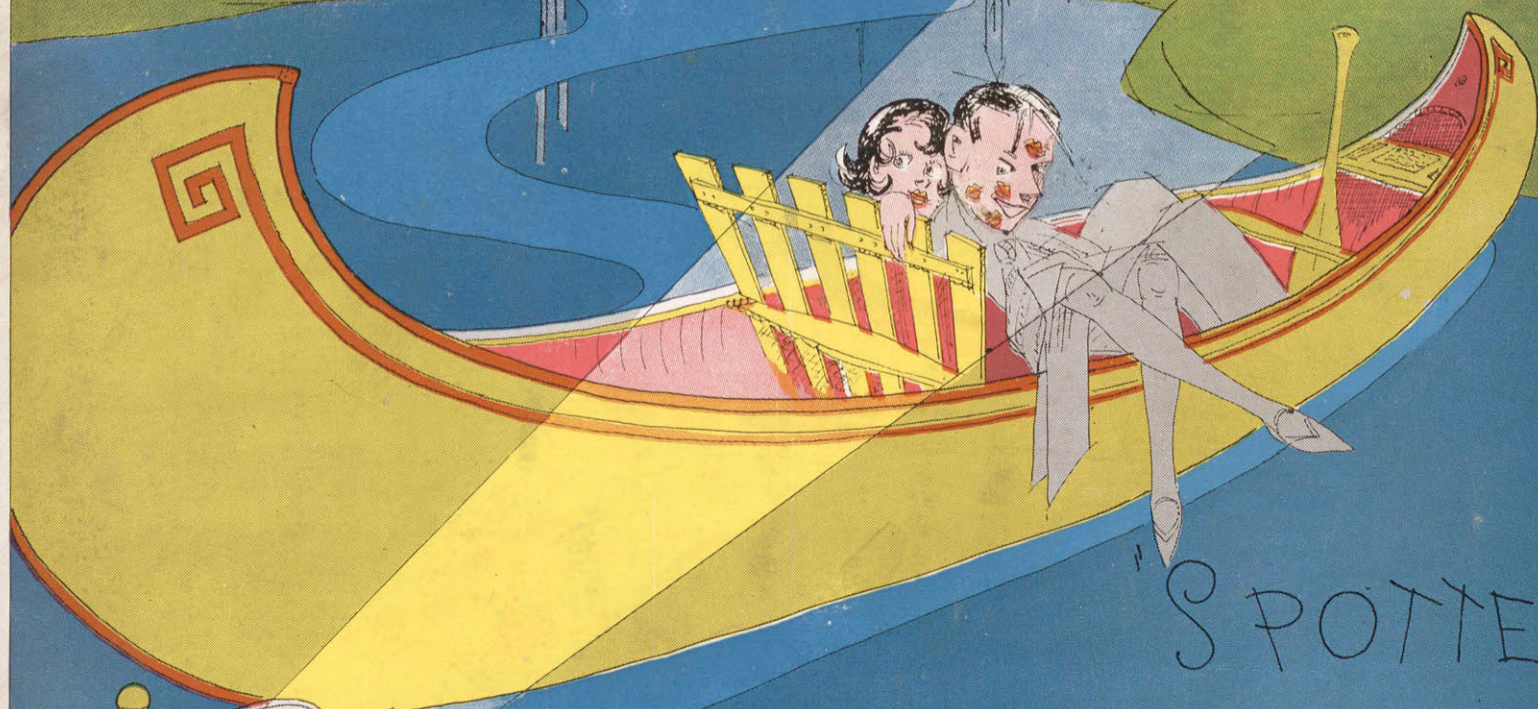


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MAY
1929



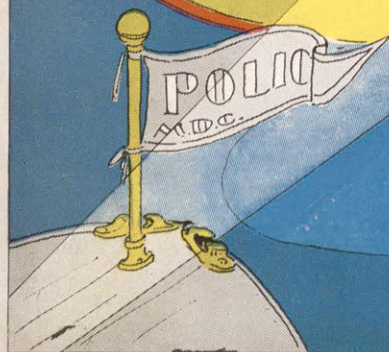
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LUXURY WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

Announcing a PRIZE NOVEL CONTEST

I AM asked to write ffty words for this space announcing our Campus Novel Contest. Well, here goes a Day Letter:

Dear Collegians This Is to Advise You to Alter All Vacation Plans and Begin That Novel About Your Generation You Have Always Wanted to Write Stop Our Contest Is Unique No Professionals Allowed Stop Steal Type-writers and Go into a Huddle with Yourselves You Can Underlined Win
—The Editor

RULES OF THE CONTEST:

Candidates must be enrolled in an American college as undergraduates, or graduates of not more than one year. Because we want a story about youth, we have chosen as your title: "I Lived This Story." It may be a novel of college life or college people in other environments, or your personal story.

The sum of \$3,000 will be paid to the winner for the right to serialize the story in COLLEGE HUMOR, and to publish it in book form, and will be in addition to all royalties accruing from book publication. Motion picture and dramatic rights will remain with the author.

We reserve the right to publish in serial and book form, according to the usual terms, any of the novels submitted, in addition to the prize winning serial.

The contest will be judged by the editors of COLLEGE HUMOR and DOUBLEDAY, DORAN AND COMPANY. Manuscripts rejected from the contest will be returned immediately.

Typed manuscripts of 75,000 to 100,000 words (the ideal length being 80,000) should be sent with return postage, your name and address to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, College Humor, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., or to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y.

The closing date of the contest is midnight, October 15, 1929.

By

**COLLEGE HUMOR and
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN**

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Fortunately for the tobacconists who make it, it has proven impossible to conceal the fact that Raleigh is not only a boldly new cigarette, but an honestly desirable one. ∞ Its blend of *pure leaf* is unusual. The manner of the blend *puff by puff* is unlike any other. ∞ Its packet {closed} *protects* the plump firmness of each cigarette.. Its packet {open} offers you a fresh cigarette with a gesture worthy of that chivalrous tobacco-promoter, Sir Walter, *himself*.



*Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky*





= HELEN KING =



= RUTH SHEANE =

"B"
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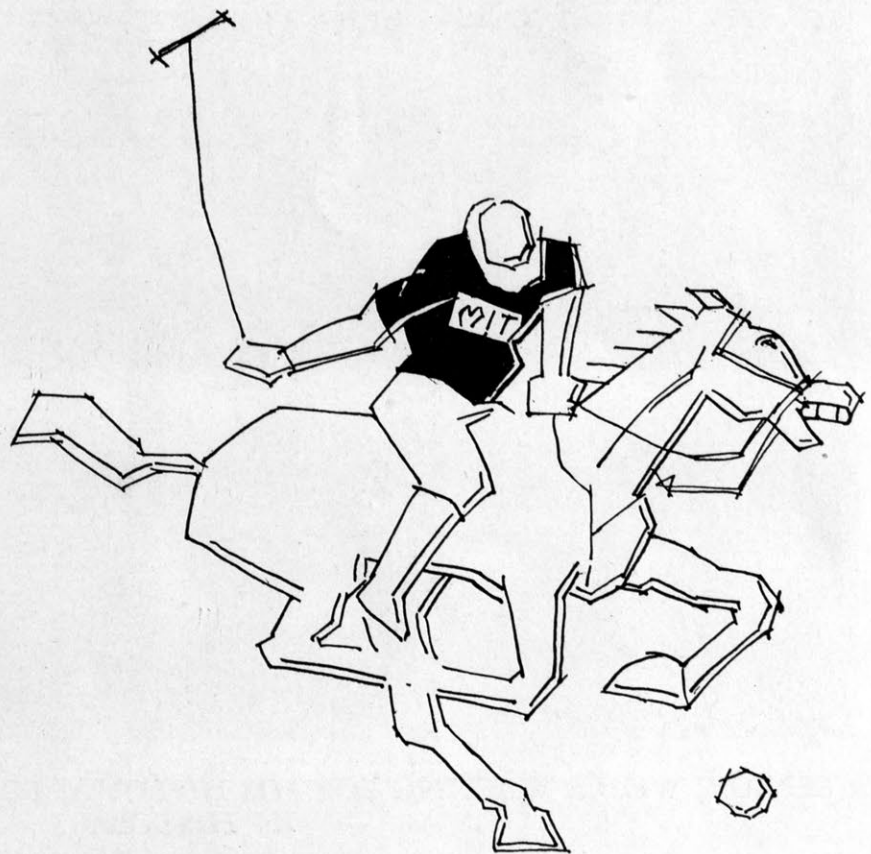


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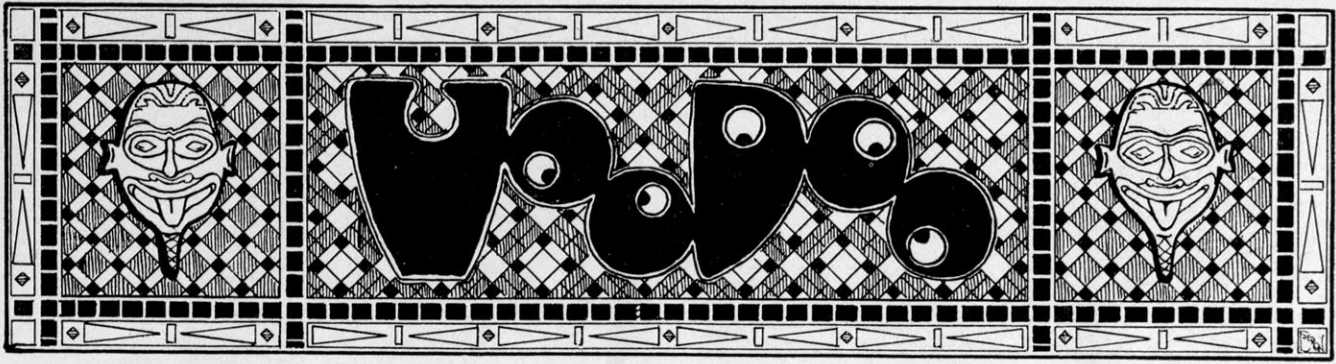
LIMELIGHT NUMBER



WHITAKER 31.



