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VOL. I. NO. 1. MARCH. 1919

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

A MAN OF LETTERS.

When Clegg was young—the first degree
He learned to blab was A. B. C.

In adolescence, formally
A college tagged on him A. B.

Another parchment came his way
That dubbed the stolid grind M. A.

But on he plugged—Oh, on plugged he,
Until he nabbed the Ph. D.

In dreams he now began to see,
An honorary LL. D.

But then, alas! The end is sad,
For poor old Clegg went raving mad.

Upon the walls incessantly,
He scribbles Clegg and X. Y. Z.

And S. O. S. and Q. E. D.
A literal calamity.

The keeper says he aims to get,
A corner on the alphabet.

—*New York Times*

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1849

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

Makers and Retailers of Best Clothing for
Men, Young Men and Boys

Special Attention to the Requirements
of Young Men

Clothes Ready to Wear and Made to Order
Fine Haberdashery ∴ ∴ Stetson Hats

*Sole Boston Agents for the
"Stetson Special"*

400 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

It will be worth your while to try the SPECIAL \$1.00 DINNER
served from 6 to 8 P. M. at the

HOTEL HEMENWAY

Corner Westland Avenue and Hemenway Street

Just the place to take "The Girl," for our Dinner Dance every Wednesday.

Rooms with bath, \$2.50 upwards.

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Young Men's Hats and Caps

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383 Washington Street
Boston

Modern Merchandise

KERBSTONE MERCHANT — (*selling toy tanks, to rival who is monopolizing the trade with his toy artillery guns*): Nah, then, Hartillery, lift the barrage an' let the tanks 'ave their chawnce!

—Windsor.

AT THE RECEPTION

MRS. LOOKER—"That young woman over there is Miss Petite. She's joined the Red Cross. She will look well at the front."

MR. LOOKER—"I don't think she looks so bad at the back."

—Ginger

PROOF

HE—"Why do you think I no longer love you?"

SHE—"You don't even stop chewing gum when you kiss me."

—Siren.

HOW STRANGE!

CO-ED 1—"I can't imagine how his slide rule was broken."

CO-ED 2—"Nor can I. I'm sure every one I loaned it to promised not to break it."

—Froth.

ESTABLISHED 1818

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Boots and Shoes for Dress, Street and Outdoor Sport

Trunks, Bags and Leather Goods

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

Complete Civilian Outfits for former members of the S. A. T. C.

They were motoring, and he bade defiance to all police traps.

"We're going fifty miles an hour," he said. "Are you brave?"

She (swallowing another pint of dust)—"Yes, I'm just full of grit."

THE BABY—Googly-googly-goo-goo.

THE MOTHER—Yes, indeed, dear, that's the public library.—*Dallas News.*

AMEN!

SON—"Dad, I wish you'd give me the money to buy that ukulele right away. There's going to be a war tax on musical instruments."

DAD—"Don't worry, my boy. A ukulele is not a musical instrument."
 —*Ginger.*

"I'm going to see that new show. There is a company of 120 people."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Nothing, except that they only carry one trunk."

—*Punch Bowl.*

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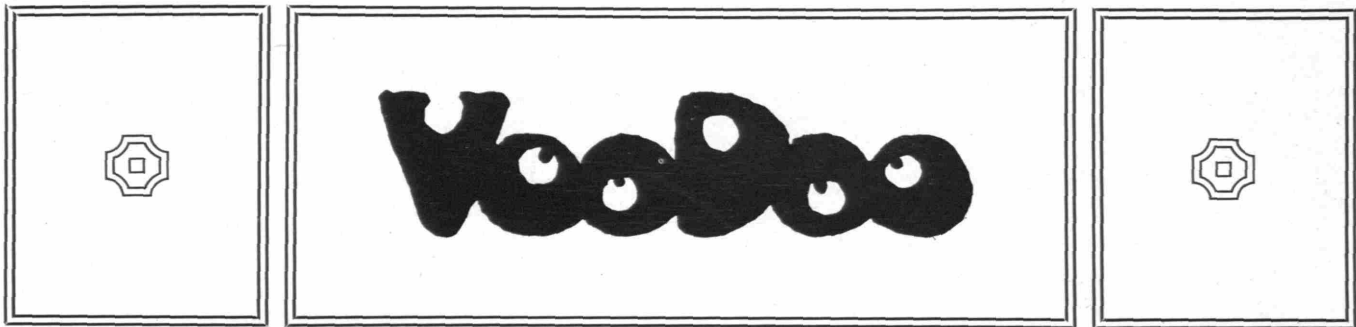
Boston, Massachusetts

MAIN OFFICE: 33 STATE STREET

Interest allowed on accounts of \$300 and over



"HAVE YOU SEEN HELEN'S NEW EVENING GOWN?"
"AH, NO. I DIDN'T NOTICE IT."



A QUESTIONNAIRE.

To be filled out by all Tech men, and women, preferably when not otherwise engaged. If you need any assistance, ask the man who owns one.

1. (a) Give your full name (in full).
 (b) Give the names of both parents and the girl you were out with last night. (Also the latter's phone number).
 (c) Give the name of your pet vegetable (if you have none, state why not).
2. How old were you when you were born?
 I. In case you are a commuter, give the time you leave home each morning.
3. How old were you when you decided to come to M. I. T.?
4. Why did you come to Tech? (If not, why not.)
5. Will you send any of your children to Tech? Why not?
 NOTE—Any one who has gone to Harvard will answer yes to the first part of the above question, and will omit the second part.
6. Where do you live? Why?
7. Have you ever been to the following places:-
 (a) Bunker Hill Monument
 (b) Copp's Hill Burying Ground
 (c) Mount Vernon Cow Pasture
 I. Why not?
 II. Do you approve of the third mentioned as a summer resort?
8. How many lumps of sugar do you take in your tea?
9. Have you ever been to Wellesley? Why?
10. Have you any conscientious objection to studying?
 (If your answer to the question above is "Yes," explain why you are here).
11. Did you ever call on the Dean? Why?

Signature.....
 (In signing, give the middle name first and the first name last. All titles of rank and honorary degrees to be omitted.)

Mrs. Doyle observed that Willie, the elder, refused to share his marbles with Johnny.
 "Now, Willie, don't be selfish," she said. "Let your little brother play with the marbles awhile."
 "But, Mother, he always wants to keep them," replied Willie.
 "I don't think he does," Mother said.
 "Yes'm, he does," Willie argued, "cause he's swallowed two of them already."



SEEN AT A BOSTON THEATRE.
 Constance Talmadge in "A Pair of Silk Stockings" and other usual attractions.



I love to kiss a pretty miss
Whose nose is retrouse;
That kind of nose with tilted pose
Is never in the way.

MERE RAVINGS

Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I crammed, Oh, God, how bleery,
Over integrations weary
That involve dimensions four,
As my head was fairly rocking,
And dy dx was blocking,
Suddenly there came a knocking,
Knocking at my chamber door.
"One from course fifteen," I muttered,
"Come to bum a butt, no more."

