FIFTEEN CENTS

GLOOM NO.

Voodoo

DEE

THE

OGZN_ZN_ZGEBT
Take the
Primrose Path

Everything in this world is not ethereal — and it is indeed nice to take the primrose path to enjoyment now and then.

The Victoria “English Hunt Room” is neither grand nor pretentious — but it does smooth the path and make easy the way to enjoyment.

The casual informality of the “English Hunt Room”, sometimes called (Hunt Club), always provides you with a keen zest for just another small one — so install your friends (feminine) chicly in a hunt booth and immediately you have an important discovery on your hands — an antidote for the swift passing of time.

There are places aplenty in Boston in which to spend your time but only a comparative few that live up to their standards.

However, you’ll make no mistake at the Victoria . . . it’s that smart-looking English place, you know, located in the Copley Square zone . . . and managed by George A. Turain.
"It's raining cats and dogs outside."
"I know, I just stepped into a poodle."
—Red Hen

Fog
(With apologies to Carl Sandburg)
The fog comes
on little cat feet—
about the time
of Examinations—
It sits looking—
over desk and chair—
on silent haunches;
Then moves on—
And sometimes it stays.
—Purple Cow

"Waitress, what's wrong with these eggs?"
"I don't know. I only laid the table."
—Show Me

Tourist (having looked over historic castle, to butler)—"We've made a stupid mistake. I tipped his lordship instead of you."
Butler—"That's awkward. I'll never get it now."
—Wall Street Journal

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Slapping a half dollar on the desk, she said sharply, "What is that?" Instantly a voice from the back row said, "Tails."
—The Mutual Magazine

Old Maid (phoning from her hotel room)—This room has a chink in the wall.
Hotel Clerk—Well, what do you want for two-fifty, a couple of gigolos?
—Very Old

Pilot: "The ship's out of control. What shall I do?"
Co-pilot: "Can't you get it under control?"
Pilot: "No!"
Co-pilot: "Well, then, try and land on something cheap."

A decrepit old woman from Glasgow
Required a lot of tabasco.
For her blood it was cold
And the sauce made her bold
And now you can see her—run around the block.

Thirty days hath September, June, July, and my dad for speeding.
—Red Cow.
SANCTUARY

Moaning has been going on now for many years,
And great, big, strong men are shedding tears
Over the emancipation of the female who invades
Barber shops and makes her shameless raids
On all men’s strongholds until there is no place
One cannot see a pretty, empty, lip-rouged face;
But I venture to say there will never come a time
when
Women will be found behind the door marked
“Men.”

—Ski-U-Mah

Clerk—“What’s the matter sonny?”
Lost Kid—“Please sir, have you seen a lady without a little boy that looks like me?”

—Owl

HOT STUFF

Press me closer, all mine own—
My heart warms for thee alone;
Each caress my longing fills,
Every sense responsive thrills;
’Neath thy touch I live—thy slave,
Thou my happiness mayst save;
Thou dost reign upon my breast
With thine own fierce ardor blest;
Closer still, for thou art mine;
My heart burns, for I am thine!
Thou the music, I the lyre,
I the servant, thou the master—
Thou the furnace, I the fire!
Roaring,
Red hot
Mustard
Plaster!

—Exchange

History Prof.: “How can you explain the great increase in population which occurred after the industrial revolution?”
History Shark: “Everybody went to town.”

—Red Cat

A rolling stone gathers no moss.
But it gets damn smooth.

—Tiger

A man wandered into a tennis tournament and sat down on the bench. “Whose game?” he asked. A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. “I am,” she replied.

—Mugwump
LATEST DEFINITION FOR A BABY CARRIAGE—BLUNDERBUS.  —Red Cat

A honeymoon is over when the bride notices the apartment is cold.  —Punch Bowl

And I call her seven days because she makes one weak.  —Log

"Did Mary blush when she tore her skirt on the car door?"  "I didn’t notice."  —Malteaser

"That girl from Georgia you’re dating is rather sexy."  "Yes, I know. But I like her Southern assents."  —Froth

Mother (entering room)—Why, Mabel! Get right down from that young man’s knee.  Mabel—No! I got here first.  —Texas Ranger

There was a professor called Chesit  Who, though we are loath to confess it,  For a nice leg he praised ’em,  For a bare knee he raised ’em,  For a—oh, you never would guess it!  —Froth

Boston’s Smartest Rendezvous
Cafe Touraine  — featuring —
PAYSON RAYE and his MUSIC

DON HOWARD
Star of Radio and Stage

THE HOTEL TOURAINE
Remodeled and Improved, Once Again Takes Its Place Among the Leading Hotels of America

LUNCHEONS DAILY — CONCERT MUSIC
BANQUET AND FUNCTION ROOMS
For All Purposes — For Any Size Group  Rates Upon Request

HOTEL TOURAINE
BOSTON
COULON-LA FRANCHE MANAGEMENT
George A. Turain  Gen. Manager

One: I hear you’re married pal. Who did you marry?
Two: A woman you sap. Did you ever hear of anybody marrying a man?
One: Yes, my sister, you dope.  —Reserve Red Cat.

