



They stript Joseph out of his coat..  
Genesis XXXVII 23



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*will be a Treasure of College Days*

And the lines it inscribes today will be the  
Treasured Memories of College Life

**B**ITS of old sentiment, programs, lecture notes and letters, leaves from a diary, or a few stray autographs — priceless fragments penned with the noble Duofold, whose classic presence restores old scenes about these classic precincts. As faithful a pen then as now; given, perhaps, by the unforgettable *one*.

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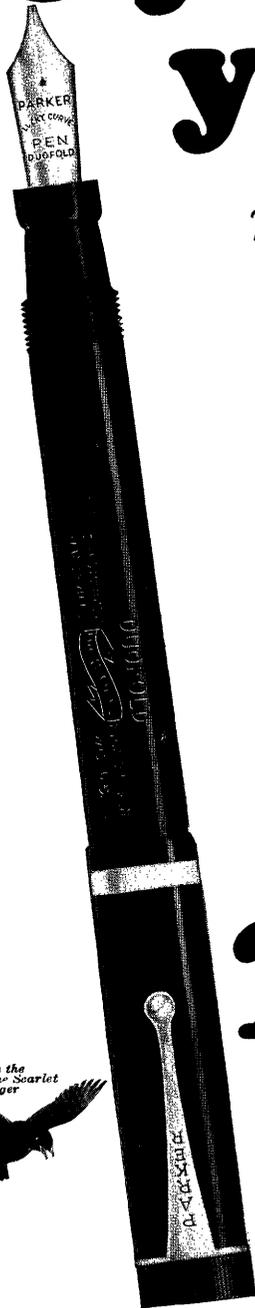
**With The 25 Year Point**

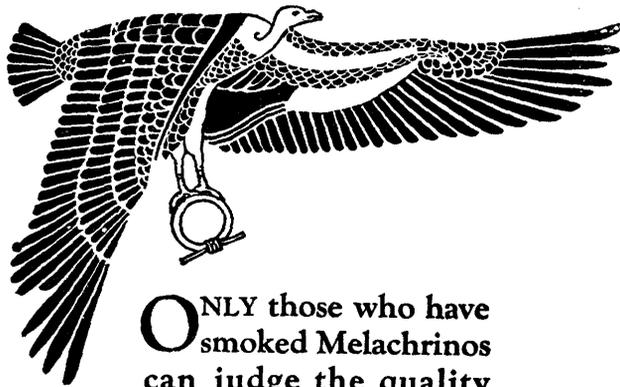
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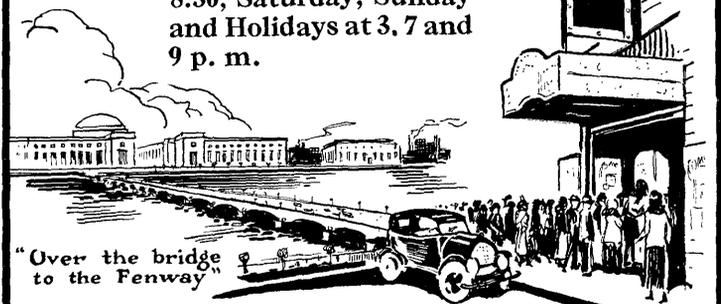
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**T**HE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers Courses, each of four years' duration, in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering; Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering; Mining Engineering and Metallurgy and Geology and Geological Engineering; 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.

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FRED'K A. MUSCHENHEIM

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

How  
 did your  
 garters  
 look  
 this morning



TREAT YOURSELF to a fresh pair today

GEORGE FROST  
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 Makers  
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**Boston  
 Garter**

*Velvet Grip*

"I say! You're sitting in a puddle!"  
 "Move the puddle a bit, will you?"

— Chaparral



Co-ed (angrily): "I should think you'd be ashamed to look me in the face, or speak to me on the street."

He: "I'm kinda, but I've got to be courteous."

— Purple Cow



The Pessimist: "It's nasty weather we're having, isn't it?"

The Optimist: "Possibly — but considerably better than none!"

— Brown Jug



Romantic Lady: "Do you ever see pictures in the fire?"

Embittered Art Critic: "No. But I've seen lots that ought to be."

— Punch, London



"Are you and Jack going to the dance tonight?"

"I don't know. We're going in his car."

— Beanpot

The Best Comedy in America  
**College Humor**

*The year's most  
 left and sincere  
 story of  
 College life*  
 "Cupid on Parnassus"  
 by Percy Markes  
 author of  
 "The Plastic Age"

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**College Humor**  
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#### HENRY CAVENDISH

1731 - 1810

English chemist and physicist, of whom Biot said, "He was the richest of the learned and the most learned of the rich. His last great achievement was his famous experiment to determine the density of the earth."

## He first made water from gases

Henry Cavendish, an eccentric millionaire recluse, who devoted his life to research, was the discoverer of the H and the O in  $H_2O$ . In fact he first told the Royal Society of the existence of hydrogen.

He found what water was by making it himself, and so became one of the first of the synthetic chemists.

Cavendish concluded that the atmosphere contained elements then unknown. His conclusion has been verified by the discovery of argon and other gases.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have found a use for argon in developing lamps hundreds of times brighter than the guttering candles which lighted Cavendish's laboratory.



In this age of electricity the General Electric Company has blazed the trail of electrical progress. You will find its monogram on the giant generators used by lighting companies; and even on the lamps and little motors that mean so much in the home. It is a symbol of useful service.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

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# Did You Ever See Fish Climb Waterfalls?



## Glacier NATIONAL PARK

*Open June 15 to Sept. 15*

The Blackfeet Indians tell about the tree climbing fish and fish that climb the waterfalls recorded in ancient tribal legends as having once inhabited the section of Montana, now set aside as Glacier National Park.

You may not—probably, you will not see tree climbing fish, but the fish are there, and the trees are there, if they want to climb them.

Go out this summer and see the wonders of Glacier Park. Know the thrill of riding horseback along skyland trails. See the mountain goats playing on the edge of space. Motor over scenic skyways—hike—fish—camp.

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Why not a Glacier-Yellowstone Park Circuit Tour?

### Visit Pacific Northwest

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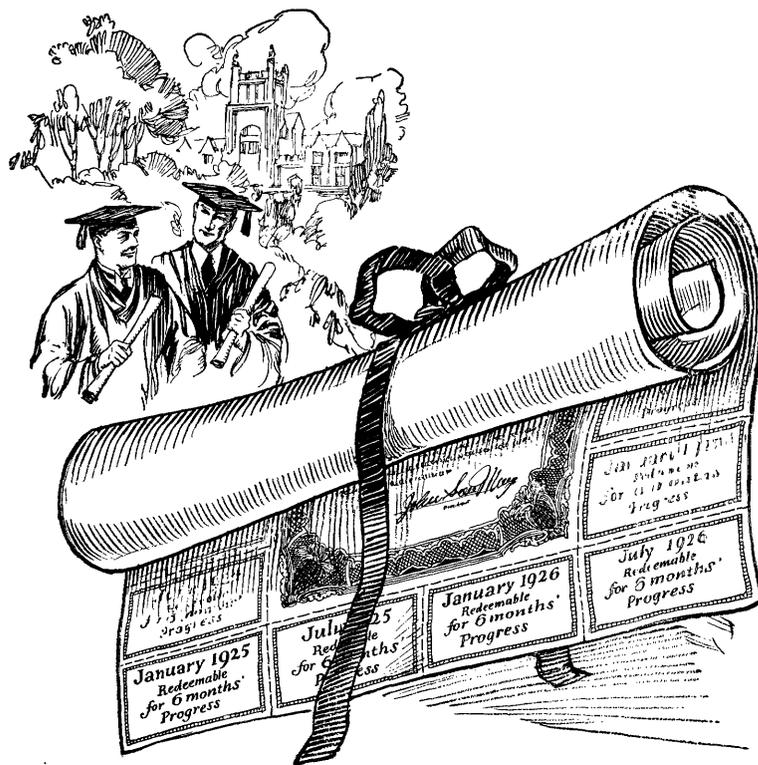
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## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

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Finest train to Pacific Northwest*



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Your college training is in truth a capital. Its value is not fixed, but depends on the way you invest it.

Some men demand a quick return — a high percentage of profit. Others look more to the solidity of the investment.

The man of speculative mind may stake all on the lure of a high starting salary, without a thought to the company which gives it or where this may lead him in ten years. True, his opportunism may reap exceptional profit; or else a loss.

The man who knows that great things develop slowly will be content with six months' progress in six months' time—provided he is investing that time in a company which offers him a future.

You who are about to invest, satisfy yourself that the security you are getting is gilt-edged.

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

# Western Electric Company

*Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment*

*Number 40 of a series*

# *It Never Fails to Register*

Numba, please, numba?

VOO DOO office speaking, who—

Will you get off that line? I'd—

—5679 and make it snappy, this gum is—

Click, click—hell, no, I didn't say—

Not the Prom Number, the next—

They don't answer, no cha-a-age—

Said she'd never speak to me unless—

—and the baby cried all night—

Well, all right give her a subscription.

Fine, fine, hate to have her think I'm a piker.

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

*To*.....

.....

.....

*From*.....



