurgled), "You must send
in my subscription before the Prom Number!
. . . really, I don't know what dress . . . .
comes out in April? . . . . No, not in years, lost time
he . . . ., OH, I hope she goes . . . . yes, always good,
best number of the . . . . Why, I don't believe it, they
say he is such a gentleman . . . . not altogether, but she
smokes . . . . and I do hope that nice Mr. Kane draws
the cover . . . . of course it didn't rip, but then . . . .
exactly, terribly catty, but you know the kind . . . .
awful, simply awful, he told me the same th . . . . yes, I
think men are horrid, . . . . two extra copies? Oh
you dear boy, and don't forget the subscription . . . .

Enclosed find $1.75 for one year's subscription to
VOO DOO, to begin with the Prom Number, 1924.

To..............................................................................................

..................................................................................

From............................................................................................
A Refreshing Drink Between Studies

Let *Moxie* be your byeword in those moments of relaxation.
Dawn

Lone gray crane of the gray-pink dawn,
Winging swiftly and silently all along
O'er the hoary waves and mysterious deep,
That ever their vigil through aeons will keep.
It seems my spirit with you will go
Through the shaded moods of the sunrise glow,
Meeting the new day fearlessly,
As it comes o'er the marge of the eastern sea.
Peace and hope to my heart are borne
By you, gray crane of the gray-pink dawn.
ANOTHER STAG
EXHORTATION TO THE FACULTY

By A Victim

A Freshman, in youth's hazy way of dreaming,
In search of beacon lights of knowledge gleaming,
Came to Tech. With facts his mind was quickly steaming
Taught him by figure-headed dull fanatics.
He called it hell, they called it mathematics.
And soon his brain with figures was befuddled
Where they, clumsy headed, dumbly muddled
Their subjects, teaching naught but dull monotony
And in their machinations fine forgot that he
Required some spice to thrill imagination
And not a constant mental standardation.

They fed him facts, more facts, they crammed them down
Until he stumbled forth, desperate, to drown
The ever present professorial frown
With wild adventure of the sort that's perching
On every corner for the youth that's searching
For wine, or women, or mayhap for lilting song
To help the endless march of weary days along.
He found it, and soon his brain was firing
With thoughts of conquest and of life untiring.
He dreamed such dreams and soon became enamoured
Of life. But in his classes now he stammered
As his hold on calculus grew quite sickly.
The faculty stepped in. He left us quickly.

Now here's the question I am asking
To Tech professors in complacence basking: —
Whether it is best to leave our striving college,
To cast aside our over-vaunted knowledge
And cultivate that Goddess fair, Imagination;
Or is it best to cause her slow stagnation,
A sort of four-year mental strangulation
Brought on by physics, chemics, mathematics,
And all such ilk of mental acrobatics?
We think of naught but application
Which leads us straight to acquisition
Of what good, pray, without appreciation
Only to be had through strong imagination?

NIGHT

The Moon looked down with a sullen frown
On the angry waters below,
And swore an oath by the Mighty Wind
That the Night should never go.
But when with the Dawn the Golden Sun
Climbed up and called all from their rest,
The pale-faced Moon took trembling flight
Hastening fearfully into the West.

“My watch won’t go.”
“S’matter, dandruff on the hair spring?”
“No — One of the gears has got a tooth-ache.”

CAR'IE YOAH BAGS SUH?
Was it Demosthenes or was it Will Rogers who once said to his dinner partner in a favorite tavern along the Appian or Broad-ways, “Have you ever thought, my dear Claudius, how very choice are the fruits of the earth? My pleasure in them can only be matched, from what I have been able to hear, by your own.”

What pointed words and yet how true today! . . . We sit in a great hall amidst the clatter of a thousand diners. Conversation is a minus quantity or perhaps monosyllabic. The rattle of knife and fork on plate and spoon in cup, intermingled with dentary rumblings, is continuous and deafening. Occasionally a “Pass pepper, pass salt, ketchup please, thanks” sounds out above the uproar. This, we reflect sadly, is not the way to enjoy a meal. Pleasure in eating can never be measured by volume of sound produced. Ah, those Roman days when food was food and drink was wine and the time for a meal was not measured with a stop-watch! But alas, much eating is soon to take its place among the world’s lost arts, and yet we see no reason . . . The mists of reverie are gone, a bell rings. Hastily we swallow our dessert and depart on the run. And now at last, comes understanding. There was no Tech in Rome.

