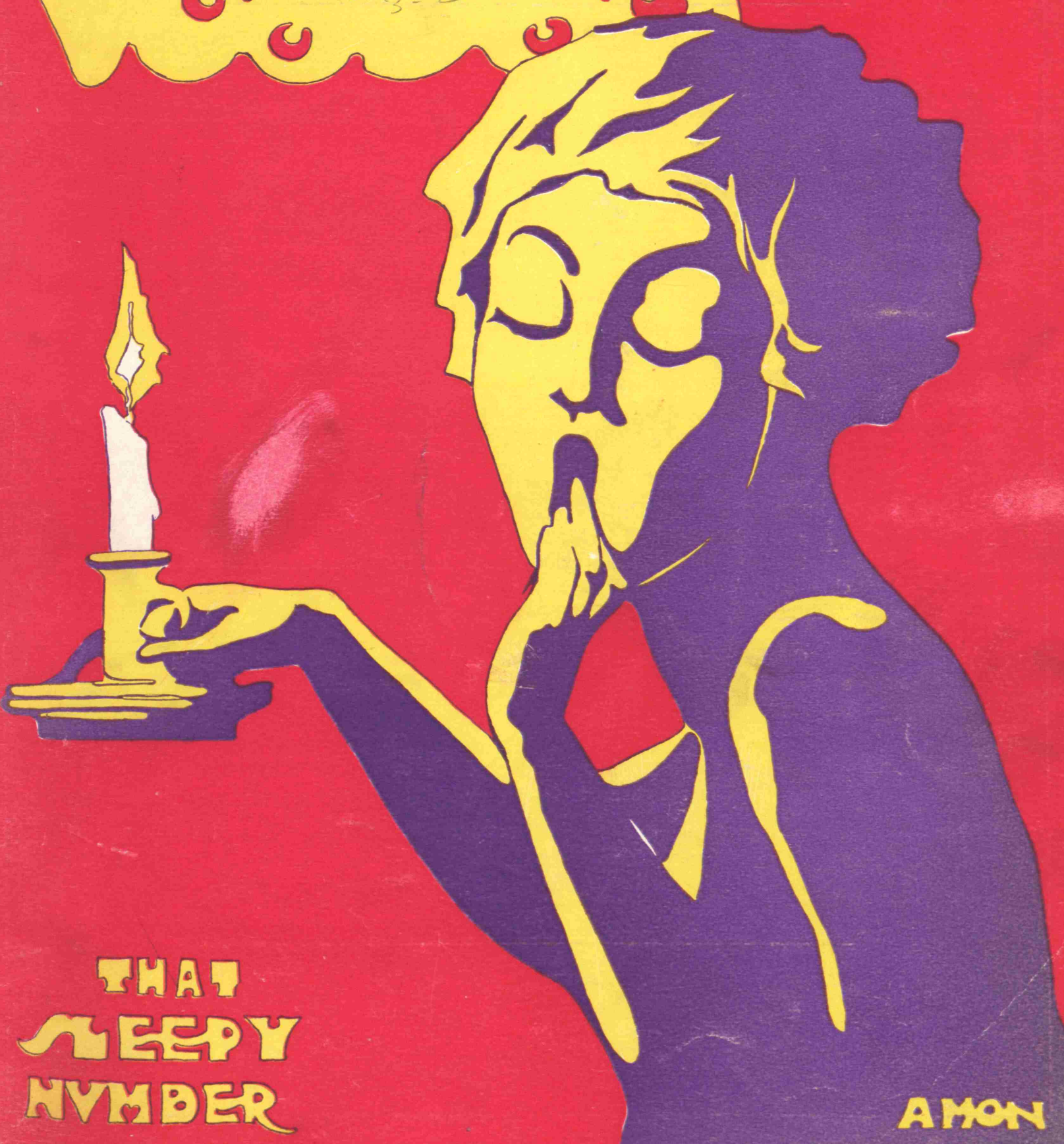


Vol 3, No 2, 1920

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DECEMBER, 1920

No. 2



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Dancing

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Not For Me

Night Owl:—"Set the alarm for two, will you?"
"Roomie:—"You and who else?"

—*Cornell Widow*

Archie:—"Yesterday I saw a man eating shark."
Algy:—"You don't say, old fellow. Were you in bathing?"
Archie:—"No, in a Chinese restaurant."

—*Harvard Lampoon*

Historia:—"The medieval monks used to wear horsehair shirts as an act of penance; how'd you like to do that?"
Histeria:—"I'd be tickled to death."

—*Pelican*

He:—"I notice you say 'idear' for 'idea.'"
She:—"Only on special occasions."
He:—"Nonsense."
She:—"Yes; when any one asks for a kiss I say 'aye, dear.'"

—*Tiger*

He:—"Well, I guess I'll kiss you good-bye until tomorrow."
She:—"No, George, I couldn't hold my breath that long and besides I must go inside in ten minutes."

—*Banter*

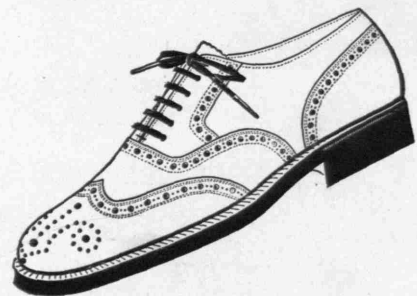
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The Morning After, Etc.

In the dark last night
I met her,
And from her took a kiss.
Oh, the sweetness of the nectar,
Fair o'er swept my soul with bliss.
But, today I have a feeling—
A taste that's clear and keen,
Which tells me that the nectar
Was cold cream and glycerin.

Tar Baby

A New Version of an Old One

"What is it that comes in jugs, is yellow and has raisins
in it?"

"I give up."

"Cider."

"But where do the raisins come in?"

"Oh, I put those in to make it hard."

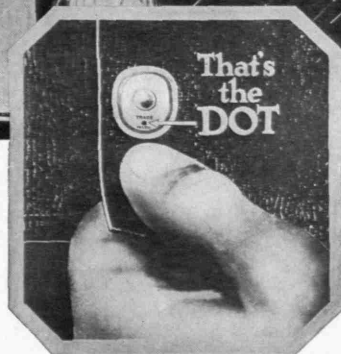
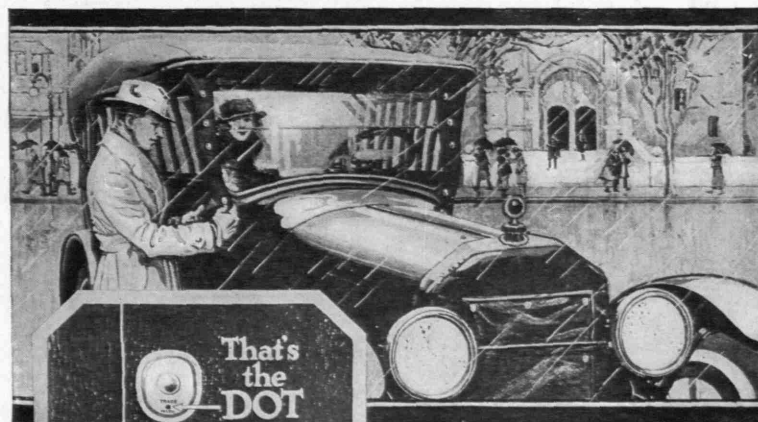
—Record

In The Shipyard

Feminine Visitor (watching the Governor's wife name the ship):—"My good man, is your baby christened?"

Cautious Riveter:—"No, indade. Oim afraid the bottle moight hurt his head."

—Widow



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"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

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That quality we supply.

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400 WASHINGTON STREET
The Old House with the Young Spirit

Sob Stuff

Slowly the figures
Flickered
Across the silversheet.
Until at last the hero
And villain clinched
At the brink of the
Precipice,
While the shero
Clung to a convenient
Cactus, and
Registered fear. In
My tense excitement
I clutched tight the
Edge of my seat.

* * * *

Capital punishment
Would be appropriate
For those who use
The under side
Of a seat in
A movie
As a
Parking-space
For gum.

—Pelican

Editor:—"What you need is more local color."