*The Ætna writes  
Life Insurance on  
either  
Participating or  
Non-Participating  
plan*

**T**HE success of the 1924 Senior Class Endowment Fund is due to the loyalty of the members of the class and the effective coöperation of the class committee.

After carefully investigating the strength, service, and rates of thirteen leading Life Insurance Companies, the committee recommended the Ætna Life Insurance Company.

We welcome the class of 1924 into the Ætna family.

Having in mind future responsibilities, a young man should secure Life Insurance at the earliest possible age. You can depend on the Ætna for honest advice.

*CONSULT*

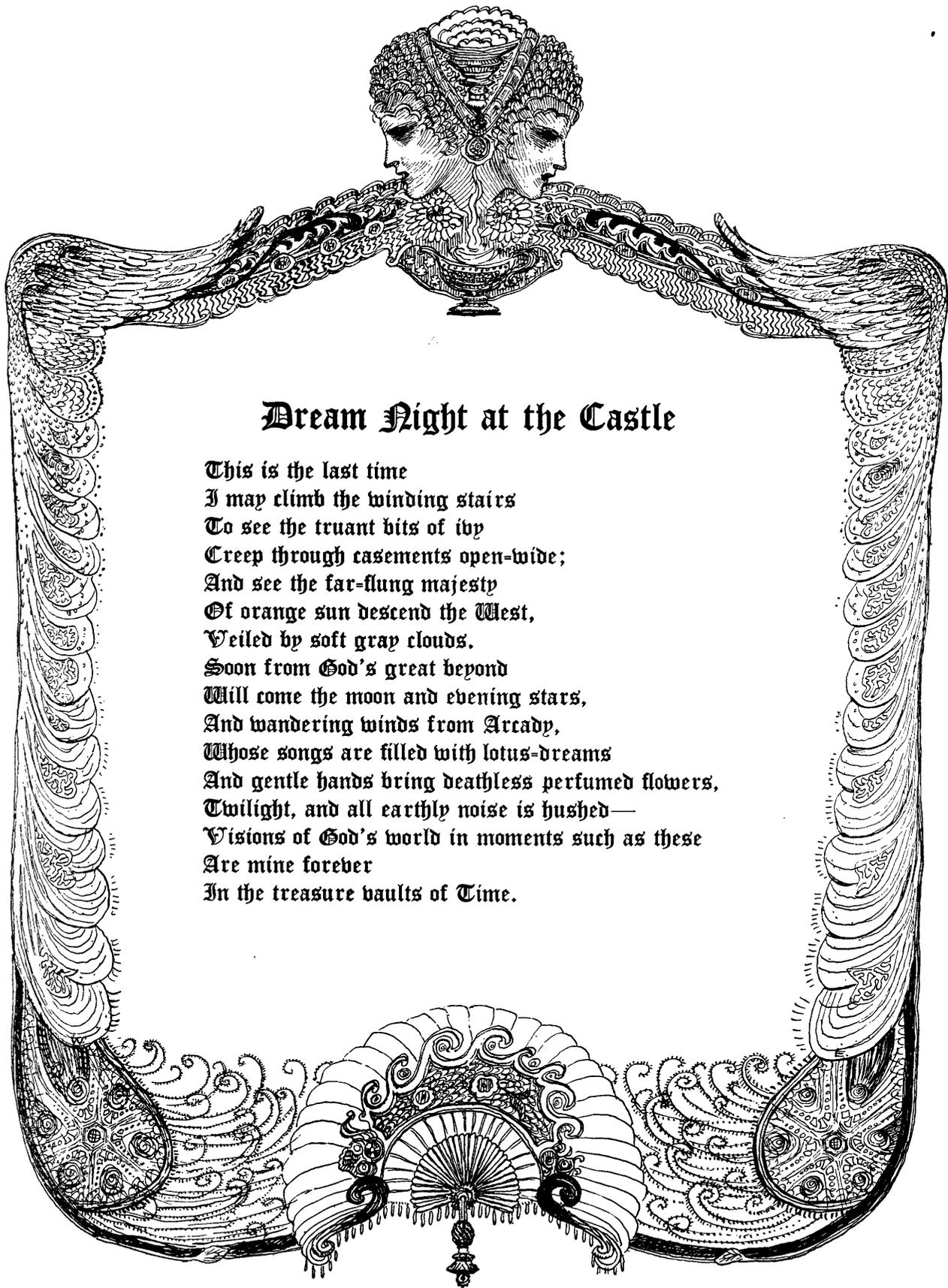
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WITH

**WOODHOUSE & JENNEY, Managers**

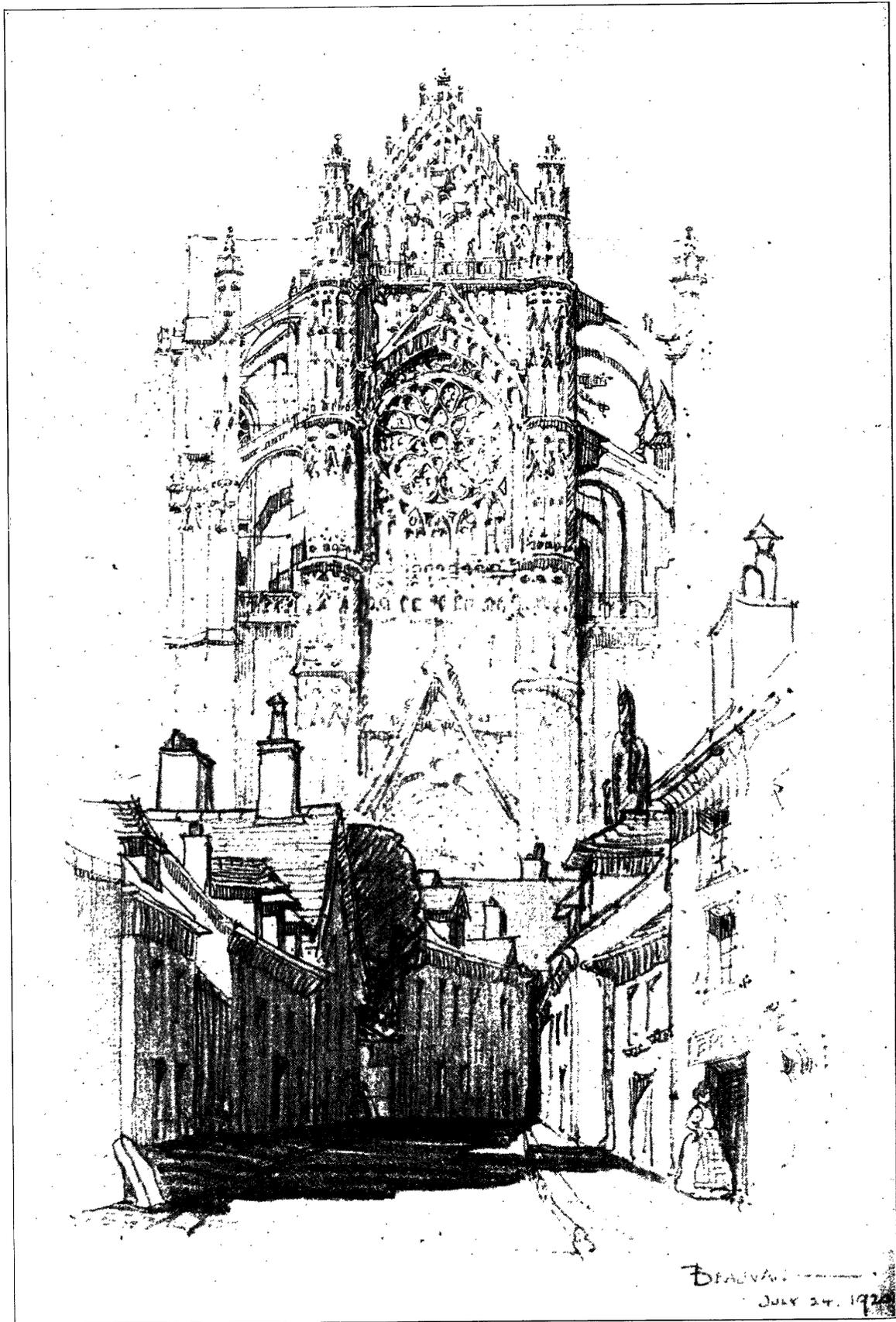
**50 Congress Street, Boston**

***ÆTNA-IZER* for the 1924 Senior Class**



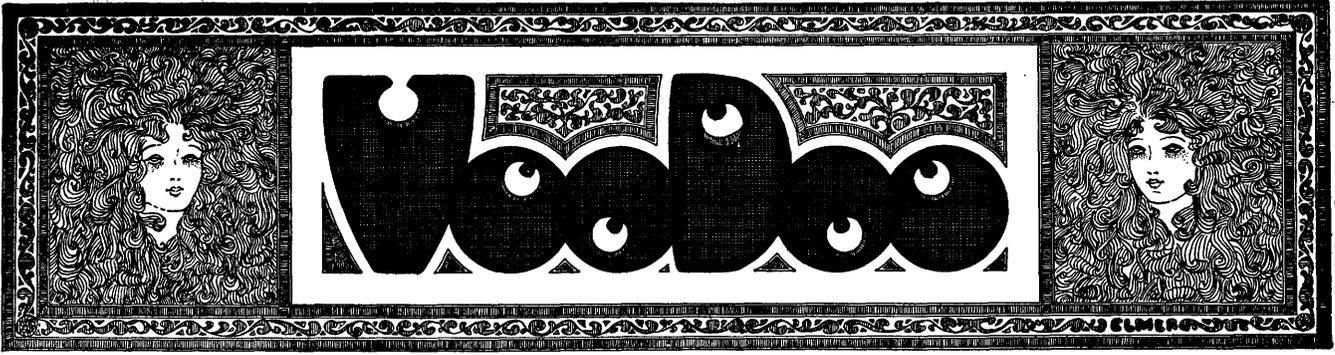
## Dream Night at the Castle

This is the last time  
I may climb the winding stairs  
To see the truant bits of ivy  
Creep through casements open-wide;  
And see the far-flung majesty  
Of orange sun descend the West,  
Veiled by soft gray clouds.  
Soon from God's great beyond  
Will come the moon and evening stars,  
And wandering winds from Arcady,  
Whose songs are filled with lotus-dreams  
And gentle hands bring deathless perfumed flowers,  
Twilight, and all earthly noise is hushed—  
Visions of God's world in moments such as these  
Are mine forever  
In the treasure vaults of Time.



