

M

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During September and October the Columbia Broadcasting System presents "The MARCH of TIME" as a sustaining feature. Starting November 4, TIME, the weekly newsmagazine, will again sponsor the program at the same Friday evening hour throughout the winter. TIME's Editors will prepare the entire series.

TIME, Incorporated. Publishers of TIME and FORTUNE. 135 East 42d St., New York.

# TIME MARCHES ON!

"Pardon me, Helen, I think you dropped your chemise."

"Oh, thanks a lot, Dick, I would never have noticed it. Isn't that my old brassiere sticking out of your pocket?"

"No, I got that off Betty. But here are your bloomers."

"Oh, good. At last I've got all my clothes together. Now, Dick, come over here beside me, and help me put them on."

"Oke, Helen, but you'll have to show me how they go. This'll be a swell window display when that dummy is dressed." —*Cornell Widow.*



"But Mrs. Murphy why are you giving me a day-bed?"

"What the hell, dearie, ain't you gonna marry a night-watchman?"

—*Ohio "Sun Dial"*



He: "Do you know from which sheep they get virgin wool?"

Him: "No, which?"

He: "The one that outran the shepherd."

—*Mountain Goat*



### CERTAINLY

Mother (on entering the room unexpectedly)—

"Well, I never—"

Daughter—"Oh, mother, you must have."

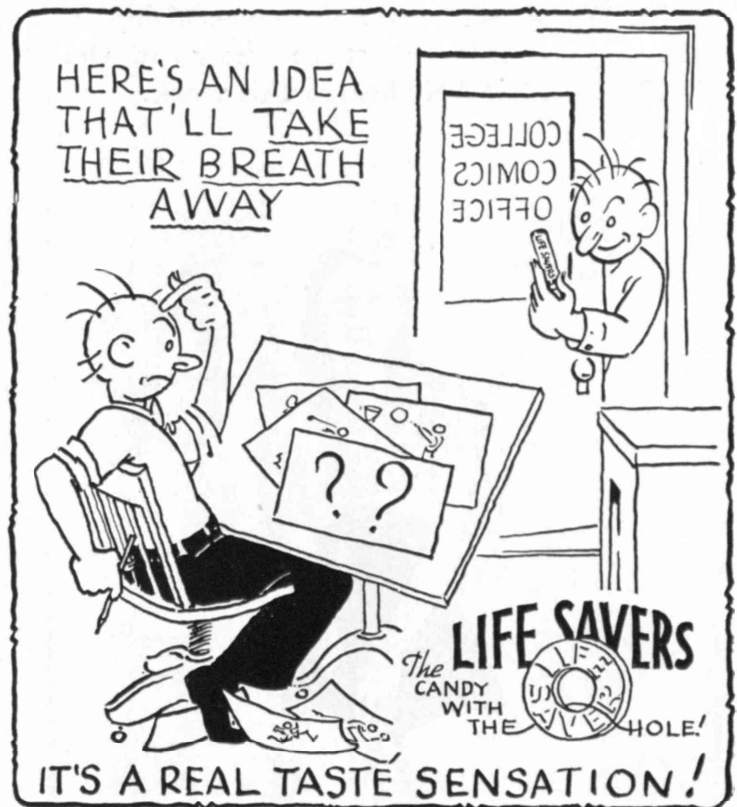
—*Owl*



"Marry me, Richard! I'm only a garbage man's daughter, but—"

"That's all right, baby. You ain't to be sniffed at."

—*Ranger*



## The DEAUVILLE Dine and Dance

to the music of the Colored Aristocrats at the new Deauville in residential Boston and adjacent to Tech.

A smart, secluded spot where you may enjoy the evening, with selected entertainers.

Popular College and Football Nights  
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**NADINE** takes over the Generalship in the highly colorful stage show at the METROPOLITAN theatre this week.



The flapper co-ed went up to the young Prof. and said, "Profy dear, what are my marks?"

He put his arm around her and whispered sweet little nothings in her ear.

—Banter.



"I don't mind washing dishes for you," wailed the hen-pecked husband. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the floors, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons through my nightgown just to fool the baby."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind

### THREE WAYS TO END A CONVERSATION AT DINNER

1. Ask the lady on your right if she is married. Should she say yes, ask her if she has any children. If she says no, ask her how she does it.

2. Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says no, ask her if she has any children.

3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says yes, ask her if she's married.

—Pen. "Punch Bowl"



The fraters were having a very solemn meeting. Suddenly a knock was heard on the door, and a timid young pledge entered.

"Can I have a glass of water, sir?" he asked nervously.

"Go ahead, take one," called an active, quite annoyed.

Soon the pledge returned and requested another glass of water.

"Take it and get out, damn it," they growled.

Once again he returned. "Another glass, please."

"Go ahead, go ahead," was the sarcastically sweet tone.

He was back.

"May I—"

"Say, what the hell!" they exploded, "you sure got a lousy thirst, eh?"

"Not at all, sir," said the pledge timidly, "but the house is on fire, sir."

—Purple Parrot



Advertising Manager: Madame, I understand your ancestors signed the Mayflower compact.

D. A. R.: Well, what of it?

A. M.: We want you to endorse our new powder, rouge, lipstick, combination.

—The Pointer.

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Whatever you  
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"You know, Henrietta, every time I see you my heart beats faster. I feel the urge to do bigger and better things. I feel so strong and virile. Do you know what that means?"

"Sure. It means in about five minutes you and I are going to have a wrestling match."

—Ohio Sun Dial.



At six o'clock she laid out his dress suit, shirt and studs. He did not appear. At eleven o'clock she laid out his pajamas. He didn't turn up. At three o'clock he came in. And then she laid him out.

—Battalion.



The following notice appeared in the "Frantic" column of one of our leading newspapers: "If V. M., who deserted his wife and baby boy twenty years ago will come back, aforesaid baby boy will knock hell out of him."

