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# WOODROW



# MAY 1919

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The  
Massachusetts Institute  
of  
Technology  
Cambridge

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

**T**HE 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.

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# THE VOO DOO

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### HIS REASON

*First Rube*—How did you happen to name a hen McDuff?

*Second Rube*—So that I can say "Lay on, McDuff."  
—*Pelican.*

### A MEAN REJOINDER

Great Editor—Yes, sir, we employ a man in our office just to get things into the paper that are absolutely correct.

"Have you ever tried to print any of his things?"  
—*Judge.*



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"Please, Sergeant-Major, may I be excused from church parade? I'm an agnostic."

"Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments, then?"

"No, I don't."

"Not even the one about keeping the Sabbath?"

"No."

"Well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the canteen." —*Sidney Bulletin.*

Miss Finnigan—Does your daughter know that the fellow she is going with is a bad egg?

Mrs. Flanagan—Sure, that's why she's afraid to drop him! —*Jester.*

**MEAN**

"I don't like Jim, but I've got to send him a wedding present. What do you suggest as a gift?"

"When is he going to be married?"

"In June."

"Send him a set of champagne glasses." —*Judge.*

Q. If one Technology is one Technology, what is half a Technology?

A. Hawvawd, stupid.

ESTABLISHED 1818

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## WHAT SHE THOUGHT

*Foxwell*—I was twenty-two the second of April.  
*Clementia*—A day late as usual. —*Orange Peel.*

Grace—I told him he mustn't see me any more.  
 Her Brother—Well, what did he do?  
 Grace—Turned out the lights. —*Awgwan.*

He—Do you mind if I smoke?

She (decisively)—Yes. I just hate the taste of tobacco.  
 —*Jack o' Lantern.*

The railroads have lately made the claim that their promptness in starting has been greatly impaired by the tight skirts of the day, as women are delayed in getting off and on the trains.—We can assure them, however, that after June 30th the difficulty with tight skirts will be considerably lessened.  
 —*The Mirror.*

1920—"Does Jones still walk in his sleep?"

1922—"No, he takes a street-car ticket to bed with him now."

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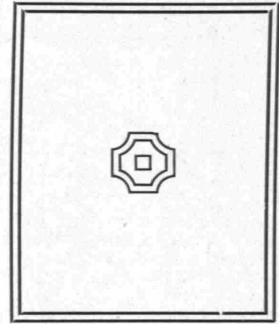
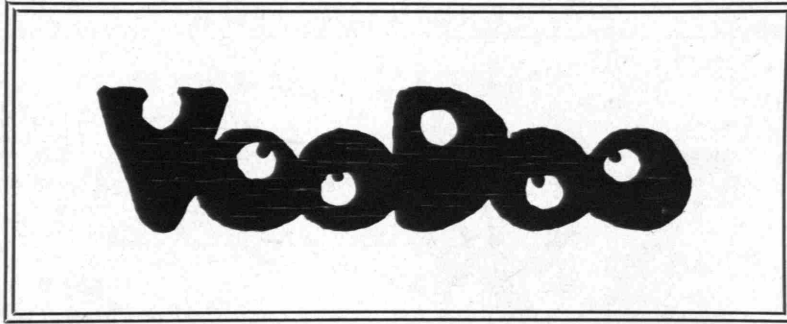
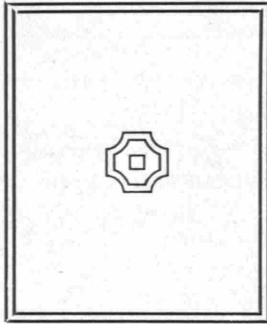
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She: "I don't like to ride with you. Your driving is too reckless."  
He: "Yes, we have had some tight squeezes, haven't we?"



### Historical Facts you may not Know.

*(Many of us use rather loosely ancient and honorable expressions without a knowledge of their real meaning. Consequently we print here a list of the more common ones with their historical connections.)*

Did you know that when Noah first stepped out of the ark after his long ocean voyage his first remark was: "So this is Paris."

When Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer his prime minister replied, "That's all there is, there ain't no more."

Henry the Fifth, a notoriously profane king, always concluded his best efforts with "Excuse my French."

When Augustus mentioned at a committee meeting of the triumvirate that there was a girl over in Egypt by the name of Cleopatra, who was "Some kid," Mark Antony immediately replied, "I'll say so!"

When Methuselah was wintering his nine hundredth season at Palm Beach, Egypt, and the Doctors told him that they did not think that he was good for more than a few hundred more years, he shocked them by retorting, "How do you get that way?"

When Eve showed Adam the fatal apple he asked, "Do you eat that with a spoon or a fork?"

"Johnnie, define constitution."

"Constitution is that part of my father that he says will be affected most after July 1."

### The Returning

A Tragedy In Ten Acts.

*Act One: Opening Chorus—Silence*

*Act Two: Same*

*Act Three: Still Silence*

*Act Four: Grand Chorus—"Why didn't you take your trunk with you?"*

*Act Five: Silence*

*Act Six: Ditto*

*Act Seven: More Ditto*

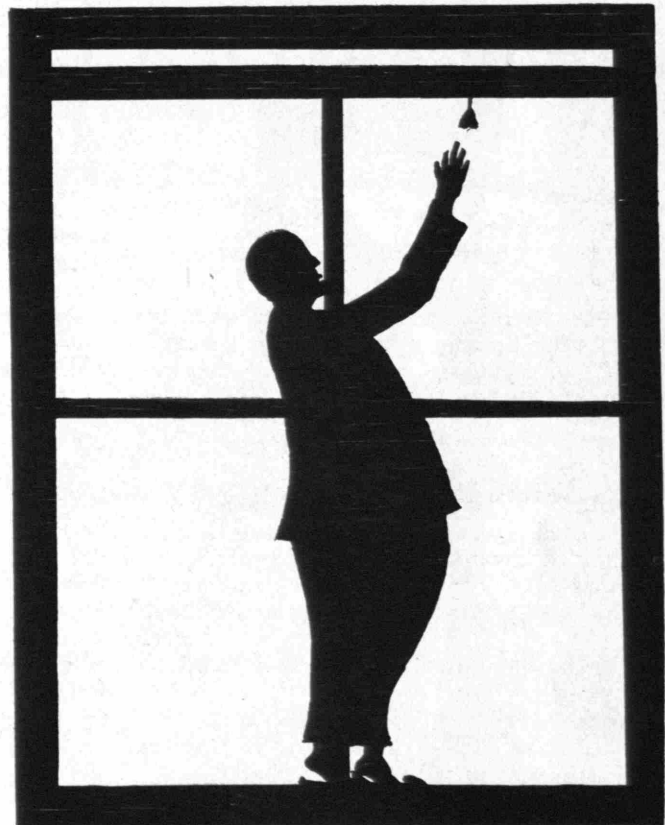
*Act Eight: Silence*

*Act Nine: Just Silence*

*Act Ten: Grand Finale—Silence*

I fain would have told her all, that night,  
How I loved her with all my heart,  
But outside forces shut my lips tight  
Every time I decided to start.