What cared I who rudely hailed me!
Thoughts of L's and F's assailed me,
And the note that would be mailed me,
"Please resign." Oh, hope forlorn.

All attempts at dispensation,
'Spite of tear-like condensation,
Failed, and now examination
Greeted me upon the morn.
God! What hidden machination
Waited me as yet un-born!

But the knocking kept up madly.
I would give him smokes and gladly,
If he wanted them so badly
That he tried to break my door.
Ah! I wake. Have I been dreaming?
Has this been my fancy scheming?
Yes, the sun is warmly streaming
Through the curtain to the floor.
Curse that pie I ate at Walton's.
I will eat there never more.

A MODERN ROBINHOOD

I am a modern Robinhood,
Both near and far I roam,
My steed it is an aeroplane,
That loves the ocean foam.

And she, she is an heiress,
Just as in a dream,
She has her foolish hobbies,
One is a submarine.

It came to pass one day last May,
While I was in the air,
A shipwrecked submarine I spied,
And she, my lady fair.

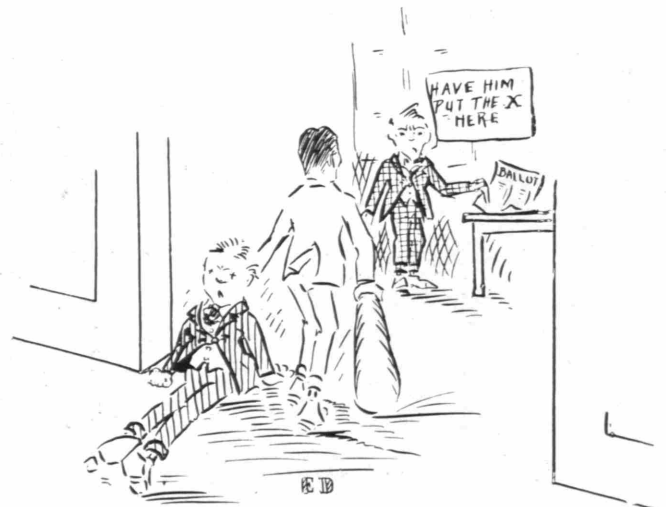
I did not even stop to think,
But just pulled lever three,
And like a great big soaring bird
I glided to the sea.

Up to the submarine I went,
Stepped out upon its deck,
Right before me waiting was
The lady of the wreck.

In my arms I gathered her,
And placed her in my plane,
Brrr— zip— once more we started off,
Headed for the land again.

We reached it safely very soon,
I lifted her to earth,
Said she "Kind sir, you're very brave,
You've saved me from the surf."

A kiss from me is your reward,
For my rescue from the billows,"
I thought I clasped her in my arms,
But hell— I kissed some pillows.



A Suggestion for Institute Politicians



YOU GAVE ME \$6.00 TOO MUCH CHANGE, JOSEPHINE

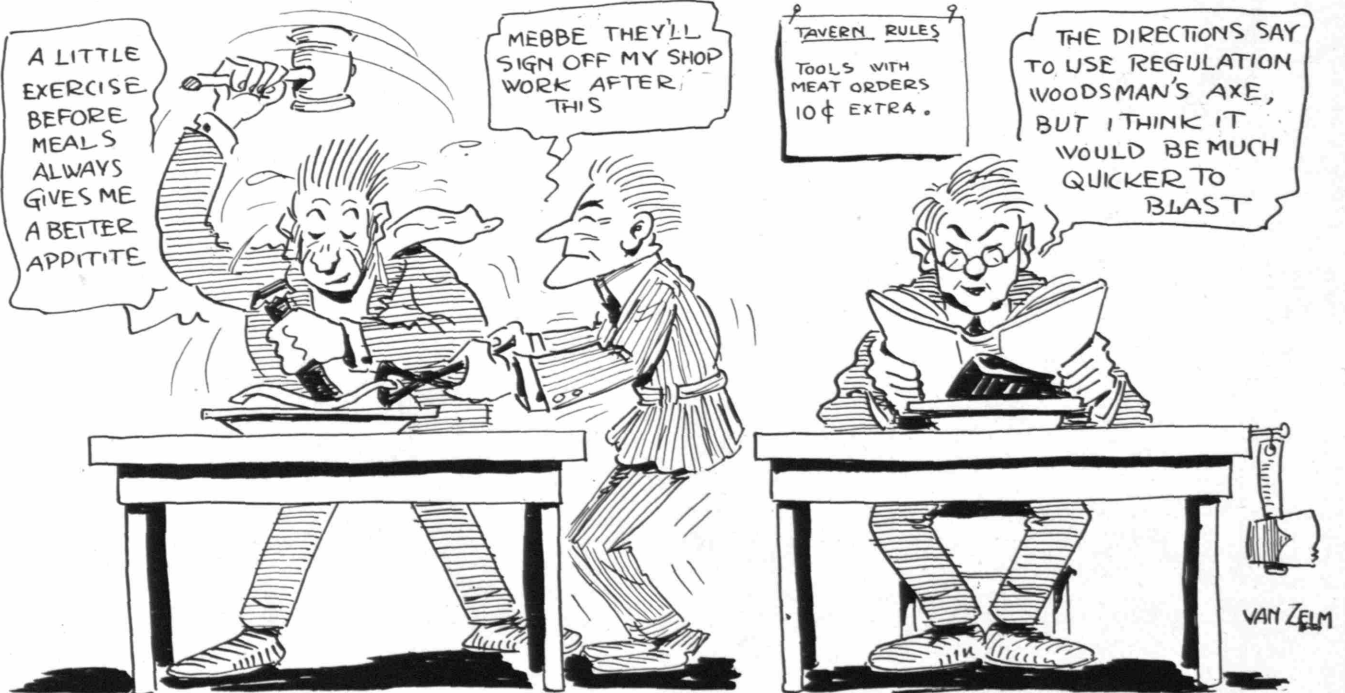
TELEGRAM FROM YER UNCLE, MISS, -HE JUST CASHED IN AN' LEFT YA 2 MILLION

HEY! THE STORE'S ON FIRE

BUY The Tech
SCOTT WELLS,
CIRCULATION MGR

NOTICE
ANY ONE WHO CAN
THINK OF A NEW
COMMITTEE KINDLY
NOTIFY GEO. BURT.
PS -
MR. BURT WILL
ACCEPT THE
CHAIRMAN SHIP.

ITS PRETTY SLOW FOR THE CASHIER AT THE TAVERN NOW THAT THE NAVAL AVIATORS HAVE LEFT - THO WE HEAR GUS FALES KEEPS HER UP IN THE AIR A GOOD PART OF THE TIME.



A LITTLE EXERCISE BEFORE MEALS ALWAYS GIVES ME A BETTER APPETITE

MEBBE THEY'LL SIGN OFF MY SHOP WORK AFTER THIS

TAVERN RULES
TOOLS WITH MEAT ORDERS 10¢ EXTRA.

THE DIRECTIONS SAY TO USE REGULATION WOODSMAN'S AXE, BUT I THINK IT WOULD BE MUCH QUICKER TO BLAST

MIGHT WE TAKE THE LIBERTY TO SUGGEST THAT THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TAVERN FURNISH A KIT OF TOOLS WITH EVERY ORDER.