Teacher (in history class)—Johnny, for what was Louis XIV chiefly responsible?
Johnny (positively)—Louis XV, ma’am.  —Burr.

"Are you positive that the defendant was drunk?” asked the judge.
"Well,” replied the officer, “I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Fourth Street, then look up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church and shout, ‘Gawd, I’ve lost fourteen pounds!’”  —Burr.
Dwight Deere Wiman and Auriol Lee, present
SYBIL THORNDIKE
in John van Druten's Comedy of Women
"THE DISTAFF SIDE"
with Estelle Winwood and Viola Keats
Now at the
SHUBERT THEATRE
It Grieves Me
to Hear of
Your Distress—
Phos
CHARLIE

My brother, Charlie, and I once were the best of pals. When we were very young, our unbroken, unquarreling, unchanging friendship was pointed out to all the children of the neighborhood as an example they might be expected to follow halfway on their very best behavior. We ate, slept, and went out together; we were like milk and cream after the bottle's been shaken up.

But all that is changed. Charlie has been to a technical school and we're far apart now. As Charlie would put it, like the stator and rotor plates of a variable condenser; they just don't touch. It all started one day when I had finished taking a bath. The water had started to gurgle out through the drain, and I was trying to enshroud myself in a towel, when Charlie came bursting into the bathroom, with a watch in one hand and a piece of graph paper in the other.

"What's this for?" I asked.

He mumbled something about \(2gh\) and started computating. Apparently it was all wrong.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I wish you'd wait until I get a bit drier before you start your researches. What are you going to do with the answer when you get it anyway?"

"It's physics," he said.

We both used to drink a glass of ginger ale every afternoon. But that, too, has passed. Charlie will not pour it unless it runs down the edge of a glass tube. Chemists do that, he says. He makes a lot of graphs, too. He's got the weather for the past two months done on a curve as well as the hours of sleep he gets each night. I gave up smoking after Charlie made two attempts to catch the smoke of my cigarette and dissolve it in soda water. He puts weights on the piano stool and sees how long they'll spin. He gets a fanatical sort of pleasure out of it.

Charlie and I don't live together any more. His room is painted a hideous shade of purple. Charlie likes it. He says he knows the wave-length of the light it reflects.

There was a young man from Belgrave Who kept a dead horse in a cave He said, "I'll admit It doesn't quite fit, But it saves me from digging a grave."

---

Freshman: "O Lord, I cannot find my way About this foul building . . . I wish I knew What fraternity to pledge. My, these fellows look smart—

Sophomore: A red-hot date. I wish I'd known the answers On that quiz. Anybody want to go to The Old Howard?

Junior: Baby, I want you to wear This pin . . . (She looks good—two more Dates and she's mine) I wish I hadn't drunk that rum. Good morning, professor.

Senior: Order, please, brothers. The thesis will be a little Late, sir. I got a run for my money What the hell boys.
VOO-DOOINGS

Di-Jester

Professor Page had a great deal of difficulty impressing a young man with the more basic concepts of 8.04. He repeated his exposition several times, still not making the desired impression. Whereupon he concluded with a little pearl of wit.

"You ought to be able to digest facts like that," he said. "That's why you take physics."

Progress

We, having ever a keen interest in Institute affairs, were very interested to note an addendum to the departments of The Tech the other day. Way down in the bottom of one of the columns was a brand new feature, a journalistic innovation, so to speak.

It was a little item about something or other being for sale, and was put all by its lonesome into a column bearing the imposing head of CLASSIFIED AD. That is just ducky. We are seriously thinking of submitting a contribution for that column. Perhaps it would go like this:

Wanted: An assorted nut.

Adam and Eve were naming the animals of the earth when along comes a rhinoceros.

Adam—What shall we call this one?
Eve—Let's call it a rhinoceros.
Adam—But why a rhinoceros?
Eve—Well—because it looks more like a rhinoceros than anything we've named yet.

