

VOO DOO

Give me
liberty
or
give me
Tech
!

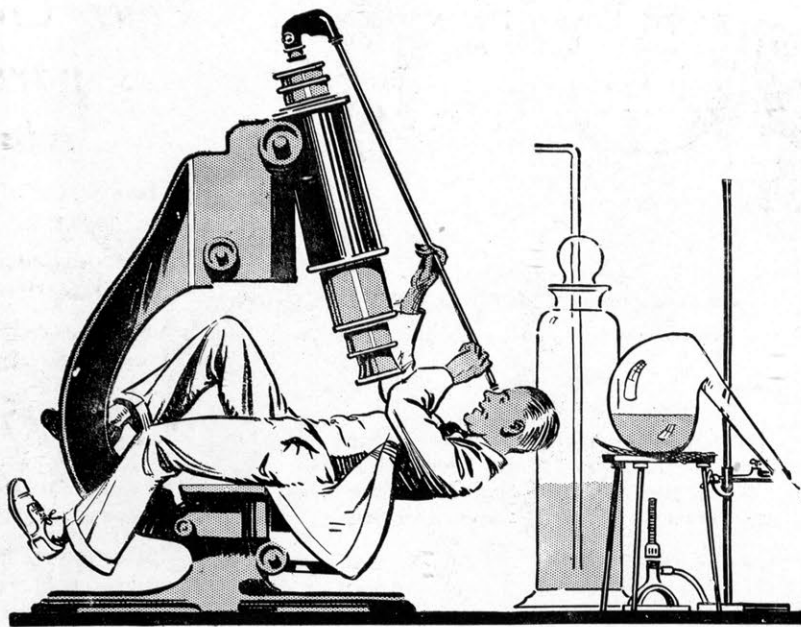
The great
ELECTION
NUMBER

November
1924



25¢

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.



Worth looking into

IT'S the most interesting study in the world.
What is? Why you, yourself.

Put yourself under the microscope. Examine yourself most searchingly to find out just what kind of work you have a natural aptitude for.

Don't leave your career to chance. Don't be satisfied with any nonchalant observation of what may seem to be your best field.

Upperclassmen who have applied this careful self-study will tell you it helped them pick out the "major" which fell in most closely with their natural fitness. The result—greater interest and greater profit through their whole college course.

Graduates will tell you that the man who turns the microscope on himself is happiest in his choice of a life-work.

It comes down to this—some patient analysis now may be the means of putting you on the right track for the rest of your life.

*Published in
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



Every day one million people read the street-car cards reproduced above

facts—

Three hundred thousand people, mostly college graduates and recognized business people will buy the December (Holiday) issue. On sale November 6th.

Our readers tell us that an average of more than 13 persons read each copy of College Humor purchased.

Nearly Four Million will see Your "Best" in College Humor

Your College Comic is part of your education

THE success of your comic depends on you.

You can express your own ideas and originality through your comic.

YOUR best efforts, when accepted by your editor, will later appear in

College Humor

where millions will become your followers.

OURS is the joyous task—that of gathering the freshest and most buoyant humor for which collegiate minds are responsible.

Our hope is to make each issue a standard of comparison.
For this reason we have given to the material
a title of full meaning—

"The Best Comedy—

College Humor

—In America"

CHICAGO

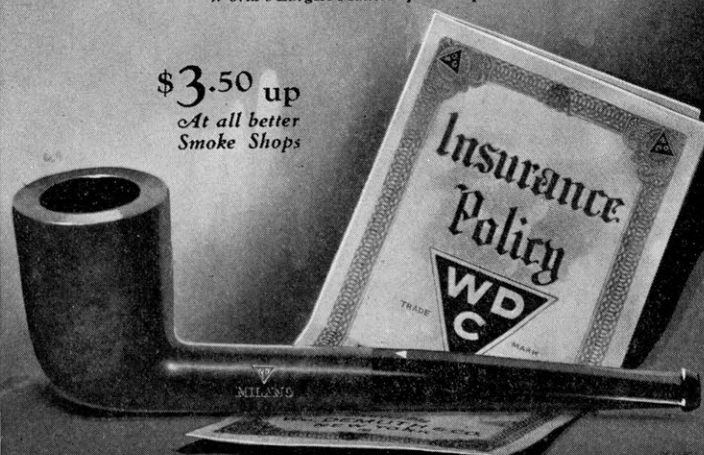
MILANO

The Insured Pipe

A Pipe of Briar so rare
that we *Insure* it for you

WM. DEMUTH & CO.,
230 Fifth Avenue, New York
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

\$3.50 up
At all better
Smoke Shops



What is in a name depends a great deal on the article

Old Hampshire Stationery

means first, last and always QUALITY

Sold plain and die stamped by the local dealers

FINE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

Hampshire Paper Company

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.



Thomas A. Edison and Charles P. Steinmetz in the Schenectady laboratories of the General Electric Company, where Dr. Steinmetz did his great work

Steinmetz

The spirit of Dr. Steinmetz kept his frail body alive. It clothed him with surpassing power; he tamed the lightning and discharged the first artificial thunderbolt.

Great honors came to him, yet he will be remembered not for what he received, but for what he gave. Humanity will share forever in the profit of his research. This is the reward of the scientist, this is enduring glory.



Emerson tells how the mass of men worry themselves into nameless graves, while now and then a great, unselfish soul forgets himself into immortality. One of the most inspiring influences in the life of a modern corporation is the selfless work of the scientists in the laboratories, which it provides for their research.

If you are interested to learn more about what electricity is doing, write for Reprint No. AR391 containing a complete set of these advertisements.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

95-940DH

Beauty Contest Number in January



Above—Miss Celia Phitznuckle, winner of last year's contest. It was this same former Follies star who popularized "Old Black Joe" in the Vanities of 1912.

Yielding to popular demand and with the hope of settling the ever discussed question, "Which is the more beautiful, the Male or the Female?", Phosphorous has finally consented to conduct a beauty contest, the winners of which, on whom our competent selves, the Managing Board, will sit in judgment, are to be announced in the January issue of Voo Doo.

The following rules and regulations governing the contest must be rigorously adhered to:

1. All entrants must submit autographed photographs with full permission for use in Voo Doo. Pictures may be contributed personally or through friends.
2. Entrants must use nothing harder than No. 3 Lipstick. Powder puffs and vanity cases must be left with the instructor in charge of the room.
3. Immodest dresses and collars of over four inches in height are debarred under the new ruling.
4. The winners will not be determined by the Analytic Point System, such as awarding for the

most neatly turned calf 5 points
cutest shoulder 12 points
most alluring mouth 25 points
smoothest ankle 10 points
etc., etc.

but on the relative merits of the whole. Special attention will be given to skin coloring, dyeing of hair, and penciling of eyebrows. Entrants will be graded on a basis of fifty points. (Ten points will be taken off for moustaches.)

5. All undergraduates, instructors, and professors at the Institute are eligible to enter the contest, with the exception of Professor Rogers and Dean Lobdell.

6. The closing date for entrance will be Friday, December 12. No names submitted later than this will be accorded consideration.

Address all communications to the Voo Doo, 309 Walker Memorial, Cambridge. For further details see us personally.

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

To

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"If it's popular at College—

You'll find it at Macullar Parker's"

COLLEGE APPAREL OF THE VOGUE



London Coats and Fur Coats

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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



"Men like to say they wear them"

—that's something every college
fellow says is true, so we've pub-
lished a little booklet about it.
Want a copy? Just write.