VAN ZELM

L'ENVOI.

When all the Sophs are rough, lad,
To all the Frosh, I mean.
When every Frosh's a man, lad,
A man from toe to bean.
Then hey for a good old fight, lad,
And round the 'Stute away.
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

And when the fight is done, lad,
And banners all torn down,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
You wear the victor's crown.
Creep home and take your place, then,
The spent and maimed among.
God grant you peace with the Dean, lad,
For the fight you've fought and won.

On the screen the villain had committed a terrible murder and been arrested, and a close-up showed him peering from behind the bars.

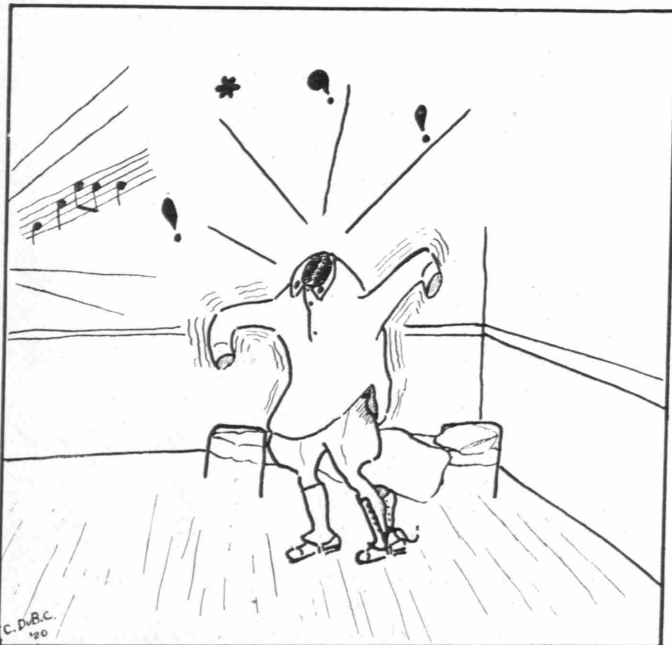
First Colored Spectator: "Whut dey-all a-goin-a-dowif him, Sam? Does you know?"

Second Colored Spectator: "Co'se Ah knows, niggeh. Dey goin' take him out an' set him down in a cheer; an' strap his ahms an' laigs tight. An' den, dey goin-a press a butten."

First Colored Spectator: "Y-y-yes. Den whut?"

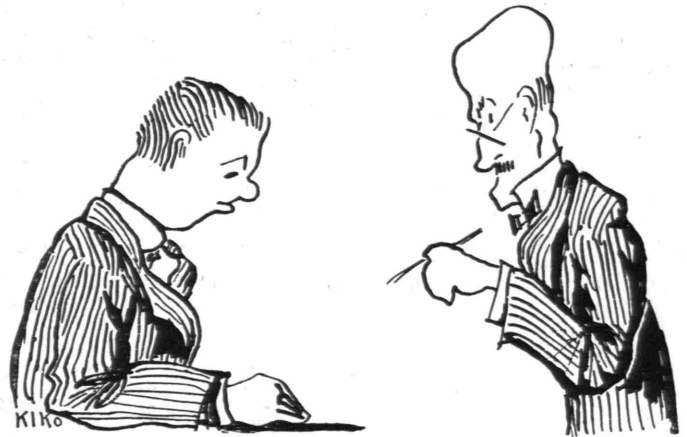
Second Colored Spectator: "Den, niggeh, he jes' natchly goin to be ruined for life."

TRAGEDIES OF THE GREAT WAR



"Who tha——buttoned this shirt up?????!!!!!!!"

SAWDUST



The shades of night were falling fast,
The quiz was finished then at last,
The student died without a sound,
They opened up his head and found,

— Excelsior!

THOSE RUMORS!

Some one wanted to know whether there was any truth to the rumor that the Walker Memorial was to be floated down the river and used as a receiving ship for the Swiss Navy. We don't know, but would hesitate to deny it.

MEMORIES.

The time is sixty years from now,
My grandson's on my knee,
He's listening to my stories of
The days that used to be.

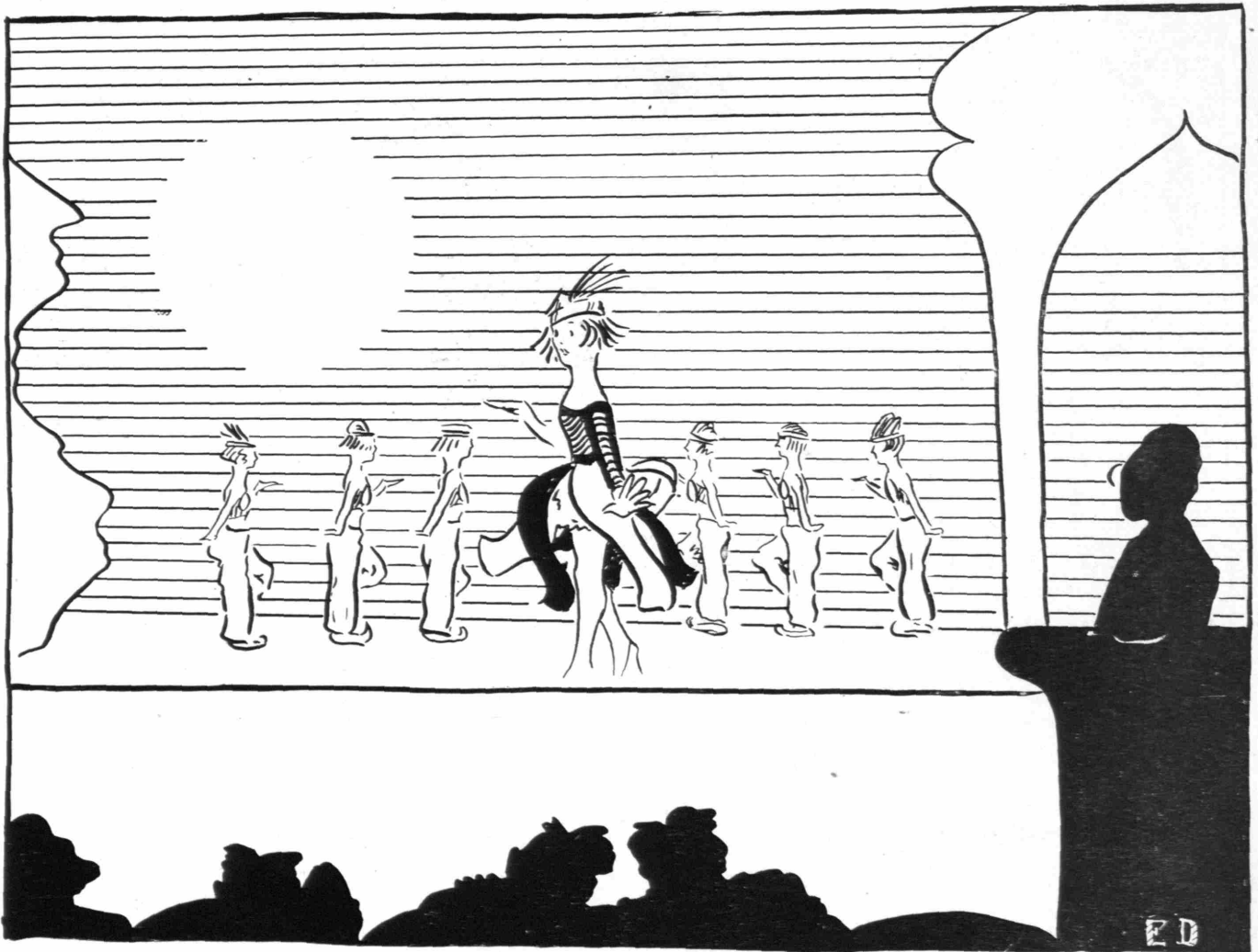
"Gran'dad" says he, "please tell me,
About that terrible war,
What did you do to help us win
What we were fighting for?"