I tossed and turned it o'er in my mind  
How to say to her what I would like,  
But every time I reached for the phone,  
I remembered that d— old strike.



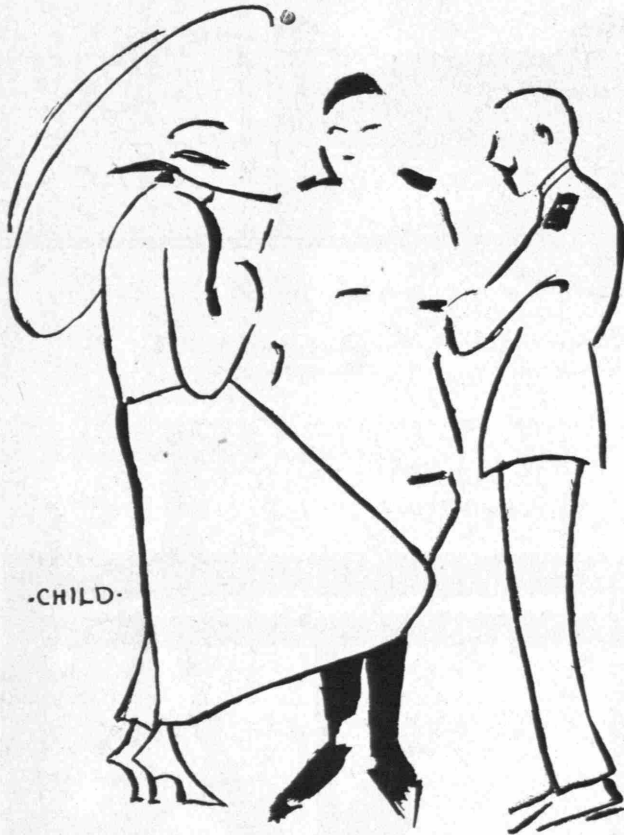
### The Lost Chord.

#### My Slide Rule.

My slide rule is my only pet,  
So don't misuse it.

I keep it clean and never let  
A soul abuse it.

It keeps me gay when classes irk,  
It never wants to quit or shirk,  
And ought to save a lot of work  
If I could use it.



(To friend recently returned from South America): "Pick up any Spanish down there?"  
 "No. They're not half what they're cracked up to be."

#### From the Co-Ed's Point of View.

I hate the inky authors like the men that run the Tech.  
 They're always interviewing profs, you know.  
 They dash off from a party just to see a railroad wreck.  
 I'm looking for the Hero of Tech Show.

I hate the busy business men that build the big Technique.  
 Sometimes I really almost think they're slow.  
 They talk of "cuts" and "Grinds" and things. It's only so much Greek.  
 I'm looking for the Hero of Tech Show.

I hate the thin two milers and the panting pugilists,  
 And the others that can wrestle or can row.  
 By an iron Gladiator I've no longing to be kissed.  
 I'm looking for the Hero of Tech Show

#### Absurd ?

First Roman Soldier: Some chemists can recognize salts by their tastes.  
 Second Ditto: Yes—and others by their after-effects.

#### EDUCATED WORMS ARE SOUGHT FOR HARVARD LABORATORIES

—*Boston American.*

*Another attempt to increase enrollment at Harvard.*

#### Imagine This.

If you were at a dance  
 Most anywhere,  
 Your partner quite unknown  
 Though very fair,  
 And she should say, "Please kiss me  
 If you dare,"  
 That's all, there isn't any more.

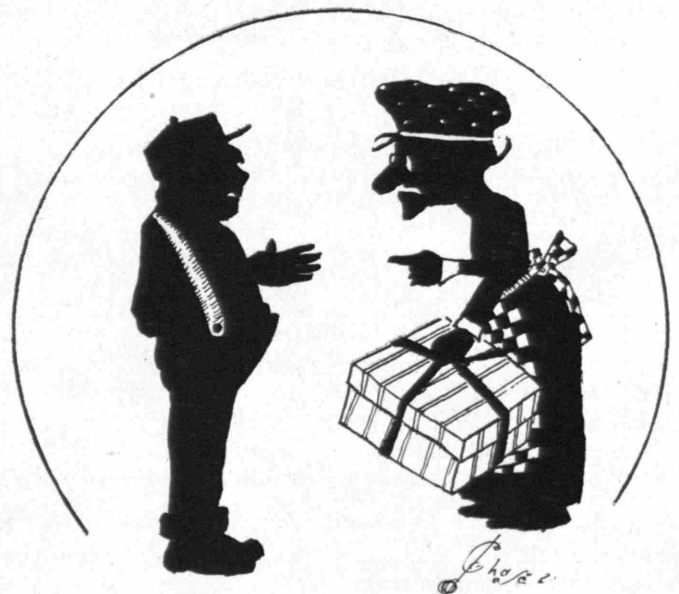
#### Hobbles

Past April was a funny month,  
 That most of us admit,  
 But not as funny as the styles,  
 Which came along with it.

#### Dame Fortune

'Tis the secret of the greatest game  
 To always smile with the noble Dame.  
 Smile—when she turns her back to you,  
 Her test—to see what you will do.

To smile is but to win her heart,  
 But be sure your smile is true.  
 You must not play the actor's part  
 For she'll be wise to you.



"Excuse me, mum, but my partner was moving your piano this morning and it fell on him."  
 "Oh, dear, how careless, I just had that piano tuned."



## TALES OF THE TAVERN.



IF THE DOGS DIDN'T SHOW SIGNS OF COOTIES, THE BOYS WOULDN'T  
**HOUND** THE MANAGEMENT SO MUCH

Grind: "Is it true professor that the bodies of saints turn to stone when they die?"

Prof. Anthropology: "If it were true you would be a saint."

Grind: "Why so?"

Prof.: "You have a fine head start."

### With Apologies

Percy Mark (s) tried his hardest to cram  
 Down their throats the great Omar Khayyam

When he said to the class,

"Who is ready to pass?"

Only one answered "Oh. Mark I am."

### Why the Ad. was Discontinued.

The advertisement in question:

*The ——— Inn.*

*Stewed Chicken to-night  
 Dancing.*

Speaking of train of thought, most of our locomotives must have stopped at dead center.

### Speaking in Parable

There he was silhouetted against the sky—his body poised upon the edge of the bridge—he was about to jump!

"Restrain yourself, sir!" cried I, and following my words with action, laid hold forcibly and dragged him back.

"Leggo me dammit!" said the ruffian harshly, "or it will be too late."

"Yes, thank God," I replied fervently, "too late. But think my good fellow what this will mean to your family."

"Yeh," snorted the brute, "think what it will mean to my family!" and picking me up by the slack of the jeans he hung me over the edge of the bridge just in time to see his wallet disappear in the sewer . . .