Vectors

Through browsing eyes, we watched the chalk marks on the blackboard. The class was Applied Mechanics, and the chalk marks conveyed to our technically aesthetic mind a portrait of a beam. Chalk marks with arrowheads on them, force vectors, were pushing on the thing from all sides, and the idea was, the prof explained, that in spite of all the complications involved the beam was still held in equilibrium. The forces all added up to zero, he said, and we believed him, as we make a policy of believing professors. Forces, forces, all over it, and still the beam stood immovable as the chalk marks it was made of, because the resultant force was zero.

He was a good professor; he made the point clear. But he was not an executive, and hence not used to office chairs like the one he was sitting on. He had just about reached the climax of his explanation, when some derelict vector he hadn't and still can't explain hit the bearing joint under his seat, and the prof toppled over backward. He calmly picked himself up and continued explaining the chalk marks on the blackboard. The beam was in equilibrium then, and remained without moving until the janitor wiped it off at the end of the period.

What in Tarnation?

You can imagine the feelings of a dormitory resident, a young, clean-cut, upstanding lad—upon coming across the following. In the dormitory halls his eye was caught by a bit of yellow paper in front of one of the rooms, his discretion not permitting him to notice which one. The paper, maybe a discarded note, was found about noon one Sunday, and had written upon it in scrawled pencil:

"Goodbye. Thanks for swell bed. See you again soon. Bernice."

Terminal Velocity

We offer as a prize answer to a question on a final exam, that bit of wisdom from "Oracle Butch." The question concerned methods and difficulties involved in testing for the terminal velocity of a diving plane. Butch's difficulties, besides not knowing the score, ran to the theme that this bit of testing would be liable to involve insurmountable difficulties, since if the plane wasn't structurally sound, the wings might fall off. The terminal velocity would go up and up while the plane went down and down, and who in hell would ever be able to compute the final results.

Good old horse-sense.
Horse? I thought I was Building a Dinosaur!

MIRACLE

A hermit once dwelt
In a beautiful dell—
No legend or myth
Is this tale that I tell.
For my sire's sire
Knew him full well.
This hermit.

Decoctions of herbs
For his health he would make
For he lived all alone
In a cave by the lake
And only of fish
Would this old man partake.
On Friday

When his birthday came 'round
He'd go down by the lake.
And plenty of towels
And soap he would take
He would splash like a seal
Ah, this bath was no fake.
Not a bit.

One day as he rose
All dripping and wet
His horrified vision
Two fair maidens met.
Now at feminine business
He wasn't a vet.
So he blushed.

He reached for his hat
That lay on the beach
And covering all
Its broad brim would reach
He cried to the girls
In a horrified screech
"Go 'way!"

1st Drunk (regarding empty bottle):
Jees, look at the poor dead soldier.

2nd Blotto: And I never even got a shot at him!

Addenda: What the hell are you smoking, grapenuts?
Rejoinda: No, this is a White Owl, but I forgot to take the feathers off.

And then there was the man who got so mad that he tore his hair, just because he lost his toupe.

Nux: Who hit you on the back of the neck?
Vomica: Nobody. I was taking a drink and the lid fell on me.
IN BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, WE MUST STUDY CLOSER MARKETING, ADVERTISING, MERCHANDISING, AND MANY OTHER THINGS.

THE COMPANY MUST ALSO KEEP IN CONTINUAL TOUCH WITH THE PRICE FACTOR AND THE STYLE FACTOR AND THE CHANGING CONSUMER — IN FACT, IT IS KEPT VERY BUSY, WITH NO END. TSK, TSK, TSK!

NOW, A COMPANY'S MARKETING SITUATION IS NATURALLY SUBJECT TO CONTINUAL CHANGE SO IT MUST KEEP IN TOUCH WITH A POTENTIAL MARKET FACTOR.

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO SMOKE THE RIGHT TOBACCO — ME FOR THE MILD, MELLOWEST SMOKE EVER — PRINCE ALBERT.

YES, SIR, IT'S PRINCE ALBERT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, THE MILD, SMOOTH, CRIMP-CUT SMOKING TOBACCO THAT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE. MAN, WHAT A SMOKE — AND 2 FULL OZ. IN EVERY TIN. NO WONDER "P. A." IS THE LARGEST-SELLING SMOKING TOBACCO IN THE WORLD!

2 OUNCES OF PIPE JOY!!!

PRINCE ALBERT, the national joy smoke.
THE REVOLT OF THE PENDULUM

A Non-Technical Fantasy on a Technical Faculty. The Freshmen Weren’t Surprised, but You Will Be.