Phosphorous warns the physics professors and other seekers of romance that this is the year in which the grass widows make their hay.

Those marrying “at sea” seldom find “smooth sailing.”

A LOST ART

President Coolidge a little while ago told Congress to “mind their own business.” Personally we think a little less of minding their own and more of minding ours might help to get something done.

The husband of a screen actress is suing her for divorce naming seven correspondents. Husband says he believes in this “Love Thy Neighbor” stuff, but damned if he believes in taking in the whole block.

Phosphorous warns the physics professors and other seekers of romance that this is the year in which the grass widows make their hay.

Those marrying “at sea” seldom find “smooth sailing.”

Prominent author says, “Never marry in haste, it leaves a sour taste.” He probably picked a lemon.

Somebody is always spilling the beans. This time it is the oil.

“What is so rare as a day in June?” says the poet.

“Tremont Street on a windy day,” breathes someone.

Street cars, high steps, strong winds, and one-piece bathing suits, although quite different in nature, produce much the same effects.

Many a fish has been caught in a hairnet.

The Sphinx thinks: That lovin’ on the back porch may be all right in its way, but so far as the evidence goes, a big lounge offers a lot more comfort and a whale of a lot more opportunity for action.

Oh maiden fair with flaxen hair,
And eyes that sparkle, yet still are sage.
Would ’twere the day of the courtier
And I at your hand were a humble page.
THE SHOW GIRL
JUSTICE

Doesn’t it sort of
Peeve you when you
Plank down Five for
A tux, leave two in
the barber shop
Pay five for the
"Admit Two," get
Held up for six
At a roadhouse for
Two dinners, slip
Three for the taxi-driver
And then get
ONE good-night kiss?
Woman, where is your
Sense of equality?

POPULARITY

Of course, any fellow who is rushing a girl knows that
the first step in making himself the favorite is to
become popular with the young lady’s folks. This
can be readily accomplished by observing a few simple
rules when calling on the girl. For example:

Always sit in the best room in the house, taking care
to rest your feet on a chair or table. This will at once
make a great impression, especially if you have hob-
nails on the soles of your shoes.

Never hesitate to help yourself to the old man’s
cigars, proving to him that you appreciate his good
taste.

Ashes are best distributed on the only oriental rug
in the house. This conveys the impression that you are
descended from one of the very best families, being
accustomed to use only very expensive ash trays.

Never fail to make a long-distance phone call from
the girl’s home, in the presence of mother and dad.
If possible prolong your conversation. The folks will
be much impressed with the value of your calls, par-
particularly when the phone bill arrives.

Always borrow a few of the choice phonograph
records. Nothing could better illustrate your passion
for things of value.

If convenient, call about dinner-time, assuring your-
self of an invitation to eat with the family. Make
frequent criticisms of the food served, showing that
you are accustomed to eating in better places.

By following out the above suggestions, you will
have become extremely popular with the girl’s parents
in a very short time. No doubt you will be dis-cussed
for hours after you have left. Both mother and dad
will look forward to your coming again with great
preparations. In fact, you will probably be amazed
at the warm reception you receive on your second visit.

henry
had a
blind
date

and
this
is why she
went home alone...
SONG FOR SLIPPING FRESHMEN

Ah, Freshman, pause and think, while yet you may
Of all the weary length of night and day
Through four long weary years of toil and strife,
Oh, think, and pack your trunk and steal away.

Remember that the world is blue and gold,
And life with you is at its early spring,
Why struggle here, becoming too soon old,
When life at youth is such a glorious thing?

The victory is only to the strong.
Where entropy and calculus belong,
They strangle and destroy all life’s romance
As dully drones their dreary, weary song.

Suppose you struggle through three years, what then?
The chances are you’ll get vote ten,
And all the plodding and the toil is naught,
You’re back amongst the common herd again.

One little slip of eye, or ear or brain,
One slightest slip and all your past is vain.
No thunder of persuasion can assuage,
No virile god of bombast in your rage.

Can change one little dooming word or dot.
E’en though you curse the faculty to rot,
They coldly, cruelly, with a heart of ice
Will banish you forever from this spot.

Then, Freshman, since all this is surely so,
Give ear and list which way the wind doth blow.
Try not your puny might to stay its course,
Give ear, and think, and see, and pack, and go.

Explicit Sheik in the steam lab: “And this is the valve mechanism.”
Fair Visitor: “Oh, how peculiar!”
“Yes, it’s the eccentric feature of the engine.”