Authoress:—"Oh! I just painted up an hour ago."

—Froth



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And they asked us how we did it,
And we gave 'em the Scripture text,
"You keep your light so shining
A little in front o' the next!"
They copied all they could follow,
But they couldn't copy our mind,
And we left 'em sweating and stealing,
A year and a half behind.

The Apollo
Chocolates

The Chocolates that are Different



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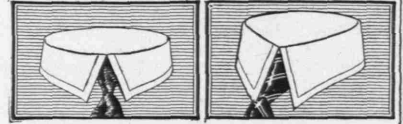
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Why Wait?

The clock struck nine. I looked at Kate,
Her lips were rosy red.
"At quarter after nine, I mean
To steal a kiss," I said.

She cast a roguish glance at me,
And then she whispered low,
With quite her sweetest smile, "The clock
Is fifteen minutes slow!"

—Record

Domestic Repartee

"My face is my fortune, sir."

"Yep. And I'll say that your money is doing a lot of talking."

—Detroit Free Press

Senior:—"I am just finishing a four-year loaf."

Female:—"Ah, ha, so that's why you look so crusty."

—Banter

How True

Fan:—"Which have the greatest number of admirers, blondes or brunettes?"

Tan:—"Ask Madge; she's been both."

—Panther

"It's funny that trap drummer never has a girl."
"Yes, even though he is beating everyone's time."

—Froth

MECHANOPHILUS

Now first we stand and understand,
And sunder false from true,
And handle boldly with the hand,
And see and shape and do.

Dash back that ocean with a pier,
Strow yonder mountain flat,
A railway there, a tunnel here,
Mix me this zone with that!

Bring me my horse—my horse? my wings
That I may soar the sky,
For Thought into the outward springs,
I find her with the eye . . .

As we surpass our fathers' skill,
Our sons will shame our own;
A thousand things are hidden still,
And not a hundred known.

And had some prophet spoken true
Of all we shall achieve,
The wonders were so wildly new
That no one would believe.

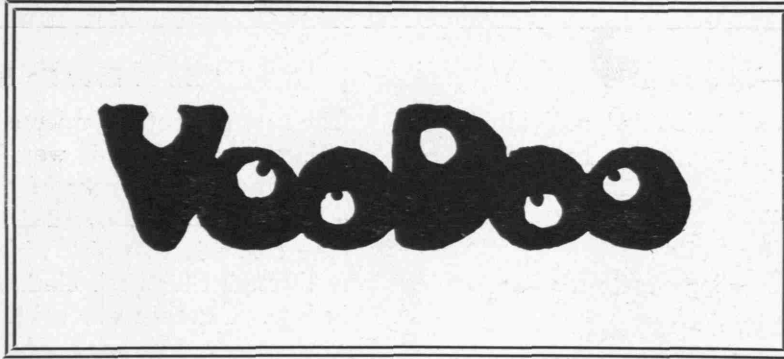
Meanwhile, my brother, work and wield
The forces of today,
And plow the Present like a field
And garner all you may!

You, what the cultured surface grows,
Dispense with careful hands:
Deep under deep forever goes,
Heaven over heaven expands.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.



HE:—"Are you cold dear?"
SHE:—"Why, no, I have my bear-skin on."



The Wise Guy

I know a man (he is a pest in our town, and that's the best that truly can be said of him), and he is tall and rather slim. The kiddies call him hatchet-face because his head's shaped like a mace. His garb is perfect and complete from stetsoned head to spatted feet; from buckskinned hand to stippled toe his taste is good. (He'll tell you so.)

Now every morning you can see this suburb aborigine upon the platform take his stand, cigar in mouth, brief case in hand. And here begins his daily mission of doing business that's not his'n; and pointing out just where you err in all you say, do, or infer. He's blessed (he thinks) above the human with argumentative acumen.

If you suggest, "A pleasant day!" "Oh, no," he's almost sure to say, "the dampness of the atmosphere prevents the air from being clear." Or if in groups of three or four you hash the last elections o'er, and wise remarks of local sages light on his oral appendages he'll break unasked in your quartette with some time honored epithet—"We never make a really great man presidential candidate. Now Harding will do all he can, but Watkins was a better man." And thus proceeds at windy length a speech whose volume is its strength—a line which quite defies rebuttal because it's nil. (He calls it subtle.)

And you with all your heart give praise and vow to dodge on future days this fiend, when welcome engine's toot puts end to this one-mouthed dispute.

*Now herein, friends, my moral lies:
Lest jaws should overexercise
Keep closed, except when food goes in,
That aperture above your chin.*

A Sticker

Professor in Aeronautical History:—"Can anyone name the first aeronautical journal?"

Voice from the back of the room:—"Fly Paper."

The Ultimate Immodesty

Yes maidens, it's come to my notice
That you, if desirous of beaux
Are daily reducing your quotas
Of clothes.

That daily increases your passion
For more-and-more truncated skirts;
How gladly you follow the fashion,
You flirts!

And daily the shirtwaists diminish
To sort of a transparent mask.
Pray where is all this going to finish,
I ask?

There's only one thing you're concealing
And sometimes I've horrible fears
That soon you will think of revealing
Your ears!

Now that hair tonic is becoming such a popular beverage, patronizers of restaurants should be careful not to get a hair in their soup.



The Knights of old were very bold
But the nights of now are very cold,

Quality—at any Price

Enter, an oppulent and bejeweled individual surrounded by an aroma of soap, and a halo of coupon wrappers.

“Wanna buy library?”

“Yes, sir, any particular works?”

“Nope, don'tgivadam—s'long azits nice an refine, thasall.”



Professor at Hotel glancing at hair on his butter:—
“Waitress, I prefer my butter bald.”

She:—“You have such wonderful lips. They would look good on a girl.”

He:—“Well, I never missed an occasion.”

A:—“Think I'll go stag to the dance to-night.”

B:—“Why?”

A:—“I haven't any dough.”

“Be It Ever So Humble.”

The first rays of dawn were appearing in the East, as Clarence wended his way home from his night's work. The faint streaks of light, breaking through the bank of gray clouds did not add much warmth to the cold winds, which whistled as they rent their way through Clarence's clothes, and between his long thin legs. Clarence was cold. And he shivered, and the accompanying rattle of his trellis-like skeleton as it vibrated, brought him to his senses, and he realized that he was tired, yes, very tired. His strenuous efforts, both mental and physical, with which he went at his task of window trimming in some half dozen Chinese laundries was telling on him.

He trudged on toward the hovel which constituted his home, pulling his cut glass chauffeur's cap down over his ears, to keep them from suffering the same fate as his thinly-clad body. As he opened the door, and stepped in, the light of dawn barely illuminated the few pieces of furniture in the room. Clarence found the fuel basket, and thrusting some half dozen toothpicks into the fireplace, lighted them and sat down in his favorite armchair to enjoy the heat which the newly-kindled fire gave out. Reaching over, he swung a handsome, leather upholstered coffee pot over the flames and awaited the boiling of the pot before commencing his sumptuous breakfast of humming bird's eyebrows, for Clarence lived well.

As he sat there, basking in the heat from the crackling bundle of blazing toothpicks, he rejoiced in life, in his work, and thanked himself for being surrounded by so many luxuries, and soon his happiness over his high position in his little world gave way to the quieting and calming effects of sound sleep.

The fire, now unwatched, blazed on with increasing zeal, and soon the beautiful red plush andirons, which Clarence had purchased from a wandering Eskimo, burst forth in flames. Oh, the remorse with which he would have been stricken, had he but known that these priceless treasures were being consumed by the ravishing flames. But Clarence slept on, and ere he awoke his palace had burned to the water's edge about him, and he sat in the midst of the ruins, a very still, but thoroughly dead skeleton.