"BEAUVAIS"

By Walter Church



## CONSPIRACY

*Scene* — Economics, English, or History Department headquarters.

*Time* — Midnite.

*Department Head*: "Gentlemen, I assume you all know what we are here for — (Chorus of "Ayes")."

"Fortunately the year 1924 consists of 366 days.

"It is not very often that we have this opportunity to plan a pleasant surprise for the students of this institution. What do you suggest as an appropriate reminder of this extra day?"

*First Prof* (recently admitted to the ranks): "How about giving them a holiday?"

"Traitor!"

"Lynch him!"

"Blackguard!"

He is carried out piecemeal.

*Second Prof*: "How about an extra reading assignment?"

*Third Prof*: "Piffle! A mere daily occurrence. Have you no backbone? I suggest an hour's examination covering all of the past two years' work."

Mild applause — and a few sneers, — likewise hisses.

*Department Head*: "Come, come, gentlemen! We must agree — has no one any better suggestion to offer?"

*Fourth Prof* (hesitating): "Er — how about a two thousand word essay on 'The Slump in the Soap Industry in Mexico, and its Relation to the Increased Production of Face Powder and Rouge'?"

"Excellent!"

"Bravo!"

"Admirable!"

Exeunt all — shouting and singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."



"How is the shoe business?"

"It is very trying — off and on."

## FISH AGAIN

"What tackle have you been using?"

"Nothing at all but a hook and a sinker."

"Yes, surely, but what about the line?"

"Oh, I don't need any until I get back."



"Have you noticed Jack's breath?"

"Yes, that's one of his strong points."



"We'd like to have you for dinner Sunday."

"I'm afraid you'll find me rather tough."



GRADUATING FROM TECH

IF CRITICS TOLD THE TRUTH  
"THE SHOOTING OF DAN de LION"

This is terrible. In fact, I considered an entire evening wasted in bothering to review it at all. It is a gross injustice to an altogether boring author. If ever a company tried to make a poor story poorer, this certainly is it. Lucy Livermore as Dan's wife talked as though she had marbles under her tongue or perhaps it was her teeth rattling. Anyway, she did furnish some rare humor at the tragic death scene of her faithFULL spouse. At the critical point where the angel of justice appears (played by Hortense Hottentot) and in a deep bass whisper asks, "Wife of Dan'l have you any words to offer for the Incarnation of the deceased soul?" Lucy popped right out with this snappy comeback: "Say, what in the devil are you doing with my rouge on?" Of course this was in the nature of a whisper but Lucy evidently failed to realize the magnification powers of her false teeth.

I don't recommend it. To be truthful, I must confess that I didn't go to the theater at all, but I know it was awful. It MUST have been,

"The paper says Dempsey cracked a smile yesterday."

"Whose face was it on?"

## BAD COMPANY

A young gentleman, somewhat the worse for Volstead, approached a lamp-post and accosted it something in this manner, "Good ev'nin', my dear shir, good ev'nin'. What shay we go along t'gether?" With that he hooked his arm about the post and started off, around and around, and around some more. Suddenly, he stopped and pushing the pole away from him, said angrily, "Shay, mishter, where in hell are you takin' me, anyway?"

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

. . . and I don't care if it's not my turn . . . I'll speak whenever I want to. Crazy? Of course my husband is crazy; a raving lunatic. We have been married fifteen years, and he insists on kissing me good morning! Moreover he takes salt on his grapefruit and I think that's awful. He puts cigarette ashes in my bed room slippers and sleeps with his mouth open. He hardly says anything, and I think it's *awful* for the woman to have the entire responsibility. And one night I woke up and he had almost the whole extra blanket! Another night he threw the hot-water bag out the window and once I caught him saying nice things to the cook and of course he's crazy and I demand that he be locked up, for I won't be subject to brutality and that's that and I could say a lot more too, but I won't. So there!

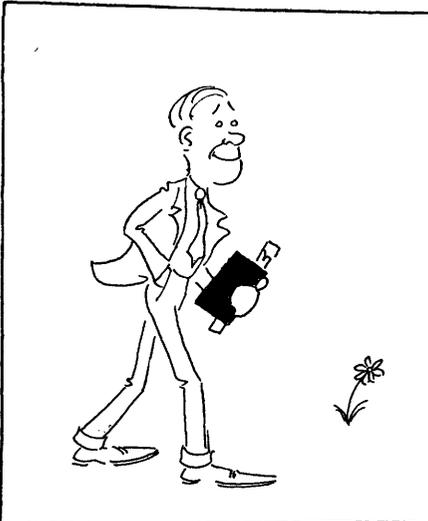
The judge, a small cowed-looking, gray-haired man, opened the back of his watch and gazed sadly at the picture of a large, determined-looking, middle-aged woman. A tear wended its way down the bridge of his nose and disappeared in the judicial beard.

"Madam," said His Honor, "I sentence you to ten years imprisonment for attempted manslaughter. Your husband will be removed to a sanitarium pending his recovery."

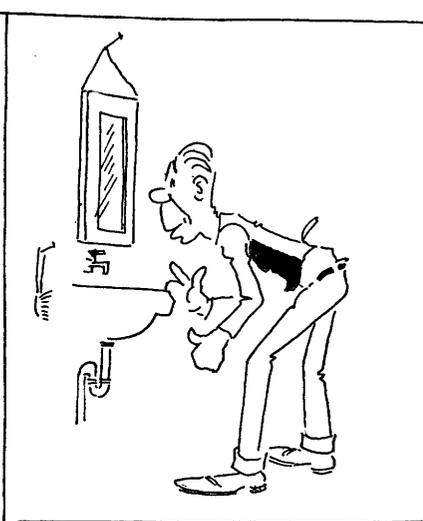
## TO THE SEA GODDESS

*Oh! clasp your broken sailor safely in your arms  
And soothe his fevered mind with words of your deep love.  
He is no longer lured by earthly charms,  
Forgets that stars still shine in heaven above.  
His sacrifice is made, who asks with failing breath  
That you with sweet compassion grant the kiss —  
Which means Eternity and Death.*

'Tis Ever Thus . . . .