—Aggievator

# Au Theatre



DORIS CARSON

## THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

SHYBET  
THEATRE  
NOW

GEORGE  
MEADER



"WHO, ME?"  
EVA LE GALLIENNE  
JOSEPH SCHILDKROVT

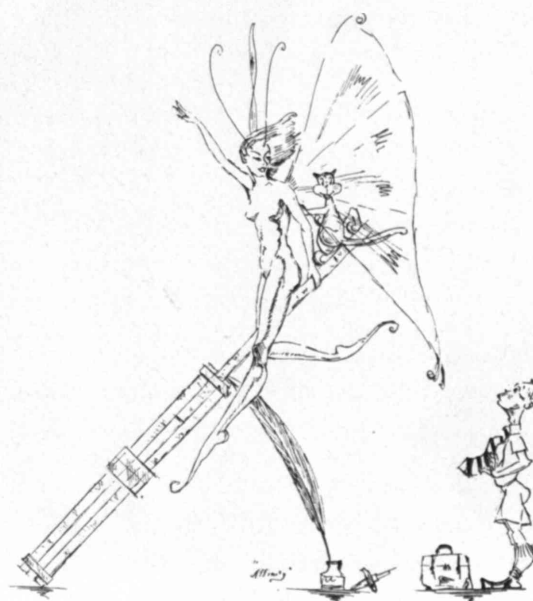
"LILLION" AT THE  
WILBUR THEATRE  
OCT 17

EVA  
LE GALLIENNE

"CAMILLE" WILBUR  
THEATRE  
OCT 17

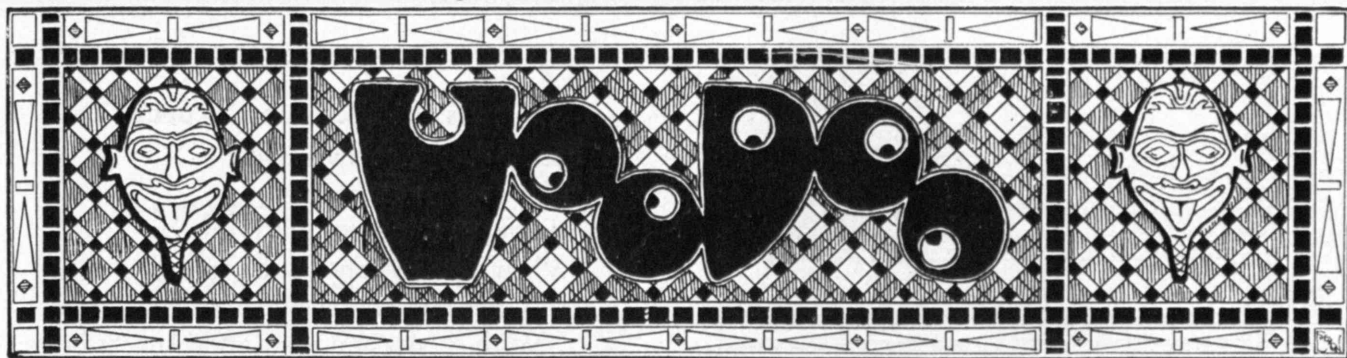


PHOSPHORUS PRESENTS  
*The* FRESHMAN NUMBER





(Voo Doo presents the first of a series of drawings by local talent. Save this page for future reference.)



## FRESHMEN, HAVE YOU SEEN?

The City of Cambridge: As you know, or if you don't you've probably guessed, you are now pursuing, or being pursued by, your studies in this once proud city. I say "once proud" for *The Tech* wasn't published until 1881. Since you are doomed to spend at least a term here, it would perhaps be well to acquaint yourselves with your surroundings.

Behind the dorms you can see or if you happen to be in Room 1-050, you can smell, the Lux soap factory. This imposing edifice should be seen as it may get up and walk off any day.

Slightly further away, but in the same direction is its greatest and most pungent rival, Swift & Co. This establishment has always been one of the greatest boons to Freshmen in making them feel at home.

Harvard University. One look is enough. If any Freshman doesn't feel his biceps swelling and uncontrollable emotion surging through him, he'll know why at the yearly medical exam.

The Coop Field: This should be viewed on a drizzly, damp, chilly day, for what Freshman will ever see it otherwise?

The Charles River: Directly in front of the Great Court and across the Drive is this imposing trickle. It is famous for someone sold the Basin to two Freshmen who needed one for their room. I trust none of you will go looking for the stopper.

---

Fraternity man (showing rushee about the house): "And this is where we have our social gatherings."

Rushee: "Sort of a mushroom, eh."

## FRESHMAN RULES

Freshman Rules in the past have been tainted by the suspicion that they promote Technology spirit. They are being repeated this year so somebody can write a thesis as soon as a case of spirit (or spirits) is detected.

1. All Frosh should wear cardinal and grey ties which can be seen with the unaided eye from across the river. These are sold by the Rules Committee and the Coop, although copies salvaged from the coffin at the Tie Dance will probably be in circulation.

2. Any Freshman who speaks to members of the faculty or officials of the Institute is regarded as a social upstart.

3. Freshmen should not loiter around the main lobby. The best place is two blocks toward Central Square in a brown house. (Ring the bell four times). Freshmen would be better off two thousand miles away.

4. When anyone sees a Freshman violate any rule, he should immediately show his true color and squeal. Fitting punishment awaits tale-bearers. The Freshman who gets the most black marks by Christmas will be awarded a free subscription to *The Tech* if it is still running.

5. Administration of the rules shall be delegated to six Juniors and six Sophomores who never did obey the rules when they were freshmen.

6. Enforcement is left to the discretion of the Rules Committee. Among the punishments used previously are boiling in oil, hanging by means of the damned tie, or appointment to the staff of the T. C. A





"Where do you go to school?"

"Harvard."

"Taking medicine?"

"No."

"Well, you need it."

In 5.01 the other day the instructor was talking about Hydrogen and oxygen. He then turned to a member of the class and said, "Mr. Brown, will you come up to the board and show the class how to make water."



Epitaph No. 1 (For Technology Students only)  
Here are the pieces of Joseph C. Ryan.  
Joe simply wouldn't stay in line.



Spit is a horrid word, especially when damn fools like us try to make a joke out of it.

"WELCOME FRESHMEN!"

(1) As the freshman expects it:

Another year has flown away —  
Four seasons have gone by;  
And now we come to that great day  
When all join hands and cry  
A welcome to the ent'ring class  
With shouts and roars and blare of brass;  
We watch the eager Freshmen pass  
With hopes and heads held high.

(2) As the college comic editor writes it:

Oh well, another bunch of eggs  
To clutter up the place;  
The worst of dear old Podunk's dregs  
With shiny open face.  
We long to see you get to work  
And climb into the saddle —  
But, greater still, we long to work  
Upon you with a paddle.

