The Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge

RICHARD C. MACLAURIN, M. A., Sc. D., LL.D.
President

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers courses in Civil, Mechanical, Mining, Electrical, Chemical, Sanitary, and Architectural Engineering; in Chemistry, Electrochemistry, Biology and Public Health, Physics, Geology and Naval Architecture, and in Engineering Administration.

Graduates of colleges and scientific schools of collegiate grade are admitted without examinations, to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training.

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NEW YORK  BOSTON  CHICAGO

She:—"Do you want to start the victrola?"
He:—"Why?"
She:—"It's about time you started something."
—Purple Cow

Congratulations
Someone—"Bill just lent me five simoleons."
Someone Else—"The dickens he did; he wouldn't lend me a nickel."
First Party—"He wouldn't lend me a cent, either. He thinks he cashed a check for me."
—Chaparral

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Under personal direction of MR. LEO REISMAN

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Mufflers, House Gowns and Jackets, English Pipes and Pouches
Send for List classified according to Price

He—"Have you ever seen our ski jump?"
She—"No, but I'd just love to. Will he do it before strangers?"
—Jack o' Lantern

Bing—"Has she many suitors?"
Sling—"Oh, yes, but none of them do."
Bing—"Do what?"
Sling—"Suitor."
—Widow

Teacher (to young miss)—"Parse the word 'kiss'."
Y. M.—"This word is a noun but is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined and more common than proper. It is not very singular in that it is usually used in the plural. It agrees with me."
—Augwyan

Modern Surgery
Fay—"I hope that I will never smell liquor on your breath again."
Kay—"No, dear, you never will. Father has cut me off without a scent."
—Widow

First Gurgule—"Did you notice that good-looking fellow who sat right back of us at the Orpheum?"
Second Gurgule—"Oh, the handsome chap with the red necktie and tan suit, and wore his hair pompadour? No, why?"
—Lampoon

Obsequious Barber—"Shave, sir?"
Indignant Freshman—"Of course I do!—ever since I was five years old."
—Yale Record
Fellowship—in college or out of it—flourishes best with good food and wholesome drink. Ice-cold Bevo—unexcelled among beverages in purity and healthfulness—is most satisfying as a drink by itself or a relish with food that makes a happier repast.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH      ST. LOUIS

It must be
Ice Cold

Sold everywhere—families supplied by grocer druggist and dealer—Visitors are cordially invited to inspect our plant.
Ballad of the Man Who Used to be Happy

Villon was happy—so was I,
Until they took my joy away,
And left me desolate and dry,
As in the stove the potter’s clay.
My heart is filled with dark dismay,
And thirst blows through me like a gale,
And in the wind three phantoms sway:
Near beer, ice cream and ginger ale.

Once I was happy—now I sigh,
And, weary, go my dreary way,
And look disheveled and away,
Forlorn like snow in early May.
The birds are happy, so they say,
So are the cats, the dogs, the whale,
But they don’t have to see alway:
Near beer, ice cream and ginger ale.

Chris Marlow, Edgar Poe, were high:
Their fame will never know decay;
Ben Johnson tasted Scotch and rye,
And Burns could surely write a lay.
But if they had to live today
I know they would go mad and fail,
Drinking pure running water, nay,
Near beer, ice cream and ginger ale.

Envoi.
Prince, on the place where joy did stay
I see a notice: “Closed, for sale!”
And all I have to make me gay;
Near beer, ice cream and ginger ale.

Seen in the Tavern
“Try our Home Cooked meals, they cannot be touched anywhere.”

Were You Aware of the fact—
That Boston was founded many years ago, but
not by William Penn.
That William Penn hardly ever even patronized
Penn the Florist.
That “T” Wharf was named so because the
Boston Tea Party started out from there.
That “T” wharf was never located on Jamaica Pond.
That there were no grounds for the Boston Tea Party.
That the Boston Massacre was so-called solely
because it took place in Boston.