ONE SPRINGY DAY -



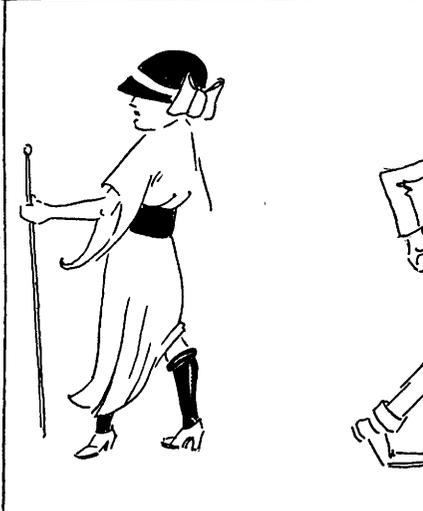
TEK LOOKS AT HIMSELF



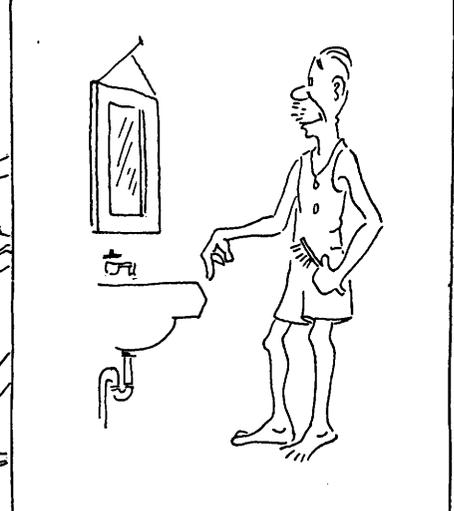
AND TWO WEEKS LATER



HE SNEAKS ALONG



AND MISSES EVERYTHING



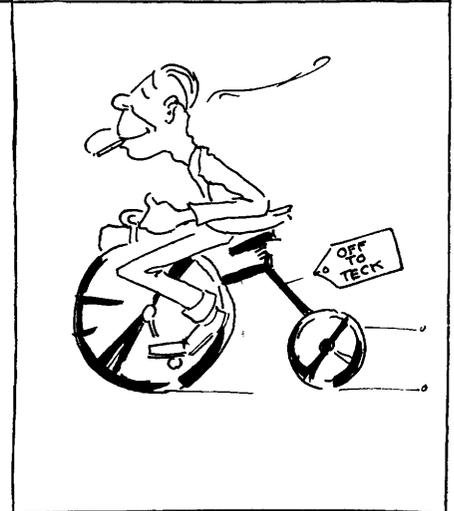
INCLUDING THE RAZOR



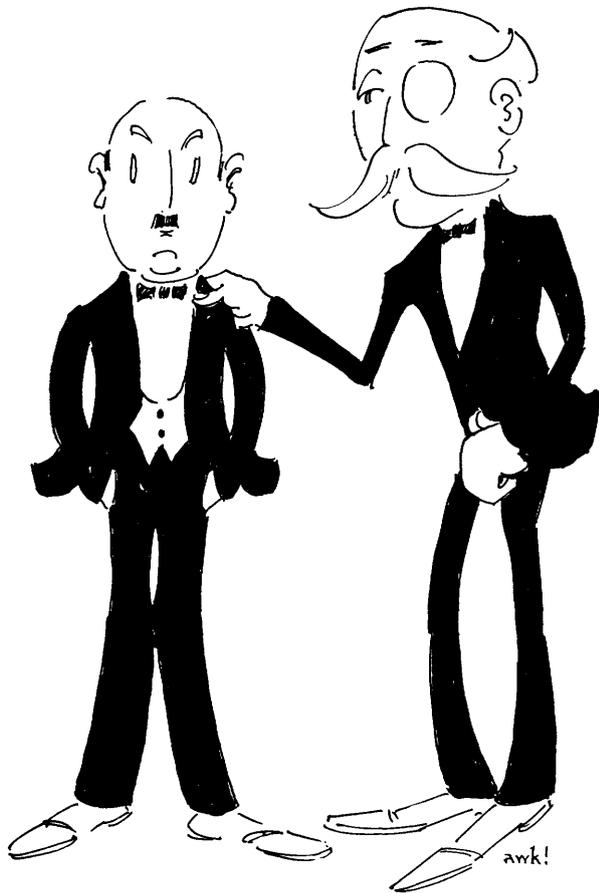
LEST HE BE EMBARRASSED



UNTIL FINALLY



HE IS HAPPY AGAIN. *awk*



"Hello, old egg. How are you this morning?"  
"I say, rotten."



#### EVOLUTION OF THE PRACTICAL JOKE

- 1000 B. C. Dropping a two ton stone on a man's toe.
- 0001 A. D. Nailing invalids bed to floor prior to performance of miracle.
- 1000 A. D. Dressing Christians in rubber undershirts before their preparation as candles for the royal execution.
- 1200 A. D. Igniting T. N. T. in any noted work of architecture whose construction has taken at least seventy-five years.
- 1400 A. D. Soldering knight into ye armor just before date with attractive chorus girl.
- 1600 A. D. Inserting small hydrogen inflated balloons in Milady's hoop skirt before the royal Prom.
- 1800 A. D. Inserting corrugated itch powder in the snuff box of any leading citizen on Election Day.
- 1900 A. D. Nominating W. J. B. for the presidency.

#### TABLE MANNERS

I escorted the sweet  
Young thing into the  
Egyptian Room at  
The Brunswick —  
For a moment my eye  
Was attracted by  
Two other sweet  
Young things seated  
At a nearby table  
Rather indifferent  
To the excellent  
Silk hosiery advertisement  
Which they displayed —  
Somewhat unconsciously  
I turned to my  
Lady fair —  
"Dear, why not pick  
Out a table with  
Pretty legs?"  
I thank my kind  
Friends for their  
Floral tributes.



"I had an alcohol bath this afternoon."  
"Well, don't rub it in."

ESSAY ON ADAM AND EVE  
(Modern Version)

Adam was a very humble man for he was made out of dust. His first thought was to bathe himself, so he walked a mile for a camel, then rode to the banks of the River Nile and jumped into the clear stream. After leaving the muddy waters he threw himself down on the grass for a short nap. Hardly had he closed his eyes when he was seized with a sharp pain in his side.

"God!" he shrieked, "appendicitis!"

A careful examination, however, showed that it was only a missing rib. Frantically Adam walked up and down Palestine, but his rib was nowhere in sight.

"Alas," he cried, "I must not be seen with such a deformity," so he gathered a few fig leaves and made himself a tux.

During all this time he had not seen Eve who was seated on a peanut tree, chatting merrily with a lounge lizard. The lizard brushed back his sleek hair and winked slyly at the innocent girl.

"Wouldst have a pear with me?" he hissed enticingly. Eve giggled and shook her head.

"I should prefer a banana."

"We HAVE no bananas!" leered the snake with an evil smile.

Eve contented herself with a bite of the pear. Suddenly she observed Adam playing leap frog with the frogs. She whistled and beckoned to him to join her. The lizard, in the meantime, sneaked away on his stomach with a guilty conscience. Adam left the frogs, walked to the tree, and dragged Eve down by the arm.

Eve thanked him kindly and by way of reward offered him a bite of her pear. Adam bit, for he was no different from the men who bite today. Almost simultaneously, a thunderbolt fell at their feet, and the Lord sent them out of the Garden of Eden.

"Damn," muttered Adam, "Darwin said I came from a monkey but now you've made a monkey out of me!"

So they departed from the Garden and raised Cain.



LA FEMME AMBITIEUSE

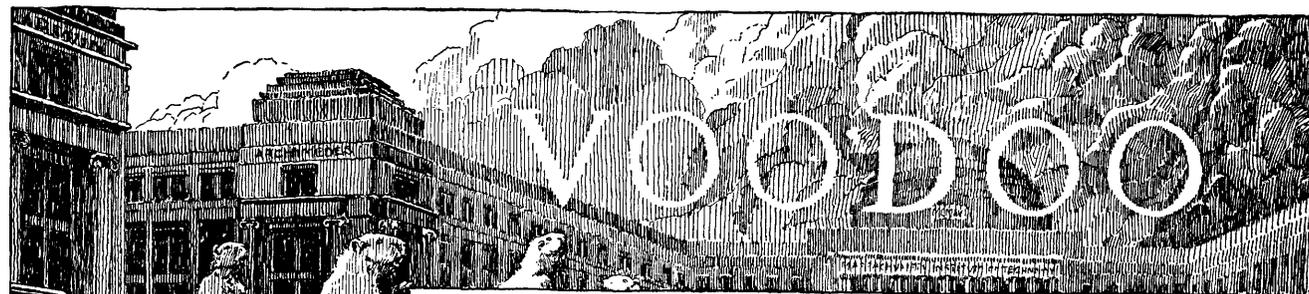
*Do what I can get away with,  
Play with whom I want to play with,  
Live as high as I am able,  
Clothe myself in silk and sable —  
If thus I get myself a he-male—  
I'll be a female what's a female.*



"I wouldn't hang around here if I were you."

"Why not?"

"The last man they strung up died within an hour."



Vol. VII

MAY, 1924

No. 1

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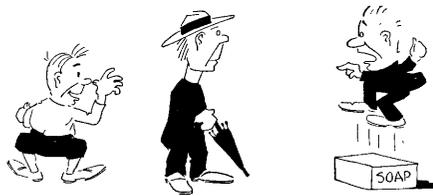
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**Farewell, Oh,** "Me? Hell yes, I'm spending the summer here. So's practically the whole House . . ."  
**Oh, Farewell!** Phosphorous, like the rest, cheerfully contemplates sweltering in Boston during the hot weather session. No, not in the office . . . on the Esplanade . . . but it really doesn't matter. Add to the activities, men, the host of foreign students and brown baggers who insist on putting in their spare time assimilating extra courses and we have practically the entire Institute. Take our own case now . . . four courses to repeat. One is given in June, one in July, another in August, and two in September. Charming arrangement, perfectly delightful; thanks to the apt imp of Satan who outlined the summer bulletin we barely find enough excuse to continue here all vacation. The few unfortunates who are exempt, of course, are all going to Europe. For several months it has been very much the thing to be "going to Europe this summer," preferably fourth class, or as a member, incog, of the crew. One prospective emigrant looks upon it purely in the light of an investment, as the tour will furnish an excellent foundation for Professor Seaver's

course in the Fine Arts. Actually, most of these men will work in "Dad's grocery store," somewhere up in Vermont, however . . .

And in October Phosphorous will jog up to 309 Walker, remove the cobwebs from the much abused typewriter, and peer searchingly about for some neck to tread upon. Umm . . . let's see . . . the Interfraternity Conference Committee, they certainly have been overlooked this year. *One* rushing rule, now can you imagine that? But we'll save them until October. As it is, we'll see everybody in the fall.