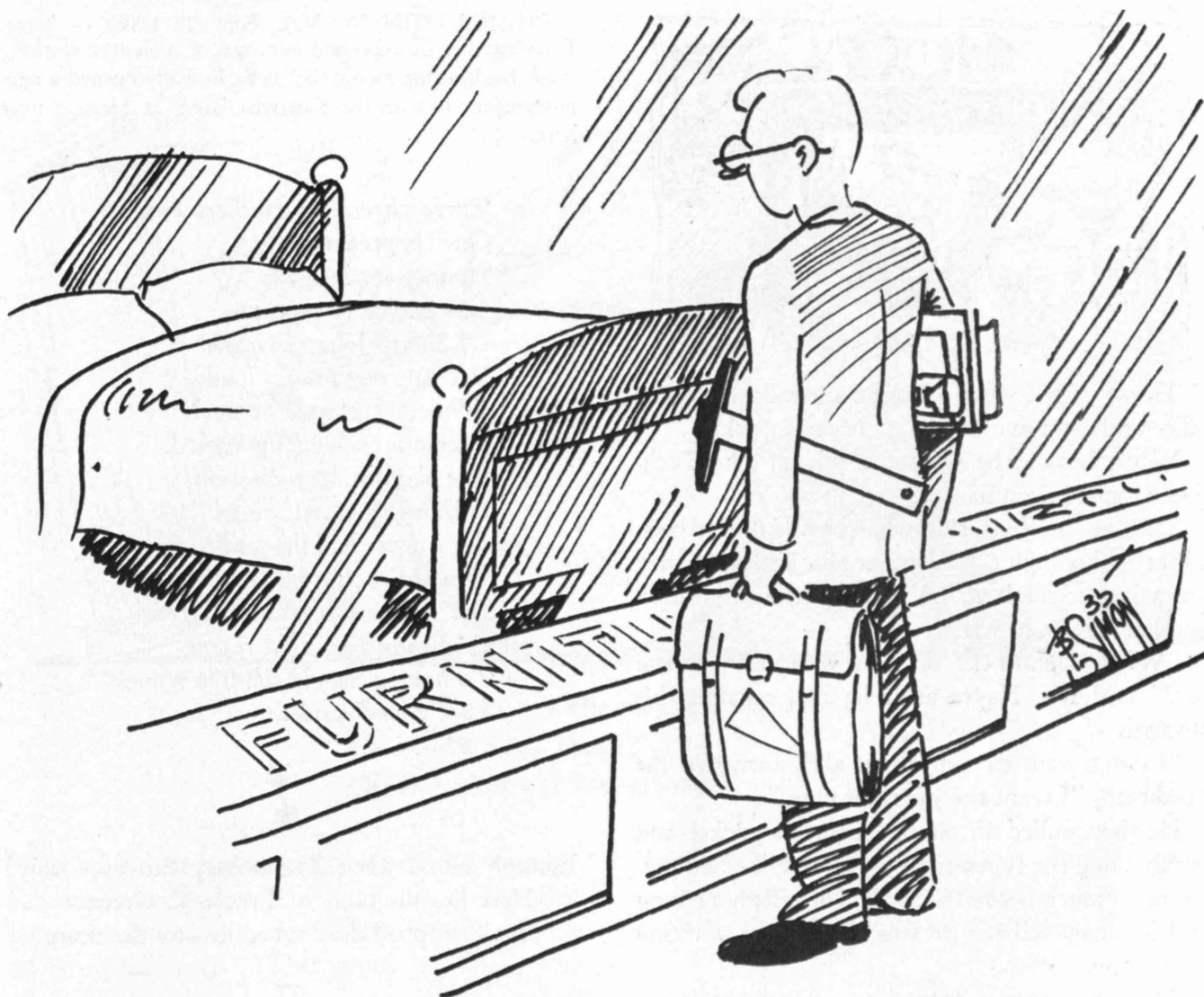


The only difference between a shop and a shoppe  
is about fifty per cent.



'36—Doesn't that stiff collar bother your neck?

'33—Naw, she's used to it.



"M-mm-m"

Dear Mother:

I arrived at Back Bay station a day sooner than I expected but the boys who visited me this summer were there to meet me. They are nice chaps too — didn't you think? They took me up to a house on the Fenway where we had a very delicious meal. They say the meals get better as time goes on, too. They were all very kind to me and called me by my first name right from the start. I seem to be able to make friends up here much quicker than I did at school. As a matter of fact, they want me to live with them this winter. They say it will be much cheaper than living in the dormitories and I will be much more comfortable. My trunk is here now and they unpacked it for me.

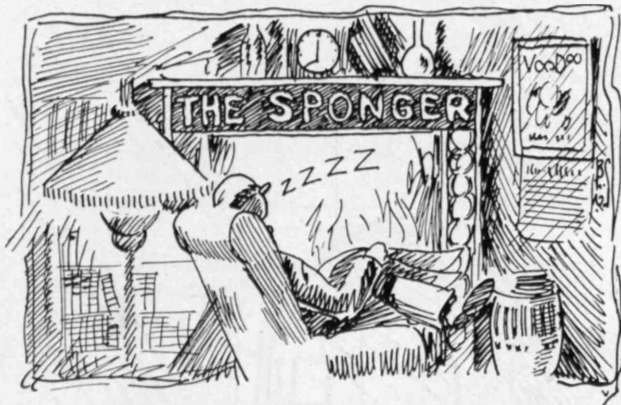
They drove me all around Boston this afternoon.

We talked about the course I am taking. One boy who was sitting on the back seat happens to be taking it too. He must be very influential with the authorities as the faculty voted for him last June. I imagine he would be very helpful in solving my problems this winter.

They have been so good to me that I don't know if I could ever repay them. They don't even want me to get out of their sight which is a sign of real friendship don't you think?

I am a little dubious about living with them this winter as you told me not to sponge off anyone. Still they seem to be so whole-hearted in giving me advice and I am up here to get the most out of my four years here at Boston College that I think I'll take them up on it.

Your devoted son.



They laughed when a Freshman walked into the office and sat down on the corner of a desk.

When he said he wanted a job on *The Tech*, they laughed even harder.

They became hysterical when he said he had been editor of his high school paper, for little did they know he had made an "A" in English composition and knew how to write.

"What department do you want to compete for?" said Mr. Hayes after he had regained his strength.

"I don't want to compete at all," answered the Freshman, "I want the job right now."

He then pulled an oil can from his pocket and began oiling the typewriters — already he had performed a much-needed service. The telephone rang and he answered it. It was the printer wanting more copy.

Their amusement turned to amazement when they heard him dictate two editorials (good ones, too), over the phone.

Of course he got the job. His name was already on the masthead. He was just the type of man they needed.

Yet they laughed when he sat down and asked for a job on *The Tech* — but when he found out what a lousy paper it was he laughed even harder than they did.



Soph: "Why did you leave your car around the corner when there is plenty of space out front?"

Frosh: "Well, the sign said, 'Motor vehicles must park 15 feet from the fire plug' and all the plugs were being used around here."

