PRICE—15c

PROM NUMBER
LOBSTER... “Did you ever see a bad dream walking? That’s me.”

LIFE SAVER... “Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!”

Amazing what a couple of Life Savers will do to ease digestion after a heavy meal. Ever try ’em?

Our hunch is that something really interesting to overhear would be Ripley telling a friend about a nightmare.

―Life

“A traveling salesman like yourself got pretty fresh with me last night.”

“Did you finally get the upper hand?”

“Yes, but I couldn’t do a thing with the one he had on my knee.”

―Skipper

Wisecrack Yourself a Free Box of Life Savers!

Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here’s a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors’ decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.
SPADES ARE SPADES
but a queen's a king when GARBO portrays "QUEEN CHRISTINE" at LOEW'S STATE Theatre week of March 16.

Ryan: "I'm forgetting women."
Ross: "So am I. I'm for getting a couple as soon as possible."
—Chaparral

Joe College (during final exam.): "Are you sure question six is in the text?"
Professor: "Certainly!"
Joe: "Well, I can't find it."
—Texas A. & M. Bat.

Math. P.: "Now, Mr. Zilchguard, if I lay three eggs here and five eggs here how many eggs will I have?"
Mr. Zilchguard (with a questioning glance): "I don't believe you can do it, sir."
—Exchange

A double hit!

SUE: That smells good. Wish I could say the same for all pipe tobacco.
SAM: Tastes good, too. And you can't say THAT about all pipe tobacco either.
SUE: That makes it a double hit — pleases the ladies, pleases the men. What's the secret?
SAM: Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant.
SUE: So what?
SAM: In those leaves you get the mildest pipe tobacco that grows.
SUE: You mean Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows?
SAM: Right.

TRUE LOVE
The davenport held the twain,
Fair damsel and her ardent swain,
Heandshe;
But then, a step upon the stair!
And father finds them sitting there
He..........and..........She.

—Yellow Jacket

Q.: "What's the best way to silence an infant?"
A.: "A bust in the mouth."

—Red Cat

"What big eyes you have, grandmother!"
"And that, my dear, is how I caught your grandfather."

—The Log

Old Lady: "Are you a little boy or a little girl?"
Child: "Sure. What the hell else could I be?"

—Tiger

"Daughter, is that young man down there yet?"
"Damn right I am. What's it to you?"

—Punch Bowl

She: "Promise you'll love me as long as you live."
He: "Cross my heart and hope to die."

—Jester

The duke of York
Removed the cork
And tilted up the flagon.
The label read
Trevedentscherreinerweusmmunchengenachte
So now he's on the wagon.

ARE WE RIGHT WHEN WE SAY
that when you come to a New York Hotel, there are certain require-ments you consider essential, certain conveniences you expect, and still other features that, while not imperative, do add immeasurably to your comfort.

YOU WILL APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT
our rooms are bright and airy, our beds are superlatively comfort-able, there is an R. C. A. radio in every room and reading lamps, full length mirrors and other conveniences. Our baths are im-maculate.

IF A CONVENIENT LOCATION IS IMPORTANT
when you stay here you are within a few minutes walk, not taxi, of all theatres, Radio City, Madison Square Garden and in-numerable restaurants and night clubs, all transportation lines, subway, elevated, surface cars and buses. Excellent garage facilities are immediately adjacent.

YOUR MEALS WHILE YOU ARE WITH US
there are few spots in New York that are more thoroughly home-like than our new Grill and Restaurant. Excellent meals, served at most reasonable prices. The special combination breakfasts, luncheons and dinners are most attractive.

A MESSAGE TO MANAGERS
We invite inquiries from managers of teams, clubs and other groups regarding special accommodations and rates.

RATES
Daily: From $2.00 to $3.00 Single; or $3.00 to $4.00 Double. Special weekly and monthly rates.

ALL EXPENSE EXCURSIONS
Room, food and lots of outside enter-tainment for the week-end, or any two days ................ $5.50
Or for any three days—a full program of activity—day and night .........$10.00

When writing for descriptive circular "C," please mention this publication.