A SENIOR, WHILE WAITING FOR HIS DIPLOMA, FONDLY RECALLS HIS COURSE
IN HISTORY



WUXTREE!!

BOSWELL GLURPPE, VOO DOO MAN, WINS PRIZE SONG CONTEST
SPONSORED BY "THE TECH"

ALMA MATER SONG SELECTED!

The other day Louisa May Alcott, recently returned from a three days' trip to Burp Center, near Popocatepetl, slunk into the Voo Doo office hand in hand with good old Boswell Glurppe, Prize Song Editor of Voo Doo. They reeled heavily toward the deserted desk of the General Manager, and sang out loud and clear for two horses' necks. I don't mean they *are* horses' necks—they wanted two basins of pizen.

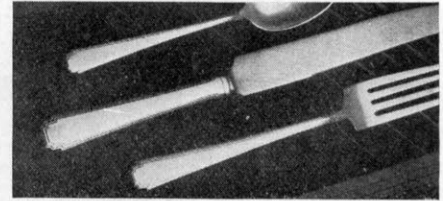
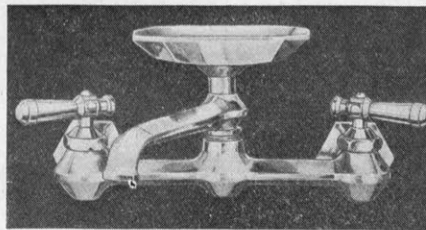
Perceiving their error almost the same day, the blushing couple admitted that they were error minded, or something. As Boswell Glurppe himself so aptly expressed it: "I guess we are error minded, or something." Heart-shaped crullers were served at once, and the assembled company all took to playing catch as catch can until the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots.

The wind howled, and several storms

blew. "My God, you wouldn't put a dog out on a night like this," mouthed Moses.

"The hell I wouldn't," said the General Manager, and he picked up the dog and put it out on a night like this, in a little Spanish town.

After the dog had gone out, the other members of the board went out in rapid succession. "Succession, Succession!" yelled Boswell. With glorious, sonorous cadence, he then swung into his prize-winning song, which is here printed almost word for word.

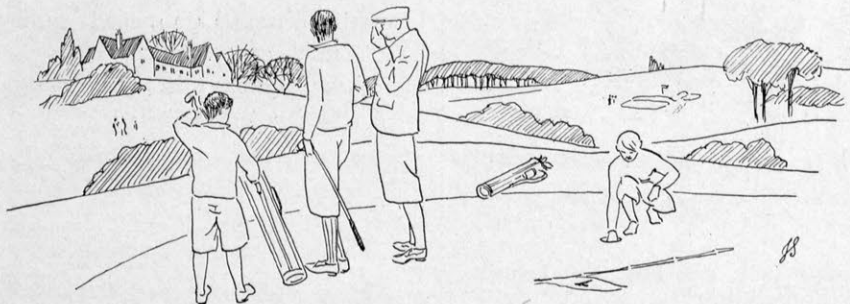


SONG: "TECHNOLOGY, MY MOTHER!"

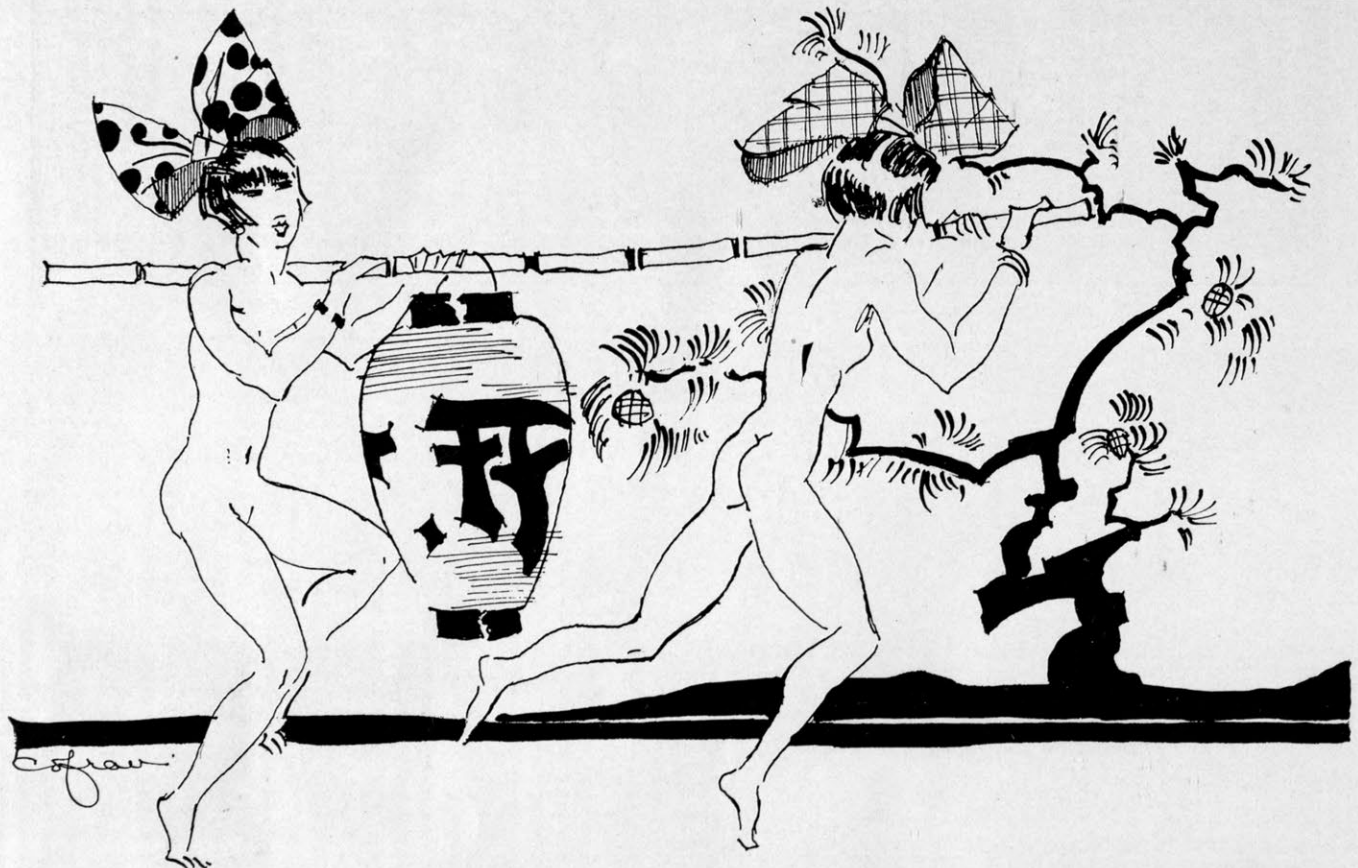
Words and Music by Boswell Glurppe

*"With thy moss-covered profs and thy
foul-smelling labs,
Technology, covered with big limestone
slabs,
We love thee, Technology, honest
and true,
'Cause each of us turtle doves, paus-
ing to coo,
Bellers curses and oaths on thee, our
blushing bride,
And after the show I will meet you
outside
And let the rest of the world go by."*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Swell!*



Above is a portrait of the spoon, etc., with which Glurppe made the masterful golf score which inspired him to write the prize-winning song, the dirty liar. At the left is the famous Quicksand Links, and at the upper left is the hot shower which so admirably revived the stout fella. And that ain't all that helped to revive him, neither.



TWO LITTLE EDISON ELECTRIC GIRLS—LIGHT, HEAT, AND POWER

THE MEXICAN SITUATION

"Ah, there, Jake, when did you get back from Mexico? Tell me all about the revolution!"