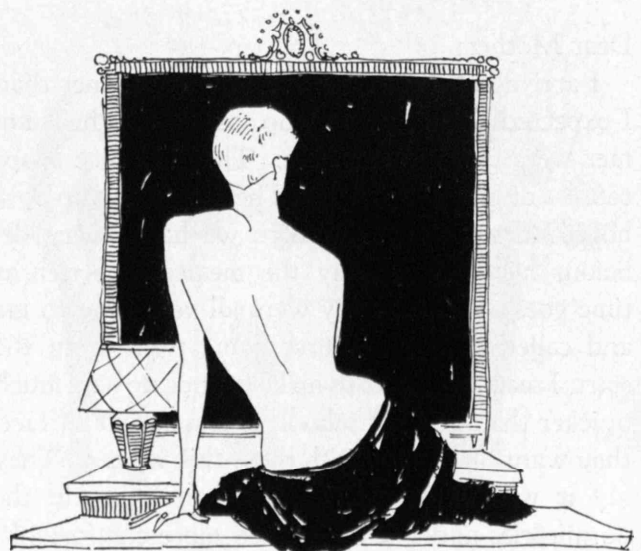
CHARLESTON, W. VA., Sept. 27 (AP) — Vive-President Curtis expressed approval of a shorter working week for laboring men today as he formally opened a new government lock in the Kanawha River at Marmet near here.

—Boston Post.

Three cheers for Herbert Hoover  
Our congressman-elect;  
Hooray for Mr. Ely  
Our mayor (I expect);  
Of Sheriff Johnny Garner  
We sing our praises loud;  
While Secretary Roosevelt  
Enchants each gaping crowd.  
We like this deep emotion  
Although it's new to us  
(We never had the tendency  
Toward such a blatant fuss).  
But maybe CHARLEY disagrees  
And shows his cold resent  
To having people call him names  
Like Vive-President.



Epitaph No. 2 (For Technology Students only)  
Here lies the body of Ernest T. Green.  
Ernie dropped dead when he saw the dean.



No matter who's daughter she is we are glad to see her back.



One—"Let's try the new doctor's song."

Two—"What's that?"

Three—"Isn't It Rheumatic."

Another year has started, a new Freshman class has dared to desecrate our immortal, if damnably long corridors, and again it brings with it its bevy of beautiful coeds. This group of fine young women — just see the earnest energetic look in their bright young faces — with its noble endeavors ranging anywhere from Railroad Operation to Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering (Note — only Building Construction is exempt) can not be found anywhere but here. Of this, I think you will agree with me, we ought to be glad. Look around you, Freshmen, certainly no other college can offer you such widespread opportunities and advancements. In fact, no other college would have the colossal nerve to do so. *Long Live Emma Rogers!*



Some high school graduates are born dumb, some acquire dumbness, and some go to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Epitaph No. 3 (For Technology Students only)  
Here lies the form of Sabastian Parker.  
Who choked to death on the food in Walker.



"The Scotch golf club has disbanded."

"Why? No funds?"

"No, they lost the wooden tee."



Prof.: "What is so rare as a day in June."

Frosh (back row): "An M. S. uniform that fits."



Then there is the frosh who is so dumb he thinks the slide rule applied to the world series.



# Voo Doo

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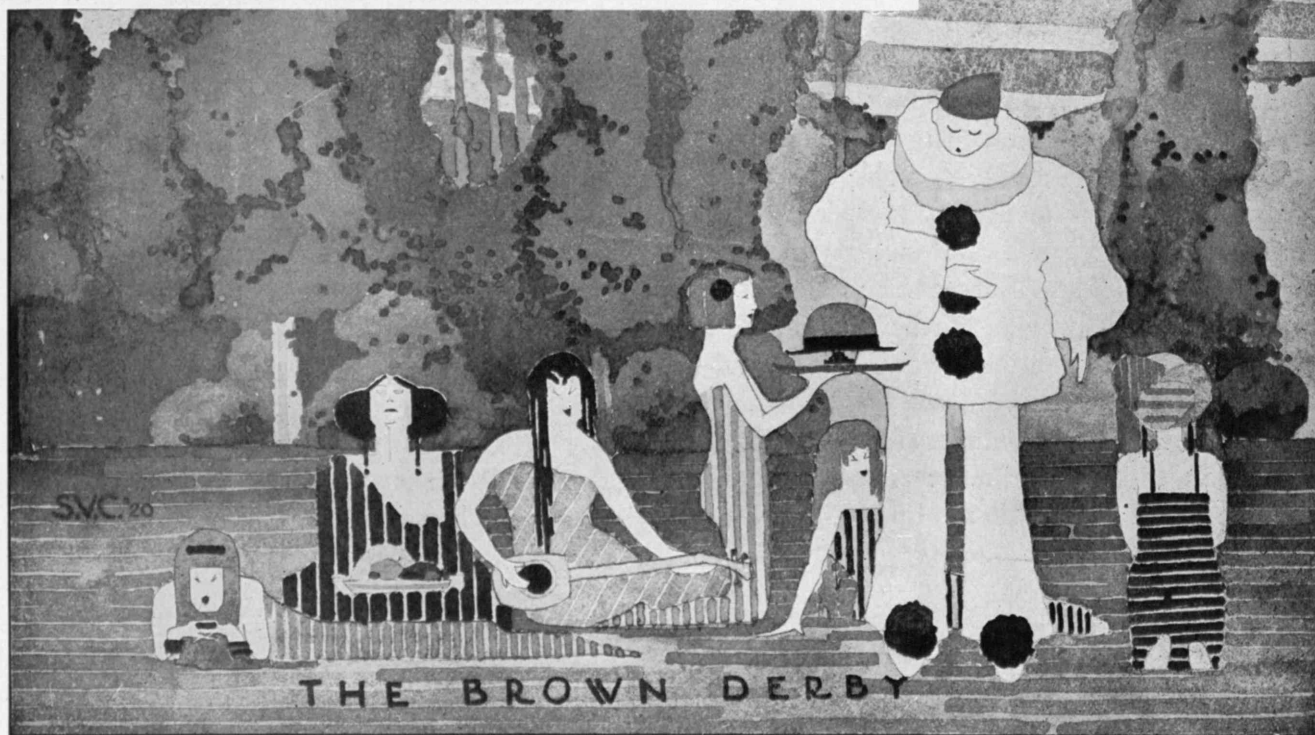
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# EDITORIALS

## DO HOME TOWN BOYS MAKE GOOD?

Between five and six hundred new faces poured into our buildings but a few weeks ago. It is the lot of this throng to receive the name of Freshmen. Some of this number will stay with us and graduate when they are supposed to. Others will let M-22 get the better of them and fall by the wayside.

Just why a certain percentage fall down is a problem that is almost impossible to solve. However, when a home town boy fails to make good, it is due largely to members of the faculty itself. They, for some unknown reason, desist from telling their first class just what is expected from them which causes a large number of each section to get off to a very poor and almost hopeless beginning.

