

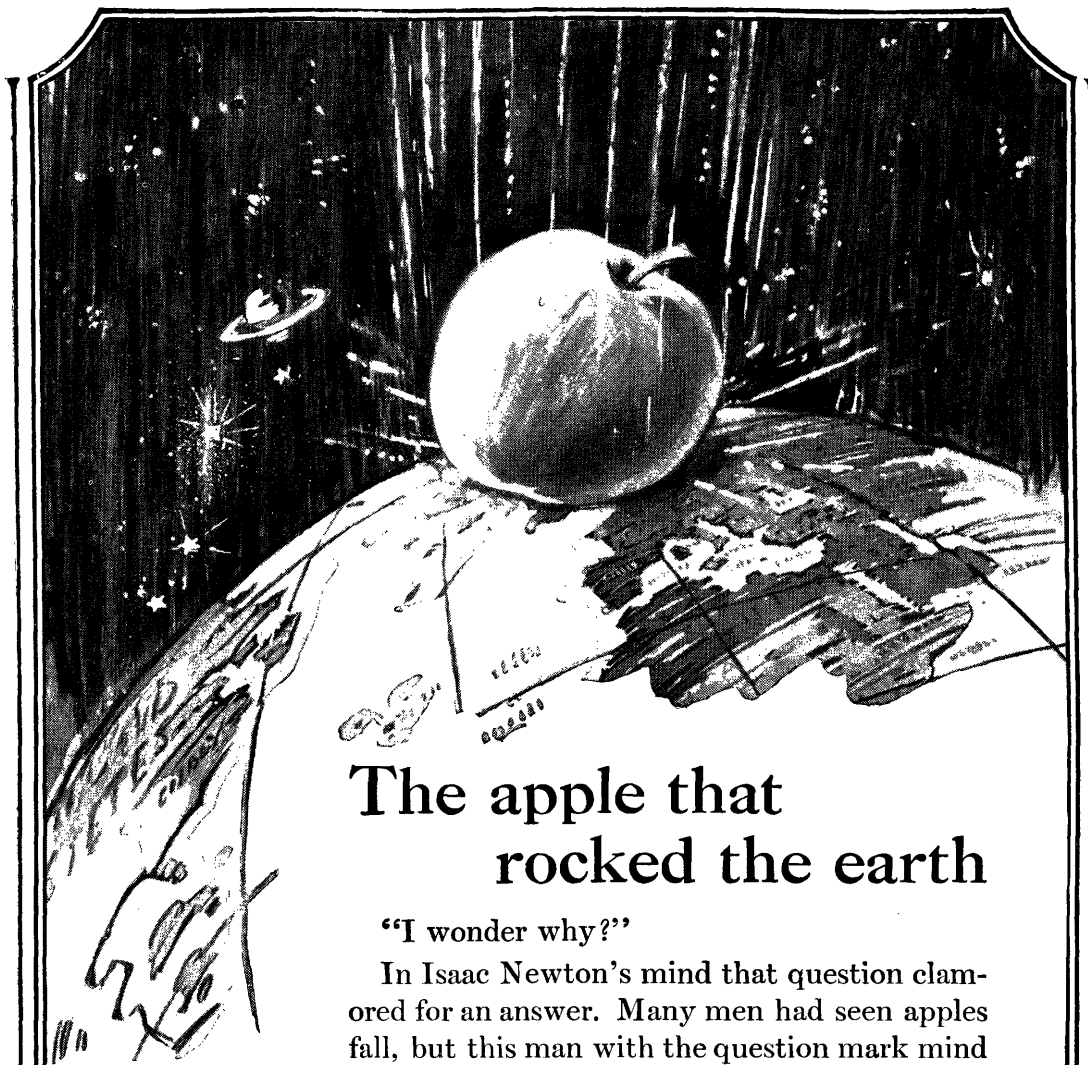
WooDee

25¢

for
MARCH



M.I.T.·M.I.T.·M.I.T.·M.I.T.·M.I.T.·M.I.T.·



The apple that rocked the earth

“I wonder why?”

In Isaac Newton's mind that question clamored for an answer. Many men had seen apples fall, but this man with the question mark mind found out why they fall—and his answer has helped us to understand the workings of a universe.

Would that we all could get a bite of that apple if it would inspire us too with the “I wonder why” attitude!

Intellectual curiosity is a great and moving force. It mobilizes reluctant facts. It is the stern drill-master which whips into shape that most invincible of armies—sure knowledge.

Curiosity, with the will to sweat out the answer, is the greatest asset you can acquire in your college course. This attribute is needed by industry today more than ever before.

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

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IMPORTED GOLF HOSE

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Boston, Mass.

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CAREFREE

Jesse: "Ah, say dere, James, dat horse you done sold me is blind. Yesterday I was out riding with him and he done go right into a tree."

James: "Dat horse ain't blind, man."

Jesse: "What you mean?"

James: "Just what ah say — that horse ain't blind — he just don't give a dam."

— *Medley*

AN ENGLISHMAN'S REVENGE

A party of Americans and Englishmen were traveling on the continent this summer. They encountered a road sign which read: "Ten miles to Barrington." Some witless wonder had scrawled below: "If you can't read, see the Blacksmith."

The American openly snickered and the party continued. About ten miles farther down the road an Englishman burst out laughing. "Suppose," he gasped between guffaws, "suppose, the Blacksmith wasn't home."

— *Rice Owl*

The Parson: "How do you do brother, and where are you from?"

Bjones, '25 (forgetting himself): "New York Alpha, And you?"

— *Widow*



*The Pullman
Philosopher*

"HAIR is the meanest substance in the world," said the Pullman Philosopher. "Here on my bald spot where I want it, I can't raise it. Whereas on my face I have no use for it, but it grows there like weeds. I haven't shaved today because pity for my suffering face stays my razor hand."

"In the words of Munyon," said I, "there is hope!" And I made a dive for my sample case.

In two minutes I had him standing in front of a wash-bowl—coat and collar off and sleeves rolled up.

"It's no use," he groaned, "the water's cold and this razor is dull." "Forget it," was my brutal comeback. "Work that half-inch of Mennen Shaving Cream into lather. Use plenty of Mr. Pullman's arctic aqua. Don't bother with towels or finger rubbing."

"Now it's all over but the shaving," I explained. "That slather of lather has changed your bristling whiskers into soft pinfeathers. Scientists call this Mennen action 'dermutation.' You'll call it a miracle."

After a few easy razor strokes his face was as smooth as a girl's. The Philosopher wrung my hand in gratitude.

"Just rub a little of this Mennen Skin Balm into your hide," I directed. "It disappears right away—no grease, a pleasant odor, and it makes your face feel great."

"Don't thank me," I interrupted his hymn of praise, "thank the Mennen chemists who have created a Shaving Cream that makes whiskers surrender and a Skin Balm that makes faces smile."

Your druggist has 50c tubes of Mennen Shaving Cream—and tubes of Mennen Skin Balm at the same price. A word to the wise—

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

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; 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.



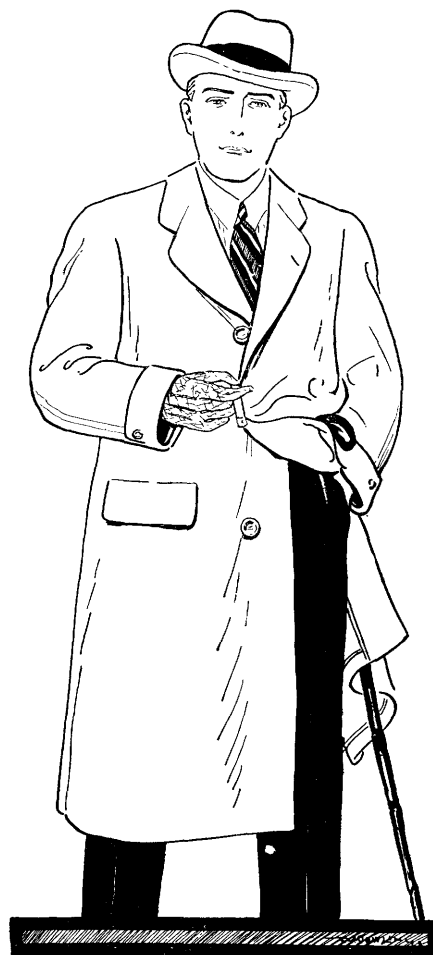
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Browning King & Co.

Established 103 Years



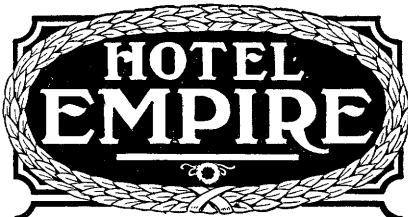
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ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS.

Equal distance from Pennsylvania and Grand Central - Walking distance to Times Square and the shops. All transportation lines at our door - Broadway at 63rd St. Within the zone of Columbus Circle (Central Park and 59th St.) the most important motor objective in the world.

P.V. Land, Manager



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

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

COLLEGE APPAREL OF THE VOGUE



London Coats and Fur Coats
Patrick Coats and Ulsters
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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

He: "May I hold your hand?"

She: "Well, I suppose we will have to start with the preliminaries."

— *Punch Bowl*



"There goes a fine girl. I loved her once."

"Why the once; didn't she like your style?"

— *Humbug*



"ON TO HARVARD!"

"What of it? So are we."

— *Record*



History Prof.: "Well, my dear young lady, didn't you ever hear of the Mayflower Compact?"

B. B. D.: "Oh, is that the new Djer-Kiss product?"

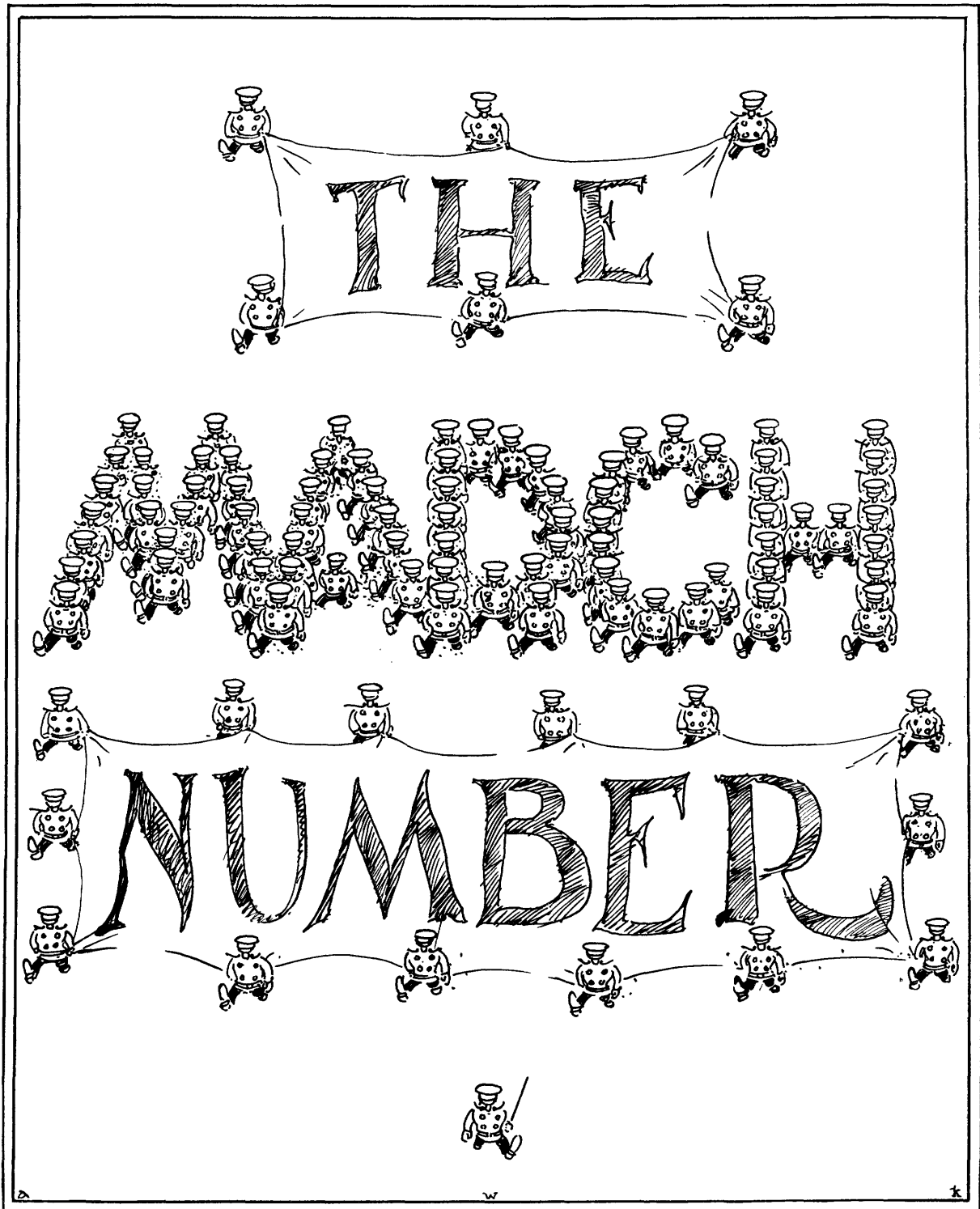
— *Yale Record*



"Was it a case of love at first sight?"

"No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."

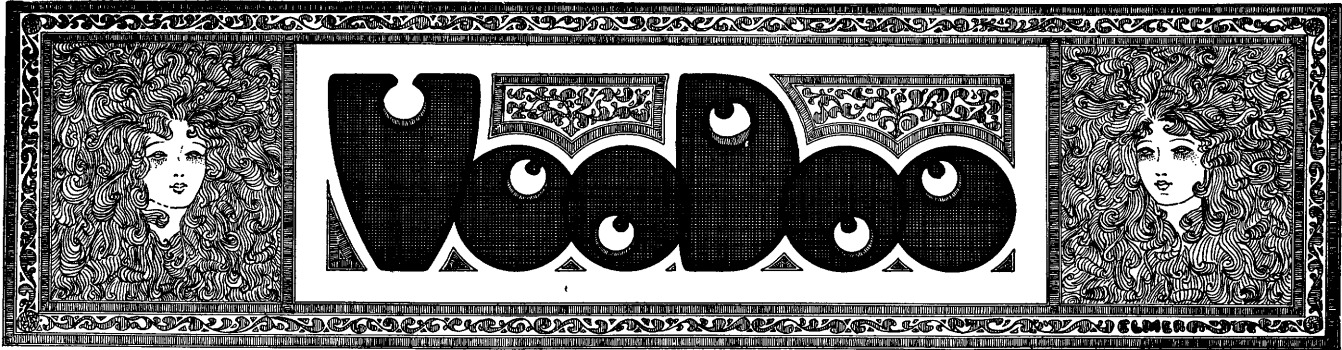
— *Medley*





"Look here, lady, we don't allow no tights in here."

"Say, say, pretty boy, these are all my friends, see?"



IF

(With apologies to Kipling)

*If you can stay in Tech when all about you
Are flunking and are getting voted out;
If you can pass your course when all men doubt you,
And make allowance for your bluffing too.
If you can flunk and not be tired of flunking,
Or being incomplete, work off the D's
Or making H's don't give way to H-ing;
And yet don't think too much or talk too wise.*

*If you can make a heap of all your learnings
And risk it on a small examination pad,
And flunk and pass again on the condition —
And never write an alibi to Dad.
If you can sit up nights and do your problems,
And live for days without a bit of sleep.
And so hang on when there is naught before you
But the shadow of the Votes you soon may meet.*

*If you can tackle Triple E and keep your virtue,
Or walk with profs — nor lose the common touch,
If neither quizz nor hard exam can phase you,
When all Professors know that you're in Dutch —
If you can use a complex tricky slip stick,
And ne'er give up a course that you've begun,
Yours the Degree and everything that's in it,
And what is more, you'll be a wreck, my son!*



"Will you please open the window, my dear?" asked Mr. Radio Jazzhound.

"Certainly, do you think it close?"

"No, but I've been listening to an Opera for the last hour and I feel like a change of air."



"You're a hot baby," said the flatiron to the stove.

THE MODERN MAN

Rises to business heights — in an elevator.
Travels a great deal — on his radio.
Criticises his wife — over the telephone.
Surmounts all obstacles — in an airplane.
And frequently buries himself — in a newspaper.
And thus science advances the world!



Prof: "Jones, you have been absent from the last four classes. Why?"

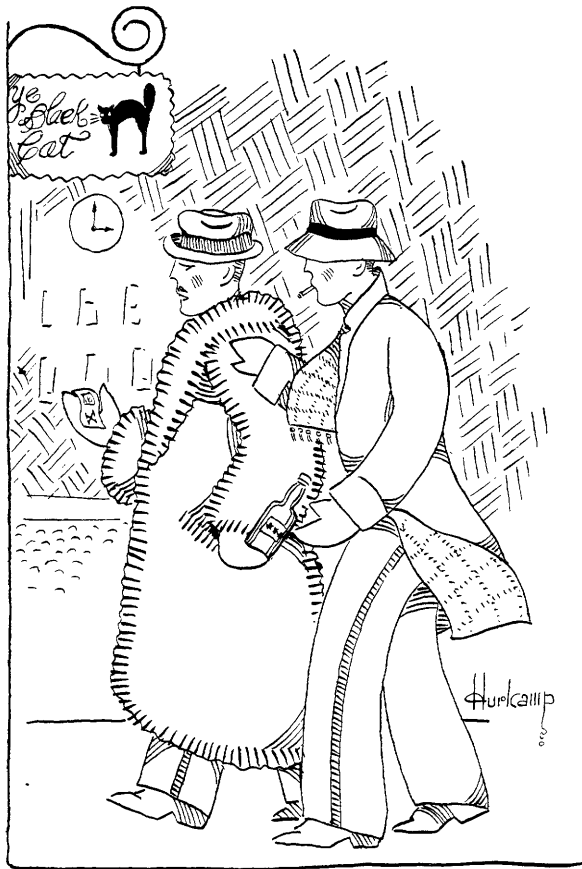
Jones: "I was sick, sir."

Prof: "Sick! You don't look it."

Jones: "No, sir, I was sick of coming to classes."



DELAYING THE MALE



THE LAST RESORT

LOYALTY

*The wind blows up
And the wind blows down,
The wind tears through
Our staid old Town.
It flicks the dust
To the cloudless sky —
And later it settles
In my eye.
The dust is here
And the dust is there,
The dust chips off
My thinning hair.
Do I like dust?
Well, no, but heck,
I'll swallow dust
To be at Tech!*



"Where d'ja get the radio tie?"
"What d'ya mean a radio tie?"
"Oh! a loud speaker."

TENSE MOMENTS WITH THE NOVELISTS
"THE RATTLESNAKE'S VENOM"

The Gripping Romance of a Desert Desperado
(The scene is laid in Iceberg, Arizona, in a picturesque cow-town of one building and two hitching posts. The day is Monday, the temperature 140 degrees in the cactus shade and there isn't any. And now meet the Hero, the Rattlesnake Kid.)

"The store door burst open abruptly knocking Weakheart, the dog, across the room and into the flour bin. The Rattlesnake Kid strode in, his six six guns dangling ominously from his hips, his breath redolent with purple sagebrush. Cod Fish, the proprietor, stirred uneasily in his sleep and spat contemptuously at a fly on Weakheart's nose. This apparently angered the Kid for jerking forth his sixth gun he proceeded with characteristic coolness to shoot first the proprietor and then the dog. But suddenly, realizing the enormity of his wicked deed, he turned with tigerish litheness and staggered out to face the world, a broken, beaten man."

(The next chapter tells of the Kid's comeback. Don't miss reading this book.)



"I see that I am making an impression on you,"
said the waffle iron to the waffle.



JOHN HELD

PHOSPHORESCENCES

My girl is of the fair sex—likewise
of the bill-of-fare sex.



“Comin’ Through The Rye” may
have been easy back when that song
was written but, boy, you need a
cast-iron stomach to do it now!



A newspaper report states that
the hosiery market is shaping up
better. Why do they mix business
with pleasure that way?



We wouldn’t mind shoes getting
lower and skirts getting higher if
only there were something more
worth-while in between.



The bootleggers have a new
national anthem, “I Wonder Where
You’ll Go From Here.” They sing
it once to a customer.



A visit to the Dorms made us
certain that family skeletons weren’t
the only things rattling bones these
days.



A prominent jurist says: “Our ancestors were more
truthful than we.”

Perhaps so, but they never had to make out an
income tax return.



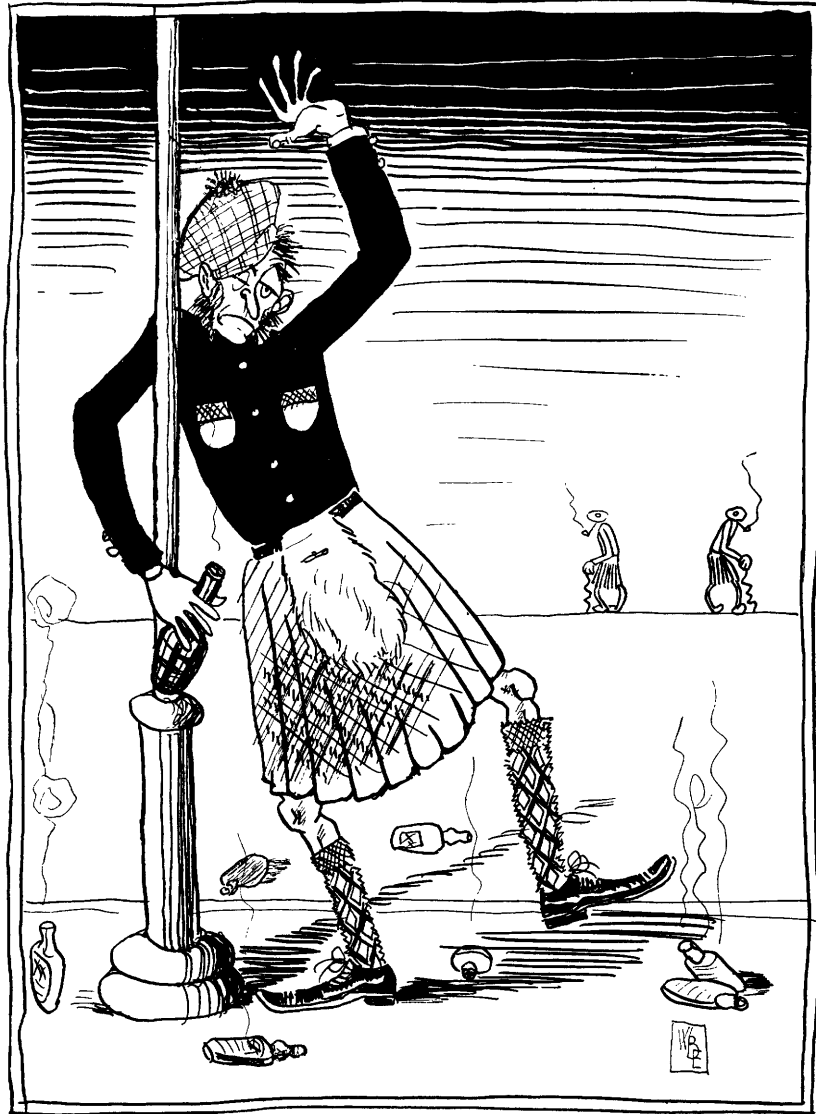
Our idea of nothing at all is an Astronomical Observa-
tory in Pittsburgh.



“Women meet at Washington to End Wars.” — *Sun*.
From now on married life should be all bliss.



“Violinist Asks Divorce.” — *World*.
Probably tired of playing second fiddle.



A HIGHLAND FLING

CRITICAL ARGUMENT

A Belt and a Pair of Suspenders were arguing over
their relative value to Man.

Said the Suspenders: “Don’t you realize, Belt, that
you are simply ornamental? I do all the work and you
get all the credit.”

Said the Belt: “You’re quite unfair, Suspenders, and
wholly wrong. It happens that *I* do the work and you
are just like Accident Insurance — something to fall
back on in case I fail.”

To settle the argument they finally had to com-
promise by agreeing that it all depends on the wearer’s
outline as to whether the Belt or the Suspenders did
the more work.

FIELD DAY AT THE ZOO

Gr-r-r-r-h! Woof! Woof! Gr-r-r-r-h! S-s-s-s-! Ah, the cat's meow! The Seventh Annual Field Day of Wild, Domestic and Dumb Animals was off.

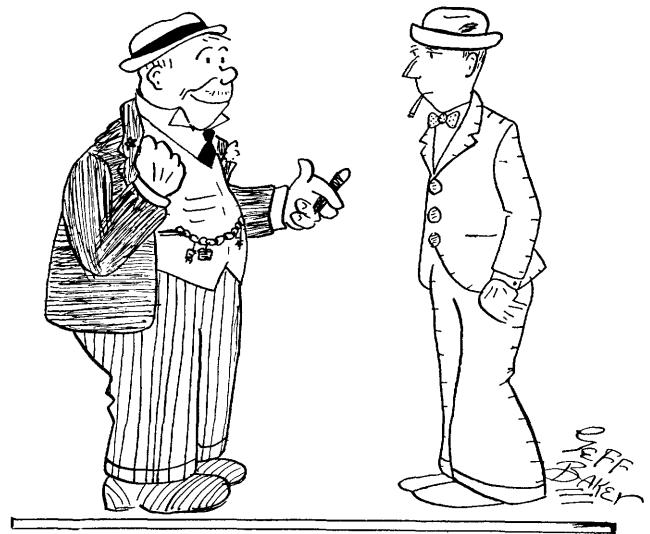
I dashed madly to the Coffee Grounds of the La Touraine. The 100-yard twaddle was already under way. See, the Giraffe wins by a neck! What! Judge I. C. Crooked rules that the Belgian Rabbit wins by a hare! It is general gossip among the dumb animals that the Boston Terrier would have carried off the honors if he had not pulled a bone. The cross-country race came next. In this event the black and white Skunk running unattached nosed out all of his competitors in nothing flat. In the golf tournament which followed, the Canadian Wildcat was considered the best on the Lynx. The re-lay brought out some tough birds, but after much cackling the Guinea-hens managed to take it from scratch. In the weight events, the Omaha Hog carried home the bacon. The petting contest resulted in a dead heat between the Bear Hug and the Mush Rat. The day's program was brought to a grand finale by a free for all soup drinking contest in which the Persian Cat won by two laps. All in all, the affair was a howling success, and a wild time was had by all.



They say Dumb Dora's husband took home a meter stick and hooked it in series with his crystal set in order to reach a higher wave-length.



"Do you take Heat?"
"No, but I'm taking cold."



"I suppose a successful contractor, such as yourself, needs know how to speak many different languages in order to talk with his help."

"Well, not only that, but in Boston you gotta be able to communicate with the City Government."

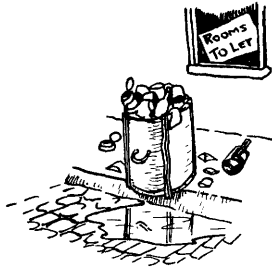


Did you ever
Go to a party
And make a big hit
And seem to be
The life of
The party and
Everyone laughed
At everything
You said and
Smiled most nicely
When you approached
And you went home
Feeling good and
Thinking you were
Pretty good after all
And then you found
That part of your
Shirt tail had been
Sticking out all night?
Did you ever?



WAGES OF VIRTUE

"Where are you going, son?"
"Going to the Circus, father."
"Where did you get the money?"
"Mother gave me a quarter for telling her that I saw you kissing the maid."
"Here's half a dollar, son; go back and tell her what an awful liar you are."



*View on
Back Bay*



THERE WAS ONCE A GIRL

FROM BACK BAY

WHO SEEMED TO BE VERY

BLASÉ

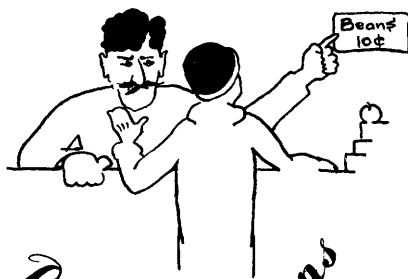


ONE DAY SO IT SEEMS

SHE REFUSED PORK & BEANS

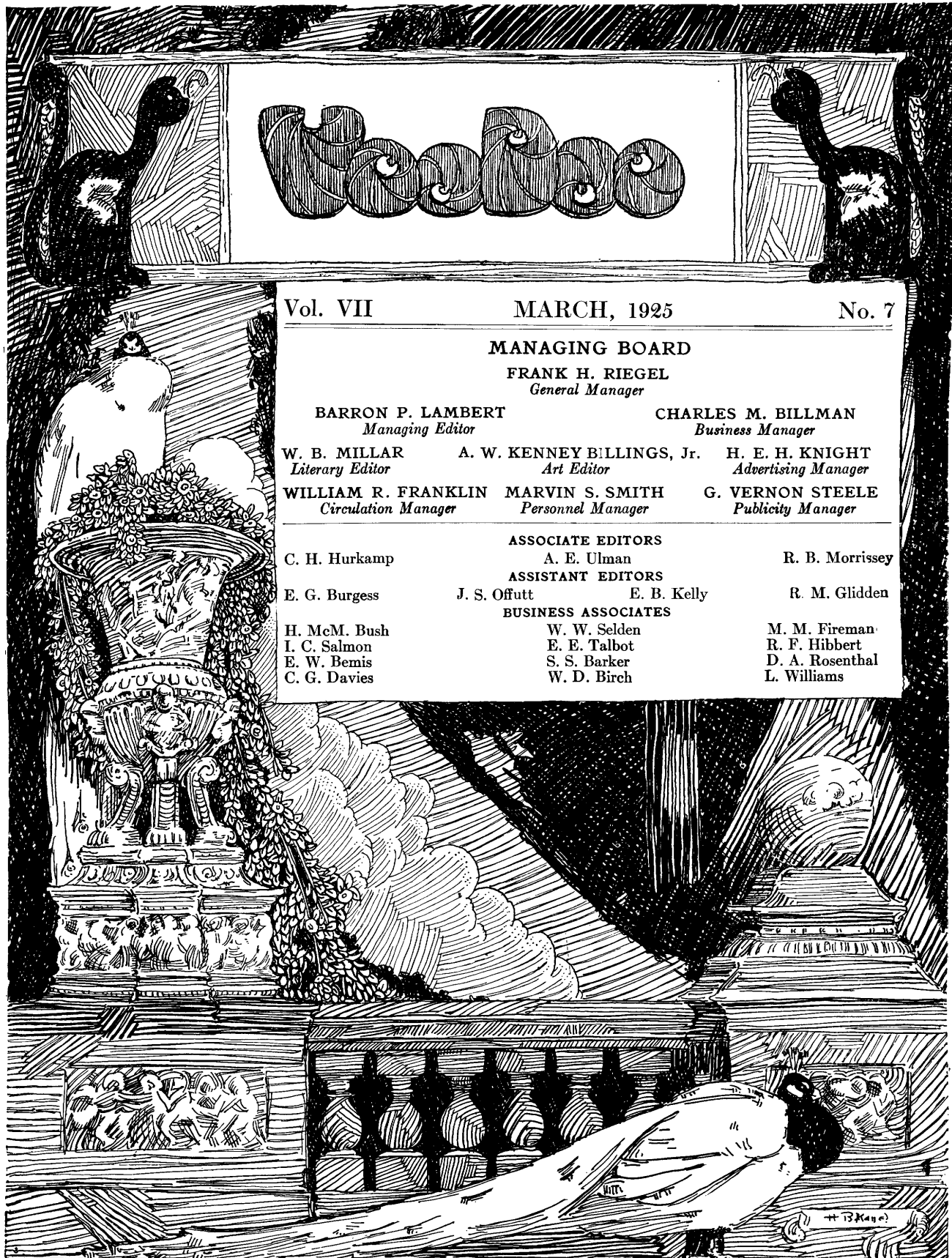
AND THEN THREW HER

TRANSCRIPT AWAY.



Refusing Beans





Vol. VII

MARCH, 1925

No. 7

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Have you Seen our Gallantly Glittering Watch Chain? Phosphorous has no quarrel with Mac Mop. It is true, his yellow coloring proved most indigestible, but aside from that his intentions were quite praiseworthy. The writer of "How Honorary Societies Seduced Me" (poor demented soul!) evidently suffered from the same over-gilted waistcoat which has annoyed ourselves. It would be simpler and far more effective if we were to wear prominent, oh, *very* prominent, badges giving the number of honorary societies to which we belong. Our intent is not to discourage the well-developed industry of watch-charm production: it would be suicidal to suggest depleting the number of stagnant organizations of honorarydom, for the resulting squabble would be another Commune. But some powerfully lunged soul might propose that these disciples of the hock-shop vest front acquire some, however insignificant, purpose. Phosphorous lauds the Rollo-Rollos, who have at least acquired a reputation for drunken brawls. Though their constitutional purpose may be the acquirement of literary expression, they at least succeed in giving their members a feeling of generously inebriated satisfaction, morning-after headaches, and a sense of utter devilishness. To all appearances these highly secretive societies merely succeed in filling a page in "Technique" with some skull-and-cross-bonish emblem. It would be too much to suggest that they actually *do* something, but a little "noise" would not be inappropriate. As it is, an underclassman rarely knows what objectives to work for. The news of an election, coming mysteriously through the mail, as it does, might be an overture from the more exemplary K. K. K.



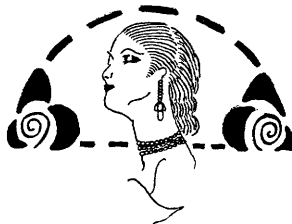
This Latest and Most Dastardly Outrage! The most recent and similarly unforgivable invasion of the sanctity of the home descends upon Walker in the form of "Eddie" Pung's radio. This effective factor in the Modern Inquisition of Up-to-date Sounds manages not only to disturb the sensibilities of those on the bottom floor but to harrow inmates throughout the entire building. It is probably causing the lack of concentration among the janitors and spurring on the unbridled insolence of the same Mr. Pung's pin boys. We suggest that some purposeless organization such as the New York City Club adopt a constitutional amendment to the effect that, "It shall be the righteous aim of all members to devote themselves to tearing, rending, and utterly confounding this vile application of electrical ingenuity."



The Greatest Show, etc., and the Unsmashable Armory Tech Circus was a success: it was "put over" with a unanimity of spirit that gives grounds for hoping that the return of the much decried "activity-pep" is in sight. The managers of the Circus and all contributing factors deserve considerable credit for the success of the affair and for the fact that the Armory is still standing. Let us hope a precedent has been more firmly established.



The Difficulty of Using the Inaccessible A series of sedulous inquiries at the Information Office continually reveals the fact that "The files are being used in the next room." Now two possibilities offer themselves: either the "next room" should be converted into the Information Office or our sorely tried patiences should be maltreated into filling out *two* sets of personal cards during registration period. It seems that we have been perspiring under the mis-impression that the present set was for undergraduate convenience.





"Mr. Van Splunkstein to see you, sir."
 "Tell him I'm in China."
 "But he says he saw you come in."
 "Well, tell him to go to China."

HERO WORSHIP

He was the college hero — the campus sheik. Football, hockey, baseball, tennis, crew, basketball — a letter in every one of them. President of this, chairman of that, always had the latest dance steps first, knew more about fussing than Romeo.

This was my first game with the varsity. I was playing opposite him. One of his team passed the ball to him — we both leaped for it, fell with a thud — and he had broken his collar bone.

His schoolmates immediately directed the most relentless booing and hissing at me that I've yet heard. They were sore because I hadn't broken his neck.

VANITY

"Look heah Midnight, don't you'se neber call me nigger agin case I aint gwine to stand fer it no mow, I knowd ther's sumpin' matter with you, you is cullud blind, you is. I'se not black 'Ise cullud."

"Hey — stop! and listen to me Skylight. What done got in yo' head you ain't no longer black and that you'se ain't no nigger. Lissen, I'se might be cullud blind but I kin see that you' iz 'bout the blackest pusson I ever seen. If I iz Midnight you iz a qua 'ter to twelve."



Does a Japanese bootlegger use a Gin-rick-i-shaw?

THE BULLVILLE BEAGLE

This being March the BEAGLE has had a Tough Time getting Any Good News owing to the Fact that the Flu is Killing Off so many People in Bullville. We will soon have to Put Out a Special Edition of Death Notices and Funeral Dates which reminds Us that Undertaker Bis Tooms has put in an Emergency Call for more New and Snappy Epitaphs for Ages ranging from thirteen to forty-nine, the Supply of These having been Exhausted in the Last Minute Rush.

The Biggest Liar in Town Contest is Bringing Forth some Undiscovered Talent as well as Testing the Powers of those with Previous High Ratings. Zeke Butt is ahead So Far by about three Laps and two Gallons. Zeke's Tale relates how one nite he was Stumbling Along the Road and a Tree Ran Plumb onto him Knocking him Flatter than the Bullville Choir. He kicked a Hole in the Tree out of Revenge but so much Sap Run Out that Zeke Pulled up a Fence Post and Paddled Home on it. We figure that Most of the Sap was in Zeke's Hip Pocket (knowing Zeke As We Do). Zeke says he can Prove His Story by giving Us Some Maple Sugar he made Out of That Sap.

Bullville's Crime Wave is getting Beyond the Control of Our Esteemed Justice Ed Nabber. Ed can Catch 'em but he can't Hold 'em owing to the Jail having been Washed Off its Foundations during the Recent Spring Freshet. Then last nite the Wind Blew the Roof off and Tipped over the Hoosgow and Spilled out the Visitors. "Bullville must have More Jails or Less Crime," says Ed.

Will Wag — The Chief Editor.



"Sad plight of the student who attempted to read one quarter of the books his instructors recommended."

"Well, I'll set it up in the other alley," said the Tomcat as a shoe bounced off his head.



"This afternoon I visited the great Jewish steamer."

"Jewish ship?"

"Yes, the Levi-Nathan."



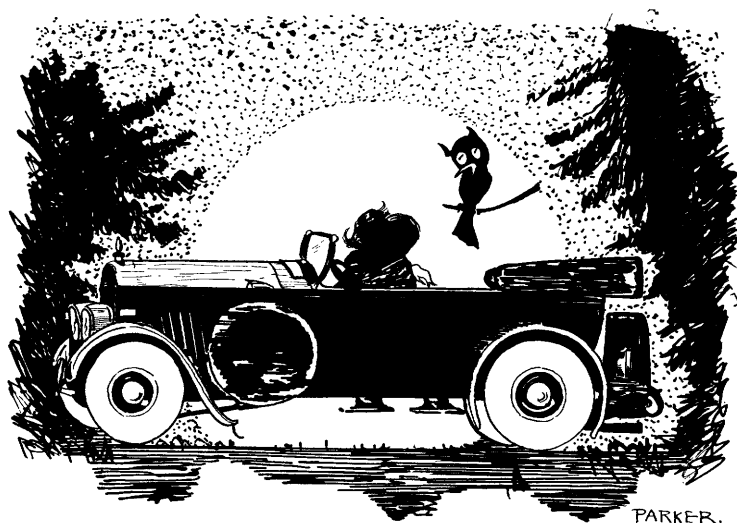
Doc: "A case of Epithelial Proliferations."

Victim: "Huh?"

Doc: "Merely a few warts."



A NEW HARVARD BRIDGE, BUT . . .



A PREPAYMENT CAR

ELOPING, *COMME IL FAUT*

Eloping should be standardized. At present there is too much of the haphazard, trust-to-luck about it. Success, of course, cannot be guaranteed but a few rules should simplify the matter for any aspiring young man.

To start with, remember that a wardrobe trunk and two hatboxes are out of the question.

Don't be melodramatic and shout, "Eleanora, I wait without." Use the radio and broadcast your time of arrival disguised as a stock quotation.

Her "old man" can't possibly sleep through the racket of a racing car with the cutout open drawing up under his window. Come over on a bicycle.

Don't trust a rickety step-ladder or a rope of knotted sheets; better slide down the rain pipe.

In case you are about to get caught pretend to be a burglar and shoot up the family a little.

Finally, if you must elope, wait until there is no one home but the girl. You may get away with it then.



Proud Ma: "Ferdie has a job now. His goods are always on hand!"

Less Proud Pa: "What's he doin', bootlegging?"

Proud Ma: "No, he's a glove salesman."



Marsh: "On our last trip to Canada we got forty to the gallon."

Mellow: "You did, eh? What did you use, a thimble?"



"Well, that's the way I figure it out," chattered the adding machine.

TOUR TALK

(A TECH TRAVELOGUE)

She was a nice girl — her first trip to Boston — that's why I met her. Conversation ranged from tea dances to slipsticks. Of the former, "Oh, my yes!" Of the latter O—O. After strutting a comprehensive sermon on the power of the polyphase the brilliant idea of showing her through "Ye Grinde Mill" popped into my one brain cell.

First I thought of the approach, must have a big first impression, of course. So we came over Harvard Bridge — and I never told its name! The tour of the building was to be such that the steam lab was left till last. The machine tool lab was "simply marvelous," the organic lab "smelly," and the classrooms "cute." Inaptnly we came

upon a white-coated janitor and I was forced to explain that he was not a barber but a broom buster. Casually I mentioned that there remained one small lab, and with that we burst into Ye Steam Lab. Ye gods! Such confusion — quickly she recovered to exclaim, "Oh! It makes me dizzy — aren't a lot of people hurt here every year?"

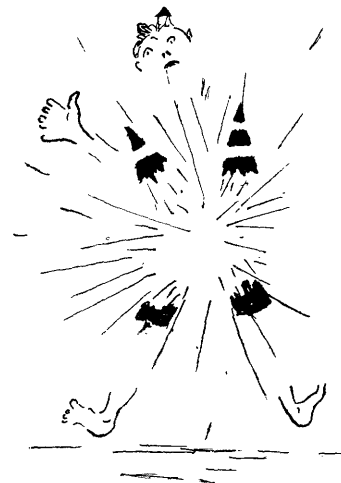
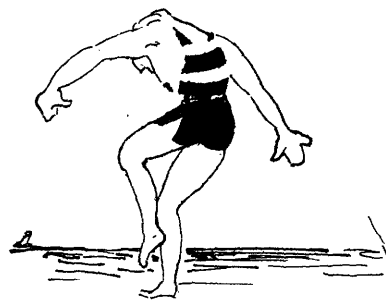
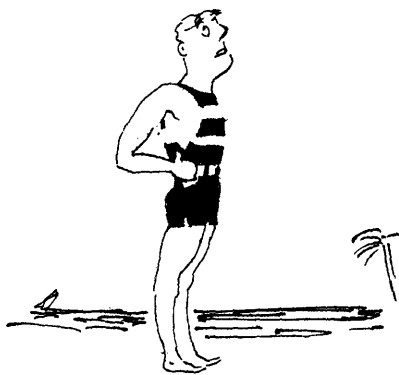
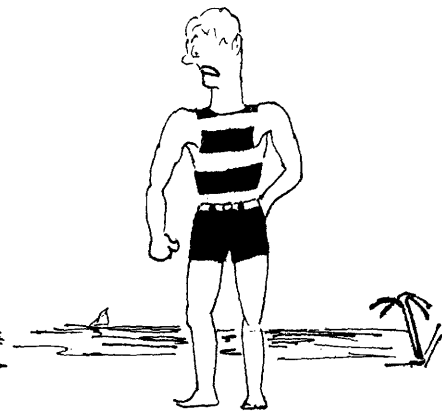
"Aren't you right!" I replied feelingly, "a whole bunch get busted every term and even the instructors are dizzy."

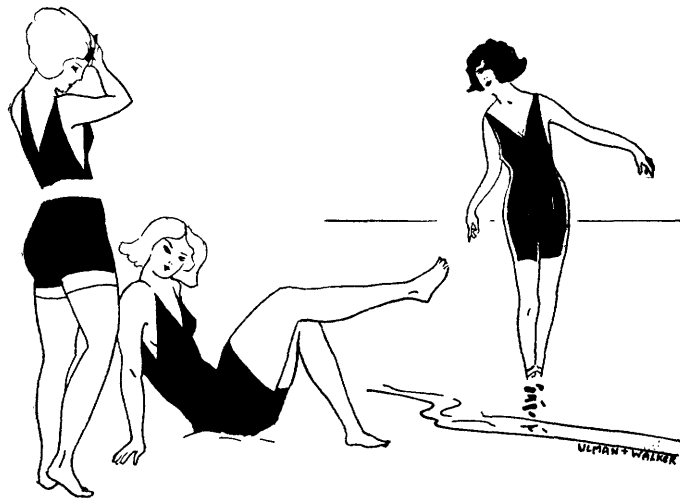
Bet she's still figuring that one out.



Serious minded: "Should the Physics Department be considered a Complex-Harmonic-Equipotential System, or a faultless machine equipped with regulators providing for all possible contingencies of Morphogenesis, Restitution and Regeneration?"

Never minded: "From the viewpoint of Palingenesis it would seem to be entelechic, of the nature of the Amphioxus; but to one holding the mechanistic hypothesis of Parallelism, this would seem to be an error in Logic."





"What do you think of Ethel?"

"Well, I asked her if she wasn't afraid of getting sun burned and she said she thought that the sun could stand it."

THE PRETZEL BENDERS

*Pretzels, pretzels far and near
But not a blessed can of beer.
Pretzels now ain't worth a darn
Ever since our beer has gone.
What I really wish I knew
Is what will Pretzel benders do?*

*Think of those hard working men
Whose art ain't worth six hundred yen.
Their artistic souls will pine
Waiting for that looked-for time
When their art will once more bring
Jack enough to make them sing.*

*"One more twist to this hard dough,
One more twist and away we go.
I don't think that curve's quite true
'Tisn't the way good benders do.
Another million in the cart,
Glory to the bender's art."*

*As I think of their poor lot
I am glad they're what I'm not,
Poor heart-broken, wretched men
Whose souls may never live again.
Honor to their fallen art.
(Hope it gets a brand-new start.)*



Doo: "I just addressed four thousand."

Ray: "Radio?"

Doo: "No, envelopes."

OUR RADIO DEPT.

Dear Ed:

Say, how's for helping out a friend? I wanta radio and I wanta build it. Here's what I got to start with; one flivver differential and fender, two insides of alarm clocks, one pair of galoshes, some glue, one old umbrella, numerous tobacco cans, a pint flask, lots of brass, and a little ambition. What sort of a set do you suggest?

—Radio Fan-atic.

Dear Fanatic:

We suggest you go on and make a Ford Sedan as the only added expense would be that of thumb tacks. At present you are a pint flask nearer a fliv than a radio which, of course, should be taken into consideration.

Dear Sir:

Used your "no wire" circuit last nite and by gum we heard China. My wife says it was the cook dropping things but I know better.

Radioly yours,

—Ona Bat.

Say Ed:

I tried putting Dandruff Cure on the crystal detector but the hair spring simply fell apart. Whassamatter?

—Simple.

Dear Simp:

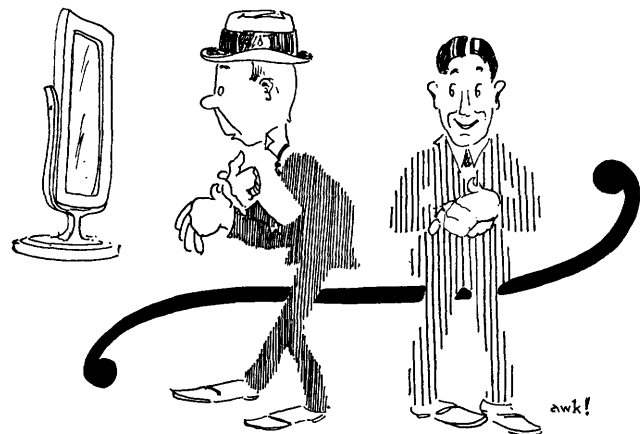
You didn't put it on right. Try a shampoo with hot towels.

Dear Sweet Ed:

Thank you so much, dear Mr. Editor, I took off that thing just as you told me and got much farther.

Yours,

—Wanta B.



HEAVY OVERHEAD EXPENSES



"Mrs. Mulcahy, Oi've a turrible pain in me stummick."

"Sure an' Oi hope it's nothin' trivial, Mr. Shaunessey."

"Well, it's poor Oi'm faelin' this mornin' instead o' me ushul twelve pancakes, only make eleven, but make 'em a little bit bigger."

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

Unfortunately, work on the G. A. N. has been considerably delayed, so much so in fact that since we were last heard from only thirty-nine chapters have been added. We ask our readers to bear with us. Sixteen publishers have denied themselves (with commendable self-sacrifice it must be admitted) the opportunity of bringing the volume before the public. Being of an impractical nature ourselves, we hesitate to assume the responsibilities of publishing the masterpiece. Then there is the matter of translation for the sale abroad. To date it has been transcribed into nine foreign tongues—the Scandinavian and Slavic being purposely omitted.

To make matters worse, we have not yet secured a man of sufficiently worthy note to write an introduction for us. We fear exceedingly that we will be compelled to resort to Mr. P. Marks—of slight reputation in these parts. May the censors look lightly on the introduction.

Apparently we must change the title "Six Saxs and a Girl." We have been favored with a letter from Mr. J. P. Sousa—a musician of some renown—in which he informs us that there are ten members of the saxophone family. We cannot permit our hero to stint himself. He shall have them all. Furthermore, the brewery emphatically refuses to loan us any more horses for the purpose of disintegrating various humans who have consistently mispronounced the title. For the present, though, it must stand.

Despite the addition of the thirty-nine chapters, our plot has not progressed far. We forced Camilla and Oscar to carry on a very revealing conversation in one of the rooms of the Inn. It has proved so interesting we have not yet had the heart to break it up.

(To be continued)



A motor advertising page fifty years hence: "Airplanes Take Big Drop."

FOR SALE CHEAP — ONE PARROT

Ferd, where in blue blazes did you tie onto that green and yellow lummo of a parrot? . . . Yeh, and I bet you been teaching it to strut its stuff too. When anybody says, "Polly want a cracker?" that bird sings out, "Well now, whoinhell wants to know?" Maybe that don't sound like you, huh! . . . No, o'course it never heard you cussin', musta been my bad influence, hey? Say, bo, you and that fatheaded sinner is twins—both of ya only know two sentences both of which is, "Hello Bill, slip me ten berries will ya?" . . . Aw, go on and teach your alibis to the parrot and sing 'em in duet. . . . I wouldn't lend you ten splinters offa woodpile—yes I would, though, if you'd run 'em through that hooknosed squawker. Come to think of it, Ferd, why don't ya sell that bird to a broadcasting station? What's another bum act more or less?



Prof: "Did you take a quizz yesterday?"

Absent-minded Stude: "Why-er-no. Is there one missing?"



I poke her here
And poke her there
I poke with all my ire,
But think me not a wicked man —
For I just poke the fire!



Diner: "Waiter, let me see, I ordered a tenderloin steak here yesterday, didn't I?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir, you did. Will you have the same again to-day, sir?"

Diner: "Well, if nobody else is using it I may as well."

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If cn be of frthr serv pls ntfy.

Very truly yours,

W. Q. R. CO.,

per B. T. U.

BPL:EFD



CONTEMPORARY SHAKESPEARE

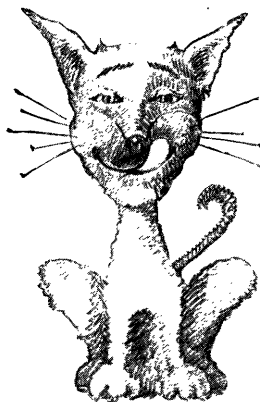
"Hello Johnston, old man — didn't you see at the Rotary Club last week. You certainly missed a heck of a good program — it was a knockout. 'Walt' Raleigh showed the coat he threw in front of the Queen. Said he told her 'Step on it, Liz, step on it.' I hear Goldsmith has a job now with the Checker Taxi and is writing a play on his spare tire called, 'She Stoops to Meter.' Must sign off as am writing 'Julius Caesar' and Anthony has just borrowed the ears of the crowd, which must be returned before I can eat lunch. See you at the Club tonight. Bye —"



Ruthless: "Pardon me, Miss, but do you wear suspenders?"

Ruth: "Certainly not, why?"

Ruthless: "Well let's get acquainted then, that is one thing we already have in common."



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"Banking on the curve," said the actress, slipping a bill in her stocking.

—Widow



"I hear that Bill took a walk in the woods last night to sober up."

"Yes; and after bumping into half a dozen trees he sat down to let the procession go by."

—Tiger



Zoölogy Prof.: "And this, young man, is a garter snake."

Freshman: "That little thing a garter? Why it isn't near big enough."

—Black and Blue Jay

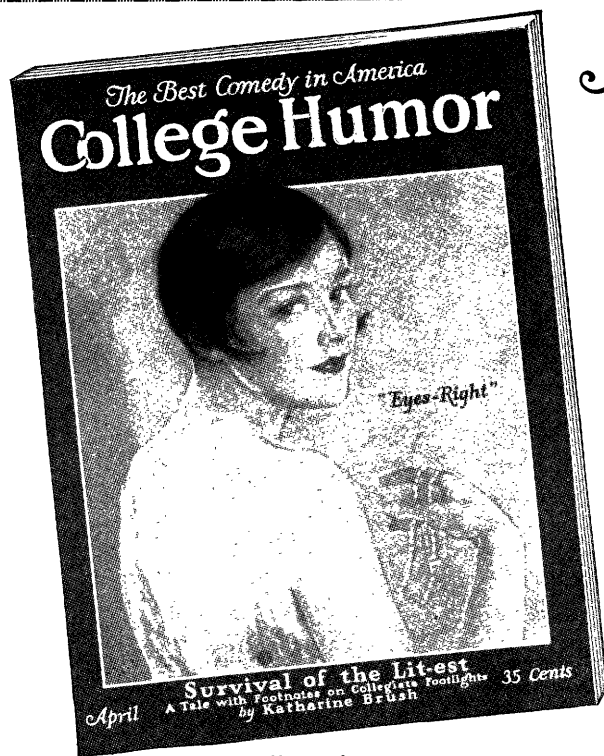


THE PAST MASTER

"Are you such a gay dog with the ladies?" T. Algernon Watrous was asked.

"Just give me a girl for five minutes," said he, "and she'll be a dame with a past."

—Punch Bowl



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Wallace Irwin
Percy Marks
Robert Benchley
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Dorothy Dow

Holworthy Hall

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Other Illustrators for 1925

Arthur William Brown, R. F. Schabelitz, Gilbert Wainson, Ralph Barton, Franklin Booth, James Montgomery Flagg, John Collins, and Charles Sarka

"I hope that's a nice book for you to read, darling," said a conscientious mother to her engrossed schoolgirl daughter.

"Oh, yes, Mummy," said Miss Thirteen. "It's a lovely book, but I don't think you would like it. It's so sad at the end."

"How is it sad, darling?"

"Well, she dies and he has to go back to his wife."

—Tit-Bits (London)

Father: "What! You wish to marry my daughter? You have no clientele, what could you offer her that she hasn't at home."

Medic: "Well — er — free medical attention."

—Illinois Siren

We were about to suggest that a pledge pin would make a good collar button; but after all, that's just what it is.

—Widow

Bystander (to movie sheik): "What're you doing?"

Actor: "Practicing picking up the heroine at a gallop."

Bystander: "You don't have to pick them up, they'll jump."

—Widow

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Garage Hand: "Say, young man, you and this young lady had this car out six hours, and you've only gone four miles."

Colleg: "Here's an extra dollar, my man. You just keep quiet."

— *Dirge*



"Hello," said a voice over the house phone in a hotel, "is this the Belmont?"

"No," replied the operator, "this is the McAlpin."

"Thanks," he said. "I just woke up and didn't know where I was."

— *Bison*



Despondent: I'm thru with life.

Jovial: Why don't you read Judge?

— *Banter*



'25: "Boy, that woman sure can shimmy!"

'26: "I agree with you. Let's shake on that."

— *Dirge*

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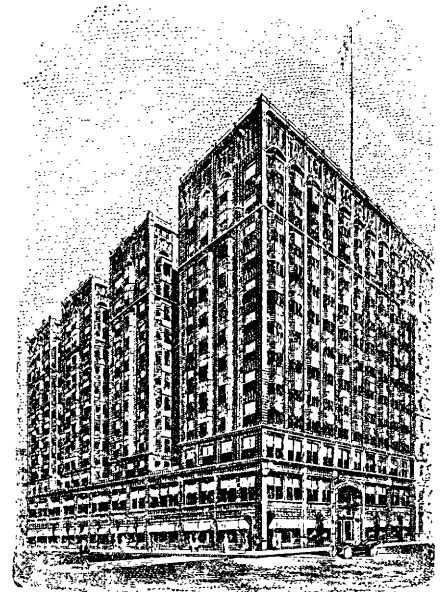
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Bold Young Woman: "Yes, do you want me to prove
it?"

Modest Young Man: "Why-er-no. I'm just gather-
ing statistics."

— *Bison*



English cut: Do you play golf?

Plus fours: Yep.

English cut: Teach me some words to say when the
fliv gets a puncture.

— *Octopus*



Chi O: "The ancient Greeks often committed
suicide."

G. G.: "Them was the days. You can only do it once
now."

— *Dirge*



"Did you hear that Jones was asked to leave college
for cribbing?"

"No. Was he?"

"Yes. He was taking a Chinese exam and when he
started to blow his nose a laundry ticket fell out of his
handkerchief."

— *Chanticleer*

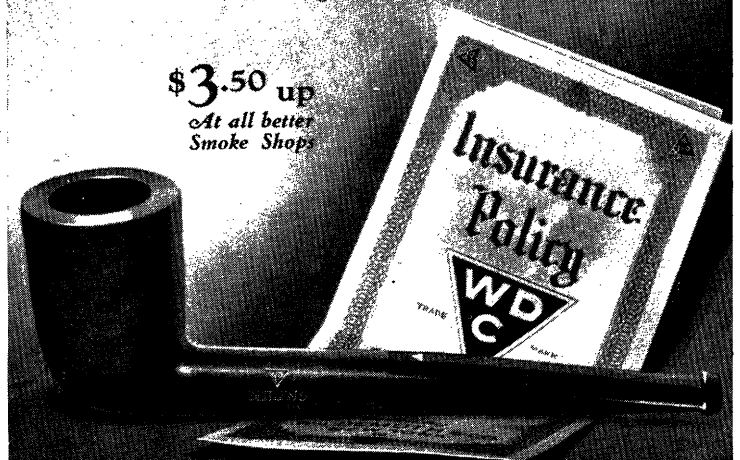
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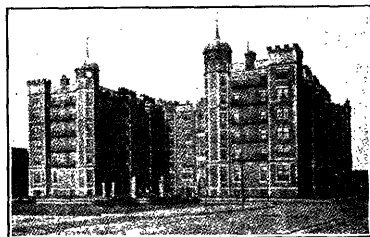
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First: "He must be a politician."

Second: "Why?"

First: "I just heard him say he was going to write the
Governor for some money."

— Punch Bowl

Judge: "Guilty or not guilty?"

Ingratiating One: "Far be it from me to influence
the court. It would not be seemly to dictate to yer
Honor."

— Brown Jug

"How many children has a telephone operator?"

"I don't know, but you can be sure it's the wrong
number."

— Yale Record

Irate Father: "Young lady, those flesh-colored stock-
ings you have on are positively indecent. How many
times do I have to tell you not to wear them?"

Daughter: "I'm not, father."

— Stone Mill

"Is it proper to use glasses at a musical comedy?"

"It's not proper but it sometimes shows good form."

— Humbug

S P R I N G

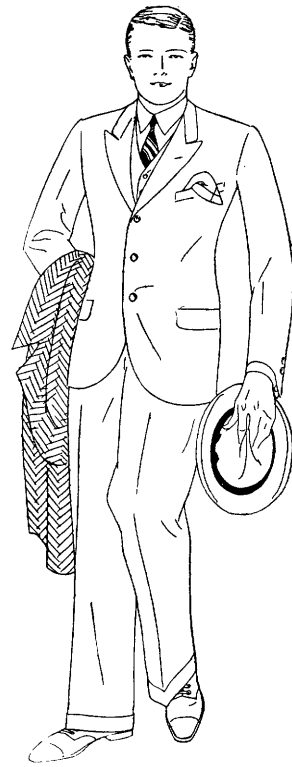
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