HOTEL TIMES SQUARE
Under Direction Wm. S. Brown
TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK
MME. MARIA JERITZA, the world-famous Viennese opera star, who is thrilling Boston audiences at the new Rudolf Friml operetta, "ANNINA," now playing the SHUBERT Theatre.
GIVE HEED TO THE IDES OF MARCH

bringing tidings of the greatest Roman Holiday of them all, with opening festivities Monday, March 19, at Minsky's PARK THEATRE. JOAN DARE and DOLORES DAWSON are prominently displayed in this sparkling spectacle.

FIE UPON THEE LITTLE GIRRUL

Quoth the brave and righteous censor
To a chaste young Minsky dencer,
"You have made a god of 'Hot-cha',
Worshipped him in gay debaucha,
But oft-repeated sins have gotcha;
And I'm here to close the show."

* * *

But there were men distinguished,
Ask'd that it not be extinguished,
Said, "We've got to see our Nannie
Dance and shake her little fannie,
Censor must not be so banny."
So the Burlecue holds sway.

* * *

The lady boldly answered, "Nuts!
The cops and lawyers got their cuts."
So she burst balloons and shouted,
Gave a thrill to fans devoted;

Even standing-room was crowed,
'Cause her public loved her so.
And then there came the reckoning,
The law's long arm was beckoning;
The shambles cleared, the doors were closed,
"Asbestos" hid the nymphs who posed,
A lonely doorman sat and dozed,
And mice came out to play.
Please Reserve...

We have always liked to think of Walker cafeteria as sort of a homey place just for our own students and professors. And so it grieved us considerably to see a student walk in, and bring with him a touch of the cold professional. Save for us and two or three other diners the place was empty. The available subjects were not getting the most out of life, continued to brood moodily wondering what wonders were in those points of their swords, or foils, if that's what you call them. We stopped a young dualist and quizzed him upon the sport.

"It's quite a sport," he told us. "You can't appreciate it unless you know something about it."

He left us with that. We, feeling we were not getting the most out of life, continued to brood moodily wondering what wonders were in those twisting foils that we were missing because we couldn't appreciate them. But our eyes lifted up, and alighted upon the rear of our departing friend. We positively felt a blush stealing over our cheek at what we saw! The entire seat of his pants was ripped—one long rent from buttock to buttock. That was the inspiration! Ripped fencing pants! It all came to us then.

"Touché!"

Now we knew.

Filled to capacitance...

While we were looking over the Commuters' Lounge the other day the well-seasoned awe for the Technology spirit hit a new low. Sophomores, mind you, not beardless freshmen, were scuffing the rugs and with devilish glee touching off sparks onto the ears of unsuspecting victims. Of course we frowned on the whole business and muttered something about perennial boys, but to tell the truth we were thoroughly intrigued. As soon as we were alone we gave it a try. Naturally we made a scientific study of it, and accumulated the following data.

By shuffling five 10 cm. shuffles the shuffler develops enough potential to discharge across a 5 mm. gap between his forefinger and the ear of victim. This will cause a healthy victim to jump 15 cm. Cauliflower-eared victims jump 30 cm. and throw from one to three fits. (This will explain the fits that were seen flying out into the hall the other day. Part of the boxing team was in.) The degree of range into which the victims fly has been found to obey the equation $R = \frac{K S N}{R}$, where $S$ is the length of shuffles, and $K$ is a constant that is different for different individuals.

Now that we have this relationship we feel that we have done our part, and we trust that some enterprising scholar will be inspired to carry on for us while we seek new fields.

Tempus Glowit...

A certain clockmaking student from Ohio tells this story:

It seems there once existed an enterprising young student of the fascinating study of time. He lived long before the electric clock era, and so was very much annoyed by the regular duty thrust upon him by misunderstanding fate of having regularly to wind his clock.

He was a lover of the automatic side of life. He didn't want to have to wind the clock every day. Besides he often forgot to wind it, and he discovered that when the clock didn't go it was not of any particular use. He worried over the problem and finally worked out a solution. His method was one of honorable antiquity. Here it is:

He procured a number of lenses and mirrors and devised a neat little arrangement whereby a beam of sunlight would be reflected, refracted, and transmitted across his eyelids at exactly 8:15 each morning. He was just a light enough sleeper to be awakened by this ingenious sundial, and he was tickled by his own stark originality. He went to bed that night with expectations of a pleasant awak-
But the whole town knows blue isn't my color.

With no girls around, poor Willie Bail
Is like a dog without his tail.