Nettleton

A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

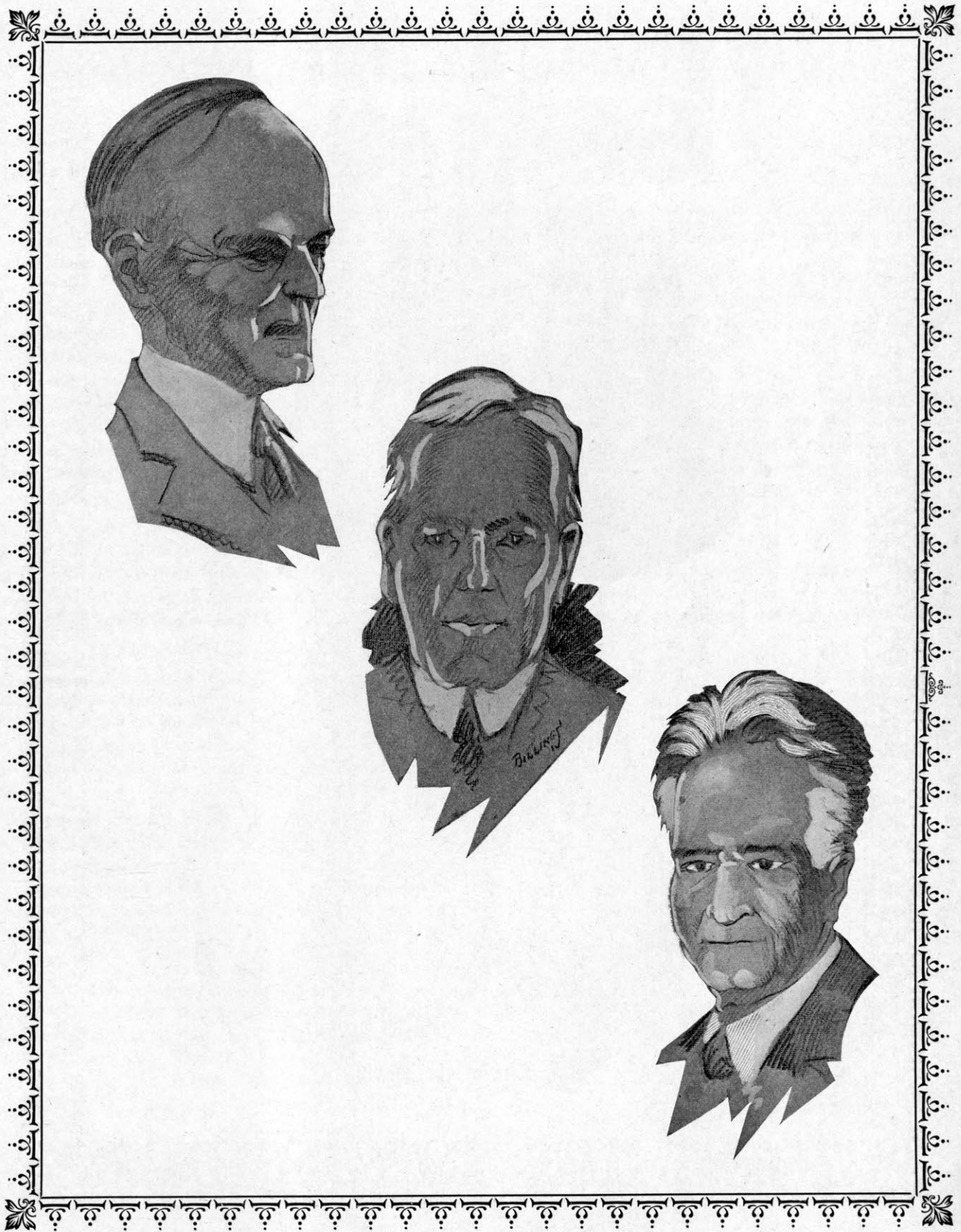
H. W. COOK, President

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Dealers Everywhere		

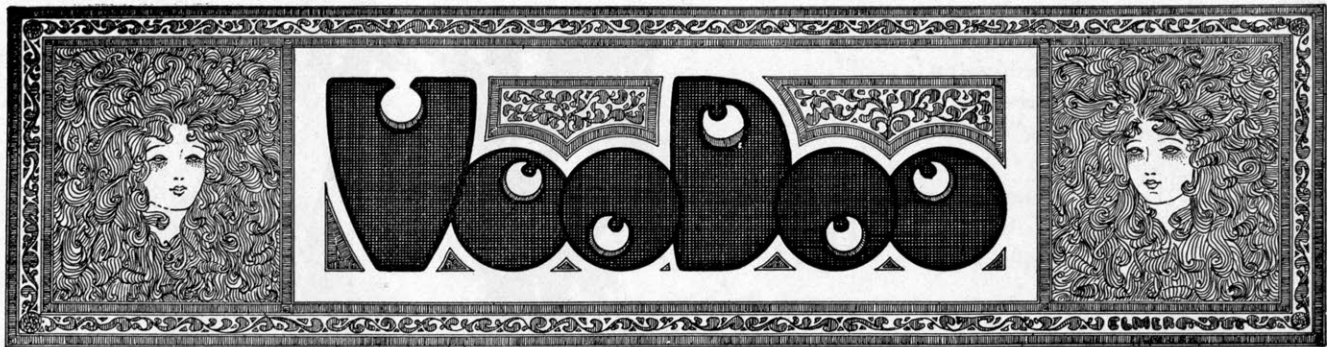
The Buckminster-Campus







The Life of the Party



THE WHITE HOUSE WEEKLY BRIEFS

Sunday: Today the usual peace and quiet were most conspicuous by their absence, due largely to a new loud speaker on the radio. Whether it was the loud speaker or the political speeches being broadcast by station WOOF has not been determined, but the gurgling, snarling, squeaking, and roaring were such that passers-by were under the impression that a convention was being held at the White House.

Monday: This being the internationally observed Wash Day, there was considerable confusion about the mansion in the midst of which the President was heard to shout at the Chinese laundry man to have a care and not mix up in his laundry any more of the Davis family's cuffs and socks.

Tuesday: The White House menagerie received a new guest in the form of a playful young bison which, rumor has it, once roamed the Teapot Dome range. Aside from a fall on the oily driveway while uncrating, the unwieldy beast was safely brought to pasture on the lawn which will, no doubt, prove adequate while it lasts.

Wednesday: Senator Brandywine called this afternoon to discuss with the President his bill providing for the extermination of mosquitoes in New Jersey by means of poison gas and liquid fire. Briefly interviewed on the subject the Senator stated: "I am out for reelection. With a record as good as mine I am sure to win."

Thursday: It was noted by those in close touch with White House affairs that three moles have started from the far side of the lawn and are racing towards the White House steps. The odds posted are at present 1-2-2 favoring the inside mole which, being next to the fence as it were, has some two feet less to go than its opponents. Race bulletins are placed daily in the President's office.

Friday: Great excitement prevailed here today over the rumor that the Bootleggers' Union was to hold a

social session in the East Portico. As no one with the proper credentials presented himself, it was assumed that business engagements in the city had caused a postponement of the party.

Saturday: As it was raining today and outdoor sports were impossible, the President called a Cabinet meeting. The session proved dull, however, and soon broke up into a checker tournament from which the Secretary of State eventually emerged victorious, owing to his superior tact in handling the kings.



St. Peter: "And what happened during your interview with the devil?"

Purified: "Oh, he hauled me over the coals a bit."