Ad’s in our Boston Papers

Car for sale. Owner leaving for college in excellent condition.
Girl wanted to do washing on Dudley Street car line.
Boy wanted to deliver newspapers ten years old.
Who ever heard of a “Tech” lasting ten years.

Manslaughter a Fine Art
We make mourning a specialty.
Mlle. Croker
358 Boylston Street.

“How are you getting along with your motor cycle?”
“Oh, I’m all right. But I’d feel a lot more comfortable if the streets were not so full of inexperienced pedestrians.”
It Would be Nice
It would be nice!
As while one lay,
To have the butler bring a tray,
Of toothsome victuals in array.
It would be nice!

It would be nice!
To change the rule,
Instead of tripping off to school,
To have the prof' come hand the drool.
It would be nice!

It would be nice!
At half-past three,
To have the limo call on me
To take me out to have some tea.
It would be nice!

It would be nice!
To have no work,
Which one would then not have to shirk,
But prowl about in the evening murk.
It would be nice!

It would be nice!
If when t'was night,
To pull the sheets around one tight,
And never worry when t'was light.
It would be nice!

—E. H.

A descendant of one of the first three passengers on the Mayflower.

As You Were.

It was a bright, warm, spring morning. The sun streamed in through the open window through which blew a gentle breeze scented with blossoming shrubs and freshly turned moist earth. All was quiet in the room save for her deep, regular breathing.

She lay perfectly quiet save for the slow rise and fall of her chest, a wonderful picture of deep morning sleep. Her head lay on the side of the pillow which caused it to be slightly turned, showing the full effect of her profile and causing the sun to fall through her hair in such a way as to give it a wonderful, lustrous golden color.

As I came quietly into the room my presence must have slightly roused her, for she stirred and turned a little, but did not appear to waken. Then I stepped on a loose board and at the squeak a loud bark broke the silence of the room. She leaped off the couch and ran toward me wagging her tail. A perfect picture of a dog.

Socrates lifted his cup—"What's this stuff?" He asked—
HEMLOCK! replied the cup—bearer.

OH! said Socrates, "that's all right—I thought it was one of those d—ed substitutes for Beer.

A fair co-ed passing through the corridor was heard to remark the other day, "Pipe that guy. He's my English teacher."

She:—"It's a wagon behind."
He:—"That's what the dog said about his tail."
BIRDS

The bird that always has the work done no matter how much there is to do.

The merry bird that smiles his way through.

The bird that forgets the war is over.

The stony-hearted bird that is scared stiff you will look at his problem especially if it is going to help you.

The bird who, after the catastrophe, says "didnt I tell you?"

The bird who carries the perpetual grouch. It would jar his make up to crack a smile.

The bird who hides his butt when he sees the dean coming.

The blank bird who still does not understand after the third explanation.

The bird who cannot get over being wet blanket.
HE other day as we were seated in our office enjoying our morning cigar, we were interrupted by Phosphorus, who came running in with his back up and his tail like a bottle brush, and started raving about there being nothing new in the world. Of course we hated to have our mid morning cigar disturbed, but, on the whole, we had to agree with Phosphorus. We have noticed the truth of this hackneyed statement with painful frequency this year. It is especially evident around the Institute in regard to the complaints and kicks which are registered against certain conditions and customs which are in vogue here. Ever since we first came here, there has been the same old line of them,—kicks against the climate, against the hard work, against the long hours, and, later on in the year, against various notes which are sent out by the faculty. It seems almost like an attempted burlesque on Coleridge,—

Year after year, year after year,
They stick around our school;
As steady as a painted kick
Upon a painted mule.