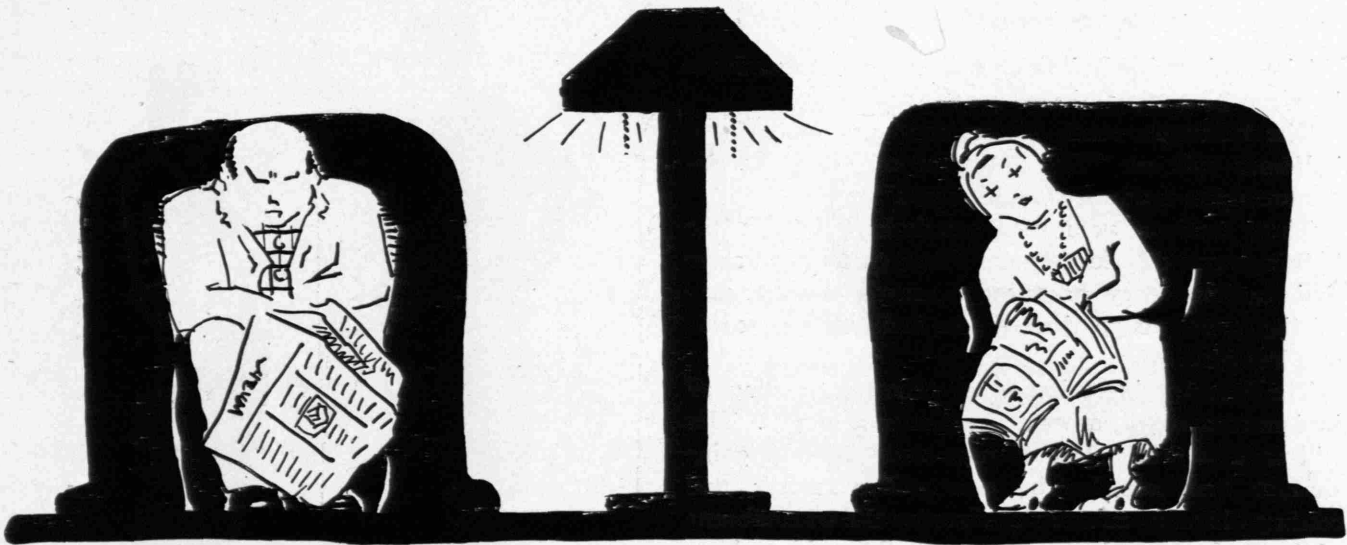
Ask the Man That Owns One

Mistress Mary, how does the dairy

Next to your garden grow?

We milk the cows, turn on the hose,

And fill the milk cans, so.



A Smoker's Reminiscences.

Amusing isn't it, how some rather commonplace things offer such striking comparisons to objects which occupy a large part of the mind of the average man. For instance, a peculiar resemblance exists between women and smokes; perhaps you have already noticed it.

Let us consider first, the seven-cent cigar. I presume, you see, that you have made the acquaintance of a seven-center. Perhaps you have noticed how easily they come. One is apt to be suspicious of things too easily acquired. The cheap cigar or girl, there's not much difference, you know, is easily come by, looks pretty good at a distance, but is plumb rotten inside. You light up the cigar, try a few puffs and immediately are assailed with doubts. One inhale and your doubts change to certainties. You know the darn thing isn't any good but you puff a while longer just because you are human, and then discard it. There's a strange resemblance; can you see it?

Now, take cigarettes, there is a likeness there too and here's the way I make it out. They are handy, cigarettes. They fill in pretty well when you can't get anything else. You buy them when you are traveling. But they are not lasting, they do not endure; a few inhales of only mediocre smoke and the best part is gone. Only a smouldering stubb, reeking acrid smoke, remains. It would appear that one should not smoke too many cigarettes.

They are lucky, those men, who have old pipes, broken in by the use of years, companions thru the ups and downs of life. There aren't many that have them, the real ones. Pipes that one may always go to when in trouble, pipes that seem to understand, to comfort, to console. Pipes that, unlike seven-centers, are constant and true, unlike cigarettes, long endure. Old friends like old pipes, mellow with age and grow more valuable as they grow older. Be good to your old pipe, if you have one; it is rare and precious. Did you get that one? Old girl friends, old pipes.

A pipe again, but this one is far different. This is THE GIRL. A meerschaum tucked away in a case, swaddled in velvet and cared for so carefully. Gleaming white, beautiful in contour and absolutely spotless. You are going to take it out some day, when the opportunity comes; you are going to use it. You gaze into the future and dream your dreams. When your future has become your past, when your cigars are numbered, then when you dream will that meerschaum still be with you. Will it long ago have been broken into bits with no master hand to patch it together again. Will it have an ugly flaw in it, a crack, a symbol of bad quality. Will you hold it in your hand as you dream, rose pink with the pearly gray smoke curling about it. Will it have stuck by you thru your battles, will it have been your comforter, your comrade? I hope you have one like that and you can bet I hope I have one too.

With Students in Control

The University buildings will be open to students between Thursday of next week.

The freshman math classes met yesterday for a half-hour talk on "The Influence of Gothic architecture upon modern waste baskets."

Three seniors were seen wandering through the buildings one day last week. When questioned as to their actions, they produced a search warrant permitting them to go through the buildings in search of a lost idea.

The Faculty have issued an order compelling all juniors to attend classes at least once a month. This will save a great deal of time now used in going through hospitals, looking over police records, and reading obituary columns to discover the whereabouts of the students, and to ascertain whether said students desire to be considered in school or not.

The Varsity Chess and Checker team will hold secret practice and scrimmage in preparation for the big match this afternoon with the Insane Asylum team. Our players will be numbered, and will wear green asbestos jerseys.

The advanced class in Tea Fighting meets every Wednesday at 4 P. M. in the tea room of the Wiltmore Hotel. It is rumored about the school that this is a "pipe" course, but those enrolled in the class tell of the perils and dangers encountered, and the high mortality in the class, due to vamps, snakes and gladiators.

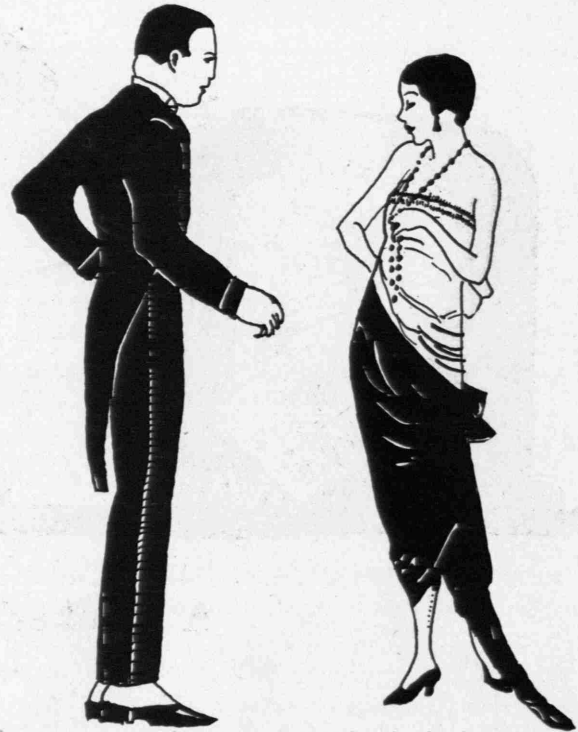
The Student Soviet Council, at its last meeting, decided to shorten the summer vacation, which extends from June 15th to May 21st, and by cutting four days off of the vacation, time will be had in which to hold an examination, if any such low form of amusement seems necessary. The Faculty will undoubtedly have to abide by this ruling.

The Undergraduate House Party, which has been raging for the last three weeks, ends two weeks from next Tuesday, at 6:13 A. M., to give the students time to prepare for the holiday season.

It is desired that all directions and orders given in this column be considered official, and the undergraduate body should act as it pleases about the above-mentioned matters.

Nominations for the Brown Derby Contest.

The precise Frosh, who goes to the very formal dance, and upon arriving home and climbing out of ye evening dress, discovers that he did not wear a vest, dress or otherwise.



"My brother takes up Spanish, French, Italian, Hebrew, German and Scotch."

"Goodness! Where does he study?"

"Study? He don't study! He runs an elevator!"

What a Pity, What a Shame

We had paused to watch the quiver
Of the moonbeams on the river
By the gate.

We had heard somebody calling,
And a heavy dew was falling,
Still we wait.