A gold digger is a gal who can make or break a guy—or both.

I like grid men
Says Sally Sasses
Because they're always Making passes.
**O ALMA MATER**

Is there ought that’s consequential
In equations differential
Or condensers of a fixed capacity?
Why must there be fanatics
Who talk of Kinematics
And dream of political economy?
Elementary surveying
Is really quite dismaying
When interspersed with bits of chemistry;
From tangent galvanometers
To temporal chronometers
We have alpha, beta, gamma instead
of ABC.

There is nothing energetic
In each static and kinetic
When their moments of inertia I glean;
Mathematical analysis
Brings cranial paralysis
Plus an average deviation of the mean.
There ought to be a scandal
About the option Randall’s
Or courses that begin with E or G;
There is nothing quite so boring
As engineering drawing
Or the sine or cosecant arc-tangent phi.
In geometry descriptive
Circles project elliptive
Reluctantly revolved about the axis X;
There is something undramatic
About functions logarithmatic
When the quizzing prof you to his daisbeck.
No apology, Technology,
Pause, stop, and hear the truth
Stop this crass stupidity.
Give us back our liberty!
Return to us our almost wasted youth!

Through no INTEGRALS
Will he DIG AND DELVE
When PROFESSOR GEORGE
Teaches them M12
He keeps THE CLASS
In a PERFECT SPASM
With one FULL HOUR
of SARCASM
He thinks at NIGHT
Of remarks TO HOARD

With THE COMMITTEE
In complete DISCORD
When he CEASES
PERIPATETICS
Perhaps HE’LL TEACH
Some MATHEMATICS.

**At the Prom, O maiden fair**
*I like your blonde and flaxen hair*
*But when I dance with you, my sweet, I think I’m eating shredded wheat.*

**INVICTUS**

I’ve hocked my watch; I’ve sold my books . . .
To get me to the Junior Prom.
I’ve acquired a tux (not much for looks)
By treating a pal with chloroform.
I’ve borrowed a car . . . I’ve got the girl.
What a time we’re going to have,
by Geez.
And so I’m off for the Junior whirl
Hoping the boys back home don’t freeze . . .
(For I sold the doors from off our Dorm
To get me to the Junior Prom.)

**THE BALLAD OF THE BAWTH**

Imagine a dainty Wellesley miss just stepping from the showers;
Imagine a fragile Harvard lad at bath in Harvard’s towers;
Imagine a hairy engineer beneath McCarthy’s sprays,
And realize . . do you like this phrase . . . that the student pays and pays.
This story is not of a nudist cult — nor is it a tale that’s lewd,
For the Harvard lad and the engineer and the lovely Wellesley nude
Are face to face with a tragedy of worry and secret dread,
. . . But the Institute has slain the cause on which their anxieties fed.
Why yes, the scientific mind played savior to the college,
And thanks pour in from divers infected seats of knowledge,
For now they all hang up this sign to ease the students’ doom:
“AVOID ATHLETES’ FOOT— USE BATH” . . . (see Walker shower room).

MS22

gives us really plenty to know what in the war they do to the cannon fodder who know MS22
It seems the coast artillery
Deprives us of *la joie de vivre*
We’ve no desire to enlarge
Our knowledge of the powder charge.
Perhaps we much prefer clam chowder
To the properties of smokeless powder.
When verbal explanation
Knowledge no more abides,
Colonel Arthur stops his talking
To show us lantern slides.
Pictures of percussion fuzes
Give us quite a lark;
Especially when the sergeant
Checks attendance in the dark.
The loneliest man on earth is the guy who didn't go to the Junior Prom on the morn-ing after

"Maw... our son writes he wants $15 for the Junior promenade. Seems to me that's a lot of money just to take a girl for a walk..."

Co-ed: "My father put stained glass windows in my bedroom so that nobody could look through them."

Second Co-ed: "It sure is going to be cold dressing with your windows wide open."

"Are you really a Grand Duke?" she breathed. "And I suppose all your ancestors were dukes."

"No. Only half of them."

"Only half of them? Why, what do you mean?"

"The other half were duchesses, Madam."

He was an all Tech man, absorbed in engine lathes and Force vectors. She realized something ought to be done about it.

"What is that town in Long Island?" she asked. "Little-, Little-, Little something."

"Little Neck?"