I straightens up, throws out my chest,
And says most feelingly,
"My son, I am a veteran of
The old S. A. T. C."

Many's the battle that we fought,
Yes, I remember well,
With all the enemies we had,
Our life sure was some hell."

Though now he's young, he'll grow up soon,
What puzzles me by heck,
Is whether he will ever know
I fought the war at Tech.

Fine feathers make fine birds they say,
And many a sad girl knows,
For now he's out of uniform
And wearing citizen's clothes.



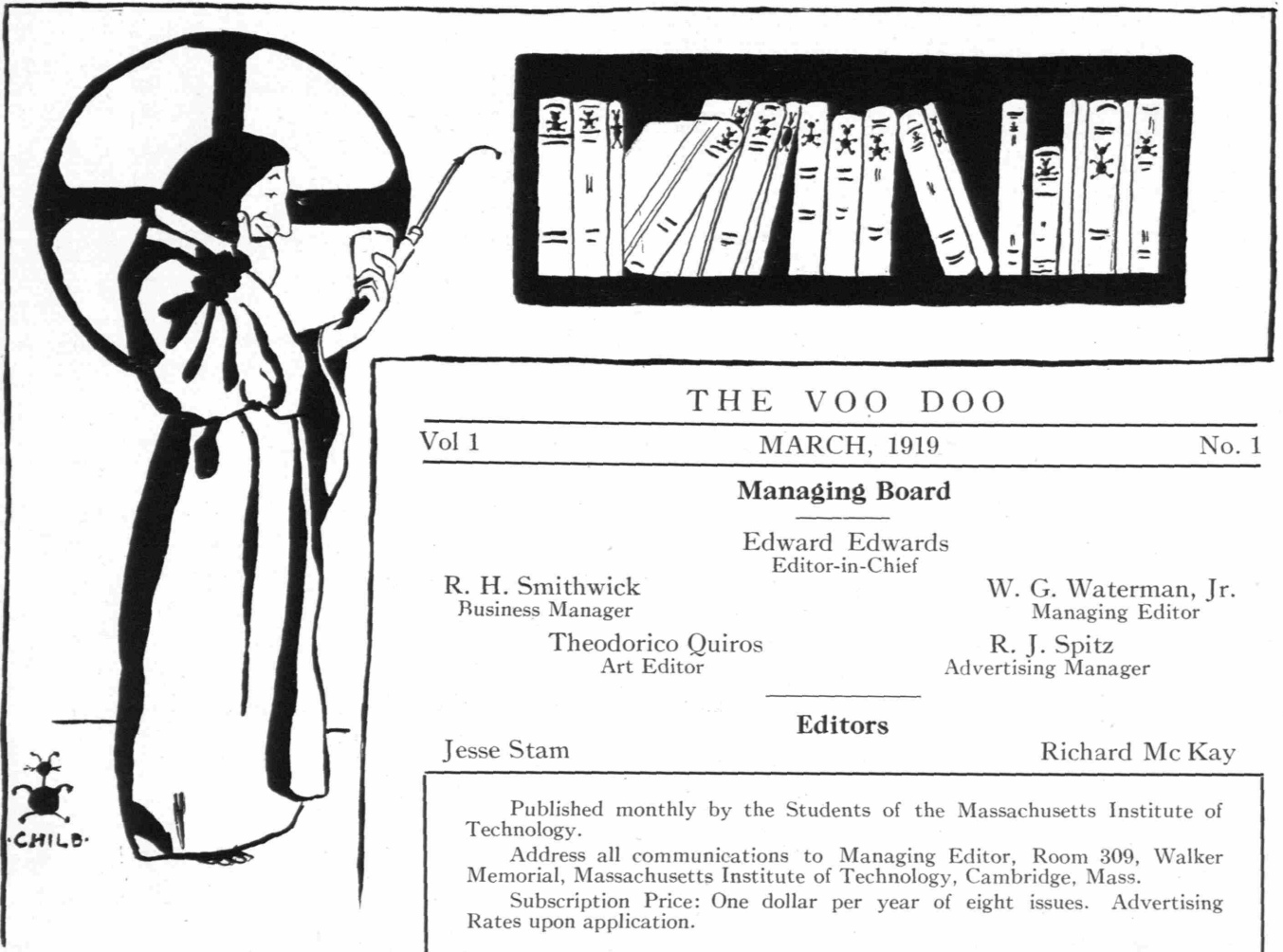
“YE MODERN DANSE”

Folks are awfully queer these days, they say the dance is rough,
 They want to cut out shimmeying and all that sort of stuff.
 They call them modern dances, that's cause they do not know
 That Cleopatra did these things 3000 years ago.

She had a “St. James” all her own; admission it was free,
 And every night, 'till morning light, the band jazzed joyfully.
 They did the dance that now we love to go and see at shows,
 The only difference being, that now girls wear some clothes.

When Cleo did that shimmy dance, Mark Antony went wild,
 He felt like the equator, though the climate was quite mild.
 If nowadays they pulled that stuff they did in days of yore,
 The “Watch and Ward,” they would go wild, and put them off the floor.

But folks to-day do surely raise considerable commotion,
 Whene'er they see the Fox Trot done in simple harmonic motion.
 And 'tho they loathe our modern dance, please always keep in mind,
 Once on a time, 'tho long ago, these dances were refined.



THE VOO DOO

Vol 1 MARCH, 1919 No. 1

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CHILB.

Let ye be born again . . . ;” such was the law and the prophets and we, the few remaining mourners gazed regretfully at the last thin columns of smoke wreathing into the vaults of Heaven from the funeral pyre of the Monthly and the Woop-Garoo. Visions of better days were in our minds as we looked about us with sad faces and saw the Institute, staid and stately, pursuing its weary course along the road of time, unaided by the bubbling humor of the Woop, and void of the ponderous Monthly to lure it to nobler heights. They were gone, those comrades of our idle hours—’twas true, ’twas pity and pity ’twas ’twas true.