*Moral*—"It's better to dive for your wallet than to jump at conclusions."

### Famous Hands of History.

Lady Macbeth's  
 Paderwiski's  
 Black  
 Four Aces

### Now And Then

In days of yore 'twas thought quite fine  
To pen your favorite dame a rhyme;  
And loving swains would serenade  
Beneath their sweetheart's window shade.

Now, poets usually get the razz  
Unless they set their words to jazz;  
But if you syncopate your feet  
The frails will think you're awfully sweet.

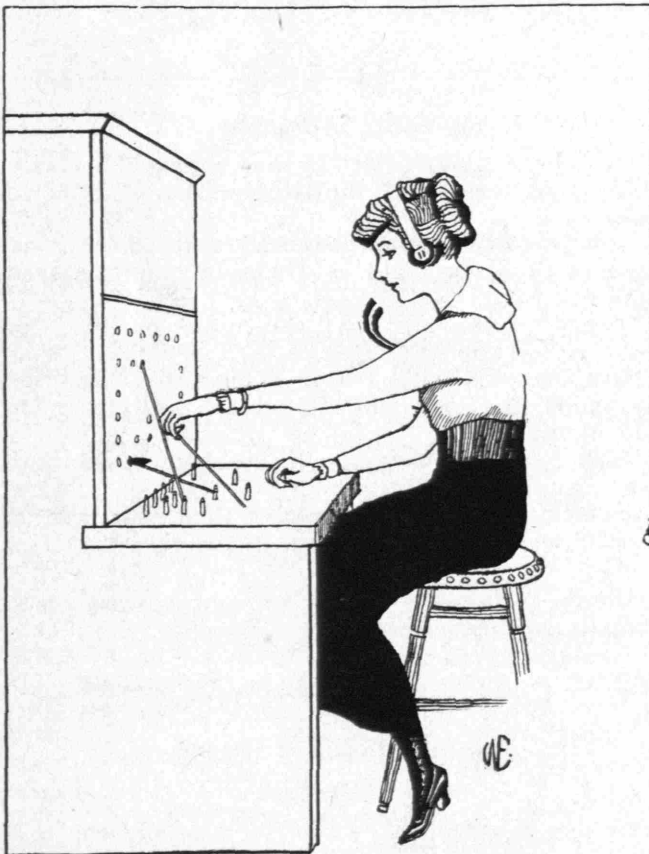
And nowadays if you would shine,  
Don't send your dame a silly line.  
Just learn to step without a falter,  
She'll shimme you up to the altar.

\* \* \* \*

But after all is done and said,  
In modern times or those long dead,  
With girls you'll always be a whale  
If you can sport a roll of kale.

### A Question for Beatrice

What did the super-blondes do before  $H_2O_2$  and the practical applications thereof were discovered?



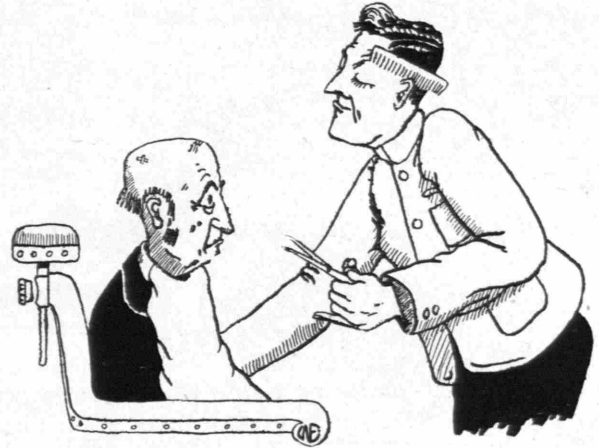
A Phoney Proposition.

### My Dear!

"... Al Jensen, who has once before held the stage for a Tech Night...."

—*The Tech.*

We always knew that Al Jolson was one of the pillars of musical comedy, but we never imagined that it went quite as far as this.



*Patient*—"Can you cut my hair with my collar on?"  
*Person with the Shears*—"Yes, sir. And with your hat on, too, if you like."

### Experience.

Many a man has tried to love two women at the same time, and some have done better than others; but there is no record of perfect success.

My son, if you have aspirations in two directions at once, namely, Smith and Wellesley, heed well the above, and remember that you cannot take a partial derivative, leaving one Variable constant for the Time Being.

Do you believe in a Supreme Being? If so, beware of the women! One of them will make you believe in her.

Forget not, my son, that a Pair of soulful Eyes, a soft and clinging Palm, and a mouth like Cupid's bow, are often the lure of a Cold Proposition.

My son, beware the Skirt that fleeth when no man pursueth, for the chances are she is only trying to start something!


### Some Wet Slogans


Open dispensaries of beer, openly arrived at.  
Four-and-one-half per cent in the savings banks.  
Why not in the saloons?


We don't want to change "Yankee Doodle, drink-it-up," to "How Dry I Am."


### Inspiration



While doing Chem I'm oft inspired  
To sweet artistic mood.  
I seem to thrive on theories,  
Equations are my food.

Once, while I sought to learn the stuff,  
Around my pen did swish,  
And there, quite true to life, I found  
That I had drawn a 

But that's not all! For later on  
While studying I sat,  
My pen began to move, and traced  
A very natural 

Then genius burned! In fiendish glee  
I slashed my pen around  
And soon had drawn a   
A-scrubbing on the ground.

But then the flame commenced to die,  
And slow my pen did creep,  
As finally I drew deep 

Then  and lastly 



Counsel: "Now, where did he kiss you?"  
Plaintiff: "On the lips, sir."  
Counsel: "No! No! You don't understand. I mean where were you?"  
Plaintiff (blushing): "In his arms, sir."

Finnan: Why is the Subway at Park Street at five o'clock like heaven?  
Haddie: I'll bite. Why is it?  
Finnan: It isn't.

"I don't care for her singing. It is too symmetrical."  
"Whaddye mean, symmetrical singing?"  
"Oh, first on one side of the note and then on the other."