THE TRAGEDY OF A CHEMIST

Gold .......... Ethyl .......... Nitrides .......... Silver
.............. Nitrates .......... Nickel .......... Methyl
.............. Alcohol .......... Copper .......... Arsenic

She: (at the dance) “I wonder why that fellow over there keeps looking at us so sharply?”
He: (dancing with her) “Oh, he probably expects to cut in.”
Oh, Of course we had to read “The Plastic Age.” One reads these books if only to be able to smile knowingly when some delicately couched quip is passed regarding the latest illiterate sensation. Mr. Marks has hopefully attempted what we would call “The Capitalization of Nerve.” On the strength of this, the value of the story itself or the qualities of writing are lost, or at least are overlooked as entirely unnecessary. We believe that the author honestly meant to accentuate the fact that the popular beliefs concerning conditions of wholesale immorality and drunkenness in our institutions of learning are occasioned by the dissipations of a small minority. In fact, he almost says so in one place, but his good intention is smothered by the avalanche of fact and misfact which gives the opposite impression. He reserves his optimism until the later chapters, when optimism is badly needed. At this stage it almost seems sarcastic or ridiculous. His cheerful condemnation of the Greek Letter Fraternity will join that mass of propaganda, literature, and bunko which is laboring to give a black eye to that institution. Truth tell, we had thought there were a few commendable ones. We wish Mr. Marks had interred his lovable hero in one of these rather than in a “Nu Delt.” Moreover, we cannot but help rejoice that the Institute is situated on a flat if unattractive piece of territory. It lowers our standard of collegian but increases proportionally our chances of salvation. On the whole Phosphorous is more optimistic than Mr. Marks. Undoubtedly the world will continue to revolve despite the hopeful predictions of Italian scientists to the contrary. In his four years at college Hugh Carver failed to meet one decent girl. Now we actually know of several. While we are definitely unsuffragetic the perpetual “Woman misleading Man” situation grows wearisome and Mr. Marks carries it to dubious extremes. And speaking of colleges we simply must emphasize our respectability. We have it on excellent authority that at the recent Fete Charrette the Technology representation was the most orderly element present. Tech Night is no more! Alas, how could we be more respectable? Anyway we do not recommend reading “The Plastic Age.” If taken in the right way it might be worth while, but those things seldom are. A sense of humor would insuire safety.

More “Damn Foolishness” Several weeks ago we were about to leave school because the requisites for graduation were going up. Now it’s because somebody wants to raise the tuition. Raise? “Seven hundred and fifty dollars,” someone whispered before modulating his collar. We assume of course that this will include free beer and pretzel stands in the Emma Roger’s Room, one limousine to every three men, and large spittoons in the main lobby. The plan has two distinct advantages. We should have no trouble in knowing every undergraduate who attended our specious and sumptuous institution, while the ratio of professors to students would approximate twenty to one, assuring us the Ideal in attention and service. In the course of time an asinine accent might be cultivated, and the dormitories would be known as Golden, Golden, . . . Golden Something or Other, just so it radiated exclusiveness. It is obviously a scheme for placing the inerudite and crude engineer in a social sphere par excellence. Graduate courses would be given in Cup-tilting and Puppetry. But we had prided ourselves on our indigenous and natural conduct. Technology will no doubt eventually be known as Miss Holy Holy’s Very Private School for Girls, into which it will be the fond hope of every mother to see the object of her maternal enthusiasm entered. Such a multiplication of tuition would seriously detract from the educational standards of the Institute, for, in general, our outstanding scholastic luminaries are those who can least afford an education and therefore make the most of it. An engineering school, where the maximum concentration on work is essential, would hardly benefit by catering exclusively to a more wealthy class, who, for the most part, are merely experimenting with college because it is “being done.” If a reasonable increase in tuition is warranted, we favor it, but let it not approach ridiculous proportions. We hope this is not being seriously contemplated.
Getting a pass in an exam you expected to flunk is like finding a five-dollar bill in the watch pocket of an old pair of trousers.

Just as soon as we begin to brag about having to pay an income tax they're going to reduce the darn thing and cut us out of it.

That story "Thy Name is Woman" ought to be changed to "Mud — Thy Name is Man."

He who said "The Woman Pays" must have originated the Wellesley Dorm Dances.

Final exams are like trolley cars — all come at the wrong time — and in bunches.

A man may be known by the company he keeps but a woman is known by the company she sends into bankruptcy.