"Will you have a hair cut?"
"Gosh no, cut them all,"

MIRRORS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

I went to Washington
To see the President.
"I wanta job,"
I sed.
"I ain't had no grub since
I ate last."
"What can you do?"
He asked.
"I can do anybody."
"Are you honest?"
"Yes — but I have a weakness
For handbags with money in them."
Then he sed,
"You have all the qualifications
Of a cabinet officer.
I appoint you Secretary of —
No — wait.
I must ask Bascom."



"Won't you join us at dinner?"
"Thanks, but I've been to the dentist."
"Not hungry?"
"No, his amalgam was very filling."



A NECKING PARTY

Fond Parent: "Oh, yes, my son is very prominent
in Tech politics."

Alumnus: "What office does he hold?"

Fond Parent: "I don't quite know the exact office,
but he wrote that he had already received nine votes
from the faculty."



WAYSIDE TALES

While rambling along the open way in my rusty
flivver the other day, I met Sam Jones in his fine new
car sitting sadly before some fresh-laid tar. "Why,
Sam," I hailed with a tone of glee, "how comes thy
bus to be stalled on thee? I've heard you rave for
a week or more that your 'can' would run on the ocean
floor. And coupled with this was the land and the
sky, I supposed by now you had taught it to fly. But
I guess, Sam Jones, your shiny car is nervous and
scared of a bit of tar. Well, I've got to be moseying
and say, by-the-by, just sit there a week and the road
will be dry." So off I rattled and I'm willing to bet
that my old friend Sam is parked there yet.



The Presidential Possibilities

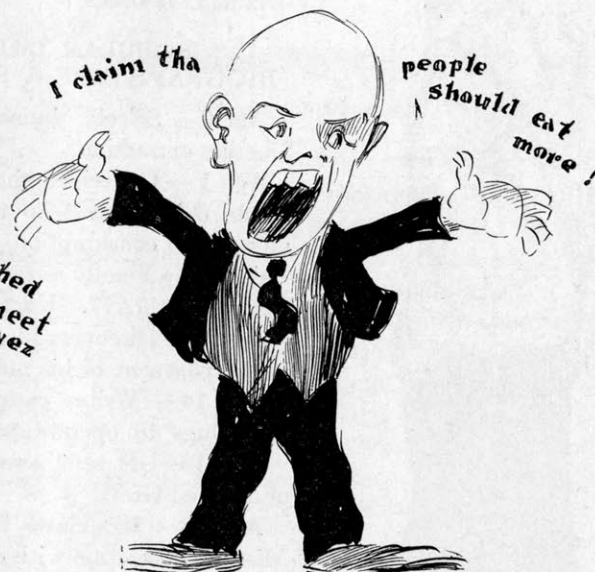


Ralston R. Ratley, eventual nominee of the Dependents, is what is vulgarly termed a "baby kisser," but men "in the know" claim that Big Business will ruin Ralston. Having both shady financial transactions and a record of questionable domestic relations to his credit, the Dependents are confident he will sweep the country. But just between you, me and that missing collar button, Ralston doesn't give a darn if he can worm a paltry million or so out of it.

Oskar Karlvitski has assured the Radicals of his dominance in the field of lingual debauchery. His eight-inch cheveux noir and intemperate eyebrows give that "frightfully foreign" aspect, which is so desirable in self-styled "political torches" of the day. Karlvitski will begin his campaign with an extensive tour of the Boston billiard parlors.



Harold K. Billows, better known to the "boys" from Manhattan as "just Hal," personifies the hopes of the Very Wets in the coming campaign. The "boys" would like to see "Hal" in the White House just to assure visiting diplomats of a good drink and occasional game of stud poker. (Mr. Billows was formerly Advertising Manager for a Hoboken sponge concern.)



The Hon. James McGowan, having never in his life been beyond the sordid environs of Chicago, is the logical selection of the Grand Agricultural Party. Being a somewhat inconsistent speculator in wheat and having had an uncle who was at one time interested in cold storage farm products, he feels particularly well-qualified to lead the farmers' party.]



Herr Tonick, who as a leading conspirator in the notorious Hopfield Bomb Outrage during the War, is the unanimous candidate of the Pan-American Party. Although a New Yorker, the Herr is an American by birth and is expected to poll an unlimited number of votes in the beer-glutting centers of St. Louis and Milwaukee.

Politician: "Don't fall for the other party's line."

Voter: "I ain't no telephone operator."



If Coolidge expects to sweep the country we certainly hope he won't overlook Massachusetts Avenue.



Newsboy: "Examiner! Examiner! Examiner, mister?"

He (absently), "Yes, yes, I have."



Tony: "What makes your family so cranky tonight?"

Antoinette: "Oh, they've been Cross-Wording all day, I guess."



Why doesn't some university give the President his LLD.
— Little Love Doctor ?

POPULAR IMPRESSIONS NO. 3 BIOGRAPHY OF A SENATORIAL ASPIRANT

Age 0 — Selects humble but proud parents of Siberian extraction.

Age 1 — Conceived the idea of making pin holes in nipple unbeknownst to nurse, promoting greater and more rapid consumption.

Age 4 — Finally attains ability to out-talk Victor Record, No. 7,777, "Uncle Cohen On The Telephone."

Age 7 — Discovers idea of substituting ball-bearings in the payment of his marble debts.

Age 14 — Writes pamphlet on the manufacture of lead slugs to operate penny chewing-gum machines.

Age 18 — Is sent away to the Washington School of Applied Graft.

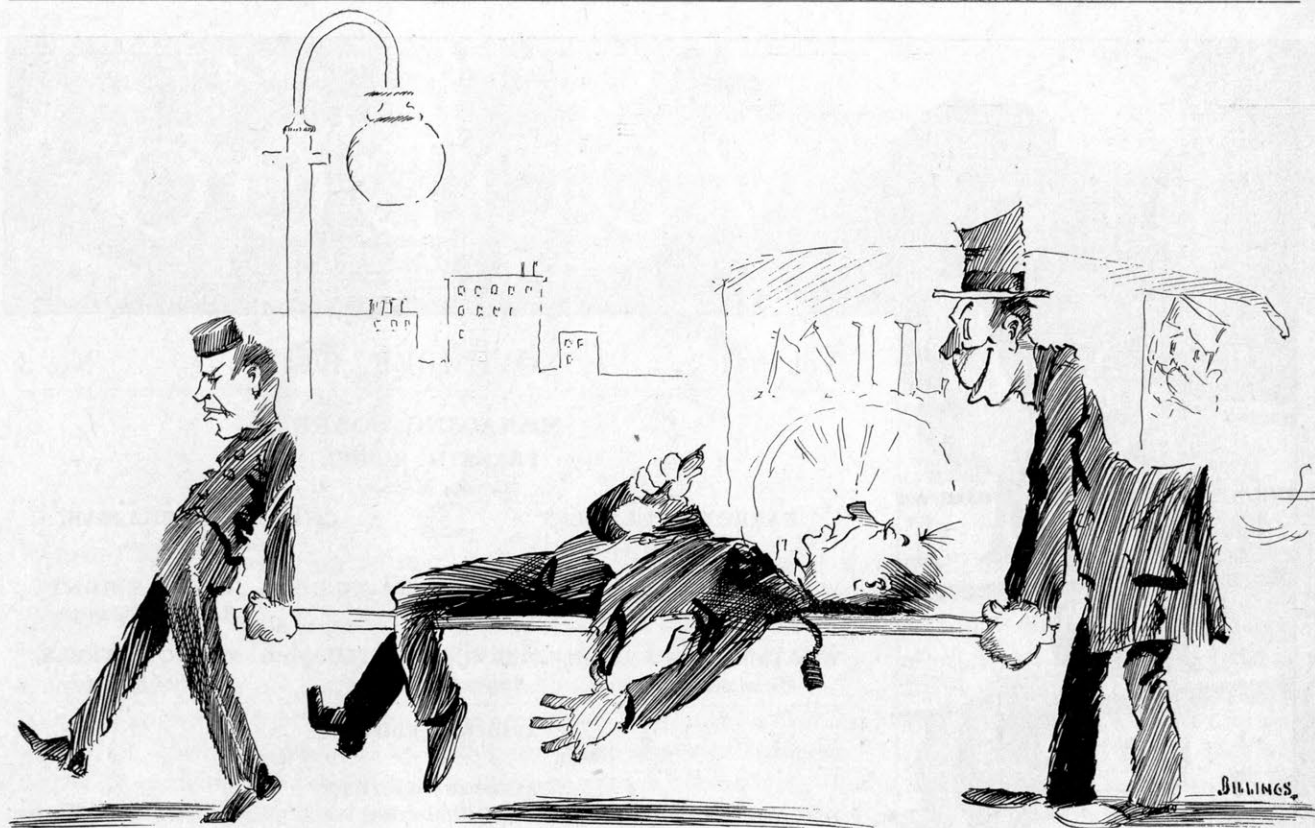
Age 23 — Graduates from Course in Congressional Mis-administration with degree of Bachelor of Criminal Science.