### Wail from E. E. Lab 681

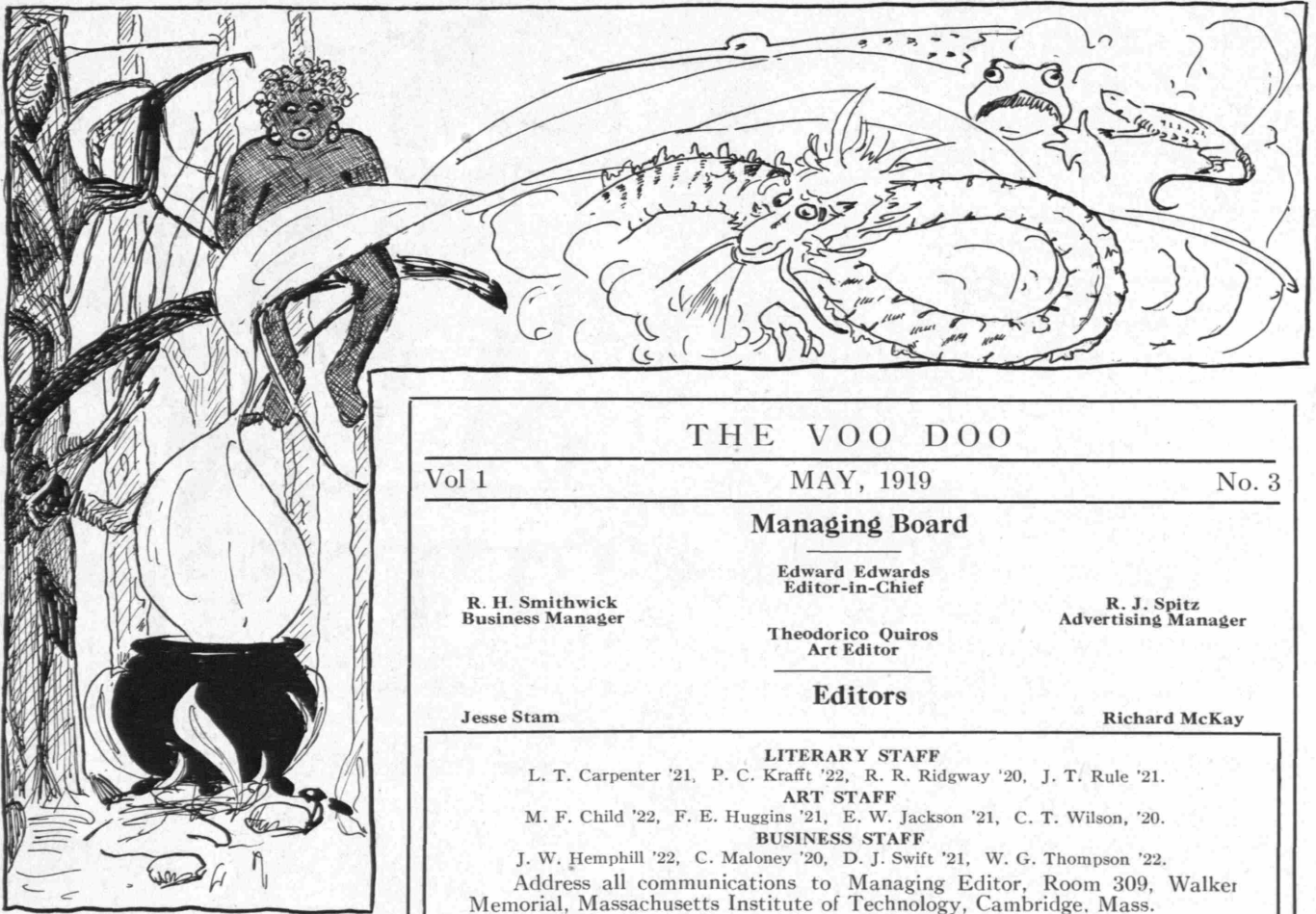
Student (receiving a quiz asking him to determine all-day efficiency of a transformer): "But you said it only took two hours!"

### Ouch!

Desperate Editor: "Say, know any good jokes; any new ones?"  
Unsympathetic One: "How new?"  
D. E.: "Not more than five years old."  
U. O.: "Well, how old are you?"



A Modern Arabian Night.



## THE VOO DOO

Vol 1

MAY, 1919

No. 3

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## Titular Tintinabulations.



**T**OADIES—the Funk and Wagnalls Desk Dictionary says 'obsequious flatterers,' elaborating on this rather terse definition we might add a few remarks of our own. Vanity Fair, our contemporary, and the criterion of dear old Bronx and Brooklyn society, is toadied; the best people on the outskirts of Manhattan receive and realize their education from the pages of this little protest to the shackles of modern conventions; it is their shine, the modern Book of Proverbs. Here's our homage to this protoplast. However, it is not the intention of the writer to promulgate the virtues of this publication, nor advertise its heroic attempt to change the color of the mask of American society, or its propaganda contributed towards the education and elevation of the plebian classes. Without prolixity, verbosity or circumlocution, it is the intention of the writer to solemnly vow eternal persecution against that protoplasmic class of humanity that echo the remarks and imitate the actions of others; and can't get away with it.

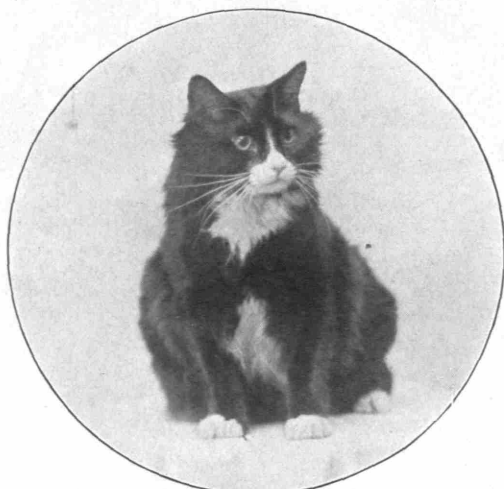
\* \* \* \*

Life is Real, Life is Earnest, etc., said some old forgotten rhymester; today, what exists? On retrospection and analysis we find some clever fellow sets the pace, the others follow in the race. We should not have contempt for the virtues or generous sentiments of others, but why toady, why stigmatize your own personality, why stifle your own development? Negative impulses retard progression. Think for yourself.

Because Reginald de Back Bay says George Sylvester is a fine actor, are you going to weaken and say, "yes, George is a fine actor!" Because the Morning Temps advertises 'the Four Oarsmen of the Hic Opulesque,' as the best book out since last season's war, are you going to herald this predigested intelligence as your own? Maybe there might be a better one. Think for yourself, John. Originality is scarce; we do not expect it; however, we do hope for a little more individual consideration and individual thinking both in and out of school and a little less of the confounded, execrable, ignominious echoing and reflecting of some one else more clever than yourself.

**Find out where he gets his stuff?**

## Phosphorus.



His Page.

NOT long ago while perusing the *Tech* we discovered to our horror and pained surprise that we were to be a commentator upon Institute affairs. In mad haste we rushed to a copy of Mr. Webster and there found: commentator: one who commensates. We are still very much in the dark as to the true meaning thereof, but if the word warrants it, we hereby deny the charge—hotly and with much vehemence.

Since we were so unkindly introduced in our last issue, many things have happened. (It may be noticed that I refer to myself as we. This is due to the fact that any well-bred cat has not less than seven lives. And all of them talk at once.) Field day has come and gone. The victorious class wears a broad smile of victory all over its countenance. That is, all of that self-same class who knew there was to be such an event. And once again we read the yearly fable in the *Tech*: **Field Day is Result of Fatal Accident**, and were forced to agree heartily.