IF YOU WANT TO BE COLLEGIATE:

Wear lavender shirts.
Never button up galoshes.
Trail your feet when walking.
Secure most a screaming scarf possible and let loudest portion show above overcoat collar.
Go stag to dances and droop around with both hands in pockets. When cutting in be casual, as if conferring a favor. Arch eyebrows, close eyes, and hunch back.
Turn hat brim down in front.
Wear eighteen- to twenty-inch bottoms on pants.
Never button up overcoat — keep both hands in pockets instead of wearing gloves.
Keep shoes well shined — wear tremendous red ones.
Smoke a long straight pipe, and use highly priced borrowed tobacco.
Always begin a new day by eating in an all night restaurant, preferably between 2 a.m.

He: "And how did you come to love your husband?"
She: "Oh, he was a surgeon and he found a way into my heart."
HOW TO WRITE POETRY

The easiest thing in the world to write is poetry, with the possible exception of electrical lab reports. If the writer wishes to place himself among the ranking poets of the world, he must first learn to master his English. In other words he must have the ability to combine any number of words in the English language, the resulting combination to have no meaning whatever. The first step in the writing of poetry is to secure any kind of a rhyming dictionary. By working diligently for the next fifteen minutes, you will be able to find at least two pairs of words that rhyme. For example: “Nose” and “rose,” “clean” and “obscene,” or “Ted” and “bed.” Then place the rhyming words at the end of each line, later filling in appropriate sentences. Within a decade, more or less, the student will be able to dash off all kinds of poetry—free verse, blank verse, and much worse. The reader’s attention is called to the fact that the author created a stir in the literary world (and also in some of the best families) by publishing the following original poem, after only six months of practice:

Violets are red,
Roses are blue,
Horses are dumb,
So are --

By careful study the reader will find that he is able to fill in the last word with little difficulty, proving the efficiency of this highly instructive article.

HYDROTAPHIA—EPITAPHIA—DAFFYDAPHIA

Beyond resuscitation!
Drowned!
Oh — those harsh words, which do not half express
The direful burthen trusted to their care —
Another life has flown — a soul has fled —
Whither? We know not, nor
Whether. Did HE have a soul —
This cockroach, floating in the constant-tempo bath—huh?

First Snake: “And what are you all coiled up for?”
Second Snake: “Oh, one good turn deserves another.”

COMPETITION

I like pretty girls. I like to spend money on them, give them a good time and all that. There’s nothing that appeals to me more than a beautiful girl all dolled up like a million dollars; one who causes a stir and flutter throughout a dining hall, while my chest puffs up like a peacock. I like the kind of girls who cause a riot at a dance and make the rest of them seem like wallflowers. I take great pride in running around and introducing all the brothers and feel that I’m the source of envious eyes all over the place.

Yes I sure do like good looking women—but damn it—too many others do, too!
MAIL FROM THE FEMALES

Claire — answers about three weeks after receiving your letter. Average length of reply — three lines: “Thanks for Voo Doo.”

Mae — writes a four-page letter, half in French and half in Spanish. After a week’s frantic search, you find someone who can translate most of the words — meaningless — dumb — space-fillers! !!

Florence: — covers eight pages with fine writing — a complete description of every dance she has attended, every fellow she has met, etc.

Marion — tells you why she didn’t send you the fudge she promised to send last month. Also informs you of the fudge she is going to send you this month — if she finds time.

Dorothy — admits that you must be pretty lonesome in Boston. “Do you work hard?” etc. And — “Did this month’s Voo Doo come out yet?”

And yet you look in your mail box twice a day to see if you have a letter from “her”!

LE CIRCUIT DE PARIS

La ville des luminieres was calling me. I had worked for half an hour at the office and was already fatigued by my unaccustomed exertions. Et de plus, my chattering, highly-colored, stenographer m’aggassait. Ever since I had taken her to le Perroquit on that regrettable evening of last Friday she had been most persistent. Decidement I was in need of a change. Done I returned home toute de suite, and having refreshed myself on artichaux and minced snails, I bade Jacques bring me my well-thumbed card index. There was Yvonne, the vivacious and exuberant Yvonne. Mais elle devenait trop plein de la joie de vivre after the third bottle of champagne, and I do hate to subject myself to embarrassment. Nannette, peut-etre. Mmm-m-m—unedanseuse charmant and one of the best-dressed women in — but no, on dit that she invariably talks one into positive boredom. Surely I would find the beautiful Madame Fromaurd more interesting. She is such a dexterous conversationalist: but then Madame might wear that gown with which she caused such a sensation in advanced circles recently. I could never risk it.