Time and time again a Freshman can be heard to ask an upperclassman about what will happen if he gets behind in Chem. Lab., what percentage of the math problems do

they want them to hand in, and is there any preparation connected with descript? These questions are all too common and are due to the fact that the instructors have failed to make themselves clear.

We, therefore, strongly suggest that instruction classes for the faculty would be an excellent thing.



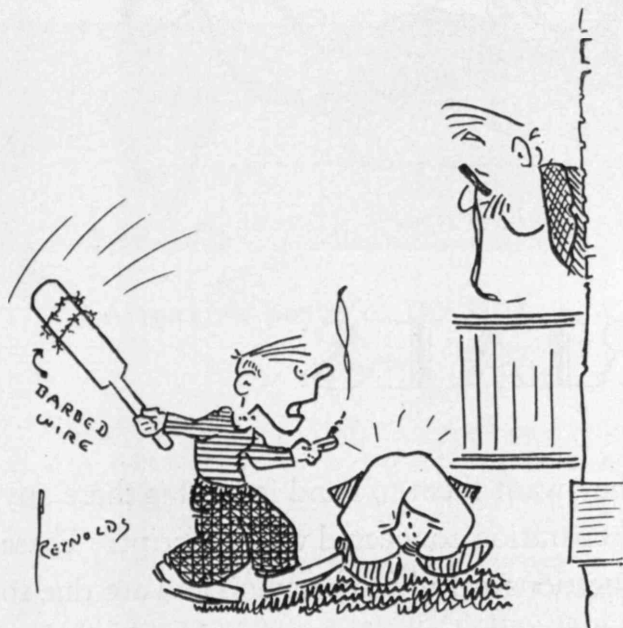
Voo Doo deeply regrets the resignation of Wilfred H. Rapport, our versatile Art Editor.



Foster R. Jackson has been elevated to the position of Art Editor and Lewis B. Simon is our new Assistant Art Editor.

Phosphorous wishes these men the best of luck in their new positions.





"Wait, you'll ruin him."



They laughed when I sat down to write something for the Voo Doo, but when they saw what I wrote they were disgusted.



They call it a consumptive cemetery because you go in a coffin.



"Pardon, but are you a Sophomore?"

## TECHNOLOGY, HERE WE COME!

In one spasm

[Two meek-looking young men, about 17 or 18, are sitting opposite each other in a palatial parlor car of the Boston and Maine Railroad. Each has two large suitcases on the rack above. One is fidgeting uneasily, obviously looking for an opportunity to start a conversation. Although we haven't been introduced to them, our uncanny intuition tells us that one is named Gridley and the other answers to the name of Jasper. The fidgety one finally speaks.]

GRIDLEY: "Kinda hot, ain't it?"

JASPER: "Yeah."

[A long pause. Gridley continues to fidget.]

G: "Sorta sticky, ain't it?"

J: "Uh-huh."

[Another fidgety pause.]

G: "Say, you ain't going ter school, are ya?"

J: "Yep."

G: "What school?"

J: "Place down in Boston. Reckon I've went and forgot the name."

G: "'Tain't Technology College, is it?"

J: "Yep, that's it."

G: "Well, now, ain't that funny. That's where I'm headin' for."

J: "Yeah? You Freshman?"

G: "Yep. You?"

J: "Yep."

[Pause as they eye each other.]

G: "D'you take exams?"

J: "Nope, first fifth of my class."

G: "That's funny, so'm I. Ya know, I'm glad we didn't have no exams. I don't come from a very good high school and mebbe I couldn't 'a' passed 'em. We only finished long division the last day of school and I'll be durned if I haven't went and forgot it already."

J: "Now ain't that funny, though. Teacher was goin' ter start long division th' first day of June but she cotch cold and school was stopped."

G: "Y'know, I was durned lucky ter be in the first fifth of my class. If t'other four boys didn't come down with th' measles and have ter stay home, I mighta been th' last fifth."

J: "'Zat so. Pretty lucky, I calls it. Well, just a same, we'll show them there city fellers a thing or two. They ain't—"

[The train enters a long dark tunnel which is indefinite in length, for all we care.]

QUICK CURTAIN



*“You’re telling ME they’re Milder?”*

IF YOUR cigarette is mild—that is, not strong, not bitter, but smokes cool and smooth—then you like it.

If your cigarette tastes right; if it tastes better—that is, not oversweet; and if it has a pleasing aroma—then you enjoy it the more.

Everything known to Science is used to make Chesterfield Cigarettes milder and taste better.

The right kinds of leaf tobacco—American and Turkish—are blended and cross-blended. That’s why “They Satisfy.”



© 1932,  
LIGGETT & MYERS  
TOBACCO CO.

Fraternities are good things except when one has to come back to school early in order to get the material that makes them good things.



Epitaph No. 4 (For Technology Students only)  
Here lies the body of Archibald Fleck.

Whose name was spelled wrong every time in *The Tech*.



It takes the scientist to split the atoms, but it takes a damn sharp axe to split the eaves.

Sophomore (showing a Freshman around the campus): "Have you seen duPont Court?"

Freshman: "No, the boys over to the Phi Beta house say he's not coming back this year."



"That's the hell of a boarding house. The landlady is not only crooked, but she takes in all kinds of foreigners."

"How do you know?"

"I heard her say yesterday that she crossed the Canadian border."



So I said to her "Sir Walter Raleigh isn't the only man who took off his coat for a lady."

## SCHOOL REOPENS — AS THE COLUMNISTS SEE IT

Calvin Coolidge

Universities throughout the land are opening their doors to earnest seekers of knowledge. The large colleges offer a great many facilities for enlightening youth. The smaller colleges offer a great many facilities for enlightening youth, also. Have faith in Massachusetts.

Mark Hellinger

### BROADWAY HEART THROBS

He was an intelligent-looking fellow named Moe. But for the purposes of our story we will call him — let us say — Moe. If you have that straight we'll go on with the story. Now Moe always wanted to study at a big university. "I always wanted to study at a big university," he confided to his brother Throckmorton. "You go ahead," replied Throcky, "but I'll stick to the dill pickle business and make some money."

. . . I attended Moe's commencement at Harvard twenty years later. During that time he had won his coveted degree of C. P. A. Beaming and flushed, he mounted the platform to receive the precious sheepskin. Suddenly a telegram was thrust into his hand; it was from his brother, Throckmorton:

**. . . "Just thought I'd tell you I presented Harvard with \$100,000 for new campus. They have awarded me three nice new degrees.**

**Throcky."**

. . . Folks, that's Broadway! . . .

Arthur Brisbane

Colleges have opened in California. Buy a lot of land in California and put it away for a rainy day. There are no rainy days in California. NEVERTHELESS, colleges have opened in California. I get two dollars a word for this apcray.



"Hello Joe, what's the dirt?"