"Well, this man Calles has the situation pretty well in hand—"

"Say, listen, that reminds me of what happened to my wife's hand. She broke four bones in the left hand when I closed the car door on it. Ain't that rich?"

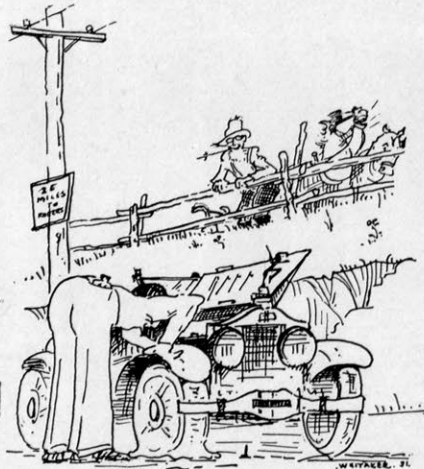
"Yeah, as I was saying, this guy Calles seems to know his stuff—"

"Oh, by the way, that reminds me that Jim bought some bum stuff the other day, and they had to use a stomach pump to save his life. Ain't that a hot one?"

"Sure, but about this battle—"

"Say, I'm glad you spoke of that. This kid, K. O. Mahooey, sure put up a great battle against Tiger McTuff last night. The Tiger's jaw got broke in three places. His expression sure was comical. Well, so long, Jake. I

sure am glad to see you, and thanks a lot for giving me the low-down on this situation down in Mexico. I'm awfully interested in that. So long, Jake."



"Tough luck, old boy, this farmer has no daughter."

CAMERA! READY? SHOOT!

There is some trouble close afoot,

Begun by drunken brawls.

The pretty belle of Bunter Boot

Is slandered by a young galoot,

And Bunter packs his gun to shoot

Him; over cards he draws:

"You varmint, keep them cahds t' suit

Above the board beyond dispoort,

Or Satan shore will soon recruit

A dead skunk to his stalls."

"An' meanin'?" "Cheat!" A shuffle.
Spoke

Two guns at once, then dark.

A woman's scream; a table broke.

Crash! Silence. Lights, and curling
smoke;

Still hazy, glaring; voices woke;

A man lay dead and stark.

Galoot, unruffled, leering, stroke

His mustache. Enter sheriff, folk

And Belle. "Oh, Boots," she cries,

"doan' croak!"

He grins—"It's all a lark!"

LEE SHUBERT

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SHUBERT THEATRE
MAJESTIC THEATRE
WILBUR THEATRE
PLYMOUTH THEATRE

BOSTON'S LEADING THEATRES

UNDER DIRECTION OF THE MESSRS. SHUBERT

GENERAL OFFICES
SHUBERT THEATRE BUILDING
TWO SIXTY FIVE TREMONT STREET
BOSTON, 11, MASS.

J. J. SHUBERT

I am heavy, but I'm reliable.

Voo Doo may be recumbent at the moment, but it too is reliable.

Yours with love & kisses,

Billy House

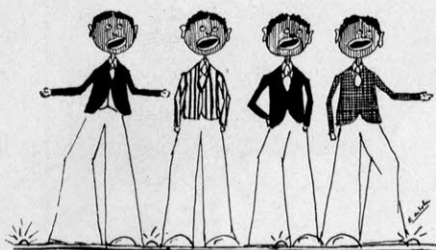
BILLY HOUSE ENDORSES VOO DOO

Big Sputter and Gag Man Cares for Phos' Wheezes

Come chin yourselves on grandpa's truss, babies, while the old driveler tells a hooting story about a little fellow who couldn't do his work.

The puny ruffian was born on a coal pile in Mesopotamia, in a little spare time after supper. The people began to laugh when he popped off a hot one about a couple of Hibernians, and they have been laughing ever since.

It took seven strong men and a boy to carry Paul into the house. (Paul is our hero's middle name.) The seven men and a boy were called Paul-bearers. When they got him in the house he hollered like hell, shrieking, "I won't go in the house!" Then the old man hollered back, saying, "You will!" Then he said to the moving van driver—"House!" So ever since they have called him Will House, or



Tabloid motto: "Our best people focused in the Slimelight."

Billy House, or William House. It's all a ghastly mistake, though, I think. He looks more like an office building to me.

Billy House was a precocious little belly-acher. He was at least eleven years old by the time the other boys his age were only about seven or eight. And that's the way it's been ever since.

When Billy grows up he's going to be a freshman at M.I.T., at a salary of so much per term. I understand they want the flabby fellow to get Professor Mueller mad as hell on registration day, and then DARE the dirty Hun to do something to him. Billy is good at that sort of thing.

Also, he is going to come out for Voo Doo. In fact he can hardly wait, as the letter printed herein plainly shows. Just pipe this, bruiser, and grin out of the middle of your fiz for a while.

First Bum (to alleged second of same species): "You—you—to call yourself one of us. Why, you're not a bum."

Second I.W.W.: "I know it, but why?"

First Bum: "Well, a bum is clean."

S. B.: "I must be a dirty bum then."

NOCTURNE

The evening performance was at an end; the vast orchestra was deserted; only one couple still lingered in the second balcony. Behind the great folds of curtain the property was safely stored, ready for the morrow. The stars' dressing-rooms were dark and the chorus was busy making some whoopee all about the town. Only the night watchman remained to represent the management. Peace and quiet held absolute sway after the hilarious evening of dancing and merriment. Suddenly a small voice piped, "Come along and take me home, big boy, they ain't gonna play Ramona."

"One moment, sir," said the student, in answer to the question of the physics prof.

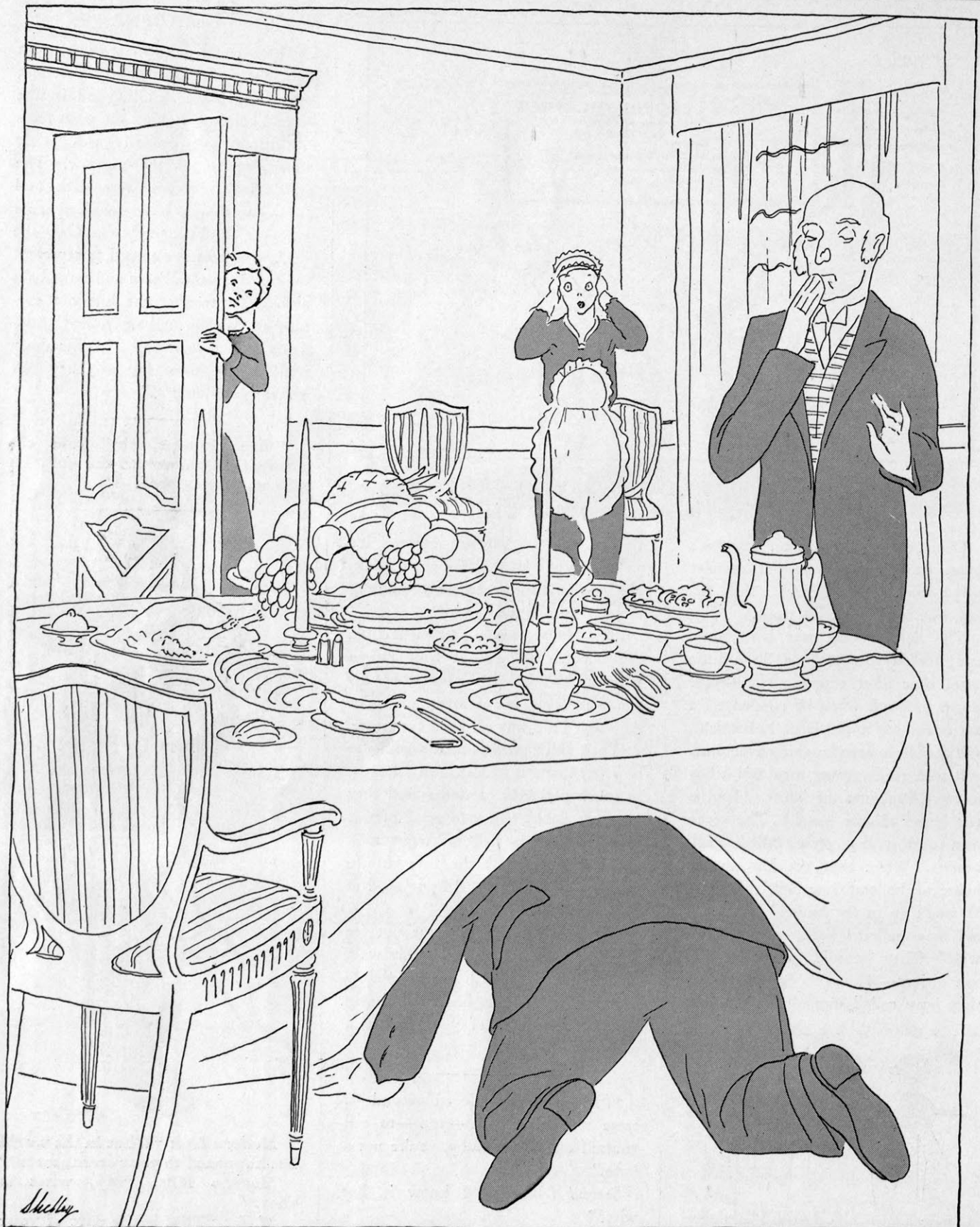


Modern Lad: "What in the world has happened to your sternutator?"