The slender Fifi would no doubt be diverting; at two o’clock she always insists upon dancing on the table, parbleu! Si seulement she didn’t drink tellement d’absinthe. . . . Jeanne, with the pouting, passionate lips, is generally good for an evening of thrills. Mais a vous dire vraie, I finally called up my great-aunt Marguerite who lives on La Rue Pigalle. We enjoyed the opera immensely!

A NICE GIRL IS ONE WHO

Doesn’t break dates............often
Doesn’t smoke..................camedels
Doesn’t paint..................pictures
Doesn’t mind..................reading
But does like..................todiscusscensoredbooks.
GAS!
My roommate and I
Don't pick up
Any more women.
We saw them walking
On Huntington Avenue
Just two of them.
Fur coats
Flappers' galoshes
Keen looking
Smooth stepping
Velvet.
So we drove the
Super-Four closer
To the curb and
Called out to 'em:
"Are you riding, girls?"
And both of them
Smiled sweetly at us
Walked up to the car:
"Ooooooo — how did you'se
Guys know we wuzent
Collitch goils?"
Damn — a fellow
Has to look out for
His education nowadays.

Inquisitive: "What happened to you?"
With bandages: "Oh, I made a pointed remark at the Chem Prof. and he came back with a sharp retort."

Exuberant Goose: "I thought we'd get a rise out of her!"

OH, DEER!
Who is it whom we hate and fear
Whene'er we drag our "Only Dear" — ?
Whose glance so arrogant and dour
Can blight the pleasure of the hour?
If she be fair, then he will tag,
A curse forever on the Stag!

Who is it whom we supplicate
As we grow weak and time grows late — ?
The lemon struts her lines and guiles
And tells how hot she is; our wiles
Would ditch an ordinary hen.
But though we try and try again
To make him snap out of his jag
And save us — oh well, Damn That Stag!

TAKE HOME AN ACCOUNT
Every student should possess an “Expense Book.”
This will enable him to make everything clear when he comes home at the end of the term. However, it is essential that he know the correct classification for each item. The following suggestions will probably be of great use:

If it was a cheap date, say about three dollars, and you took the girl home and sat on the sofa for a few hours, call it Pressing Contract.

If you have a bootlegger, the item should be billed as Mid-nite oil.

If she was a nice “pick-up” whom you took to a dance, put it down in the column marked Education.

If you are a frequent user of taxi-cabs, call it Charity.
Coach: I thought you said you were good at holding. Who ever told you that?

Player: Oh, various women.

**RECOMPENSE**

Sleep:
Sweet oblivion
Luscious nonentity
And in those distant fields
The humming of the bees—
Or is it a generator
Thru the ventilator?
It matters not. My astral body floats along
Remote and free. It flits
On the fair hillside, where
Spring is all around—
Whiles down below
In numbness merciful and good,
My sordid earthly clay
Reposes
From 2.00 to 3.00
In 10-250.

Ted: “Had quite a snappy time with Betty last night.”

Ed: “You did? What did you do?”

Ted: “Went to a dog show.”

**SINS OF 1924**

Music by Victor, Edison & Columbia

**Act I**

**Scene 1. Opening Chorus**
“*We Can’t Sing Because We’re Coughing*”
Smith Bros. and Ludens

**Scene 2. An exhibition of strength**
“*Stronger Than Carbolic Acid*”
The Great Zonite

**Scene 3. Comedy in one act:**
“*Let’s Pull Together*”

**Cast**
Safety First . . . . Gillette
Safety Second . . . . Durham Duplex
Safety Third . . . . Ever Ready

**Scene 4. “The World’s Best Steppers”**
Walkover & Stetson

**Scene 5. Soprano Solo and Chorus**
“Rub It In — You’re a Little Stiff”
Sloan & Co.

**Scene 6. “Let’s Clean Out the Cornfield”**
Tiz, Freezone & Bluejay

**Scene 7. Farce:**
“We Believe in Clean Shows”

**Cast**
Villains . . . . Gargoyle Grease
Socony Oil
Puritans . . . . Ivory, Lux
and The Gold Dust Twins

**Scene 8. “BYE — BUY”**

**ENSEMBLE**

He: I’m going on a spree tonight.
She: What for?
He: Five dollars.
THISEVENUNWEHAVWITHUS —