This story concerns three characters: Professor Thruggleby, an angel named Miss Smith, and God. It begins on the day when Professor Thruggleby was rendering to a note-taking body of in-absorbed freshmen a mathematical analysis of the pendulum. The chalk in Professor Thruggleby’s fingers and the chords in his larynx were cooperating to a diligent extent to connect the motions of a piece of iron on a string with the postulates of Sir Isaac Newton.

"The matter in hand," explained the professor, "concerns the phenomenon known as the damped wave."

He laid careful emphasis on the $p$ in "damped", because experience had told him that freshmen classes were liable to construe a profane interpretation upon the word if he didn’t. The striking white chalk marks that filled up two and one-half panels of the blackboard gave incontrovertible proof that the vibrations of the pendulum grew less and less as time went on. Why shouldn’t they? He had been teaching the same proof in the same place for years and years, and other professors had been teaching it in other places for years and years before.

"Are there any questions?"

There were none.

It is to be presupposed that the numerous sets of notes taken by his pupils were intended purely as digestion stimulants not to be taken until the consumptive danger of a quiz was on the next day’s menu. They were certainly not intended for comprehension on the spot. This fact may have been the cause for the lack of questions. But there couldn’t be any questions. Professor Thruggleby had attempted an exact proof, and he had succeeded. Nobody had ever questioned the proof. Nobody ever could. It was exact. It was explicit. The equations asserted with rigor—with absolute rigor—that the pendulum bob came to rest in accordance with the equation written on the third blackboard panel. It had to come to rest; there was nothing else for it to do.

High in heaven, God chuckled and crossed His celestial knees. With the omnipresent trait that becomes a respectable deity, He had attended spiritually every one of Professor Thruggleby’s lectures. Sitting in on them, even if in only an ethereal sense, was to Him a distinct change from the routine of heaven, if only by sheer contrast. He looked at Miss Smith, the angel He employed as His personal secretary, and chuckled again. He was able to chuckle, for only a creator with a decided sense of humor could ever have created this world of ours.

"Miss Smith," He said with a slight touch of thunderbolt in His voice, "Take a memo. A memo for a Minor Miracle."

And He chuckled again.

Professor Thruggleby had concluded his proof. He now proceeded to the actual demonstration, and triumphantly fingered a piece of cast iron with a hook on one side and the imprint, "5 kg.", on the other, dutifully placed thereon by the farsighted physics department who realized the need of impressing upon the students the value of quantitative work. This weight he suspended from a ring stand with a piece of string, and held it poised for one moment, a performer anticipating his climax. His pupils leaned forward anxiously, not so much from the desire to see an actual demonstration of Newton’s laws as from the primitive instinct to see something move. All eyes were fixed on the piece of cast iron which was presently to swing to and fro and verify Professor Thruggleby’s equations.

"Now," said Professor Thruggleby, with triumphant confidence, "we have the opportunity of witnessing the process I have just outlined. You will observe how the bob will soon come to rest due to the damping medium of the air."

The room was tensely silent as he released the iron weight. All eyes intently watched it as it swung its arc and then swung back again. All eyes anticipated its gradual deceleration and its final, unspectacular stop. It was proven that pendulums stopped, and pendulums always complied. But this one didn’t.

It swung in a wider arc the second time than it had on the first. And the third was wider than either of the other two. And the fourth swing verged on the point of being violent.

Professor Thruggleby’s fists clenched; his mouth went dry; his eyes bulged; his mouth opened. But the pendulum kept on swinging.

(Continued on Page 20)
GLOOM

In the early morning dreary
With my eyes bloodshot and weary
With a breath that's more than beery
I review my fate.

All the formulas I've mastered
Am I right, or simply plastered
Boy, this course is sure a
What I need's a date.

With tomorrow's orgies ended
Mental energy expended
Hopes and all to Hell descended
Then we get the gate.

One more crack at friend the bottle
Then to bed and dreams we'll toddle
Fast forget this dizzy twaddle
Damn inebriate.

As the Governor of North Carolina
said to the Governor of South Carolina: Hello!

She was only a public school teacher
but she had no principal.

Theme song for the surgeons: The
Sawing is Ended, But the Malady Lin-
gers On.