Age 27 — Organizes corporation for the acquirement of properties belonging to widows and orphans. His mother is among the earlier victims.

Age 30 — Commences to play an ostentatious part in public charities.

Age 35 — Enters State Legislature and soon becomes a powerful force for evil and corruption.

Age 40 — Having acquired the necessary proportions of weight, chins, and apoplectic shade, he announces himself as a candidate for the Senate.



"What's the matter with the Democratic Party?"
"We can't budget."

"My little cough drop!"
"Umm, umm, dear — why the likeness?"
"You take my breath away."



HAPPY DAZE

GLOOMY GLOOMER'S COLYUM

What the world needs is more gloom. If you haven't enough I'll lend you some. There's too much happiness and laughter around, I saw a traffic cop smile the other day. I want sadness and tears and chronic gout. Just remember what I tell you:

Don't believe the clouds are silver lined — that's only nickel plate.

They say one out of five get it. It's not so — there are five in my family and we've *all* got it.

You can't improve yourself with home study — you're too dumb to start with.

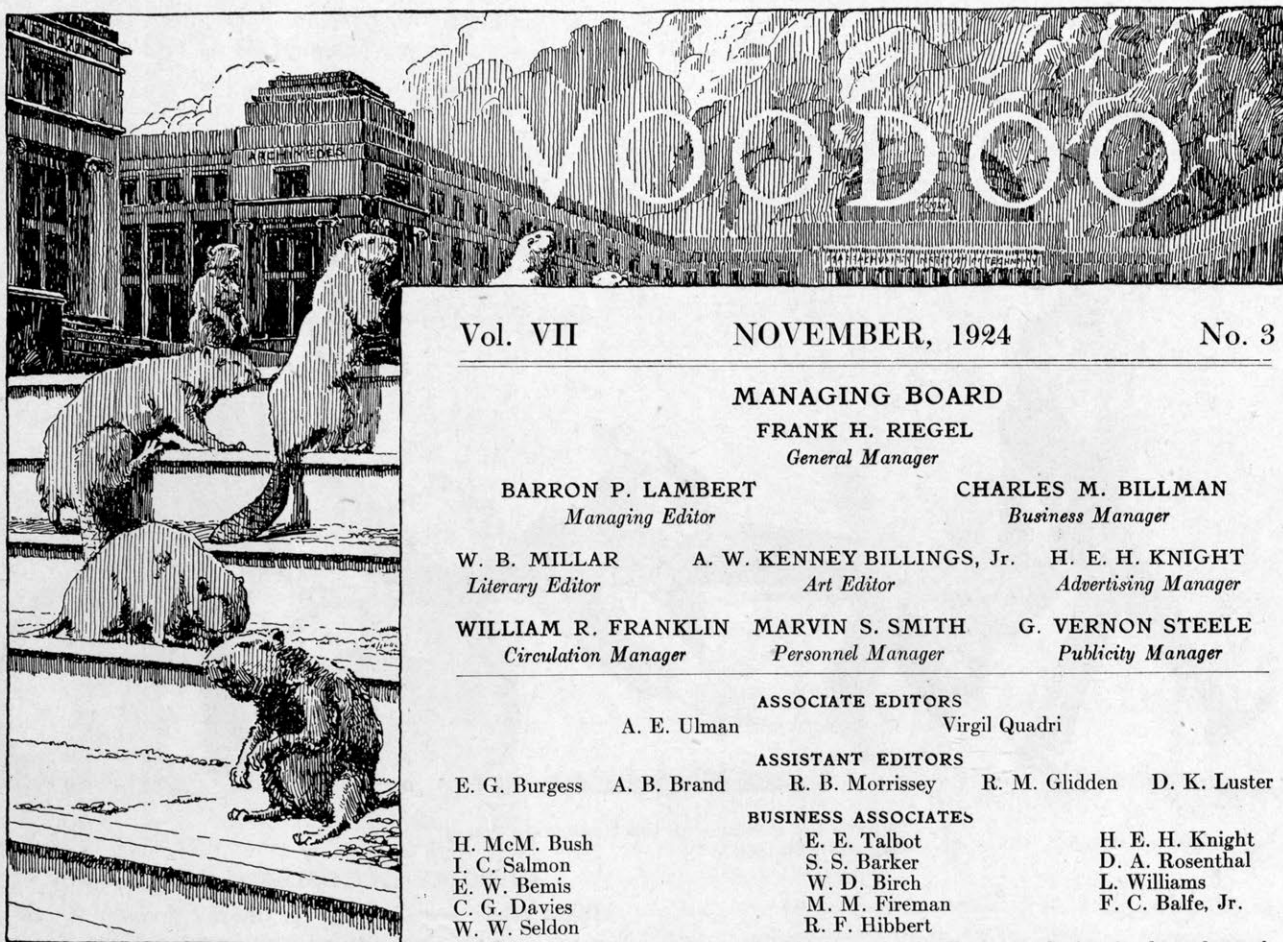
There isn't a chance of getting that lovely skin, not with soaps or creams or clays or rubs or rays or anything. Forget it and be yourself.

The death rate is rising — better hurry over before the crowd and get your coffin measurements. "The babies in their baskets will soon be needing caskets."

It's impossible to reduce even on one meal a week and ten miles a day, with two sets of phonograph records thrown in for good measure. No use trying, I've watched my wife.

Well, there's a lot more to tell you but I must run along now to a musical comedy. Remember, be gloomy.

Gloomy Gloomer



Vol. VII

NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 3

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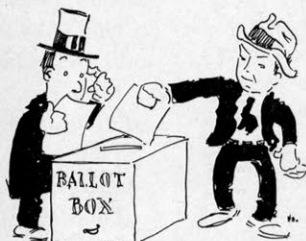
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Elections, Pro, Con and Otherwise Phosphorous is not a prognosticator — if he were, no one would appreciate it. To be sure, we entertain some hopes of seeing Mr. X in the presidency, but it is not our objective to predict his coronation, or even to influence the guileless followers of this, our humble publication, in their forthcoming balloting. Rather would we stand aside and cast satirical and imprecatory gibes at the presidential aspirants, Messrs. X, Y, and Z, in their efforts to cajole a doubtful public into beliefs, which, even through our concave spectacles, appear incapable of assimilation. Phosphorous is waiting with interest to see just which mediums of publicity have been able to cause the most evil during the past months — possibly Mr. Hearst will again receive the flannel stovelid. However, we must not forget our local “ ” Club, which, because it was denied a daily page in *The Tech*, recently precipitated its own pamphlet into the field of political thought.