11.30 p.m. Organ Recital — On the "Eyes, Ears and Nose," by Dr. Morse.
12.00 p.m. Talk by B. A. Pluggsmoking inspector of New York on "Prince Albert's Lucky Strike."
12.30 p.m. Baseball results round by round by our certified public accountant.
1.00 a.m. Charlie Chaplin on "How a Pole struck me."
1.30 a.m. Latest styles in winter underwear, demonstrated by one who understands ticklish and delicate situations.
2.00 a.m. A talk on "The American Doughboy," by the president of the Master Bakers' Association.
2.30 a.m. Closing stock reports by our cattle and feminine appraisers.
3.00 a.m. Several solos by the Prince of "Wails" assisted by three counterfeit Tenors.
3.30 a.m. Reveille — Poker — Lights Out.

FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW

News Items From An American University

George De Kaye will not be eligible for the course in English literature this term, due to his failure in Advanced Football.

Several members of the Sophomore Class were caught cribbing during an exam in Applied Basketball. The Faculty has recommended that these men be dropped from the mathematics course.

It is rumored that men who had deficiencies in the last Intercollegiate Swimming Meet will be forced to give up all activities in Physics and Chemistry.

Elmer Van Deuse has petitioned the Faculty to permit him to continue as a member of the Intermediate German class, despite his failure in the major course, football.

Alfred Tuftest has been suspended for two weeks for failure to attend two Baseball lectures. Tuftest claims that he overslept through classes because of strenuous exertions in the History team.
Do you know Elnora from Beethoven?
Yes, but she's hardly your kind of girl.

SOME DEFINITIONS

Putting on dog: Borrowing your roommate’s fur coat, the fellow-across-the-corridor’s Sunday tie, and somebody’s hat from the cloakroom.
Rum running: Failure when fully loaded to make a good getaway from the cop.
Kiss in the neck: See Back fire.
Back fire: A neat blow from one of the fair sex in return for something uncalled for.
Spreading the stuff: Universal expression for saying or writing a whole lot of nothing whatever.
Necking: Something which the other fellow always does.
Swearing: The use of lurid English to impress the Co-eds.
Coffin nailing: Swallowing nicotine fumes.
Flunk: Exclusively applied to the Faculty’s idea of a joke.

O PARDON US, IMMORTAL WILL

Give thy thoughts no tongue for fear thou hast none.
Be thou familiar and go farther if advisable.
Those friends thou hast, if loaded down with cash,
Grapple to thy soul by skilful poker,
And do not dull thy palm by dint of work.
Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Just knock the other fellow out.
Take each man’s censure, but give back
More than he couldst ever think to say.
Costly thy habits as thou canst borrow,
For the apparel oft proclaims the tailor.
Never a lender but a borrower be,
For loans are lost while borrowing swells the wardrobe admirably.
This above all, to thine own self be false,
And it must follow, as the next-day headache,
Thou wilt right soon a student be.

HERE, HEAR!

I never say a word while others pass the bull,
I hearken what they have to say
And fill my head all full.
When wise cracks gravitate to me,
I smile and bite my thumb,
No comebacks harsh and strong and weak.
The reason is . . . I'm dumb.

He: “Have you heard the story of the nut and the raisin?”
Mike: “No.”
He: “Well, he kept raisin’ and raisin’ and raisin’; and when he was called all he had was a pair of deuces.”

He: Yes, I intend to graduate from Technology.
She: Oh, I think it’s wonderful for one to have his life work all planned.
NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED

A very special appeal to the taste of those who want the best nut meats the markets of the world afford, combined with chocolate of Whitman's Super Extra Quality.

There are no combination centers in this package—nothing but nuts, whole nut meats thickly coated with delicious chocolate.

We believe the kinds are assorted to appeal to most tastes. We know that the package is a first favorite with many good judges of fine confections, and its popularity has increased steadily for many years.

Nuts Chocolate Covered is one of Whitman's Quality Group of special candy assortments for discriminating lovers of sweets.

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**Voo Doo—**

Stops being funny when it comes to placing the order for printing. Humor gives way to sound business sense. Voo Doo takes quality, service and price into consideration and places the order with us.

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

The Murray Printing Company at Kendall Square

---

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**BY STUDENTS**

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132 Boylston Street

Boston

Whether you purchase or not, you are always welcome at the "Den"!

---

**EAT AT THE**

**Brilliant Lunch**

The only satisfactory self-service Restaurant. The cleanest and the most popular place in the Back Bay section.