This year, with our large enrollment from other colleges, we hoped to import some new kicks, but so far we are disappointed. Of course no man is expected to go through Technology wreathed in smiles, but we make one last appeal:—is there no one here who is prepared to relieve the monotony by registering an entirely new and original kick?
OCE again we urge you to “Give and Get” for Technology. You know the reasons why you
are being called on to do so, and there is no use in repeating them. This crisis through which
the Institute is going, is one of vital importance to you—and to others who are or will be
in similar circumstances. Upon the reputation which Technology maintains in the future
depends much of your value and prestige in the world as a “Tech” man. In this respect,
the campaign touches your personal future more intimately than you perhaps realize. A much
more important phase is that you owe to future generations the same advantages which the
past has so generously given you. Some day you may have a boy of your own who will want to be an engineer
and a Tech man; will you let that boy say that you failed to carry on? This crisis is extremely serious. On no
one would failure reflect more strongly than on you. Men before you have believed in Technology and have
made large sacrifices that you might go to a school of its caliber. Do you fully appreciate this? Are you going
to prove yourself worthy of this thing that they did for you? Will you let anyone say that you took some-
thing and gave nothing in return? This fund must be completed before January first; if it is not, you will have
failed and the Scarlet and Gray will have been lowered in the eyes of the world. The next effort to raise our
colors will be infinitely greater, and you will be to blame. Put your shoulder to the wheel before it is too
late; show the world what you are and what you stand for, and this drive will go across. For every true
Tech man there is but one reply to this challenge:—“I will ‘Give and Get.’”

I
N all the necessary confusion of examination time, the Student Conference at Des Moines should not be
lost sight of. This Conference, which is the eighth to be held, has always occupied an important position in
the life of other colleges; but, heretofore, it has been attended only by those members of the Institute who
lived nearby. This year, however, the Institute Committee has taken charge of getting a full delegation of
thirty-one men to go, and has succeeded in appointing delegates to that number.
The Conference is primarily religious, though to the mind of the undergraduate, its great advantage lies
in the fact that men from all colleges gather together for an exchange of ideas and for the purpose of learning
from others what the problems of the world and the country are.
The Institute is to be congratulated on its representation, for the experience gained at Des Moines will
benefit not only those who go, but also the others of the undergraduate body.

E
LECTIONS to the staff of this publication will be made before the appearance of the January number.
The policy will be to elect those to the staff who have shown a marked interest in contributing to this
and the preceding number, and it is planned to select from the staff men for the Editorial and Art Boards.
Browny Palace Hotel  
Denver, Colorado  
Nov 8, 1917

Mr. Melvin Emerson  
Chairman Endowment Fund  
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:

For the following reasons I am unable to send you the check you request:

I have been held up, held down, sand bagged, held down, robbed, flattered out, and squeezed. First by the U.S. Government; Income Tax, Federal War Tax, Excess Profits Tax, Liberty Loans, Thrift Stamps, Capital Stock Tax, and every other tax that the mind of man could invent to extract my money.

Next by the Society of John the Baptist, the G.A.R., the Women's Relief, the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Purple Heart, and the Double Cross, the Korean Society, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Boy Scouts, the Jewish Relief, the Belgian Relief, and every hospital in town. Then on top of all of these came the Associated Charities.

The Government has so run my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, inspected, examined, re-examined, informed, examined, and commanded, so that I don't know who owns, what I am, or why I am here. All I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every known disease or hope of the human race. And because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow, or steal more to give away, I have been cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and ruined, and the only reason I am clinging to life is to see who or what is coming next.

Very truly yours,

Lambton C. Braintree

Editor's Note:

Nov. 15—The Dean left for Denver.
Nov. 20—The Endowment Fund office received a wire that Mr. Braintree had decided to subscribe.
There's many a fine calf seen at the Horse Show.

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**Ode to Lefax**

For the life of Archimedes
Or the evolution treatise
   There's a book with dope on everything complete.
And inside its leather folder
There is data old and older
   On the mysteries passé and obsolete.

Logarithms and their wrangles,
Cosines, Tangents, and their angles,
   And the entropy and isothermo charts.
Mathematics and its measures,
With the turbine and its treasures,
   And the power plant with pieces, pipes, and parts.