An innovation in Field Day was the boxing tournament according to our esteemed contemporary: *many good frame-ups are scheduled*. They were good and if they hadn't been thusly exposed, nobody would have suspected it. In fact, an innocent bystander at the semi-finals was heard to remark that he didn't know there was that much red blood around the 'Stute.



*First Flea*—"Haven't seen you for a long time. Been on a vacation?"

*Second Flea*—"Yes. On a tramp."

AND then, to be sure, we repaired to that palace in the woods, the Opera House, and saw Al and the rest of the 130 perform—to the delight of all those

present, as 'twere. And the one thing at which we almost blushed was the so-called local color. The color in question was a very weather-worn shade and illustrated clearly the need for a course in modern humour at the Institute. While gazing at those present and where they were situated, we noted that the expression: "To the victors belong the spoils," again held true. But they deserved it.



"Father, what's the first law of hydraulics?"

WITH bowed head and reverent mien we think of the untimely demise of that famous and time-honored haven of the weary and oppressed, C. Wirth's. We would like to erect a small tablet to its memory, but because of lack of a suitable spot, we will place it here:

IN LOVING MEMORIAM  
CHARLIE'S  
R. I. P.

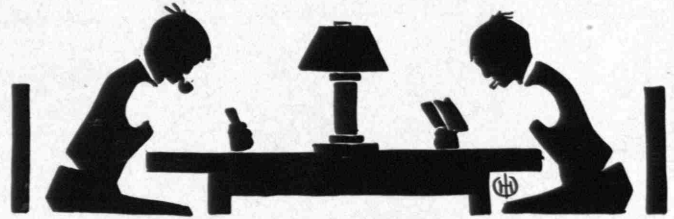
not in commemoration of the founders or nationality thereof, but purely in appreciation of the fact that an excellent seidel of brew could formerly be there obtained for one "slim one," with no charge whatever for old William's acrobatics. Not to mention that which preceded the beer.

WE have heard vague rumors of a Bulletin Board Committee which, as the name implies, holds jurisdiction over those self-same boards. Not that we have anything against the Committee, far from it. But we do believe that more stringent measures should be used against those who periodically remove notices and posters for the decoration of their respective domiciles and abodes.

First: Why is that dog chasing the man?  
 Second: To listen to his pants.



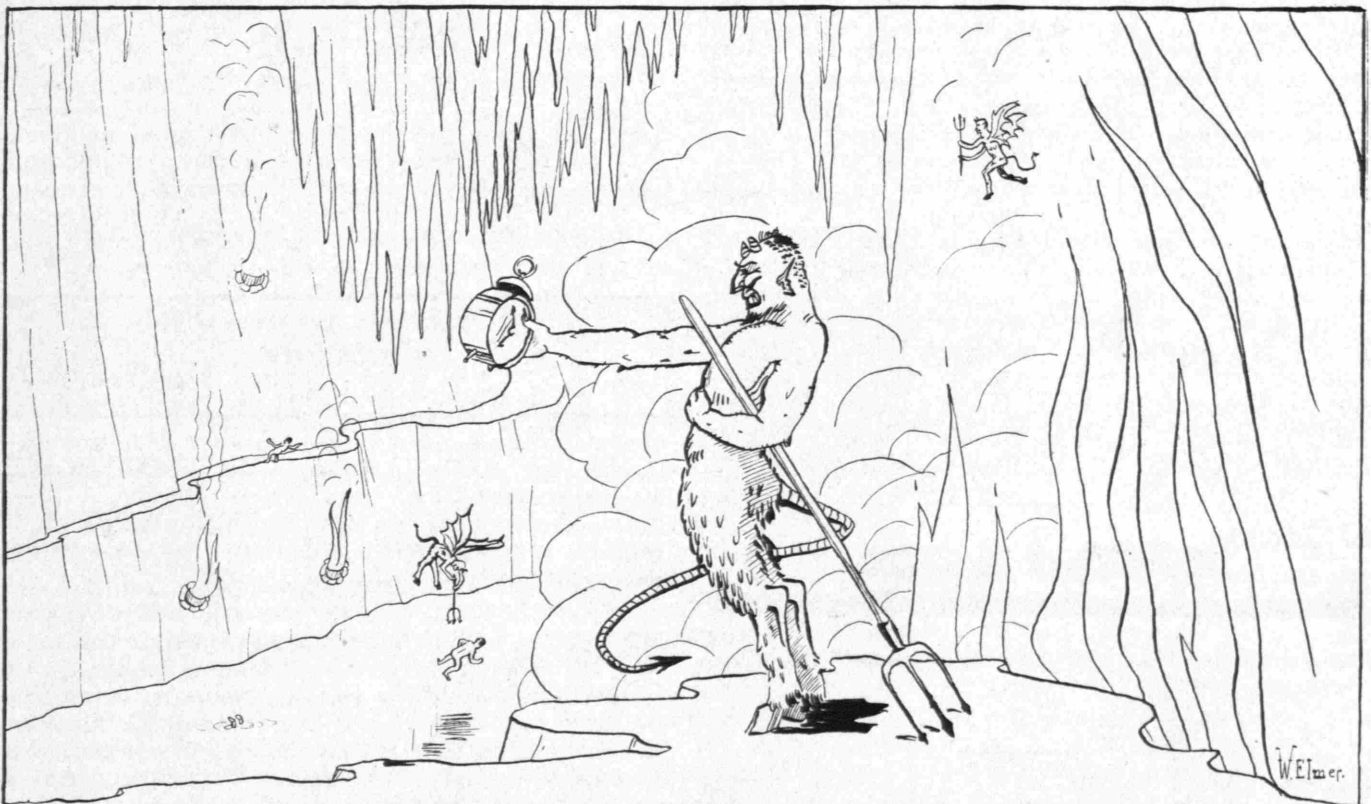
Even the man whose life is an open book occasionally likes to paste a couple of pages together.  
 Any way, the rolling stone gets the rough corners knocked off.



Optomist—"I heard that one of the profs objected to coeds because they spent too much time looking in their mirrors."  
 Cynic—"Oh, well, I'm glad to see that all the heroines weren't killed in the war."

**Some Difference**

I sit  
 And imagine that I am  
 A  
 Regular human being  
 Requiring eight hours sleep,  
 Needing eight hours recreation,  
 Capable of eight hours work.  
 But .....  
 I am not!  
 I  
 Am a Tech student.



**His Most Successful Invention.**

## A Communication.

April 12, 1919.