You might think that it was silly
To stay out in all the chilly
Evening mist.

Still I linger hesitating
For the lips are plainly waiting
To be kissed.

So I try to take possession
Of the coveted concession
On the spot,
But she draws back with discreetness,
Saying with tormenting sweetness—
"I guess not."

All her manner is provoking
"Oh, well, I was only joking,"
I reply.

She looks so very pretty
As she answers, "what a pity,
So was I."



Ø. B. K.—Unconscious subjection to the laws of the intangible universe and vague foresight of a spiritual renaissance govern modern society and surround social units with individually undetected forces—.

SUB-DEB—Gee, no wonder it's so hard to break into society!

Serious Considerations

I guess you have some pretty eyes,
 Although they may be oversize,
 With lashes drooping everywhere
 And drooping like they didn't care;
 They're blue or grey,—but I won't say,
 I guess.

I think I'm mad about your hair,
 The way it lies so wavy there;
 To glisten in the dancing sun,
 And give some joy to everyone.
 That folded twist, I should have kissed,
 I think.

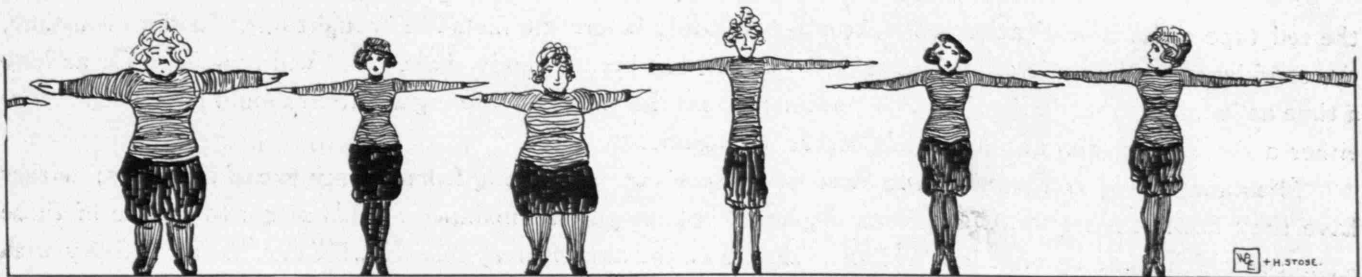
I hope that you will smile again,
 And laugh the way you did just then.
 The faintest pink diffused your cheek,
 Your dimples played at hide and seek.
 But you will smile, 'most all the while
 I hope.

I KNOW one thing, at least, my dear,
 You must have guessed, I think, to hear
 The way I've raved without a rest,
 On what I've hoped, and thought, and guessed,
 But to speak true, I love just you,
 I know.

The Mystery in It

A fool and his dough
 Are soon parted, you know.
 'Tis true, but we all wonder whether
 The sage hasn't slipt
 In his wise manuscript;
 For how did they first get together?

Did you ever start to take your best girl for a ride in your li'l old ford and you want to make a hit with her so you help her in and then you crank and crank and spin and spin and say all the bad, bad words you ever learned and you get all hot and still it won't start so then you go and look and find that you forgot to turn the damn engine on? Boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!



Correct Results to Three Significant Figures

Vol 3 DECEMBER, 1920 No. 2

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HE points which have been brought out against the M. I. T. A. A. through the communication columns of the Tech are worthy of the attention of every undergraduate and alumnus. Until the matter is investigated by the Institute Committee, no one, except the officers of the M. I. T. A. A., knows the facts in the case, and until that time we withhold any further criticism of them or the organization.

It is unfortunate that such a long period of time must elapse before this is cleared up; the red tape of an investigation will take much winding before the facts are brought out. In the meantime, the confidence of the undergraduates and the alumni has been severely shaken and will remain so for as long a time as it takes to settle the thing. A statement from the officers of the organization should have been made; either a denial or a guarantee of their future management.

Mismanagement and partisanship have never been entirely lacking from our scheme of activities; neither have they been present to a deleterious degree except in sporadic instances. This seems to be one of those instances which come up once in a while. It should be the aim of every man to wipe out, in any activity with which he is connected, anything which will lead to another like expression of public disapproval.



WE announce with regret the resignations from the Managing Board of Norman F. Patton and Teodorico Quiros. The untimely demise of these late-lamented is due to the press of duties of a scholastic nature and a desire on their part to satisfy the requirements of an uneasy pair of consciences before December 15th.

George S. McCue has been elected to take Quiros' position as Art Editor and this election leaves the Publicity Manager's chair empty; both this and that of Advertising Manager will be filled by election on January third.

The moral of this dissertation is, therefore, that two good men are needed and we would welcome anyone with open arms who wants either office badly enough to do the modicum of work it entails.

* * * * *

One out of every three articles which are granted us by the Tech is substantially correct. We wish to congratulate the Tech on its surprising accuracy. It hurt our feelings to be termed a "charity" but we can stand that. It also hurt our feelings to have our date of publication set for us, but we even swallow that and give devout thanks that at least one of the three is right.

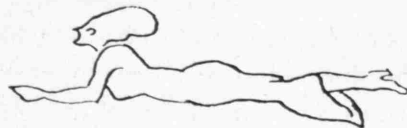
* * * * *



IT is planned to hold an Intercollegiate Conference within the walls of our hall of learning to discuss student government in all its various phases. Invitations to attend this conference will be extended to all colleges and universities within a radius of five hundred miles of Boston.

Such a conference is a thing that has never been held in the past and yet it is capable of accomplishing much good. The representation as planned will include a group some of which have not, and some of which have, student government, in varying degrees. Mutual interchange of ideas on such points as dormitory control, athletic management, publications and theatricals will undoubtedly lead to a great deal of improvement in the present systems.

On our part here, we should do everything in our power to make a success of the conference for it will mean much in making the Institute appreciated among its contemporaries.



KIKO

See America First, Then Tell Others.

"Imff womp ziq unk," said my companion to me, as we took our seats in the front row of the theatre in which the Loyal Order of Eskimo Pretzel Benders was giving a new, and an exceptionally good musical comedy, written by one of the Order. As I settled down in my comfortable chair of ice and removed the whale-skin cap from my head and eyes, I looked around the theatre and picked out several of my acquaintances from among the large crowd attending the premier performance of this show. There was Gzrx VniJab and nineteen of his younger children in a box, and Hjuj Mxa, the notorious murderer, sat directly behind me. Upon seeing me, each raised his whale-oil lamp above his head and went through the motions of triple integration, as is the custom of greeting among the higher classes.

At this point I had better tell you a word about the presentation of an Eskimo play. The audience being of the better class and of the highest mentality, the last scene or act is given first, and the play gradually progresses back to the beginning, so that by the time the show is over, the few clever people, planted in the audience by the management, have assimilated the idea of the climax which occurred in the last act.

The show opened with the final scene, in which the beautiful young heroine, a girl of sixty, had just given the hero thirteen and a half snow shovels and a six-cylinder bathtub as a wedding present, and the couple had started to live happily ever after for the next year. The setting was gorgeous and consisted of three cakes of red ice, and seven pretzels hung on a string. The heroine sang a very touching song,

The Depths

Oh, many a thing in this vale of tears
That causes a heavy heart to ache,
And many the times when a mortal fears
That his tortured spirit must surely break,
Many the things that we must mourn
In this cruel and ever uneven fight—
But the saddest of all and the most forlorn
Is a Waldorf Lunch on Sunday night.

"You'll have to hand it to him!" remarked the football fan as the left end dropped a forward pass.

and was accompanied by eleven elderly men, the chorus, who strummed softly on their long beards. The scene was greatly applauded by the audience, who threw miriads of snowballs at the actors.