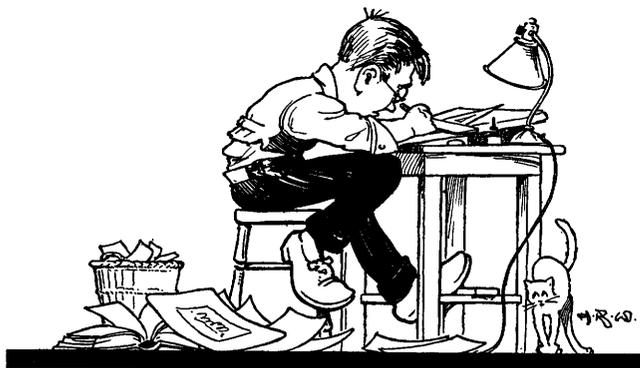


**Politics, the Man,  
And — oh yes, the  
Institute Committee**

Bravo! Somebody at last evolved an idea, although the Institute Committee of course characteristically "thumbed down" at the first suggestion savoring of rationalism. Not, however, without a bit more wrangle and bumping of heads than usual, which gives ground for the hope that it will eventually concur with reason. Humiliating indeed, but for once we must agree with *The Tech*, whose editorial policy advocates the institution of election primaries and above-board politics. It is debasing to our pride and placing extravagant demands upon our time to conduct political ventures efficiently and also to convince others of our purity and lack of intrigue. Phosphorous declines, however, to join — God help the man who suggested it! — any barn fire effigy jag; the past season has culminated in enough ridiculousness. We modestly seek to lead our friends to open slander and clean politics.

It is only natural that our brown-bagger friends and other unconscious or indifferent individuals should resent any effort to stimulate them to an active participation in current local events. Inanition, it seems, has become an established part of our laudable system. It is murmured that open politics will immediately lead to inter-organization hard-feeling. "Errumph!!" emits Phosphorous in his (pray pardon the disparagement) most unfeline manner. Better to bite thumbs at one another than to do nothing!

As concerns the introduction of primaries there should be no question. Mr. Halthozer, let us say, is elected class president by seventy-five members of his class. Under the primary system Mr. Bangvangster would have received two hundred votes to Halthozer's hundred and twenty-five. A gross injustice might have been perpetrated upon the friends and admirers of Mr. Bangvangster.



### SPRING FEVER

Pitiful! Pitiful! One of his eyes was closed, the other was swollen. His nose was flattened out between his bruised cheeks. Two of his teeth were still in his mouth, but half of his lower lip was missing. His ears drooped from the sides of his flattened head. He limped slightly on his left leg and dragged along his right leg. His clothes hung from his body like shredded wheat. Ah, no doubt an accident! Had he been experimenting in the chem lab with some high explosive, or had he fallen under a ten-ton truck? Horrors no! Perhaps he had fallen into an electric washing machine. No again. What then? Alas he had been even more unfortunate. Guess what, dear reader. HE had been the thirteenth person to slap me on the back and inform me with a smile — "Well, old top, spring is going fast, and we'll soon be having our final exams."



"When I was in the army I used to get lots of attention."

"That's nothing. I worked in a brewery and you should have seen the mash notes I got."



"What's so funny?"

"I was just thinking, ha ha, if . . . . ."

"Yes, yes?"

"Moses had dropped the slate and broken the Ten Commandments!"

*First Gob:* "Hear you got in trouble yesterday?"

*Second Gob:* "Yea. I was stuck up in the rigger'."

*First Gob:* "How'd you get down?"

*Second Gob:* "The mate told me where to get off."



He who drinks first laughs last.



"Do you have difficulty in understanding Brown-ing?"

"Oh no, a clear case of insanity."



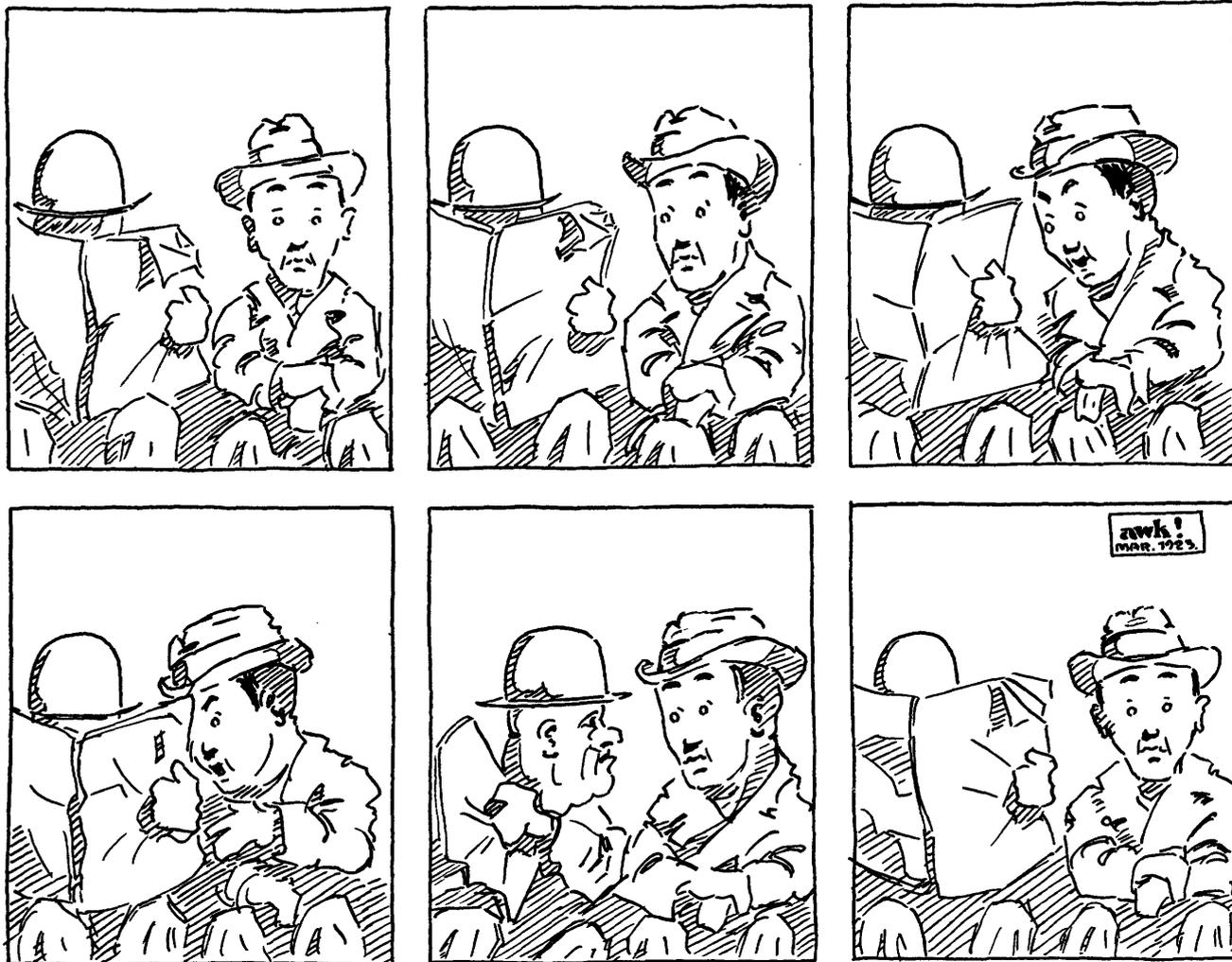
### THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

It was noontime in the great Fifth Avenue store and I was leisurely browsing among the tables and show cases filled with ivory knick-knacks, jewelry, silver plate, and what-not. Suddenly I came to a halt. He was so very obviously the House Detective it was amusing. Derby titled back on head, two days stubble on his chin, always standing aloof from the gawdy throng who poured through the store seeking outlets for their over-swollen incomes — why, I even detected the corner of a shiny badge peeping mischievously from under his coat. He seemed to regard everyone with suspicion, but more particularly the two sneaky-looking individuals who hovered near the stick-pin counter. I sensed a certain tension between these three, and imagined that my first friend would soon exert his authority.

Suddenly I was seized with an inspiration. What delightful satire to put one over on this swaggering minion of the law! Taking a fifty dollar ivory paper cutter from a near-by table, I silently manouvered to his rear and slipped it into his right hand coat pocket. This accomplished, I strode with an important air into the Manager's office and disclosed the fact that I had seen a man in the act of thieving. We hastily made our way to the scene of crime.

"Quick," said the Manager to the two sneaky-looking gentlemen I have mentioned, and they sidled up to my House Detective and handcuffed him without a struggle. The Manager triumphantly produced the paper cutter.

"My good man," he began, turning to me, "I cannot thank you enough. My men have been watching this scoundrel for two days. He is none other than the infamous 'Lefty' Larkin, a Brooklyn burglar and sleight-of-hand expert extraordinary!"



“It is a good man that knows when to quit,” said the honored recipient of Vote 9.



A good punishment for some of our present day reformers would be to buy them a seat in the front row for the Follies and then blindfold them.



The one good thing that can be said about the author of “The Plastic Age” is his choice of the word plastic, which seems to describe the novel, its material, the style of the author, and the author exceptionally well.



Another sign of Spring.  
Frequent visitations to the “Three brass balls.”



When a car knocks, there is trouble ahead, but when a man knocks there is trouble with the head.