I would I were a pagan
On a lonely isle.
With South Sea breezes blowing
And dusky maidens' smile.
I'd lie upon the beach—all day
I'd never, never work.
I'd have a high-class harem
Like a pagan Turk.
And then I'd think of you
My lads.
Plowing thru the snow
With ears all red and noses blue
In the nor'easter's blow.
I'd call my oldest son from play
I'd think of you and laugh
I'd have him get my kodak
And send you a photograph.

Famous last words: "I believe a little rum would go with that gin."
"Call me up some time..."
"I'll have four thousand words by Friday, Professor."
"Hey! Turn out and let that bridge go by."
"Officer, you're drunk..."
"Sorry, I left my cigarettes in my overcoat."
"That oughta be a pipe course..."
"Go right in there and tell the boss what you think of him."
"Five cents for three minutes, please."
"I had my wallet when I came here, waiter."
"Give the night-watchman a drink, he'll let you in."
"They all love it. Don't pay any attention when they say no."
"Bend over, freshman."
"Watch me beat the light..."
"That's a mushroom; go ahead and pick it."
"Sergeant, you're a liar."
"Do you go to Harvard?"
"Hell, it's only ten volts."
"No!"

Phosphorus also is a great admirer of Gertrude Stein.
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BOB LUTZ, DEL CAMPBELL, DICK STANFIELD
GLOOM

Gloom! The prospect of the solid, solid weeks between now and spring vacation; snow and work and sleep in classes.

And that isn’t the only reason Phos is gloomy.

He has to read a million lousy campus humor magazines, with five new jokes in a lot. He has to be greeted by a hundred fatuous saps in classes welcoming him back and asking what kind of a time he had. He has to pat the contributor on the back and tell him how dam’ good his stuff is. He has to listen to a lot of would-be humorists who never had a funny thought in their lives pan the magazine. (Why don’t you come out and try to be funny regularly once every four weeks?)

He has to read the Tech.

All of which is unnecessarily personal, but it’s off his chest.

All of us have to listen to the NSL and the communists on one side and the guys who don’t like them on the other, equally bad. We have to listen to the profs, trying to be funny. We have to listen to the brothers bragging how tight they got and how fast they drove the last forty miles—”Forty-two minutes, by God!”

So Phos offers this humble prayer: Deliver me please, from those heels, bores, panners, drunks, teetotalers, boobs, windy profs., communists, capitalists, women radio announcers, The Tech, people who want something, people who want to give you something, women who say, “Isn’t that too divine,” and this snow.
FISH FANTASIE

Oh, the goldfish counter! I simply must have a few fish. You know, the ones I bought last week died. That is, two of them died. I was most upset about it, really. I spent the whole morning in bed I was so upset. One of them was the sweetest little . . .

Which ones do I want? Oh, yes, I pick them out, don’t I? Let me see. That frisky one over there . . . fourth from the edge. Oh, dear, now he swam away and he’s sixth from the end. There he goes. See him. The one with the black feet. What’s that? Goldfish don’t have feet? Of course, how stupid of me. Flippers, then. Well, the one with the black flippers. That one . . . Oh, where did he go now? He must have swam away. Don’t tell me I’ve lost him. I did have my heart set on him so. Oh, dear. See if you can find him, won’t you, Miss? No, don’t wait on that lady over there. You’re waiting on me now.

Can’t you find the one with the black flippers? Will you watch out for him, and save him for me when you do. Oh, that’s sweet of you to promise. Well, I’ll take . . . oh, this little one is cute, isn’t he. I must have him! No, not that one, this one. Can’t you catch him? Or is it a her? How do you tell? I’ve always wanted to know. Ooh, look, he won’t even stay in the net. Vivacious little rascal, isn’t he? Oo go get in the nice big net, or Mama spank as soon as she gets oo home. There, Miss, you’ve got him at last. Ooh, let me have a look at him. Just one little peek. He looks a lot bigger now than he did in the water, doesn’t he? My husband likes big fish, but I can’t abide them. The little ones are so much more adorable, aren’t they. No, I don’t think I want him after all. My, doesn’t he look happy being back in the tank with all his old friends! Oo does like to be back, doesn’t oo. There, I’m glad I didn’t take him after all.

That one is nice. If only he’d swim around to the front of the tank where I could see him. Can you make him swim around, Miss? There, now he’s in your net. I wonder how long it took you to learn to catch them that way. I’m sure Herbert would be good at that. He goes fishing every summer.

Oh, look, he’s going after that little tiny fish! You big bully, you, go pick on a fishy your own size. Put him back, Miss, I wouldn’t have that old meanie in my tank. But that little one in the corner is adorable. And so pretty, too. May I have him? Now, if you’ll put him in one of those cardboard things . . . Pick out one that doesn’t leak, won’t you, Miss. Now if you just deliver that to 232 Huntington . . .