"It's all right with me," she murmured.

Here lies a stude from N.Y.U.
He supported the W.C.T.U.

When "certain thing" girls Wear a griddle
It always makes
My blood curdle.

Professor: "And what do you intend to do when you graduate?"
Student: "I intend to put my slide rule over my shoulder and keep on walking and walking and walking away from here. And when someone stops me and says 'What is that thing you've got there?' Proffy, that is where I stop."

Little Mary from Boston, Mass.
Stood in the ocean up to her ankles.
(It doesn't rhyme now, but it will when the tide comes in.)

She: "Give me one more kiss like that and I'll be drunk with love."
He: "Then we better cut the next one."

Here's to the blue-eyed cabin boy who sailed aboard the clipper.
He stood around in his nightgown, And horrified the skipper.

I'm conscientious, courageous, persevering,
Not easily turned from my course;
I love nature and many dumb animals,
The cat, the dog, and the horse.
I'm witty, well liked by the women;
There's not a thing I don't know.
Now please don't think that I'm boasting.
The weighing machines told me so.
OSH, Marion, I think y'dance swell. You move around the floor so smooth like. Sorta graceful I mean. Smooth as—as—well, did you ever see the crosshead of an oscillatory steam engine? No? Well, it's ground to an accuracy of plus or minus 0.0001 inches. I think you dance as smooth as all that. Honest, honey, I do. Yes, sure that's a compliment. What d'y'think I meant?

I think your a pretty kid, too. You got nice eyes, too. They glow soft and warm sorta like two thoriated filaments. Yeah, Marion, an' prettier than a vacuum discharge, Really, they are. I should forget that kind of stuff for a while? All right, honey, I will. We'll just forget Tech tonight. We'll simply say that your eyes shine with almost three candle power and let it go at that.

I like the color of your dress. Swell shade. What d'y'call it? Orchard Pink? Do I like that color? Sure, Marion. It's about the same as sodium dichromate when it precipitates from a dilute solution. It's pretty handy in qualitative; you can recognize all the dichromates by it—Your dress never was a dichromate? Ha ha. No I guess it wasn't. It is an aliphatic cellulose though. Ha ha.

Now take the color of your lips f'rinstance. All right, don't get peeved. We won't go into it, if you say so. But I was just admirin' how pretty they were. Do I really mean it? Say, kid, I think the world of you. Those are the poutiest, prettiest, cutest pair of lips in the world. Yes, sir, that's what I think. They look so nice with the top of them shaped like a cissoid—. Kissoid. Ha, Ha! Catch on? Don't you know what a cissoid is? I'm surprised. You oughta know that. Well, it's a curve with equation y squared equals x cubed over the square root of —. What! You say your lips aren't like that? Well, maybe not. No of course there's no x's and y's in you mouth. Whoever said there was? It's not even a cissoid either. You're glad I changed my mind about that? Well, y' see the edges of your mouth don't look like they had asymptotes —.

You don't feel well? Gosh, honey, I'm sorry. Might be a little too much CO$_2$ on your stomach. All right, Marion, I'll take you home. Gee, I was enjoyin' the dance, too. Well, all things have their turnin' points, you know. I suppose this is the derivative of dance with respect to time equals zero.

All right, honey, we'll go home.

“You dance divinely,” he whispered to her, “You must have been born in dancing slippers.”

“Yes,” she answered, “and if you don't keep off them, I'll die the same way.”
DELI R I U M . . . . . . .

UTTER silence pervaded the white-walled room. The doctor's chair was pulled up close to the bedside where the physician kept anxious track of his patient's pulse. Cases of this nature were common, it was true, but never throughout all his professional career had the worthy doctor come across one with precisely these symptoms. Only if you have been a doctor yourself, can you imagine the grave doubts and forebodings in this good man's heart.

The two nurses in their immaculate starched uniforms stood like guardian angels on either side of the sick-bed. The expressions of grave concern on all faces told better than words the tension in the room.

The sick man's eyes opened. They were wild and bloodshot and roved feverishly about the room. As his unseeing gaze riveted itself upon the worthy doctor, the physician could not help but repress a shudder, hardened as he was to such things.

"The assignment for tomorrow will be problems 59 to 206 inclusive—"

Electrified, the little party gathered in that room moved back as one. The patient was beginning to speak!