The Voo Doo,

Gents:

It ain't often been my pleasure to correspond with such a paper of calibre as you are now presentin to the public as represented by the environs of Cambridge and other nearby located towns. Dear Gents, every day now when I goes into my classes the Perfesser he sort of looks up kind of annoyed like as if to say "Aint I got you fired yet?" And I sort of smiles back at him because I knows that the Dean and his friends, the faculty, got a little soft hearted of recent date and aint going to fire me till summer. But still I knows it is comin and I thought as I would sort of look ahead a little and prepare me to burst forth in the art of literatur this comin season. And so, my friends, for I considers everyone even the per-

fessers my friends, I am givin to you the unparallel chance to be my sponers, as it were. I writes poetry and also prose, but that ain't so darned good. I writes in different styles and meters for you to choose from. This here is the sentimental love kind. It's awful good:

"It aint your darlin little laugh,  
Nor yet your nice new clothes.  
What I love's the light brown freckle  
On your little turned-up nose."

Then there is me ballad variety:

He was a gallant warrior,  
Sir William of the Lake.  
But he had bad table manners  
And snorted when he ate.

And say, gents, if you like the sob stuff:

"She is dead and gone forever, my lady Emmelean,  
They have laid her neath the clover and other verdure  
green.

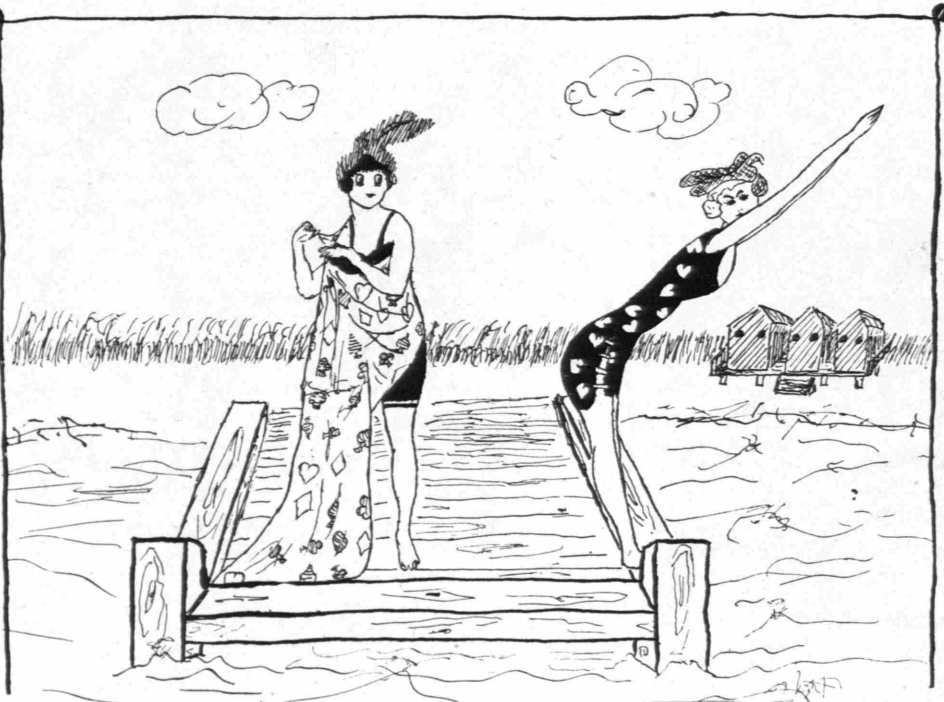
The larks up in the heavens and the crickets on the lea  
May sing their songs of gladness but they won't sing  
them to me.

I will sit and pine in sorrow neath the willow by the  
spring,

While others in their extacy of love and romance sing."

So now, gents, you can "judge for yourselves" as to me qualifications for producing literatur of a refined and elevatin variety. I knows of course that producers of so elegant a paper as this here one of yourn expects to pay for high class productions. Whether mine comes in this catagory I leaves for

(Continued on page 19)



Mary—"Are you sure Frank is a good swimmer?"

Marie—"Oh, yes, indeed, he was a Captain in the Tank Corps."

## Nursery Rhymes Revised.

Mary had a little lamb,  
'Tis very sad—boohoo,  
The price of meat went up so high,  
She used the lamb for stew.

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get herself something to drink,  
But me, oh my,  
'Twas the first of July,  
And so she went thirsty—I think.

Sam Spratt could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,  
There's one thing both agreed upon,  
They'd never eat abean.

Little Jack Hawker  
Sat in Walker  
Eating a raspberry pie,  
He put in his fork  
And pulled out a cork  
And said, "I thought it was dry."

First Movie Fiend: "Saw about two thousand feet of Theda Bara last night."

Second Ditto: "Gosh! I didn't know there was so much of her."

**All too true.**

Water, water, ev'rywhere  
 Will have to quench our thirst,  
 For there'll be "Nary a drop to drink,"  
 After July first.

I had a dream. Ah, very sweet,  
 You see I have a corner seat  
 In 10-250 way in back,  
 And then one sort of gets the knack  
 Of waking up quite suddenly  
 When Louis looks around to see  
 If anyone has chanced to hear  
 What he has just set forth so clear.  
 But waite, till I in brief relate,  
 The dream that makes me so elate.  
 Sir Isaac Newton finished school  
 And came to Tech (He was no fool).  
 He paid his fees and paid his board  
 And got his slip signed H. S. Ford.  
 He stood in line and joined the Coop  
 And tried one Walton's chicken soup.  
 But last of all, the surest tag,  
 He bought his little leather bag.  
 Well, now work started at the 'Stute.  
 Since Physics was his longest suite,  
 He didn't have a thing to fear,  
 At least, not till his second year.  
 He passed the first year pretty well.  
 Two C s, a P, in Freehand L.  
 He spent the summer writing laws  
 On falling bodies and their cause,  
 And then returned we may infer  
 To get a C with Louis Derr.  
 But here begins the tragedy  
 For Isaac couldn't get a P.  
 He studied hard without avail  
 And got the ever present "Fail."  
 So now I never feel remorse  
 When I get power mixed with force,  
 Or work balled up with energy  
 For Isaac couldn't get a P.



"Now," said the doctor, "you must take a walk  
 on an empty stomach every morning."  
 To which the patient responded, "Whose?"

He'd been to many a smoker,  
 He'd been to many a tea,  
 He'd been out on wild parties,  
 He'd crept to bed at three.

But nature still held secrets  
 Of the ways and works of men,  
 He thought he'd help to break a strike,  
 . . . He'll never think again.

Mere Man, shopping—"May I see the thinnest  
 thing you have in silk hosiery?"  
 Saleslady—"I'm very sorry, sir, she's out to lunch."



EVENTUALLY.



**Shown About Town.**

A bedroom, — a man, — a woman.

Surely these three are enough to set up a prurient curiosity in the most Christian-Endeavor-like among us.

But to make doubly sure of their case the authors of "A Sleepless Night," now playing at Ye Wilbur, have gone one better and arranged the following card for the entertainment of Boston's public:

A bedroom,—a man,—and TWO WOMEN.

Now you all know that where e'er you go your fun varies directly as the number of the opposite sex there present. Do you need triple integrals or infinite series to come to the conclusion that that bedroom is some busy place?