"Well, who in hell does sell freshman ties?"

Robert E. Rogers

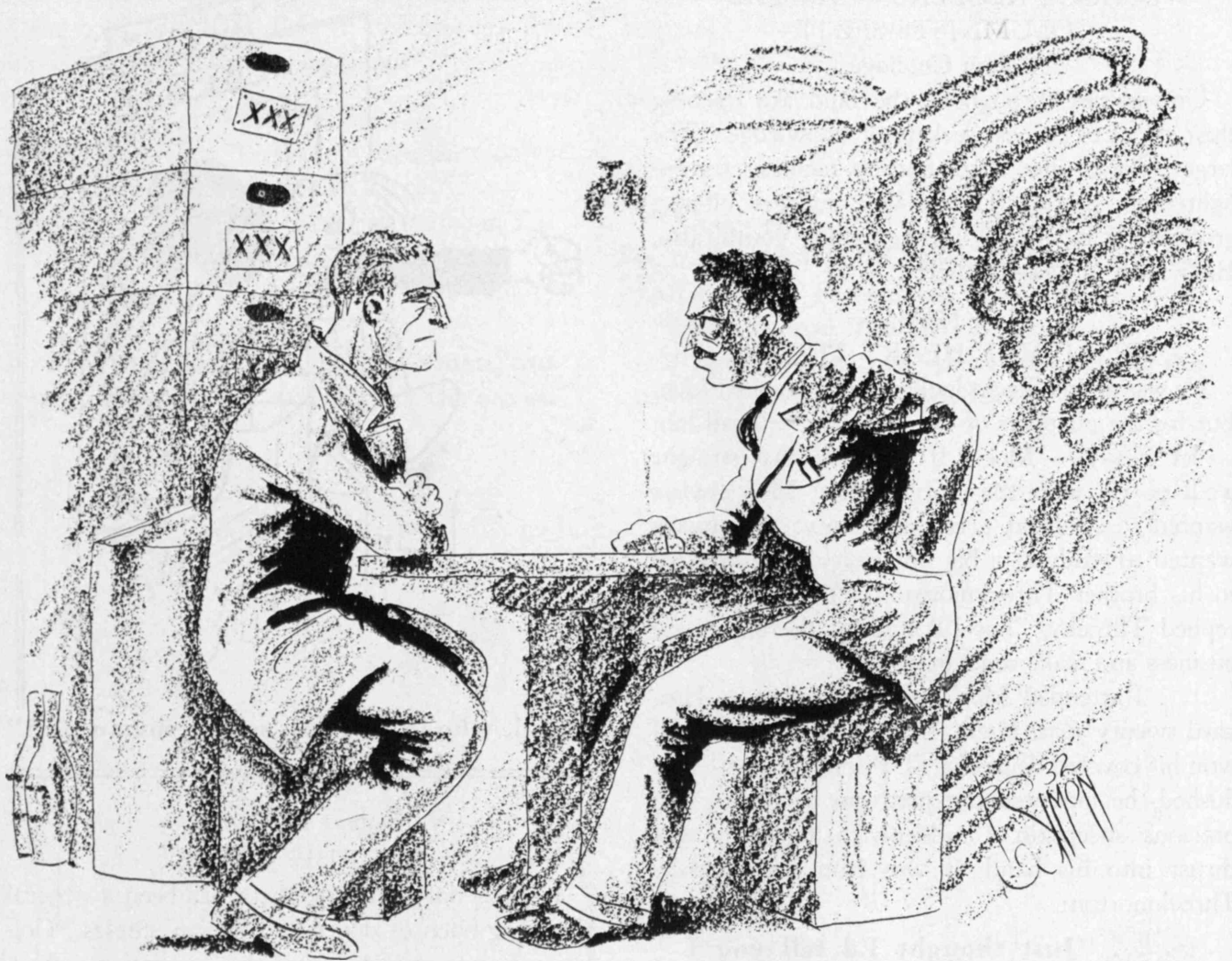
### IS THIS LIFE?

If I am not mistaken, there has been a general throwing open of doors in collegiate circles. Colleges do not seem to mind the depression. As a matter of fact, one so-called college has hired me for the coming year. Or, as my friend, the Roman poet Hypotenuse, put it:

"Ave Caesar, pluribus unum,  
Labuntur, labuntur, cave canem;  
Saber es poder,  
Poder es saber,  
Massa's in de cole, cole groun'."—  
(External use only)

Walter Winchell

A Columnist's Sec'y Jots Down a Few Nerts. Dear W. W.: Bet you didn't know *these* until now . . . Tubby Rogers and his Intestinal Difficulties have gone Pf-fff-ftt!! . . . Mr. McSweeney is having it Reno-vated . . . last yrs. felt hat . . . Eddie Miller once swallowed his cigar inadvertently (a horrid word) . . . was his face cherry-red! . . . Walker Mem. serves coffee in their coffee . . . Your Girl Friday.



"Sure he's a trustworthy guy; hasn't he got a police record as long as your arm?"

Versatility is certainly personified in Prof. Johnny Howard, who besides being a Civil Engineer (and this requires extreme agility, not to mention a long tail) is also an eminent entomologist. To prove this, he tells a story of a most peculiar and, if any one believes him, famous bug. It seems that the bug is three cornered, in fact, shaped like a regular tetrahedron (which the Professor will draw on request — please enclose stamped self-addressed envelope). On each of the corners of the base is a leg. And to top it all, the gadget is green. But — he can not or will not say if there is a leg on the vertex. As though anyone cared!

Old maids are born and not made.



An absent-minded girl named Claire  
(Or maybe it was Rose)  
One day put powder in her hair  
Then combed her shiny nose.



Epitaph No. 5 (For Technology Students only)  
Here lie the bones of Herbert J. Fletcher.  
Who died where he sat in Beaker Joe's lecture.



A man without a woman is like a ship without  
a sail. They both have caught the air.



A guy by the name of O'Malley  
Ran around with a female named Sally  
The two were so pally  
(There's no need to dally)  
That soon she was Sally O'Malley.