But more seriously, we are very excited over the entire business — our little radio set is being rapidly

overhauled, and we are planning to drink the leftover Tech Smoker cider. Moreover we are anxious to see how a change of administration will affect Co-op dividends and the price of *T. E. N.*'s.

And if you drink heavy beers, don't forget to vote "No" on Referendum X X X!

Of far greater importance than this national agitation are the shortly forthcoming Freshmen elections at the Institute. This year Phosphorous would like to see an imposing percentage of the underclassmen illuminate themselves as to the candidates, and then cast intelligent ballots. This has rarely been done by preceding classes.



***Wanted —
A Reason
For Co-eds!***

Venturing unsuspectingly into a corridor of Building 2 the other day, Phosphorous was nearly upset by a huge, powerful creature, of flying and scattered attire, who came breezing along with tornado-like air and super-mannish stride. This was our most recent and likewise forcible introduction to the terrifying Institute Co-ed, that misplaced plant eking out an existence among (and, incidently, much to the distaste of) the rocks of Technology. Were these dynamic disciples of Emma Rogers more subtly versed in the accredited arts, or at least of less harsh appearance, we might find some excuse for their presence in an essentially masculine establishment. However, not only are they "doing as the Romans do," but they surpass the very natives themselves. Perhaps we had better make three exceptions to these sweeping conclusions: one architect, an ex-Voo Doo contributor, and — well, Number 3 *must* be a secretary, but we'll leave the position open for our first assailant.

It is possible that these Amazons enjoy capering about in our garden of greatly predominating Adams, with innumerable worlds to conquer — and, under more palatable conditions, we would enjoy being tamed. But, as it is, we are merely uncomfortable. Suffice to say that the sight of a spectacled, wuzzled-haired vision in a laboratory jacket (and they *will* wear them!) is not a happy stimulant to our mental reactions. And we feel reasonably sure that several sorely tried professors, mainly those who enjoy their occasional quips meant for masculine ears alone, will agree.

Phosphorous is seriously considering holding a Beauty Contest in the near future, both with the hope of discovering hitherto unrecognized material and of stimulating improvements in that which has just been so uncomplimentarily discussed.



Phosphorous takes great pleasure in awarding the art prize of this issue to Virgil Quadri, '26, and that for best literary work to Robert Morrissey, '26.



Congressman Applehead Recounts His Vacation



We meant to get an early start, of course, but unforeseen trifles delayed us until midday. To begin with, there was the difficulty in folding the F. & A. Sanitary Collapsible Card Table (an absolute essential to successful camping). Also Mrs. Applehead feared we had forgotten the toilet soap. Under her effective urgings, we thoroughly explored the seven duffle bags and were starting on the suit cases, when my son Wilkes discovered it lying with my imported dressing gown in the Dust-Proof Collapsible F. & A. Camping Wardrobe. Mrs. Applehead kissed me a liquid farewell and we were off at last!

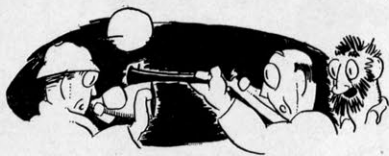
Our first night in the great forest was a continuous battle with the flying creatures that are so abundant. They attacked us with sedulous vigor and the zeal of



the famished. I smeared myself from head to foot with our Dehydrated F. & A. Fly Destroyer, but the beasts hastened to the attack with redoubled energy. Lighting a match I found I had used olive oil by mistake. I was awakened early by the buzzing of a tremendous creature at my side . . . it was not until two hours later that I dared relax my vigilance, having discovered that it was the snoring of my faithful Indian guide, Pete.

The next day Pete suggested stalking a moose. Accordingly we secreted ourselves in a convenient thicket, and sure enough, after four hours of nerve-trying tension we heard the piercing call of a huge bull. He was evidently near at hand, and even the restraining arm of Pete could not prevent me from springing out and aiming at the monster. But imagine my surprise when I discovered it was a hunter, like ourselves, giving the call with experienced dexterity. We returned home and dined on beans.

Being campers in the ultimate sense of the word, it



was of course necessary that we fish. We therefore set up the F. & A. Collapsible and Folding Canvas Boat and embarked upon a nearby lake, braving both the elements and the flying creatures. Towards sundown we snagged into one of the *bassado preposto* and much excitement prevailed on board our craft. My line promptly entangled in the conventional manner and yielding to the excited urgings of Pete, I commenced pulling in the prize hand over hand. Just when our



beauty was hard by, however, our combined efforts proved too much for the frail craft

and it collapsed in the very manner described in the F. & A. pamphlet. Fortunately we were both sturdy swimmers and had little difficulty in reaching shore. That night Pete drank the remainder of the Fly Dope.

"Pancakes!"

The magic word that is "Open Sesame" to the hearts of all jolly campers. I awoke



one morning to the odor of burning flapjacks and saw Pete kneeling before the fire and removing two overheated dog biscuits from the frying pan. But I was not to be fooled in this manner, and insisted on mixing the proper ingredients myself. My initial effort, however, resulted in an explosion, whereupon Pete accused me of depleting the gin supply instead of pouring from the water bottle. Fortunately we had enough gin remaining to wash down the dog biscuits.

The morning of our return I suggested a swim, not, you understand, that I favored the idea of an aquatic immersion, but one simply must be able to exult over such events when at home. Soon we were merrily splashing about, enjoying being "Away From It All," when I detected female voices approaching. We scurried rapidly to cover and tremulously watched a party of five portly matrons advance and examine our paraphernalia. But nature will not be denied, you



know, and my sneezes are a trifle boisterous. I saw one of our young elephants swoon, and away crashed the other members of the Beef Trust

through the jungle. We hastily rolled our unconscious mass into a swamp and departed from there for home and safety.

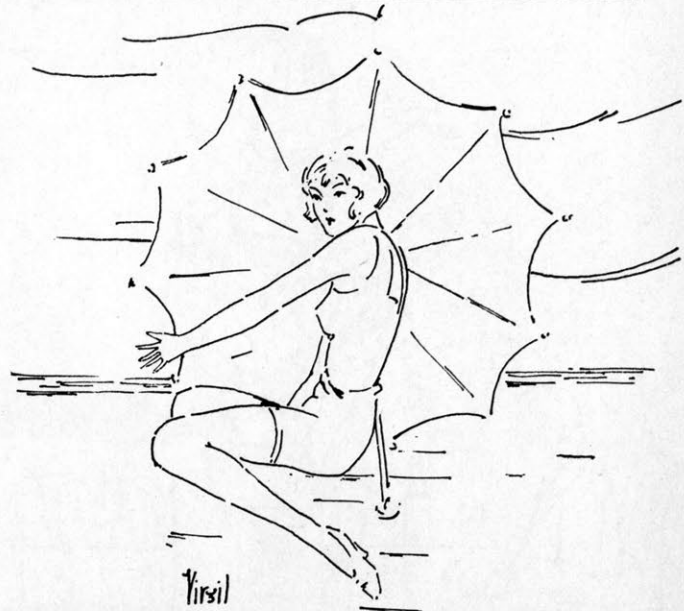
THE BOYS CAST A VOTE

Whoa, Ferd, whoa, slow down and stop or the first thing you know your feet'll be leavin' you behind. Now, where's the fire? — Going to vote! Ferd, you aren't really twenty-one! — Dear me, and you looked so young and innocent, too. Well, who are you goin' to back in the White House Derby? — Yea Bo, Ferd, fair enough. I see your intelligence is sproutin' — Yeh, when I see Cal I'll tell him you're behind him to the last man. — Sure, the General, too, if he understands my English. — Nope, I couldn't vote, Ferd, didn't have the shekels to carry me back to old Gopher Hole, Missouri. Sure's plenty tough, maybe they'll lose now — Yeh? All right, trickle along then, see you later in the *Cabinet*.