Modern Miss: "My, what is that?"

M. L.: "That is the part of your face that smells."

M. M.: "Sir!"



DEAN LOBDELL CANNOT BEGIN HIS DINNER UNTIL HE FINDS HIS
CALORIE CHART

IT'S THE LIMELIGHT

What makes husbands shoot their wives,

What makes half-wits take their lives,

What makes athletes do high dives?—

Because they get the limelight.

What makes Heflin dribble so,

What makes Byrd defy the snow,

What makes youngsters join the show?—

Because they get the limelight.

What makes speakers mount the stump,

What makes circus gals so plump,

What makes Broadway such a dump?—

The limelight, folks, the limelight.

What makes Dempsey swing his fist,

What makes up the social list,

What makes Milton Work play whist?—

The limelight, folks, the limelight.

That's why men make Peggy Joyce,

That's why Garden lifts her voice,

That's why famous ones rejoice—

Because they're in the limelight.

They're the ones we love the most

Even though they brag and boast;

Come, rise up, let's drink a toast—

Because they're in the limelight.



According to the food now served in Walker, the cooks must just fritter their time away.



Hussy: "What shall I do? Bob has been under water for twenty minutes."
Second Creature: "Let's go home. I wouldn't wait any longer for any man."

The old man looked up into his son's honest, manly face; on the calm, youthful visage he beheld not a trace of that terrible mental and moral decay which he so greatly feared had taken place. At length the father spoke:

"Are you still determined to make your living in this profession? Tell me that you have reconsidered." The old eyes glistened with tears. Were all those years of careful teaching to be wasted thus? It was a situation full of pathos. With a proud uplift of the head, the boy answered:

"Yes, father. I feel that I was born a radio man. I have been offered a splendid position in the studios of Station WFT, and father, even for you I cannot decline it."

The older man emitted one single, broken sob. The bent shoulders became even more stooped for a moment, then straightened as with a stern resolve. The wrinkled old hand crept toward the pocket. With an incredibly rapid movement it drew therefrom a tiny automatic. Before the boy could move, it had cracked three times, spraying his unprotected body with missiles of death.

Like a sapling riven by lightning he fell, while an ominous pool gathered on the carpet. Standing above the child he had killed, the murderer showed no sign of anger, fear, or remorse. "Alas," he murmured, "announcer prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Vol. XII

MAY, 1929

No. 3

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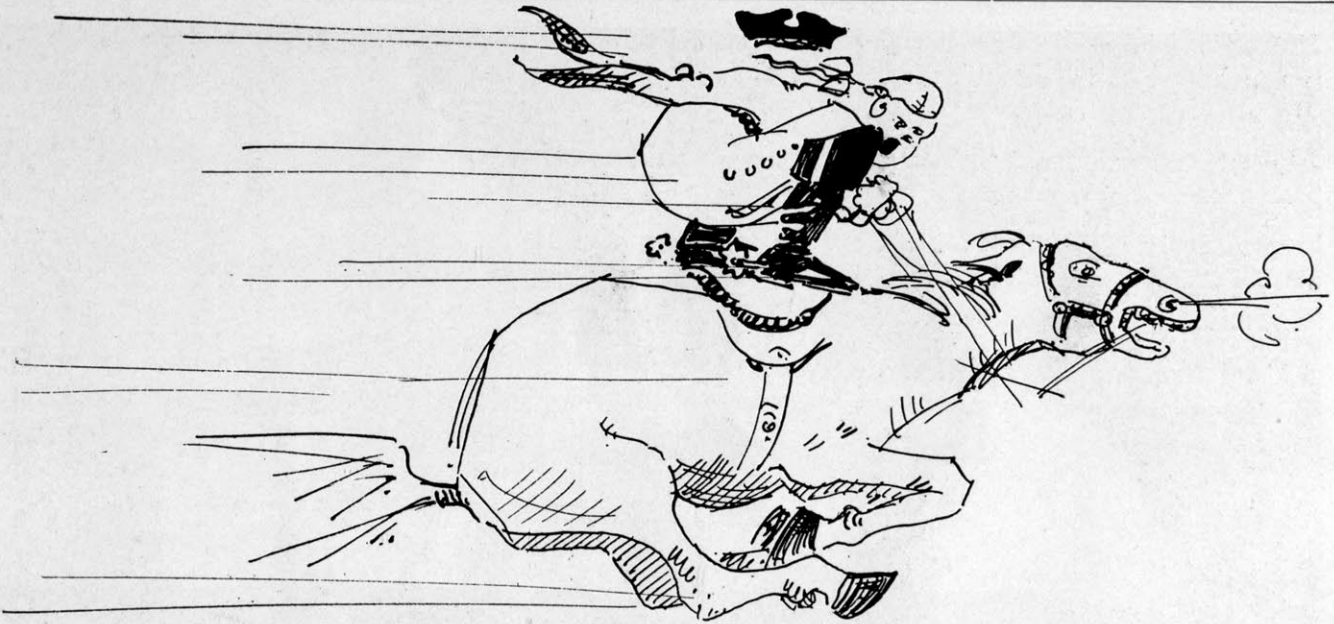
NO sooner had the little bird whispered in Phoebus Apollo's ear that all physical life is dependent upon light and heat than he harnessed up his chariot and began cavorting about the heavens. He has been doing a pretty fair job now for quite some time, and taking heart from his noble efforts, Phosphorus steams up his candle-power to shoot a little light, and perhaps some heat, into a few dark corners lest they remain forever unseen by the public eye. Certainly it is meet and proper that a few celebrities about this glorious factory be bearded in their cozy retreats that this bashful reticence be made an end of for all time. Many doings are done, many thoughts are thunk, many deeds are did, that the average undergraduate, if there be such, never knows. It is, therefore, Voo Doo's prime purpose in this last spasm of the scholastic year to bring these to light, for "truth crushed to earth will rise again." Settle yourselves well in your first-row seats, the curtain now rises on the best show of the ages. "No smoking in the lobby, please."



PHOSPHORUS wishes the Seniors Godspeed, and sheds a tear for all the remaining unfortunates whom he will greet once more as the summer wanes. Hence, ye varlets, and be blithe and gay after the siege.



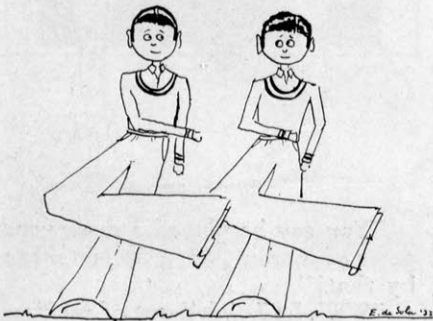
DEKES BROADCASTING WITH THREE PLUGS



PAUL REVERE BROADCASTING WITH ONE PLUG

NOAH WEBSTER

A serious gentleman, back in the days
When whiskey was aged in the
wood,
Betook to himself the beneficent task
Of making our speech understood.
He listed the words in the proper se-
quence
And wrote definitions as well;
The accents and synonyms occupied
space,
And lord, how that Webster could
spell.
The work, when completed, made up
a thick book,
And all done by Noah, fine feller,
And yet, folks, in spite of the pains
that he took,
He didn't turn out a best seller!



In Paris, the other day, an American
was arrested as a suspicious character.
He had an American passport, Ameri-
can clothes, and an American accent,
but in the restaurant he had *not*
ordered liquor!

Then there was the absent-minded
manager at the boat-house who ar-
ranged a schedule for his girl and
stroked the crew.

What the Red Sox team here in Bos-
ton needs is a good pitcher. Some
farmer should donate them a horse
with the heaves.

Dude (inspecting his appearance be-
fore mirror): "Well, thank God, I
won't have to worry about Lindbergh
any more."