Our food is of the best quality

Our prices are the most reasonable

We have the biggest variety of FRENCH PASTRY

STEAKS AND CHOPS, our specialty

We make Wedding and Birthday Cakes

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BOSTON

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**“I do not believe in tying myself to one man, so I must refuse you.”**

“Well, suppose I organize a syndicate, would you consider our offer?”

— Record

---

**“Did that car say Subway?”**

“I didn’t hear it.”

— Lampoon

---

**Tom:** “Have you seen the latest in pajamas?”

**Jerry:** “No, I didn’t know she wore ‘em.”

— Stone Mill

---

**Old Lady:** “Are you afraid of work?”

**Bum:** “Certainly not, madam. I can lie right down beside it and go to sleep.”

— Record

---

**She:** “I’m telling you for the last time, that you can’t kiss me.”

**He:** “Ah, I knew you’d weaken eventually!”

— Octopus

---

**For the Collegian who cares about his clothes**

**The Difference in the Cut of a Shoe**

**T**here are, roughly speaking, two cuts of shoe for day wear. The lower shoe in the above illustration is what is known as the “blucher.” The upper part of this shoe laces over the tongue which is a continuation of the vamp. It is the cut that is most suited to the stout build of walking and heavy weather shoe which is a necessary part of every man’s equipment. It is generally considered by bootmakers and well dressed men to be a more appropriate style for a heavy weather shoe than the one illustrated directly above it, which is generally made with a thinner sole, worn more snugly fitted, and therefore, gives a neater appearance. For ordinary day wear with the business lounge suit and formal afternoon wear the latter cut of shoe is the most correct and the simpler its line the better. Either in black or brown calf or patent leather it is the accepted shoe for town wear. In brown calf it should be worn with flannels, cheviots and homespun; in black calf, with gray and dark blue suits, and in patent leather, with a morning coat. When it comes to motoring, travelling and country wear the heavier type of shoe is more appropriate though it need not necessarily be a sport shoe, and it is for these occasions that the “blucher” illustrated above comes into its own. The smart man only considers himself well dressed for travelling when he has a type of semi-country turnout. His sacque suit is made of homespun instead of cheviot or serge. His shirt has a soft collar, his socks are heavy and his shoes are stout, and it is such fine distinctions, even to the cut of the shoe, that give the well dressed man his reputation.

(Copyright, 1924, by Vanity Fair, New York)
To correct an erroneous impression that the ownership and management of the business have undergone a change, Brooks Brothers takes occasion to publish the names of its Directors and Officers, and to state that the business has been operated continuously for more than one hundred and five years, and is still in the Control of the Direct Descendants of the Founder.

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Walter Brooks
Harold Brooks
Winthrop H. Brooks
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Owen Winston
William B. Hardin
Albert E. Baeder
George H. Howard

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William B. Hardin
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Winthrop H. Brooks
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Carrying the honors—We are offering a specially constructed Suit case which qualifies for honorable assembling—worthy leather of substantial weight—real brass hardware—sturdy lining and fashioned on roomy dimensions.

High quality. Low price . . . $16.50

Winter Suits, Overcoats, Furnishings, Shoes and Hats.

Jeanne: "Is John running in the track meet this afternoon?"
Hygiene: "No, but his eyes are running."
THE STORE FOR MEN
A Separate Store in a Separate Building

Don’t wait too long before buying your Spring Suit or Topcoat—Spring is almost here.

We are showing the new loose-hanging, easy-going, three button sack suits for Spring that have everything college men want—in style, pattern and fit.

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

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Luncheon  Afternoon Tea  Supper

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Owner of Property (sternly): “Don’t you see that notice, ‘Trespassers will be prosecuted’?”

Tramp (calmly): “No, I don’t see it, for I can’t read.”

Owner of Property: “Well, you know what it is now, so go.”

Tramp: “Hexcuse me, mister, but I don’t know what it is. I’ve only got yer bare word for it, and you’re a puffect stranger to me. For what I know to the contrary, the notice may be, ‘New milk sold ’ere’, or ‘Apples tuppence a pound’, or ‘Welkim weary wanderer’.”

― Punch

“Did you hear about the scandal down at the Police Station?”

“No, what?”

“Well, when I came in the Chief pinched himself to see if he were awake.”

― Record

TOOTHSOME

Kidney: “Let’s eat here.”

Stew: “No, let’s eat up the street.”