"—and study paragraphs 364 to 896 and read Chs. IV to CIV and prepare sections 36 to 754," came in the sick man's hoarse voice. "Write out a preliminary report to the last section, and the next to the last section, too. Write out a preliminary report to each chapter. Write preliminary reports to everything. Clip the coupon and receive a free preliminary report to a brand new 1938 model Chevrolet T-Square. Ha-ha-ha-haaaa-hee—"

The words died in a cackle of fiendish laughter. The nurses cast worried glances at the doctor. The doctor dug his fingernails into his palms and looked grim.

"Get your No. 6958 aXP—m9 folder at the Coop, and get some pink engineering paper. You can fill 'em all up with preliminary reports. Buy the preliminary reports at the Coop. Dividends. Big dividends. They get little enough. Ha! By joining the society you become a storekeeper for yourself, just as absolutely as if you rented a store and stocked up. If you did start such a store, wouldn't it be foolish to patronize any other store? Ha! The object of the co-operative is to reduce the costs of living at Technology. It exists solely for that purpose. Wolf? Ha! Not me. I'll cut 'im up in little bits. Little bits. Delta Wolf. d (wolf). Then I'll integrate 'im whole again. I'll integrate between the limits of Building 5 and Building 8. I'll integrate him into Dean Pitre. Differential equation stuff served with a side order of vectors and radiation measurements. (wolf)² plus x² equals the square root of Dean Pitre's stenographer. Ha!

"The following students will report to 10-100. Technology dining service. As a change from potatoes. Stuffed ragout of veal. Broiled dandelions. Frankfurters au diable. Ha! Frankfurters to the devil. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Moonlight and roses. Ha! Moonlight and dependent variables. The moment of inertia of the North Lounge. Turns blue litmus green.


"Fill out registration material. Address card, class card, roll card, jack of spades. Present at room 111—0000—3333. Fill out orange and purple cards. How to avoid two five dollar fines at half price. Get your ten percent dividend on your next fine by becoming a member with Uncle Horace. Knee action wheels.

"Ec3I. Ha! Pol. Econ. Vector Pol-Econ. Ha! Omega equals v over r. Ha ha ha ha ha—".

The wail of hysterical laughter died away mournfully. The nurses looked to the doctor. But the old man only hung his head. His face spoke only too well more than words could ever tell.
Chesterfield

the cigarette that’s MINDER • the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

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WHAT? AGAIN?
"It's a glamorous picture of pulchritude. Twinkling toes—dancing lady—what a man hero—no wine but women and song and a story.

WHAT? AGAIN?
It's the name of the Tech Show—on the boards at Walker Memorial, March 14, 15, 17. Tickets in the main lobby and at the door.

WHAT? AGAIN?
No. It's the first time. Brand-new, Different, Mysterious, Rollicking, Frollicking, New - New - New, and yet-

WHAT? AGAIN?
Special costumes glitteringly new, special dances that augment the costumes. The plot is a satire, jazzy lines, a futuristic outlook. Something different—Something new!

WHAT? AGAIN?
No. It's new. It's It. The Tech Show for Nineteen Thirty-four and its name is "WHAT! AGAIN!"
Seats are going — going — Hurry — they'll be gone. — Advt.
A senior at work on a thesis
Was covered with glory and gree-sis.
And the frosh going past
Were stricken aghast
To the point of exclaiming—"By Jee-sis."

I call my girl Geometry—she says she'll play square but she's always making a triangle of it by going round with some other fellow.

Mary had a little drink
While dining at the Prom;
And tho I didn't drink myself,
Yet her drink made me—warm.

Father: "What are your boy's intentions?"
Daughter: "I don't know—he keeps me pretty much in the dark."

Nice girls at a dance
Will always wear pance.

Penguin does not rhyme with genu-ing
So this verse will have no enduing.

Imagine recording such stuff
As the dribble recorded abuff.

There was a young man from Pawtucket
Who went for some steam with a bucket;
But the steam sort of scalded,
And what the guy called it Was said to resemble "Aw—Nuts!"

"I think Tech boys are terribly effeminate, Mable. I asked Fred what they do to solve hard math problems, and of all things! He said they use lipsticks."

HOW CLEAN IS YOUR MIND?
"Mary had a little ——,
Its —— was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went, That —— was sure to go."