What! You don’t deliver goldfish?

Well, I’m on my way to my bridge game now. Yes, over at Mrs. Stearn’s. I guess I’d better not take them with me now, then. Well, I’ll be in again soon, Miss. Good afternoon. And try to keep an eye open for the one with the black feet—I mean flippers. Save him for me, won’t you?

Steam Lab. Instructor: Mr. Goldberg, please explain the cutoff ratio.

Mr. G.: Professor, can I see you in your office?

She wasn’t a foreign visitor, but she sure came across.

"I have the key to her heart."
"Is zat so?"
"Well, it was protected by a combination the other night."

—Sundial
Here's the way I write Chesterfield —

They

Satisfy

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
"Him? He always was tender."

**THE WHISPERING PROCTOR**

No, they are not extinct. As usual we were afflicted with that travesty of manhood, the whispering proctor. This peculiar parasite is never found alone, but usually in groups of three, for a reason as yet unknown, and the net result of which is that it makes it impossible to determine which is the male of the species and vice versa.

His habitat is the fourth floor of Building Three, and altho the Superintendent of Buildings and Power manages to keep the pests exterminated thru most of the school year, they come out of their holes during the last two weeks of January and first week of June for their bi-annual mating season.

It has been suggested to high Institute officials that final exams be moved so as not to coincide with these dates so that the students are not forced to contend with the droning annoyance of these lice while they are at the same time giving their all to the great and noble purpose of remaining within these cloistered (sic) walls.

Unfortunately finals are over and it is a sad but unavoidable certainty that we once more had these vermin with us. Recognizing this fact, the Institute Committee has prescribed the following rules of conduct to be employed by persons afflicted with these lice in the future.

1. When the droning becomes sufficiently loud so as to annoy a student he should stop working.
2. Then he should peer vacantly around the room.
3. He then should slowly and surreptitiously roll back his cuff and examine it.
4. He should then roll down his cuff and write furiously, preferably in his examination booklet.

Repeat until the attention of one or more whispering proctor is engaged. Such is the officious nature of these creatures that they will immediately stop droning and hurry over to your desk and say "Ha!" (They always say "Ha!")

The Institute Committee then suggests the following line of conduct by the student.

(a) Ha, Ha.
(b) Ha, Ha, yourself, you flat-faced buzzard (any variations are acceptable).
(c) Bronx cheer.
(d) Thumb nose.
(e) Laugh (nastily).

If these directions are followed explicitly it is guaranteed that the pests will concentrate on being officious rather than droning and furthermore such action will probably cause these misconceptions to become annoyed if it is possible for them to feel, and that would make any final a success.

These suggestions are not recommended for students who have notes written on their cuffs.

There was a young man from Quebec
Who fell down the stairs on his neck
Exclaiming, "Oh dear!
I am losing my beer.
Waiter, please pass me the check."

---Exchange

Reporter (to visiting Frenchman): And why do you visit this country, duke?
Duke: I weesh to veesit the famous Mrs. Beach, who had so many sons in France during the war.

---Pointer

Baby Ear of Corn: "Mamma, where did I come from?"
Mamma Ear of Corn: "Hush, darling, the stalk brought you."

---The Battalion

Johnny and Mary went out into the country to pick wild flowers. Mary's mother went with them so they picked wild flowers.

Professor Serduc was having a review in his class and in order to show some of the students in back of the room the extent of their ignorance he began to question them on periodic motion. Finally he turned to a "bright" student and said "What would happen if you took your physical pendulum and hung it on its center of oscillation?"

To the bewilderment of the professor the student replied, "WHY PROFESSOR."
A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO MUST HAVE Both MILDNESS AND FLAVOR

UNDERGRADUATES—here’s a logic lesson that’s a “pipe”! (No pun intended!) Your tobacco may be mild or it may be flavorful. In either case you say, “It’s good!”

But if it had mildness AND flavor both, wouldn’t you say, “It’s better!”

Yes. And that’s what you get in Edgeworth, the blandest, mellower, tastiest blend of fine old Burley you’ve ever stoked in a pipe!

Try a 15¢ tin! You’ll go for it! Not alone for its mildness AND flavor, but for its slow-burning economical quality as well. Pipe-smokers report to us that one pipeful has lasted them as long as one hour and ten minutes!

There’s a record to shoot at, fellows! Light up today! Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., down in Richmond, Va., where they know good tobacco.