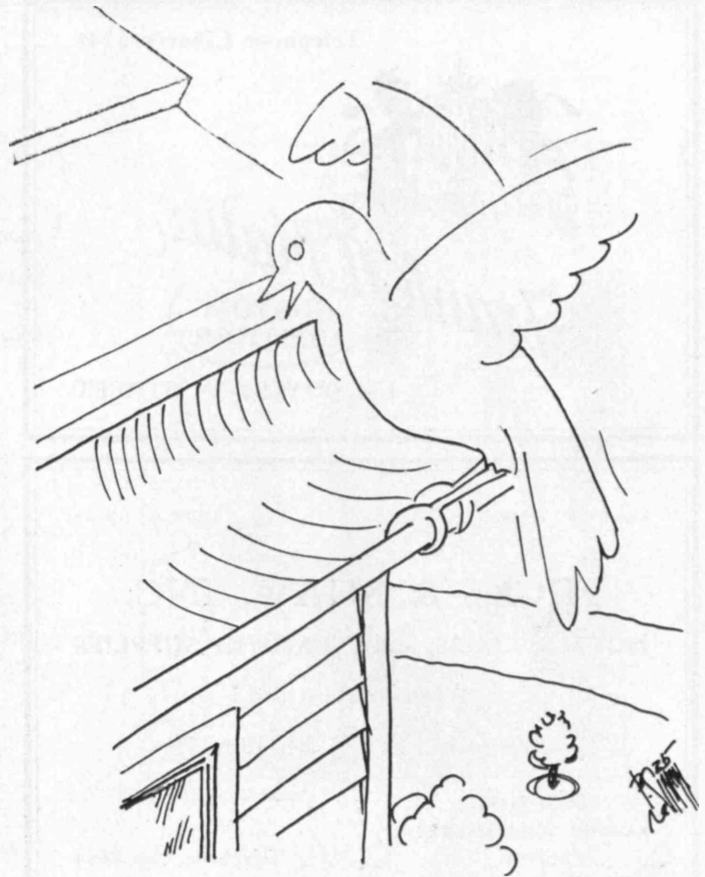


She's so dumb she thinks military drill is a bore.



Roses are red,  
Violets are bluey,  
Tech is hell,  
And the profs are screwy.

The Tech co-eds are not as bad as you think  
they are and that is probably why more Tech boys  
don't date them.



Just a little gutta-percha.



She is very attractive — figuratively speaking.



Heard in the tool chest, "I hope I don't bore you  
awl."

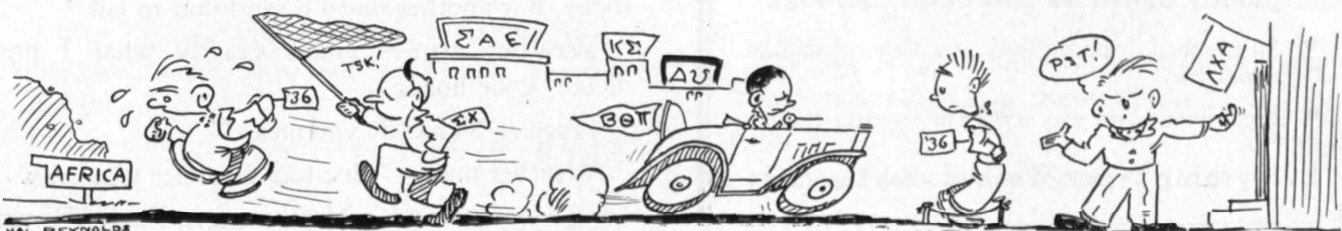


"Is he a Bachelor?"

"So they say."

"Of Arts?"

"No, it's probably science."



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Bootlegger (to man fishing): "Any luck?"

Man: "No."

Bootlegger: "Try some of this on your bait."

Man pours something, probably potent, from bottle over worm on hook and lowers it into water. Soon a great splashing is heard, and the line is jerked up. The worm had a strangle hold on a cat-fish and was punching him in the eye with his tail.



"What did you operate on that guy for?"

"For \$800.00."

"I mean what did he have?"

"\$800.00."

—Purple Parrot



Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes, madam, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"

—Princeton Tiger



J. Mop, Barracks Policeman: "Ten bucks? What would I do with ten bucks? I already got five. The biggest one's ten and the smallest one's two. I ask you, ain't that bad enough?"



Judge (in traffic court)—"Well, I'll let you off today, but another day I'll send you to jail."

Weather man—"That's exactly what I predicted, your honor."

Judge—"What do you mean?"

Weather man—"Fine today; cooler tomorrow."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

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"Pardon me," said the Hunchback of Notre Dame, "while I go and gargoye."

—Wisconsin Octopus.



Grouch: I hear that the football coach gets five times as much salary as the Greek Prof. Isn't that quite a discrepancy?

Student: I dunno. Have you ever heard forty thousand people cheering a Greek recitation?

—Tenn. Mugwump.



Prof. (explaining paternal affection): "It's a pleasure for a Dad to bail his boy out of jail now and then."

Wayward: "Guess I'll go and give the old man a treat."

—Corner Olla Pod

Commoner: "Let's start a new religion."

George Bernard Shaw: "All right, I'll be God."

—Tusculum Tuscan.



God made man  
Frail as a bubble.  
God made love  
Love made trouble  
God made the vine  
Was it a sin  
That man made wine  
To drown trouble in?

—Pointer

#### CONSENSUS OF OPINION

Hubby: "I accidentally caught sight of the maid in her pajamas. Dear, she's got almost as good a figure as you have."

Wife: "So the chauffeur says."

—Green Griffin

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30 Haymarket Square	332 Massachusetts Avenue
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540 Commonwealth Avenue	437 Boylston Street
1215 Commonwealth Avenue	34 Bromfield Street
105 Causeway Street	

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Are:

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1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

And then there was the flagpole sitter who died  
and had to be brought down to half-mast.

—Puppet.



A Yale professor was lecturing to a large class  
of Elis. The hour had been long and uninteresting  
and now at five minutes of, there began a consider-  
able rustling of note-books and hats and coats. The  
professor paused and said, "Gentlemen, I still have  
a few more pearls to cast."

—Harvard Lampoon



"Doctor, after my broken finger heals will I be  
able to play the piano?"

"Certainly, certainly."

"S'funny—I couldn't play it before."

—Rammer-Jammer

## THE VICIOUS CIRCLE •

Patient (calling family doctor): Doctor, my son  
has scarlet fever and the worst part is he admits  
catching it from the house maid.

Doctor: Well, young children will do thoughtless  
things.

Patient: But you don't understand. To make it  
plain, I kissed the girl myself.

Doctor: That is too bad.

Patient: And to make bad matters worse I have  
kissed my wife every morning.

Doctor: Ye gods, we all will have it.

Georgia Tech. "Yellow Jacket"



## SINS OF FATHERS

A fraternity man had just stopped in the furni-  
ture store and paid the last installment on the house  
furniture. A by-stander remarked upon the inci-  
dent to the proprietor. "I imagine you're glad to  
get that money. I never thought fraternities  
paid very promptly."

"Yes, indeed," said the owner of the establish-  
ment. "And if grandfather had only lived to hear  
it he'd be tickled to death."

—Bucknell Belle Hop



"Can you imagine anyone going to bed with  
their shoes on?"

"Heavens no, who would do a thing like that?"

"The Army Mule!"