Kidney: “No, I don’t think I could digest asphalt.”

― Log
IF YOU MUST DRINK BAD LIQUOR, DRINK VARNISH—
IT WILL HAVE A REJUVENATING EFFECT
ON THE WOODWORK

PRETTY SLICK

"I think we ought to pledge young Shiner. He has plenty of polish."
"Sure, we can use him to wax the floors."

—Sun Dial

A REGULAR GIRL

He: "I'd like to propose a little toast."
She: "Nothin' doin', kid; I want a regular meal."

—Mercury

Her lips were so near
That — what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near —
Well — I can't make it clear —
Or explain it to you,
But, her lips were so near
That, what else could I do?

—Royal Gaboon

"IT'S TOASTED"

To men who have tried out various cigarettes, there's nothing so wonderful as to discover Lucky Strike.

45 minutes' toasting brings out its aristocratic flavor — great production makes its democratic price.
IT'S AN ILL WIND

The minutes of the last meeting of The Compressed Air Society of America, held February 10, have been printed and bound. Excerpts covering the more important points of the meeting are given below:

*Transactions of The C. A. S. A. Vol. XI*

Charles A. Puff opened the meeting with regular C. A. S. A. ... lasting for seven minutes ... .

The first speaker of the evening was Henry L. Whiff, of High Pressure Institute, on "Our Friend, the Cream Puff Manufacturer." After the first half hour Mr. Whiff was exhausted, but was soon refilled with the portable Air Compressor run by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Vacuum addressed the meeting on the subject of "Closer Co-operation with the Ford Motor Company." The exact nature and purpose of such co-operation cannot be made public, though it has leaked out that the matter has something to do with two-pound packages of tire refills.

Following adjournment, refreshments were served, consisting of wind pie and inflated beer.

Yachtsman: "If this squall continues, I shall heave to."

Passenger (wanly): "What a horrid way to put it."

— Bystander
Father: "Can you afford to dress my daughter in a manner suitable to her birth?"

Suitor: "Why — er, I would naturally expect to buy her more than she wore then."

— Yellow Jacket

"Look up at me, Brown-Eyes."

"No, 'cause if I do, you'll kiss me again."

"Honest, I won't."

"Then what's the use of looking up?"

— Bison

"Have you ever noticed that successful men are usually bald?"

"Certainly, they come out on top."

— Record

"Do you ever draw pictures in the nude?"

"No; I usually wear a smoking jacket."

— Sun Dial

HOT AND COAL

"Where does the devil get his coal?"

"Who in hell wants to know?"

— Dirge
Why “Crich” Consulted Joe Gish

Yes, this is Prof. Crich-enning, who gives Joe Gish his course in Snappy Language 207. But Joe has been displaying so much brilliance and putting over so much wit on the prof. lately, that “Crich” has been losing sleep.

But now watch him. He’s just had Joe to the Inn for dinner—and pumped the secret of his success—VANITY FAIR. Is he elated? You bet he is.

Is he filling in the coupon? You bet he is. Will he tear it out, pin two bucks, and mail it now? You bet he will. And he, too, will acquire the “perfect line”.

Why don’t you? Why don’t you? Why don’t you—

Just Try Ten Issues
In each issue you find:

THE STAGE: Photographs of the beautiful and the unique; reviews and storm warnings; symposiums on theatrical astronomy.

MOVIES: Stills and stories of the meritorious and the unusual. Press agents banned.

HUMOR: Works of poets and other tragedians; discoveries with a futuristic flavoring; achievements of intellectual notables and notable intellectuals; the modernistic philosophies.

GRAVAMEN: Cream of humour and crème de menthe; the whimsical; the satirical; and all other forms of variegated grotesquerie.

WORLD OF IDEAS: Every new movement, every revolutionary viewpoint, every unique slant on this amusing world, is mirrored in Vanity Fair.

THE SPORTS: All of them—masculine, feminine and neuter—photographs, news items, and methods of play.

THE ARTS, AS SUCH: The best works of the new artists and the new works of the best ones; exhibition gossip and reproductions of the most discussed masterpieces of the season.

BRIDGE, ETC.: All the tricks and turns; how to get the most out of your college education.

AND IN ADDITION: All the latest notes in music, men’s fashions, motors, and dancing—all you need to know, recklessly illustrated.

THE COUPON WILL SAVE YOU $1:
Fill it in now—and—just watch your line.
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Three Modern Safe Deposit Vaults

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