One doesn't need to be a card shark to hold a beautiful hand.



“Boy Accidentally Stabbed in Face by Hatpin.”  
(Sun.)

If he had used his head, he would have used his arms instead of his head.



When a woman looks up into your eyes soulfully and whispers pretty things, remember the old adage: “A calm always precedes a storm.”

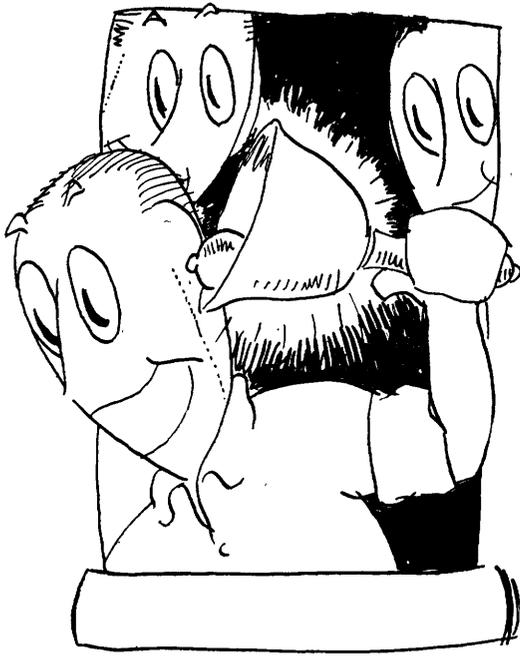


The original Boob McNutt was the shoelace salesman who told a prospective customer that “you absolutely can't tie them.”



We don't need a baseball coach to show us how to pull off the squeeze play.

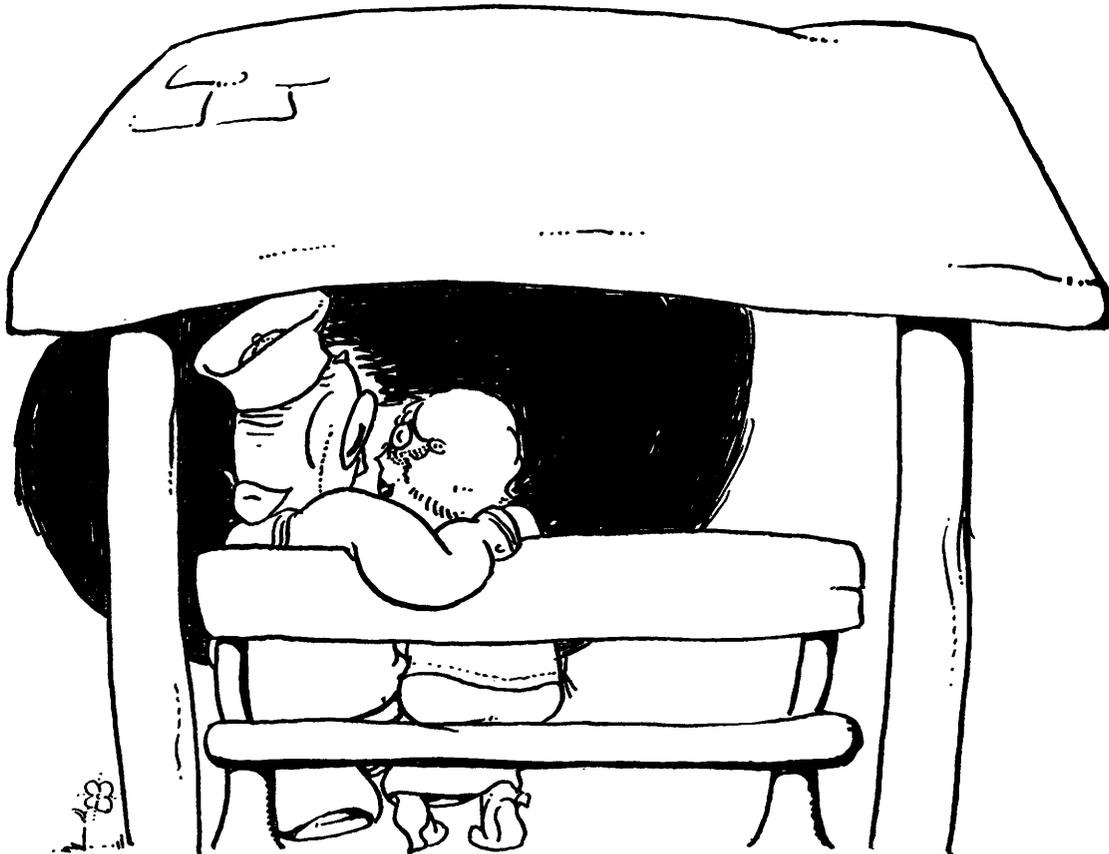
# The Esplanade



Watchful college boys living along the river ring the dinner bell and shout encouragement to the gob shown below. Later in the evening a searchlight and phonograph will probably be used. This is always a good stimulant to emotion.



Group of Pi Pi Sorority girls out upon a little business jaunt about six p.m. One simply *must* eat, you know. Around eight thirty they will come home with a wild tale about . . . . . well, it will be awfully wild anyway. These cave-women are now seeking to lure some of the many Tech students who spend the day "looking 'em over" through opera glasses.



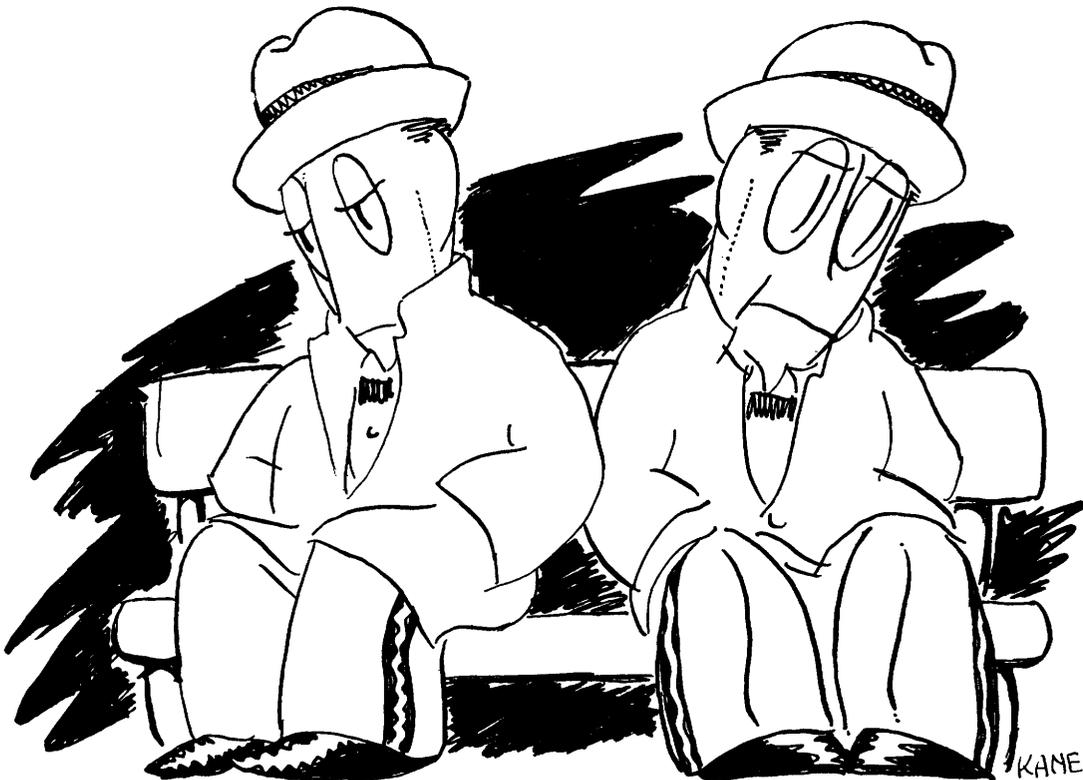
Gob and fair manikin are intimately ensconced on one of the many inviting benches. The discussion centers around art and the opera but *he* knows and *she* knows that — well, just wait until it's a bit darker! Our generously proportioned little vixen seems little inclined, however, to postpone the entertainment.  
(This act is always popular with the more unemployed loungers along the Esplanade.)

## In Springtime



Five o'clock every morning finds this venerable athlete, the author of "Fighting Disease," still keeping fit despite his ninety odd years. This affords a remarkable example to the many trunk heavers and icemen who fail to take advantage of the opportunities for exercise afforded by our attractive parks.

This typical Cambridge manikin is doing her best to appear unconscious of the appraising pair at her right. Presently, however, she will glance over with one of those "Come on, kid!" expressions, and our two leary collegians will wonder whether to, or not to, etc. The one at the right is thinking, "Umm . . . . not so bad, that is very *bad*, but . . . ." when his friend breaks in with, "Terrible, simply *awful*, just look at those feet, etc., etc., etc."



Although the Prom was Monday night, Wednesday afternoon finds these two sleepy collegians still in evening clothes and dolefully contemplating the river. Tuesday they motored out to see Bill's women in Providence, last night they sat in on a little game, and — well, who in hell could sleep on such a morning anyway? Joe has just recalled that they have a class on Friday.