There's gasoline and gauges
On the printing of its pages.
   Trinitrotoluene is taken up and dropped.
We have bearings, ball and Babbitt,
Heating houses to inhabit,
   The Thermit process, how it may be stopped.

So I'll never do without it,
There's a blasé way about it,
   And an air of scientific savoir faire
That is worth the extra trouble,
And the time it takes that's double,
   To find the notes I've taken down in there.

---

**English Sergeant Major (to private):**—You gave me a nasty look.

**Private (intelligently):**—I know, sir, you 'ave a nasty look, sir, but I did not give it to you.

**Discouraged Husband to his wife:**—“Well, I suppose you'd like it if I should just jump off yonder cliff."

**Wifey:**—“I'd think you were coming down some from a little of your bluff.”

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**Prof:**—“In the early days of England, there was an overlord and a vassal. What was the vassal's wife called?”

**Fresh:**—“Vaseline.”

---

**Sweet voice (from rear):**—“I'm tellin' yuh agin Claude, keep them big. dirty hands o' yourn offen her frame.”
For the Well-Dressed Tech Man

Far be it from us to crib, cramp, crab or corrupt the style of such an awe-inspiring contemporary as Vanity Fair, but—the need of a bit of sober analysis and timely advice seems so pressing in these days of baggy trousers and characterless cravats, that we feel justified in presenting these few helpful remarks and illustrations.

That individual unfortunate enough to be possessed of an esthetic vision, has rather a hectic time of it in Technology’s corridors. The aforementioned vision either is blurred by a monstrosity in neckwear or jazz hosiery, or it is deadened under the drab monotony of endless, colorless ties. Having but recently attended the Commencement exercises at the Hawley School of Plumbing and Gas-Fitting, and observed the sartorial variety there evident, the writer feels well qualified to make the ensuing suggestions.

Waistcoat of Persian lamb’s wool prominent of a Saturday afternoon on Tremont Street. Thirty-five dollars.

The trick, or ice cream, vest now enjoying such a sensational vogue is quite comme il faut in strictly swank circles. The weeping willow affair here shown woven of fine-combed Persian angora lamb’s wool, will, to use the current colloquialism, knock the beholder for a row of tin pagodas. The ingenious dresser, however, may concoct a most effective frontispiece by adapting the old red velvet piano cover or the leather bindings of his prep school diploma.

For those who see beauty in Bakst, sunsets and the new marble courts in the State House, the cravat on this page will hold particular interest. One, composed of a constellation of concentric circles of prismatic colors, takes the galvanized bathtub, as the South Bostonian would say. Another tie, not shown here, due to the shortcomings of color printing, is composed of alternate stripes of egg-shell blue, salmon pink and lemon yellow, and is especially distingué, if worn with a royal purple moiré collar, punctuated with burnt-orange polka dots. The other cravat, a conservative gray, stamped with a crimson, “1923,” lends a telling touch to the make-up of any colleger and should, as some one quaintly expressed it, get away like a wicker finger bowl.

The boot, here illustrated, is of black beaded cordovan, topped by an upper of Russian calf of a pale mustard hue. It enjoyed an almost phenomenal popularity at the Barber’s Convention in Poughkeepsie, in 1911, and its introduction into the effete of the Institute should be keenly applauded. A fraternity seal or personal monogram may be tattooed on the toe to add a snappy touch.

(Continued on page 18)

Black cordovan boot topped with Russian calf of pale mustard. Twenty-eight dollars.

The leather coat, rakish and quite in la derniere mode is reasonably priced and very snappy. Price ninety-five dollars.
Bolsheviki Blues.
It was dark in the great roomovitch...With a sobsky of despairovitch she threw her armsooky around his neckoff...

"Have you forgotten our lovsky, my darling Samovar" she cried with tearys in her voiceoff....

"What the trotsky do I caresky about your loveoff" he sneeredovitch lighting his tenth soviet.