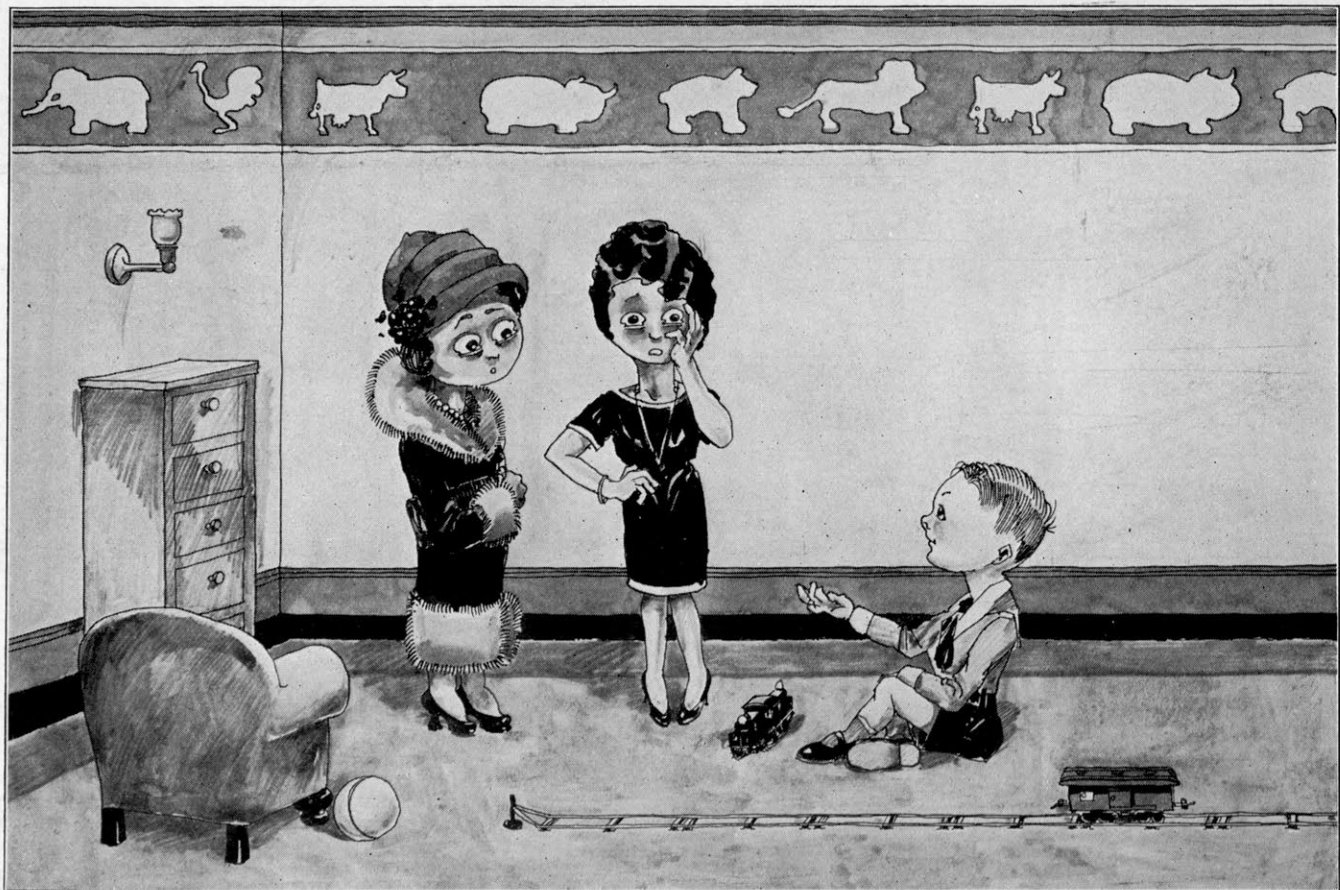
Freshman: "The class elections were
in the bag."

'Nother One: "Neither did I."



Gent: "Why don't you put on
your dress?"

Wife: "I can't decide where to
put it."



Brat: "Mrs. Vanderbilt, would you rather play with my electric train, or trot along and sling the bull with mamma?"

He was a bald-headed man — so women loved every hair on his chest.

Rotund Gentleman (questioning small boy in front of church): "My lad, is mass out?"

Small Boy: "No, but your shoe's untied."



"Lover, come back to me."

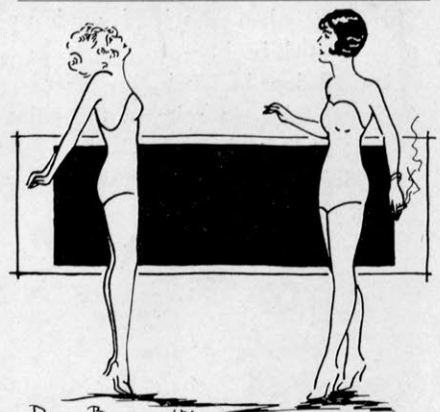
"My room-mate always gets to the shower first and makes me wait for him; what do you think of a guy like that?"

"Why, I should say your room-mate must be a gentleman of the first water."

A certain orchestral conductor once attempted to swindle the population of a small village on his itinerary by hiring unskilled musicians to play on noiseless instruments, the music being produced by a talking-machine cleverly concealed behind a curtain in the middle of the stage. When the outraged audience discovered this fact they threatened to bombard the crooked one with decayed vegetables unless he returned their money. With an oily smile the thief returned, "Oh, you can't do that, you know"; and with a finger he pointed at the revealed orthophonic. "To the Victor belong the spoils."

Just as an example of efficiency, take the young man who went to work for the Colt Arms Company. Within two days his safe was rifled.

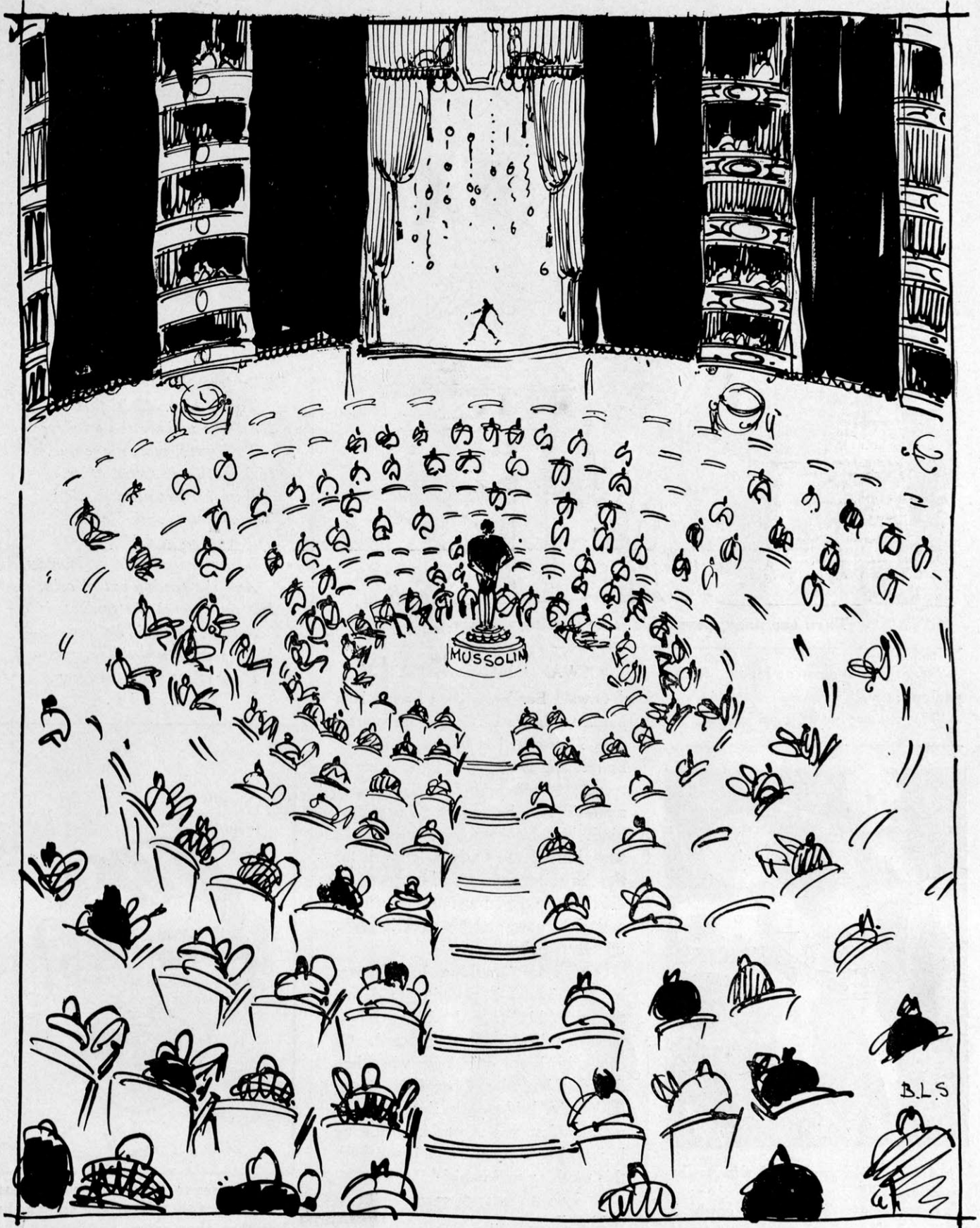
Collegiate: "Come on, baby, let's go places and insult people."