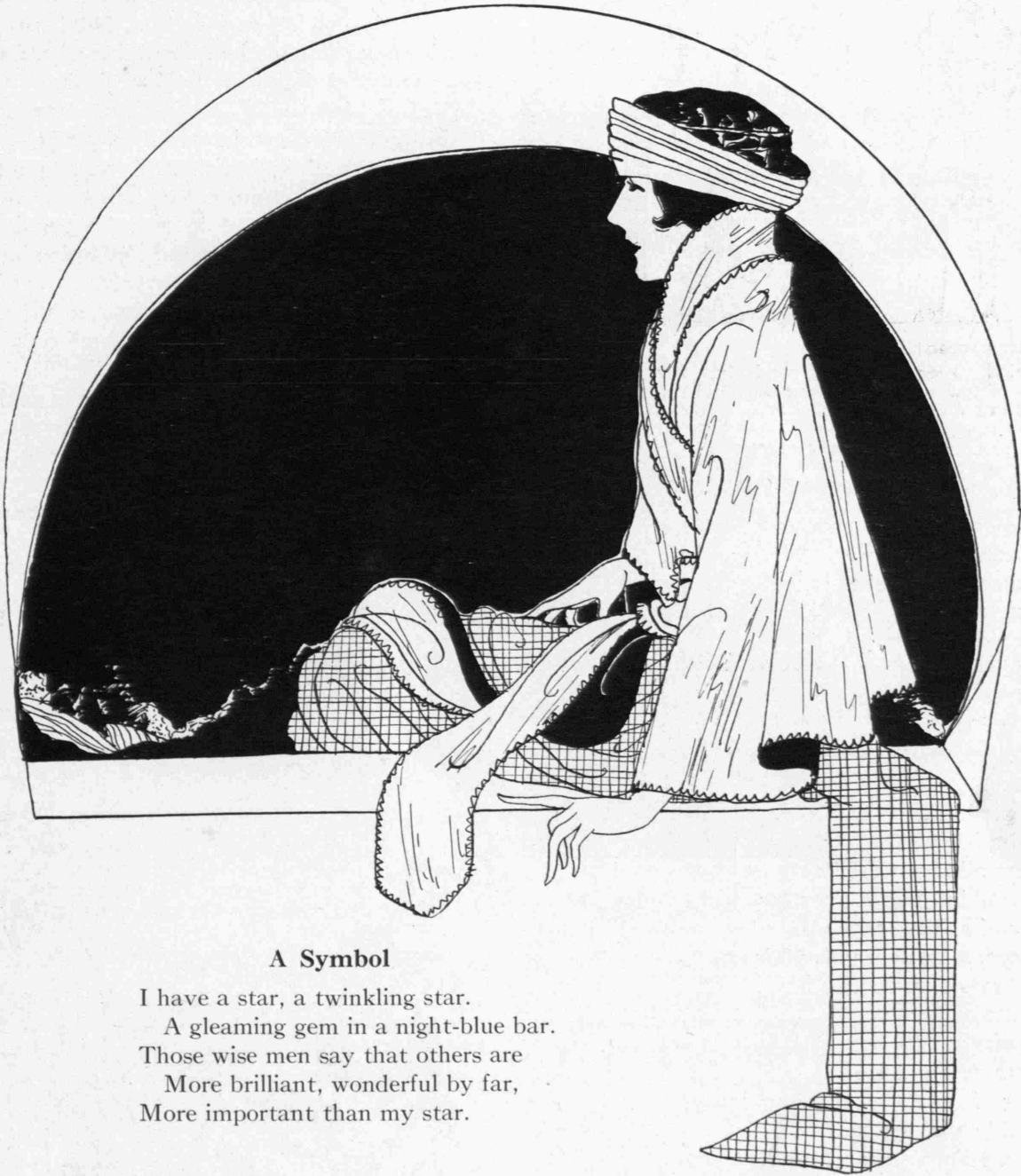
A very thrilling scene was that in which "Dsjv," the villain, tried to kidnap the heroine's pet polar bear. The villain was warmly hissed, as the pretty heroine ran about the stage, jumping from washboard to washboard and screaming "Tukliz Rbnu Wiff," which in our language means "Curses, Desmond, I hope you have hangnails."

A troupe of nine full-grown whales put on a very clever juggling act with peanuts, accompanied by the usual trained seals, who rode around the stage in an American made tortoise shell Locomotive. The acrobatic dogs also put in an appearance, and the scene ended by the seals eating the dogs alive, and the whales devouring the seals. This is a great aid to the stage hands and property man, and constitutes a considerable saving in food for these beasts, as the price of Bees Knees is exorbitant in this cold country.

The show ended with and the plot began with the death of the hero in the first scene, and the audience departed in excellent spirit, only twenty-seven people being murdered on their way out of the theatre. As we reached the street, my host bade me "XZaq Gfac," and I returned the compliment by biting him on the crystal of his sealskin wrist watch; and donning my whale-skin cap, set out to the Frozen Palace, the hotel at which I was stopping. And I was soon in bed asleep, and had a good night's rest, after the strenuous evening, as the Northern night of six months was just beginning.

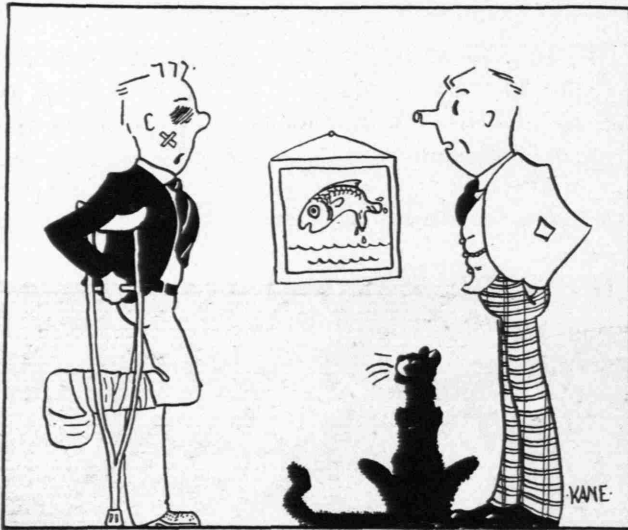
Technologicalitus

When the bell in the nearby steeple
Booms out the small hours of the night,
When your pipe refuses to stay lighted
And the darn thing doesn't taste quite right,
When your eyes smart and keep closing
And your head feels stuffy and aches,
When your slide rule sticks and your pencil
Makes thousands of stupid mistakes,
When you read a few pages of lectures
And straightway forget what you've read,
Then you've TECHNOLOGICALITUS
And it's time that you went to bed.



A Symbol

I have a star, a twinkling star.
A gleaming gem in a night-blue bar.
Those wise men say that others are
More brilliant, wonderful by far,
More important than my star.



Been in a scrap?

No—tried to be poetic. I read that the eyes are the windows of the soul so I asked a girl if I could gaze into her windows some night.

Change of Taste

I used to eat at the restaurant around the corner.
 The waitresses there were dainty and neat,
 Kind a made the food taste better.
 The other night I got tired
 Of the everlasting grind.
 Borrowed some money and went into the
 Wilds of Boston, looking for a good time.
 I sure did find it.
 She was a coo-coo, a peach, some chicken,
 Believe me.
 When I got back to the house,
 I woke the fellows up and
 Told them all about HER.
 Gosh, I couldn't get to sleep for
 Thinking of HER, beautiful,
 Some sport, a jazz baby, for fair
 The next morning, I went
 Around the corner
 For breakfast.
 I sat down at the table
 Dreaming of HER.
 A VOICE behind me said
 "Bacon and Eggs or Sausage, Sir"
 I didn't answer, I knew that—
 VOICE.
 I buried myself in my newspaper
 And growled,
 "Ham and Eggs."
 I used to eat at the restaurant around the corner,
 Now I don't eat there any more.

A Freshman Fantasy

I went to bed and I slept like a top
 But I had a dream and I couldn't stop
 Seeing things that a fellow hadn't ought to see,
 Seeing things that I knew darn well couldn't be.
 A slide rule dancing on the typewriter keys
 With a ragtime motion, like a dog with fleas,
 A sugar pound sliding on a calcus slope,
 Hitched to the end of a tug-of-war rope
 Pulled by a Freshman in tin-funnel pants
 With a smooth little girl on the way to a dance,
 A bunch of Profs in the lecture hall
 Playing train with the desks and one and all
 Sporting chemistry aprons and stove-pipe lids
 And making more noise than a bunch of kids,
 Cones and prisms, pyramids and spheres
 Tumbling into church and ordering beers.
 The things I saw in that dream I had
 Ought to make the rest of you fellows glad
 That when your slide rule's slid its slide
 When you've tossed your books aside
 You can hit the hay and pound your ear
 Clean thru the night 'till breakfast's near.