Add simile: As full as an 1890 corset.
Jawn Hawvard had two engineers besieging some involute gears;
   The longer they battled,
   The more they got rattled,
   'Til they classically chanted "Oh Spheres!"

   I call my girl Margin, because she always needs more when I take her out.

   Female voice from lounge: "No more tomfoolin' . . ."
   Male ditto: "This isn't Tom; this is Jack . . ."

Joe Bloop left the dance in a hustle.
   In the future, he's wearing a muzzle:
   To his broad he did tell:
   "Your Bustle looks swell!"
   —But the broad wasn't wearing a bustle.

   Her eyes were jet black
   Her blond hair silk fine.
   Her old man had jack,
   But my God what a line.
   Her smile was delicious
   Her kisses like wine
   She'd even do dishes
   But she'll never do mine.
   Her life was just loamy
   Or simply divine.
   Gin made her drowsy
   All drinkers were swine.
   And so she continued
   To feed me the brass.
   Now she spends evenings,
   At home with a book.

Salesman: "Would you like to purchase a set of Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf?"
Customer: "No thanks, I've got a copy of Anthony Adverse."

A policeman came running in just in time to stop the turmoil in front of the check room. He grabbed a young man by the arm and asked him why he struck the young lady who lay moaning on the floor.
   "But she asked me to hit her," the young man replied.
   "What do you mean by that?" queried the limb of the law.
   "Well, she asked me to fetch her a wrap."

Girls who wear corsets
Are known as war horset.

The Prom Girl's Toast
Here's to what God gave me;
And what God gave me is mine . . .
If you'd like to know what God gave me,
Why don'tcha come up sometime?
Established 1818

Brooks Brothers,

Clothing,

Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

Madison Avenue Cor. Forty-Fourth Street

New York

Spring, 1934

Ready-made Clothing and Accessories from Brooks Brothers in New York and the articles which they import under exclusive arrangements with a number of the world's most celebrated makers are known and respected all over the United States. In style, workmanship and wearing quality, they are regarded as the finest things of their kind.

Suits $55 to $85

(Prices subject to change)

Branches

New York: One Wall Street

Boston: Newbury Cor. Berkeley Street

Frosh: "I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

(No answer).

Frosh: "I say, I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than me, haven't you?"

Co-ed: "I heard you the first time. I was trying to think."

—Malteaser

Mae West isn't so hot, she just puts up a good front.

She: "Hold me tight."

He: "Who's tight."

—Red Cat

Finals, finals everywhere,

With drops and drops of ink,

And never a prof who'll leave the room

And allow a guy to think.

—Phoenix

PROMISCUOUS PROXIMITY

There once was a pretty lassie

Whose manner was really classy,

Her boy friend, one night,

Held her real tight,

Then said: "Don't you wear a hairnet?"

—Red Cat

First Father: "What, your son is an undertaker? I thought you said he was a doctor."

Second Father: "No, I said he followed the medical profession."

—Exchange

Mother: "What did you do when your horrid husband hid the can opener?"

Bride: "I opened the cans with his razor."

—Showme
SAYS HE NEVER PUNISHED GIRL
Denies Forcing Her to Sit on Hot Air Register
"Please, Mr. Hemingway, but I don't wear 'em in the winter."

—Boston Post

DOG BITES BOY TWICE IN 2 DAYS, POLICE ACT
They should!

—Boston Traveler

NEWLYWEDS IN CHILLY HOUSE
What to do about it . . .

—Boston Post

6-INCH BULLFROG EATS AN 11-INCH ALLIGATOR
Sure it wasn't a pink elephant?

—Boston Traveler

VERSAILLES, Mo., Jan. 3 (AP)—One of the largest hogs raised in this section was slaughtered here recently. The animal weighed more than 800 pounds and was so big at the time of the killing that it was unable to stand up to eat.

—Boston Traveler
Perhaps it had lost its appetite.

SHY ON NICKELS, SO HE GOT ARRESTED
Financially embarrassed no doubt.

—Boston Post

MAN FALLING ON SIDEWALK CAUSES QUINCY EXCITEMENT
Quick, Henry, the banana peel!

—Boston Globe

LIVES WELL AND DOESN'T USE MONEY
Ah-ha . . .