"Why is it, Gerald, that you are always sharpening your tools after your work is done?"

"Merely something to do, Clarice, when things are dull."



"What are the trees like in Atlantic City?"
"The beach limbs are wonderful."

"So you are devoted to art. And what sort of art do you prefer?"

"Thou art."



"Have you noticed how Francis drops his aspirates?"

"That is scarcely anything to the way he drops his vowels; even now I have a dozen of his I. O. U's."



CONGRESS TABLES THE MOTION

POLYOPTIMISTICS

"Citizens of Boston, Massachusetts: I come here tonight not to flay my opponent, do not misunderstand me, gentlemen, I would if I could, but I can not. His honesty is spotless. He is a gentleman and a scholar. I have read a lot of scandalous things about him in one of your libelous newspapers, but it is all false! Do not believe such rot, gentlemen! There is no finer fellow living than Bill Jones. In fact, he would get my vote tomorrow if I were not a candidate myself. I am not going to keep you here tonight enumerating the various mistakes and blemishes of the present administration. Everyone makes mistakes. I expect to make a good many of them if I am lucky enough to be elected. The present administration might have romped off with a little graft. But what of it? Every man has his price. I have mine. If you think it is high enough to be out of reach, take a chance. That is the only way to be convinced. If you think otherwise — all well and good. Everyone has a right to his own opinions. In that case, go to the polls tomorrow, and vote for my opponent. You won't go wrong. If, however, you are willing to take a chance, I will be pleased to accept your votes. Thank you, gentlemen. Good night."

ADVICE

Professor's desk may be swathed in junk
And littered with books replete with bunk,
But your feet on top will earn a flunk —
Don't park there.

While working in classroom just try and think.
Cast aside the airs of a Missing Link,
If tempted to rave, cool off with a drink —
Of water.



We are under the impression that the orchestra leader at the Brunswick was selected because of his typically Egyptian appearance.



Young Bride: "Hubby, this is most embarrassing, your kissing me in such a condition!"

Inebriated Husband: "Sh'all right, dear. I didn't know that it was you."



"What would you suggest as a campaign song for the G. O. P.?"

"'So I Took the Fifty Thousand Dollars.'"

"IT IS BEING DONE"

A lifelike playlet in two parts, with music if necessary.

PLACE: New York in the striving thirties.

TIME: The early eighties.

LORD REFEREE, a suave but stern old gent.

SARAH, his only daughter, and the cause of his tenacious insomnia.

Act I

Sarah: "Father, do you think ten months long enough for my engagement to Frank?"

Lord Referee: "I think it much better to prolong it, my dear. People might talk, you know."

Sarah: "And might we go to Niagara Falls?"

Lord Referee: "Later, darling, I shall see."

Sarah: "But these horrid newspapers, don't let them hear a word about it, it would be so embarrassing for both Frank and myself. Everyone reads them."

Act II

The same characters take their parts in this act. Sarah has abbreviated her clothes, hair, manners, and name; she must keep pace with the economy of her time, for it is now 1924. The lord lengthens the stem of his pipe, his trousers, his knowledge of profanity, and his disregard for his daughter.

Sarah: "We've decided on Bermuda for the honeymoon."

Lord Referee: "Who has?"

Sarah: "Franklyn and I. The wedding is next week."

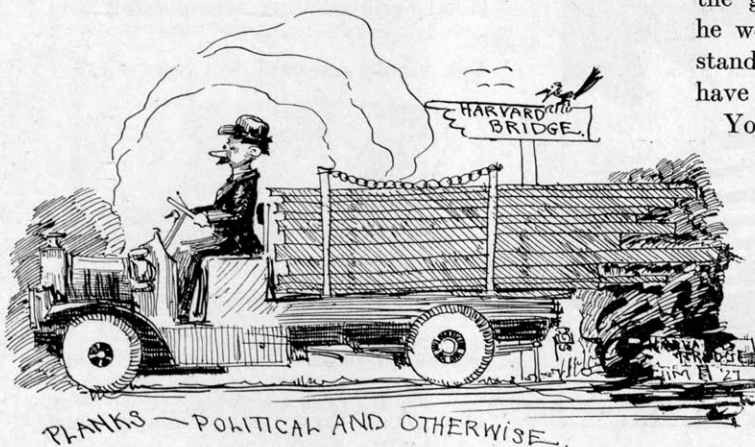
Lord Referee: "But I had no idea you were engaged."

Sarah: "My dear father, don't you ever read the papers?"



History Prof: "Cite a campaign issue of 1916."

Stewed: "The issue of old shoes to the 102d Field Artillery."



We wonder if any of the candidates ever make their letters running for Congress.

CANDIDATE FELIX BLIMPS

"My dear friends, this is the proudest moment of my life. In coming to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I feel like a new man. It has always been my deepest regret that I was unable to become a student of this academy of science, but the name has always been close to my heart. I wish I had a million for every time I have climbed my granddad's knee and said, 'Grandsire, tell me of that great Massachusetts Institute of Technology.' And he would discourse on the great bridges you have built and the enormous research that was being carried on. In fact, these stories of Technology used to be my usual bedtime tales. And granddad always said, 'Felix, my boy, you will live to see the day when Technology becomes the greatest institution in this universe.' How proud he would be — and all of our ancestors — if he could stand beside me on this platform and see how you have more than fulfilled this prophecy.

Your graduates are situated in every corner of this world, augmenting the name of this glorious Technology.

I stand before you, a 1924 model engineer — efficient, honest, with plenty of speed, power, and energy. There will be no frictional or heat losses in my administration. I am proud to see this noble organization rally to my cause, for as the engineers of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology go, so goes the country."

IF CAMPAIGN PROMISES COME TRUE!