But if one craves, as it must be admitted a college man does, a play more profuse in the display of the anatomical element, may we not (apologies to Woodrow) suggest "Flo-Flo" at the Tremont.

Here to your heart's content you may "linger longer in the lawnjerree." And never within our memory has the aforementioned "lawnjerree" been draped on such a coincident display of comeliness.

After seeing the play we asked Rena Parker for her picture, which we here produce, that *Voo Doo* readers could see for themselves and on seeing judge, and not depend upon the limited powers of expression of a human being for an idea of the sublime femininity that is on show at the Tremont.

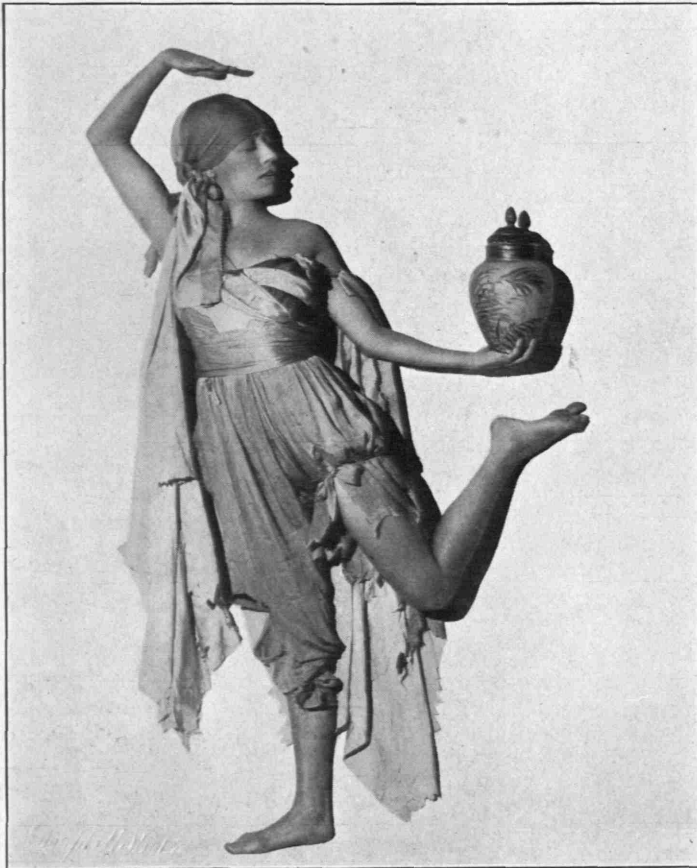
*(Continued on page 18)*



*Laurette Taylor, who is once again mixing smiles with tears in her latest play, "Happiness."*



*Which by this time we have seen and admired in Al Jolson's "Sinbad."*



*Kitty Doner, dancing in "Sinbad." As yet we have not been told the contents of the urn.*



*Your own judgment will suffice in the case of the above. Marilynn Miller, of the "Follies."*



*The tired Tech student will appreciate the octet to the left, the same being a chorus from "Oh, Look!"*



*And we are given to understand that Leon Leonard is paid a salary for his part in "Flo-Flo." The lady in the case is Marjorie McClintock*



*Rena Parker, now singing [her way through "Flo-Flo," in a way to thoroughly charm the ear, to say nothing of the eye.*

*One of the most charming of the season's crop of bedroom farce heroines is Peggy Hopkins, who plays the part of the unsophisticated ward in "A Sleepless Night."*

(Continued from page 15)

And then there's Laurette Taylor in "Happiness" at the Hollis. Miss Taylor in this play exemplifies all the reasons why English profs recommend the theater in general. Her sentences are very funny and she is in addition a clever actress, so impressing herself upon her audience that if she represented prohibition, her hearers would be ringing bells and tooting horns on July 1.

The "Follies" are back after having been driven rudely away last fall by the flu epidemic. But as you can't keep a good man down, so it is with shows. Permit us to say that one of the biggest Follies of the year would be to miss seeing Marilynn Miller, Will Rogers, et als.

—————  
**Father's Grounds**

"But, Mabel, on what grounds does your father object to me?"

"On any grounds within a mile of our house."

—*Houston Post.*

—————  
 Officer (to private running rearward)—"Hi, there.

Where are you going?"

Private (without stopping)—"Can't help it, sir. I've got on Coward shoes."

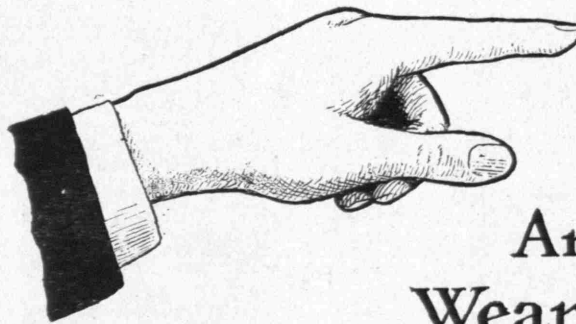
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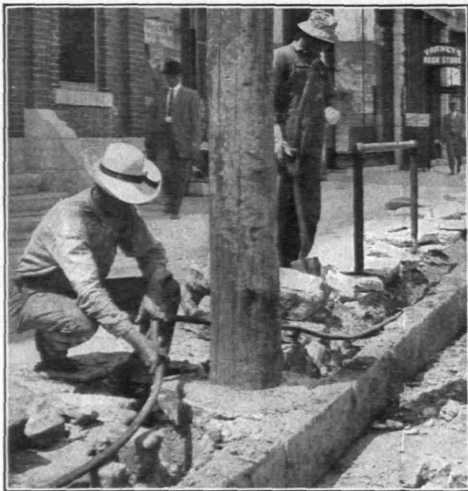
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(Continued from page 13)

you gents to decide. I might say, however, that my prices is most reasonable, me not bein spoiled yet by the inflated salaries they pays those way up in the game. These here contributions is samples and wont cost you a cent but, of course, if you thinks it more respectable like to send me some remuneration I aint adverse to gettin it. If it is coins just wrap em up a little careful so they wont drop out. I eats to Waltons and it comes pretty steep for the likes of me.

Believe me I remain your most respectful servant

#### PAT ANSWERS PHONE

Patrick, lately over, was working in the yards of the railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone rang vigorously several times and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver, and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello!" answered the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one-five-nine?"

"Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'ye tink Oi am—a box car?"—

—*San Francisco Star.*



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"Those pictures don't hardly do me justice."

"Justice!" he gasped, "You don't want justice Madam. What you want is mercy."