And as the little circle of friends gathered for their last adieu, we firmly resolved, although no word of mouth was spoken, that these dead should not have died in vain. We knew the place which they had found could not long be left unfilled. All through the dark period in our history, when horrors of reveille and taps were kept paramount in our minds, our determination, made at that touching death scene, was not forgotten. Premonitory rumblings were heard on every hand, and on that historical day when our mortal joy knew no bounds, when the news of peace was flashed around the earth’s electric circuit, the Voo Doo, offspring of the Monthly and the Woop, was born.

With such parentage, little need be said further of the newcomer. Time, that greater healer of all woes, has made us feel the loss of those other friends less keenly, and we hope that you, too, will welcome the Stranger into your midst—“Not that you love them the less” The very name under which the Being makes its appearance, is clothed in mystery, for Voo Doo is that name given to certain magical practises, superstitions and secret rites prevalent among the Negroes of the West Indies, and more particularly in the Republic of Haiti.

We need not, however, travel so far to find references to the Voo Doo. In our own southern states, before the Civil war, voodooing was generally practised among the slaves, and voodoo doctors were common.

While the great mass of their professed art was a rank imposture, still they possessed enough of devilish skill to make them wholesome objects of dread. Their incantations and spell workings were always conducted in secret, no one being allowed to witness the more occult and potent portion of their ritual.

Needless to say, it will not be the policy of our Voo Doo to instill a dread into the hearts of the weary student, but we firmly believe that as it becomes established as an Institute publication, that it will wield a power for good around Technology. Its object is to erase the wrinkles which calculus and physics are wearing into your foreheads, and to rest the corners of that tightly drawn mouth with smiles. If it succeeds in this, we are content, and will feel amply compensated for the labor involved. With you rests the decision of its life; we stand before you in the fatal trial. Bear lightly with us as you peruse these columns.

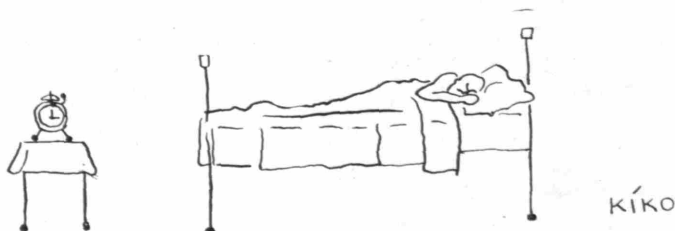


It has become quite the fashion of late to refer to the Institute as the "Factory," not a very complimentary title, but very appropriate in some ways. If Technology is to be classed in this category, we arrive at the logical conclusion that we, who frequent its halls, are factory-hands. We do not object to the general public believing that we are capable of superhuman intensity of labor, and exert somewhat of the sort upon occasions. It is well that the public should be slightly deceived. But we disapprove emphatically of the current opinion that we do nothing other than juggle fourth dimensions and play around with infinities.

All legends have their origin in a root of truth. Even the above child of the imagination. The fundamental reason for the belief in this theory is the lack of interest shown in Institute activities. Our contemporary, the late Diogenes, would meet with approximately the same success in a search for Technology spirit as that which he received in his own little project.

One of the greatest benefits to be derived from college (it has been said) is the acquisition of ability to meet and know men. This experience cannot be acquired by adopting the attitude of a snail with hermit's ideals. Theoretically, the snail eventually arrives at his destination, but unfortunately the hare no longer goes to sleep by the roadside. As a result, the snail has lost a great deal of his prestige.

The safest way to graduate from the snail class is to try out for one or more of the many activities at the Institute. There is at least one in the lot which will appeal to your taste, and give scope for any talent you may possess. Make yourself known. If you are a nonentity in college, the chances for continuing so in after life are excellent. There is much truth in the old saying, "If you can't make a ripple in a puddle, you certainly can't make one in the ocean."



We take great pleasure in announcing the election of the following to the VOO DOO. As Editors, Jesse Stam '19 and Richard McKay '21; as Assistant Managing Editor, W. Seitz '21; as Assistant Advertising Manager, S. A. Gayley '22; to the Literary Staff, L. T. Carpenter '21, P. C. Krafft '22, R. R. Ridgeway '20, and J. T. Rule '21; to the Art Staff, M. F. Child '22, F. E. Huggins, Jr. '21, E. W. Jackson '21, and C. T. Wilson '20; to the Business Staff, R. I. Bradley '20, E. W. Davis '21, J. W. Hemphill '22, C. Maloney '20, K. R. Sutherland '21, D. J. Swift '21, and W. G. Thompson '22.



INA CLAIRE

Who plays the leading and title role in David Belasco's production, "Polly With A Past," a comedy by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, marking Miss Claire's initial appearance in other than stellar musical roles.



ESTHER WALKER with McIntyre and Heath



THE THREE MUSKRATS

Edmund Gurney as "Old Bill," Leon Gordon as "Bert" and Percy Jennings as "Alf"

In "The Better 'Ole" Captain Bairnsfather and Eliot's Comedy with music, which is at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston



FRED STONE and SUNSHINE GIRLS in "Jack O'Lantern" at the Colonial Theatre

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

I know a very wonderful girl,
 Beautiful as can be,
 Who smiles and smiles the whole day long
 Where ev'ryone can see.
 A passing glance is all she knows,
 She's never had a lover,
 But then what more could one expect,
 For a girl on a magazine cover.

In consequence of the recent action of many State legislatures, the department of Organic chemistry with astounding foresight, will make C_2H_5OH a required preparation next year.

AGILE

"Is he light on his feet?"
 "No, but he did on mine."

—Ginger.

M-22

"Last night, what time did that Soph leave?"
 The angry father said.
 "A quarter of eight," the daughter cried,
 And quickly hung her head.

Oh, was that such a lie to tell?
 I truly ask of you,
 For almost everybody knows
 That a "quarter of eight" is "two."