History tells us that William of Orange could dictate seven letters on seven different subjects, in seven different languages at the same time, thereby keeping his stenogs all busy. Nevertheless, Bill would be a piker compared with the stude who could do all the things that all the profs expect him to do every day.



Scotch?
 No! Airdale.

My First Attempt at Interviewing

As I tripped lightly under the rose-covered garden pergola and over the hose, my nostrils were assailed by the pungent odor of a cheap cigar. Yet there was only Marion there; exquisite as usual, with her hair of burnished gold tumbling about her in a silken wave of fluffy abandon. She was playing a little golden Jew's harp very daintily....very softly....very sweetly...she thought.

"Have a chair," she muttered abstractedly.

"But I am only the interviewer," I began timidly.

"Have two chairs," she snapped good-naturedly.

"I'll be with you as soon as I master this minuet."

I might have known she was musical....transitory....the essence of soft chords and lilting rhapsodies....I think.

Suddenly she flung the beastly little instrument into a convenient rosebush. Temperamental child, of course. Geniuses have to be.

I saw that she had five slim fingers on her hand. The other one was hidden in her lap, but I feel certain that there were five more slim fingers on it. Somehow I could do nothing but drink in her fresh young beauty....the soft color of her moist brown eyes....the clear paste-like complexion....besides there seemed nothing else to drink.

Then she poured out the story of her life in a torrent of passionat  words. That poignant, teeming existence so full of the big out-of-doors; so indefinably intangible. Her childhood spent in a wee little flat in Flatbush...or Harlem, helping mother fry the sausage over the gas jet while father played the bear market.

"What a pretty stage name you have! Marion B. Sorrie seems to suggest such a lot," I said dumbly.

"Do you think so?" she queried intelligently as she dreamily toyed with a vagrant potato bug in her lap. Such a pretty romance suggested it.

I listened with breathless expectation, but somehow....

(Continued on Page 784)

There Isn't Any.

Oh! I kissed her in Wyoming,
It was thirty-two below.
There was no moon
There were no stars
There wasn't any snow.
She told me that she'd love me,
That to me she would be true.
(It might be well to mention
It was raining in Peru).

For the Ballet

Oh, Ah say old dear, how's every little thing?

Well, Ah cawn't really say as they're so bad, old egg, but Ah wish Ah didn't have to go to so many of these bally classes.

You don't say, it never occurred to me that they had dawncing classes at Tech.....



Curves

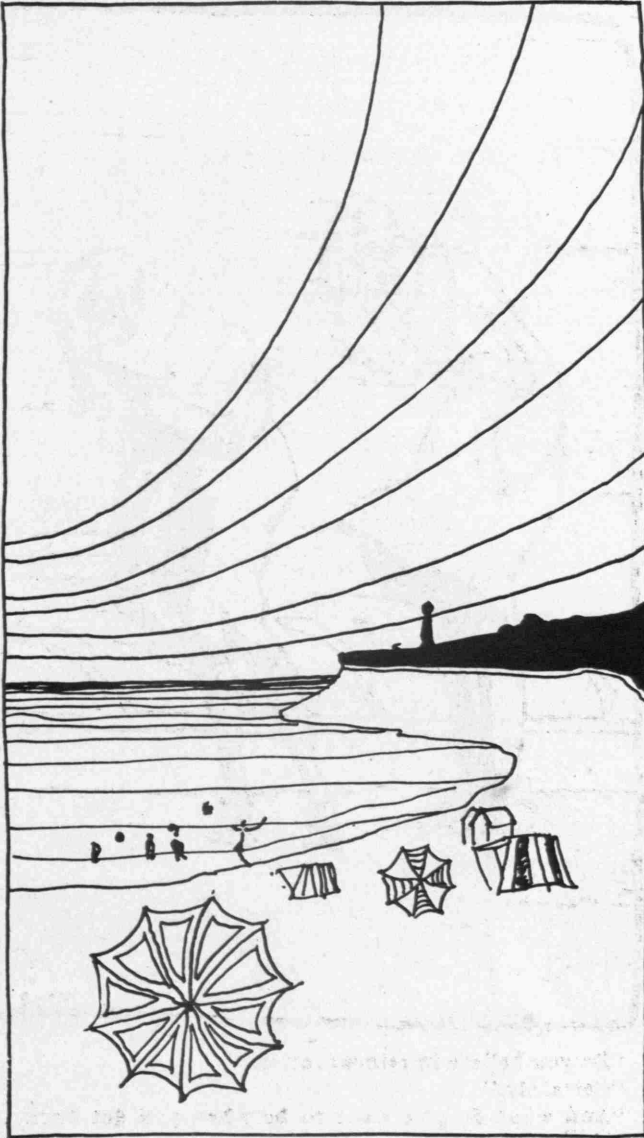
Her mouth, a perfect Cupid's bow,
Arched just beneath her little nose
Where pouts of laughter come and go,
Exhales the perfume of the rose.

Her mouth, a perfect Cupid's bow,
Fills me with dreams of maddening bliss,
A symphony of curves that show
The promise of an unborn kiss.

Her mouth, a perfect Cupid's bow,
Is not her only curve. I view
Her in her bathing suit, and know
She's equally bowlegged too.



"Dearest, let's elope."
"No, I can't elope."
"Oh, Honey Do."



Art

Another Nice Man

It was midnight. The rain poured down by bucket-fuls and the thunder echoed and re-echoed. A weary, watersoaked wanderer was wading his way thru the storm. At last he gave a cry of joy; there was a farmhouse ahead, shelter at last. He rapped, rapped loudly several times and finally awakened the farmer, who stuck his head out of the window and called down, "What do you want down there?"

"I want to stay here all night," replied the weary one.

"Well, stay there," piped the farmer as he heaved the window down and went back to bed.

And She Still Pursued the Villain . . .

The room was cloaked with the semi-dusk that comes with the early winter evenings. A cosy lounge was drawn close to a cheery fire that blazed in an old-fashioned hearth, concealing yet revealing in its cushioned arms the form of a girl, whose cheeks were flushed by the warm glow of the embers. The logs hissed as they gave forth their sap to the high temperature, and the miniature explosions lighted up the face that with all the abandon of youth was half buried amidst the silken pillows. An arm whose delicacy of line even the gloom could not conceal was half bent across the head of tousled golden hair as if to shelter it from the rudeness of the heat, while little beads of moisture vied with each other in enhancing the beauty of the petal-like skin and warm red lips.

Far below in the recesses of the house a door slammed, its reverberations causing the sleeper to uneasily toss for a brief instant. Then at the far end of the room the guarded rustling of draperies became audible, and a black form hardly discernable against the even darker surroundings softly stepped into the chamber, furtively covering every corner of the room with eyes that matched the sparks of the fire in brilliance. The searching gaze finally came to rest on the recumbent form and abruptly as if startled at the sight of another occupant of the room, the intruder's advance came to a halt.

For a moment there was no sound save the gentle breathing and the soft hiss of the glowing logs. As if the continued silence had given him strength of purpose the interloper moved across the heavily carpeted floor and for a moment warmed his back at the hearth as he deliberated as to what his course of action should be. Slowly as if it realized that trouble was impending the neighboring church bell solemnly boomed forth the hour . . . and even before the last tones had melted into silence the fire as if to aid in this case of outraged privacy suddenly took a new lease on life and shot forth a collection of sparks that rained about the intruder's head.

With a wail of anguish and surprise the black form, all ideas of caresses gone, sprang straight into the air with an unearthly wail of anguish that caused the sleeper to awake with a start that sent the cushions flying in all directions. And then her face set in hard lines as she gazed upon the cowering form of the intruder, who, all courage gone was vainly trying to see some avenue of escape.