—West Pointer



Although Scotch jokes are getting very rare,  
they still tell the one about the Scotch racketeer  
who died in his grandfather's boots.

—Green Griffin

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**Kodak Film**

**Razor Blades**

**Shaving Cream**

**Cigarettes**

**REMEMBER YOUR DIVIDEND**

### SAD? SAD? STORY

Woman on top of burning house: "Help! Help! Come save me."

Firemen: "Jump! We'll catch you in this net."

So the woman jumped and landed on the sidewalk and broke her neck. And the firemen just laughed and laughed, 'cause they knew all the time they didn't have a net to catch her in.

—Exchange.



"And he has a scar running from the corner of his mouth to his ear."

"What is it? A Panatella." —Bell Hop.



Chivalry isn't dead. The boy who honks for his girl usually leans over to open the door for her.

—Lafayette Pyre

### ASSISTANCE

"Hello, hello!" cried an excited feminine voice over the telephone. "Come up at once! Two boys are trying to climb in our window."

"Sorry, Miss, but this is the fire department. What you want is the police station."

"Oh, no," reassured the voice. "Our room's on the second floor and they need a ladder."

—Jack Berry



Architect—"Now here is a room without a flaw."

Prospective Buyer—"My gosh, what do you walk on?"

—Lyre



"Just think, Dan tried to put his arm around me four times last night."

"What an arm!" —C. C. N. Y. Mercury

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"I'm wondering—"

"About what?"

"About a fellow. He was in an accident, and  
his hands were badly cut up."

"Well, what are you wondering about?"

"I wonder how he feels."

—Jack-O-Lantern.



"ACCUSED MAN CLAIMS HE WAS  
ONLY MARTIN'S TOOL," reads headline. Oh,  
is that so?

—Banter.



Little Bo-Peep  
Is losing sleep,  
Running around to dances.  
Let her alone  
And she'll come home  
A victim of circumstances.

—Sun Dial.

She: "Are you sure you'll love me forever?"

He: "Well, I may have to get some sleep."

—Froth.



"She's a war bride."

"World War?"

"Naw!"

"Spanish-American War?"

"Naw!"

"Civil War?"

"Naw! Ordinary shot gun wedding."

—Pitt Panther.



Kit: "When I get married, I'm going to cook,  
sew, darn my husband's socks, and lay out his pipe  
and slippers. What more can any husband ask  
than that?"

Jac: "Nothing, girl, unless he was evil-minded."

—Phoenix.



And then there's the pathetic song of the young  
old-maid—"Tonight or Never."

—Lafayette Lyre.



"Is this the Salvation Army?"

"Yes."

"Do you save bad women?"

"Yes."

"Well save a couple for me for Saturday night."

—Buffalo Bison.



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Helen: "Gracious, it's been five years since I've seen you. You look lots older, too."

Kitty: "Really, my dear? I doubt if I would have recognized you, but for your coat."

—Virginia Reel.

FOR SALE—Beautiful French provincial chiffonier by lady with beechwood drawers.

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.



Noise: "Knock, knock, knock."

Pope: "Who is it?"

Pope's Chamberlin (a bit griped for having to wake his master every morning): "Eight o'clock sir, and all is fair."

Pope: "The Lord and I know it; you may go."

R. C.: "You and the Lord are two wise guys—it's four o'clock and raining like hell."

—Buccaneer.



"Yessir, all women are playthings to me."

"That's a broad statement."

—Whirlwind.



Beautiful Blonde: "I want some small shoes."

Clerk: "What for, baby?"

B.B.: "I like your nerve."

—The Log.



The auctioneer's son walked into the sumptuous fraternity house and looked about.

"Do I hear any bids?" he murmured.

—Rammer-Jammer.

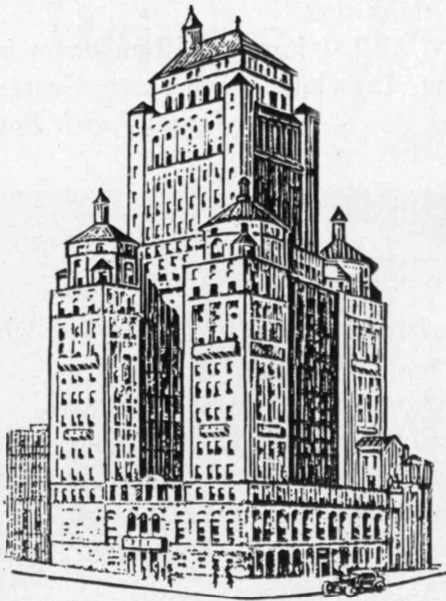


Nurse: "It's a boy!"

King Solomon: "Curses! I wanted a girl."

Nurse: "Be patient, O King, there will be three more this afternoon."

—The Log.



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COLLEGE ATHLETIC TEAMS AND THREE  
THOUSAND COLLEGE STUDENTS AND  
FAMILIES HAVE MADE THE KENMORE  
THEIR BOSTON HOME.

### DISAPPOINTMENT

Teacher: "And now, Willie, can you give us  
a sentence with 'heterodoxology in it'?"

Little Willie (aged six): "No."

—*Columbia Jester.*



"I'd die for dear old University of California,  
Southern branch!"

—*Nevada Desert Wolf.*



"A caller with a poem to see you, sir."

"The devil! What's his name?"

"It's a young lady, sir, and she's a peach."

"Ah! Show her in. I'll be glad—ahem—to look  
at her lines."

—*Buffalo Bison.*

Sonny: "Mother, Poppa wouldn't murder any-  
body, would he?"

Mommer: "Why, certainly not, child! What  
makes you think that?"

Sonny: "Well, I just heard him down in the  
cellar saying, 'Let's kill the other two, George'."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



An inebriated husband staggered through the  
front door and confronted his wife.

"Where have you been?" she bellowed.

He swayed a moment, and then began. "Shmat-  
terafact, it may have been a wedding, er it maya-  
beena funeral; but what ever it wash, it wash  
shimplly shwell."

—*Tusculum Tuscan.*



### PHONEY

"Hello. Who's speaking?"

"WHAT'S my name."

"I'm asking what your name is."

"I told you. WHAT is my name."

"What's what?"

"That's my name."

"What's your name?"

"WHAT. JOHN WHAT."

"JOHN what?"

"Yes."

"What's your last name?"

"That's my last name."

"JOHN THAT?"

"No. JOHN WHAT."

"I get it now. JOHN WHAT."

"Yes. Now tell me your name."

"WILL KNOTT."

"Why not?"

"KNOTT'S my name."

"What's not your name?"

"My name is KNOTT."

"Not what?"

"KNOTT! WILL KNOTT!"

"Oh, Hello, Mr. RUMPLEMEYER."

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