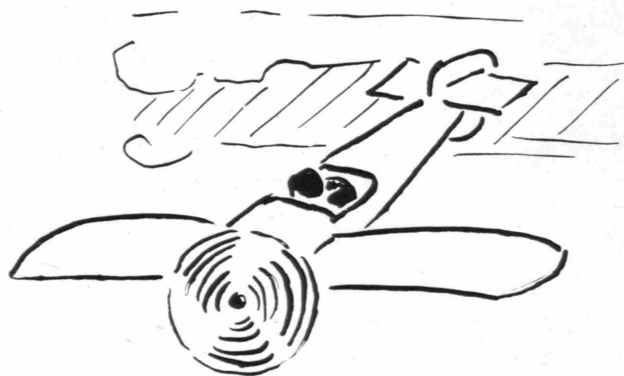
G. O. NO. 9



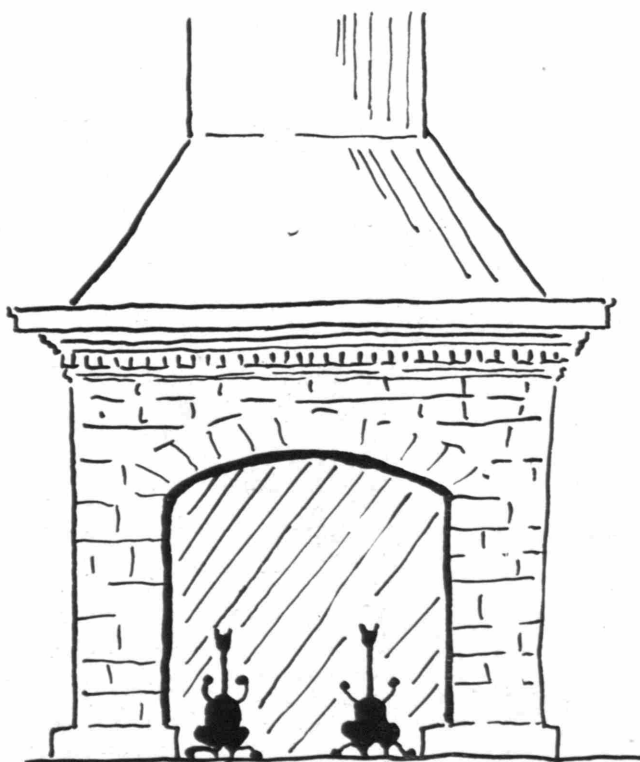
FAIR ONE—"I always like to eat here because I can get my salad without dressing."
 MERE MAN—"Most interesting. Then one eats here without dressing."



There was a Coed,
And she had the Flu.
Now all the Studes
Have got it too!



She wanted to fly
As aviators do,
Got influenza,
And away she Flu.

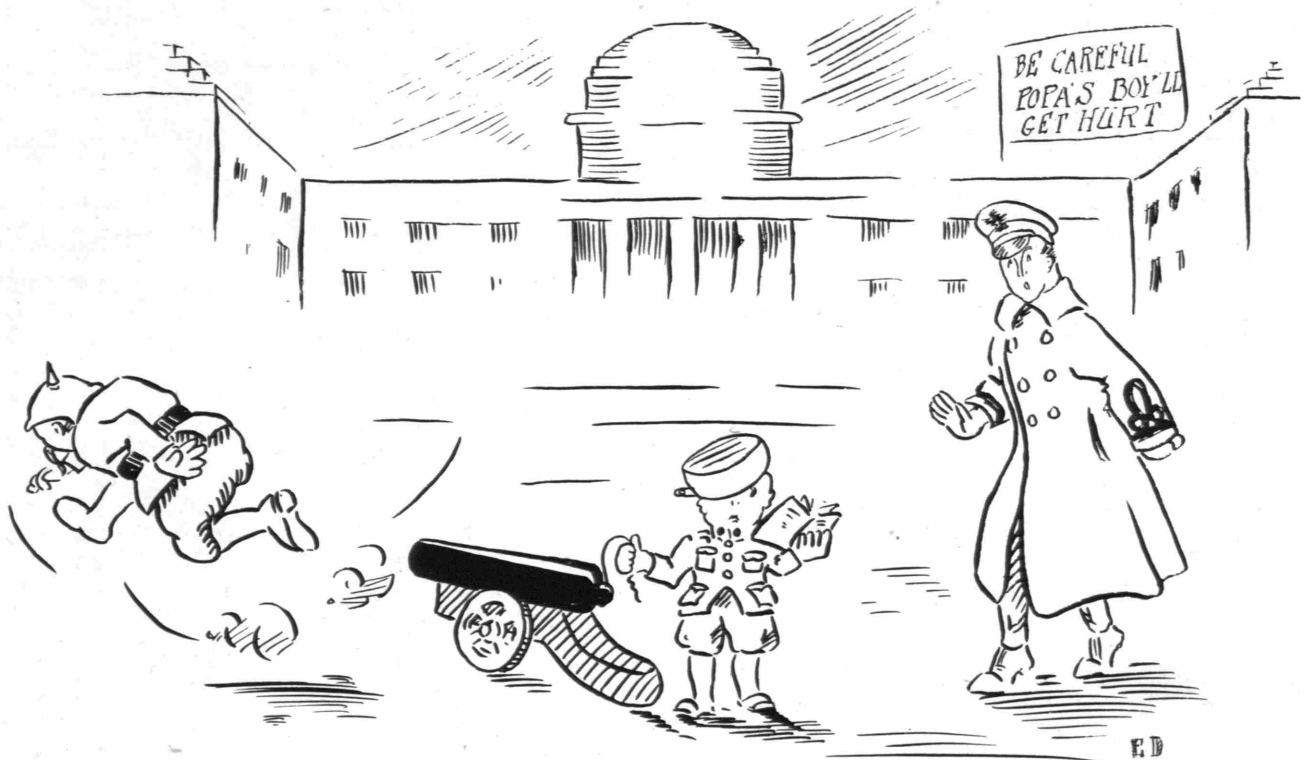


If you were a chimney,
What would you do,
Having inside
A 10-inch flue?



She nursed me when
I had the Flu.
I want it back—
Would'nt you?

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES.



THE RETURN OF THE IRON BATTALION

THE MODERN PROPOSAL



"Marry me, dearest?"
 "I can only be a sister to you."
 "But I kiss my sisters."
 "Then I can only be your friend."
 "Yes, but I borrow money from my friends."
 Then she changed her mind, and said "Yes."

Prof. Dewey: "Criticise, 'The curse of the poor is their poverty.'"

From the back row: "Why criticise what we know from experience."

THOUGHTS OF A FRESHMAN IN 10-250

Oh, Lord, This lecture is a bore.
 What's that? Oh, H_2SO_4
 Sulphuric acid. Yes. Of course.
 And yet I think that Nitric's worse.
 It's three weeks now I've been away
 From home. Aluminium is clay.
 We've got a lot in our back yard.
 That water's boiling awful hard.
 He doesn't know or doesn't care.
 I'll tell him. No, I wouldn't dare.
 Whew! What is that? Bet I could guess.
 He's generating H_2S .
 I get to know them pretty well.
 Can tell 'em at a single smell.
 Just ferric sulphide, HCl ,
 A little heat and run like h——.
 Well, twenty minutes more to go,
 And then we drill. Say, don't they know
 The war is over, long ago?
 That stuff he's got is K_2O
 I found some in the lab. one day,
 And it got wet—— Well, any way,
 They shouldn't leave the stuff about.
 Come on. Time's up, let's beat it out.

WHO IS IT?

There's someone has such marv'lous eyes,
Someone that you idolize,
Who makes you happy when she tries,
Who is it?

There's someone has such gorgeous hair,
Who you think so very fair,
And is to you your greatest care,
Who is it?

There's someone has a heav'nly smile,
And charming lips that you beguile,
Who helps to make your life worth while,
Who is it?

There's someone has a sacred kiss,
One that brings you joy and bliss,
She's not your mother or your sis,
Who is it—
Well I wonder.,

The Governor's wife was telling Bridget about her husband.
"My husband, Bridget," she said proudly, "is the head of the State Militia."
"Oi t'ought so much, ma'am," said Bridget cheerfully. "Ain't he got the foine malicious look?"



THE DREAM OF THE S. A. T. G.

A GREEK TRAGEDY.