"Oh, you vile wretcheviki"...she screamedoff and hurledoff a bombsooky into the fire-placeovitch...

He laughedsky...
Then quietly the house blew up into the airoff and all was still as deathsky; only in the distance the Checko-Sneezyaks were shooting crapsky.

F. M. G

Why The Editor Left Town
"Mrs. Catt's popularity was due, no doubt, to her mangy friends."
Business opportunities—Man with several empty pockets would like the care of a bank roll.

_Fresh:_—"What's the most nervous thing in the world next to a girl?"
_Soph:_—"Me—next to a girl."

You have no nerve,
Said Sweet Miss Pearl,
To bashful Mr. Meek,
It takes some cheek to
kiss a girl,
But she'll supply
the cheek.

Phi Beta Kappa: If they only knew how hideous they looked, they would put on more clothes.
She shuts her eyes when'er we kiss,
This maid so sweet and good,
And from my inmost heart I wish
Her mother also would.

Recollections of a "Souse."

1. A gilded mirror—a polished bar,
   With myriads of glasses and straws in a jar;
   A kind-faced young fellow—all dressed in white
   Are my recollections—of Saturday night.

2. The streets were—narrow and far too long,
   Gutters were slippery—policemen were strong;
   The slamming of doors—and a sea-going hack
   Are my recollections—of my coming back.

3. The steps were steep—and hard to climb,
   I rested often—I had nothing but time,
   An awkward keyhole—and a misplaced chair
   Informed the folks—that I was there.

4. A heated interior—and a revolving bed,
   A sea-sick man—with an aching head;
   The smell of whiskey—and beer and gin
   Invaded the house—when I came in.

5. And in the morning—came bags of ice,
   So necessary—to a life of vice;
   And when they had soothed—my aching brain,
   Did I swear off—NO!—I got "soused" again.

Gas Cart Epitaphs

Here lies Bill Jones,
He died content,
For before he went that day,
The jury passed the verdict,
That he had "the right of way."

The grave you see,
Beneath this tree,
Belongs to Herbert Swann.
He met the worst,
When he reversed,
Without a tail-light on.

He couldn't wait,
Could Henry Brown,
Although the crossing
Gates were down.
He thought he'd find
A way around,
And that accounts,
For this fine mound.

D. J. F.

Soph.: "Did you ever take chloroform?"
Fresh.: "No, who teaches it?"

"Have you learned to flirt with a fan?"
"No, indeed. I prefer a man."
Customer:—"Where is the steak on your menu?"
Waiter:—"There, sir (reading), Sirloin steak a la carte."
Customer:—"Good! Wheel it in."

Famous Weeds
Fatimas.
Milk.
Widow's.

"I'll marry whom I please," she said.
And tossed her pretty head,
"Hurrah," he cried, "for then you're mine,
You do please me," he said.

To Wellesley
Beneath the moon he told his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It showed up plain for weeks.

_Husband_ (looking for stray wife) to Judge—
"Yes, your honor, she is a medium height, smooth-faced lady."

How's This?
I robbed a bank,
And sad but true,
I fled but yet was caught,
And once again,
Within the "pen,"
I sat in deepest thought.

While roaming 'round
One day I found
A "cutlass"—old but stout,
I hid it well,
Within my cell,
And started "digging out."

I scraped and scraped
Until my blade
Broke off as 'een I bored,
And there and then
I _Knew_ the "pen"
Was "mightier than the Sword."

—D. J. F. yesterday
Hemeward Bound.

Passenger (to soldier watching Y. M. C. A. worker struggling in briny deep):—"Why don’t you throw him a life line?"

Y. D.—"Throw him a life line. Hell! sell him one."

A New Twist

Captain:—What’s the charge?
M. P.—I dunno; but I caught the prisoner flirting in the park.
Captain:—Charged with impersonating an officer.