EDGECORTH HAS Both MILDNESS and FLAVOR
Phosphor
Esences

Boston Herald

Merriam of the U.S. Senate

Farley Dubbed Dumb
Stenographer, Oct. 23 (AP)

Be more explicit, Mr. Farley. Expect

—Boston Herald

DANCE TO BENEFIT
SOUTHERN WOMEN

Stars aren't the only things that fall

—N. Y. Times

in Alabama

YORK TIMES, SUND

66 Killed by Lightning
At Beer Party in Africa

The Beaver Club at it again?

—N. Y. Times

CAREW

Awakes to Find Money
And Clothes Gone

Didn't mama tell you to keep away
from St. Botolph Street?

—Boston Herald

Pullman Sleeper Falls
Head First from Berth
NEW YORK, Nov. 18 (AP)—Isaac
22, of West Hartford, Ct.,
and

—Boston Herald

Bah! No technique.
OUR ENGINEERS

The Rhet. instructor and the Engineering professor were dining together. During the course of the meal the former spoke:

"I had a peculiar answer in class today. I asked who wrote The Merchant of Venice, and a pretty little Freshman girl said: 'Please, sir, it wasn't me'"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Engineering prof., "and I suppose the little vixen had done it all the time."

COLLEGE DICTIONARY

Lunge—Noontime meal.
Mayonnaise—French National Anthem.
Nipple—To take a small bite.
Onyx—Trustworthy.
Orphan—Frequently.
Purpose—Large fish.
Penthouse—Tailoring establishment.
Quill—A game bird.
Rosin—A dried grape.
Saddle—To decide.
Salary—A vegetable.
Sapling—A lighter-than-air craft—e. g.: the Graf Sapling.

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The Advertisers represented in these pages are recommended for your earnest consideration. They warrant your complete confidence, and will serve you well.
The Revolt of the Pendulum
(Continued from Page 10)

Greater and greater grew its strokes. By the sixth swing it was covering 180° with ease. And the seventh and the eighth carried it still further. Professor Thruggleby went through all the symptoms of astonishment, ramifications, mortification, and surprise that man is heir to. He gripped the edge of the table and tried to speak, but he could not.

On the tenth stroke the pendulum bob had practically described a complete revolution, and before long it had. It was traveling with such speed that the class saw nothing but a blurred metallic circle.

"Isn't science wonderful!" they breathed, and made an entry into their notes that what the professor had proved could be also "Proven by experiment" or "derived empirically."

The magnitude of the swing increased. Now the bob was making five or six revolutions on every stroke. The ringstand, fortunately clamped to the table, was being bent like a reed. Round and round went the pendulum, with terrific velocity in terrific strokes. Each one was so great that the string wound and unwound round its support like the cord of a top. And the pendulum continued increasing its strokes with the mad vigor of a fiendish whirligig.

Its rotational career was brought to a terminus only when the string broke, and the pendulum bob went crashing through the window of the lecture hall, across the court, and into Professor Gillistrom’s classroom. It narrowly missed Professor Gillistrom’s head, but it managed to hit and crack the blackboard instead. Professor Gillistrom was considerably disturbed. He had been trying to explain to his class the conservation of energy law, and he had enough on his hands to make his students grasp the concept without distractions such as this. He was quite annoyed over the disturbance, and raised a complaint against Professor Thruggleby at the next faculty meeting.

The lecture supply department sided with him in his complaint, concluding with the emphatic reminder that the apparatus was not the professor’s property and was to be used by him only to demonstrate points relevant to the course. The more conscientious of Professor Thruggleby’s students memorized his blackboard proof of the damped wave, and so were able to reproduce it on their next quiz papers, adding that it had been proven to be true by lecture experiment. Professor Thruggleby himself made up a new proof, proving beyond a doubt that a pendulum’s motions were not damped, and that an ever increasing amplitude was in perfect accordance with the precepts of Newton. But the research department, realizing how silly the institute would look if a name like Thruggleby were to become famous in connection with it, did not accept his labors. The professor offered to change his name, but they would not hear of it.

In Heaven, God uncrossed his celestial knees and chuckled. If he expected an answering chuckle from Miss Smith he was mistaken, for she was busy with her hand-mirror, adjusting her halo at a more rakish angle.
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Need more be said?

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Prof: Your wife has a new dress.
Scuff: No she hasn’t.
Prof: Well, something’s different.
Scuff: It’s a new wife.

—Banter.

He never had dated
He never was wed
He hardly would speak to a fem
But he followed the hosiery and lingerie ads
And he learned about women from them.