Dick Daltzer '31

"You say he played a dean good game of tennis? What do you mean by that?"

"Well, he Lobdell out of me."



AN ITALIAN THEATRE DESIGNED BY MUSSOLINI



Turn the page, boys; this is no moving picture.

"Want a Woman's Home Companion, lady?"

"No, we already have an iceman."



Alice: "Did you mind the Arabs in Algiers?"

Betty: "My dear, how could I help it? They are such powerful fellows."

OSWALD BANDERSNATCH

Oswald Bandersnatch, champion bindle-twidgeter of Copper-Still-on-the-Rye, Manitoba, has twidgeted his last bindle, and is about to go into retirement. Oswald is an old Technology man—in fact, he's nearing his eighty-ninth birthday—we know this is old stuff, but we can't help printing it for the heart-interest. Heart-interest, fellows! Oswald is drawing over six per cent right now, and his stock is going up all the time.

Oswald (or Oswald, as he is known by his friends) is planning to devote the rest of his life to developing a bird sanctuary in his flowing beard. Of course his beard only flows when he's drinking, but a lot of beard has flowed under the bridgework since we last met. And so poor Oswald, wallowing in a pool of his own blood, jawed forth this touching testimonial:

"I love to see a man bindle a twidget."

(Signed) OSWALD BANDERSNATCH

WHO'S WHO IN VERSE

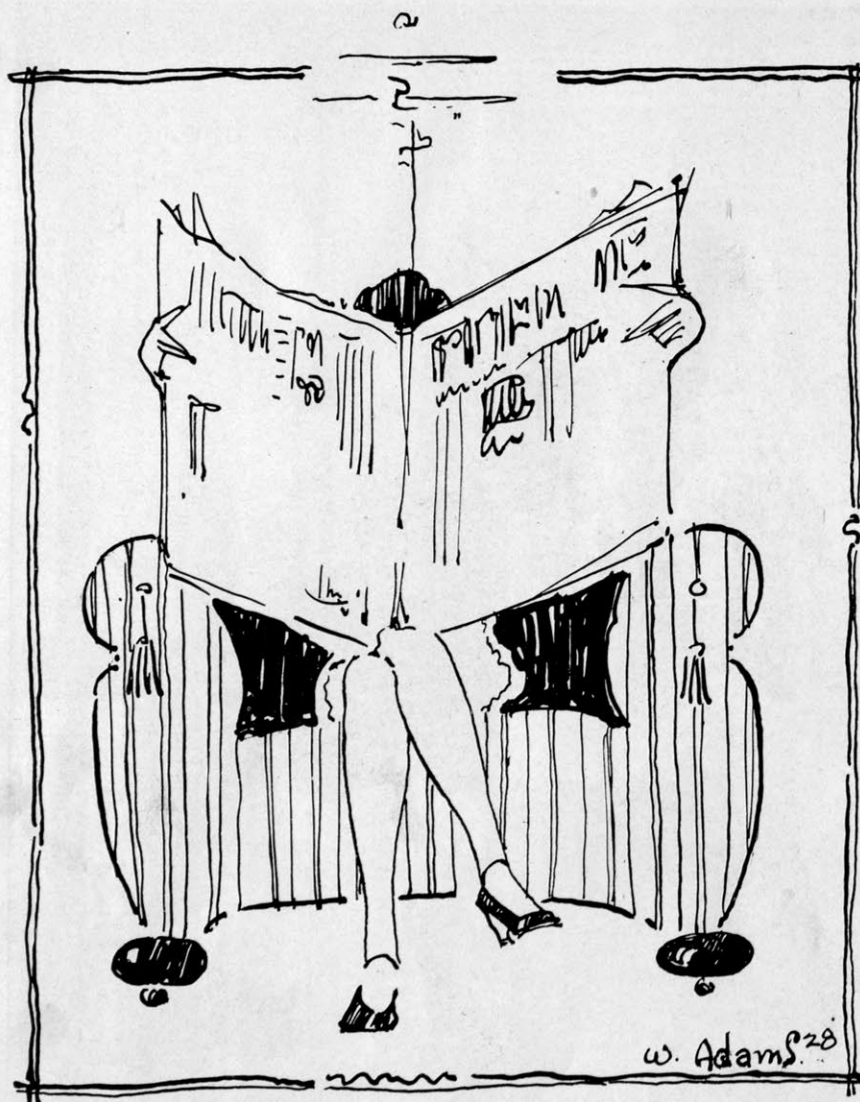
DAVID Q. WELLS

*There dwells a man among us
Who has muscles huge and hard;
He holds a high position
In collegiate regard.
His strength is near colossal,
And a wondrous thing to see,
As his feats upon the highbar
Dazzle all Technology.
Now, you see that we've conceded
He's a wizard in the gym,
But the bright lights of athletics
Oft in politics grow dim.
This lad would be a fixer,
And a puller of the wires
That feed the magic fuel
To the high official fires.
He'd like to have the privilege
To lounge, most statuesque,
In Lobdell's so sacred office,
With his feet upon the desk.
This stalwart, virile Venus
Is wont to gird his loin
With influence and silk bloomers,
And the passing out of coin.
His rating with the students is
Superb, but 'twill be seen
If his smooth and silken ways will
Have effect upon the Dean.*

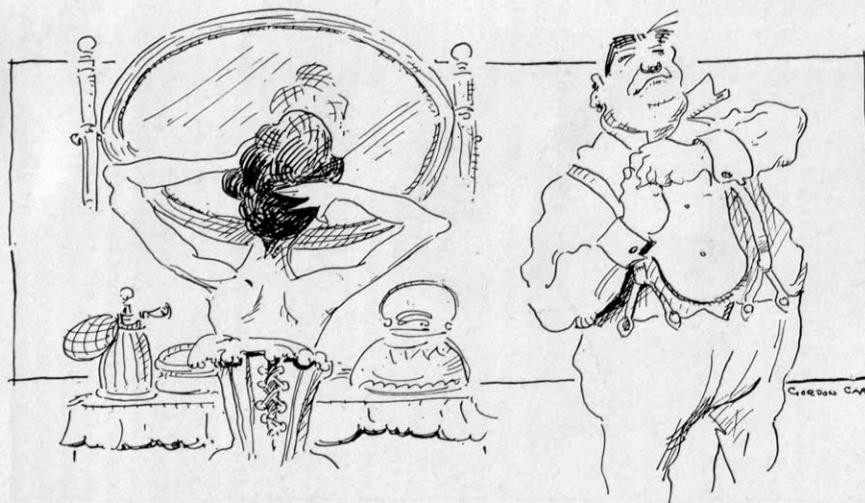
F i n i s .



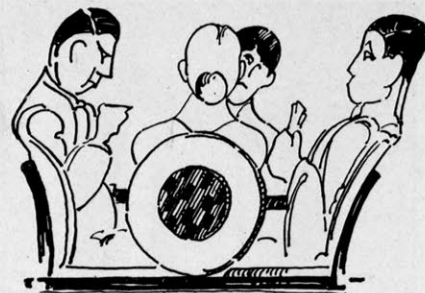
Dave says: "I would rather hear a woman talk about the shows she has seen than those she would like to see."



"It says here that there is another flood in the South—My Heavens! I must change baby."



"Ah, damn! If I ain't left off me undershirt!"



LITTLE RAMBLES WITH SERIOUS TECHNOLOGY THINKERS

Housekeeping hearts are the happiest.

—William (Profanity) Greene

When a man has reached the age of three, he knows all there is to know about women,

—Samuel G. Frierson

The joys of sailing are infinitely more real and lasting than the joys of eating sauerkraut.

—James R. Jack

The Institute Committee is a vital factor in maintaining amity and order among the students of our glorious school,

—Carleton B. Allen

If I were to inherit one million dollars today I should still have one million dollars next week. In ten years I should still have a million dollars.

—Beaker Joseph W. Phelan

Every Technology student should mingle a little love life with his daily work.

—Harold E. Lobdell

Drinking at M.I.T. is certainly on the decrease. This is a fine thing.

—Winward Prescott

Tut, tut!

—G. B. Haven

There is no reason why every M.I.T. man should not have enough money for all the Institute's needs.

—Horace S. Ford

If you will stop to think about it, I think you will realize that Voo Doo is potentially a tremendous force for moral stimulation.

—Charlie T. Dwight



All the world's a campus

It may appear a vast jungle of smoke-stacks and buildings, blind alleys and not very definite possibilities.

But there are those who say it is as interesting, as colorful, as alive as any college campus. And why shouldn't it be? The world, too, needs men who are

leaders of men. Men who can do new things. Men who can make new records.

In the world's forward-looking industries, a man's horizon is bounded neither by college walls nor by any other walls.