Time: About 200 B.C.
Place: Syracuse (Somewhere at Technology.)
Scene: Archimedes is discovered drawing triangles with a stick in the sand.
Enter a Roman soldier.
The soldier. Hands up!
Archimedes. Beat it! I have to study my Trig.
The tangent of 45 degrees is—
Roman Soldier. You can't talk funny to me.
(Chops off Archimedes' head)
Sic semper Grinds!
(Exit, flourishing sword)



The Man—Why are you wiping off that kiss I gave you?
The Girl—I wasn't wiping it off.
I was rubbing it in.

MEMO.

Now that the war is over and military secrets are no longer secrets, the War Department has decided to furnish an interested public with a translation of some of the mystic sounds uttered by a frenzied officer in a vain effort to drill a bunch of raw recruits, so to speak.

- Ah Huh! (or) a-a-al han! Fall in.
- Unny ashun! Company attention.
- Frrrd ho! Forward march.
- Sqaasy! Squads right.
- Skuuusllft! Squads Left.
- Rishldrrrrumpf Right shoulder arms.
- Hawdramps Order arms.
- Zuweerrr! As you were.
- Skillibiqqq! Dismissed.

A SOPH'S NIGHTMARE



NO FUNDS
 PNY to
 \$...



OH THOSE EIGHT O'CLOCKS!



THE NEW TESTAMENT

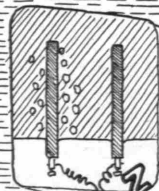


THE NAVY'S IN THE ARMY NOW!

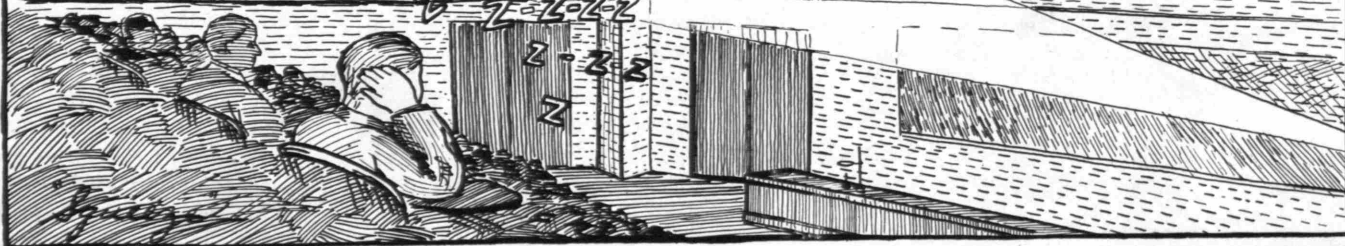
NOW! WE HAVE HERE

NaCGx
 EQUIVALENT

DIVIDETHENORMAL CONCENTRATION BYWHATYOUWANT



Z-Z-Z
 Z-Z-Z-Z
 Z-Z-Z
 Z



OH DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

by
Georgette Crepe.

The fire of life burned jealously within him as he lay nonchalantly back on the cushioned seat of the Fierce-Barrel limousine. Paul de la Roche, the sophisticated bachelor, had never before been in the torturing jaws of such devouring indecision. A whirl of chaotic thoughts ran through his mind and his wandering gaze drifted listlessly over the ever-shifting panorama. He shuddered a little and plunged again into a cruel and yet delightfully languorous stupor.

The machine described a sweeping curve up the broad avenue flanked by stately oaks, and was brought to a sudden stop by a masterly stroke of the experienced hand of Regnault, his French chauffeur. Startled from his neurotic reverie, he descended from the machine as in a dream and dashed madly up the Parian marble steps. But this impulsive movement was suddenly checked by the tragic, haunting shadow of his dismal past. After a moment he threw off this feeling of indecision with one supreme effort of his Herculean will and rang with firm hand.

Scarcely had the last molten-golden notes of the bell sounded, when the massive door gyrated soundlessly on its bronze hinges. Perfect master of himself, an ironic smile cruelly curving the corners of his mouth, Paul disappeared within the vast arches of the vestibule.

Within, his eyes not yet accustomed to the artificial twilight of the lobby, vaguely he perceived the stern outlines of the irreproachable butler, who, with the stiff manner of an automaton, presented a hammered silver tray onto which Paul dropped his elegantly engraved card, saying "Monsieur de la Roche to see Mademoiselle Padowska."

Half annoyed by a superstitious thrill, he measured the lobby with impatient steps. The morbid luxury of the exotic chamber with its oriental atmosphere struck him as depressing. How would she receive him? Visions of their last meeting at Constantinople swept through his mind like birds of ill omen before storm-driven clouds. He tried to tear himself from this unfavorable mood by inspecting the chamber, but the half suppressed current that ran deep within him grew into a maelstrom that threatened to draw him into its vortex.

Everything about him seemed to bring back his last day at Constantinople. The tapestries, the statue of Buddha that smiled at him through a thin veil of incense whose fragrance he knew so well. "Ah! Ma belle, ma belle," he murmured to himself. He bit his lips until they bled, while the roaring storm of his thoughts mixed and swirled in his mind. He paused, breathless, his pulses throbbing, the crimson light outlining his superb profile and adorably strong figure against the purple shadows.

There followed a moment of suspense, of nerve-racking expectation. The air was filled with fragrance and the sound of aristocratic footsteps, dulled by the heavy Persian carpets, reached his attentive

(Continued on page 23)

TRUTH

Truth—we all have pictured her
A maiden fair to see,
Clothed in nothing but a smile—
But tell me, can that be?

For surely we must all be wrong,
She is no fairy queen,
For were she dressed as we believe,
She'd ne'er pass by unseen.



Wilson: Let's get Ricker to let us make a test run of that electric traveling crane in the Lab. We can plot the speed against the current and—Deyette: Yes, and the speed against the wall.

WHY TECH IS HELL

The pink and rosy dawn was gently stealing across the sky. But the three men seated around the table paid no heed. All night now had they labored and still the end was not yet come. Students all, as one could guess from a glance at them and their surroundings. All three faces were weary, but steeled with grim determination. At last one spoke, "Raise you ten."

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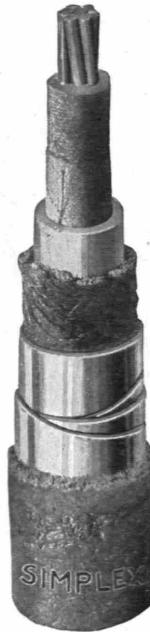
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TECH PHILOSOPHY.

No, Prunella,
Lobster salad
Is not served at
Kommers smokes.
All you get is
Cheese and doughnuts,
Then they fill you
Up with jokes.
Frozen cream
Is never mentioned,
Seems like it
Is up the spout.
All the freshies

Of the village,
Meddy Ford
And Brooky Line,
Come from miles
Around to hearken
To some Show man
Twist his spine.
Yes, Prunella,
Junior stick-ups
Cause a lotta
Awful noise.
Holy Catfish,
How the fags

Are smoked all up
By naughty boys.
And Prunella,
If misfortune
Seems to be
Your lot in life,
And you enter
Prexie's domain
With your sponge
And slate and knife,
Don't forget this
Parent council,
Do not let it

From you roam,
Act as though you
Owned a Mercer
And the earth turned
In your Dome.
So, Prunella,
Hear Professors,
They are full of
Wisdom rare,
And mayhap,
As you grow older,
You'll have brains
Instead of hair.