Help Wanted

A Stenographer by retiring bachelor. Must be attractive and discreet.
A Proof Reader—Apply the TECH.

She:—"I thought I told you to come after supper and it’s only six o’clock."
He:—"That’s what I came after."

Doctor:—(examining first aid class): "What would you do in case of poisoning with cyanide of potassium? Boy Scout:—"Run for the undertaker!"

Don’t This Seem Insane?

Said the man who was drinking Champagne,
I will never touch this stuff Agagne,
For, from now on I think,
That all liquids I drink,
Will be closely related to Ragne.

(Continued from page 14.)

Along the line of great coats and ulsters, the article now en vogue is the leather coat. This imbues one with an undeniable air of je ne suis qu’al and a touch of the race track as well, giving the innocent bystander the impression that the wearer has just jumped out of his bearcat Stutz. Even though the cruel reality be that he has just braved a blizzard hoofing it across the Massachusetts Avenue bridge. And, of course, due to its hot water bag hue, it establishes a faultless color harmony with that unfailing institution, the little brown bag.

Coming frankly to the matter of hats, there is, of course, only one type to be considered and that, the crush, collapsible or squash hats so greatly en faveur. Sufficient disreputability may be obtained in various ways, the most effective being, perhaps, to place it in the bottom of the coal bin for a week or so. Such a waggish touch as the crush hat cannot fail to set the wearer off to immense advantage and so takes the palmed goose, or, in the language of the doughboy, the cat’s pajamas.

South and west elevations of the well-known crush' (or squash) hat after preliminary crushing (or squashing). Price seventeen dollars.

He:—"I want some underwear."
She:—"How long"
He:—"I don’t want to rent it."
PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEN

Our photographs of men are renowned for their strong portrayal of personality as well as their true rendition of features.

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STETSON SHOES
STAR SHIRTS

THE MEN'S STORE
OF NEW ENGLAND

Ashman &
Boston
Corner
THE SERVICE STORE

At Last

The doctor coughed gravely. "I am sorry to tell you," he said, looking down at the man in the bed, "that there is no doubt you are suffering from small-pox."

The patient turned on his pillow and looked up at his wife,

"Julia," he said, in a faint voice, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that at last I am in a position to give them something."

—Truth Seeker

New Poetry

Then you give me and I'll give you
More pay!
Then all will have for all they do
More pay!
And though we'll then pay higher yet
For everything we buy, you bet!
Who'll care, since all of us will get
More pay?

—Boston Transcript

The Natural Inference

"Who is at the phone?"
"Your wife, sir."
"What does she want?"
"The only word I can understand is 'idiot, sir.'"
"Let me come there. She probably wants to talk with me."

—Louisville Courier-Journal

Encouraged

"Do you think you could learn to love me, Christopher?"
"Well, I Passed Calculus."

—Jack-o'Lantern

NATATORIUM

GOOD ENOUGH FOR

THE SWIMMING TEAMS OF M. I. T.

SHOULD BE THE

PLACE FOR YOU

If you cannot SWIM—this is the place to LEARN. Tank with direct sunlight.

Water is constantly circulating and as free from bacteria as is possible to keep a swimming tank.

Terms reasonable.

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are something that should
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deal of care. Quality of
material, expertness of
workmanship, proper de-
sign, all enter into making
a tool a satisfactory serv-
ant. We are glad to
offer suggestions.

A. J. WILKINSON
184 WASHINGTON STREET

Jim:—“What do they mean when they say you feel
cheap?”

Jim:—“It’s the way you feel when you wear your new
suit to a party and forget to take off the price mark.”

—Chaparral

Practice makes Perfect
'21:—“I practiced for initiations all summer.”
'22:—“How?”
'21:—“Paddled a girl in a canoe every night.” —Purple Cow

A Shortage Somewhere
An advertisement of a popular spectacular play has this
to say of two of its attractions:—
5600 people,
4000 costumes.