—*Washington Post.*

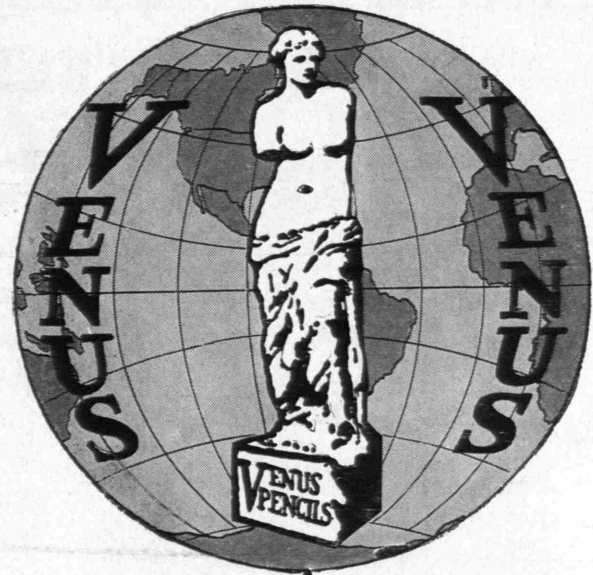
"Your daughter has eloped with the chauffer."

"Now I suppose I'll have to raise the poor fellow's wages. He'll need the money if he is going to support my daughter."

## PUREOXIA

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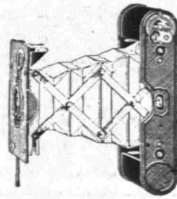


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**Wanted a Change**

*Old Roxleigh*—You marry my daughter? Why, you are supported by your father!

*Suitor*—Yes, sir, but my gov'nor is tired of supporting me, he says, and I thought I'd get into another family. —*Brooklyn Citizen.*

**Big Game Preserve**

"I understand you come from a great game country?" said the lady on the committee to welcome the grizzly warriors of the Western plains.

"Indeed, yes, ma'am," was the cowboy's reply. "What is the biggest game you have in Wyoming?"

"Poker, ma'am!" —*Yonkers Statesman.*

**Where Profiteering Is Impossible**

"Colonel, I heah, sah, yeh have laid in a new supply of liquor, an' I understan' it is right high in price nowadays."

"My deah Majuh, I—ah—paid jes' nine dollahs a quawt foh it, sah!"

"Ain't that a trifle expensive, Colonel?"

"Not in my estimation, sah. It is th' fust time I have evuh had th' privilege of payin' somewehh neah th' figure I have always considered it wuth."

—*New York Evening Post.*

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Little hugs and kisses,  
Make the little maiden  
Change her name to Mrs.

—Widow.

#### THE DISMAL ASSOCIATION

The guests were speaking of Grant's Tomb. "Have you ever seen it?" one of them turned to her hostess.

"I'm not sure. It seems to me I have, though." Mrs. Thornton looked puzzled. "In my mind it has some very dismal association. Paul, where did we see Grant's Tomb?" she turned to her husband.

"On our wedding trip," was the quiet response.  
—Judge.

*Private Jones*—"What was the commotion in the mess hall?"

*Private Smith*—"The mess sergeant went insane. Asked the cook for a piece of toast."

*Private Jones*—"Well."

*Private Smith*—"He said he was a poached egg and wanted to sit down."  
—Gargoyle.



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Smyser: How comes it I got an F in this course?  
Lansil: You got a bigger one from the Dynamo  
Division.

Smyser: That is the first time that I knew that  
those things came in sizes.

Write a wheeze for VOO DOO.

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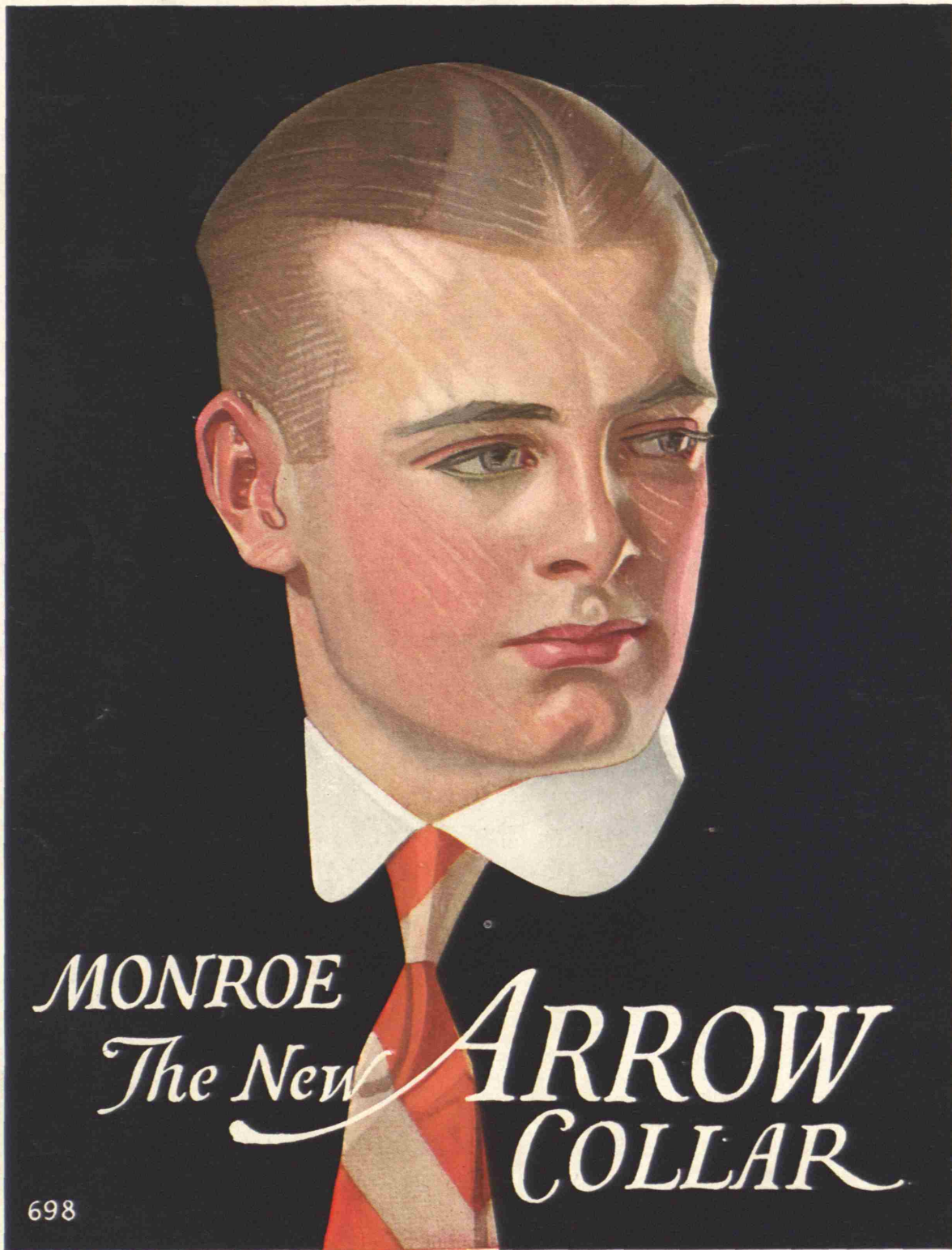
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