OPENING THE CASE FOR THE DEFENSE

## CHARACTER STUDIES OF TODAY

It was a picture of pathos; enough to wring tears from even the discarded wash-wringer which occupied the dusty corner under the stairs in the Slate Theater. The pathetic face of the Little Mother was lined with fatigue as she threaded her weary way among the brutal strangers who flooded the city streets. It was the first time she had ever left the country and, of course, she was drawn by love of her sweet, unspoiled daughter Molly, whom she had bravely sent away to college two months ago. Of course, not having heard from Molly, her motherly love could wait no longer. Also of course, she bore the usual jar of home-made pickles, the usual bundle of clothes, and the customary covered bird cage. The audience wept copiously, for had they not seen this same Little Mother in dozens of other such pictures? They knew that it was very proper to weep.

The next picture showed the heroine seated in the sumptuous salon of some country mansion. The audience knew it was the heroine, for she had played this rôle in dozens of other such pictures. Soon the hero joined her and they embraced with the usual ardor. One by one the audience arose and left the theater. For the moving pictures teach us to be great judges of character, and they didn't like the hero. He had played the villain's part in the production last week!



"You ought to sell yourself more."  
"Sell myself; hell, I give myself away constantly."

## MAY

Radiant and cheerful  
Enchanting and gay,  
Haunting and teasing,  
How I love May!

Flowers in bloom,  
Birds in the trees,  
Snakes in the grass  
Hunting for bees!

Swallows that swallow,  
And thrushes thrush,  
I spy a spider  
Carrying brush!

Pleasing and pretty,  
Enticing away,  
I'm drunk and happy,  
And cheerful and gay!

She's a bootlegger's daughter  
— My beautiful May!



"What's your name?"  
"I don't know."  
"Why not?"  
"Mother and Father died before I learned to talk so they could never tell me."  
"Well, isn't it written down somewhere?"  
"Oh yes — but I am a Czechoslovak."

THE COEFFICIENT OF THE MEAN

One custom which the Meanest Man in the World always observed was "open office day," when once every month he permitted himself to be assailed by the many varieties of job seekers, beggars, and representatives of charitable institutions. This he did for the great pleasure of humiliating and gloating over the abject unfortunates who found their way to his door. Thus he sat at his desk on one such day with a smirk on his florid countenance and one chubby leg barely folded over the other around the corpulent extreme of his ponderous "amid ships." He was in an exceptionally fine mood having already trod on several of his more lowly human brothers.

A bent old man entered the room and fearfully approached the desk. His face was deeply lined, and his tattered clothes testified to his unfortunate condition. "Mister," he began quaveringly, "I never had no chance. I ain't got a cent in the world. Ain't you got a dime Mister? A cup o' coffee . . ."

"Kick him out," roared the Meanest Man, for he was beginning to weary of this type of individual.

A hungry mother came in and implored aid for her twelve children, starving, so she said, in an East Side garret. The Meanest Man delivered a sound lecture on the psychology of the barroom and dismissed her with ten cents.

A ragged urchin of twelve strode brazenly into the room and deliberately sat on the desk. "Yu . . . scoundrel," he began, "I just came in here to tell you what I think of you. Yu fat ol' laundry bag; if you were starving I wouldn't give you the label off my union suit. Yu puffed up hog, I'd like to . . ."

"Son," interrupted the Meanest Man in the World, his eyes soft with compassion and a hint of emotion in his voice, "take this check for a thousand dollars. And you aren't looking for a good home now, are you?"



*Inclosed herewith, please find a heart.  
The only one I have, you see.  
I offer it to you and hope  
That you will treat it tenderly.*

*It lies quite bare before your eyes  
'Tis there for all the world to see,  
But it is locked to all save you,  
For you alone possess the key.*

*So open wide my heart, and let  
The sunshine of your smile shine through,  
And warm the cockles of my heart  
As only you, sweetheart, can do.*



*Innocuous desuetude  
The sweetest kind of lazy pleasure,  
The peace and ease beyond all measure.  
Living in quiet solitude,  
Untouched by mind-disturbing mood,  
Taking nothing but your leisure,  
Slave to no ambitious seizure —  
Innocuous desuetude.*



## A PERFECT LINE

Say listen, Ferdy, will ya? My idea's a pip. You supply the cash and I'll supply the brains. . . What? No, I said "brains" not "pains". . . Yes, that's the stuff, shoot a one-inch pipe under the river, direct line from Canada to the old U. S. Then just jump 'er night and day. . . You? No indeed, I'll do the pumpin', that goes with the brains part. . . What's that? Not getting your share? Huh, ain't you on the U. S. receivin' end?. . . Aw, Ferdy, ferget this oil business bee in your derby, it's the oiled business what's good today. . . Know? O' course I know, wasn't I in Canada six years — in prison? . . . Now look here, Ferdy, I ain't never counted the drops comin' outa a one-inch pipe in a minute but if you wants figgers put your hatrack under this spigot. . . Naw, lie on your back and open your mouth, think I'm goin' to waste it? . . . K. O. ain't it huh?. . . Yes, you big cheeze, didja think I got the alcohol outa last winter's radiator? . . . What, you ain't joinin' me? Aw, Ferdy, you'll never get outa the roller skate class; me, I'm aimin' fer a flivver.

## HOT HOTTENTOT!

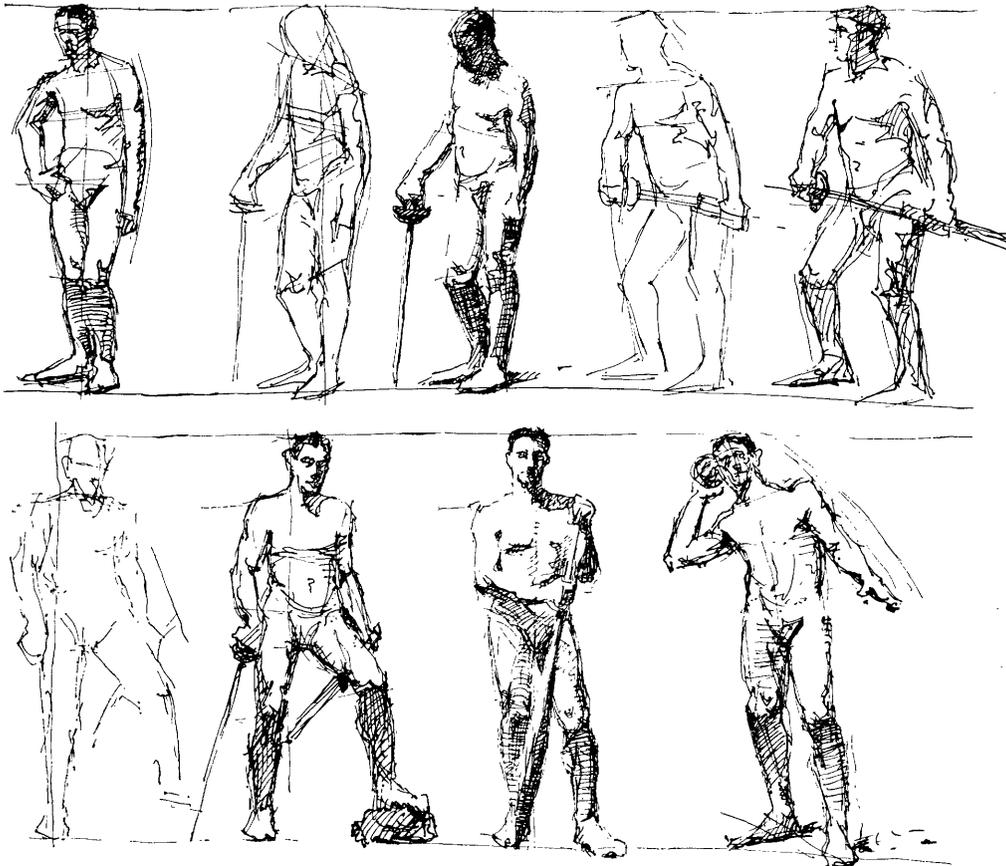
Come now Freshmen and you shall hear  
Of the midnight studies that interfare  
With the care free life of the man at Tech  
How he gains his knowledge and intellect.  
How with a practical use of the Law of Sighs  
He can pick up girls of the better kinds  
Just show him the curves of feminine grace  
He seeks an answer as to time and place.  
Now a Chemist studies powder and rouge  
And learns what retort and reaction to use  
A quick survey in the shortest time  
And the Civil's begun to run his line.  
While resistance, reluctance and all can't phase  
An Electrical with his sparking ways.  
For the things one learns from a printed book  
Are as naught compared with a woman's look.