—Ladies’ Home Journal

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Voice—"Chloroform." —Yale Record

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Employer—"There's a spirit of unrest among my men."
Visitor—"What about?"
Employer—"Because they cannot find any excuse to go out on a strike."
—Judge

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Postman—"What is your name?"
Rookie—"You will find it on the envelope." —Judge

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"Thought you were going to devote yourself to music."
"I am. What I'm after now is some genuinely big jazz effects for my orchestra."

—Washington Star

Let's Go To Yale
"I see that Joe is still up at New Haven."
"Student?"
"Constantly."

—Columbia Jester

In Case of a Bump
"Why did you turn out for that truck? According to the traffic rules you had the right of way."
"Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins, patiently. "But the truck had the right of weight."

—Washington Star

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Flierer—"What's the most you ever got out of your car?"
Second Ditto—"I think seven times in one mile is my record."
—Orange Peel

“What do the men find so attractive about those absurd girls with the white faces?"
“Perhaps it's their green-backs.”
—Judge

“Phwat was that last card o' dealt ye, Mike?"
“A sphade.”
“Oi knew it was. Oi saw ye spit on your hands before ye picked it up.”
—American Legion Weekly

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A program of well-selected pictures—entertaining vaudeville and the famous organ.

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When e'er her magic name is biled
The theatre is more than filled
By crowds which flock there to be thrilled.
They go out wrecks,
Unstrung, unnerved by what they've seen,
Enchanted by this movie queen.
For tell me, who can stay serene
When Norma...kisses?
The girls take notes on every wile
And try to imitate her style,
Loud smacks resounding all the while.
The other sex
Rave on and on without restraint,
Their jealousy their one complaint.
The ushers carry out the faint
When Norma...kisses.

—Yale Record

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Manufacturers of
Scientific Instruments

Apparatus for
Chemical, Physical and Biological Laboratories.

79-83 Amherst Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Pat was in charge of a detail to bury some dead Germans. He had strict orders to make sure all were dead before burying them. When he had reported back after completing the assignment, the Colonel said,

"And did you assure yourself that all were dead?"

"Oh, did, sorr," said Pat, "one was breathing a bit, sorr, so I obeyed me orders wid de aid of a shovel handle."

—American Legion Weekly
(by L. C. Pelkies, '21)

Aunt (despondently)—"Well, I sha’n’t be a nuisance to you very much longer."

Nephew (reassuringly)—Oh, don’t talk like that, Auntie. I’m sure you will! —Passing Show, London.

Indulgent Father.—Customer.—"Here, what’s the meaning of this? I don’t intend to be shaved by this kid!"

Barber—"It’s only my own youngest. I let him have a bit of fun today, sir, because it’s his birthday."

—Edinburgh Scotsman

Too Much So:—"I haven’t seen your son for several years. He seemed then quite a promising lad."

"That’s the proper adjective; he’s been sued twice for breach of promise." —Boston Transcript

He—We’re coming to a tunnel. Are you afraid?
She:—"Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth!"

—I’m looking back to see if they
Are looking back to see if I
Am looking back to see if they
Are looking back at me. —Lehigh Burr

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CAMBRIDGE

Prof.—“I want to see you get a B on this exam, young man.”

Y. M.—“So do I. Let’s pull together.” —Jack-o-Lantern

“Give me ten cents worth of bird seed.”

“Now don’t you try to kid me. Don’t you s’pose I know birds grow from eggs?” —Awgwan

Says Gus

Gus the Gob says: “I’d hate to be a zebra. Think of all the stripes he has to clean.” —Navy Life

Young Fresh—“Which is the front end of a ferryboat?”
Old Salt—“The first to a pier, ye bloody lubber.” —Jack-o-Lantern

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What a story this gate would tell, if it could, of the leaders of the electrical industry and business, of ambassadors from other institutions and from foreign lands.

The story would be the history of electric lighting, electric transportation, electric industrials and electricity in the home.

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