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She's sleeping neath the willows,
In peace she's resting now;
There's always something doing
When a freight train meets a cow.
—Life

One Sort

Beautiful Ernestine was sobbing as though her heart would break.

"What is it, dear?" asked the girl friend.

"W-why," she sobbed, "I t-told Jack, after he proposed, to go up and see papa."

"What of that?"

"Why, they started playing cards, and now he goes up to see papa every night."

—London Opinion.

FROSH—"Why is Grace such a popular girl?"

SOPH—"Because she keeps them all in the dark."

—Orange Peel.

LAWYER—(to handsome female defendant): Sob a whole lot, but shed no tears. Nothing will prejudice a jury against you like a red nose and watery eye.

—Boston Globe.

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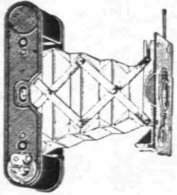
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THE MAIN MYSTERY

WILLIE WILLIS—Pa, what do they mean when they speak of the "mysteries of the East?"

PAPA WILLIS—How so many people in New York get along without working.

—Life.

SUMMER MEMORIES

WAIKIKI STUFF—"Tell me, Archie, how are you and your mother getting on with the servant problem this summer?"

ARCHIE—"Swimmingly, Maud, swimmingly—we have two Finns."

—Purple Cow.

THE VERY IDEA

CUSTOMER—"Do you take anything off for cash?"

SALESLADY—"Sir!"

—Exchange.

LADY AIRPLANE PASSENGER—Does one often fall out of his plane while doing those stunts?

AVIATOR—No! Only once!

—Poly Life.

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 { 2936 }

(Continued from page 19)

ear. A moment more, and the heavy, brocaded curtains undulated and gave way to a shadow.

It was the butler. Without moving so much as a muscle of his stern countenance, he uttered the words, "Mademoiselle has gone shopping" and bowed deeply.

It must be extremely distressing for one of those S. A. T. C. cpls (short for corporals) when acting as same in the R. O. T. C. to be told just exactly when and how to do squads right by a high private in the rear rank who happens to be wearing two overseas stripes.

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NEVERMORPS.

Students' army training corps,
You sure made us awful sorps;
Clumsy, tiresome hopeless borps,
We were shot but shed no gorps—
Studied little, poked morps,
Raked the campus, scrubbed the florps,
Played the peeler, watched a storps,
Soaked up goulash, learned to snorps,
Had experiences galorps,
'Nough to make an angel rorps.
Now impostor, all is orps;
Fare you well—please shut the dorps—
Students' army training corps.

—Daily Iowan

“Charley, dear,” said young Mrs. Torkins,
“have you a minute to spare?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I wish you would tell me exactly what is
meant by a ‘league of nations’ and ‘freedom of the
seas.’”

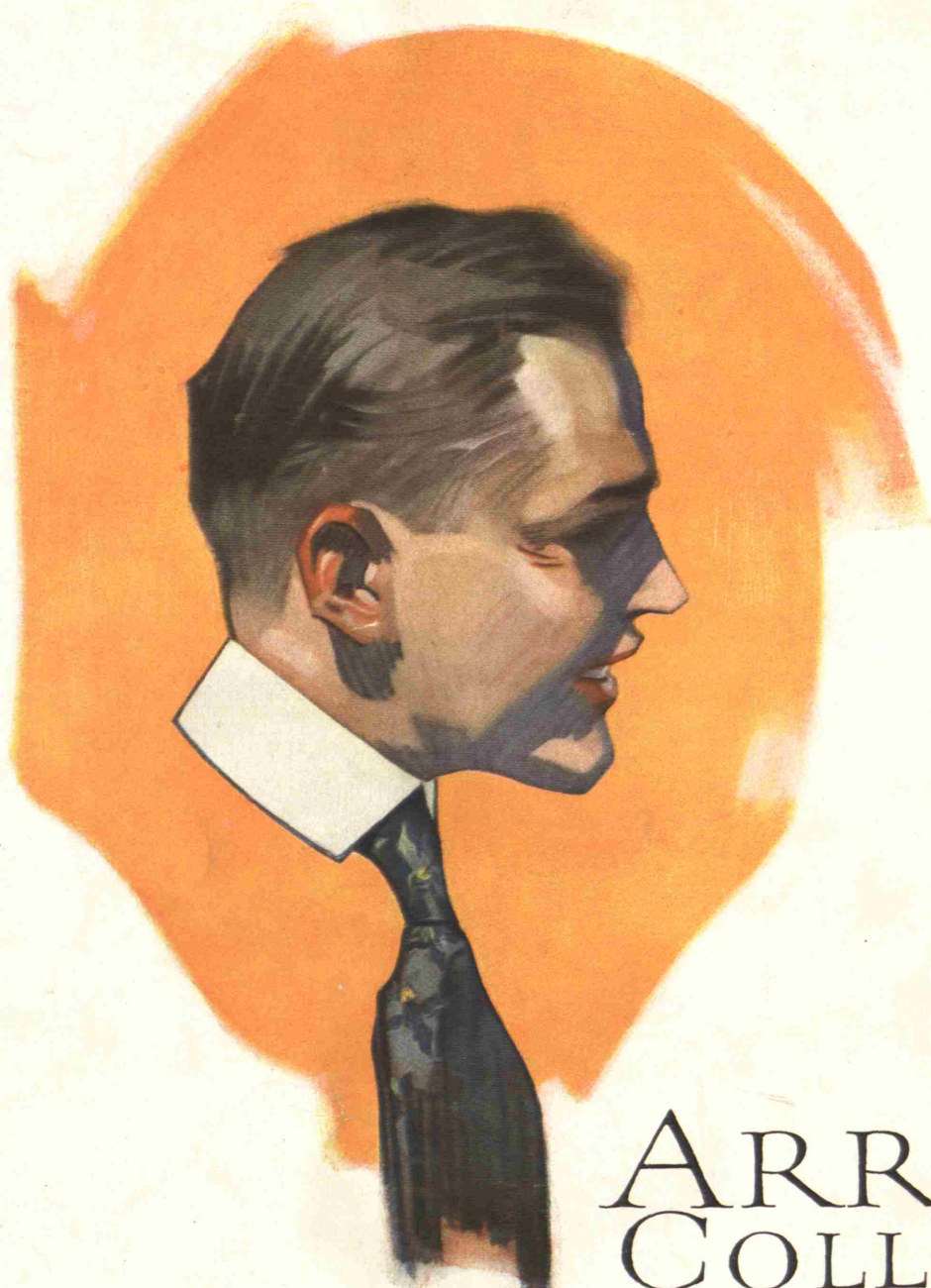
—Washington Star.

“My dad has a hickory leg.”

“That’s nothing, my sister has a cedar chest.”



HE GAVE HER THE VOO DOO



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