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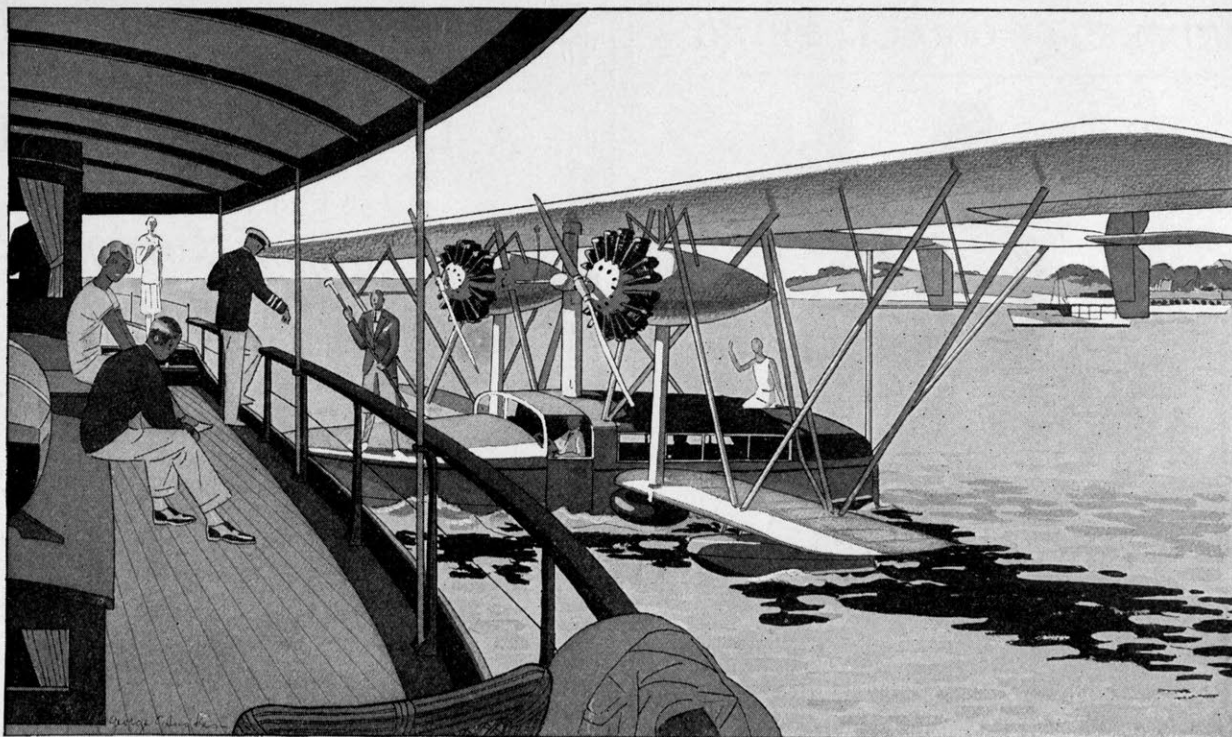


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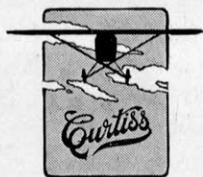
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"—WORLD'S OLDEST FLYING ORGANIZATION"

A well-known publisher and sportsman, accompanied by his daughter, recently completed what they unanimously described as "a delightful modern experience."

Their cruise took them over the Spanish Main, Cuba, the Virgin Islands, Martinique, Trinidad, South America, Panama, and other places of unusual interest and beauty—places usually difficult to "discover" and visit by more ordinary means of travel. Numerous social and business engagements had been made in advance, and each one of them was faithfully kept on time.

This fascinating trip was made in a luxurious Sikorsky—the twin-engined amphibion that can climb and fly on one engine, and operate from land or water with equal ease.

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HERE is a Handsome Topcoat.

What about It?

This about It: It is not only Handsome, but Wetproof, too, being none other than our Famous Scotch Mist*.

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THE DINING-HALLS
WALKER MEMORIAL

"Was your charity ball a success?"

"Indeed, yes. Every modiste in town was able to make a trip to Europe, and the receipts enabled us to repaint the fence around the orphanage."

—Yale Record

"Mama—where from doth elephanths come? And don't try to thtall me off wiv that gag about the thtork."

—Jack O'Lantern

A woman asked her husband if he wouldn't please be a little more affectionate, so he went out in the hall and kissed the maid.

—The Carolina Buccaneer

A lady was entertaining a small son of a friend.

"Are you sure you can cut your own meat, Willy?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, thanks," answered the boy politely; "I've often had it as tough as this at home."

—The Lyre

There are
20 Blades
in
Schick's
Handle

It works like
a pump-gun

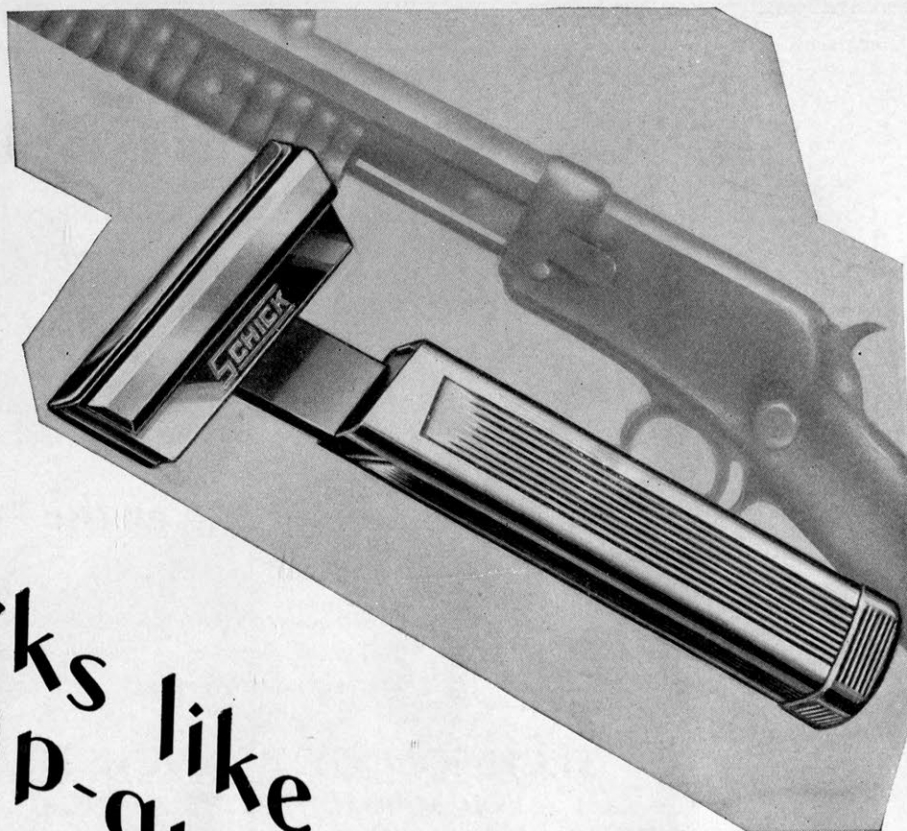
Pull and push the plunger. The Schick blade, used so many times it has lost its first crisp keenness, is shot out and a new, superkeen blade of Schick Steel is automatically placed in shaving position.

Twenty times you change blades before the blade clip in Schick's handle is empty. Four to ten perfect shaves with each blade without stopping. Then it takes but a moment to insert a new clip of 20 blades, and they cost but 75c a clip. No fuss or bother with a Schick—no broken package of blades to take care of—nothing to take apart—no complicated cleaning or drying—and the smoothest, coolest shave you have ever known. Schicks cost from \$5 to \$50 with a clip of 20 blades included. You can get your Schick at almost any good store where men trade. In Canada the price is a trifle more.

Ask your dealer to show you how the Schick works—take one home and try it. Shave this modern way one week, and you'll never go back to old-fashioned shaving tools. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York.

Canadian Distributors:
T. S. Simms & Co.,
Ltd., Saint John,
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Schick Repeating Razor
Extra blades
75¢ per clip of 20



Simple as ABC
to
change blades

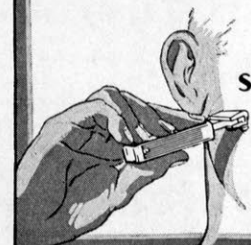


pull out
plunger



snap it
back

(old blade
drops out—
new blade
slides in)



shave

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 White with narrow blue stripes
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Green solid color
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 Tan with narrow stripes

Blue with narrow stripes
 Blue solid color
 Blue with narrow white stripes
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Our idea of the meanest man in the world is the Junior who said to his room-mate's girl while dancing at the Prom:
 "I am so glad the first girl Bill asked couldn't come, else I would never have met you."

—The Lyre

Guide: "In that room are the billing machines."

Young Visitor: "Do they coo?"