—Pel-Mell.

Mabel: ‘What’s worryin’ you, David?
David: I was just wonderin’ if dad would see to the milkin’ while we’re on our honeymoon, supposin’ you was to say “yes” if I was to ask you.

—Lord Jeff.

A tramp paused outside of a farm house and knocked timidly.

“Clear out,” shouted the woman of the house.

“I ain’t got no wood to chop. There ain’t nothin’ you could do around here.”

“But there is, madam,” retorted the wayfarer with dignity. “I could give you a few lessons in grammar.”

—Battalion.

“What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party?”

“I don’t know, but I think it was checked.”

“Boy, that must have been some party.”

—Exchange.

If some of the girls in this town had the power in their eyes that they think they have, they could stir their coffee with a dirty look.

—Yellow Jacket.
Dear Dad:

Have decided to join Sigma Nu, your old fraternity. The boys have possibilities, and they have plans all made for a new house that will be the best on the campus. Love, junior.

Dear Son:

Glad you liked my fraternity. Grandfather drew those plans when he was in the chapter there, so you can be sure that the house will be a good one. Love. Dad.

—Exchange

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about LENIN"
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the cinema.
English Titles
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"RHYME"
Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except Tuesday which comes once a week.

—Puppet

An engineer friend of ours, who was in the class, vouches for the truth of this story: The students in a mechanics class at a Virginia university were watching their professor outline a problem on the board. He had just headed a column “Excess stresses on the bridge,” when the class suddenly came to life. First a snicker, then a laugh, and soon the whole class was rocking ecstatically in its seats. The professor, confused, searched the board for a cause of this unseemly merriment, and discovered, to his dismay, that he had omitted the “g” in bridge.

—Cornell Widow

If all the students who sleep in classes were laid end to end, they would be more comfortable.

—Exchange

"When I squeeze you in my arms like this honey, something seems to snap."
"Yes, pardon me a moment till I fasten it."

—Malteaser

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TEL. UNIVERSITY 7460 CAMBRIDGE
AND THE SAME TO YOU

Twas the day after New Year's
And all thru my head
Not a brain cell was stirring,
I wished I were dead.
The bottles were ranked
On the table with care;
There were glasses and ashes
And such on the chair.
The neighbors were snuggled
All safe in their beds
While visions of Christmas bills
Danced thru their heads.
When up in my brain
There arose such a clatter,
But you couldn't fool me,
I knew what was the matter!
Boy, was I hung over!

So I piled on more cracked ice and went back to bed.

—Peggy

M. I. T. MEN

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Bellhop (making Lady and Gentleman comfortable): Anything else, Mr. Smith?
Guest: No, thanks.
Bellhop: Anything for your wife?
Guest (absentmindedly): Why yes, bring me a post card.

—Purple Cow

"How did you get that cut on your face?"
"Hic—musta—hic—bit myself."
"Gwan. How could you bite yourself up there?"
"Must have stood on a chair."

—Ranger

Famous songs:
Gertrude Stein: "No, no, a thousand times no."
Dione Quintuplets: "Tiny little fingerprints."
Gen. Hugh Johnson: "Oh come, all ye faithful!"
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Consistent centrality. The only hotel with its entrance on Times Square. Engineers, oil barons, movie stars, New Dealers—everyone from everywhere stops at the Astor. They stop to meet, eat, talk, dance and sleep.

HOTEL ASTOR
Entrance TIMES SQUARE
THAT’S NEW YORK!
Fred A. Muschenheim

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed home;
This little pig had roast beef,
French fried potatoes, and a cup of coffee.

—Exchange

"Porter, get me another glass of ice water."
"Sorry, suh, but if I takes any mo’ ice, dat co’pse in the baggage car ain’t goin’ to keep."

—Blue Gator

Abie (waving hand)—Please, teacher, may I be excused?
Teacher—No Abie, you stay in and fill up the inkwells.

—Christian Science Monthly

Wise Ray says: "Many men smoke, but Fu Man Chu."

—Bear Skin

It was an exciting race and the winning horse and jockey were over to one side. The woman society editor approached the jockey and inquired, "What is your name?"
The jockey answered, "Strap—and is my face red?"

—Yellow Jacket

College boy: "Say, what’s your hurry?"
Second Idiot: "I’ve got a date with a chiffioner and I’m late."
C. B.: "A chiffioner? Say, do you know what a chiffioner is? It’s a classy dresser with drawers."
S. I.: "Well?"

—Exchange

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