S-s-s-s-s-SCAT . . . SCAT and the . . . little kitchen cat was gone even before the last syllable was out of the pearly teeth.

Some Line

I peeked thru the window
 And saw
 A nifty little jacket.
 A skirt, chic, not too long.
 I looked again, and saw
 A waist, one of those
 Spider web, peek-a-boo things
 A little later, when I took
 Another look,
 I saw,—what do you call them?
 Soft pink, a silky sheen,
 Baby blue ribbons,
 Silk stockings—
 I didn't wait long after that
 Before
 I looked again
 And saw
 A bare—Post.
 I had come to the end of the
 Clothes Line.



MAY—Don't you think that Myrtle's costume is rather risqué?

BETH—Oh, no, fans are being worn by the best of families.



"Do you believe in reincarnation?"

"Certainly."

"And what do you want to be when you get back to earth?"

"I want to be a beautiful tree."

"Well, you have a good pair of limbs to start with."

Whither Flow The Raindrops?

Hills that catch the waters
 From the weeping skies,
 Whither go the raindrops?
 First in springs they rise.
 Brooklets through the valleys
 To the rivers go;
 Rivers bear the raindrops
 Seaward in their flow.
 Then the winds from eastward
 Raise them from the sea,
 Drop them down on Boston town—
 I've been there—can't fool me!



Two Old-Fashioned Lovers of Today

With a heavy thump he drew her lightly down to his knee. His arms encircled her once, twice, nay thrice. She was unspeakably slight.

“Dearest, I love you,” he gently whispered with a savage roar and his arms crushed her still closer away from him.

Calm, quietly, with utmost dignity she bel-
lowed, “Vous doo?”

“Gracious,” he swore violently, if that’s all you want I’ll buy you a year’s subscription to it right away.

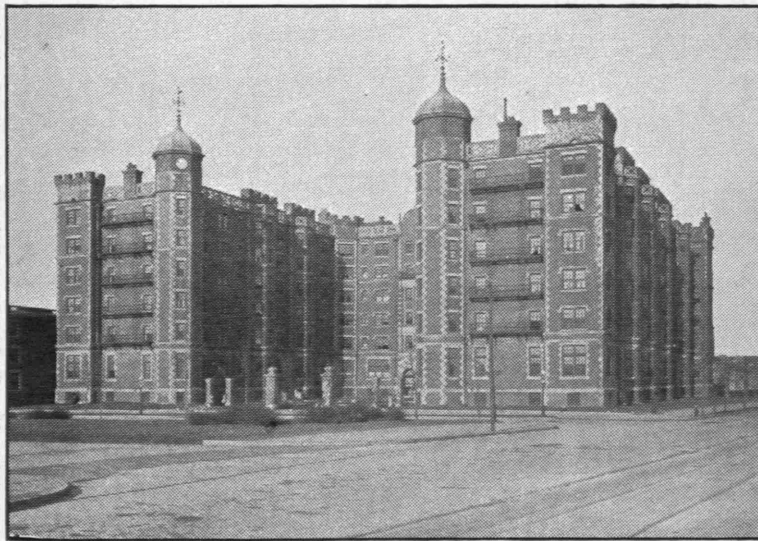
I, _____, being sound of mind and body,
Full name (or sober)
do hereby and herewith apply for one dose of VOO DOO, to be taken at inter-
vals over a period of eight months at the cost (to myself) of \$1.50 for which
amount I enclose my check. My address is:

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Gave Them Repertoires

Clown:—"What became of the ventriloquist you used to have?"

Circus Manager:—"Oh, he found he could make more money selling parrots."

—*Yale Record*

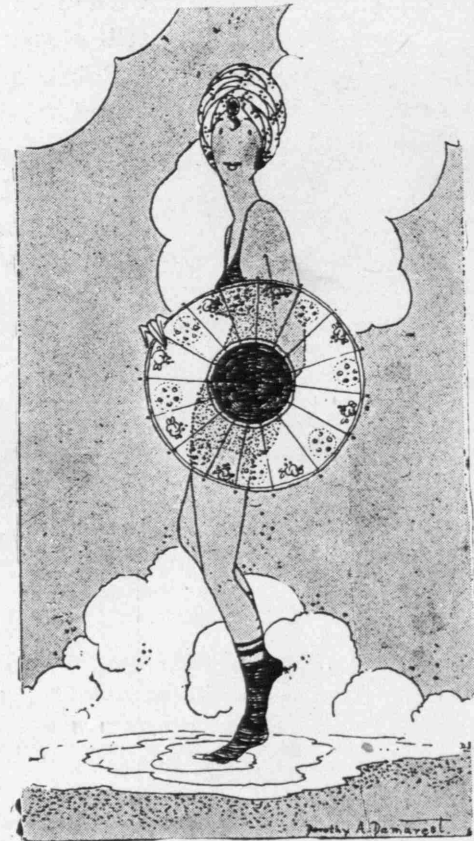
Cause for Doubt

Angelina:—"I doubt you were sincere when you said you'd die for me."

Edwin:—"Indeed I was, dearest."

Angelina:—"Then why don't you let me drive the car when you take me out motoring?"

—*Boston Globe*



A Rough Sketch

—*Yale Record*

"It seems to me you're rather unnecessarily polite to your chauffeur."

"Have to be. Our Ford's in the shop and the driver's letting us use his car till it comes out."

—Record

White:—"Did you favor the Honor System at the recent election?"

Green:—"I sure did. Why, I voted for it five times."

—Panther

Damages

Ambitious Author:—"Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story!"

Fast Friend:—"Who from?"

Writer:—"The Express Company. They lost it."

—Brown Bull

If you want to lose your good name have it engraved upon your umbrella.

—Bindery Talk



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Changing Times

Sunday-School Teacher:—"Willie, what does the story of Jonah and the whale prove?"

Willie:—"Proves ya could get away with a durn sight bigger fish story in them days than ya kin now."

—*American Legion Weekly*

Here He is Again

There was a young man so benighted,
He never knew when he was slighted.

He went to a party
And ate just as hearty
As if he'd been really invited.

—*Tit-Bits*

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Jealous

With the Expressive Hands:—"I wonder why May over there is so unpopular?"

With the Demure Expression:—"Oh, she got the most votes in the school popularity contest."

—Jester

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John did not come straight home. Hence he did not come home straight. The towering form of his wife loomed above him, as his stumbling shoeless feet sought the steps.

"Drunk again," she said caustically.

"Hooray, m'dear," he replied cheerfully. "So'm I."

—Sun Dial

Blundering Into The Truth

"Alice, when rain falls, does it ever rise again?" asked the professor in the chemistry class.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Oh, in dew time."

—Burr

At The Bank

Souse (producing roll):—"What (hic) can I get for this?"

Teller:—"Four per cent."

Souse (handing over roll):—"Good-by! Wrap up the whole works."

—Panther

Prof.:—"What are the exports of Virginia?"

Stude:—"Tobacco and livestock, sir."

Prof.:—"Livestock? What kinds of livestock?"

Stude:—"Camels, sir."

—Awwan

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Take Heed, Oh, Fair Sex

"Father, what is innocence?"

"Innocence, my son, is a woman who believes that her husband likes cloves."

—Burr

Not a word had Mary said
But Mary's looks were killing,
Mary's lips were rosy red
And Mary was quite willing.

—Burr

The College Girl

She wants to get married just to prove that she can.
She doesn't want to get married just to prove that she doesn't
have to.

If she doesn't, they'll say she can't.

If she does, they'll say her career is ruined.

—Squib

Daughter of Corrupt Senator:—"They are hanging father
to-day—"

Friend:—"How awful!"

Daughter (continuing):—"In the Hall of Fame."