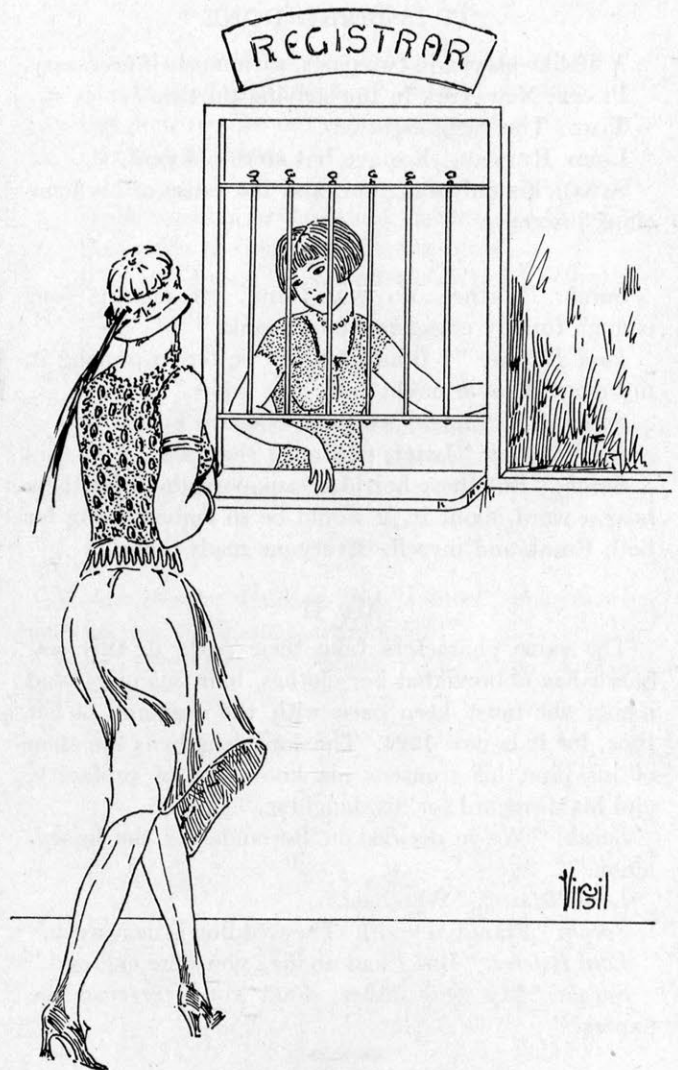
It was the year 1927. I strolled happily down the immaculate and perfectly paved boulevard (all grafting contractors having been exterminated), puffing a pipe symbolic of the New Administration. Contentment was my lot for the League had been established, Germany had insisted upon paying not only her entire debt, but double the interest due, and the farmers had at last come into their own and lived in ducal palaces with large retinues of servants.

Big Business had turned to altruism and was literally compelling the masses to accept high wages. Taxes were not only a thing of the past, but the New Administration distributed weekly remittances to all citizens in good standing. Public officials were actually servants of the people and were selected for their courtesy and high breeding. The Union of Taxi Bandits was giving courses in Music and Art. Armies existed no longer, while our naval vessels had been turned into large, floating parks for the common herd. Everywhere was satisfaction, peace, contentment.

A dark, swarthy-looking fellow brushed against me and I found myself holding a printed notice reading: "To all loyal Americans: Our heritage of graft, taxation, and oppression has been destroyed. Many are yearning for discontentment and unenlightenment. Be at the mass meeting at Tammany Hall, 9 p.m., this evening!"



"Come on kid, give me another shot of lead," bravely shouted Eversharp.



REGISTERING EMOTION



PUBLIC SENTIMENT

"Good politics involve passing out cigars."

"Yes, smoke one and you pass out."



"John, do you love me?"

"With every ounce of strength that I have, Lorraine."

"Would you really put yourself out for me?"

"Certainly, dear. I would go to any length to please you."

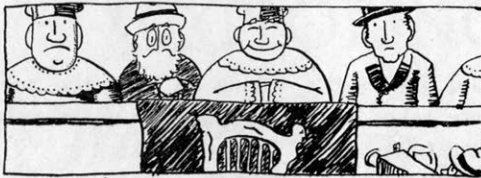
"Then please do it now. I simply must go to bed."

The Day's Work

6.00 a.m. Starts the day right by roundly cursing the campaign manager, who suggested he arise at such an early hour in order to impress the public with his industrious habits. Well, the reporters are all waiting outside, so — but tomorrow it's back to ten a.m. again!



10.00 a.m. After knocking off a little of that lost sleep the Senator listens at breakfast to a talk by Mrs. Van Rushenk, of the Little Rock Woman's Club, explaining the intricacies of coffee and hard-boiled egg cooking. This shows his intense interest in all domestic affairs — the logical woman's candidate.



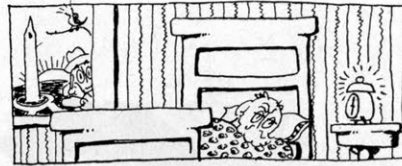
12.00 n. Has a sitting at the photographers who make him up some catchy prints. The one on the left shows his love for the clean, homely, country life; the second, his great fondness for animals; while the third is to prove that he is a real red-blooded American, not even afraid to ride in an airplane.



3.30 p.m. Makes impassioned radio speech on "Pan-American Relations and the Recent Slav Concession." After a great deal of trouble, the Senator has succeeded in eliminating any reference to oil, tariff, bonus, world court, or anything else.



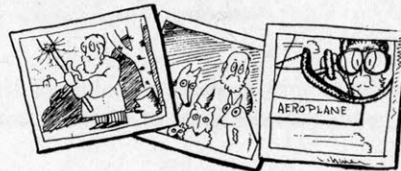
10.00 p.m. Spends the evening writing Chapter 99 of "My Memoirs as a Statesman." The following quotation is from this chapter: "I have never sought publicity, attempted to create false impressions or to ingratiate myself with any one class of people. A true statesman knows that it takes more than one class to elect a man."



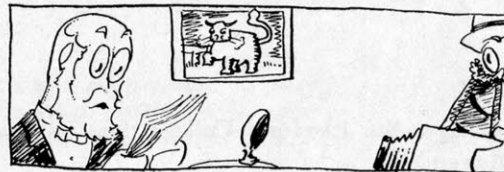
6.30 a.m. "The Senator takes his morning gallop through the park on his sturdy bay." Not having been on a horse since the last campaign, the Senator finds it rather difficult to maintain a continually genial appearance in front of the battery of cameras.



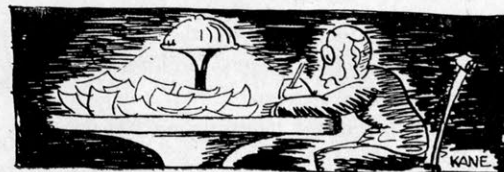
11.30 a.m. Reviews Knights of Columbus parade. Movies take pictures of him shaking hands with Cardinal His Most High Reverence O'Brien. This certainly shows he does not sympathize with the Ku Klux Klan.



2.15 p.m. Attends performance of Moscow Art Theatre players and is heard to remark it was a very excellent presentation. This ought to get him the Socialist and Red vote.



4.30 p.m. "Charitable to the extreme" has often been said of the Senator. Here we see him in the act of sending a smoking jacket and bed slippers to the Near East Relief, a collapsible bathtub to the Grenfell Mission, and a pair of socks, which have been in the family for one hundred and fifty years, to Henry Ford.





RUSHING THE POLES

The G. O. P. elephant has substituted a handbag for its trunk. Not a bad swap, eh?

One of life's little ironies is that the successful candidate takes an oath while the unsuccessful one gives vent to one.

A Congressman may become Speaker of the House, but he will never become speaker of the home.

"Five Thousand Voters Late for Registration." (*Post*)
"That would be \$25,000, wouldn't it, Uncle Horace?"

"Bill to Be Introduced in Congress for Federal Control of Baseball." (*Times*)
"Isn't it crooked enough now?"

Once a man had to have the force of Demosthenes or the eloquence of Cicero to be elected to the Senate. Now he must have the physiognomy of Valentino or the suavity of the Prince of Wales.

"No, Algy, the Electoral College does not have a football team."

"Mudd Named for Congress." (*Baltimore Sun*)
Congress in line for more mud-slinging.

Despite all reports to the contrary one thing is certain about elections — somebody is going to lose.

It is conceded that the platform of the Very Wets will not hold water.