—The Carolina Buccaneer

Frat: "Do you remember the boy who used to pull your pigtail at school?"

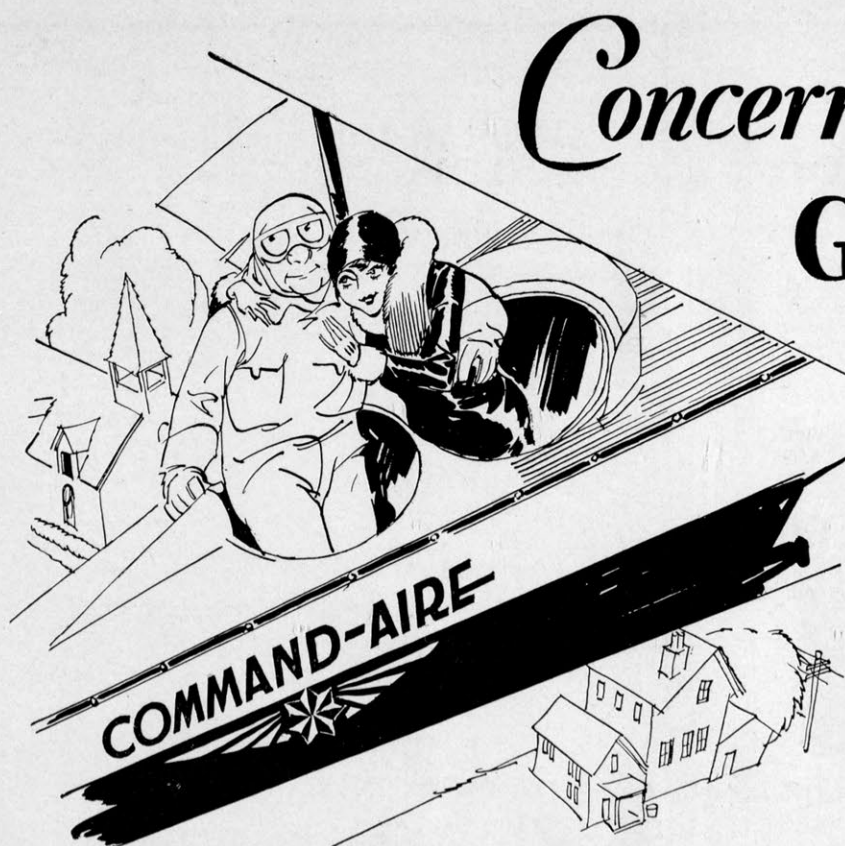
Actress: "Oh, so that's who you are?"

Frat: "No, that was my father."

—The Phoenix

The surgeon's song—The Sawing Is Ended But the Malady Lingers On.

—The Rice Owl



Concerning GIRAFFES and other HEAVY NECKERS

COMMAND-AIRE has often been asked to state its position on the question of necking. Usually the inquiries come from men with a mission; from women with a purpose; from that legion of the damned who mind other people's business and get paid for it.

Invariably our answer has been the same—an answer that is as clear and ringing as a statement to the public prints. "COMMAND-AIRE'S position on the subject of necking is one of unquestioned stability." Just like that—no more—no less.

But now that we are alone, let us analyze the subject more closely. Our opinion is that so long as there are necks, there will be necking. While the automobile perhaps encouraged young people to go further—and we speak strictly in a mileage sense—the aeroplane

will encourage them to aspire to the higher things of life. No girl ever walked home from an aeroplane.

In an average plane, the opportunities for necking are reduced to a minimum. Like a juggler on the five a day, the pilot is apt to be a strict ascetic. No man can even ogle, let alone be a menace when his eyes, hands and feet are so thoroughly occupied.

But the COMMAND-AIRE—well, can we help what our artist sees? If the COMMAND-AIRE will fly by

itself, without control, are we responsible for the little weaknesses of humanity? The picture below shows how the COMMAND-AIRE pilot leaves the cockpit and straddles the fuselage. But we don't advise you to broadcast this feature—the girl friends might do it.

But there—we wanted to tell you how sweet a ship the COMMAND-AIRE is—with the lines of a Follies girl, the speed of a hot check, the stability of a father, and the price of a good automobile.

Only \$3,350 f. o. a. Little Rock. We're humanitarians. That's all there is to it. Write for our booklet, which sometimes we call our brochure. This is just not one of the times.




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NEWS

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ALLSTON

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CAMBRIDGE

78 Massachusetts Avenue

"Yes," said the hard-hearted father, "I'll take her back."
So they passed his plate and grandfather gave him the last
piece of chicken.

—*The Rice Owl*

"You remind me so much of Valentino."
"But he's dead."
"Yes, I know."

—*Michigan Gargoyle*

Sea-sick Student Tourist: "Gawd! Am I for that berth
control stuff now!"

—*The Octopus*

Two little boys came into the dentist's office. One said to
the dentist:

"I want a tooth took out and I don't want no gas because
I'm in a hurry."

"That's a brave little boy. Which tooth is it?"

"Show him your tooth, Albert."

—*Texas Ranger*

Never the same job twice

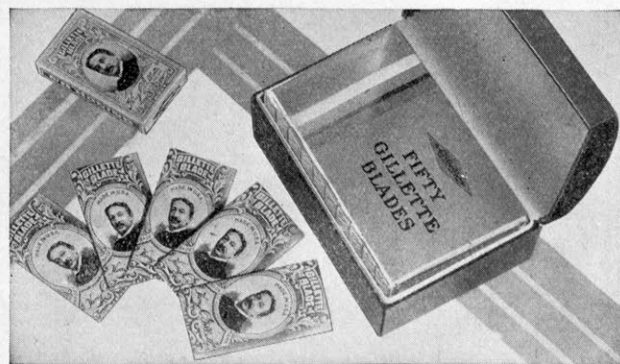
YES, it's the same man shaving on ten different mornings; ten different conditions of water; temperature, and nerves; ten different methods of lathering and stroking.

*But his Gillette Blade
meets all these changing conditions with
the same even temper*

So much dependable shaving comfort has been honed and stropped into this blade that eight out of ten American men have learned to expect—and get—a comfortable shave even under the worst possible conditions.

To meet that expectation Gillette has developed and perfected some \$12,000,000 worth of new machines during the past ten years. They condition the Gillette Blade far more delicately and precisely than even the most skilful artisan could sharpen a shaving edge.

Conditions vary. But the Gillette Blade is the one *constant* factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.



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AND RECOMMEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS



"Are you wise to a good thing, Mabel?"

"Sure, I've been around. I prefer a Life Saver to anything else."

"Oh, I see, you always reach for a Life Saver instead of a fleet."

Maggie: "Was your old man in comfortable circumstances when he died?"

Jennie: "I hae me doots. 'E was 'arf under a train."

—Kitty-Kat

Insignificant Parent: "Isn't it time he could say 'Daddy'?"

Fond Mother: "We've decided not to tell him who you are until he gets a bit stronger."

—California Pelican

Prof: "Now, men, I don't mind you all looking at your watches, but please be courteous enough not to hold them up to your ears as if they had stopped running."

—Aggievator

Bridge Friend: "What honors did you have, simple?"

She: "Say, you're not so brilliant, either."

—Cornell Widow

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MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
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Clothes for Vacation and Summer Sport

*New Illustrated Catalogue on Request*PALM BEACH NEWPORT
246 PALM BEACH AVENUE, S 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE

© BROOKS BROTHERS

Student: "Here it is Monday already. Tomorrow will be Tuesday, and the next day Wednesday. The whole week half gone and nothing done yet!"

—Awgwan

"But I am at attention, officer; it's just this uniform that's at ease."

—Pelican

He: "Why is that woman staring at us so?"

She: "You just sat on her corsage, my dear."

—Wampus

Peggy: "Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

Polly: "No, and it's awfully exasperating. He only smiles."

—Ollapod

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The better high schools and other preparatory schools in the United States offer adequate preparation for the required entrance examinations given by the College Entrance Examination Board in June, or by the Institute in September.

Graduates of colleges or of scientific schools of collegiate grade, and in general all applicants presenting satisfactory certificates showing work done at another college corresponding approximately to at least one year's work at the Institute, are admitted to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training, and are given credit for our required subjects, including the entrance requirements, so far as they have been satisfactorily completed.

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Happily there's a soda fountain or refreshment stand—with plenty of ice-cold Coca-Cola ready—around the corner from anywhere. With its delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, it makes a little minute long enough for a big rest.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

C-4



THE EARMARKS OF ENLIGHTENMENT

ANY man may be thrown for a loss in Latin Verbs—and still show signs of enviable enlightenment. When you turn to Camel for solace in your hours of trial, you rate a passing mark in *any* language. Give yourself a break. Take on a cargo of Camel's cool fragrance. Blow a mellow cloud in the face of adversity. . . . Have a Camel. And another!

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