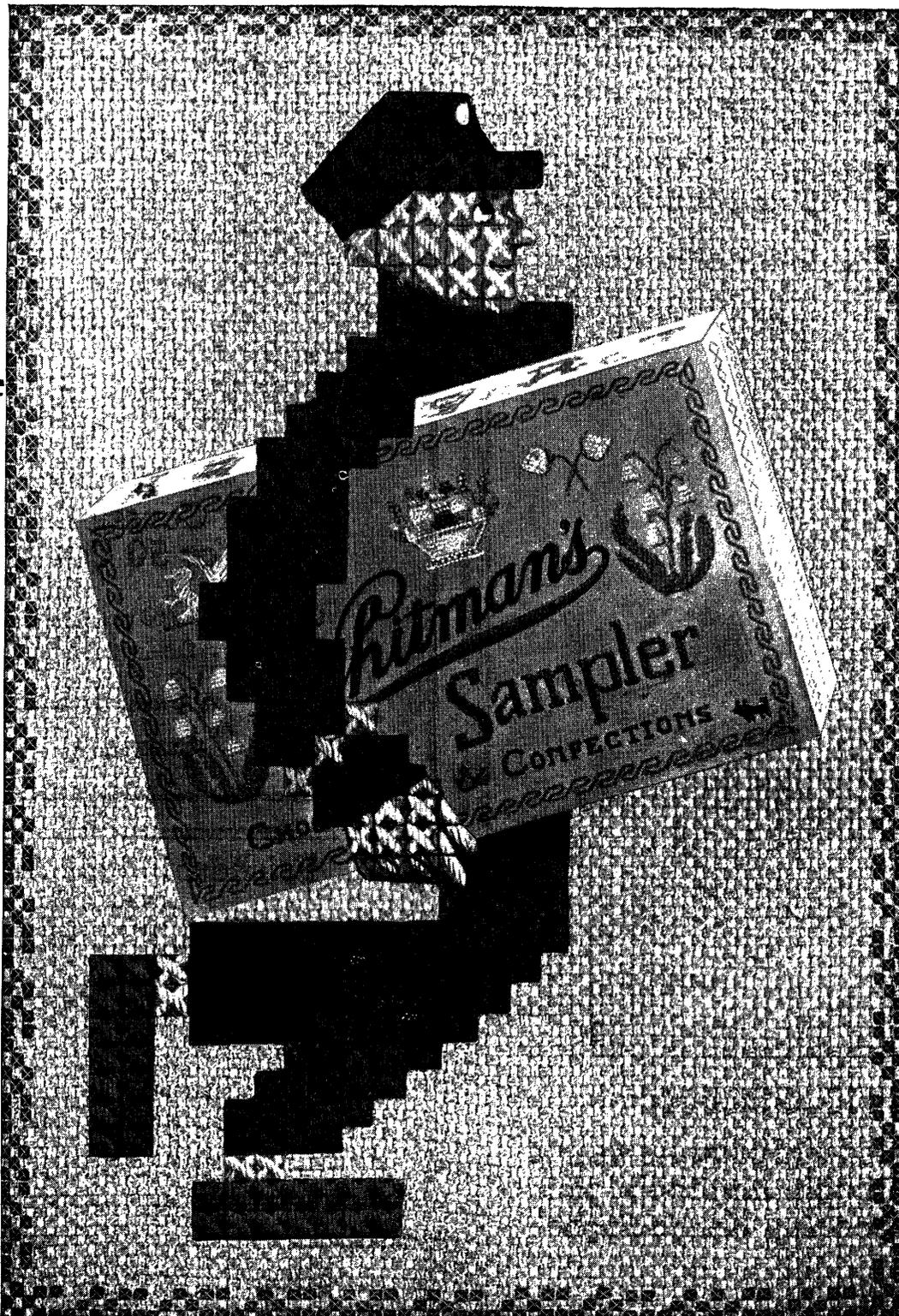
"Do you know Teresa Green?"

"No."

"Well, they are."



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Miller Drug Co., 21 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston  
S. J. Sigel, 276 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston  
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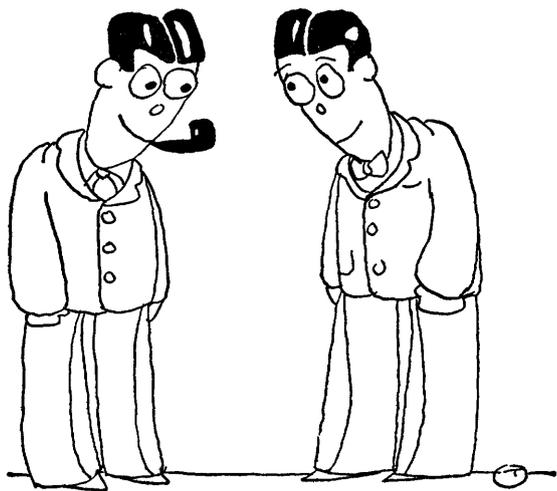


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*Gwendolyn:* "Shall we dance this one?"

*Bobby:* "I'd much rather study botany out under the moon."

*Gwen:* "Study botany?"

*Bobby:* "Sure; I'm very much interested in the staying power of the pigmentation in certain tulips!"

— *Lord Jeff*



*He:* "Have you read 'Freckles,' Mary?"

*Mary:* "Oh, no. That's my veil."

— *Yellow Jacket*

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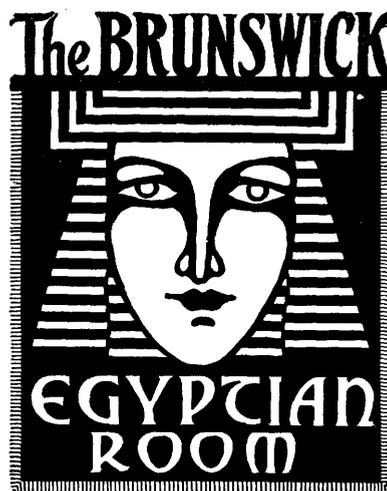


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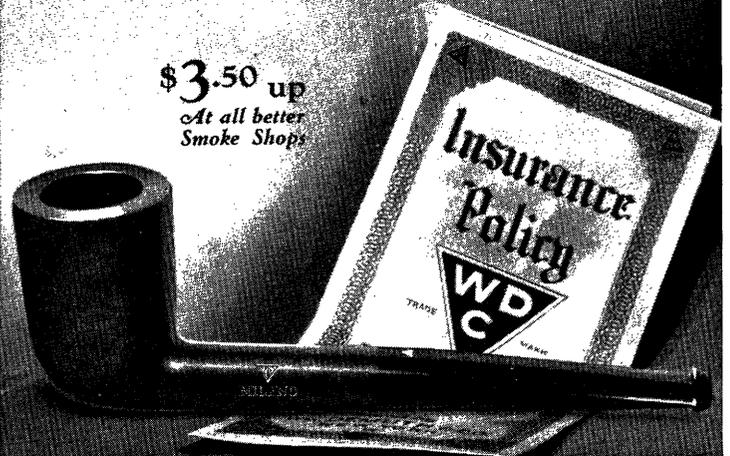
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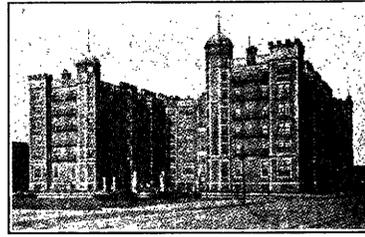
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*Lowbrau*: "I wish that I was built like a lamp post."  
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*Lowbrau*: "So that I could lean against a cop when I was lit."

— *Jack-o-Lantern*

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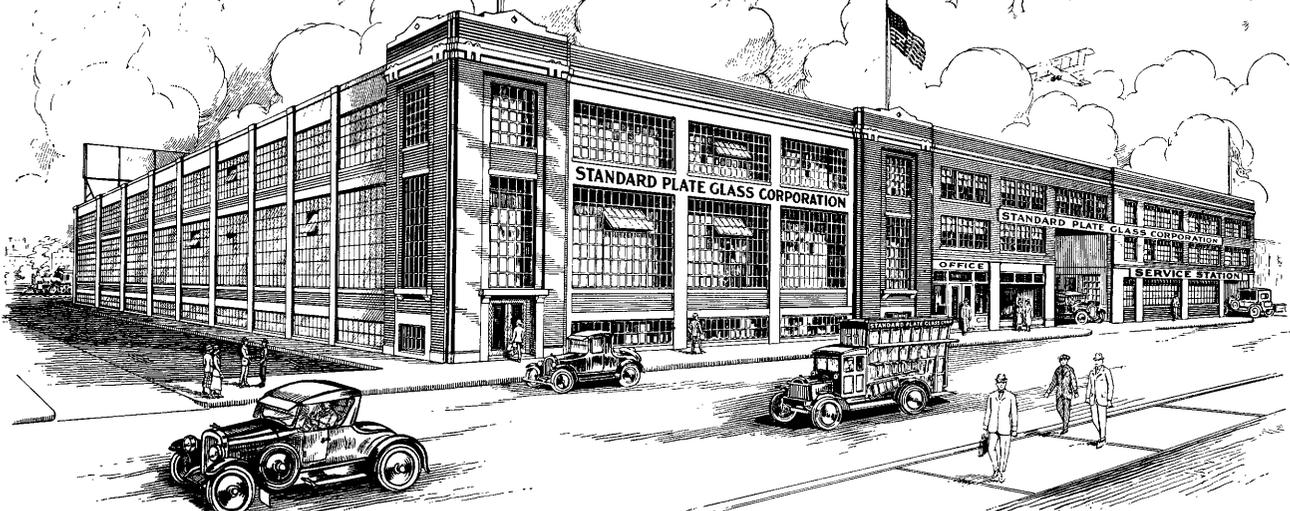
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