—Record

Price Smash on Heather Hose

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DOMESTIC HEATHER HOSE

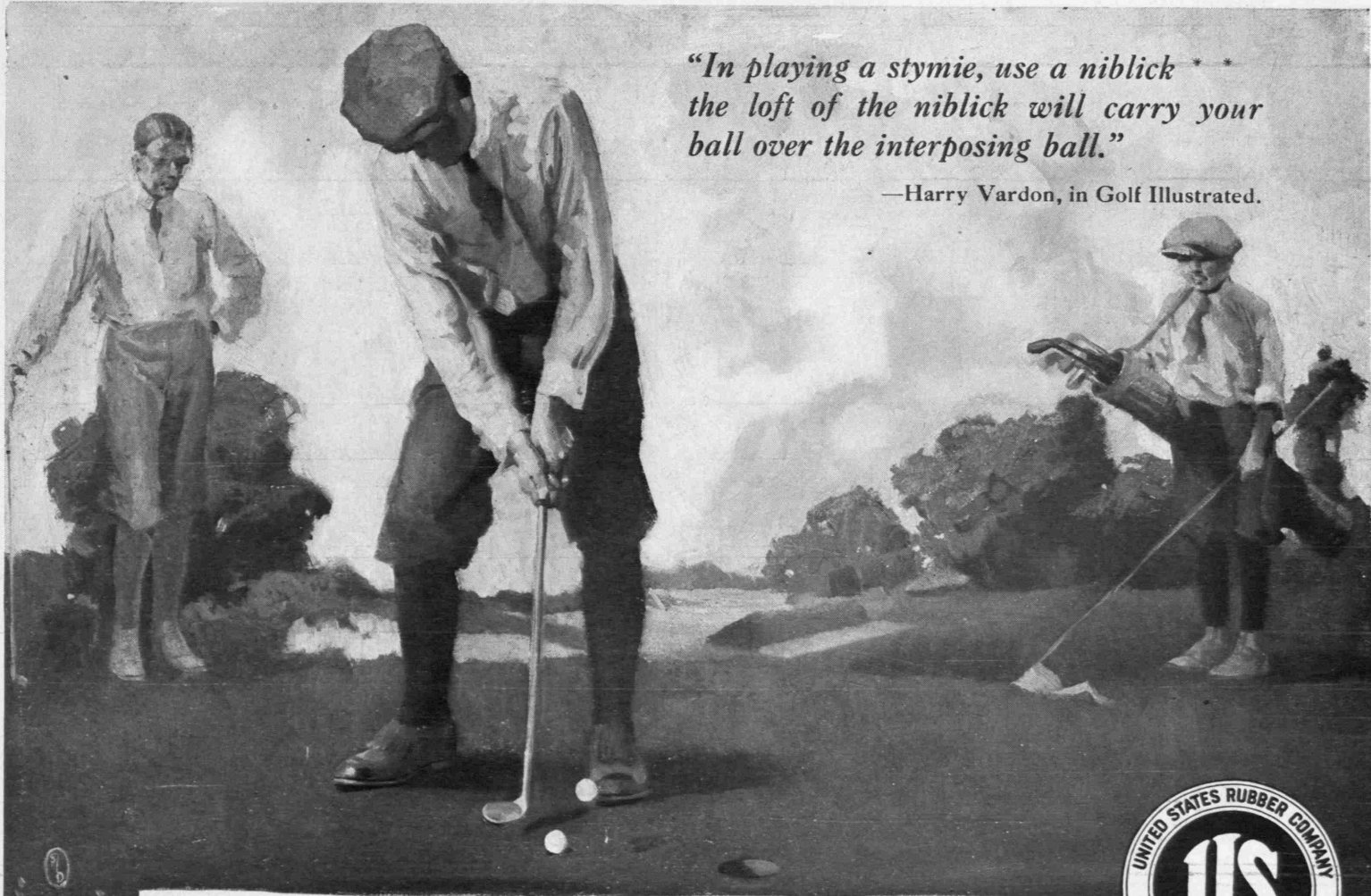
80 cents a Pair — 6 Pairs, \$4.50

DIVIDEND TOO.

THE COOP

*"In playing a stymie, use a niblick * * *
the loft of the niblick will carry your
ball over the interposing ball."*

—Harry Vardon, in *Golf Illustrated*.



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Live And Learn

Junior Co-ed:—"Why doesn't Jack take you to the theater any more?"

Frosh Co-ed:—"Well, you see, one night it rained and we couldn't go so we sat in the parlor. But, anyway, I think theaters are an awful bore, don't you?"

—Orange Peel

He:—"It's the way he holds himself when he dances that makes him so popular.

She:—"No; it's the way he holds the girl."

—Chaparral

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Hire A Nurse

Absent-minded Prof. I. Forgetmuch was traveling in the East. When the conductor came to take up his ticket, he could not find it. So the blue-coated individual passed on, saying he would return. The prof continued searching until the conductor returned, but found no ticket.

"That will be all right, sir, just pay me in cash," said the conductor.

"That isn't troubling me, my good sir," replied the absent-minded prof, "I have to have that ticket to know where I am going."

—*Sun Dial*

There Before

She fell with a light sigh into his arms. Her head tilted backward and their lips met. She turned her head and spoke:

"You understand, don't you, Jack, that I've never done a thing like this before?" she asked anxiously.

He, thinking of what has just happened:

"Yes; but what an awful lot of experience you must have inherited from someone."

—*Punch Bowl*

Those Medics

A prominent surgeon has said: "I should like to put common-sense corsets on every woman in this country."

You little son-of-a-gun, you!

—*Punch Bowl*

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Chemicals

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BAKER'S ANALYZED REAGENTS

LABORATORY GLASSWARE

PYREX WARE

KIMBALL MACHINE-MADE GLASS TUBING

PHONE MAIN 5910

99-101 BROAD ST. BOSTON, MASS.

The Way of a Novice at Golf

- 1st day: Enthusiastic.
2nd day: Less so.
3rd day: 10 balls lost.
4th day: Rough grass and hazards entirely too numerous.
5th day: Thinks he needs professional help.
6th day: Professional advises him to buy new set of clubs from him, also his special easy-gliding putting shoes.
7th day: With aid of Professional he loses old knack of hitting ball occasionally.
8th day: The hell with it,—Bridge a much better game anyhow.

—Record

Must Be Blind

"I don't know you from Adam!"
"Well! You ought to—I'm dressed different."

—Sun Dodger

Of Course

Stranger:—"Why, Pat, there used to be two windmills there."

Pat:—"To be sure, sir."

Stranger:—"Why is there but one there now?"

Pat:—"Sure, they took one down to lave more wind for t'other."
—Tiger



What Is Air?

BEFORE 1894 every chemist thought he knew what air is. "A mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen, and carbon dioxide," he would explain. There was so much oxygen and nitrogen in a given sample that he simply determined the amount of oxygen present and assumed the rest to be nitrogen.

One great English chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

This study of the air is an example of research in pure science. Rayleigh and Ramsay had no practical end in view—merely the discovery of new facts.

A few years ago the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company began to study the destruction of filaments in exhausted lamps in order to ascertain how this happened. It was a purely scientific undertaking. It was found that the filament evaporated—boiled away, like so much water.

Pressure will check boiling or evaporation. If the pressure within a boiler is very high, it will take more heat than ordinarily to boil the water. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It must be a gas that will not combine chemically with the filament. The filament would burn in oxygen; hydrogen would conduct the heat away too rapidly. Nitrogen is a useful gas in this case. It does form a few compounds, however. Better still is *argon*. It forms no compounds at all.

Thus the modern, efficient, gas-filled lamp appeared, and so argon, which seemed the most useless gas in the world, found a practical application.

Discover new facts, and their practical application will take care of itself.

And the discovery of new facts is the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

Sometimes years must elapse before the practical application of a discovery becomes apparent, as in the case of argon; sometimes a practical application follows from the mere answering of a "theoretical" question, as in the case of a gas-filled lamp. But no substantial progress can be made unless research is conducted for the purpose of discovering new facts

General Electric
General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.



PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

MORE and more business men seem to be learning that there is a real difference between the various types of cigarettes—that the proportion of Turkish tobacco determines not only the taste-enjoyment, but also how liberally a man may smoke throughout the day.

This is, in fact, the reason why so many shrewd smokers—wishing to avoid the over-richness of straight Turkish cigarettes, yet hardly content with the taste of ordinary Turkish blends—have chosen Fatima. They find that Fatima contains “just enough Turkish” for steady, enjoyable smoking.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette