

M.P.T.

V O O

I O O



May 1925

25¢



But the whole team doesn't play first base

To suppose that a baseball nine will all cover just one position is as far from the truth as to think that everyone in the electrical industry is an engineer.

This field will always need trained engineers. But with its great manufacturing, construction and commercial activities, the industry must have non-technical men too.

Since the industry is manned by many types, the result of your work will depend a good deal on the success with which you team up. The qualities that win are not only efficiency attained by the light of a study lamp, but that all-pull-together spirit of the athletic field.

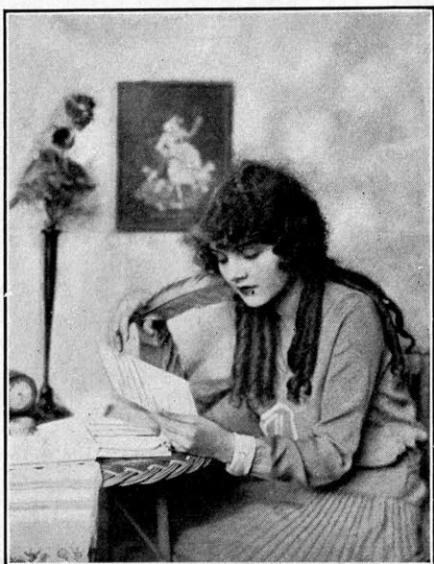
This point of view may be useful to the man who has wondered whether campus activities, with all their striving and stern testing, their setbacks and their triumphs, have any counterpart in after life.

*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

Write
to
the
Folks
at
Home
on



Old Hampshire Stationery

Its use implies a desire to please as well as good taste
in selection

Sold Plain and Die Stamped by the Local Dealers

Hampshire Paper Company

FINE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

"I got nine thousand men under me."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm a cemetery watchman."

— Judge



Little Pat: "I can't play with you 'cause you're a Jew."

Little Ike: "But we're not playing for money."

— Virginia Reel



"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

"As a matter of tact, yes."

— Mercury



"When I was home I stayed in every night, getting educated."

"Listening to the radio, eh?"

"No. My sister was home from Vassar and she talks in her sleep."

—Penn State Froth

GENIUS...

while you wait

Genius is too often like the poet's lady—"uncertain, coy, and hard to please." Mennen Shaving Cream is a stroke of genius, but it hasn't a trace of temperament.

I know baseball pitchers who reach the heights only when the sun shines hotly. Mennen Shaving Cream strikes out the whiskers regardless of the water's temperature. Tepid, luke-warm, or cold water suits Mennen's as well as hot.

A certain matinee idol must have a sympathetic audience to do his best. Mennen's gives you a perfect performance even if the water is hostilely hard or aggressively alkaline.

Many race horses are unable to run fast unless track and weather conditions are ideal. Weather never makes Mennen Shaving Cream too hard or too soft in the tube. Mennen's is always the same creamy consistency—ready to give you a zippy, gorgeous shave.

Anywhere, anytime, under any circumstances, Mennen Shaving Cream will give you absolute beard softening by the white magic of dermutation.

Druggists have Mennen's in 50c tubes.

Millions of men use Mennen Talcum for Men after every bath and every shave. Luxuriously soft, cooling and absorbent.

Tinted to match the color
of your skin. 25c.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

\$100.00

The cap stay on, the cream comes out! Coin a name for this Mennen invention. \$100 to the winner. Contest closes July first.



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Near
Boylston Street
and
Massachusetts Avenue

is the place where you get full value for
your money in food and service
All Home Cooking

Just think of getting a
**Full Course Dinner
for 50 Cents**

Our lunches for 35 cents are unsurpassed
Also a full Course Sunday Chicken Dinner 75 cents

Tables reserved for Parties

KENMORE 2233

Beachcroft

SUMMER BALLROOM

Revere Beach Boulevard

DANCING

Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays

BEACHCROFT ORCHESTRA

Collegiate Night Every Friday

Prizes, Silver Cups



Langrock Clothing

Is now being shown in our new department, ready made or made to your order. Come in and look over the new things we are showing for summer wear.

SUBWAY HABERDASHERS

115 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
BOSTON

AGENTS FOR MILLS LTD. AND LANGROCK FINE CLOTHES

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It ruined her entire evening

SOMETHING that she had overheard quite by accident—several men talking about her when they didn't know she was near.

Surely this sort of thing couldn't be true of her—and yet she had heard them with her own ears!

She couldn't get home fast enough. Nor could she explain to her escort why she was so upset. She felt only like bursting into tears—which she did the moment she was alone.

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: *Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.*

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*



LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid, Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.

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.

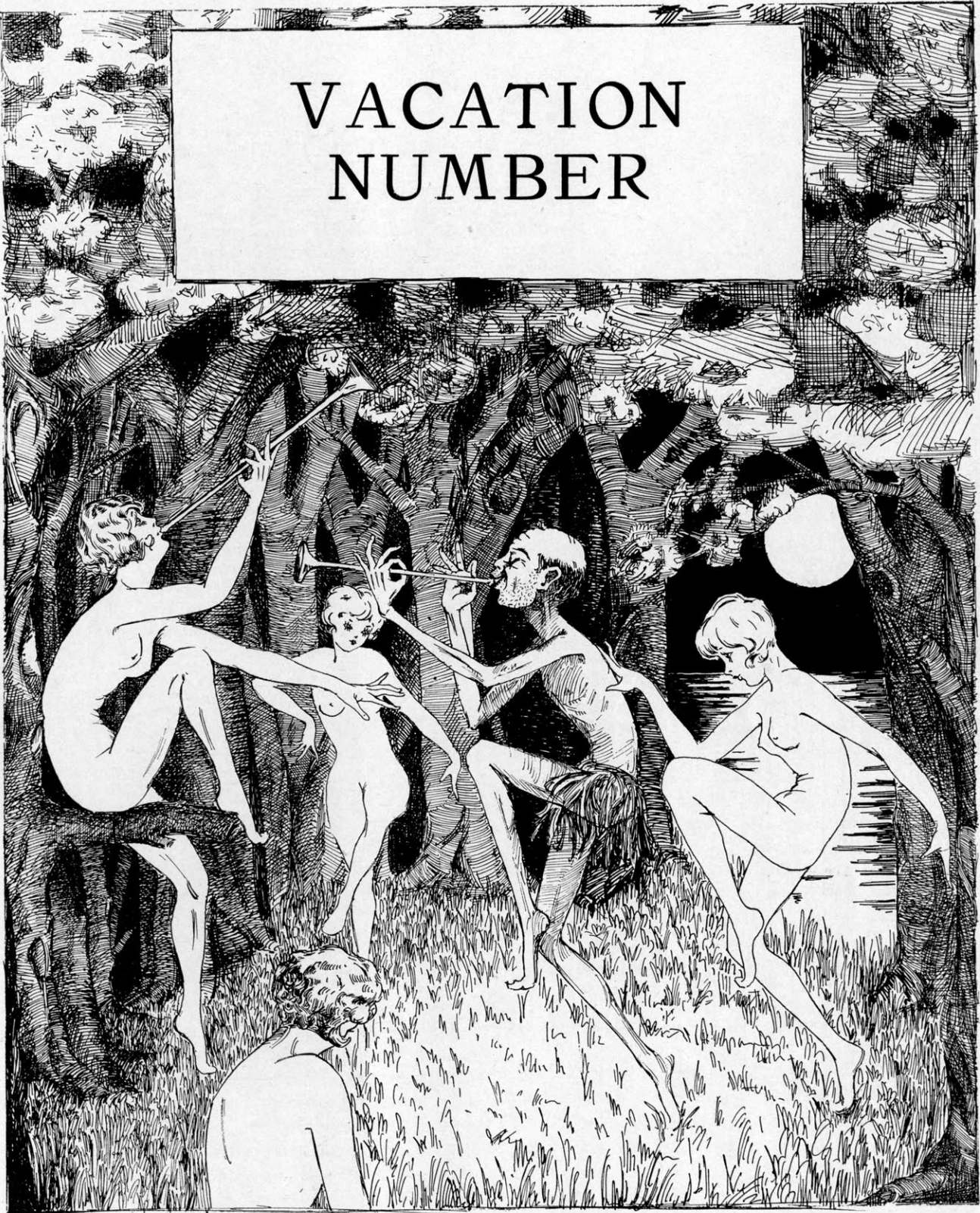
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PUBLICATIONS

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

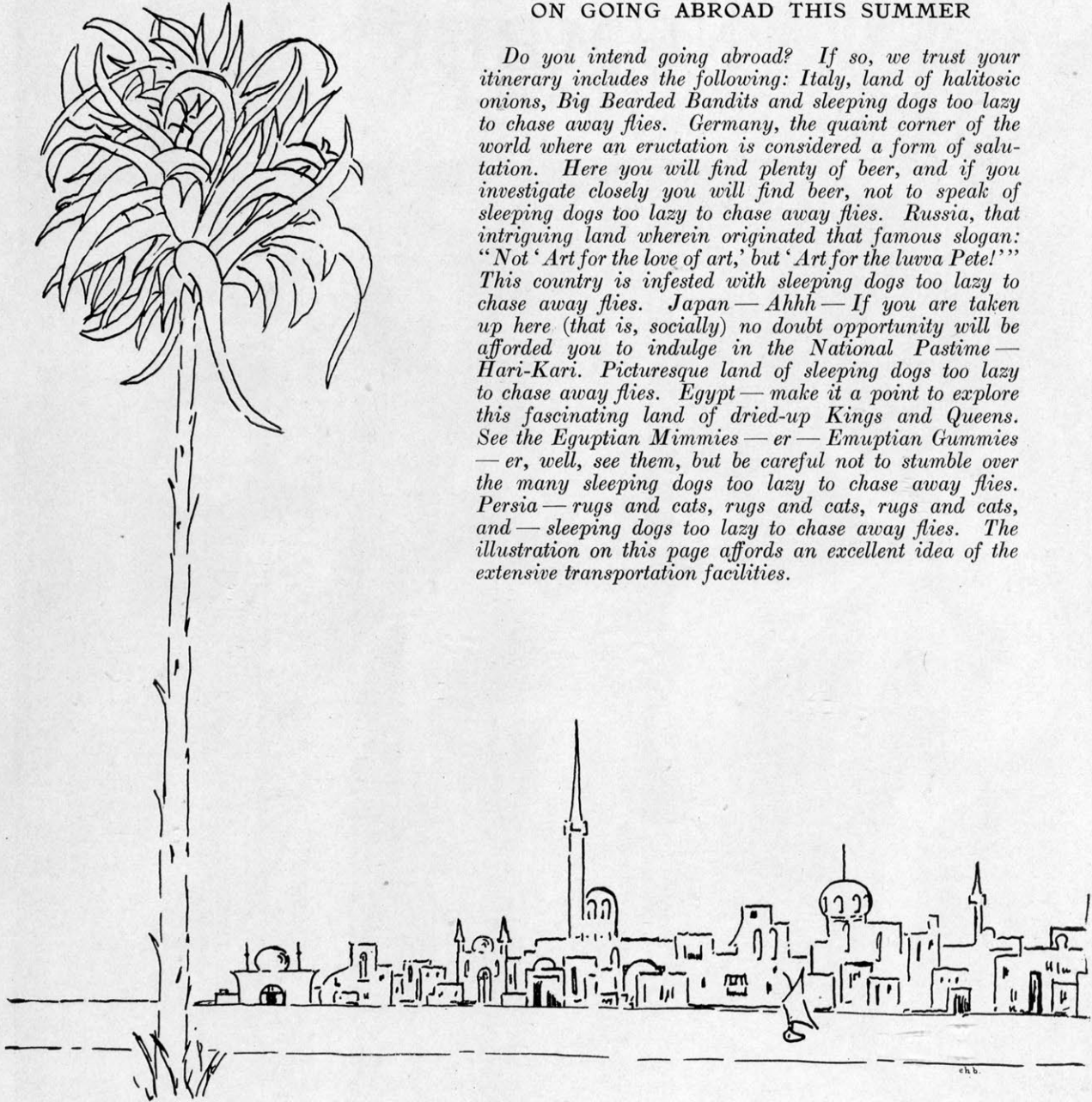
Any of the above named publications will be mailed free on application.

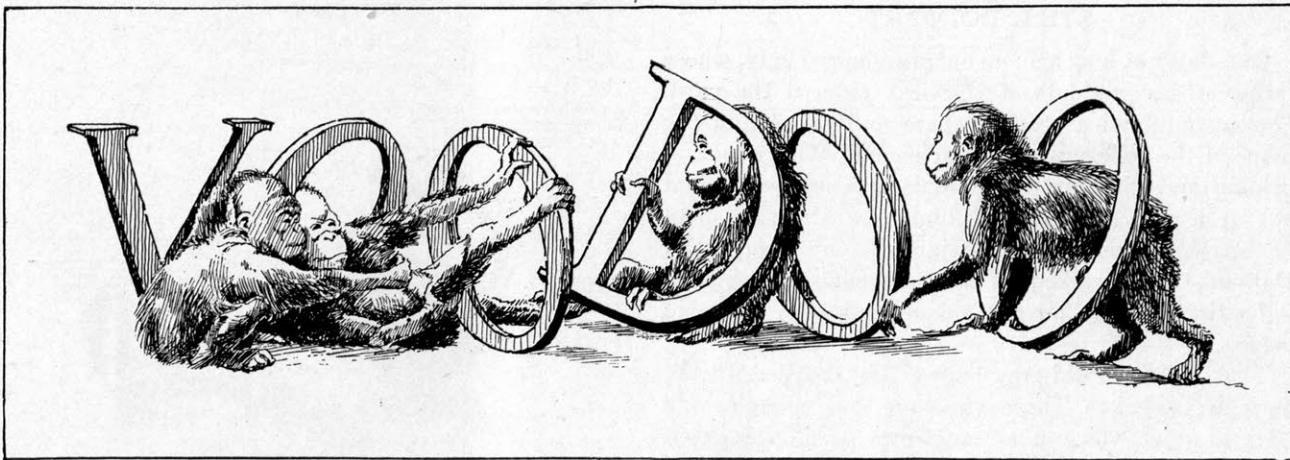
VACATION NUMBER



ON GOING ABROAD THIS SUMMER

Do you intend going abroad? If so, we trust your itinerary includes the following: Italy, land of halitosisic onions, Big Bearded Bandits and sleeping dogs too lazy to chase away flies. Germany, the quaint corner of the world where an eructation is considered a form of salutation. Here you will find plenty of beer, and if you investigate closely you will find beer, not to speak of sleeping dogs too lazy to chase away flies. Russia, that intriguing land wherein originated that famous slogan: "Not 'Art for the love of art,' but 'Art for the luwva Petel!'" This country is infested with sleeping dogs too lazy to chase away flies. Japan — Ahhh — If you are taken up here (that is, socially) no doubt opportunity will be afforded you to indulge in the National Pastime — Hari-Kari. Picturesque land of sleeping dogs too lazy to chase away flies. Egypt — make it a point to explore this fascinating land of dried-up Kings and Queens. See the Eguptian Mimmies — er — Emuptian Gummies — er, well, see them, but be careful not to stumble over the many sleeping dogs too lazy to chase away flies. Persia — rugs and cats, rugs and cats, rugs and cats, and — sleeping dogs too lazy to chase away flies. The illustration on this page affords an excellent idea of the extensive transportation facilities.





ESSAY ON POSITION

(Or the Attainment of Osculatory Perfection)

One of the most commonly reiterated and yet widely neglected epigrams is that position in life is everything. To be sure, such a broad statement requires careful qualification, definition, and analysis. Let us for the present satisfy ourselves with a thoughtful discussion of the relative merits of good position while participating in one of Nature's supreme gestures, *id est*, Kissing.

Kissing is admittedly of rather common occurrence. This in itself is not deplorable; rather it is the inefficiency, awkwardness, and total lack of aplomb with which a kiss is perpetrated that must receive our unmitigated condemnation. The Motion Picture Industry has, indeed, done much to raise the standard of kissing, yet here we must remember that an experienced director sits not ten feet distant and dictates the holds, time, pressures, and even the facial expressions of those we admire so much in the final fadeout. We cannot afford a director to travel with us on every evening's excursion, and hence it devolves upon us to train our latent talents to accomplish at least a modicum of success in kissing without outside assistance.

Detailed recommendations on all the approved methods would be too voluminous for the space here available. Perhaps the simple mention of the care requisite to proper kissing will prove to be ample stimulus to self-improvement in this art. At any rate, study the particular subject to be treated with an eye to size, shape, capacity and the numerous other factors the sum total of which, when properly indexed and used, lead to that perfection of kissing style which relatively few may ever hope to attain without serious and painstaking premeditation.



Aged in the wood — lumbermen.

*Little drops of water
Many grains of sands
When mixed, make lumps
And roads with bumps
Throughout vacation land.*



Our idea of a sceptic is a man who sees twenty people waiting for the elevator and then goes up and pushes the button.



Neil Quadri

"HANDS UP OR I'LL SHOOT!"

STILL DOING IT

One day not long ago, an old gray-haired lady, whose father was a graduate of Harvard, entered the yard. She encountered a student there and asked him the name of the college which he attended. With a look of disdain and pity for this humble creature who could not at a glance distinguish him as a Harvard man, he answered her saying, "Hahvud, my good lady, Hahvud," and walked on with a feeling of complete self-satisfaction at having enlightened such a stupid person.

That night the old gray-haired lady boarded a train back to Kankakee. Those who were close enough could hear a quiet voice punctuated with mild laughter, repeating, "Those damn fools, they still use the broad 'A.'"



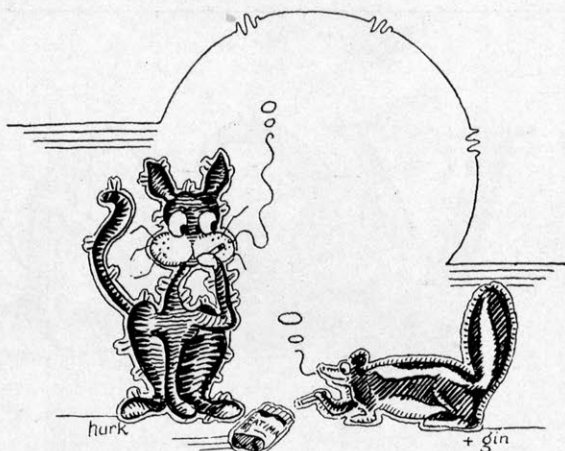
THEN ONE EYE, HE SEZ

Yu know this 'ere One Eye Guffie thet old sinner the same as hez bin my pal fer nigh onto ten years? Wal, when he wuz dyin' he sed to me, "Tin Ear," he sez, "Tin Ear I'm dyin' but I'll meet ya over in the next world, Tin Ear."

Yu know thet's the fust time I ever cum to think uv it thetaway. Next Sunday mornin' I commenced to go to church and I bin at it ever since. Maybe I'll fool ol' One Eye yet!



HEIDELBERG STUDENTS BONING FOR MARKS



What a whale of a difference a few scents make

THE LADIES, GOL'DARN 'EM

*Girls are built of sugar and of spice,
While snails and mongrels' tails are manhood's lot.
But I don't think the femmes are so darned nice —
And here's the simple reason why they're not:*

*Have you ever by the phone in corner store,
Obtained a date with Marian, Dot or Jane?
And when, full dressed, you knocked upon her door
Received, "She's out of town. Please call again?"*

*Have you ever taken Helen to a dance,
When Helen had a friend whose name was Moore?
And Mory had his car; was there a chance
That you and Helen met again till four?*

*Has it ever been your useless youthful luck,
To fall in love with some entrancing blonde?
And have her pluck and pluck and pluck
Until you're flat and headed for the pond?*

*Have you ever visioned eyes that said, "Please take
What here awaits — I simply can't resist?"
And when you went she took both dough and cake
And left you on the roll of those we've missed?*

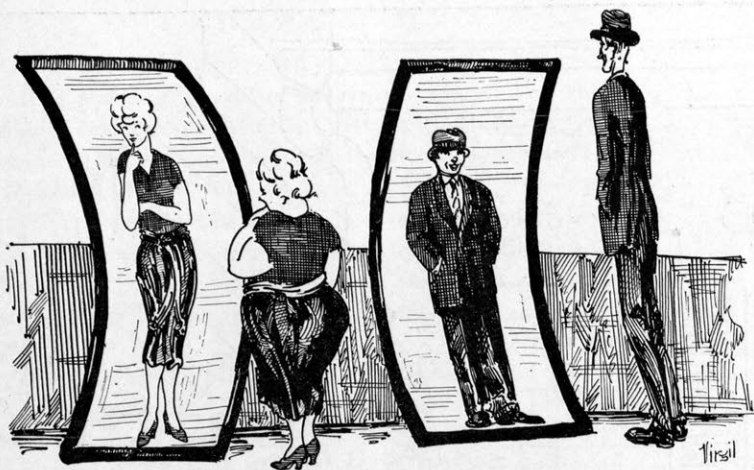
*If your experience has seen the likes of these,
I'm sure that you'll agree that love is heck.
And to my condemnation of the "She's"
You'll shout with heartfelt understanding, "Check!"*



Country roads are not what they seem to be. They seem lonely and deserted.



"Is this the best that you have to offer?"
 "Why, sir, George Washington stayed here wunst."
 "Yeah, but he had a darn strong constitution."



REFLECTIONS OF AN OPTIMIST AND A PESSIMIST

ME 'N' MAMIE

Me 'n' Mamie, we wuz ridin' through the Fenway *eeleah kanz jours* to keep up our frenship with the Patagonians, when sumthin' happened that cost Mamie four pounds and three grey hares. Such is such. It seems like Mamie had a uncle who used to be in Tent City, Tex., until somewun blamed him for bein' the party of the 1st part in philanderin' the deck to the extent of five aces which was darned tuff for him but delickimattious for Me 'n' the S. W. which is Abbreviate for ball and chain. Naturel Mamie gets a little slice of coin and like a wimmen she's gotta by herself won of these new autos naimed after this here fiddle player, which don't get me soar because I can hav just as much fun drivin' a good car as my own Hoppin Hoibie. Howsumever whilst we wuz pervadin the roads this cop keeps a followin' us 'n' I gets kinda noivous especial when he pulls up along side us. I'm sorter brite and only six guesses wus necessitate to know he wanted to say sumthin' to me so I slows down. Mamie's scared as they make 'em. Then the big bum yells, "Hey, you gotta new car, speed 'er up to thoity miles an hour will ya—I wanna check my speedometer." I got square at him though—I ran the darned fiddle wagon thoity 8 miles an hour. Lettim try to figur out the next guy's speed.

"You're just full of tricks, aren't you?" said the poker chip to the deck of cards.

"Oi, oi, Mother, come quick. Abie has svaallowed his toothbrush."

"O my, ain't dot awful. It vas a new one yesterday!"

PHOSPHORESCENCES

Phosphorous advises! If you are going fishing with the wife this summer, take a hook and sinker.

We would like to know what the fore-runners to the "Four Horsemen" were.

There are two classes of newspaper readers. One class reads to find out something about somebody else, and the other class reads to see if anything has been found out about *them*.

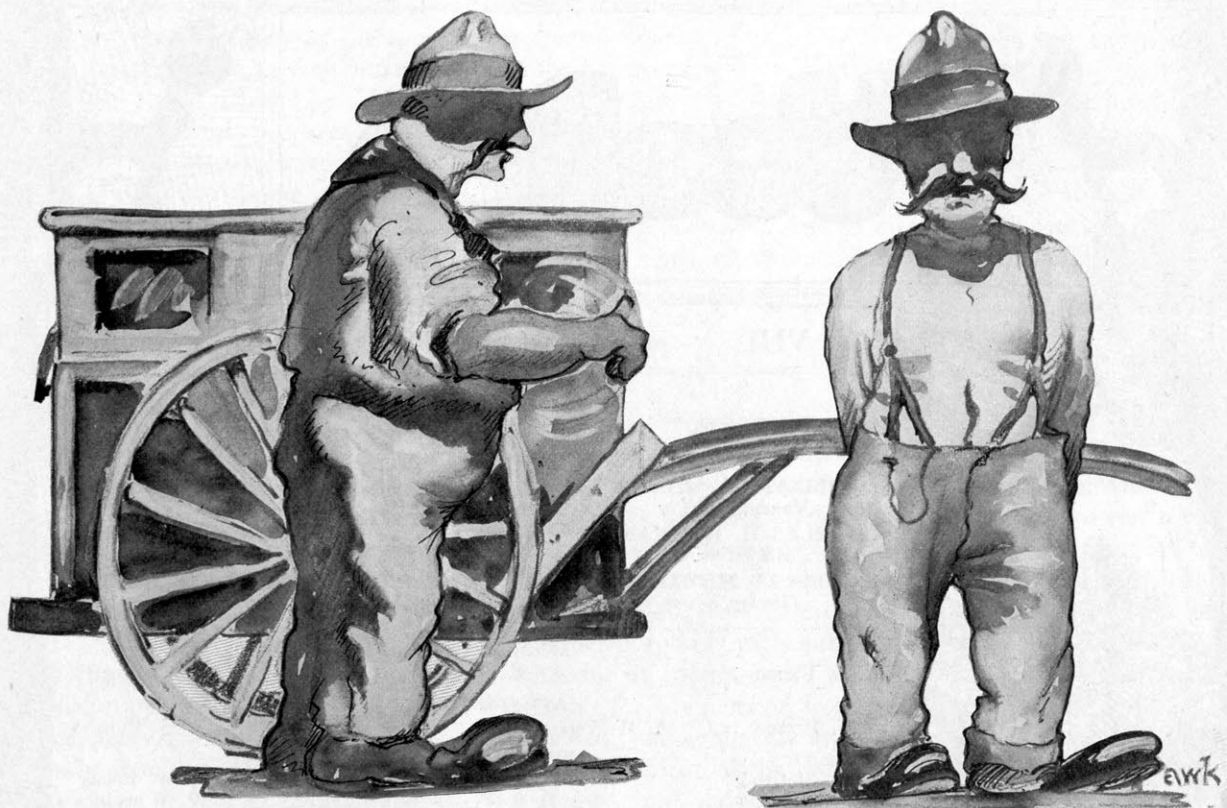
As usual, felicitations are now in order to the bird who is busy buying in his winter heavies because the price is down.

We're still wondering what the fellow meant who advertised, "Baby carriage in good condition for sale cheap. Going out of business."

In early youth we are taught to "Love one another." Later we learn to love one — and another.



NECK AND NECK AT THE FINISH



TWO WANDERING GREEKS

SUMMER RESORT CHARACTERS

Mrs. Willthrop B. Heavy — elderly, comfortable lady who just manages to fill the largest chair on the “gossip” end of the porch. Continually dotes on, “What that young Mrs. Spotstop’s husband would say if he only knew, etc.” And then she can’t just see why they water the milk in the country. Why, she can remember when . . .

Mrs. Lansigh Brazenvoice — the usual operation specialist. Will recite the family illnesses on the slightest provocation. “Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear, how I did suffer with this foot! And poor mother went through the same agony. Four operations, now can you imagine!”

Paul R. Wallingwell — brought up on special teas, well-done toast, and Boncilla facials. An addict to Peck and Peck ties, and the most correct, if loud, haberdashery. More of a lounge pillow than a lizard. Spends the day in a hammock with two girls discussing embroidery, new books, and “bridging.” Oh, so popular with “the boys!”

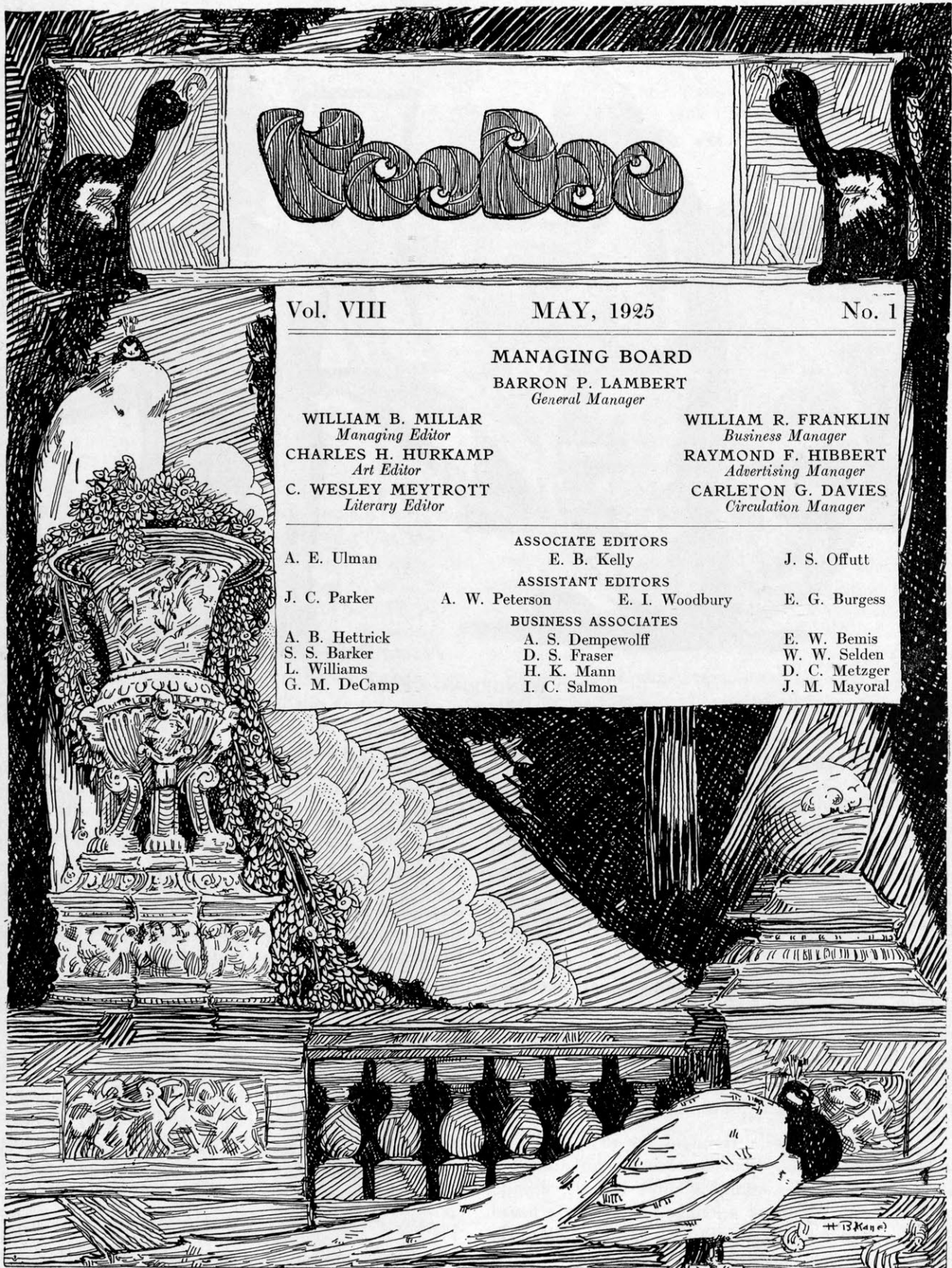
Samuel Bathe Sampson — an accountant from Troy. Is found to disappear all day to the curiosity of Mrs. Heavy and group, until discovered fishing with a bob and wooden minnow. Of a retiring nature and bad cigars.

Harold Chillifeet — of the Old Chillifeets. Recently married to Miss Percilla Ungderslated of the Virginia Ungderslateds. Still more recently divorced from Miss Ungderslated. A morose individual continually offset by riding breeches. Evidently has an unwholesome philosophy. Seen by “the girls” in a cloud of veiled Romance.

Oscar Pentlusky — a social graduate of several Eastern Universities. Distributes his bathing-suited self on the beach with the girls when not trying to borrow a car to take one of them over to Humphrey-dump. A social, financial, and liquid parasite. Every hair has its place. As you no doubt have guessed, he mis-plays the sax in the hotel orchestra.



We have noticed that in most barber shops the “No Tipping” signs are written in invisible ink.



Vol. VIII

MAY, 1925

No. 1

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Volume VIII The New Board makes its bow with a pleasurable sense of anticipations realized. We have long been straining at the leash of suppressed desire to put before the world our own exemplary contributions to contemporary humorous literature, and at length the opportunity for doing so has arrived. The Board, backed by a Staff which has taken unto itself the proposition that all things funny shall be labeled "Phosphorous," prepares its barbs, polishes embryo scintillations, and pushes forth on its Career of Mirth. To the many friends who have stood unwaveringly by the side of the jolly Black Cat through jest and tragedy, we dedicate the New Volume. That it will be superior to the one preceding goes without saying; it is to the accomplishment of this difficult task that we have solemnly sworn our vows. And so with editorial pens clutched firmly, with the blood pounding furiously through our humorous veins, we strike out to startle the world from its gloom and lethargy.



Our Pathetic Athletic Publicity We have been righteously boiling during the past season over the lack of publicity accorded our athletic teams by those cordial mediums, the Boston papers. Not that our complaint is against the journals for it is rather directed towards those ill-meaning or dormant individuals whose inexcusable hesitancy in supplying news warrants investigation. As far as we can ascertain, these local representatives of the newspapers have constituted a most powerful factor in withholding our publicity, and we would suggest that they be replaced by more competent or interested correspondents. And then there is the deplorable lack of coördination between the various athletic departments. Investigations following complaints of lack of publicity frequently reveal that it was either purposely withheld, misdirected, or not submitted at all. In the former case, of course, there is no complaint, for we cannot question the wisdom of our coaches: it is our aim to help them. But when carelessness is responsible for late news or, worse still, no "write-up" at all, the culpable managers should be brought to task. It is decidedly unfair that the efforts of our athletes and of the athletic association should be hindered by this lack of support. Most of the difficulties encountered by the Publicity Department of the A. A. are traceable to these sources, and, did space permit, we would proceed at length to enumerate examples. We hope that next year will see more competent men in these responsible positions and especially as newspaper representatives!



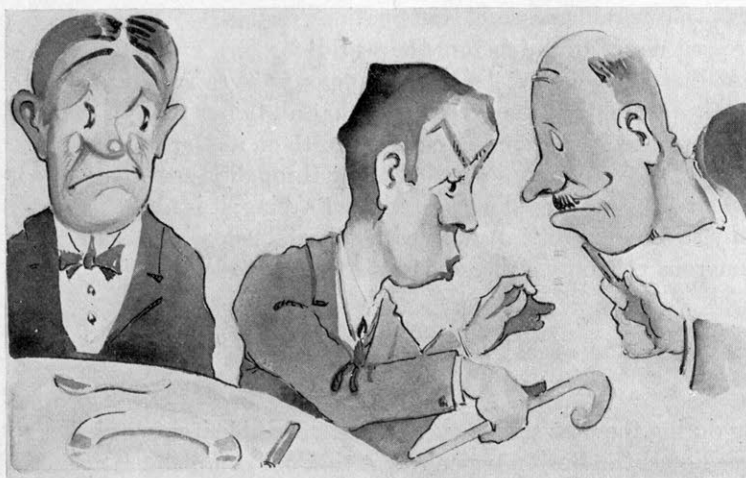
Respice Finem Suppressed mutterings, audible curses, and restless chafings all give evidence of the approaching vacation time. We vibrate with the opportunities of the joyous season, chiefly the opportunities of rushing on to summer school to make up all the winter's failures which were doubtless due to our many frozen brain cells. Some of us, of course, are more fortunately headed for the beaches where the summer breezes play fitfully through abbreviated costumes and lissom maidens disintegrate our calculus and metamorphose our pet reactions.

But we are ahead of ourselves. There still remains the imperative *sine qua non* of corroborating our professors' questionable preconceptions that we have been attentive to their chirpings. Somnolence and indifference must be laid aside for the more fitting expressions of wide-eyed intelligence, at least in those cases where this is possible. The general demeanor must show an absorbed interest in cataphoresis and electroendosmosis despite the internal urgings for hot sands, hot lips, and hot dogs. The longanimity of our dear professors can be counted on for just so long and after that precocious "bull" will be discounted as perpetrated.

However, at the moment, Phosphorous wishes his readers all success both before and after taking, and trusts that the autumn will see some of Fortune's favorites back to the emery wheel and Walton's.



Children Amongst Us Phosphorous takes this opportunity to state his utter contempt for those unpatriots who have so comically styled themselves, "The Twenty-First Century Club." Did we consider their mischievous activities of any import we would devote editorial space to their banishment.



VACATION

Although these two "Tech boys" have been in Paris five days they are still ordering "*biere*" due to the limitations imposed by a painfully restricted vocabulary. They are here shown in front of the *Cafe de la Paix* making obvious efforts to appear "frightfully foreign." Although their canes still add an uncomfortably conspicuous feeling, they give one a sense of protection against the aggressive hordes of *demi-mondaines* and vendors of obscene photographs; and besides, to "cane" is decidedly "kum il pho." As soon as they have learned to swear fluently in the language they will attempt such places as *Le Rat Mort*, *Le Moulin Rouge*, *Zeles*, and other dives especially made infamous in order to impress *ces idiots d'Americaains*.

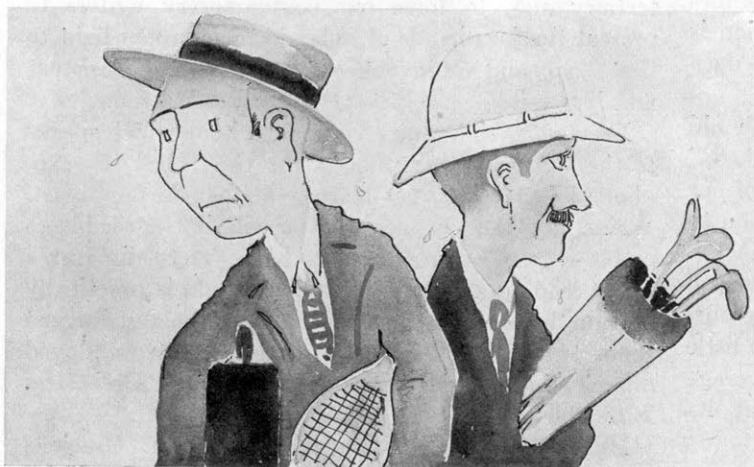
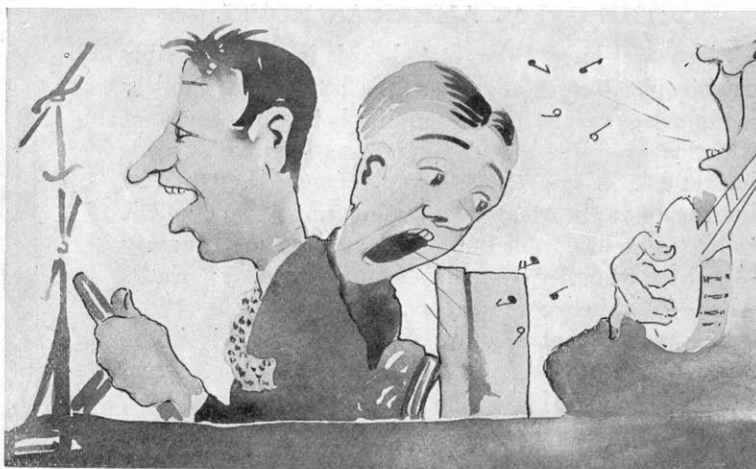
This poor chap and his two chums from Wunkdamp University are beginning to weary of "roughing it" in the vast open spaces, having for four days been exposed to continual rain, stale biscuits and bad coffee, and the unrelenting swarms of insects and crawling creatures. "Hal" is here shown frying a trout (only five inches, but nevertheless a trout) which they are bravely determined on consuming. The "Campers Guide To Success" gives elaborate instructions for rolling in clay, seasoning with herbs, etc., but judging by the present condition of the catch they will have to eat mud and all. Tomorrow night will probably find them heading for home with gallant stories of swimming, wood-lore, and other accredited topics. (The third member of the party is searching the nearby village for a bottle of Father Brown's Cough Medicine.)



Mrs. Weighmuch and her only son Cuthbert are spending the last day on board the boat memorizing the passenger list, so that if people ask them if they know so-and-so they can impressively reply, "Oh, yes, — met them on the boat — delightful people — etc." Mrs. Weighmuch has had an ideal crossing, having been "pleasantly ill": just enough to require the soothing attentions of the ship doctor and three stewardesses, who, of course, recommended a bottle of *Pol Roger* with every meal. Cuthbert has amused himself "studying up" next year's applied and brushing up on this-or-that bit of educational significance. Mrs. Weighmuch has mapped out their stay in Paris: five days in the *Chuny*, two weeks in the *Louvre*, and not a *cathedral* or a *musee* will be overlooked.

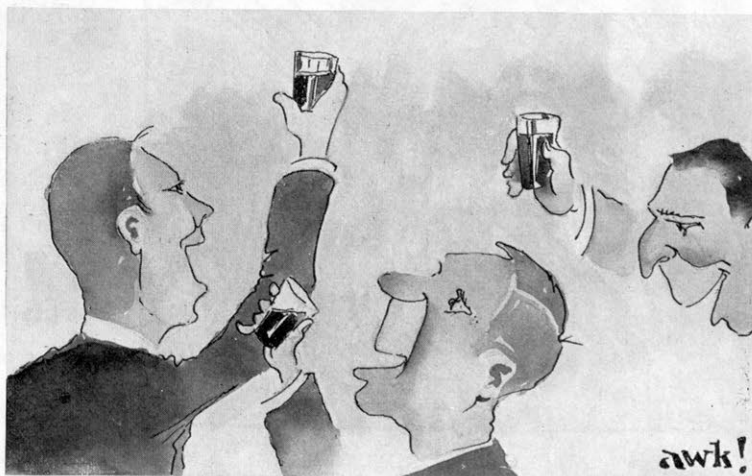
DIFFICULTIES

These three exuberant seniors are doing the usual cross-continental drive in celebration of their postponed but nevertheless hopeful graduation. Having changed eleven tires between Boston and Albany they are seriously considering summering in the Adirondacks and sending their mail through a friend in San Diego: after all, one can "read up" on all these places anyway, and passing through St. Louis is something to be avoided whenever possible. "Andy" is just arguing that by selling the car they would have enough for a bottle of Scotch, while "Joe" is objecting that the automobile really doesn't belong to them. "Well," Andy maintains stubbornly, "the chances are we can get some other damn thing for five bucks on the way back, and ascribe the depreciation to Western climate. Anyway, a man's got to drink *something* on a day like this, you know."



"Glen" and "Chic" can't quite realize it, but, "My Gawd, say, man, this is Africa — What'll we do now, hey?" After extensive planning here they are at last just off the boat, artillery, baggage, safety razor and all; in fact all set to challenge the tigers and ferocious hippopotami which simply must exist somewhere. So far, Africa has reminded them very much of Detroit. Though they won't admit it, each one is rather appalled at the idea of associating with Ethiopians, and then there are so many things like fever, mosquitos, and snakes that can't be very companionable. They have just been discussing the most desirable number of clean socks and whether wool or silk pajamas would take better with the natives. In all probability they will decide to summer in Johannesburg, where a gentleman can have his whiskey and soda without barbaric interruptions.

And these three joyful collegians who were forced (curse the luck!) to spend the vacation in summer school are having the time of their lives. The American House or Sweeny's every night, dinner in the Georgian, and oh boy, the sweetest pair of women in West Roxbury! They don't mind doing a little surveying in the morning, for the professors are so funny, and besides, who minds looking through a little hole and waving flags? Besides if they work all summer they'll be almost up with their class. The drawback is, unfortunately, that they will lose out in the story-telling next fall. But oh, well, fun's fun!



THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

Since we have been last heard from, a terrible catastrophe has befallen us. We have been publicly maligned — dragged in the mire before the eyes of America's (and perhaps England's and France's) reading public. It grieves us deeply. Should the truth be known we are heart-broken; but never will we admit it to him, who has publicly brought us to shame. Inanity — bah! stupidity — pooh! — rank jealousy; that's what — nothing more nor less.

The matter that now confronts us so severely is the advisability of releasing the book at this time. True, the publishers are clamoring for it constantly. At least, that is our honest opinion, for a group of men are continually waiting on our threshold with an exceedingly anxious mien. But stop! it just occurs to us that the first of the month has long since passed and we have a considerable number of bills still unpaid. Perish the thought — we *will* be firm. They *are* representatives of the important book concerns. A quick decision is necessary however; we owe it to our friends — darn 'em.

What grieves us most however is the fact that should the book prove unacceptable to the "great unwashed," (we quote Mr. Kane), one of the foremost aims of our life will have been ruined. Our book has a mission to play in this world — pardon, this vale. The G. A. N. was primarily written to bring sunshine and joy into the lives of that dear reading public, its secondary purpose was to give a deep insight into the life of that little known personage, the saxophone player of the average Palais de ——— orchestra to that d.r.p., and its



CATEGORIES



"Did they have husking bees while you were on the farm?"
"No, but we had a lot of trouble with wasps."

tertiary aim, to force our contemporary writers to present the jazz bands of today in their proper light to that d.r.p., and not invent some atrociously inconsistent and impossible combination of musical instruments.

How many times have you read a book which speaks of the "blare of saxophones" or the "blast of saxophones?" Saxes do not blare — neither do they blast. Whine, cry, howl or moan if you will, but never bla -- or bla --. In our research we have yet to discover a flutist leading an orchestra, while a cello is practically beyond the pale. Yet, authors have continually dragged these two heinous instruments into that well-loved organization of today, the Modern Dance Orchestra. 'S terrible.

Hold — we have just received a telegram. Gracious me, Oscar and Camilla ran off, eloped — and then committed suicide. They resented being termed stupid and inane. Oh! unfortunate reviewer, heavy, heavy hangs over thy ———.

To the G. A. N. — farewell!



In the world of today a girl must be a Whoa-man, not a Woman.



Isn't that just the trouble with jokes! Some of them you've seen before and the rest you haven't seen yet.



The original straight eight: a crew.



No, Agnes, a whippet tank is not a dog's bathtub.



HENRY VIII DESIRES TO SEE THE HEADS OF ALL COMMITTEES

IMPRESSIONS OF THE AUTO BLUE BOOK

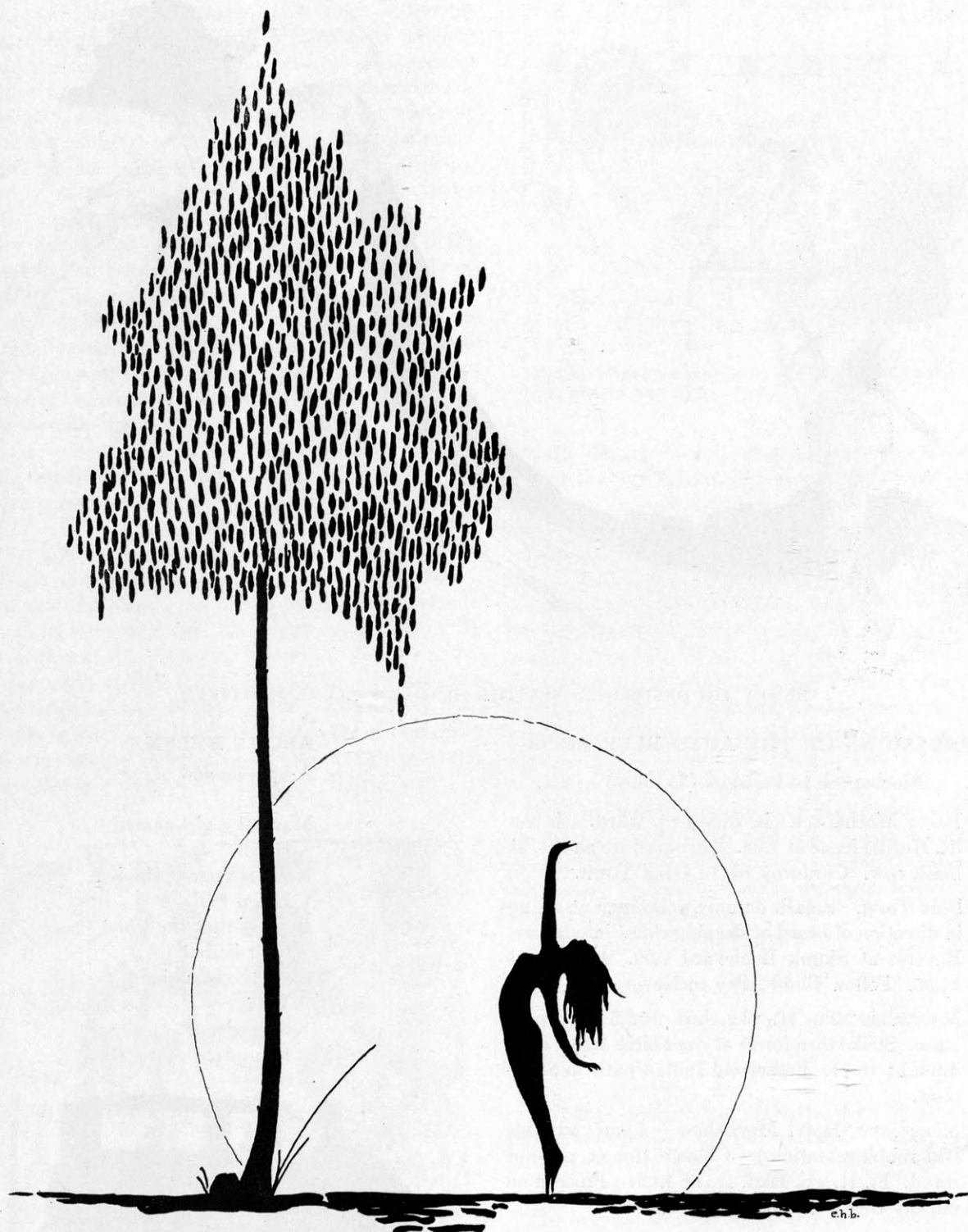
Mochapoch to Popagok (35 miles)

- 0.00 Leave Mochapock via Bump St. Thrd. ash can lft. Hurdle fence at 1.09. Thru pasture and rt. at black cow. Corduroy rd. to Dead Town.
- 7.93 *Dead Town.* Smash dummy policeman at sq. go in direction of beard of sleeping eldest inhabitant. Reverse at Skunk Boulevard 7.99. Lft. fk. at 11.53. Follow Blind Alley to Neverwork.
- 13.70 *Neverwork.* Th. rt. pkr. brd. nt. flk. at post office. Strike thru forest at dead birch tree. Take ditch at 16.71. Follow old Indian path to Slowplow.
- 18.12 *Slowplow.* (Hotel Muchchew — approved Blue Bk. robbing station.) Change tire at pea-nut stand. Pl. rt. gb. Rkd. 1r. at 19.34. Proceed on railway trestle to Popagok.
- 35.00 *Popagok.* Descend hill upward at 35.01. Follow milk-bottles to Pbk. Lbry. (Popagok Hostlery Co. — approved Blue Bk. hostling tyrants).

ABOUT HELEN

A man named
Fall
Married a girl named
Helen.
Now, of course, she is
Helen Fall.
He says that the worst
Of it is that
She's the same in
Winter
Spring and
Summer.





VACATION LAND

THE BULLVILLE BEAGLE

"Nothing But News Such As It Is"

Last Nite a Real Spring Freshet busted into Town and carried the Bullville Inn a Half-mile downstream where Jed Bingle the Proprietor finally managed to Hitch up Alongside of a Sunken Log. Jed says that since Arriving Business has been Falling Off and One not only Fell Off but got Drowned when He ran out onto the Porch to Have a Smoke. The Porch was Ten feet Under. We figure Jed should Save Money on His Soup and Coffee and Fish now that he's got the River running through His Kitchen.

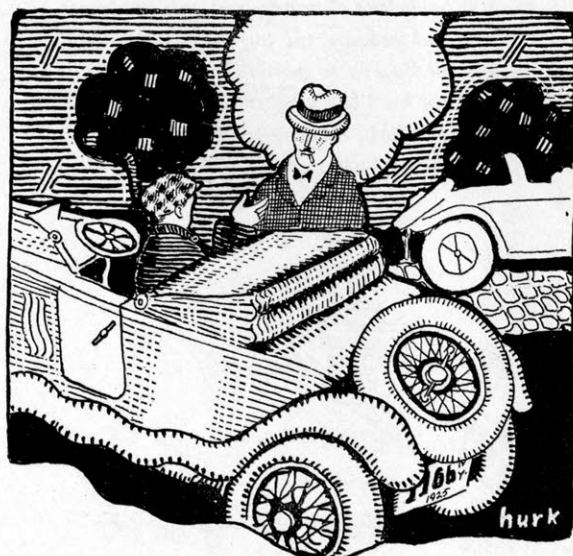
Another Item of Interest is the Financial Collapse of our one and only Bullville Bank. This is blamed on the same Freshet we Mentioned. It seems the Bank Safe was made of Wood and painted Black to look like Iron this Being Cheaper than the Real Stuff. When that Safe started to Float off Elmer Hoskins the late Clerk couldn't help Hopping aboard to Act as Crew and Steer the New Boat Wherever seemed Best. Pres. Chuts hasn't discovered just Where yet. Anybody wishing to Make a Deposit while the Bank is Closed can do so at Beefy Stews's Day and Nite Lunch Room where the Safe is Made of Iron and don't Float. At least Beefy says it don't.

The Biggest Liar Contest is Drawing to a Climax and a Conclusion. The Best for the Week came from Doc Tipple who Swears he got a Hot Dog at Beefy's which wasn't Made of Horsemeat.

— Will Wag — Ed.

"Did you ever see an English Knight?"

"No, did you ever see an Algerian Dey?"



"S'matter, friend, have a smash-up."

"I should smile — yes."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Dear me, no! I always purchase Kelly-springfields."



VOO DOO'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

That usually non-exciting time of the year known as Summer Vacation will soon be here and with it the inevitable financial worries. Phosphorous has learned that the mistress of his summer ménage is passionately fond of goldfish; so much so, that she has several modest aquariums in every room. Since the success of his vacation is thus assured, Phossy turns to aid the students in definitely arranging their affairs for the oncoming period of lassitude.

As soon as finance is mentioned, the stock market inevitably comes in for its not-too-modest own. Phosphorous has given the matter considerable thought and finally reached the conclusion that the market is so low that in all probability it will soon start leaping for curbstones. In view of this fact, now is the time for all good men to come, etc., and sink their hard-earned (by father) shekels in some stock, lose all their money and thus, relieved of all anxiety, spend the time that would ordinarily be consumed in the perusal of the "Bid and Asked" columns in peeking through the knot-holes of — Fenway Park. Likewise having no money, there would be no reason for worrying about vacation — one would naturally go to work.

Some exceedingly good listings to accomplish the above purpose are:

C. O. E. D's, callable at 7.30 (or later)

Associated Mah Jongg Mfrs.

*Clod River Oil, Inc.

*Gluf Refining Corp.

Harvard Coöperative Society

Bobus Higgins Bolognas

*Phosphorous strongly advises the purchase of Clod River Stock Engraved in a tasty mauve it can be used to much better advantage as wall paper than the glaring cerise certificates of the Gluf Corporation.

Colored pictures are not necessarily taken by a negro photographer.

An old-time Standard

It requires a business with a high and steadfast standard to manufacture any article—but especially such dainty, perishable things as chocolates—and keep the high quality always the same for eighty-three years.

The package of chocolates shown below is the direct descendant of the original popular assortment of Whitman's, made continuously since 1842. This and other Whitman assortments of chocolates and confections are sold through selected stores, each store supplied direct from Whitman's.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
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"On Choosing Chocolates."

A booklet of real charm and interest to all who prize fine sweets. Write us for a copy.



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278 Dartmouth Street, Boston
TRINITY COURT PHARMACY
101 Dartmouth Street, Boston
HUGGAN DRUG COMPANY
128 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

A. C. MOREY
1956 Beacon Street, Boston
C. H. HITCHCOCK, INC.
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252 Brookline Avenue, Boston
BLAKE DRUG COMPANY
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at Lowest
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KENMORE Cafeteria and Restaurant AT KENMORE STATION



*It is well known to the Tech students from
previous years*

"So you're lost, little man? Why didn't you hang onto your mother's skirt?"

Youngster: "Couldn't reach it."

— *Texas Ranger*

She: "You like your kisses, don't you?"

Gob: "Yes, but not as much as you like your onions."

— *Tiger*



"Stick them up, kid," ordered the thug. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Home," murmured the student.

"Where from?"

"Date."

"Who with?"

"Co-ed."

"Here, friend, take this five-dollar bill."

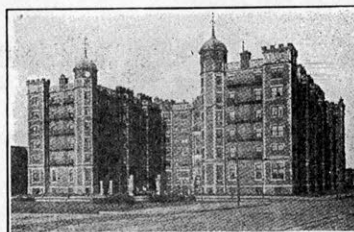
— *Sun Dial*



Cop on Shore: "I'm going to arrest you when you come out of here."

Man in Water: "Ha ha! I'm not coming out. I'm committing suicide."

— *Nebraska Awgwan*



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THE LITTLE BUILDING

In our Salesrooms on the second floor, we
can serve customers as satisfactorily as we
can in our New York Store

Drunk: "Hic — 'sa funny thing, but when the
water — hic — freezes it always — hic — freezes with
the slippery side up."

— *Punch Bowl*



"Hello!"

"I BEG your pardon! You've made a mistake."

"Aren't you the little girl I kissed at the party last
night?"

"Must have been sister. She's sick."

— *Tiger*

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HAT BLOCKING AND CLEANING
HIGH CLASS SHOE REPAIRING
AT LOW COST

Everything in the line of novelties

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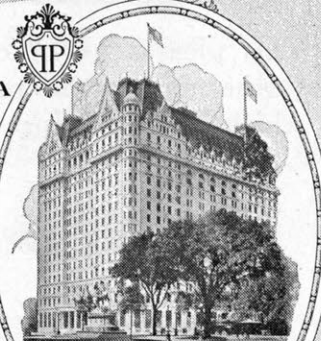
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Our artistically decorated Ballroom, accommodating 100 Couples
Just the place for your FRATERNITY and CLUB DANCES
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Voo Doo—

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

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



The Murray Printing Company
at Kendall Square

"Oi, oi, dose pants fit beautiful, ain't it?"

"Yes, but a trifle tight under the arms, don't you think?"

— *Brown Jug*



Him: "You look familiar."

Her: "Well, I might be."

— *Jack-o-Lantern*



"Say, Abraham, vot do you tink of this idea of founding a New Jerusalem?"

"Oi, it's foolishness, Ezekiel. Ain't ve still got New York?"

— *Tiger*



"Does your son write any poetry?"

"Well, most of his cheque book stubs read 'Owed to a Bird'."

— *Widow*



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Subway
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 115 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
Men's Furnishings
 Agents for Mills Ltd. and
 Langrock Fine Clothes

Quality ~ Style ~ Service

First: "Why do girls kiss each other, and men do not?"

Second: "Because girls have nothing better to kiss and men have."

— The Log



"I made a fortune from Boston Beans," said the Massachusetts phrenologist when he retired.

— Cornell Widow



"Damn that roommate of mine."

"What's the matter? Has he been wearing your clothes again?"

"No, he failed to answer the last letter my girl wrote me."

— Ranger



"You were awfully drunk last night, Al."

"Why, I only had one glass."

"One glass! Impossible!"

"No, they kept filling it all the time."

— Mercury

"The sweetest pipe in the world"



The Milano is made in 26 smart shapes in smooth finish, from \$3.50 up; rustic finish, \$4.00 up—all insured for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem

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The Insured Pipe

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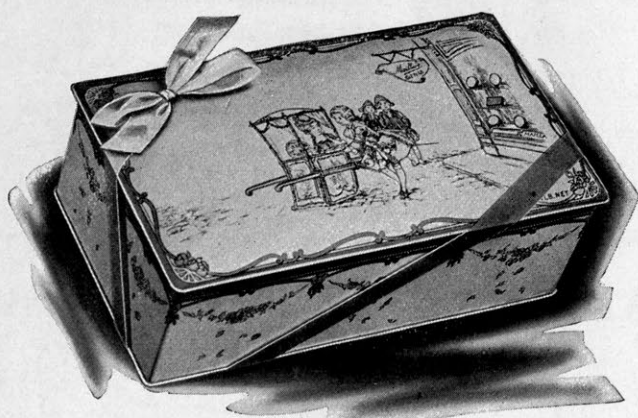
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La Jeunesse

The Perfection of Selection
in Assorted Chocolates



IN ARTISTICALLY DECORATED ONE POUND METAL BOX

Maillard

NEW YORK — CHICAGO

AN INVOLVED QUESTION

Complication: "Why is a ship like unto a woman?"

Solution: "Because the rigging costs more than the hull."

—Purple Cow



DISCRIMINATING

Frosh (at P. O.): "I'd like to see some of your two-cent stamps, please."

The clerk produced a sheet of one hundred twos. The freshman pointed to the stamp in the center.

"I'll take that one," he said.

—Punch Bowl



Cat: "I'd like to be a street cleaner."

Tom: "How come?"

Cat: "You get all the latest dirt."

—Purple Cow



BLANKITY-BLANK

"My husband is plain-spoken; he calls a spade a spade."

"So is mine, but I won't say what he calls the lawn mower."

—Cougars Paw



New York's newest and most
beautifully furnished hotel -
accommodating 1034 guests

ROOM WITH PRIVATE TOILET \$2.50
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ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS.

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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



"My, but you look prosperous these days!"

"Oh, I'm living on the fat of the land."

"How come?"

"I run a flesh-reducing establishment."

— *Punch Bowl*



"Did you hear about the robbery last night?"

"No."

"A garter attempted to hold up a stocking but the
stocking ran, darn it."

— *Rice Owl*



HONESTLY?

An American professor was visiting the smaller
villages of devastated France. Seeing very few children
his curiosity was aroused. Hailing a native, he
inquired:

"I haven't seen many children in this vicinity."

The native politely answered: "No sir; there aren't
many."

"How often are children born here?" asked the
professor.

"Only once," was the very courteous response.

— *Punch Bowl*

THE STORE FOR MEN

A Separate Store in a Separate Building



Street Floor — Shirt Section

Quality of Materials

WHEN a College man visits
The Store for Men for the
first time he realizes instantly that
he does not have to worry about
the QUALITY of what he wants
to buy. Upon investigation he
finds he does not have to worry
about the price either.

*In figuring the price of clothes for the college
man, we keep in mind that he is usually on an
allowance and is therefore far more in need of
economical values than a man with an earning
capacity.*

Jordan Marsh Company

BOSTON

The Class of 1925

is to be Congratulated on the Adoption of the Endowment Fund Plan of Life Insurance

Beyond the specific purpose of this decision there is a great stimulus to the individual alumni and the substantial friends or former students of M. I. T.

No one can measure accurately the effect of the 1925 action—following a similar plan of the last year's graduating class. Directly and indirectly Technology will unquestionably receive additional gifts, pledges, insurance endowments, etc.—simply because those men nearest to the present M. I. T. are doing their part for constructive future development.

Caring for the future is the fundamental reason for life insurance. For over sixty years the John Hancock organization has emphasized a conservative present appraisal of future value, whether of an individual, corporation, or institution.

Life Insurance adapts itself to many purposes—family protection, business credit, mortgage replacement, institutional endowment, education of children, and income for old age—purposes which the John Hancock is prepared to carry out in every possible way.



Over Sixty years in business. Now insuring over Two Billion
Dollars on 3,500,000 Lives.

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MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

4 HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON

OPPOSITE PARK STREET CHURCH

"I saw a miracle play last night."

"What's the name of it?"

"The Speechless Woman."

—Texas Ranger



"You remind me so much of Moses."

"Howzat?"

"You open your mouth 'n' the bull rushes."

—Rice Owl



Mary: "Sam, you love me better than Sue, don't you?"

Sam (ardently): "You pet!"

—Centre Colonel



CANDIDATE

"What, you had to walk home again?"

"Yes, one more time and I'll be a candidate for the Roads Scholarship."

—Texas Ranger



Dickory, dickory, dock,
My clothes are all in hock.

It's not a bit funny,

But women cost money,

So all I've got left is a sock.

—Centre Colonel



Aggravated Prof.: "Listen here, young man — are you the teacher of this class?"

Outspoken One: "No, sir; I'm not."

Ag. Pr.: "Then don't talk like an idiot."

—Punch Bowl



Fishing to talk about
for a lifetime —

Glacier NATIONAL PARK

Open June 15 to September 15

Fishing is only part of the fun at Glacier National Park. Climb up to mile high cliffs. Ride horseback over miles of mountain trails. Explore the sixty glaciers. Motor over highways or in launches on the lakes. Camp in the open close to the Blackfeet Indians. Or just loaf and relax in fine hotels or rustic chalets.

Eastbound from the Pacific Northwest, or westbound from Chicago, you can travel direct to Glacier National Park without change and without extra fare on the deluxe New Oriental Limited, finest train to Pacific Northwest or other fine trains. Arrange for Glacier Park stop off — an all-expense-paid tour of 1 to 7 days or longer — or a Glacier-Yellowstone circuit tour, on your way to or from

The Northwest

Via the New Oriental Limited

This brand new, all-steel wonder train, with its bathrooms (for women as well as for men), barbershop, maid, manicure and valet service, and unsurpassed cuisine, runs

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Longest cinderless mileage of any railroad in the Northwest — 1,100 miles behind giant oil-burning locomotives. You see high peaks from low passes on the Great Northern — only 60 miles of the entire main line are above 4,000 feet.

Before or after visiting Glacier Park, take the free side trip to Vancouver from Seattle. See Victoria, Lake Chelan, Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks. Great Northern schedules facilitate steamer connections for Alaska and The Orient. Your choice of steamer or rail to or from California. During the Glacier Park season the Great Northern operates special open top observation cars eastbound and westbound for long distances through the Rockies and Cascades.

For free books and information, apply any ticket or tourist agent, any Great Northern Railway office, or A. J. Dickinson, Pass. Traffic Mgr., St. Paul, Minn.



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Finest Train to Pacific Northwest—No Extra Fare

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Golf Knickers

FANCY TWEEDS, OVERPLAIDS, PLAIN GREY
FLANNELS AND LINENS

\$5 to \$10

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It's a toss-up which you hate to do — stop dining or stop dancing — for we have a chef that knows, and an orchestra that's Leo F. Reisman's.

**The Egyptian Room
HOTEL BRUNSWICK**

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at
Clarendon

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Managing
Director



EGYPTIAN ROOM

"Did you and Mabel have a good time last night?"
"Good time is right! Her family made us go to church."

—Texas Ranger



The silk stocking was invented in the sixteenth century, but not all of it was discovered until recently.

—Punch Bowl



She: "Why do you wear such a light suit?"
It: "I wore it in a crap game and got faded."

—Purple Cow



Benedict: "What excuse have you for not being married?"

Bachelor: "I was born that way."

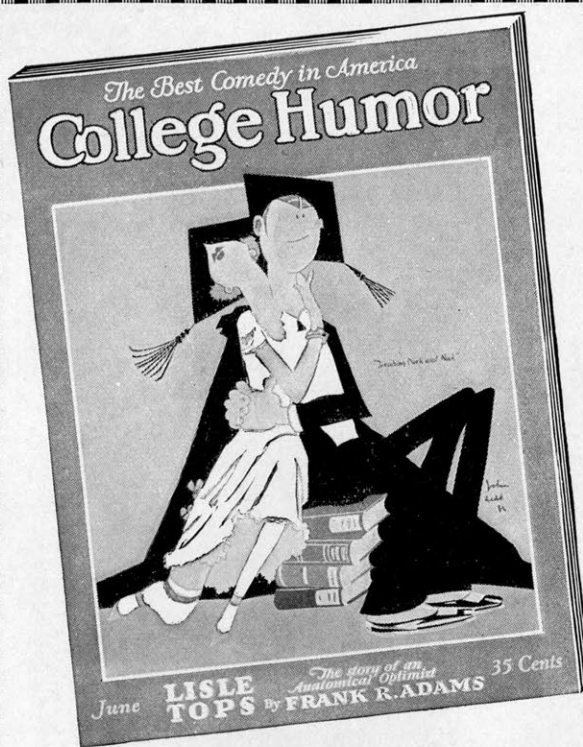
—Tiger



"Is it healthy out here?"

"Healthy? say, they had to shoot a couple of people to start a cemetery."

—Life



Your best efforts when accepted, will popularize your Comic with millions in

College Humor

"The Best Comedy in America"
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from start to finish is a world-beating magazine

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four winners in the June humorous and fiction classic:

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Robert Benchley

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"I was out all last night."

"Doing what?"

"Gambling."

"Did your wife know you were out?"

"Yes; but not how much."

— Tiger

"Pop, what's a diplomat?"

"A man who pours banana oil on troubled waters."

— Life

Sweet Young Voice: "Is Henry up yet?"

Brother: "Yep. We carried him up an hour ago."

— Yellow Crab

YES, WHAT

Clerk: "This tint of powder matches your face perfectly, madam."

Lady: "Then I don't want it. What's the use of powder if it's the same color as my face?"

— Life

He: "You don't look very well tonight."

She: "I'm not, I'm dancing with a terrible pain."

— Dirge

Phosgene

—Playmate of Phosphorous

Scandal? Hardly.

BUT you must meet this new personage as well as Phosphorous next year. They really are going to enjoy a wonderful summer and when the office opens up again Phosgene, P. of P., being a female, is going to be right on deck with some deep stuff about the more deadly species.

Also, the new board has planned a series of special issues for 1925-1926 which will be more than worth while. Unfortunately, they must be kept secret for the present. As Phosgene remarked, "Don't you just love secrets?"

P.S. Phosphorous became disgusted and stalked out of the office.

*Enclosed find \$1.75 for one year's subscription to
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To.....

.....

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From.....

ÆTNA-IZE



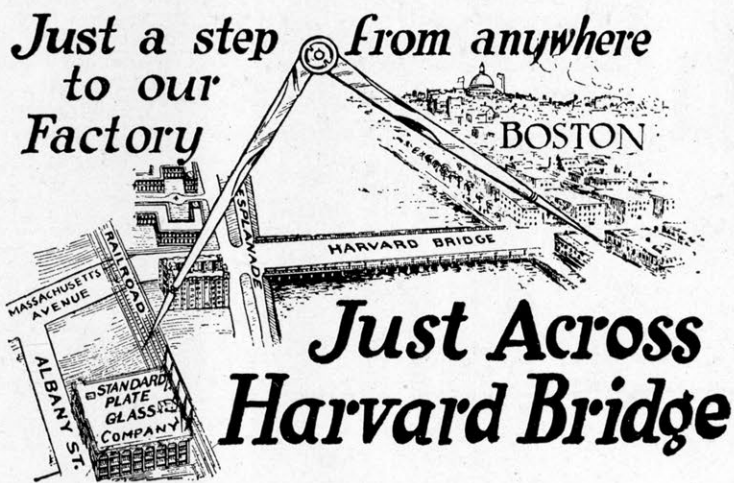
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