Prof: "What is the biggest evidence of political graft you have seen?"

Tech Student: "Street cleaning on Massachusetts Avenue."



Give me the once over

"When the Radicals were finished with Blumpersneck he hadn't a leg left to stand on."

"I see, another one of those lynching parties."



EXPLORING *Whitman's* PLEASURE ISLAND

Have you forgotten the way to Pleasure Island?

It's a land that children enter easily, at a moment's notice. But most grown folks have lost the chart. Some of them even doubt that there is a Pleasure Island.

Here, in this storied box of chocolates—Whitman's Pleasure Island Package—is proof that the glamor of romance still lives—it gives to the dreamer's vision "a local habitation and a name." Pleasure Island is *real*.

So explore this pirate's chest. Lift the tray, packed with treasures from tropic shores, and feast both eyes and palate on the contents of the money bags beneath. Surely chocolates were never so sweet and so suggestive of their rich background of history.

Pleasure Island Chocolates are sold everywhere, in nearly every neighborhood, by those selected dealers who supply Whitman's Chocolates—each one of whom receives his supplies direct from Whitman's.

"On Choosing Chocolates," "Samplers Old and New," two illustrated booklets, either, or both, of which will be sent on request.



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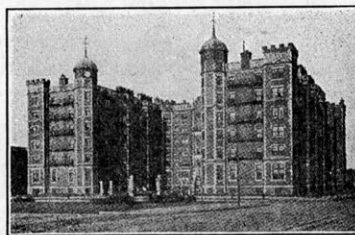
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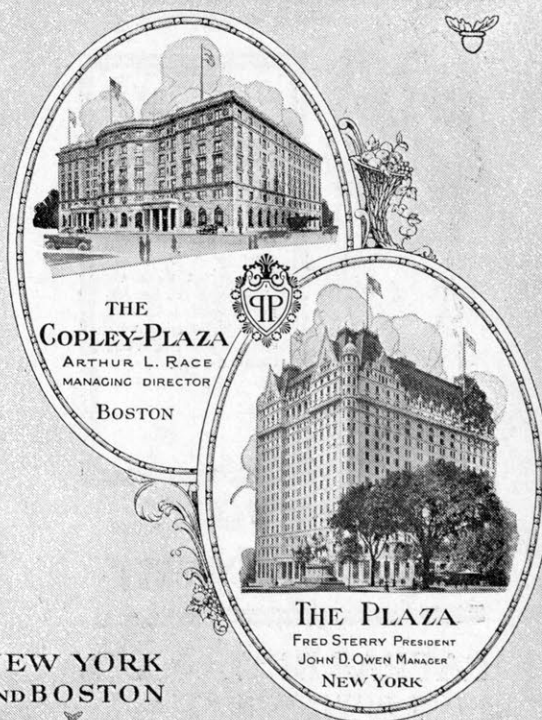
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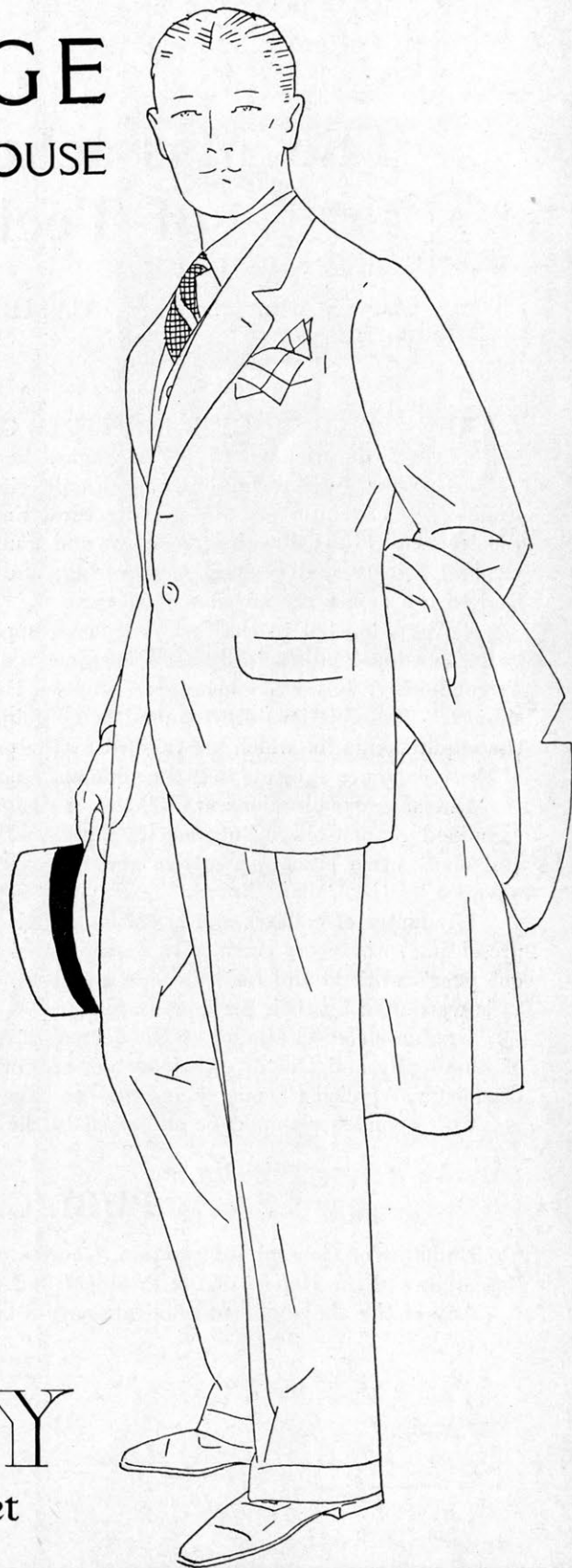


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To be admitted to the first-year class, applicants must have attained the age of seventeen years, and must satisfactorily fulfill entrance requirements in Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, Physics, Chemistry, English, History and French 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.

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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.

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PUBLICATIONS

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He: "You've made a monkey out of me."

She (sweetly): "Don't blame me for nature's little jokes."

— *Purple Cow*

OH, SO FAMILIAR!

Cop (to Fair One): Say, the next time you fail to stop at my signal, I'll pinch you."

Fair One (coloring): "Sir, how dare you."
— *J. H. F.*

Prof: "Young man, what is the difference between capital and labor?"

Stude: "Capital is what you loan and labor is what it takes to get it back."

— *Belle Hop*

Goldstein: "Wherever in the world you go, you'll always find that us Jews are the leading people."

O'Sullivan: "How about Alaska?"

Goldstein: "Vell, Iceberg ain't no Presbyterian name."

— *Tiger*

She: "Compose me a short story."

He: "I love you!"

She: "Accepted!"

— *Belle Hop*

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Mike: "Why has Dot decided to give up the European trip she was contemplating?"

Ike: "She heard somebody say that travel broadened one."

— Pitt Panther



"Why does Helen go out to the park so often?"

"Oh, she's looking for some grounds for divorce."

— Mercury



Co-ed: "I never want to see your face again!"

Brute: "All right — lean your head on my shoulder."

— Gargoyle



"Sir, when you eat here you do not need to dust off the plate."

"Beg pardon. Force of habit merely. I'm an umpire."

— Belle Hop



GUESS WHO IT WAS

Voice over the phone: "'Lo, Norma. Gonna be busy Tuesday night?"

Norma: "No."

Voice: "How would you like to have a date?"

Norma: "Fine."

Voice: "Hope you get one. Good-bye."

— Sun Dial

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