—Boston Post

FEAR MOST OF LAWS IN CINCINNATI ARE VOID
Tell us it ain't true!!

—Boston Traveler

TWO GIRLS ON DRIVER'S LAP
Sets New World's Record of Some Sort
Broad knees.

—Boston Post

PUTS MAN IN BATH TUB TO ROB HIM
Vanishes down drain.

—Boston Post

TAILORS HEAD FOR HARVARD
What's wrong with the present head?

(Continued on page 19) we don't care either
PHOSPHOR ESSENCES
(We can keep this up as long as you can)

'GHOST' FLIGHTS
WORRY FINLAND
—Boston Traveler

Just flights of fancy.

ALICE BEGINS
LIFE, NEAR 50
—Boston Traveler

She was born at an early age.

FLOATING ICE
HITS SHIPPING
—Boston Traveler

Bang!

REVERE FIREMEN RIDE ON PUNG TO SAVE DWELLING
—Boston Herald

Whata-man Eddie!

PAIR MURDER MAN,
DIDN'T LIKE FACE
—Boston Traveler

Wouldn’t lifting it have been easier?

HUGGER IN WORCESTER
MAY BE MAD
—Boston Post

He’d have to be mad in Worcester.

PROMINENT ARTISTS ON HANGING COMMITTEE
—Boston Herald

Hang the expense.

Telephone Operator: “Is this 1749?”
Maid (very black): “Yassum.”
T. O.: “Is this Mrs. Blotz’ residence?”
V. B. M.: “Yassum.”
T. O.: “Long distance from Washington.”
V. B. M.: “Heh! Heh! Yassum, hit sho’ is.”

—Rammer-Jammer

Lady in pet shop: “Has this parrot ever been around people that swear?”
Clerk: “Hell no, lady, Hell no.”

—Phoenix

How about the Scotchman who told his little children ghost stories instead of buying Ex-Lax?

—Punch Bowl

She was only a dentist’s daughter, but she ran around with the worst set in town.

Wellesley cop: “You’ll have to go a little slower, young fellow.”
Young fellow: “Hell, I’ve had three dates with her.”

Sign in restaurant window: “If your wife can’t cook, don’t shoot her—eat here and keep her as a pet.”

—Sour Owl

DEvil TAKE the unpopular soul who neglects his pipe till it’s gooey and offensive. Bliss is reserved (at 15¢ the tin) for those pipe lovers who tend their briars and fill them with sunny tobacco... like Sir Walter Raleigh. This heavenly mixture of mild Kentucky Burleys brings everlasting happiness to a man’s tongue. It’s well aged and seasoned. Fragrant—but eternally mild. Try it. It may be the smoke you hoped you’d some day find. (Kept fresh in gold foil.)
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-43.

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Clothing salesman: “I can spot a good suit any time.”

“Well, why not use a napkin?” — Froth

If all the horses say: “Nay,” where do little horses come from?

—Punch Bowl

Kay: “Do you dance?”

Cub: “No, but I can hold you while you dance.” — Malteaser

“What town in Connecticut reminds you of a Biblical character?”

“I don’t know.”

“Middletown, Conn.”

“How so?”

“Simple. Just drop the i-d-d-l-e-t-o-w-n and add o-s-e-s and you have Moses.” — Malteaser

There’s one pipe that is actually better-smoking than any other. University scientists, recently, made over 410 tests with every well known pipe in the world and proved new Drinkless Kaywoodie best. By actual laboratory measurement, 51% purer smoke, 51% better taste! Let your own taste confirm it. Get a new Drinkless Kaywoodie. It will bring you the kind of enjoyment that is a revelation. For the first time, you’ll know the real pleasure of pipe smoking.

Send for the Proof
Get the only Handbook of its kind—shows 106 different pipes in full colors including the newest styles. Also booklet describing the 410 pipe tests. Enclose 10¢ for mailing.

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& BONDY, Inc.
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Established 1851

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51% PURER SMOKE
51% BETTER TASTE
Those penciled scrawls are a sign of jangled nerves

If you’re the stolid, phlegmatic sort of person who doesn’t feel things very deeply, you’ll probably never have to worry about nerves. But if you’re high-strung, alive, sensitive, watch out.

See whether you scribble things on bits of paper, bite your nails, jump at unexpected noises—they’re signs of jangled nerves.

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